Medical Practice in Otago and Southland in the Early Days.

A Description of the manner of life, trials, and difficulties of some of the Pioneer Doctors, of the places in which, and of the people among whom, they laboured.

- BY -

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“Let us now praise famous men and the fathers that begat us.” Ecclesiasticus XLIII-I.

Arbores serit diligens Agricola quorum aspiciet nunquam ipse baccam - Cicero.

The (thoughtful) husbandman sows diligently trees of which he may never see the fruit.

Contra malum mortis non est medicamentum in Hortis.

The garden of the Apothecary contains no remedy against Death.

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DEDICATION.

If one reads between the lines of my story, one can easily see the heroic figure made by the women who shared the trials and hardships of their husbands in that far-off time. In many cases widowed when still quite young through the self-sacrifice, exertions, and exposure to the elements of their husbands, who laid down their lives for their people - to them I dedicate this series of articles. They uncomplainingly shared all trials in time of stress, hardship, and “short commons.” They lived in log shanties, they boiled their billies, they baked their damper, and ate what meagre fare was provided. They often rode long distances through swamp and scrub in severest weather, passed sleepless nights lonely and terrified in strange and wild surroundings. Good mothers to their little ones, loving helpmeets to their overworked and tired husbands, ever ready with smile and kiss to welcome them home, those great women of the early days above all we should honour them. In many cases women of education and refinement, they sacrificed comfortable homes to face the perils of the unknown, and were left widowed and almost penniless to bring up their little ones by their own exertions. Living among us today in humble circumstances, they battle bravely along, forgotten by the hundreds of persons whose lives were saved by those heroes of the past. We should stand bareheaded with reverence when we think of them - THE WIVES OF THE DOCTORS OF EARLY OTAGO.
PREFACE.

I have been asked to write a short introduction to the reproduction in book form of Dr. Fulton’s interesting articles dealing with “Medical Practice in Otago and Southland in the Early Days.” I very readily accede to the request, for I regard the series of sketches which has come from Dr. Fulton’s pen as a valuable contribution to the early history of New Zealand. Dr. Fulton probably scarcely realised, when he set out to deal with the life histories of the medical practitioners of those bygone years, what an onerous task he had undertaken; for his labours gradually and insensibly extended into far more comprehensive work than the simple biographies of the men with whose careers he has made his readers familiar, in that respect alone he has performed meritorious work, and has performed it with painstaking care, and with a happy regard for the lights and shades of the individual careers of the men who, amidst discomforts and trials and difficulties, grave and innumerable, did noble work in relief of the people whose lives were in their hands.

But Dr. Fulton has done far more than this: with admirable perseverance in his delvings into the past, by means of interviews with pioneer settlers, of searching of old newspaper files, and of patient reading of old documents placed at his disposal, he has, with facile pen, put on record much of the forgotten history of the earliest days of the sister districts of Otago and Southland. He has, in fact, followed with praiseworthy zeal in the footsteps of him whom in his sketches he has happily named “Hocken the Historian,” and has saved much that would otherwise have been lost of the story of Otago’s earliest days, and of that period in her history when the discovery of gold made her famous.

Although Dr. Fulton is much too young to have been one of the pioneers, it must he remembered that his father, James Fulton, and his grandparents, the Valpys, came to Otago in the first year of the settlement. He himself was born under the shadow of Maungatua in the early ‘sixties. The homestead, then called “Ravensbourne” (subsequently altered to "Ravenscliff"), was open to all wayfarers and travellers, as was the hospitable custom everywhere in those days, and he and his brothers and sisters were brought up in an atmosphere of pioneers and early settlers. His mother, formerly Catherine Valpy, had been accustomed from early girlhood to keep records of her travels and of the incidents connected with her daily life, and Dr. Fulton inherited and has made ample use of the complete set of her diaries, faithfully kept from 1857 to 1917. To have access to this record of events in the old home - arrivals and departures of visitors, weather notes, accounts of political meetings and elections, and many other matters of interest - must, indeed, have been of inestimable value in his self-imposed task.

We have every right to honour men of Dr. Fulton’s stamp, who do not allow their ordinary avocations to completely engross their lives, but in one way or another serve the community in which they dwell. Dr. Fulton has in these historical sketches rendered valuable service to the community; and, as a member of it from the period of its first decade, and as one who has personal recollection of many of the medical men who figure in the book, I tender him my warm personal thanks for the valuable work he has accomplished, and feel sure that I shall not err in my belief that the fruit of his disinterested labours will receive generous acknowledgment at the hands of the public.

GEORGE FENWICK.

DUNEDIN, 4th August, 1921.
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INTRODUCTION.

To write of the medical men and their work in the early days of the settlement was long my desire; to add something to the passing references of the day before all chance of gathering the material was lost, to hand on to posterity an account of the trials and hardships undergone by those pioneers of the healing art, my one endeavour. When I found, as a result of my letters to the OTAGO DAILY TIMES, that relatives of the pioneer doctors promptly, courteously, and confidently entrusted to me valuable manuscripts, diaries, pictures, prescription-books, clippings, and photographs, I gladly entered upon the work in 1919, and have done my utmost to bring it to a successful conclusion. Since the articles have appeared in the OTAGO WITNESS, I have received many messages, verbal and written, which have brought tears of gratitude to my eyes. I am deeply thankful for the privilege of having been allowed to record the lives of these heroes, and of giving much pleasure and interest to the old folk still living among us. May they long be spared to read through my humble efforts now appearing in book form, and to live over and over again the lives depicted therein. While writing of the medical men and their trials, I have endeavoured to place on record the names and as much of the lives of settlers around them as I could gather, for I deplore greatly the inadequate way in which this has been done for Otago in the past. May I express a wish that someone will continue this work before it is too late.

THANKS.

I cannot allow these sheets to go to press without expressing my hearty thanks to many for their friendliness and help. First, those who courteously sent me papers, documents, and photographs of the early doctors; others who forwarded interesting reminiscences, without which my history would have been but a "bald and unconvincing narrative." Those who cheered me with words of encouragement when it was first suggested that the articles be printed in book form; others who have written letters of congratulation and thanks for the pleasure which my stories have afforded the "old people." Letters expressing appreciation of the accounts of the early days have far more than repaid me for the task which I have willingly undertaken. To be told that an old man of eighty-four had laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks at the tales of Drs Manning and Monckton, whom he knew well; that a venerable lady had chuckled to herself, "That was Dr Bu-r-n-s to the vara life," is praise indeed. Letters from the relatives of the men of whom I have written, thanking me for the way in which I have detailed their heroic struggles, have been a supreme satisfaction.

I cannot sufficiently thank the Editor of the Otago Witness (Mr (Chas. Fraser) for his great courtesy and forbearance in spite of what must have been most annoying additions, alterations, and interpolations to proof sheets of these articles; the manager of the Printing Department on numberless occasions for giving help and advice on business points; Sir George Fenwick, who, from the beginning, has spoken most kindly of my literary efforts, has placed a coping stone upon his many encouraging words and actions by reading through and correcting the whole of the proofs, also in writing a most generously worded preface. And now my work is done: if my efforts have pleased the "Old Folk," it is enough; if I have been permitted to haltingly trace upon the window-pane of history some feeble scratches recording the trials of the pioneers, my diamond has not been used in vain.
THE FIRST DOCTOR. JOSEPH CROCOMBE, OF OTAKOU AND WAIKOUAITI, 1836 TO 1874.

The settlement of Otago proper began in 1844, when Mr Tuckett and his staff made the preliminary survey. Colonel Wakefield arranged the purchase of the land from the Natives, and Mr C. H. Kettle finished plotting out Port Chalmers and Dunedin in 1846 and 1847. Strange as it may seem, there were, long before this time, whaling settlements of Weller Brothers at Otakou and Taieri Mouth, and of John Jones at Waikouaiti.

These were small villages of whites and natives who were busily engaged in fishing, whaling, and sealing. To this coast in the middle “thirties” came Joseph Crocombe, a medical man who had been persuaded that he would find a good field for his talents among the settlers of New Zealand, and a chance of making money in a new and thriving settlement where grain, fruit, and flowers grew in profusion.

Joseph Crocome was born at Bath, England, in the year 1811, his father being a planter in the island of St. Vincent in the West Indies. Joseph and his only brother, James, were early destined for the medical profession, and after being educated in the academy of Dr Weaver, at Bath, were sent by their guardians (their father having died in 1825) up to London to study medicine and surgery. As was the custom in those days, Joseph lived with various medical men, and worked with them under their supervision, according to the excellent system then in vogue of “apprenticeship.” His license to practice was dated 1833, and signed for the Royal College of Surgeons by several eminent medical men, among them being Sir Astley Cooper, the great surgeon, and Sir William Blizzard, the Governor of Chelsea Hospital. Before settling down to the practice of his profession, Dr Crocome decided to go for a voyage to the South Seas, and accordingly he embarked in the whaler Lucinda (Captain James), and spent two years visiting many places, including the Kingsmill Islands, the Marquesas Group, New Caledonia, and finally, coasting South America, stopped at a Bolivian port, where he was asked to go ashore and to treat surgically the lady of the Spanish commandant. Shortly after leaving the port of Iquique, the vessel was totally wrecked, but the boat in which Crocome escaped was picked up by a small coasting vessel, and he and a few of the crew arrived in Sydney having lost practically all they possessed. In Sydney he received news that his personal affairs “at home” were in a bad state, many of the West Indian planters and firms being ruined through the freeing of the negro slaves, little or no compensation being given for the complete suspension of all business, and the thorough reorganisation of the sugar industry necessary from the loss of negro labour. Firm after firm was smashed, and Brothero Brothers, in which practically all of the family estate was vested, going down with the rest, Crocome had now seriously to consider his position. He had lost his papers, instruments, etc. in the wreck, and nothing remained but a belt of doubloons which he had received as his fee from the Spaniard at Iquique, so laying in a meagre stock of instruments he signed on as surgeon to the whaling settlement at Otakou, belonging to Weller Brothers, and came across in 1836. He did not stay very long, but went back to Sydney, intending to return to England and join his brother James in practice. Mr John Jones, however, came on the scene and persuaded him to come back to New Zealand and to settle at Waikouaiti in 1838. The life was rough, the work difficult, money very scarce, and payment in the roughest of “kind.” Being very active and a splendid walker, Crocome was able to meet the tremendous demands made upon his physical powers, for there were at first no tracks, no horses. His services were given to Maori and pakeha alike, little payment being expected or given. The food, to which he was no doubt by this time accustomed, consisted of damper, oatmeal cakes, wild pork, pigeons, kakas, ducks and quails, fish caught by the Maoris, strong tea without milk. Many journeys were made across the straits to Otakou, to Limeburners’ Bay, to Blueskin, Puketeraki, etc. To cross by whaleboat to Karetai’s kainga, or up the narrow entrance past the sandbanks to the little bay of Koputai, where an attempt at settlement had been begun, was a work of many hours, to reach it on foot through the trackless bush, an almost impossible feat. In the “forties” Koputai Bay was a heavily wooded inlet with sufficient land apparently available for a village of about a hundred and fifty acres in extent, the face of the cliff towards two sides of the bay was steep, but on the top was a fairly level space and at the bottom of the cliff enough for a good road and a landing place. It was considered possible to excavate the foot of the hill, thereby giving it additional area for warehouses; and having deep water of four or five fathoms close in, the choice had been made of this as the site for the future seaport. Dr Croome’s journeys to the huts already here, mostly those of
Maoris and half-castes, into the bush at Moeraki, or along the beaches to the various whalers’ shanties, can well be imagined as trying in the extreme to a man of a rather reserved and sensitive nature. Old settlers have described the scene on the beach in those days, where huge whales were frequently stranded or were brought in by the ships engaged in the industry. Groups of white men, greasy and blubber-besmeared, busy around the trying-pots which polluted the air with thick smoke and horrible smell, many natives clamouring for their share of blubber and whale flesh, dogs and pigs feeding everywhere on refuse and offal, gulls and shags screaming protestingly for what they considered a fair division of the spoil, naked half-caste children running in the sun, this is a scene hard to picture at the present day as one walks along the peaceful, sandy, snow-white beach.

The homestead near by had a more pleasing aspect, as here Mr Jones had a comfortable house, barn, and stable, many implements, a few cows, horses and sheep. These gradually increased in numbers, and his community of several hundred souls made Waikouaiti one of the most prosperous in the young colony. The neighbourhood has more than a passing interest from the fact that this was one of the first places where complete moa bones were discovered and sent to England by Mr Mantell to figure in Owen’s great work on the dinornis, the extinct wingless bird which first made New Zealand famous for its unique position in the world of ornithology. Dr Crocome lived in this district from its early rough days, through the establishment of the near-by settlements of Port Chalmers and Dunedin, to the gradual growth of Waikouaiti into an important village. The influx of people travelling north and south on foot or horseback as tracks and roads became passable, the expansion of the small steadings and paddocks into fields, and these into runs and large homesteads, the traversing of the district by sheep and cattle, the arrival of the many settlers by the first ships in 1848 and 1849, quickly worked a revolution.

The cutting away of the bush, building of the church and school, improvement of the roads so that vehicles and stock could pass through; the arrival of bullock drays; then heavy carts; then lighter vehicles; single and double buggies; finally two and four-horse coaches - for this became the thoroughfare to the north - each of these in its turn brought relief and comfort to the young doctor, who had come to the district so many years before. Crocome had been trained in the early “thirties,” he had probably only just heard of the stethoscope, - to which there was at first much opposition, but the clinical thermometer, antisepsis, chloroform, and ether were as yet unknown. Pathology could hardly be said to exist: the very meaning of disease and the explanation of its processes was a sealed book. Can one picture what his difficulties were, and what his limitations? Wounds were generally covered up with plaster and no astonishment expressed because they suppurated; compound fracture, as a rule, ended with death. Natives and whites alike were often poisoned with non-edible fish, tutu berries, bites of dogs, jagged wounds from boar tusks, scratches from dirty fish hooks, horrible gashes from sealing knives, extensive burns from boiling seal oil. But nothing was amiss to Crocome. When his own scanty stock of drugs failed him he turned to the Maoris for some of their medical lore and remedies, Koromiko for internal troubles, infusion of phormium tenax and the slippery gum from around the roots and leaves as a bath for severe wounds, an infusion of gnaio for severe purpose: these simples sopped into flax fibre as a “jacket” packed over swellings and lumps, made useful substitutes for dressings of abscesses and tumors. Sterilising was, of course, unknown, the necessity for it or of antiseptics not dreamed of. Most women came through the trials of maternity safely, a doctor being seldom present. The dwellings were in most cases shacks or shanties of logs and fern trunks, which allowed of free ventilation; there was no glass, so that windows were practically always open. The houses were far apart, the air was pure, the water was good, the women were buxom and sturdy, the emigrants being the pick of the Homeland. They had their large families safely and well, and brought their children up hardy and strong. Picture to yourself, you practitioner of to-day, Dr Crocome going his rounds, striding in heavy jack boots through swamp and mud, a Maori for his guide to the deep river crossings, where the only passage was by flax and korari raft or mokihi. Here a pore native unable to make himself understood, writhing in apparent agony, to him the doctor can only give a bolus of powdered opium and butter and wait an hour to see if any relief is obtained; his next patient many miles further on, mayhap a man with a leg fractured several days before, and by this time almost gangrenous. There is no biniiodide, no carbolic, no perchloride, no Jeyes’, not even the “first” Condy’s fluid, not the least idea of any necessity for such: hot water and soap of the crudest are all that are needed, and with no anaesthetic, the prospect of an amputation must have been appalling and rarely attempted. Here an enormously swelled abdomen to be packed and poulticed for hours or even days until spontaneous rupture takes place internally, or death ends all. No hypodermic syringe to ease the sufferings of this one fatally crushed in a fall of rock, or that child terribly
burned in a bush fire; no lint or dressings worthy of the name; the usual treatment for chest complaints copious bleedings, a fly blister, and a purge; for toothache, wrench out the offending member if it could be got hold of with a barbarous instrument called “the key”; books and newspapers few and far between; the work of medical societies in their infancy, and the transmission of medical journals from end to end of the world unthought of; - what chance had such pioneers in the task they faced? And yet they did the work, and did it well, and died as a rule, long before their time, worn out and heart-broken. Think of it, you specialists, and thank God for modern science, for antisepsics, for anaesthetics, for telephones, for motor cars, for x-rays, for special hospitals with trained nurses, but mainly that you have been born a hundred years later and have the accumulated knowledge of medicine and surgery which has reached what we in our conceit think its highest possible point.

And so Joseph Crocome went on from year to year, plodding through the swamp tracks on foot or galloping through fern and manuka on horseback with his saddlebags of medicines and his armamentarium of instruments in front of him, on through the forties into the fifties when other medical men came over the ranges from Dunedin and went on to Otepopo and Oamaru. He now kept two horses going constantly, but there were shepherds’ huts on the ranges and people living in places far back where his horses could not go: to these, with stout staff and Maori guide, he wended, for he was still able to rely upon his sturdy frame and untiring spirit to carry him through. In the sixties his trials were lessened when consultations became possible with Smith, of Otepopo, and Williams, of Dunedin, and Chapman settled in Waikouaiti. Sutton had opened a dispensary at the Heads in the fifties, and Basire started to practice at Port Chalmers, so that Crocome, tired with many years of strenuous toil, declined, as much work as he conscientiously could. In the sixties there came to the coast a Frenchman, who had all the arts and sciences, such as they were, of a medical man of that age. That he was a well-trained man there could be no manner of doubt, and his skill in difficult surgical cases made him a welcome visitor wherever he went. What strange fate had brought him hither, what crime had been committed, what ship had he deserted? Fond of children as he was, had he left wife and little ones in sunny France? None could answer these questions—his name even was only doc. or “le medicin.” To anyone requiring surgical or medical aid, night or day, he was always ready, the only fee he would take a bottle of brandy. He lived at Tayler’s Bay, on the Lower Harbour, and many a Maori, many a white woman, prayed for the old French “medicin.” He was a tall, fair man, with a very light moustache, and lived in a tent at the side of the beach close to the creek, his chief associates the fishermen and runaway sailors. He did a great deal of work from Taylor’s Bay as far as Koputa, and along to Murdering Beach, and saved Crocome many a weary journey. After a year or two he drifted away, no one knew whither, and the people of those scattered districts had again to send all the way to what was now Port Chalmers for Basire, or to Waikouaiti for Crocome, and the old “medicin” never returned.

Dr Crocome was a quiet and reserved man and gladly withdrew from the rough side of his professional work as soon as other medical men became available. He then gave up much of his practice and took upon himself the post of tutor to the sons of Mr John Jones. He also served on the local school committee, and upon the vestry of St. John’s Church, and was registrar of births, deaths, and marriages. He was appointed the first postmaster in Waikouaiti, the post office being in his own house in 1859, and going still further back, he was the first man in Otago to welcome Governor Grey when he arrived at Otakou in the Inflexible from the north in January, 1848. Crocome was about six feet in height, sparsely made, with dark eyes, and latterly with grizzled hair. His eyesight remained good until the last and he never required spectacles. He died at Waikouaiti on February 23, 1874, and was buried in the little churchyard on the hill just out of the town. His official appointment as postmaster, framed, and his photograph enlarged from a daguerreotype pointing out that he was the “First Doctor,” may be seen in the Otago Early Settlers’ Museum.

His widow and several of his children still survive and live in Dunedin at the present date.
THE COMING OF THE SHIPS.

In 1847 Mr Kettle had finished surveying the site of the future city of Dunedin, then called Otepoti, and only occupied by two runaway sailors who lived in a whare by the side of Kaituna the little sparkling stream which crossed what was afterwards Princes street, near Jacobs’s corner, and ran into the sea among the rocks where now stands the Stock Exchange Building. People find it hard to realise that the Maori tied up their boats here in a little cove, and the very name Water street conveys little or nothing to the passer-by to-day. The John Wickliffe arrived at Port Chalmers on March 23, 1848, and some of the passengers came up to Dunedin in boats a few days later, and were carried ashore on the Maori boatmen’s backs, at the before-mentioned little cove, which was picturesquely flanked with high toitoi, and with flax, cabbage tree and manuka to the very water’s edge. In the John Wickliffe came Dr Henry Manning.

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DR HENRY MANNING,

Dr Henry Manning was the surgeon superintendent, and the first doctor to practise in the Otago settlement. The boats discharged their passengers on to what was not then a muddy foreshore, but a fine pebbly beach with rippling blue waves right up to near where Cargill’s Monument now stands. Further to the north the long, low lands extended in a sort of marsh or swamp from the site of the Supreme Court right along what are now Castle, Cumberland and King streets, and the whole of the north end of the town down to what is Pelichet Bay and Lake Logan. Between the cove and this swamp stood up the hill, which was later cut away and thrown into the sea, providing the reclamation material for the bulk of the business portion of the city. From the cove right down what is now Lower High street ran a pretty high, rocky bank, flanking Bell Hill, and from this extended outwards a beach, the upper part of which was afterwards occupied by the cattleyards. From the cove southwards - the whole of the Bond street of to-day being under water - extended a high, rocky bank as far as what is to-day Police street, and from here, with a wide sweep into the hill at Manor place, the swampy flat spread away round towards Anderson’s Bay. When the people landed they found the “streets” consisted of pegs and string, which ran through fern, toi-toi, manuka and tutu, across the stream, and up and over the hill soon to be called Bell Hill, and afterwards cut away to allow of the passage of Princes street through what was for many years called “the Cutting.” At first the settlers went to a huge barracks near the beach. This was divided into three compartments - the north end for the single women,
the middle for the married people, and the south end for the single men. This was all superintended by Captain Cargill and his medical adviser, Dr Manning and it admirably served its purpose until huts and houses began to spring up.

DESCRIPTION OF JAS. ADAM’S HOUSE.

It may interest some of our young readers to know that in those olden times their predecessors had a regular Robinson Crusoe existence. Mr James Adam, in his interesting account of what life was like in the forties, describes in the Jubilee Number of the Otago Witness his primitive house. “On my ground in Princes street there was a clump of mapau trees, but before cutting them down I stretched a line through them for the ground plan of the house - trees which coincided with this line I left standing, merely cutting off the tops; and those which were out of the line were cut down and put in line by digging holes. By this plan the walls were made strong in one day. The natives then put small wands or wattles across the uprights about 12 inches apart, fastening them firmly with strips of flax, and over all they laced the long grass to the wattles and did the same to the roof, and at the end of four days my house was habitable. This was a grass house, and the “wattle and daub” houses were made in much the same way, except that the wattles were nailed across at intervals of a few inches inside to upright posts, then the whole was plastered inside with a mixture of well-wrought clay and chopped grass. This made draught-proof walls, and the thatched roof was warm in winter and cool in summer; the windows were calico stretched across the openings, and the fireplace was generally a very large affair, occupying pretty well the whole end of the house; the floor was the natural soil packed level with the spade before the walls of the house were erected. Mr Adam says: “My cottage stood where the Empire hotel is (now the Grand Hotel site, with motor cars and trams crossing, and crowds of people on race days) , but then my family could not see it for the trees. The entrance was through a, leafy arch from Princes street, and at the first sight of the rustic cottage a cry of joy burst from my little girl and the rest of my family. Here was a sweet reward for all my labour and toil, for I was anxious that their first impressions should be favourable. Tea, the never failing beverage in the bush, was proposed. A fire was kindled outside, and the kettle hung upon a triangle of poles, while the frying pan was doing duty further down. That was the finest repast I ever had. The cottage apparently in the centre of an impenetrable bush; the shades of evening closing over us; the gipsy encampment round the fire; the happy countenances of the loved ones, turned a cup of tea into a delightful picnic not easily effaced from the memory. (Think of this in front of Cargill’s Monument in the year of grace, 1920).
Within twelve months Dunedin boasted of a few dozen huts and houses in the short quarter of a mile from the high clay bank at the corner of Manse, Stafford, and Princes streets along to the corner of Rattray and Princes streets, to Ross and Kilgour’s shop, many years after Wise’s corner and to-day the Government Insurance Buildings, 30ft or 40ft above the level of the old shops which were down in the hollow then existing. The main street was for several years a mass of mud, and Kaituna meandered across and under an old rickety wooden bridge made of logs, far too frail for the bullock sledge traffic which essayed to pass along the street. It was no uncommon thing for pedestrians to be bogged up to their waists in the main street in the middle of winter. A few whares and wattle and daub huts dotted the lower slopes of the hill which is now cut out into High and Stafford streets. These dwellings were surrounded with thick manuka, and tarata and mapau, and from their windows, or open shutters which took the place of windows, the settlers shot kakas and pigeons at their leisure, for the birds were at that time exceedingly plentiful. Wild pigs frequented the fern and manuka and the thick pine bush spreading up the hill in Rattray street where Scoullar and Chisholm’s and Speight’s fine buildings are to-day. Dr Manning did not have much chance of showing his professional powers during the first twelve months, for the whole population of the village was only 444, with 25 births, and nine deaths. The people lived contentedly in their huts made of clay, fern logs, grass and poles, etc., all close to the centre of the town. He had then no distances to travel; but as other ships arrived, and the population increased and the settlers moved further afield, he found his troubles begin, particularly as no other medical man adopted the settlement as a home, until the surgeon of the Bernicia, Dr Robert Williams, arrived in December, 1848. Dr Manning was born in London in 1815. He took the degree of M.R.C.S. in 1837, and came to New Zealand in one of the early ships to Nelson in 1840. He returned to England, and was in practice for a few years before signing on with the Otago settlers to come to the southern settlement in 1847. He evidently found things looked promising, for unlike the doctors on several of the next ships, who promptly sailed away again, he announced his intention of staying in the place, and trying what a colonial life might be.

Dr Manning was a man of curious temperament and striking appearance – tall but slight, with piercing black eyes and long glossy black curls hanging down to his shoulders. Of these curls he was inordinately vain, and many of the old settlers still living remember surprising him in the mornings with his hair in curl papers. He was of a most excitable, almost fiery, temper. Many said he was of Spanish or Italian descent. Eccentric to a degree, very kind to the genuine poor and to those he liked, but to any whom he considered “purse proud” or “important,” he took violent dislikes, and in the most lurid language expressed his opinion of them and his ferocious intentions if they ever came into his clutches, requiring his medical skill. He was a clever surgeon, a particularly skilful setter of fractures and reducer of dislocations, then perhaps more frequent than they are now. He was very kind to women, and particularly fond of children, to whom he often gave most original entertainments and treats. He very early startled the inhabitants by his eccentricities, striding vigorously through
the mud and fern of Princes street attired in his flannel shirt, corduroy breeches, wide awake hat, jack- boots, his long glossy curls blowing in the wind, or galloping alone the thoroughfare, for he soon imported a fine horse from Australia, and made matters worse by threatening to ride people down, shouting and swearing at them as if he were the only person in existence. He was the first authentic road hog of the town, and on more than one occasion was prosecuted for furious riding in the main street, to the danger of pedestrians, and to the damage of their attire, he having plentifully splashed them from head to foot with the liquid mud which lay everywhere. In spite of all this, his services were necessary - no other doctor having yet come on the scene. He was the first surgeon to the Hand and Heart Lodge of Oddfellows, and patron of the cricket club; a rider of no mean order, later on entering for all the local races as a gentleman rider, and on more than one occasion winning a race with his horse Harry. He was also challenged for a £10 stake to ride his horse, Black Bess, against Zurab, ridden by Mr Pelichet, on April 17, 1849, at 1 o’clock, the challenge being duly accepted. Dr Manning’s first house was a curious two-roomed, wattle and daub cottage perched up on the hill between High street and Maclaggan street, a little above the site of the present Arcade, about on the section now cut out as stables at the back of Wright, Stephenson’s. “The Pill Box,” as Manning appropriately called it, was high up on the hill and was surrounded by fallen trees, logs, burnt stumps and scrub, and was rather awkward to get at when one needed the doctor at night time. The place remained as a dwelling, and can be found mentioned in the directories as the “Pill Box” well on in the “sixties.” In March, 1850, Dr Manning having gone to England, Mr Lachlan Langlands was appointed postmaster, and, as the “Pill Box” was the only building available, this became the chief post office for Dunedin. Being very difficult of access up the hill and through stumps and scrub, the people soon grumbled and Langlands wrote to the Colonial Secretary recommending the appointment of Mr James Brown, draper, at the corner of Princes and Stafford street, his premises being handy to the only jetty! ! ! Mr Brown was appointed sub-Postmaster at £30 per annum, and Langlands went back to the Customs at Port Chalmers. - (Clutha Leader, May 4, 1906). Soon after the arrival of the Bernicia with Dr Williams, he decided to take a trip to the Old Country, and coming back in the barque Dominion in 1851 with Dr Fred Richardson and family, Dr Manning married in Dunedin in that year Miss Elisa Stokes, a sister of Mrs Richardson. Mrs Manning was as eccentric as her husband; tail, striking looking, handsome and well educated, she was a great horsewoman, and rode many miles with him on his journeys down the North-East Valley, or up through the dense bush to the various huts at Half-way Bush and further on. One of her peculiarities was to ride with an open umbrella. This was her constant practice, and she was well known for this many years afterwards when she was in the Warepa and Clutha districts. The Mannings had no children, but were very pleased to entertain those of the more fortunate who had, by giving Christmas trees, tea parties, etc. On one occasion they asked all the children they could get, for some were not allowed to accept, owing to parental objection to the worthy couple, who were really not as bad as they were painted. The doctor started out to carve a huge pie which was gaily decorated with coloured ribbons running from the centre to the circumference of an enormous dish. As he cut carefully along each ribbon, he lifted out a triangular slice of fine brown pie crust, which covered the lid of a cardboard box of wonderful shape, and of still more wonderful contents. As each child lifted off its pie crust he or she found beneath a dear little kitten. The delight of the youngsters present, and the grief of the absent ones when they heard the description of the feast, and what they had missed, can well be imagined.

The Mannings lived at “Stonehenge,” in Dowling street, close to the water, about opposite to where is now the Garrison Hall. On one occasion the stockriders were bringing some cattle through the town to the yards on the beach, and Dr Manning, as was his wont wherever a horse was wanted, was in the thick of them, cracking his stockwhip and shouting and swearing like a Moss trouter. The cattle were wild creatures, which in those days ran where they liked in the bush for many months - huge, shaggy animals with enormous width of horns, ready to dart here or there, go over or through any obstruction, and almost impossible to manage with anything less than a club or a rifle bullet. On taking them down what was Princes street, one great animal broke away and made a tremendous leap straight for the window of “little Johnny Proudfoot’s” house, which stood just about the site of the present Bank of New South Wales. Here, on the cutting, was perched the shack aforementioned, and in it Mrs Kilgour busy sewing for her little daughter a big white sheet of calico. As the steer jumped for the house she bravely, as a woman will always do when her little one is in danger, stood up and flapped the white sheet right in the animal’s face. With a bellow and a snort of fear it turned off and galloped down to the beach yard, where it was rounded up and killed. Dr Manning doffed his hat, and coming to Mrs Kilgour, complimented her on her presence of mind and bravery, and said, “My word, you are a brave woman, ma’am. If
you had not been quick that animal would have been straight through your window.” The little girl above-mentioned, who is alive to-day, related this story, which she had only too good reason to have had indelibly impressed on her memory as one of the narrowest escapes of a long, adventurous life.

An instance of his impetuous and fiery temper was also shown by his action in challenging Mr Justice Stephen to a duel in January, 1852. This was the outcome of a case in the Magistrate’s Court of Stephen v. Graham, Mansford, and Webb for conspiracy, a case which had excited a very great deal of local interest, and stirred the whole community to its very foundation. The idea of the new judge, to the appointment of whom many of the settlers were opposed, having the effrontery to enter into a case like this, and having made many violent threats of personal violence, etc., and used much abusive and ungentlemanly language, caused great offence to many people. When the conclusion of the case came, a sum of money was speedily collected to defray the legal expenses of the defendants, who certainly had the sympathy of the inhabitants of the town. The prosecuting judge having expressed the extraordinary sentiment that “in threatening to break every bone of the defendant’s body, he was only doing what any sensible person would do, who could not wait for the tardy and uncertain process of the law,” most of the persons present were heartily disgusted, and a storm of hisses, cheers, etc., were heard in Court. The proceedings were further made ridiculous by there being upon the Bench of Magistrates the actual solicitor for the prosecutor, this being allowed on the ground that on that particular occasion he was not acting. When His Honor, the prosecutor, left the Court he was intercepted by Dr Manning, who asked him, with a volley of unparliamentary language, what he meant by casting reflections upon the character of a lady in the community who was involved in the case, and he there and then challenged him to a duel, handing him back his card which the judge had left when calling on him and handing him at the same time his own card in the old style necessary on such occasions, Judge Stephen, however, was not “taking any” duel, as the modern American would say, for he promptly applied to the Court for protection, and Dr Manning was bound over to keep the peace.

What then happened is thus recorded in the Otago Witness dated February 2, 1852:-

“THREATENED DUEL.

“We are informed that Dr Manning has been bound over to keep the peace towards His Honor, Mr Justice Stephen, for twelve months in his own recognisance of £200 and two other bonds of £100 each. The affair appears to have arisen as a result of the scandalous expressions applied by His Honor to . . . in the late proceedings in the Resident Magistrate’s Court. The doctor, conceiving it unnecessary to wait for the slow and tardy process of the law, ‘took the opportunity of Dr Stephen’s leaving the Court to formally return him a card which His Honor had left him, and hand him at the same time one of his own - but finding that course had no effect yesterday sent His Honor a hostile message, upon which His Honor applied to the Resident Magistrate for protection.”

After a few years Dr Manning took it into his head to start farming combined with a country practice, and he took up land at Warepa, on the south side of the Clutha River. Here the people provided him with a house, there being no Government subsidies in those days, and a doctor had to make the best of a healthy country district, and be content with a very small income and much “payment in kind.” The house was built for him in 1855, some finding labour, some timber, some providing the transport of material, others nails and tools and furnishings, etc. It was on the bank of a small stream, and soon became a very pretty cottage, for the doctor and his wife were passionately fond of flowers, and made the place a beauty spot of roses and ivy, and other climbing plants, which literally permeated the house inside and out, giving it the appearance of a bower. Here for many years the doctor lived, and was known for a hundred miles south and west, and thirty or forty miles north as the only doctor available. He was most difficult to turn out to those whom he disliked, and his language to them and about them was terrific; but his bark was worse than his bite, and he had a kindly heart in a rugged exterior. He would not take a fee from a poor man, but would hit up the rich or his betes noirs whenever he got the chance. One of his particular “pets” was “Mr Wilkinson, who had on many occasions lectured him on some of his personal habits, particularly his language, which he objected to. When he broke his leg, and sent for Dr Manning, the doctor refused, with many oaths, to go near him, saying, “Let the — send for the butcher at —,” meaning the other doctor who lived a great many miles away. Finally attending and satisfactorily treating the broken limb, he was asked to send in his bill at once. “You may — be sure I will,” said he, and in his account...
went for £50 next day. The gentleman was very naturally aggrieved at what he thought was an extra stiff charge, but sent a cheque with return messenger. Next morning the old doctor called at the back door of his house and asked to see “Mrs Wilkinson.” He handed her the cheque and said, “This is for you, yourself, but don’t tell that villain in the front room about it,” and, doffing his wide awake, he walked off without another word, leaving the lady speechless.

Mr Macpherson, of the Wyndham Farmer, sends me the following interesting story which he extracted from an old identity in his neighbourhood:—“Yes, I remember meeting Dr Manning in Clyde street, Balclutha, when I was about thirteen years old. He pulled up his chaise outside of a shop, and called ‘hey boy,’ and asked me to carry some package in to the shopkeeper. His good lady was with him, and when the old doc. eventually dragged his stiff old legs out of the vehicle to go into the shop, I was for the moment left talking to her gracious ladyship; there were two fine glossy fat black ponies in the chaise. A dear old lady friend of mine still living used to relate the following story: ‘A certain man, residing somewhere in the Clutha district, had the misfortune to break his leg, and in his distress Dr Manning’s services were invoked. To the courier who went for the doctor the latter growled out, “Oh, yes! I’ll come! I’ll fix his leg for him.” When he arrived at the patient’s side he seized the leg and gave it a twitch, and said, “Is this the broken one?” Of course, the man yelled with pain, whereupon the doc., with a chuckle of fiendish delight, retorted, “Ha ha, my fine fellow, you did not dream when you were riding the tail off the horse I once lent you, that you would have to call me in one day,” and then he gave another touch up to the poor devil’s broken limb.’ (Note. - This is a good story, but we do not for a moment believe that Dr Manning did anything of the sort. He probably swore a good deal, threatened a lot, and in the ordinary setting of the limb - remember the absence of anaesthetics - probably hurt the man a good deal, and deliberately led him to imagine it was done on purpose. Dr Manning was no fool, and would have taken no risks of making the unfortunate sufferer’s leg any worse.) When young Tom Ayson was a hefty youth of about sixteen he had hurt his shoulder somehow, and as the pain annoyed him somewhat, he submitted to an amateur’s examination and advice, with the result that linament for a ‘slight sprain’ was prescribed, and Tom’s arm wouldn’t hang in to his side properly, although it only pained him a little when in a certain position. Then he and Dr Manning met one day, and the old chap’s eagle eye quickly detected the disproportionate appearance of the two shoulders. Ayson stripped, and ‘a badly dislocated shoulder’ was the professional verdict; ‘and, damn it, boy, I haven’t got any chloroform with me, so you’re in for some pain if you want me to do you any good,’ etc. Ayson professed to have plenty of nerve, and ‘at it’ the old chap went - with the assistance of four men and a box weighted with iron (to use as a sort of anchor) and some rope to bind the frame together; and while the four men held Ayson, Doc. Manning twisted and worked the shoulder until he got the arm into the socket, and then ground away for some time to ‘work out’ the impure oil and other secretions that had coagulated in the socket. ‘That’s how Mr Tom Ayson told me, and as far as I can make out, he must have had an agonising experience. Anyhow, it resulted in a first-class surgical job, rough and ready though the methods were.’

On another occasion he had to drive his two fine black ponies 25 miles in the depth of winter, through a heavy snowstorm, to see the child of a local school. The journey took many hours, as the roads were frightful and it was pitch dark, and on the doctor’s arrival he found that the little sufferer had passed away. The grief-stricken father came out to settle with the doctor, who was almost frozen stiff in his buggy, but he said: “I won’t take a penny from you to-day, but later on if you can find any five pound notes about, send one along to the old doctor, but don’t be in any hurry about it.” Another time Badcorn, of Milton, had broken his leg, and Dr Richardson had set it, and given careful instruction to his mates how to dress and attend to it. Unfortunately the man was left in a shed attached to a drinking sh.

BADCORN

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Ayson, of the Wyndham Farmer, sends me the following interesting story which he extracted from an old identity in his neighbourhood:—“Yes, I remember meeting Dr Manning in Clyde street, Balclutha, when I was about thirteen years old. He pulled up his chaise outside of a shop, and called ‘hey boy,’ and asked me to carry some package in to the shopkeeper. His good lady was with him, and when the old doc. eventually dragged his stiff old legs out of the vehicle to go into the shop, I was for the moment left talking to her gracious ladyship; there were two fine glossy fat black ponies in the chaise. A dear old lady friend of mine still living used to relate the following story: ‘A certain man, residing somewhere in the Clutha district, had the misfortune to break his leg, and in his distress Dr Manning’s services were invoked. To the courier who went for the doctor the latter growled out, “Oh, yes! I’ll come! I’ll fix his leg for him.” When he arrived at the patient’s side he seized the leg and gave it a twitch, and said, “Is this the broken one?” Of course, the man yelled with pain, whereupon the doc., with a chuckle of fiendish delight, retorted, “Ha ha, my fine fellow, you did not dream when you were riding the tail off the horse I once lent you, that you would have to call me in one day,” and then he gave another touch up to the poor devil’s broken limb.’ (Note. - This is a good story, but we do not for a moment believe that Dr Manning did anything of the sort. He probably swore a good deal, threatened a lot, and in the ordinary setting of the limb - remember the absence of anaesthetics - probably hurt the man a good deal, and deliberately led him to imagine it was done on purpose. Dr Manning was no fool, and would have taken no risks of making the unfortunate sufferer’s leg any worse.) When young Tom Ayson was a hefty youth of about sixteen he had hurt his shoulder somehow, and as the pain annoyed him somewhat, he submitted to an amateur’s examination and advice, with the result that linament for a ‘slight sprain’ was prescribed, and Tom’s arm wouldn’t hang in to his side properly, although it only pained him a little when in a certain position. Then he and Dr Manning met one day, and the old chap’s eagle eye quickly detected the disproportionate appearance of the two shoulders. Ayson stripped, and ‘a badly dislocated shoulder’ was the professional verdict; ‘and, damn it, boy, I haven’t got any chloroform with me, so you’re in for some pain if you want me to do you any good,’ etc. Ayson professed to have plenty of nerve, and ‘at it’ the old chap went - with the assistance of four men and a box weighted with iron (to use as a sort of anchor) and some rope to bind the frame together; and while the four men held Ayson, Doc. Manning twisted and worked the shoulder until he got the arm into the socket, and then ground away for some time to ‘work out’ the impure oil and other secretions that had coagulated in the socket. ‘That’s how Mr Tom Ayson told me, and as far as I can make out, he must have had an agonising experience. Anyhow, it resulted in a first-class surgical job, rough and ready though the methods were.’

On another occasion he had to drive his two fine black ponies 25 miles in the depth of winter, through a heavy snowstorm, to see the child of a local school-master ill with croup. The journey took many hours, as the roads were frightful and it was pitch dark, and on the doctor’s arrival he found that the little sufferer had passed away. The grief-stricken father came out to settle with the doctor, who was almost frozen stiff in his buggy, but he said: “I won’t take a penny from you to-day, but later on if you can find any five pound notes about, send one along to the old doctor, but don’t be in any hurry about it.” Another time Badcorn, of Milton, had broken his leg, and Dr Richardson had set it, and given careful instruction to his mates how to dress and attend to it. Unfortunately the man was left in a shed attached to a drinking sh.
arepa was capsised on December 12, after seven years of practice gave it up, and came out to New Zealand, arriving at Otago Heads on December 9, 1884: “The death of Dr Henry Manning occurred at his residence, Woodend, Warepa, on Wednesday last at the age of 73. He arrived in Otago on March 23, 1848, as surgeon of the pioneer ship, John Wickliffe, and practised in Dunedin for a few years, during which time he had the reputation of being a very clever surgeon. Dr and Mrs Manning (a sister of the wife of Frederick Richardson) resided in a stonehouse in Dowling street, which was originally occupied by Mr James Blackie, the first schoolmaster in the settlement, and was subsequently the abode of the late Mr A. Livingstone, rector of the first high school. The deceased gentleman was somewhat eccentric at times, and there is little doubt that this peculiarity served to detract considerably from his usefulness as a medical man. He was however, a genial gentleman and a popular favourite. Many years ago he removed to Warepa, where we believe he remained in practice up to the time of his death. Woodend cottage was visited by the writer some 16 years ago, and it was one of the most delightful places of residence one could wish to inhabit, embowered in roses and climbing plants of every imaginable shade of colour, and prettily situated near the Warepa bush. He leaves a widow, but no children.”

Years after Mrs Manning became very ill, and it was arranged for her to be brought up to Dunedin were she could be well looked after. On the journey, by some mischance the coach or vehicle from Warepa was capsised while crossing a stream, and the various occupants thrown violently out. One lady when picked up cried out “Oh, the coach is upside down in the water, poor Mrs Manning must be killed; where is she?” and a piping little voice from beneath the coach plaintively responded. “Poor Mrs Manning is not dead yet.” She had sustained no injury whatever and lived for some time after this accident.

**DR ROBERT WILLIAMS.**

The surgeon superintendent of the Philip Laing - Dr Ramsay - having announced his intention of returning to England, and Dr Wells, of the Blundell, having already gone, the arrival of the ship Bernicia in December, 1848, with Dr Robert Williams on board was an event of no small importance. Finding the settlement very small, and Dr Manning in medical charge, Dr Williams decided that he must make a living immediately somehow, and that the best way of doing this was to start farming on a small scale. With this purpose he went out at once with his wife and young family to a place called Matau Bush on the Taieri River. It was close to what is now Henly, and not far from a very considerable Maori kainga at Titri. At this spot he made a fair sized clearing, planted potatoes, built a decent shack or whare, and from this temporary habitation made long walks in all directions when his medical services were called for, back and forth across the Taieri swamps, into and out of Dunedin for everything he required, packing it upon his back, for at that time no horses could be got “for love or money.” We have been fortunate in obtaining from one of his daughters, Mrs Dalgleish, now living near Blenheim, the following interesting account of those early days: “My father was born near Bristol, and was of an old Welsh family long settled near Brecon. He was an Oxford University man, and coming to London studied under Liston, the eminent surgeon, and Herapath, the great chemist and apothecary of those days. He married, and after seven years of practice gave it up, and came out to New Zealand, arriving at Otago Heads on December 12,
1848. The settlement of Scottish people under Captain Cargill had been established in the March preceding, and houses were up or being built. My father started straight away for the Taieri, where he had selected land close to the Maori Kaik, a beautiful piece of bush by the river bank at the foot of the hills. He meant to live there. The party starting consisted of my father and mother, my stepsister Annie (afterwards Mrs J. P. Maitland), a Mr and Mrs Milne, fellow-passengers, my brother, sister, and myself, aged six, four, and five. We youngsters were carried on the Maori men’s backs, the others walking. We went up what is now Maclaggan street - it was then all thick bush, with a lovely stream running down - then over the hills until we reached the Taieri Plain, where we camped in a hut about the centre of the plain, and I think were taken from there in a boat to the Maori Kaik. There were several whalers there, Palmer and Son, and others, and they and the Maoris were most kind and hospitable from the first. Mr Valpy and his family arrived in Dunedin while we were living, near the Kaik (I forget its Maori name). Mr Valpy bought land at Waihola, so often passed our very door, and a close friendship formed in those days lasted all my father’s life. He struggled along there for about two years in a very rough house. He cleared some land, planted potatoes, and did his best to grow wheat, and then Captain Cargill asked him to go to Dunedin as colonial surgeon. I don’t know what salary, if any, went with the post, but he accepted it. When we went to Dunedin we had a cottage given to us, close to the beach, but my father bought land on the hill and put up a house and named it Sunnybank. after his boyhood’s home; it is now named Montecillo, He had a large practice, and many long walks and dangerous rides, as there were no roads or bridges in those days. He died in 1862, and is buried near the old home, in the very top corner of the Southern Cemetery.”

In addition to this account from Mrs Dalgleish, we were fortunate in getting much information in a long letter from Mr R. B. Williams, her brother, of Hazeldeane, Seatoun, Wellington, dated July 16, 1919, but we regret to state that Mr Williams passed away before his interesting reminiscences had time to appear in print. Robert Williams was born at Sunnybank near Gloucester, in 1814, and after being educated at Bristol, he proceeded to Oxford, and then to London, where he took the M.R.C.S. in 1839. Here he paid particular attention to surgery, working under Liston, then at the zenith of his career. Liston was an eminent Scotsman, who in the “twenties” was one of the instructors of young James Simpson in anatomy and clinical surgery in the School of Medicine at Edinburgh. In the “thirties” he went to London to fill the chair of Clinical Surgery at University College, and was also a surgeon at the North London Infirmary in 1835, when Simpson, then a graduate, walked round the schools, keen on seeing everything that was new in medicine and surgery before settling down in Edinburgh to the stern realities of practice. Liston was at this time teaching Williams and Hulme, among others, the clinical surgery which was afterwards found of such great use to our little settlement of Otago, with its pre-historic hospital in Moray Place East. Those were the days when the unfortunate patient had to be strapped down for operation, and Liston who combined the greatest skill and dexterity, with the greatest speed, soon towered over his London fellows as an operator. Quick to see the advantages of anaesthesia, he was the first surgeon of eminence in London to use ether in his operating work, but when in the following year his old pupil, James Simpson, then Professor of Midwifery in the University of Edinburgh, introduced the use of chloroform as an anaesthetic Liston had little opportunity of using it, for he died within a month of writing the following letter:-

“My dear Miller, - The chloroform is a great advance upon ether. I have tried it with great success. You must have an affair to administer it. It is not any bigger than the snuff box you were wont to carry. Simpson deserves all laudation. - Thine always, Robert Liston. London, November 17, 1847.” Williams, then, had to learn all his surgery in the days when operations were a veritable nightmare to men of sensitive nature. Abdominal surgery was practically unknown, amputations, removal of tumors, opening of abscesses, reduction of dislocations, setting of fractures, formed the bulk of the work done, and it will be seen later that the introduction of anaesthetics worked such a revolution, and allowed such an immediate “widening of the surgical field” and such an enormous increase in operations previously thought impossible, that what was called “hospitalism” became rampant, and a tremendous number of operation cases died. This went on until, in the beneficent scheme of the evolution of Medicine, in its widest sense, Lister came on the scene and changed all that.

Herapath, the other of Williams’s teachers, who has been specially mentioned, was a well known English chemist and apothecary of those days, and during the time Williams was in practice in Bristol, William Herapath, Esq., as he was termed, published an account of the waters of the Hotwells of Bristol, with their analyses, and a description of the diseases which they were supposed to cure. Verily, there is nothing new under the sun, for the “ritual of the waters” at Helensville and Te Aroha, New Zealand, to-day is very much as it was in Bristol in Dr Williams time, and in the pump room in Bath in the days of Beau Nash, 100 years before. With
us, the “pomp and circumstance” of a fashionable assemblage is so far absent. We are, perhaps, too matter-of-fact or not yet “advanced” far enough, but we have the same aggregation of “sick and well,” the same eager search for the panacea which will cure even the spots of Naaman. In New Zealand, as in England, the “maimed, the halt, and the blind,” poor souls, brush shoulders with the healthy athlete, with ruddy face and immaculate flannels; the much-travelled tourist in toque, smart walking-dress and strong tan boots elbows the khaki soldier with his stiffened limb; each one hastening and crowding up the steps into the little pagoda or Temple of Hygeia to quaff the gleaming waters which will cure every ailment that flesh is heir to. History indeed repeats itself, in the clanking pump, the foaming, steaming “crystal,” the hopeful face, the wry mouth over the bitter draught, many a nerve-wrecked sufferer searching eagerly for the cup of Lethe which will cause forgetfulness of aches and pains for evermore. Williams, who ordered many a draught of the Clifton waters, set sail for the little spot at the antipodes called New Zealand, little dreaming that in less than a century in that wild and rugged place would be enacted the same scenes with scores of health seekers hastening with outstretched hands in search of the “unattainable.” On arrival at Dunedin Williams, with his wife and four children, went out to Henley andsettled there, travelling back and forward to Dunedin as occasion required. He soon became known to the settlers in and near Dunedin, and as Dr Purdie, who had arrived in the Moottan, was a homeopath, and became more occupied with civic administration than with the practice of medicine, and Dr Manning by his eccentricities had already estranged a large number of the townspeople, Dr Williams accepted the post of colonial surgeon when it was offered to him. The controversy that ensued when this appointment was mooted, was surprising. The papers were full of articles and letters protesting against the “suggested extravagance”; the very idea of a hospital without any sick people was considered preposterous; the post of surgeon was expected to be a sinecure, and any payment to him barefaced robbery of the citizens. However, the appointment was made by Sir George Grey in 1853, and Dr Williams became surgeon of the small hospital on the north side of Bell Hill. Here he had at first no sick to deal with but several very violent mental patients, who were a source of great anxiety and responsibility to him, particularly as he had no warders or nurses, and only a casual hand, engaged as required. Dr Williams entered with zest into the life of the community. One of the band called the “Little Enemy,” he early took a leading part in the affairs of the town. He was made a Justice of the Peace, a Member of the Road Board, Chief Referee for the Australian Mutual Provident Society, then a mere bailliff in assurance offices, grown to-day into the giant of the century. Dr Williams was from the start a man with a great love of sport and games, he was a committee-man and steward of the races and Anniversary Sports for many years. He was a powerfully-built man, with a full reddish beard, a great walker and active and energetic in all his movements. Rather peppery and impetuous in his temper, like so many Welshmen, he very frequently came into verbal collision with the more stolid, hard-headed Scottish settlers, and at one time was involved in an undignified dispute which resulted in police court proceedings - James Macandrew, J.P., versus Robert Williams, J.P., “for violent language end threatened assault.” The newspaper reports of the proceedings make curious reading to-day, for, as in many similar cases in these days, the demeanour and behaviour of the presiding magistrates, some interested in one side, some in the other, did not make an edifying spectacle. To begin with, the very idea of two Magistrates, two Justices of the Peace, two of those selected by the Government to be rulers of the town, and directors of law and order, becoming involved in such a case drew a great crowd and brought together practically the whole town, which was divided into two opposing camps. Each of the disputants had hosts of friends, backers and sympathisers. The whole conduct of the case, the examining of the witnesses, the shocking “contempt of court - allowed the whole time in groans, hisses. hoots and cheers while the case was proceeding; the very candid criticism, in leaders and letters in the papers, of all concerned - magistrates, counsel, witnesses, and disputants - all make us realise how immeasurably we have advanced to-day in our realisation of the dignity and solemnity which should accompany court procedure, and that there has been the same tremendous advance and evolution in the professions of Journalism and Law as there has been in that of Medicine in the last 80 years. Dr Williams was appointed in 1853 coroner for the district, and this appointment coming soon after that of hospital surgeon earned a great deal of discussion; references, articles, and letters appeared in print, criticising this further waste of public money. Sarcastic and most unkind letters referring to the unfortunate sufferers from mental trouble, stating that they were not worthy of a medical superintendent; accusations against the Government for making these appointments, and for most unjustifiably spending all this money upon “lunatics,” as they were all called in those days; that the building was a hospital “for two lunatics for each doctor,” as the papers cruelly headed the article; all this in cold print seems to us extraordinary at this time of
day. This was in 1853, and Dr Williams was now persuaded by his party, a fairly formidable one, to contest the superintendency of the province against Captain Cargill. This led at once to a tremendous verbal contest, as a necessary preliminary to the real one; the papers teemed with letters, some bitter, some sarcastic, and some really witty. One of the latter in Scotch will bear repeating. It is from the Otago Witness of February 12, 1853 –

Maister Eeditor, - I hae been hearin’ o’ a unco’ wark amang oor folk i’ the toon for the makin’ o’ a superintendent for this wee bit place, an’ am thinkin’ there is some o’ them daes na ken vera weel whet they’re daein’. The “Wee Enemy” (set them up i’ their impudence) hae bin wantin’ nae less a man than Dr Williams (the coroner ye ken) to stan’ for the ceevil head o’ Otago. Noo I wad like to ken frae ye would be what a superintendent his adae (that is his job, ye ken)? Gin it be to gie us the law, or lay doon the law, its no to be exepkit that a doctor o’ pheasie is to ken muckle aboot that. Some folk are juist awfu’ blin’, they rin wi’ their heeds in a pock, and the string tied. What aitl them at the resident magistrate? Am sure he’s mair like the thing than the ither gomerel, that kens nae mair aboot the law than a tups heed wi’ the woo’ sing’d aff it. The taen’s bin a’ his time fechtin’ aboot a bit post i’ the hospital, an’ the tithers bin mindin’ his nin bizness, and tendin’ to ither folk that cam’ to him aboot the law. May be, sir, its a heap o’ impudence me fashin’ ye wi’ my wi’ bit letter, but a canna thole to luk at people rimmin’ their heeds blin’ stan’ on a wa’, wi’oot tellin’ them before their heads clared. – A’m, A Freen. (Editor, “A Freen” has overlooked the fact that the R.M. has already got both place and salary; the doctor wants both.)

The contest became so’ hot and the letters so violent that the “Little Enemy” recognised that discretion was the better part of valour, and feeling that the chances of their candidate were not too good in the face of such opposition, Mr George Lloyd, the secretary of the committee, announced that Dr Williams had withdrawn from the contest. (Witness, June 29, 1853.)

Dr Williams was now a member of the committee of the Settlers’ Association and chairman of the Constitutional Association. He was also the recognised leader of the “Little Enemy,” a political body formed mostly of Englishmen, including Strode, Mantell, Carnegie, Kettle, Filleul, three brothers Julius, Frank French, Valpy, senior and junior, the brothers Fulton, several Jeffreys, Forbes, and others. They were Episcopalians, and as Dr Hocken puts it, “rather a fly in the ointment in the scheme of the Presbyterian settlement.” However, as time went on, the advent of a beneficent constitution ended all their bickerings, and rendered both parties harmless for future mischief, and though the term “Little Enemy” clung long, the members of it were all respected members of the community, and the name was really more a memory than a badge.

Before this, however, there had been constant bickerings because the settlement was under the effete New Zealand Company, and the Little Enemy was constantly attacking the local authorities for the slowness of development in the settlement, the lack of work for many who wanted it, and the much-needed roads and bridges which had been promised in all the prospectuses of the suggested town. Walter Mantell, who came from Wellington as a Government official, and who was a recognised wit, as well as an active member of the Little Enemy, tauntlingly parodied their promises in the following doggerel

Roads and bridges and schools and churches
Were among the original terms of purchase;
Churches, and schools, and roads, and bridge’s
Were promised as our most esteemed privileges;
But bridges, and schools, and churches, and roads
Are sought for in vain near the settlers’ abodes;
While those who expect churches, bridges and schools,
Also roads, may expect to be called silly fools.

Dr Hocken says; “It is maybe called ‘The Lay of the Disappointed,’ and whilst it no doubt afforded delight to the Little Enemy, it must have been gall and wormwood to the other section.”

Dr Williams was made a member of the Town Board in 1853, and in 1856 of the Land Board and of the Provincial Council, to which he was elected by the voters for the Northern District. He was evidently one of the Executive, for we find a number of advertisements of the Provincial Government signed with his name - thus;
“The Government is desirous of erecting guide posts over Flagstaff and the Snowy Mountains. Subscriptions towards this object will be received by John Jones and Walter Day. - Signed, Robert Williams. Persons willing are to contract for posts and to build a hut at ‘The Clump of ‘Trees.’ ” This was in 1858, but in order to show our readers something of the condition of the roads about that time we quote from the files of the Witness:

“James Hare and Robert Robinson were charged before the Magistrate’s Court with wantonly and cruelly illustrating a pair of bullocks yoked in a sledge which they were trying to drive along the Main Street. Fined ten shillings.” In an interesting diary written by Mr John Wright, schoolmaster, Brighton, of the voyage of the Strathmore, a reference is made to the town at this time: “Arrived at Dunedin 5 p.m. on the 6th October, 1856, and slept in naked bunks in Emigrants’ Buildings; length about fifty feet; breadth about twenty; almost made of iron. 7th - Walked about a good deal, and busy forenoon getting up our chest from the jetty by a cart. Called on different persons about schools; was offered two pounds a week as mechanician. First and second mates tried here and imprisoned for three months with hard labour; saw Bill Smith bound for the Tyree about 6 p.m.; provisions as cheap as in Scotland; sent off twelve Otago Witnesses. 8th. - Saw three of our sailors who had deserted ship and were captured, with two mates, sent to gaol. Most of our passengers in barracks now engaged at from fifty pounds, etc., with rations; still greater demand for female servants, whose wage is thirty-five or forty pounds, with board. From 9th to 14th was confined to bed or barracks and attended by Dr Williams, the Colonial Medical Officer, for pain in the back, chest, breast, throat, etc. Had applied fried salt to my back, and took a powder and a bottle (of medicine), etc. Next day all right and called on Howden, Green Island Bush, and left my certificates, etc.” This very interesting diary, which has not so far been published, is in the Early Settlers’ Museum. I shall refer again to it when writing of Dr Hulme.

Among other road notices of Dr Williams’ regime was one which should appeal to motor car owners to-day:

“Tenders wanted to clear a roadline through the bush from Anderson’s Bay to Portobello Bay. The tutu and brambles to be felled close by the around and cleared off, so as to leave a roadline twenty feet wide the branches, if any, of large trees overhanging the roadline to be topped off. - Thomas Oliver, Road Engineer” (Witness, April 7, 1859). “The road from Dunedin through Dowling street towards Halfway Bush is closed on account of the cuttings which are being made in Princes street. The road from Dunedin towards Halfway Bush will be through Stuart street.” Members of the Amenities Society will appreciate this: “All persons cautioned against cutting down or destroying any bush or trees upon the street lines within the town of Dunedin unless with permission of the Town Board - Signed, Malcolm Graham, Clerk to the Board.”

Now that we have seen some of the public side of Dr Williams’ energies it is well to turn to the professional. Here he had great trials, and his son’s manuscript, from which we now quote, says: “It was hard and trying work, and I could give you particulars of several notable trips over almost unknown tracks, often at night time, and in all weathers. William Valpy was notorious for his night rides. People used to say that he slept on horseback, while his horse, which knew the track between Forbury and Horseshoe Bush, used to jog along, jumping creeks, etc., without waking his rider. I remember one trip when Mrs Jeffreys had taken ill at Horseshoe Bush. About an hour after dark Willy Valpy, as everybody called him, appeared, mud from head to foot, with a foaming horse. He was off to the Forbury to get a fresh one. They were to meet at Green Island Bridge. The night was dark, with a thick nor’-east mist with wind. They got to Horseshoe Bush about daylight. How they got there was a mystery, but they did, but it was too late for my father to be of any help, for Mrs Jeffreys passed away soon after their arrival. My father once rode right through to the Waitaki (Papakoa Station), staying only an hour or two to rest by the way, in order to attend William Valpy, who came to grief in a Maori oven his horse stumbled into, while galloping home at night along the Waitaki Plain, his head striking some of the big loose stones which the Natives had used in cooking. He had been, and was still, unconscious when my father reached him, but he pulled him through all right; but it was a long time before he quite recovered. People made wonderful recoveries in those days, ‘the air was so pure and the living so healthy.’ ” (Note - I have often heard my mother, who was a sister of this William Valpy, speak of this accident, and how the treatment was a seton through the nape of the neck. This was a hank of pack thread or heavy silk passed through a cut by means of a big eyed bistoury or knife. It was fastened down at each end with plaster, or the ends tied, and every day worked back and forward through the hole in order to set up a good discharge and irritation, which was considered in those days to take the inflammation away from the brain. She had often heard him say that his other sufferings were nothing compared to the pain caused by the working about of the
A family living at Anderson’s Bay in 1849 requiring Dr Williams’ services, he had to come all the way from Henley on foot, and when he reached town had to be rowed across the bay, the road or track being a terribly roundabout way across the swampy Flat. Soon after the doctor ordered gruel for the young mother whom he was attending, but, alas, the meal cask was empty, and no more was available until the arrival of the next ship, which was eagerly expected. In the meantime no gruel was forthcoming, but luck was with the household, for two days after arrived Dr Williams on foot with twenty pounds of oatmeal in a bag upon his back. He had called at the store as soon as the ship discharged her freight, and at once set off for his patient’s home, carrying with him the sustenance so important to the welfare of both mother and child. To return to Williams’ manuscript: “To begin with, my father was the family doctor of the Valpy and Fulton families, and attended them all during the time he was in practice, and consequently we were very intimate in the early days. James Fulton was trustee and co-administrator with James Maitland in my father’s estate when he died in 1862. I used to spend my holidays often sat his house at the Taiieri and at Francis Fulton’s, who lived close by with his mother, who, good old lady, used to be very good to us scamps of boys. I could give you many tales of the adventures of the Valpy girls when we were all young and full of go, and the joy of living among the splendid surroundings of a new countryuntrodden by the foot of the white man. Once I remember the girls and Dick and William Filleul, Frank French, and one of the Jeffreys landed at our small bark house at East Taiieri just opposite where now is, I think, the Henly Railway Station. They were all wet to the skin, having been bushed in some flax somewhere near Scroggs’ Creek. One of their horses was called Ariel and another Ajax, I remember. The men kind went to Filleul, French, and Forbes’ Camp close handy, and all of us kids were turned into the bush, and the house made into a drying place. When we were allowed to come back the dry rigs were astonishing, made up of my mother’s and elder sister’s clothes of all sorts and sizes, How they laughed. I can remember it to this day, and how we had for supper stewed kaka and pigeon and wild pork chops; not so bad. The next morning they went on to Waihola, where their brother, William Valpy, had started a sheep run at Horseshoe Bush.”

“There were only three horses in Dunedin when we first arrived, and my father drowned one of them in Abbott’s Creek, close to Green Island. When we were at the Taiieri an urgent message came one day for my father to go to Dunedin. My father walked through at once. I believe it was Mrs C. Kettle who was taken ill. Anyway, he borrowed Dobbin Mr Kettle’s horse, and got him through to our place, although it was a difficult undertaking. I remember the whole of the Maori inhabitants of the Kaik turned out and hung on to his horse’s mane and tail. Very few, if any, had ever seen a horse before, but a few years later they had plenty of them. Next time he was not so lucky, for on returning to town the poor old moke came to grief in Abbott’s Creek, so named after the surveyor who met his death near the same spot, and was buried in the old cemetery in Upper York Place. Abbott’s Creek ran down the hill close to where there is now a railway station. The life of the early medical men was hard and very risky and the pay wretched. I have often heard my father say, ‘It’s got to be done; most of my patients have not got it to give, so what is the use of my charging them.’ I used to help him with his books, and I remember the items, for I wrote them down scores of times (visit) iter 5s, (night visit) iter noctu l0s, (medicine) 1s, (two visits at night) iter bis noctu £1.. There were no chemists in those days, and my father brought with him from England enough medicine to half stock a shop. This he handed over to ‘little’ Sutton, who, to my father’s great relief started a dispensary close to the foot of Bell Hill on the right hand side of Princes street, next to the Mechanics’ Institute.” This was the Sutton most frequently referred to as “Doctor” Sutton, but we are informed that he was not a qualified medical man, though, in common with many others in those days, he practised as such. He also had a house and dispensary at the Heads in the early fifties, and a very pretty garden of roses. This, we believe, has long since been blown over with sand, and is entirely obliterated. Sutton was a well educated man, of considerable means, for he established his sons on various stations on the Waitaki Plains and Otago Central, and the Sutton Creek and district of Sutton were named after him. He died in Dunedin in the late fifties, and Wilson bought his stock, etc., and started dispensing, and carried on for many years it is probable that Sutton, like Basire, Port Chalmers, and many other good men, who through ill health had to abandon the study of medicine after going part of tile way through it, was able to “carry on” and do a lot of good work when doctors were scarce and the districts wide and inaccessible.

Dr Williams had indeed great difficulties, and on one occasion had to perform a very serious operation upon Mrs Strode, the chief magistrate’s wife. Who administered the anaesthetic we do not know; it was probably Dr Purdie, who had been trained in Scotland, and worked under Simpson; but we do know that Mrs Fenton, wife of the Anglican clergyman, “held the arteries” and acted the part of amateur assistant. There were no nurses in
those days. The patient did well, and had no recurrence of her very formidable ailment, which was completely eradicated. On another occasion he was sitting playing chess with Joseph Borton (then quite a young man, later one of the goldfields wardens, and well known in Dunedin to-day as a chess enthusiast of over half a century’s duration), when a messenger arrived from Waikouaiti asking the doctor to go to the assistance of a young woman who was very seriously ill. It was late at night, the middle of a severe winter, in the early fifties, heavy snow all around. The people were in very humble circumstances, and there was not the slightest prospect of any remuneration for his toil and exposure to the dangers of the journey. Out he went into the pitchy blackness, after his horse had been saddled up, and away up the track to the Halfway Bush, over Flagstaff and the Snowy Mountains, along past the “Clump of Trees,” about 12 miles from town. It was about this place that Dr Williams actively bestirred himself later on to have a bark hut or shelter erected. No one knew the need for shelter at this spot better than Dr Williams, who had so often hailed belated travellers on this track. On he went, down the line, afterwards indicated by guide posts, and in part to this day known as Johnny Jones’s track, and so to Waikouaiti, his journey taking many hours to perform. The satisfaction of his humane duty over, he returned to town, the long trip, to say nothing of the exposure to cold, having failed to do more than cause a temporary fatigue to his powerful frame. He was always the medical attendant at the birth of Mrs James Fulton’s children at Ravensbourne, West Taiieri, and the writer has often heard her extol the blessings of chloroform which Dr Williams administered, and which Sir James Simpson had brought into clinical use only a few years before. Dr Williams had never seen it in England, as it had only just been adopted in Scotland when he left for the colony. Dr Purdie, who was trained in the Scottish schools, introduced it into Otago, and Dr Williams quickly adopted it in his obstetric and surgical practice. His journeys to the West Taiieri in those days were strenuous indeed. He had to go up past the Halfway Bush, and then keeping to the right, after crossing the Silverstream, bear up along the side of the hills the whole way until the Taiieri River was reached. Here, shouting continuously at lengths brought out Donald Borrie, who ferried him across. A track along the hill-side of Maungatua brought him finally to his journey’s end at the Fulton homestead. Deep swamp, flax, nigger-heads, and streams made any attempt to cross the Taiieri Plain to “Ravensbourne” at that time an impossible feat. This journey, which he first took in 1852, took him nine hours. To hear of the young local surgeon of to-day coming to Dunedin from Outram in his speedy motor car in half an hour makes one rub one’s eyes.

Dr Williams, of whom we have many other notes and references, was a clever physician and a skilful surgeon, and as we know that his training took place before the introduction of anaesthetics, we can understand that the work he did in Otago with the immediate adoption of the new practice of anaesthesia was really of a high order. He was considered clever in the relief of eye injuries, and this in the days when specialisation was unknown. Epoch-making discoveries were taking place in Europe while he and his colonial confreres toiled along with the limited knowledge in their possession. Pasteur was steadily working out his discoveries and converting his theories and hypotheses into facts, showing to his sceptical brethren how all diseases are due to infective processes, and caused by definite bacteria or germs. His wonderful experiments and microscopical investigations on silk-worm disease, anthrax, and hydrophobia all followed rapidly, and resulted in that remarkable method of treatment known as vaccine therapy, and established the vitally important branch of science known as Bacteriology. Garcia’s laryngoscope Williams may have seen in the “forties.” Helmholtz’s ophthalmoscope did not “arrive” until 1851. Alex. Wood, of Edinburgh, following the lead of Pravaz, of Lyons, introduced the instrument with a hollow needle known as the hypodermic syringe in 1853; but it is not likely that its use reached Otago in Williams’s life time. After Purdie no other Edinburgh man joined the Otago medical circle until Nelson, and it will be seen that he, too, had been doing remarkable microscopical work on somewhat the same lines as Pasteur and Lister, and that he did not live to return to England was much to be deplored. Lister’s great discovery of the method of destroying germs and of preventing their access to the seat of operation followed hard on Pasteur’s work; in fact, was the direct result thereof but Lister’s methods were not published until after Williams’s death, so that all of the Otago surgical work of that period was done in the primitive style, before any knowledge of, or necessity for, antiseptics was made clear. It is certain that Williams, of Bristol, was well acquainted with Hulme, of Exeter, for immediately on the latter’s arrival in Otago, Williams, who was a great friend of his, asked him to go into partnership with him; but Hulme declined, as he thought country practice too hard, and he wished to stay in town. They had studied in London together, were much of the same age, took the same diploma in the same year. Hulme staying longer in England probably brought out to Williams later ideas. To conclude, Williams in his way, and according to his lights, did great
work, and was undoubtedly one of the true pioneers of his profession, and with antiseptics, the clinical thermometer, and a better knowledge of disease, would have made a surgeon as good as many of the present day. With the training he had - with his bleedings, his blisters, his setons, his drastic purges (his common dose of calomel was a scrub), his leeches, his cuppings, fried salt bags and fly blisters - with it all he was a successful and most popular physician and surgeon, and laid down to rest beloved by all who knew him, prematurely worn out and “done” at the age of 48 by the trials, anxieties, and exposure of a rough colonial practice of the early days.

Mr Williams’s manuscript goes on: “When my father’s practice increased, he took as a partner Dr Nelson, who came from England in 1857, and married the second daughter of Mr John Jones. Soon after my mother died, and my father retired from practice, and we went to the Molyneux, and lived there until after the diggings broke out, when he decided to go to the Old Country, and booked our passages in the Chariot of Fame, one of the first wool ships to load from Port Chalmers. He had met with several severe accidents in the course of his visits to patients, from which he never fully recovered. He died suddenly at the house of his old friend, George Lloyd, at Green Island Bush, in 1862, not many days before the ship was to sail, and we all stayed in New Zealand, as the ship’s agents kindly returned us the passage money. His grave in the Southern Cemetery is marked by a modest, plain, grey stone.”

**DR ROBERT STEWART.**

With the Ajax, which arrived in January, 1849, came Dr Robert Stewart from India, and Dr William Valpy and family. Mr Valpy wished to have his own medical man on the voyage. He was an invalid, and had had no experience of Dr Stewart, who was a much younger man than Dr Bennett.

Dr Stewart settled in Stafford street, and had a fine house and ground where St. Matthew’s Church now stands. He was a man of independent means, with large business connections in China, and his property, as figured in G. B. Shaw’s picture of Dunedin, 1851, was evidently a substantial one. It extended from St. Matthew’s Church right along Hope street to High street, and here he had stable, outbuildings and cowshed, etc., and kept his horses. He also had property in Mornington, and had relatives or connections who went to the Taieri; but these we have not been able to locate. Dr Stewart was a tall, dark, well-set-up man, a great rider and very popular with both men and women. He had the mannerism of frequently passing his hand over his face and through his hair, and stroking his beard and moustache. He became very intimate with Mr Valpy, and used to go for long rides with the young ladies, who were great horsewomen. On one occasion they were riding along the sands at the Ocean Beach, now St. Chair, and the horses being fresh and the tide low, they indulged in a race. There was a large cavalcade of them, and away they went “full belt.” Suddenly they came upon a high bank with a wet patch beyond it, the horses in a row took the jump, and they immediately found themselves floundering in water and quick-sands. The horse ridden by Dr Stewart unseated his rider, and he was with difficulty extricated and saved from a horrible death by suffocation. His horse managed to flounder out somehow, and Frank French’s horse got loose and galloped off on its own account, so the party were one horse short, and French had to mount behind Miss Catherine Valpy. Mr Cutten, Dr Stewart and the rest of the party, which included three or four more girls, all dripping wet with mud and water, made an amusing spectacle as they cantered up “Mud Terrace” to the Valpy’s house in Manse street, just where the Provincial Hotel is now. “Mud Terrace” was the road which skirted the bend in the harbour which is now the Market Reserve, where the Boer war gun stands. This bay was afterwards cut off when Princes street was reclaimed, and the enclosed piece existed as a sort of pond or lake for many years, being partially used for storing timber. That part of the foreshore was always a sea of mud, as the front of the Anderson’s Bay flat is to-day.

After two years in the settlement, during which he did a certain amount of practice, but occupied himself more with his stock at Mornington and riding to the Taieri and elsewhere, Dr Stewart announced that he was going to India and China for business reasons, but that he would soon return and settle down in Otago. He had many friends in the town, and this announcement being sprung upon them suddenly, they had little time to prepare a suitable farewell. The Otago Witness of October 19, 1851, reported as follows:-
“On Thursday last a dinner was held in the Royal Hotel to bid farewell to Robert Stewart, Esq., who was shortly leaving on a voyage to India and China. As the meeting was called at 12 hours’ notice only about 20 persons sat down to the table, but we are assured that if longer time could have been arranged, a very large attendance would have resulted. Mr Jas. Macandrew occupied the chair and Mr J. Hyde Harris was vice chairman. After the usual loyal toasts had been enthusiastically drunk, as well as the health of His Excellency Sir George Grey, the chairman proposed the toast of the guest of the evening, Dr Robert Stewart. He said ‘Although there were many present who knew Dr Stewart better than he did, there was no one who could appreciate better than he the unassuming philanthropy and quiet bearing and manner of the doctor. He was at all hours ready to respond to a serious call and to relieve the wants of the distressed, not only with his personal services, but many times with the contents of his purse. The amount of professional service which he had given without any fee or reward would never be known, but there was one circumstance he should like to refer to, one with which most persons were acquainted, and which had laid us under a deep debt of gratitude to him; it was that when applications were called from medical men in the city to attend gratuitously at the hospital now being erected, it was understood that Dr Stewart was the only one who offered to do so, and that he thus, in so far as in him lay, was ready to effect a saving to the community of £200 a year, and that he thus nobly sacrificed the goodwill of his professional brethren to the general benefit of the community. He was glad to say that the doctor was only going to leave them for a short time, as he had decided on a trip to the East before returning to settle amongst them.’

A few days after this an address of farewell to Dr Stewart was drafted by the Otago Settlers’ Association, and this was couched in such terms as to reflect rather unfairly upon the other medical men in the community, one of whom, Dr Robert Williams, was a member of committee of the association. Dr Williams, in protesting against this testimonial and resigning his seat on the committee and his membership of the association in consequence of the refusal of himself, at any rate - he could not speak for the other doctors - to attend the hospital gratuitously. He gave a lucid explanation of his reasons, and it seems clear to us to-day that in a small community, where it was particularly hard for several medical men to make a living at that time, it was “not quite the thing” for a medical practitioner of fairly good financial position to announce to the citizens that he was ready to make them a present of £200 a year, and one can understand Dr Williams and the other doctors feeling very much annoyed at their being pilloried and held up to derision and censure for their suggested meanness. More than half - probably three-quarters - of their professional work in the settlement was gratuitous, they had their wives and families to support, and Dr Stewart was a single man. It must also be remembered that there was to be no resident doctor in this suggested hospital, and the incumbent was to take the responsibility and attend there at all hours, as the visiting physician and surgeon, “acting” resident medical officer, superintendent, nurse, warder, etc., a veritable Poo Bah, and all without payment. Dr Stewart also had the coolness to announce that if he personally were at any time called out of town, Dr Williams could be asked to attend in his place. To this Dr Williams retorted that if any person bled to death while Dr Stewart was away in the country, he (Dr Williams) the coroner, would feel it his duty to bring in a verdict of manslaughter against him for not making adequate arrangements for carrying on the work in his absence. To us of the present day it appears conclusive that Dr Williams and the other doctors were quite right in refusing to attend gratuitously, and the post should have been arranged for from the beginning at a paid salary. This was almost immediately done by Government amidst a storm of protest, which in time calmed down when more experience of sickness and wiser counsels showed that the principle was right, and that the £200 salary was no more than proper and adequate for the work done. While all this turmoil was being settled, Dr Stewart sailed for China, and after a very short time died there from a tropical illness. Dr Bennett, the other practitioner who had come in the Ajax, had gone back to England, and of the next fourteen ships which carried passengers to the settlement of Otakau, only one, the Mooltan, provided a disciple of the healing art in the person of Dr William Purdie, who arrived in December, 1849.
WILLIAM PURDIE.

In 1849 and 1850 fourteen emigrant ships reached Otago in rapid succession, but of these only one, the Moulton, provided a disciple of the healing art sufficiently venturesome to stay in the primitive settlement so far south of the Line.

Dr William Purdie, a Scottish physician from Edinburgh, where he had been in practice for nearly a quarter of a century, arrived on December 26, 1849, and from the first took an active part in the management of the affairs of the coming town. Being a man of mature age and experience, with a wife and six children, of strictly religious principles, a regular church attendant, and a staunch supporter of the temperance cause, he was considered a great acquisition to the little community. His first endeavour was to find a suitable house, and he was fortunate in obtaining the only one of any size which was vacant, and which had been erected by Mr Edward Lee for Captain Cargill before the actual settlement took place. Mr Lee had been instructed to select a site in 1847 and to build a house upon it, and he chose what is thought was a good position at the foot of the spur which came down to what is now the corner of Pitt and London streets. This seemed to him a likely and suitable spot for a house for the Chief, but when Captain Cargill arrived and found that most of the selectors preferred the other end of the town, he decided himself to “select” and live in Princes street south. Mr Lee’s house, as it was called, was then the only one north of the Octagon. Between it and the main part of the town was an almost impassable swamp, but that did not deter Dr Purdie. The size of the house, its well-built structure and picturesque surroundings, all appealed to him, and he speedily settled down in his new home. It was a verandah cottage of three rooms, built of “wattle and daub,” and shingle roofed, and it was the only one in the “North-East Valley” for many years. Its beacon-lights shone out over the swamp and guided the belated wayfarer when trying to make his way from the north into the inhabited part of the town. Dr Purdie named it Woodside, and the black pine, birch, totara, and manuka bush completely surrounded it, and he had to cut away the greater part of the undergrowth which covered his sections, right up Constitution street into Elder street and down Pitt street. He eventually owned nearly the whole of this block of about ten acres, and later on it was strongly recommended to the authorities as a site for the second hospital. Its many advantages were pointed out by the experts consulted, but we are afraid the fact that the property was owned by a medical man had much to do with its final rejection as unsuitable for the purpose required. Be that as it may, when Dr Purdie first went into it, it was a veritable paradise. Mapau (pittosporum) trees festooned with clematis, feathery manuka with snow-white blossom, kowhais, later to be covered with golden bells, and fuchsias with purple blooms, amidst whose branches fluttered and carolled ceaselessly the feathered songsters of our bush. Wild pigs abounded amongst the fern and undergrowth of the hills above, the trees were “alive” with pigeons, kakas, and tuis; hosts of the smaller birds were seen everywhere - canaries, thrushes, saddlebacks, and crows were as common in the neighbourhood as sparrows and starlings are to-day. Several good streams of clear water came down through the bush, and altogether one could hardly have chosen a prettier home in any part of the town than did Dr Purdie in settling where he did. That the house was well built and of good timber was proved when in 1905 the old portion was removed, for the mapau and pepper tree posts were sound, the clay daub well packed and firm, the
wattles or sticks in good condition. A complete section containing a window sash was carefully removed and can be seen in the Early Settlers’ Museum to-day. An amusing story was told by one of the pioneers who in his young days had worked for Dr Purdie. He and his brother were shingling a roof for one of the doctor’s additional rooms, and, it being a hot January day, the two young men became very thirsty, and one called to the other ‘Hey Char-les: do you think the doc will stand us a glass of beer? Am gay dry’; “Weel Donal’ I hope so, we’ll speer him.” Just then the doctor came out and said: “Hey lads, there’s a fine wee burn at the back there. Just knock off and wet your whistles.” The boys looked at each other, knocked off, and had a drink. “Thet’s gran’ Donal” “Ay Char-les.” They said nothing further, but they thought a lot! Dr Purdie was one of the most active and useful men of the first decade of the settlement, and speedily showed that if professional work was slow in coming to hand, he was not going to remain idle, but intended to put every ounce of power he possessed into the advancement of the town. He had had a most trying experience on the Mooltan, for on the voyage from Scotland cholera broke out ten days after she left Greenock, where it was raging, and the ship became seriously affected. Twenty cases occurred, of whom nine died. It is said that this infection was brought on in the bedding of one of the steerage passengers, but whatever the source Dr Purdie had a very hard time, being frequently threatened with violence by the terrified passengers. He had to carry pistols to overawe the more turbulent. The fact that he had had great experience of the disease in the Edinburgh epidemic of 1832 counted for little among the panic stricken passengers, who saw their mates carried aft and committed to the deep, one by one, in quick succession. He was successful in stamping out the disease, after several weeks’ strenuous work, and one wonders at this day how he did it, for at that time disinfectants were practically unknown, and the cause of the disease was a complete puzzle to all the authorities. Some said it was caused by the air, some by food, some by water, some by the character and permeability of the soil; most affirmed that the commonest factor was personal contact. It was not for many years after that the true cause, a germ or bacillus, was discovered by Koch, and a means of stamping out the disease or very much lessening its virulence by inoculating with a vaccine soon followed. It seems strange that so simple a preventive as that of boiling all drinking water took so long to arrive, but it is easy for us “to be wise after the event.” What seems to us to-day an easy matter to understand in the light of the microscope and bacteriological research, was in the days of Purdie, and for 35 years thereafter, a matter of much speculation to scientific men of all Societies. In the late seventies drinking water began to be suspected a the most likely source of infection, but in Vol. I of the Sydenham Society’s Handbook of Geographical and Historical Pathology, published 1883, it is stated “with the chemical and physical aids at our disposal we have not yet succeeded in making out a specific choleraic infection of water.” This had been, however really settled by Koch of Berlin in 1882, but not in time to appear in the mentioned publication. This result of his long and painstaking investigations upon the disease, finally concluded the commission which he had undertaken in Egypt and India at that time. Purdie then must have had great difficulties. He had no thermometer to tell him that his patient’s temperature was falling rapidly, though his common sense, great experience, discerning eye and hand, no doubt conveyed to him much that we leave to our instruments of precision. No conception of what was the cause of the disease; no idea of the pathology or morbid anatomy concerned - in fact groping entirely in the dark - he, with the physicians of the time, worked wonders and obtained results we should consider good even today.

Dr Purdie started in practice and found that there was in the town little sickness and less payment, for his fees for the first year barely amounted to £40. Next year, however, Dr Manning having gone to England for a voyage, and Dr Williams being at the Taieri, his practice rapidly increased, and he begun to find the conditions of life strenuous indeed for a man of his mature years. He had to undertake long rough walks through the spear grass and “matty gowrie” or “toumatou gouru” as the spiky thorn bush of the hills was called. Torn by the villainously tenacious “bush lawyers,” tripped up by the nigger-heads along the swampy tracks, blinded and baffled by the thick toi toi, flax, manuka, and snow grass, he often had to flounder for miles, knowing well that most of his journeys had to be done with little hope of payment, and that the only reward for his risk of serious illness from exposure, was the consciousness of his having done it for “one of the least of these.” Later on, when he was able to purchase a horse, his troubles to a degree lessened, but even then he had often to go out in the dark, search for his horse, and catch it among perhaps half a dozen others running loose in a partial clearing in the bush, saddle up and ride away for miles. There was always the chance of a big waterhole or a fallen log to tumble over; and at the journey’s end perhaps to sit up half the night in a small shanty with neither roof nor walls sufficient to keep out the rain, snow, or freezing wind. Dr Purdie was a man of immense activities, but he
wore himself out in ten years’ time. He took part in every meeting or society that was formed for the good of the people of his adopted home. He was made a Justice of the Peace, and immediately showed that he did not intend the post to be a sinecure, sitting regularly and conscientiously, taking much trouble to unravel the difficulties of the citizens, settle their frequently petty squabbles, and dispense what he honestly considered justice. His name appears so frequently in the papers as acting in this magisterial capacity that it is evident that he did far more than his share of this drudgery. It was the habit of the clerk of the Court or whoever had the task of “sorting out” the Bench for the day, to fall back upon him, time and again, when the others would not attend to their proper duties. “I cannot come to day. Get Dr Purdie.” That would settle it. He was elected to the Land Board, to the Waste Lands Board, and to the Town Board, and as will be seen these positions also took a great deal of time. In 1853 he was made one of the Justices for the Registration of Electors for revising the lists of claimants or enrolment upon the Otago list. This was a most important tribunal, and one of which the duties were far from pleasant. In July of that year many public accusations were made of roll stuffing, and of endeavours to place upon the list any white man or Maori who was often too ready to sell his vote to the highest bidder. The papers were full of correspondence, for the most part acrimonious, and the town was pretty definitely divided into two camps, those for the natives, and those against. The question of the hospital, which was at first suggested for the natives, was inextricably mixed up with the general question, and as was seen in one of the earlier articles of this series, led to much unpleasantness. Altogether the Bench, consisting of Captain Cargill, Mr C. H. Kettle, Mr Todd, Dr Purdie, and Mr Strode, the R.M., had a most difficult task to carry out, but they eventually succeeded, and the roll was fairly well purged. Whenever a requisition was got up, or a public meeting arranged for, the bulk of the work was at once “shoved” on to Dr Purdie’s shoulders. Asking this man to stand for Superintendent, or that man to fill a vacancy upon a Board, or making a speech in favour of raising funds for sufferers by shipwreck, war, or mutiny, it was always the same, “ask Dr Purdie” and the “old doctor,” as he was called, never failed them. The work on the land boards covered a tremendous field, for we read of repairs required for various roads in all directions. These all required constant correction in the office. Being a member of the Board of Commissioners for Town Roads as well as country he had a great deal of the odium of the shocking state of the streets cast upon him. The ﬁle of the Witness for 1855 state: “The roads from Shand’s Bridge, Green Island, to Scrogg’s Creek, on the Taieri, and road out of Dunedin at the Southern outlet is so bad that a horse cannot be taken over it with safety, and foot passengers have to leave the track and wade through the swamp on either side.”

Showing the advance of the town in the first seven years we find 1848 - imports £11,869, exports nil, revenue £824; 1855 - imports £44,554, exports £24,182, revenue £4375. Soon after this Dr Purdie, probably as the senior Justice or because he could more often be got, sat in nearly all the important cases with Mr Strode. One case in particular, which was reported at great length, was that in which Robert Campbell, of Kahiku, was charged by C. H. Kettle, run-holder, for threatening language, assault, and breach of the Stock Act. The case was one of trespass of a flock of sheep from one run to another, but in addition to a good deal of bad language, violent gestures, and slight assault, the main grievances was the question of scab infection. Campbell was ﬁned £5 for trespass and £5 for breach of the Stock Act. As was generally the case, at that time, each of the disputants had numbers of friends present, and the court was cramped.

There was much discussion at this time about the Northern road, and a new bridge over the Leith was constructed in place of the shocking makeshift along which people had to crawl on their hands and knees. At the building of the new bridge there was a certain amount of turmoil and newspaper correspondence. Some settlers had provided timber, some nails and bolts, some labour, and some bottles of brandy and wine for the “willing” workers; some gave sums of money. The disposal of this last was the “pill,” one John Graham writing in explanation of receipts and expenditure.

Some interesting notes from the Witness of May 14 or 15, 1858, are:- LOST, between Stafford street and Hillside by the Bush read, a diamond brooch pin.

FOR SALE or TO LET, a well built fern-tree house in Princes street; quarter acre attached.

The schooner QUEEN will sail for the Taieri Village of Waihola.

REAPERS wanted for Grant’s Braes. (Bring your own hooks.)
The crew of the Strathfieldsaye appeared before the magistrates, Strode and Purdie, to make the following complaints against the master of the ship - (1) That from the master’s drunkenness and threats to shoot, they were in danger of their lives. (2) That he provided insufficient accommodation, and the men had frequently to sleep upon their sea chests. (3) That the master had fired a musket along the deck of the ship while she was in port. They objected to sail with him because of his drunkenness, and refused to turn to. They were charged by the owner and agent with desertion, and were committed to prison for 12 weeks with hard labour.

The captain of the same ship had been prosecuted by Mr Logie, the Collector of Customs, a short time before, and the following magistrates had heard the case:- Purdie, Williams, Macandrew, and Chapman. Tierney, master, was sued for breaches of the Customs Act: (1) That the life boats were not in their proper position - fined £5. (2) That the allowance of water, etc., according to the Act was not provided for the passengers - fined £5. (3) For selling or allowing to be sold spirits and strong waters to the crew and passengers - fined £25.

Witness, 2/3/1858.

We are not disposed to agree with the Bench on either of these occasions that strict justice was dispensed. The cases are well worth reading, for it is evident that the “punishment did not fit the crime.” This year, 1858, the Province had made a good deal of advance. There were 5000 people in Otago, of whom 1000 were estimated native born. In 1849 there were 444, with 25 native born, and in that year a dray had got as far as Green Island. In 1850 a dray with wool had got across part of the Taieri Plain. In 1852 no dray had as yet got as far as Tokomairiro or Clutha. Few settlers could get as far as Catlins or over to Waikouraiti without a guide. Beyond Clutha the country was unknown. In 1858 drays could get as far as the Molyneaux and to the Waitaki, but coming back to town there was no beach road to the Port, only a track over the hill; no steamers running to the Port, as was promised; as yet no market (NB., you citizens of 1920), and there was no Bank till 1857. In 1859 Dr Purdie was elected a member of the Provincial Council, a still more important position, and here he took an ample share in the debates and the work done in committees, etc.

In the fifties Dr Purdie made frequent trips to Port Chalmers when the only way was a mere track through the bush. His first difficulty was always the crossing of the Leith, which in those days was a matter of no light moment. When “in spate,” it was more than a stream, it was a turbulent torrent, and could only be crossed by foot passengers, who had literally to creep along the slippery trunk of a big tree which had been felled for a bridge. When the stream was in its normal condition one could easily ford its clear rocky shallows on horseback, and then following the valley cross the saddle and so down to Koputai. To go there in wet weather or in flood time meant walking all the way, unless one could get the messenger to bring a horse to the far side of the stream. Another journey, which in those days was a nightmare, was from Dunedin to Anderson’s Bay. Frequently had Dr Purdie to turn out in the night and, taking a hand lantern, literally pick his way on foot through the swamp and across the deep creeks which ran down the flat into the bay. In addition to several smaller streams between his house and the Octagon, there were two fair sized ones on the Flat. One was the Glen Creek or ‘Big Burn, with little tributaries, which made a considerable body of water, and rounding the spur of Hillside debouched about opposite the present gas works. Caversham Valley Stream ran into this one. The other, started by the various creeks which ran down the gullies from what are now Kew, Allandale, etc., formed a sluggish stream in the centre of the Forbury Park of to-day, and gradually worked across, to come out about the end of the Queen’s Drive at Musselburgh. The various ditches, which were for so long a “byword and a hissing” to the St. Kilda ratepayers, remained for many years as relics or vestiges of those sluggish, prehistoric streams. Purdie many a time found great difficulty in traversing this locality, and a trip to Andersen’s Bay was a matter of hours. On one occasion his horse slipped on a clay bank within the environs of the city, and threw him, with the result that he had two of his ribs broken, and was laid up for several weeks. His accident was followed by an attack of jaundice, for which he was attended by Dr Andrew Buchanan, of Chingford, N.E. Valley. As soon as a Town Council was elected Dr Purdie became a member of it, and did vigorous and conscientious work there as elsewhere. He was president of the Horticultural Society, and endeavoured to instil into his fellow citizens a “love of the beautiful,” and that there was something more in life than the everlasting race for money. One has only to read the papers of the day to see what a tower of strength he was to the community, and how for many years he served his country, giving time and talent without fee or reward. The greater part of his strictly professional work he had done in the early part of his life, and that it had been strenuous, of a high order, and highly successful, will be read from the following:- Dr Purdie was born in 1797, in Airdrie, Lanarkshire,
Scotland, where his father was settled upon the land as a farmer. By dint of hard work and perseverance he worked his way up, educated himself as best he could in the early years of the century and got to Glasgow, which was not far distant. He there attended the medical classes, went on to Edinburgh, and was practising there while in attendance on classes and finally took his degree of M.D. at the Glasgow School of Medicine. What his trials and struggles were we do not know. He was a reticent man, and spoke little to his family of what his early life had been, but what can be gathered shows that by dogged pluck he attained his cherished ambition, and became a Doctor of Medicine. He began by being apprenticed to Mr Walter Rankin, surgeon of Airdrie, in the year 1822, and at the same time attended the anatomy classes and M’Kenzie’s Dissecting Rooms at Glasgow, riding each way daily the ten miles between his residence and that city. The following certificate from Mr Rankin shows the old-time style of work required from his pupil-apprentice:-

*I do hereby certify that Mr William Purdie attended my shop from March 22, 1822, to November, 1823, and that he was most exemplary in his attendance. He also had many opportunities of visiting patients along with me, and from the zeal with which he applied himself he acquired a good deal of medical knowledge - WALTER RANKIN, Surgeon, Airdrie, February 23, 1825.*

James Tennent, M.D., of Bredenhill, evidently a parish in the neighbourhood, writes thus:- “I truly certify that I have known Mr William Purdie since he entered Mr Rankin’s shop in the spring of 1822, and have had frequent opportunities of seeing him dress wounds and perform the lesser operations in surgery, and had always reason to be well satisfied with his ability and management on these occasions; at the same time I believe that his attention to his Academical studies has corresponded with the zeal and attention in acquiring a medical education. I am also confident that his moral character is unimpeachable.” Purdie attended James Armour’s Lectures in Midwifery in 1824, James Jeffrey’s Anatomy, and John Burn’s and William M’Kenzie’s Clasae of Surgery in 1825, and in that year passed his degree in surgery. He then moved into Edinburgh and started practice, taking at the same time Professor Russell’s Class of Clinical Surgery at the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary. He attended Thomas Hope’s Chemistry and Pharmacy in 1826, Milligan’s Institutions of Medicine, and Materia Medica and Pharmacy in 1827, and James Home’s Practice of Medicine in 1828.”

At this time he was busy in practice, and attending regularly at the Infirmary, and each year taking an additional class, ever with the one end in view, his M.D. Degree. In 1829 we find he became a Burgess of the Parish of Canongate, and we have examined a quaint and interesting parchment signed and sealed which sets forth:-

*Canongate, August 21 1829, which day in the presence of Archibald Lane, Esq., Baron Bailie, Robert Gray Arnot, Resident Bailie, and others. COMPEARED William Purdie, Surgeon, who was admitted and made Freeman and Burgess of the same Borough of Canongate, in and to the same liberties, privileges and immunitys thereof SICKLIKE and as freely in all respects as any other of the Burgesses of the said Borough of Canongate. In witness whereof, etc.—Examined JOHN McRITCHIE.*

Whether his being made a Freeman of the Borough was because he had done some good work therein or whether he had become a freeholder of land, we do not know. This year he proceeded with his studies, taking Alexander Monro’s Classes of Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology; his Principes and Practice of Surgery, and William Alison’s Institutes of Medicine.

We have examined Purdie’s Lecture Cards, issued to the students of medicine in Edinburgh at this time, and they are all of more or less historic interest, but the one bearing the name and signature of Alexander Monro, Professor of Anatomy, is worthy of special attention. The card is an unusually fine one and has embossed upon it a medallion of Alexander Monro, secundus. He was the son of Alexander Monro, primus, who was elected Professor of Anatomy in the University of Edinburgh in 1720, was followed by his son, and then by his grandson, a unique example of family tradition, these three men retaining the Chair of Anatomy for over one hundred years. Edinburgh has long been famous for her teaching families, among them that of Professor Sir James Young Simpson, who was followed by his nephew, Alexander Simpson, in the Chair of Midwifery, and in recent years, Sir Henry Littlejohn, by his son, Professor Harvey Littlejohn, in that of Medical Jurisprudence.

William Purdie went steadily on with his work, his classes in 1830 being Graham’s Botany and Andrew Duncan’s Materia Medica, and Thomas Hope’s Chemistry and Pharmacy, and James Hamilton’s Midwifery in 1831; but at the end of this year his studies were for a time completely suspended. In October cholera broke out
in England, having been brought from Hamburg to Newcastle and Gateshead by a ship. “In a fortnight it spread north, a week or two later reached the Scottish border, was at Haddington by the end of the year, a fortnight, later at Musselburgh, in February in Edinburgh, and in March at Glasgow. In the course of the year it spread over the greater part of Britain, following the commercial highways chiefly, the coast routes and rivers, but the mountainous parts of the country and the Scottish Highlands not at all.” In Edinburgh it attained an alarming hold on the more densely populated parts, and Dr Purdie, in the Borough of Canongate, was in charge of one of the worst of these. When the epidemic was finally quelled he received considerable praise and a public testimonial for his valuable services. In 1833 he took Professor Thomson’s lectures in General Pathology, and going over to Glasgow, sat for and passed the examination for his M.D. His name appears in the list in the Glasgow Courier for May 3. We have given the names of his teachers in some detail, for it is extremely interesting to recall those who were eminent Professors in that great School of Medicine one hundred years ago.

The degree of M.D. of Glasgow had such curious, regulations in those days that it will be of interest to Otago people to compare them with our present day methods in New Zealand. The M.D. was the only degree granted in medicine. The candidate had to be 21 years of age and had to lodge his “intention to sit” two months before the examination, otherwise he could not be taken on trials until the following year.” He had to produce attendance certificates for four years from some surgical school, one year of which had to be from Glasgow. “Every candidate shall undergo one general examination upon Anatomy, Physiology, Chemistry, Botany, Materia Medica, and Pharmacy, and Practice of Physic; every examiner being at liberty to put what questions be pleases on the above subjects to the candidate, and the candidate shall further be examined respecting his knowledge of Latin by being made to translate some Latin author, and shall write an English exercise on a medical subject.” The Degree of Surgery, which was separate, required a three years’ course, but the examination included additional questioning on the subjects of Surgery, Midwifery, and Clinical work. Several points are worth noting - the classes could be taken in any order, Surgery first, Botany last, etc. Pathology was not considered as a subject for examination at all, and no certificate was required for it. There were no “professional examinations,” only the “final.” Any examiner could ask any question on any subject. Imagine the Professor of Biology asking questions in Midwifery, and the Surgery Professor making pertinent inquiries on Botany! We hope our readers will forgive our digression on Medical History, but it is so seldom one can actually see and handle the certificates and records of the “old days” that we think we are j

After qualifying in medicine, Dr Purdie made some voyages to Greenland on whaling vessels, and in the capacity of ship’s surgeon he early showed his strong opinions as to the dangers of an indiscriminate use of alcohol. The officers and men resented his abstemiousness, and his scanty allowance of rum during the severest weather, but later on they acknowledged that few ships returned from the Arctic regions with such excellent records of the health of the crews, and so little scurvy, as those in which Surgeon Purdie had control of the rum cask. On his return to Edinburgh he married and settled down again to hard work. He had early seen the tremendous value of the discovery of vaccination, and both heard and saw the beneficial effects it had in lessening the spread of small pox in the densely populated parts of Scotland. That he continued his faith is shown by the fact that he brought with him to Otago a good supply of lymph, and was the first medical man to use it in the province. The Rev. Dr Burns announced from the pulpit that Dr Purdie was prepared to vaccinate free of charge any who came to him, and a considerable number immediately availed themselves of the privilege. It would be interesting to know if any record can be found of the practice having been introduced into the northern cities of New Zealand at as early a date as 1850. When Dr Purdie was attending his classes in Edinburgh, James Simpson was a fellow-student, and Purdie must have viewed with interest, perhaps slight envy, the rapid rise of this young practitioner, who, the “son of a baker,” as he jeeringly called by his jealous rivals, rose to the eminent position of Professor of Midwifery, and later discovered the wonderful effects of chloroform anaesthesia. Dr Purdie was in active practice, but found time to attend Professor Alison’s class of Practice of Medicine in 1842, showing that even in those days it was fashionable for graduates to “take out” the ordinary classes in that school. This has now developed into the more modern system of post-graduate classes in medicine. In 1846 Dr Purdie, who had a good “family practice,” was actively engaged in obstetric work, and a
regular attendant at the meetings of the Edinburgh Obstetrical Society, of which Simpson was president. Simpson announced to the Edinburgh circle the remarkable effects of the new anaesthetic, recited the experiments he had practised on himself and others; demonstrated the effects before the society; and finally announced to the medical world his methods of practice, and his convictions on the subject. Amidst a storm of opposition, Dr Purdie, with a few others, approved of it from the first. Dr Purdie adopted it in his practice and was the first to bring it to Otago and to use it in this province. We think it practically certain that he was the first to use it in New Zealand.

It may be of interest to give in a few words Professor Simpson’s epoch making experiences as detailed to the members of the Obstetrical Society in Edinburgh. He had early witnessed the terrible agony of a poor Highland woman, under the knife of one of the most expert surgeons of his own or any other day, and had been casting about in his mind for some mode of relief to such sufferers. In December, 1846, Lisbon amputated a thigh, and removed by evulsion both sides of the great toe nail (a most painful operation) while the patients were under ether, and now Simpson was convinced that the severest surgical operations might be made painless, and why might not the same agent be fruitful of blessing in the hands of the accoucheur. In writing to a friend in India in March, 1847, he said: “All use ether here in surgical operations, and no doubt in a few years its employment will be general over the civilised world. We do not yet know who was the original suggester, Wells, Jackson, or Merton, but it is a great thought if there ever was one. The great object of its exhibition is to give a large, full, and rapid dose of it at once. With many other medical men I have taken it myself to try its effects. It is the only just way of judging it.” On being asked if he was justified in using the vapour of ether to assuage the natural pains of labour, he said: “It would become necessary before very long to determine whether on any grounds, moral or medical, a professional man could deem himself justified in withholding and not using any such means of relieving the actual amount of pain usually endured - means as safe as we at present presuppose it to be.” He found against him malice, hesitancy, fear, professional jealousy, custom, prejudice, religion, and he had indeed a bitter fight. He was accused of producing intoxication, as debasing as that of alcohol, and it was doubtful if those deaths were merely indirectly contributed to by the state of intoxication. Out of about 5600 annually only about 20 required Police Surgeon William Tait’s active treatment. So much for the danger of an immediately and suddenly induced “intoxication.” Using Professor Simpson’s own words: “I first tried chloride of olefiant gas (Dutch liquid). For my pains I only got a headache and a feeling of constriction at the throat which was troublesome even next day at lecture. I experimented both on an old specimen of Dutch liquid which belonged to Dr Hope, and used one made for the purpose and given me by Messrs Duncan and Flockhart. On the first occasion on which I discovered the anaesthetic effects of chloroform, the scene was an odd one. I had had the chloroform beside me for several days, but it seemed so unlikely a liquid to produce results of any kind that it was laid aside, and on searching for another object among some loose papers, after coining home very late one night, my hand chanced to fall upon it, and I poured some of the fluid into tumblers before my assistants, Dr Keith, Dr Duncan, and myself. Before sitting down to supper we all inhaled the fluid, and went, all ‘under the mahogany’ in a trice, much to my wife’s consternation and alarm. In pursuing the inquiry thus rashly perhaps begun, I became every day more and more convinced of the superior anaesthetic effects of chloroform as compared with ether.” Three short anecdotes of Dr Simpson must conclude these references to the great professor. When at the height of his fame, he had to attend many of the aristocracy in Scotland, and writing from Erskine House, says: “I have been down here for three weeks at Lord Blantyre’s. The house is large and gorgeous; the hall is 118ft long. The Duchess of Sutherland, the Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne, and the two Ladies Gower, have made up with myself all the strangers, and we have two little Lords - Lord Albert Gower, three years old, and Lord Campbell, eleven months. Tell Janet I think now artificial flowers very ungenteeul. The ladies here wear nothing but real flowers in their hair, and every day they come down with something new for us males to guess at. Often the Duchess wears a simple chaplet, of ivy leaves, sometimes a bracken leaf is all she sports in her head ornaments, and very beautiful it looks. Rowans and haws are often worn, beaded into crowns, flowers, or chaplets. Heather also is a great favourite. On Thursday, Lady Lorne came down with a most beautiful chaplet tying round and holding down her braided hair. It was a long branch of bramble leaves, and half ripe bramble berries, actual true brambles. They have all been exceedingly kind to me and I really feel quite at home among them, though the only untitled personage at table.”
When chloroform found its way into the Scottish villages its use was guarded with praiseworthy care. Dr Simpson, whose chief hobby was antiquarian research, was on an excursion to an obscure hamlet, and he was accompanied by his youngest son, who had an attack of toothache. Going into the druggist’s shop, kept by a lady, Dr Simpson asked for a little chloroform, but the gentle dispenser said: “Na, na, we dinna sell ‘chlory form’ to fillk that kens naethin’ aboot it.” He had also to withstand much ridicule in the papers such as ‘Painless extinction’ - Mr St. S. had a ten score pig to kill, and in order to render its death easy he caused a piece of sponge to be soaked in chloroform placed in a cone in the form of an extinguisher, and the animal’s snout placed in this. After inhaling the spirit for some time the pig became unconscious, when the operation of killing was performed. Not a straggle or a squeal resulted, and the blood flowed just as freely as under ordinary circumstances. To quote an Irish witticism, ‘the pig would only awake to find itself dead.’ This example might be copied with great advantage.” The final coping stone to the success of Simpson’s discovery, and one which perhaps did more than anything to dispel the general objections, was the following letter from Sir Jas. Clark, Her Majesty Queen Victoria’s physician - “April 19, 1853, London. Dear Dr Simpson, - The chief object of my writing to you is to tell you that the Queen had chloroform exhibited to her during her late confinement. It acted admirably. It was not at any time given so strongly as to render the Queen insensible, and an ounce of chloroform was scarcely consumed during the whole time. Her Majesty was greatly pleased with the effect, and she certainly never has had a better recovery. I know this information will please you. I have little doubt it will lead to a more general use of chloroform in obstetrical practice in this quarter than has heretofore prevailed.”

We must again apologise for having so dilated upon this phase of Scottish Medical History, which history has been inseparably bound up with our own Province, and we consider it will be established that Otago took the lead in the introduction of chloroform anaesthesia into New Zealand.

In 1846 Dr Purdie’s attention had been drawn to Homoeopathy, a then new mode of practice, and he adopted this method and introduced it into New Zealand. That he found a considerable number of persons who were satisfied is evidenced by the fact that in the “sixties” his practice was too large for his powers, and he sent home for an assistant. Waiting in vain for some one to relieve him of the heaviest part of his work, his health began to decline, and a serious form of neuralgia showed itself. He now moved up the hill to his suburban selection, No. 8 Newington, living on the property occupied to-day by Mr John Ross, and he resigned his position on the Provincial Council. After eleven years residence there, during which he was practically an invalid, he returned to his old home in Pitt street, and died there on May 30, 1876, in the 79th year of his age.

It is surprising to read through the papers of those days and to see the scanty notice taken of the decease of a man like Dr Purdie, who gave of his best for the good of the community and was dismissed from this mundane sphere with a brief reference. The immense amount of public work done by Dr Purdie has never been equalled by any doctor in Dunedin, and it is remarkable that we can find little about him save a short local, giving the usual platitudes as to his character and religions leanings, and hardly a word about his public work. No other medical man has ever spared so much time from his professional duty as Dr Purdie, or devoted himself so entirely to the service of his adopted town, and one could truthfully say of him that “the consciousness of work well done was its own reward.”

A prominent feature in Dr Purdie’s practise in New Zealand was his rigid abstinence from alcohol in any shape or form, and the reasons for it originated long before he left Edinburgh. At that time most people drank wine and ale and a great many spirits in various forms - cognac, whisky, gin, rum, etc - and Dr Purdie, with them, thoroughly enjoyed the moderate use of wine at meal time and at convivial gatherings. He had, however, even then strong opinions as to the great care required in the consumption of what he knew was a useful but dangerous drug, and his action as ship’s surgeon, which we have already mentioned, bears this out. In the course of his practice, probably about 1840, when he was doing well, and had made a name and reputation as a good sound physician, he became very intimate with a man who had been careless with his use of alcohol, had gone too far, and had literally become a slave to it, finally coming into Dr Purdie’s care, suffering from delirium tremens. After successful treatment, Dr Purdie, who was very fond of him, urged him to become a total abstainer as his only chance, and in the hopes of helping him in his uphill fight, advised his signing a pledge against the use of alcohol. The man absolutely laughed at the doctor and said: “But you take your wine doctor, why shouldn’t I?” Purdie promptly said “If you will sign the pledge I will do the same, and will never touch another drop in my life.” Naturally the man derided the doctor and said: “You do not mean it”; but he little knew
Dr Purdie. Within half an hour he was back with an abstinence pledge and signing it carefully handed the pen to his friend, and with a little persuasiveness got him to put his name to it. The man became perfectly well, remained a total abstainer, and had reason to bless Dr Purdie for saving him from an early grave. Now Dr Purdie found his troubles begin for he immediately encountered much opposition and enmity from his professional brethren, and from the Edinburgh people generally. Total abstinence, with all it entailed in the way of specially regulated hospitality - no provision of wine or alcoholic beverages at dinner or supper - was not only uncommon in Edinburgh circles, but it was most unfashionable, heartily disliked as a dangerous innovation, and to be put down with a strong hand.

Dr Purdie was considered mean and inhospitable because he openly declared that he had absolutely banished alcoholic beverages from his house. Numbers of his best and most fashionable patients left him, resenting his attitude; but he stuck to his guns and swerved not from the path he had laid down as the right one. When he came to Otago he naturally suffered in the same way. Many of the settlers were Edinburgh folk, with all the traditions of that ancient town - the hard headed Scotsmen liked their “taste of usquebah,” and Dr Purdie suffered many jibes and jeers for his outspokenness on the subject. He had, too, the undaunted courage of his opinions, but was inclined at times to “rub it in” a little too hard. We must remember at this time he was well on in years, and one of the town’s chief people, and considered he had a right to act as mentor occasionally. A rather amusing letter appeared in the Witness in the “sixties.” ‘We have lost the reference, but it was signed Charles Brown, Royal Terrace, and went on to complain bitterly of being taken to task by “a disciple of Aesculapius, who is a member of the Provincial Council, who had the hardihood yesterday Sunday, to castigate me for being in the Royal George Hotel. I and a friend had had a long dusty walk down the North-East Valley, and on our return had gone into the hotel for a glass of beer and a sandwich, when the worthy doctor accosted us and asked us what right we had to be there, and that we ought to know better than to go to such a place on the Sabbath day, etc., etc. We think the worthy doctor would do better if he minded his own business,” etc. There was a vein of satire in the letter, which we are sorry to say we cannot lay hands on again, but it shows that in Otago in those days teetotalism was not liked. Little did those pioneers think, that in less than a century, custom would so change as to make dram drinking unfashionable, and now total abstinence is quite common where it used to be rare.

In appearance, Dr Purdie was, in his later years, spare, with a slight stoop. He wore a thin beard, generally rode very good horses, and wore a long black overcoat and a peaked nautical cap, which many people still remember. The thumbnail sketch is quite good, as is the photograph in the Jubilee Witness; but there is a fine oil painting - said by experts to be the best painting in the Early Settlers’ Gallery - of Dr Purdie, in his Edinburgh days. We do not know the artist, but the picture shows the doctor as a well coloured, handsome, full faced man in his early “thirties.” The clean shaven face and high neck stock or tie was then the fashion. Very shortly after the hair was allowed to grow round the cheeks and chin, the face still clean shaven - this is shown clearly in pictures of the early Pioneers of the Church of Otago, and the well-known portrait of Sir James Simpson. Later on the hair was allowed to grow on cheeks as “Dundrearys,” then on upper and lower lips. Then full beards were adopted and remained the fashion for many years. For the last 20 years clean shaving has again come into vogue, and for a time at any rate moustaches and beards have gone out of fashion. So far as operating surgeons are concerned it is not likely that the fashion of growing hair on the face will ever become re-established.

It is unnecessary for us to speak of the innumerable ways in which Dr Purdie sought to help his fellows in charitable organisations, educational, religious, and temperance societies: the work done by him shows itself in almost every page of the newspapers of that day. His wife and three sons and two daughters were left to mourn their loss. We have been favoured with the following obituary notice which is from the pen of the good old Doctor Stuart, and it necessarily must render not quite apposite the opinion we have previously expressed as to the want of recognition of Dr Purdie’s great services to the community. In our searches through the files we missed it, but think from the print it is from the Otago Daily Times:-

**DEATH OF DR WILLIAM PURDIE.**
A highly-respected fellow citizen, Dr Wm. Purdie, died on May 30 at his residence, George street, at the ripe age of 79 years. Dr Purdie was born in Airdrie, Scotland, and educated at the University of Glasgow, where he took the degree of M.D. After some travel, in the form of voyages to Greenland and other places, he began his professional career in Edinburgh. In this city of eminent doctors he soon made a place for himself, and for 20 years had an extensive practice. He often recalled with pleasure those times which brought him into frequent, intercourse with Drs Abercrombie, Simpson, and others. The known Christian character of the doctor led to his being pressed into the management of several philanthropic institutions, as the Edinburgh City Mission, the Monthly Tract Society, the Magdalen, etc. The idea of planting a colony of Christian settlers in Otago took hold of his mind from the day it was started. To him, however, the main charm was the prospect of preaching the Gospel in some quiet way by lip and life to the aborigines. This sacred flame was leapt burning by his association with his friend and fellow-townsmen, the late Mr John M’Glashan, who, like himself, regarded colonisation by Christian families as the best civilising and evangelising agency. With this object Dr Purdie, with his young family, sailed for our shores in 1849. Like many others, he soon found that the reality of colonial life differed widely from his ideal. Without delay he set himself to work, and soon his ability and experience as a physician gained him a large and laborious practice. It was to his credit that in these circumstances he found time to attend to mission work in the North-East Valley and Port Chalmers, in the absence of stated ordinances, and to keep alive the cause of Temperance, which he advocated on the ground of Christian expediency. For some time he wore the honours of an M.P.C., and served as a member of a Provincial Executive. For the last 12 years, while enjoying a well-earned rest in the bosom of his family, he manifested deep interest in all matters relating to Church and State. Though regretting some things that find acceptance among us, he always spoke with thankfulness of our progress commercially, educationally, and religiously. A Baptist by conviction, he worshipped at Knox Church till his fellow religionists established a church in Dunedin, and showed that he exercised a charity which enabled him to rejoice in the success of all the churches. Dr Purdie leaves a widow, three sons, and two daughters.

Purdie was a lovable and kindly physician, who gave much valuable times to civic and magisterial duties. In the intervals of trying and nerve racking journeys and the exigencies of a rough colonial practice, he “made” time in order to take part in public life, and to assist his fellow townsmen to control the destinies of the infant city. He thus provided himself with a useful hobby which transported him for the time being completely outside of the groove of professional annoyances, drudgery, and worries. It is to us remarkable that in this city there has been as yet found no means of perpetuating publicly the name of William Purdie.
THOMAS BASIRE AT PORT CHALMERS IN 1849.

By the Mary, in 1849, came Thomas Tayler and wife and daughter. He settled far down the harbour in a little inlet which was called after him, Tayler’s Bay, and later on moved into Port Chalmers, being elected a member of the Provincial Council for that village, and afterwards Mayor when the village became a town. His daughter had on the voyage made great friends with a young medical student who was coming to the colony for rest and change, his health having given way from overstudy. This was Thomas Basire, who was born in London on the 25th June, 1823, and after a good education began the study of surgery and medicine at King’s College Hospital. He made considerable progress, but in his last year, before sitting for his final exam, his health broke down, and he decided to go for a year or more’s sojourn in the newly formed settlement of Otago, hoping to return and complete his medical examination later on. He settled on the lower side of the harbour, not far from Tayler’s Bay, and began to practise as a surgeon, and within twelve months married Sarah Tayler, the young acquaintance of his voyage to New Zealand. He went to Dunedin for a short period, and then returning to Port Chalmers opened a druggist’s shop and did a great deal of useful surgical work all along both sides of the harbour, ministering to Maori and pakeha alike, saving Dr Williams, of Dunedin, and Dr Crocome, of Waikouaiti, many a weary journey. He was made the first postmaster in Port Chalmers and had later a general store, but was always known as “Dr” Basire. His health was never robust, and the rough journeys on foot through the bush, or in an open boat exposed to the fury of the elements, proved very trying to him. Picturing the conditions of affairs at Port Chalmers at that time, Mrs M’Kinlay, who is one of the very oldest of Otago’s native born settlers, says: ‘‘You ask me what Port Chalmers looked like in the early days. It was covered with thick bush, with a few huts scattered about. They were the fern tree huts, plastered with clay. There were two hotels, the “Port Chalmers” and the “Thistle Inn.” There was a butcher’s shop kept by a man named John Anderson, who afterwards went to Tokomairiro. The first doctor was Dr Basire, and after him Dr Williams, who lived in Dunedin, and used to visit Port Chalmers when needed. They used to send a boat’s crew for him, and it took two hours to row to Port. “Dr” Sutton, chemist, lived at the heads when we lived there, in a house very near where the little Maori Church is built. When people had to come from Waikouaiti they came over in whale boats, but I remember when 15 years old, and I am now 78, walking to Dunedin along the surveyor’s track cut through the bush.” Mrs M’Kinley’s parents came to Waikouaiti in the barque Magnet in 1840. They were Benjamin Coleman, and his wife Mary, formerly Carey, who, with her brother, David Carey, entered into an agreement with Mr John Jones to settle in that part of New Zealand. After staying there for a year or two they moved into Port Chalmers, Carey’s Bay being named after the David Carey aforementioned. Mrs Coleman and Mrs Carey were the first two white women to live in Port Chalmers, or Koputai Bay, as it was then called. They were responsible for the erection of the first Wesleyan Church, the timbers for which were cut by Mr David Carey’s own hands. Mr Benjamin Coleman was drowned in a boating accident in 1847, and some years later his widow married Captain Peter Williams, a retired master mariner, who afterwards kept the Port Chalmers Hotel. He had come to the whaling settlement in Preservation Inlet in 1829 and settled there for a time, keeping a store for the convenience of the whalers visiting that pre-historic spot. He lived in Port Chalmers for some years, and then moved to Dunedin, where he died in 1868. Mrs Williams died on December 24, 1905, leaving a great many descendants, no less we understand than 62 grandchildren and 68 great-grandchildren. (Her daughters are well-known early settlers in the district - Mesdames M’Kinlay, Woolsey, Shanks, and Smythe, of Port Chalmers; Stumbles, of Timaru; and W. H. S. Roberts, of Oamaru, wife of the well-known Otago historian). She left two sons - James Coleman, of Marlborough, and Peter Williams, of Oamaru - the latter will be remembered at the time of the High School Jubilee as taking an active part in the procession, and being photographed as one of the “opening day” scholars of 1863. He has since passed away. Mrs John “Tayler, of Littlebourne, was the first white woman born at Waikouaiti in 1842, and Mrs M’Kinlay, her cousin, was the second, she being born a few weeks after, coming to Port Chalmers when ten years of age and living there ever since.

Basire, whose photograph from the Jubilee number of the Witness we reproduce on another page, was a tall, broad-shouldered man, but he became very thin and delicate in later years. Another correspondent who knew him well, describes him as having hair of a light brown colour, with eyes of a light hazel. He was always very polished and gentlemanly in his speech and manners, and this was quite noticeable in those days when one rubbed shoulders with many whose kindly hearts beat beneath rugged exteriors.
Richardson greatly interested himself in the erection of St. Paul’s Church, Dunedin, and collected money from

Basire had many rough trips to the Heads and Kainga. Sometimes ships would lie becalmed outside and signal for a pilot to guide them in or for a doctor to give medical assistance. A ship might have to wait days for a favourable wind to waft her through the narrow passage into Koputai Bay, and even then might have suddenly to cast anchor in the most awkward spot owing to sudden change of wind. It was not infrequent for the doctor to be exposed in an open boat for many hours, and for a man of his condition of health this early proved too much, for he died at Port Chalmers on July 27, 1870, aged 47. He had seven children, of whom four are still living.

**DR FREDERICK HALL RICHARDSON.**

Frederick Hall Richardson came to Otago in the barque Dominion (Captain Dark), which left London on the 6th May, and reached Otago on the 29th September, 1851. Dr Richardson was born at Cheltenham, England, in 1805, so that he was by no means a young man when he joined the little circle of doctors who were struggling bravely against the hardships of an Otago life. He had been educated at Cheltenham College, then one of the best schools in England, and proceeding to London, took his L.S.A. in 1829 and the M.R.C.S in 1830; he thus antedated the training of Dr Williams by about 10 years. He settled down to practice in Cheltenham and was a very successful family doctor for over 20 years.

Being much attracted by the glowing accounts of New Zealand, Dr Richardson went up to London and obtained an appointment from the Home Government to select and examine intending emigrants for the New Zealand Company. . . . Being brought into contact with the Home officials of the Company and in constant touch with all the intending emigrants and their friends he began seriously to consider the idea of going out himself, and finally severing all his business connections with his native town of Cheltenham, took passage for Otago, and sailed for that settlement. He had married, in 1840, Mary Stokes, of Cheltenham, and came out to the colony with her and his four children. He had always been a great botanist and a lover of trees and flowers, and determining that this should be his hobby in the new sphere of life, he brought with him a large stock of trees, shrubs, plants, and seeds. Before deciding on a place to settle, whether as a farmer or as a physician, he opened a general store in Princes street, the greater part of his stock being composed of seeds, bulbs, and garden plants.

The advertisements of the time refer especially to his choice selection of these. He practised for a short time in Dunedin, he and his brother-in-law (Dr Manning) being frequently in consultation, and also in evidence at inquests, etc., Dr Williams (the Coroner) calling sometimes time one, sometimes the other, as occasion required. One well-known instance was that in which a Maori had died at the Heads under somewhat suspicious circumstances, a and a tohunga was openly accused of having “assisted” in his decease. Such was the outcry that the coroner ordered an exhumation and post mortem. Drs Richardson and Manning made the Necessary examination, and it was finally decided that the man had really died from natural causes and that there was not the slightest evidence as to foul play. Dr Richardson practised for a few years in Dunedin, living at the corner of Albany and Clyde streets, but very soon decided that a country life would be more congenial, and took up land in the Mataura district at a place called Oaklands, where he lived for about 10 years. He had been largely influenced in his decision by the removal of his brother-in-law (Dr Manning) from Dunedin to the Molyneux district; and as this was only about 40 miles north of his home, he very often came into consultation with him in the desultory practice which he carried on in the intervals of his farming operations. He continued his botanical hobby, and planted many fine trees in the district. Some of his magnificent oak trees are still to be seen there. A very large cherry tree which was known for many miles was quite a feature of his garden. This, a French tree called a Guigne, grew to a tremendous size. It was planted by F. Mièville in 1855, and is still in good bearing condition. F. Mièville had married Fanny Stokes Richardson, the only daughter of the doctor, and they went to England where she died, but he is still living at an advanced age. Dr Richardson returned to Dunedin in the early sixties, and lived at the far end of Castle street, almost in Howe street. He was medical officer for the Benevolent Institution for many years, and became the first President of the Otago Medical Association in 1874. His name appears in the directories with the Castle street address from 1863 to 1870, when he returned to the property at the corner of Albany and Clyde streets, and lived there until his death. The house, which is still in good preservation and use, was called Rose Cottage, and was for many years the residence of his son (James Richardson, then of the Standard Insurance Company, but since deceased). Bishop Nevill writes: “Dr Richardson greatly interested himself in the erection of St. Paul’s Church, Dunedin, and collected money from
his friends in England towards the fund for that purpose. He did not live long after my arrival here, but at my first visit to the Fortrose district I stayed a night at his farm at Oaklands. He gave 10 acres of his land near there for church purposes. I also visited him frequently during his last illness in his house down towards Pelichet Bay.” There is a note in Dr Hocken’s book on “Early Otago,” which it may be of interest to quote here: “When Dr Richardson came from England he brought with him £250 in cash; communion plate, a barrel organ, and a stone font, all of which had been presented by friends of the Anglican community in Cheltenham to the English Church in Dunedin. In 1855, the Court House in Jail street, near where are the present police buildings, was converted into the Episcopal Church, and in this edifice the music on Sundays was chiefly supplied by two young men who performed very well upon the flute. The barrel organ imported by Dr Richardson was considered a distinct advance upon the flutes, but it was not free from disadvantages, due to the wilful carelessness or ignorance of those who, ensconced behind a curtain, had charge of the internal arrangements; thus a long metre tune might be fitted for a line or two to a short metre hymn, and when the mistake was rectified, a neglected stop produced an appalling silence, only broken by the vicious turning of the handle. One gentleman, after treating the congregation to two or three tunes by way of voluntary was heard to mutter, “So much for that little lot.” In the fifties this organ was replaced by a harmonium, which was free from these defects. The organist for many years in the church was James Richardson, the son before mentioned. He was a most skilful performer upon harmonium, organ or piano. The barrel organ was purchased by an up country settler near Oamaru, and used by him as a means of providing an evening’s amusement to passing strangers, and after many years was returned as a gift to its original neighbourhood, and is now on view in the Otago Early Settlers’ Museum, hardly a stone’s throw from the site of the old church in Jail street. When the organ reached its final resting place, the writer and Mr George Proudfoot, the indefatigable honorary treasurer of the Early Settlers’ Association, opened the organ, placed the rollers in position, and applied the handle, and had the unique experience of hearing the instrument, after many years, roll out in the solemn tones of those far off days, “Rock of Ages Cleft for Me.” The sensation produced was like that one would expect on hearing the tones from a graphophone reproducing the voice of some loved one long passed from our midst.
Since writing the above, this quaint musical instrument has had additional historical interest attached to it. On Wednesday, May 19, 1920, the writer, with a number of the committee of the Otago Early Settlers’ Association, had the great honour and privilege of accompanying H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Admiral Halsey and staff around the Museum in High street, Dunedin. H.R.H. was much interested in the portraits of the pioneers of the settlement, taking special notice of those of Captain Cargill, the first Superintendent; Rev. Dr Burns, the first pastor; Mr John Jones, the owner of the original Fernhill, the fore-runner of the club where H.R.H. and his father and his uncle, the Duke of Edinburgh, have all stayed in turn when visiting our city; the large model of the Philip Laing, the first ship to leave the home Country for the infant province, though the second to arrive here; the photograph of Gabriel’s Gully, when innumerable tents dotted that historic place on the discovery of the goldfields; the large picture showing the gathering at the Caledonian Grounds on the occasion of the visit of King George V - then the Duke of Cornwall and York. Drawings and paintings of very early Dunedin were shown him, one in particular depicting Princes street an almost bare and uninteresting line of shanties in 1860, and five years later the thoroughfare of a prosperous and rising city, as the secretary (Mr Paterson) pointed out to His Royal Highness - all due to the power of gold. Coming to the strange piece of mechanism in the centre of the hall, the secretary produced the key of the organ case and the handle, which provides the mechanical impetus to the old-fashioned rollers, and almost immediately a deep toned hymn echoed across the hall, causing His Royal Highness to come quickly from behind the screen of picture he was examining, and to say: “Here, let me have a go at that.” Boyish interest and keen delight showed on his countenance, as, taking the handle and cranking vigorously, he made the tones once more poor forth, and turning to a bystander, he asked : “What tone is that?” “Adeste Fideles.’ Oh Come all ye faithful, your Royal Highness.” He had two verses of that, and then said, “Let’s have another tune, and prevailed upon Sir Wm. Fraser to take a turn. When he had finished, he said laughingly, “I don’t think much of your tune, Sir William.” He was much interested on being told that this organ had been brought to the colony in the very early days and had been used in the first Anglican Church services in Dunedin. Later on, when examining the first piano made in Dunedin, he struck a few notes, but the loud tone of the organ still pealing out, he said, “I don’t think I had better try that while the opposition music is going on.” Altogether a most pleasant visit has endowed the ancient instrument with a new historical interest, which will make it always an object worthy of inspection by those looking over the museum.

Dr Richardson was a small, dapper little man, of neat and rather dressy appearance: he generally wore kid gloves, frock coat, a top hat, and carried a cane, and was one of the very polite old school. He was of a nervous, rather fussy temperament, but a great favourite with the ladies. Like his brother-in-law (Dr Manning) he had many eccentricities, and was rather too fond of practical jokes, which he used to make as often as he could get the chance. When staying at a friend’s house, he would rise early in the morning and endeavour to purloin and secrete the daily paper; this, if successful, would cause consternation and annoyance in the house, particularly if, owing to distance from town, there were no means of obtaining another copy. In the evening he would leisurely produce the missing paper, and read out to the assembled and irate listeners what he thought the most important news of the day, laughing heartily at their expressions of rage and annoyance. In spite of these little tricks, which he was careful never to practise twice in the same house, he was very popular, was noted for a vast fund of good stories, and was known to his cronies as old “Doctor Long Yarn.”

Dr Richardson wrote a good deal to the papers at different times, and we have selected one or two or his letters from the pages of the Otago Daily Times and Witness. Keenly interested as he always was in matters relating to plant or tree culture nothing on theme subjects in the colonial or Home papers to which he had access escaped him. The following letter shows his keen interest and astonishment at finding that New Zealand apples could be packed satisfactorily and sent safely to England. It is interesting to speculate why such a long time was allowed to elapse before the practical use of this discovery was made and followed up. Dr Richardson suggested that the
subject of importing fruit from England to New Zealand should receive serious consideration. He could not possibly foresee what a great apple exporting country New Zealand would become within fifty years.

To the Editor Otago Witness.

SIR, - I enclose a short extract from a Cheltenham paper, being a portion of the report of one of the floral and horticultural exhibitions held in May, 1856, by which you will perceive that a gentleman of that town was awarded an extra prize for a dish of apples from New Zealand (from Nelson). If apples can be transported to or imported into England from this country in such good condition as to obtain special notice and an extra prize from a public body, why may not apples be exported from England to this country just as easily and safely? - I am, etc.,

FRED. H. RICHARDSON.

Oaklands, September 27, 1858.

Cheltenham Horticultural Exhibition.

Special Prizes. - Gloxinia, Sir A. Ramsay, Bart., M.P.; dish of apples from New Zealand, Mr E. Alder.

In 1865 the great exhibition was held in the buildings in King street, and in the Jurors Reports and Awards issued in 1866 appears the name of Dr F. H. Richardson as exhibiting (a) specimens of native timbers. (b) specimens of fibre made from the New Zealand ribbonwood, (c) a specimen of a rare bird, the avocet (Recurvirostra rubricollis). This is one of the shore waders or Limicolae, a graceful bird with long legs, white breast and black wings, very like a stilt in habit and appearance, but distinguished by its pretty chestnut neck and head, curiously webbed feet, which is quite unusual in our birds of this Order; and lastly by its extraordinary recurved bill, which gives it its name. It can be found in Australia and New Zealand, and other members of the genus elsewhere. A very fine example can be seen in the case in the Museum collection. This bird was considered very rare in the “sixties.” and though occasionally seen on the Canterbury river beds at intervals, we doubt whether there is an Otago settler now remaining who has ever seen a living one.

In 1872, at the birth of the Otago Medical School, or what might be called the “germ” of it, Dr Richardson frequently hit out vigorously. At this time lectures on anatomy and chemistry were proposed, and considerable discussion arose as to whether there should be any local examiners, or only teachers of certain subjects. When some of the doctors recommended clinical teaching of medicine and surgery in Dunedin Hospital the University authorities for a time objected, the newspapers supported them, and the very limited honorary medical staff at that time, consisting of only two visiting physicians (they were also surgeons), rather resented the idea of other practitioners teaching in time Hospital. In 1875, after a great deal of correspondence with the Home universities, the Otago University succeeded in having its two years’ course of anatomy and chemistry along with clinical teaching in the Hospital recognised by Glasgow, and other universities tardily followed. It is curious to read in the Otago “Blue Books” of that day how the various Home universities shirked the responsibility of recognising this young unflaged bantling of a medical school, and courteously but determinedly waived off the anxiously inquiring Vice-chancellor, Dr Stuart, referring him, by letter, to the General Medical Council of Great Britain. By the same mail came an answer from the General Medical Council accepting the Preliminary Medical Examination of Otago as sufficient for British requirements, but “as to the recognition of the curriculum of the University of Otago that is a subject for consideration, not of the Medical Council, but of the bodies legally entitled in the United Kingdom to grant qualifications in medicine and surgery.” Dr Richardson, in 1872, was one of the first medical men to lay the train which in a few years set fire to the pile of Red Tape and the antiquated regulations of the Home universities against admitting or acknowledging a new school. Phoenix-like, our Otago Medical School has successfully emerged from the ashes. The Otago Provincial Council’s Departmental Reports, (volume for 1875-6) are well worth perusing by those in search of ancient history, but this letter of Dr Richardson antedates that volume by three years. Dr Richardson had been trained in the old and very excellent method of apprenticeship in which medical students “were caught young,” so to speak, and from about sixteen, or even earlier, were articulated to practitioners. These men took them with them on their rounds, gave them minor cases to deal with, messages to run, simple mixtures to put up, an occasional tooth to pull or slight wound to dress, and so on. This went on until the student entered the medical school or university, when from the first he “walked the hospitals,” clerk to this physician, dresser to that surgeon. Much of the course was
occupied in clinical work. The very large part of a modern medical student’s teaching was absent, for many subjects were practically unknown, not differentiated or clearly defined, perhaps barely taught at all. Pathology was unknown, or was a minor part of anatomy, named morbid anatomy; physiology was hardly touched upon, save as part of clinical medicine, and even as late as the sixties was taught as such - the very title survives in Edinburgh in the Class of Physiology or the Institutes of Medicine. Histology and bacteriology were not known. Richardson was taught by the men who taught Croome; by Astley-Cooper, Brodie and Hope, of George’s Hospital; and he must have found it hard to adapt himself, after years of practice, to the new and startling discoveries of the “forties” and “fifties.” We question whether be ever used a stethoscope in his life, and we have no record of his having entertained the administration of an anaesthetic. When he heard that anatomy and chemistry were to be taught in the University of Otago, as the start of a medical course, he struck as hard as he could for clinical teaching from the first days of a student’s training. The pendulum has now swung in the other direction: the curriculum is so wide that time cannot be found for all that has to be learned, and it is the opinion of most medical teachers that the course must shortly extend to six years. It is now considered highly desirable that the young student, far from being rushed into clinical studies in his first year, should receive most of his training in anatomy and physiology, and a thorough knowledge of the working of the body before being called upon to treat at the bedside, the human body in a condition of disease or disorder. Richardson, though of the old school, was right in many ways, and his influence, with that of others, his letters and the controversy that ensued, did much at the psychological moment to give the Otago Medical School a little push upwards on its way to the position it holds to-day.

THE HOSPITAL.

Sir, - The thanks of the public are due to Dr Webster for his endeavours in the council to break imp the monopoly which has so far unfortunately prevailed in the management of that institution, and which has resisted the attempt made by the Government and the Provincial Council to place it on a more liberal footing. The hospitals at Clyde, Tuapeka, and Queenstown are supported by voluntary contributions, subsidised by the Government, the subscribers at the annual meeting elect the committee, with whom sits the management of these several institutions for the current year, and I see no reason why Dunedin should be the exception. Under such a system it should not have the anomaly at present existing of the male patients being allowed the free use of the grounds, while the poor women have only a narrow scrap of the ground, surrounded by a high iron fence where they are as confined as if they were within the walls of a nunnery or the precincts of a prison. On a recent visit to the Hospital I accosted a healthy, robust-looking man, dressed, and sitting on a bed with his hat on, who informed me he had been seven years in the present building, and three years previously in the old hospital. He appeared quite out of place amongst the other patients of the ward.

I had fully expected that the establishment of medical and surgical classes in the district would have proved the means of throwing open the doors of the hospital to the men of the medical profession practising in Dunedin, which have hitherto been practically closed against them, and it is to be regretted that in your leader of yesterday (Otago Daily Times, May 21, 1872), while strongly advocating such means as may be necessary for the training of law students, you should have been induced to throw cold water upon the attempts now being made to establish classes in medicine and surgery. You stated: “The number of patients in the Hospital is far too limited to supply that opportunity for observation and practical acquaintance with disease, which is absolutely necessary to the proper education of a medical man . . . and it is to be hoped that lectures in medicine will, for the present, be indefinitely postponed, for there are other subjects which might more advantageously be taught without delay.” The rule in Great Britain is that wherever a hospital contains 100 beds or upwards a medical school will be reorganised by the Examining Bodies, and if I am not mistaken there are about 150 in the Dunedin Hospital. Besides, be it remembered, the numerous cases of disease and sickness amongst the poor and needy of our population, afford a wide field for the acquisition of practical information. Whatever may be the result of the present agitation, it is to be hoped that the wards of the hospital shall no longer remain a terra incognita to the medical profession.

- I am, etc.,
FRED. RICHARDSON, M.R.C.S.

Dunedin, May 25, 1872.

Dr Richardson died in Albany street in 1874, and was buried in the Northern Cemetery. His son James, familiarly known as “Jimmy” and “Jocko,” was a well-known figure in the “seventies” amid “eighties,” very popular, witty, and clever, a good entertainer and actor, taking part in all shows, fancy dress entertainments, bazaars, etc. Among his great pals were the three Digbys (Kenny, Chub, and Club). Another son was the Hon. George F. Richardson, member for Mataura, and afterwards Minister for Lands in the Atkinson Government. The eldest son, Mr Malcolm Richardson, one of Mataura’s pioneer settlers, is still living at Green Bushes, Mataura Island, and very kindly supplied many of the main features of this article.

TUDOR WILLIAMS OF TOKOMAIRIRO AND OAMARU.

Thomas John Tudor Williams was twelve years younger than his brother, Robert, who had come to Otago before him. He was born at Sonnybank, near Gloucester, in 1826, educated in London, took the M.R.C.S., and came to Otago in 1851. He went out to Henley on the Taieri and began practice with his brother, doing much of the up and across country work, while Dr Robert Williams came more towards the city. He soon moved into Waihola, and later in 1856 to Tokomairiro. He had married in the North East Valley in 1855 Miss Flora Mackay, sister of Finlay Mackay, late of Tokomairiro, the officiating clergyman being Rev. J. A. Fenton. Like his brother Robert, he was an active and energetic man, fond of sport and games, and a great horseman. His name could always be found as steward and committee man of ploughing matches, race meetings, anniversary sports. At one of these festivities, the Clarendon Races, held at Waihola, an event that excited great interest was a Maori canoe race. Dr Tudor Williams, as he was generally called, was the first doctor in the Tokomairiro district, and he had a long and rough tract of country to cover. In those days the Tokomairiro Plain, sparsely dotted with settlers, was almost a terra incognita to Dunedin people. It was about 14,000 acres in extent, and consisted of rolling downs covered with tussocks, snow grass, and toitois. There was little or no swamp, but there were some fine streams, and the neighbouring hills, which were not high, were quite clear of actual bush save in an occasional gully. In the grassy plains abounded the little native quail, now quite extinct; the flax and toi toi-bordered streams were thickly populated with teal, grey and paradise ducks, and the graceful bird known as the crested grebe. The plain was entered from the north by a narrow pass known to the white people as the Waihola Gorge, and to the Maoris as Kapiti, “the narrow pass,” and here for many years the only house was that of John Grey. The curiously shaped piece of bush called Horse-shoe Bush, where William Valpy had his station, was one of the few places near where one could get standing timber. From Waihola you could boat through to Taieri Ferry, thence up the river to the middle of the plain, or down to the mouth or heads, thence by open sea to Dunedin. Everyone knows the difficulty of getting at the meaning of Maori place names; some names are better untranslated, and others are simply names of minor chiefs or individuals, and when asked, the educated Maori shrugs his shoulders and says, “What does London mean? or Paris, or Exeter?” Tokomairiro is said to be “to walk with a pole” or stick, feeling one’s way, possibly as a blind man does, or as a person does walking in shallow water, carefully testing the depth in front; or “to pole oneself up a stream,” as in a canoe, or a “pole brought hither.” At any rate “toko” is a pole, and the number of streams and reaches of the lakes in the neighbourhood makes the use of “the pole” a common one and the adoption of such a name quite feasible.

The first settler, Robert Martin, took up land in 1850, and John Gillies, with his four sons - Thomas, Robert, William, and John - soon followed. John Grey settled near the Gorge, and many others quickly selected the finest sites available. The Salmonds, Alex. Dutchie, Henry Clarke, James Adam, Peter M’Gill, Elder Brown are among the names that come readily to mind, but those of many others are on record among the pioneers, and their pictures to be seen in the Donald Reid Hall. When Dr Williams arrived Peter M’Gill had just started his flour mill, and the year following added an oatmeal mill; and in 1857 the settlers around erected a Presbyterian Church and school, the bush sawyers supplying the timber, some settlers carting the timber to the site, others giving their labour, and the buildings were soon an accomplished fact. Anglican services were held in the Courthouse, and Roman Catholic in the house of Mr Wm. Popplewell, the well-known pioneer who had brought the first wheeled vehicle through from Dunedin in 1853, though it took him nine days to do the journey. Most of the track was through flax and scrub; any part that was beaten into a pathway soon became a quagmire, and journeys were very difficult until a satisfactory road was made in 1860. Tudor Williams had experiences of
travel just as had Crocome, of Waikouaiti; he had also many Maoris to attend to at the junction of the two lakes, Waipori and Waihola, and elsewhere. There were several pahs in the neighbourhood of Henley in those days. Mr W. H. S. Roberts refers to one on the hill behind M’Kegg’s called Te Mona, “the back of the neck,” and another on the bend of the river just above Henley Bridge, where native whares could be seen within recent years. This pah was called Taki ahi tau, and a third one was at Otokia. “the damp place.” The Maoris were thickly clustered near the lakes, and here they often made great sport for the pakehas - eel fishing, duck snaring, bathing, holding canoe races, etc. Dr Williams had the same trials among them as had the pioneer medicos in other places. A good many deaths by drowning took place; an occasional stabbing affray required after treatment, and tremendous lacerated wounds from battles with wild pigs gave him a good deal of trouble. In the intervals of his practice Dr Williams would go away for days pig hunting with William Berney, a well-known “Early Settler.” They would stay away from home for so long that considerable inconvenience was experienced by those who needed the doctor’s services. Old settlers still living describe life at that time as rough and trying, but always tempered with that friendliness and feeling of brotherhood which pervaded the whole community. A visitor was always welcome, and given whatever food was available - a cup of hot tea or a tot of something stronger, a couple of scones or damper, a dish of kaka or woodhen stew, a blanket and corner of the kitchen for the night, and in the morning a good breakfast, a hearty handshake and good-bye. Dr Williams had to go as far south as the Clutha, and many miles inland, for there was at this time no doctor at either Lawrence or Balclutha, for those places did not then exist. The roads and bridges were shocking or non-existent, and a novel method was used as a means of providing further improvement. The names of the different creeks to be bridged and culverts to be constructed were put into one hat, and the names of the settlers into another, and by this means, with a number of blanks, it was arranged that those settlers who drew blanks had to give their assistance to those who drew the heaviest bridges or the worst stretches of roads and culverts. Mr John Wilson, in his interesting book on “Reminiscences of the Early Settlers of South Otago,” tells some good stories of the difficulty of travel in the “fifties.” On one occasion John Cargill, James Macandrew, W. H. Perkins, and W. H. Cutten went south to obtain signatures to a petition to the authorities to grant the settlers self-government. The Tokomairiro River was in flood, and the water up to the top of the banks. Cargill plunged in without any hesitation and swam his horse across, though the water was at times foaming over the horse’s ears, and he himself was often submerged. Perkins followed, and got over, but Cutten thought it wiser to “strip off,” fasten his clothes to the saddle, and, swimming beside his horse, he successfully negotiated the torrent. Now, alas, for poor Macandrew: he could not swim and was afraid to trust his horse; and he had heard Cutten’s reasons for deciding to keep clear of the animal so as to be quite independent of it if it failed to make a crossing. He therefore found himself in a terrible predicament. Finally he agreed to be pulled over by rope if the others would help, and so by means of the various “tethers” tied end to end he was hauled through the flood, sopping, spluttering, and half drowned. Then the fun began. Macandrew did not fancy riding in wet clothes, so he stripped off everything except hat, shirt, and boots, and hanging his trousers, coat, and waistcoat on either side of the saddle to dry made an extraordinary spectacle, with his bare legs exposed to the elements, and his shirt tails flapping behind. His companions, who preferred riding “wet,” were fairly convulsed with laughter, and when they came in sight of Cameron’s hut, with Mrs Cameron working about some other woman, Cutten, who was always a bit of a wag, shouted, “Come on, boys,” clapping in his heels, and so to the hut. “No, no, wait on till I put on my trousers,” yelled Macandrew, but it was no good; the other horses vigorously galloped and poor Macandrew’s as determinedly followed. The inhabitants of the cottage were amazed at what they took to be a Maori in full “rig out,” but when they saw Macandrew’s plight they burst into laughter and fled into the hut, leaving the embarrassed rider to don his wretchedly uncomfortable clothing, as the only thing he could do.

A family living near Waihola Gorge, at a place which is now known as Milburn, had very trying times so far as travel was concerned. On Sundays the mother of the family would start off to walk the seven miles to the Tokomairiro Church. She did this year in and year out, summer and winter, and many was the time that she had to change her shoes on arriving at the church, the road through the Gorge and across the plain being little better than a quagmire. When kirk was over she had to toil home again through the clay. After a time a bullock dray was purchased, and in this the mother, the father, in his “blacks” and a bell-topper, and daughters sallied forth of a Sabbath day to cross the rough roads before reaching the church. One day they met some swaggers, and these “rude” men simply rocked with laughter and finally lay down on the ground, so overcome were they at the quaint sight of these “gude folk’” in their primitive equipage. One of the daughters who recently described the
occasion said that she well remembered their embarrassment, and annoyance, at being thus laughed at, and how it had never been effaced from her memory, but seemed like a story of yesterday.

There are some good stories told of pig hunting in those days, in many of which Berney and Tudor Williams took part. The pigs were very fierce and soon became bold, coming among districts at lambing time and devouring the new born lambs; consequently, it was practically everyone’s business to kill them. One Alex Petrie, a sort of surveyor’s assistant, was out one day marking lines with pegs and string through the fern gullies, when he saw coming slowly along the track towards him an enormous boar, with very big ears, and he foolishly imagined he would give it the “fright of its life.” He hid in the scrub till the animal came within a short distance of him, then suddenly leapt out at it, yelling loudly at the same time. To his surprise the animal was not the least perturbed, but came at him “full belt.” Petrie it was who got the “fright of his life,” so he turned tail and ran as though “Auld Hornie” was after him, looking back every now and again to find to his horror the boar, keeping close by, cantering easily in his wake. Fear lent such speed to his heels that he at length out-distanced his pursuer, and getting safely home narrated the tale of having been hunted by a monstrous pig. To his surprise he found others had had similar experiences of this “man-hunting” boar, among them being Berney, the doctor’s friend before mentioned. Another time Mahone and Blatch were engaged by Macdonald, of Breadalbane, near North Taieri, to go and kill some young wild pigs for him to salt down. They got the pigs and sent them back by one of their party to Breadalbane, but they themselves camped at the back of the Silver Peaks. Getting ready to return home they had everything packed, dogs tied up, etc., when they saw three men approaching. Mahone civilly spoke to them saying, “Hullo! have you been hunting wild pigs”? “Yes, and tame ones, too,” said the man, instantly shooting one of the dogs tied by the tent. Mahone picked up in his arms another dog which had been lent to him, and ran away saying. “You shan’t shoot my dog anyway.” The man followed closely and deliberately shot the dog in his arms. The pig hunters went straight to town end complained to Magistrate Strode, but he said nothing could be done to the dog hooters, as they were only protecting the runholders, and the men who complained were practically trespassing on sheep runs and “might have injured the sheep.” The place where this occurred is called Powder Hill today. The other side of the story is told in the following: “One day George Slawson and John Crawford went shooting wood pigeons. Coming on a pie and thinking it was a wild one, they shot it, and then found they had made a mistake, for the pig belonged to Sandy Hall, who used to pit-saw in the bush. They did the only thing they could, covered the body over carefully with branches, and then ran for their lives, putting as many miles between themselves and Sandy’s pig as they could. Hall hunted high and low for that pig, but never found it, and needless to say the hunters never breathed a word as to their unfortunate mistake.”

After four years in this extremely healthy district, with duck shooting, pig killing, eel fishing, and occasionally a week or more at a country settler’s house when a new addition was expected in the family, Williams decided to move to Oamaru, a new and thriving district, with more settlers, bigger stations, perhaps more ready money, a town just laid out and with no doctor His brother Robert no doubt influenced him. He was interested in a run in that district and had had frequent experiences of long and trying journeys from Dunedin to the Waitaki, and knew that there was a really good opening for a local medical man. Whatever the reason, Tudor Williams emigrated north in 1860, for we find the following interesting note in Mr W. H. S. Roberts’ Early History of Oamaru. It is an account of a visit of William Falconer to Oamaru on June 16, 1860 - “I walked a considerable distance along the beach and thence struck across the flat to the hills north of the town, from which I enjoyed a magnificent view of the surrounding country and ocean. Skirting the base I stumbled across the surveyors’ camp. There was a party of six or seven men driving in section pegs and cutting street lines through the flax and tomatakuru, the survey of that part of Oamaru north of the creek not being completed. Further up the glen a number of men were quarrying limestone and erecting a limekiln under the superintendence of Mr D. Hutcheson, the postman, who carried the mails fortnightly between Dunedin and Oamaru. Crossing this gully, I ascended the hill upon which the hospital now stands, and noticed that I had not before observed, a square wattle and daub house with thatched roof, surrounded by a plot of land in which were planted a number of native shrubs, and nestling close under the hill. This was the residence of Dr Thomas John Tudor Williams, the medico of the district, who had moved here from Tokomairiro, where he had been practising as early as 1856. I was informed the house had been built by Mr Joseph Borton. At a short distance from Dr Williams’ house a tent had been pitched close to the creek, and was the residence of a German couple. When the town of Oamaru was first
surveyed one or more of the sections were purchased by a Dr King, but we can get no particulars as to his settling in the town.”

On August 1, 1861, Oamaru was proclaimed a port of entry, and seeing that the town and rural lands were being rapidly sold, and the town was not represented in the Provincial Council, nor had any local body to manage its affairs, a number of the residents formed themselves into a Vigilance Committee to watch over the interests of the town. The names of the committee were Michael Grenfell, Samuel Gibbs, William Sewell, Thomas Glass, John Lemon, John Barraclough, George Taylor, John Thompson, George Quarrie, Henry France, William Falconer, William Derritt, Thomas John Tudor Williams, J. G. Ward, secretary.

In October, 1861, another doctor, Richard Grant, made his appearance, but he only stayed a few months and then decided to go further north. Among the “complaints” often treated by the early doctors was tutu poisoning, and a rather amusing story is told by Mr W. Falconer about “Yorky,” the bullock driver from Wanaka Lake Station, Yorky was a big, bony, muscular man, of unprepossessing appearance, but witty and voluble, especially in anathematising his bullocks on occasions. One night his bullocks wandered and he started early in the morning in search of them, got benighted in the ranges, and lay down to sleep, faint with hunger, having tasted no food all that day, as it was usual to go off as he had done without any breakfast to look for the bullocks first thing. Next day he found a patch of tutu, and ate rather freely of the ripe berries, becoming ill in consequence, and imagining he was going the way of all flesh who partake of that poisonous fruit, he planted firmly in the ground a long piece of manuka scrub, and slipping off all his clothes, hung then upon the branches to attract attention of some benevolent passer-by who would give his bones Christian burial, and then lay quietly down to die. Greatly to his disgust he did not succeed in dying, and finding the ill effects of eating the forbidden fruit gradually passing off, he resumed his garments and managed to find his way back to the station, having been two days and one night in the ranges without any food.

When his brother died Dr Tudor Williams came down to the Taieri for a short time, and we find an account of an inquest held at the Taieri Ferry, January 25, 1862, when he gave skilled evidence. The Chariot of Fame, in which his brother had booked the passages of himself and family, sailed soon after for England, and was specially noted as the first ship to take gold direct to the London market. She carried fifteen thousand ounces. The year 1862 was also remembered for the severity of the winter, the frost being so hard that Waibola was frozen completely over on July 12. By this time the name of the township on the Tokomairiro Plain had become Milton, for it had grown up in the centre of the plain around the mills, and the name mill town was used as distinguished from Tokomairiro village, which was at the far end of the plain. Gradually Milltown or Milton merged into and absorbed the old village, the name of which has almost disappeared save for the title of the district still clung to by the real “old timers.”

A Town Board was elected for Oamaru in 1863, and in February 2, 1864, Dr Thomas Williams was elected a member, and took his seat for the first time on March 3. The meetings were held at different places, generally the Courthouse but sometimes in the Star and Garter Hotel, sometimes in the office of the secretary, Mr Ward. At the meeting of March 24 it was decided to make an estimate of the probable cost of a breakwater and a survey of Oamaru Harbour April 15 decided that the old roadman’s “warrie” be sold by public auction. (This novel spelling of whare may be Mr Falconer’s). May 16 resolved to petition the Government to grant a piece of land for the purpose of erecting a hospital, and that a meeting of the Public Works Committee be called for the purpose of taking into consideration the selection of a site for the proposed hospital, with the cooperation of Messrs Williams, Wait, and Mills.

Later meetings showed that Sections 10-18, Block XIX were selected by Drs Wait and Williams and approved of, and set aside as a reserve by the Provincial Council. On February 5, 1864, John Stubbs Wait submitted his diplomas, M.R.C.S., etc., and was appointed vaccination officer for Northern Oamaru on August 29, and William Reynolds Hayne, M.D., for the southern portion and Otepopo and Hampden. In this year also a Dr Hutchison came, and had his name entered in the local directory, but did not settle in the town. On August 30, 1865, Dr Williams, who had many long trying journeys to distant stations far north of the Waitaki, was washed off his horse in endeavouring to cross the river in flood time. He was carried some distance down, but managed to struggle on to one of the gravel banks. Here he was found in an almost dying condition and taken home, where he lay very ill for some days. A most urgent message came for him while he lay suffering, and he dressed
and insisted on going out, saying to his wife, “I am far more unwell than the person I am going to visit.” He never returned, but his body was found in a lagoon by the side of the road into which his horse must have thrown him. It is practically certain that he was suffering from pneumonia at the time when he left his home on his errand of mercy. In appearance Tudor Williams was of medium height, fair hair inclined to reddish, slighter in build than his brother Robert, but just as wiry and vigorous. He was extremely clever with pen and pencil, and did many fine sketches and etchings. He was quiet and unassuming and very well liked by all persons in the community, and died at the early age of 39. On August 14, 1865, the Town Board met and the following resolution was carried: “That in consequence of the death of Dr Williams, a member of the board, the board do now adjourn until Tuesday next, and that the clerk write a letter of condolence to Mrs Williams and family.” His widow and five children returned to the Tokomairiro district and settled there.

**EDWARD HULME.**

The next doctor to arrive in Otago was Edward Hulme, who came in the Strathmore with a large company, including Major Richardson (afterwards Sir John Richardson) and a number of men who were destined to play an important part in the teaching profession of the young settlement. John Hislop (afterwards Dr Hislop, Inspector and Secretary of the Education Board); Colin Allan, who had charge of the Port Chalmers School, and later ably filled for many years the important post of Immigration Agent; Alexander Ayson, who went to Tokomairiro, and whose descendants “flourish like a green bay tree” throughout Otago; Alexander Livingstone, Rector of the first High School, and afterwards Provincial Auditor; John Wright, who went to the Green Island School, and whose interesting diary of the voyage of the Strathmore we have been fortunate in perusing. Wright was a man with a “saving gift of humour” and a keen observer of nature; from his carefully kept diary, many astronomical observations and meteorological records, it is evident he was an unusually scientific individual for those times, and we should have been glad of a further chance of investigating his personal history. We have made extracts here and there showing the severe alternations of fine and cold weather, notes of natural history observations, and have occasionally given latitude and longitude of the course, which shows that the ship ran pretty far west and then to the south, below 52deg, before turning round towards New Zealand. The details of his arrival and disembarkation we have not considered it necessary to describe, but have ended at the arrival of the ship in sight of land.

The Strathmore left Gravesend on June 27, 1856, and arrived at Otago on October 4 after a very favourable and uneventful voyage. One point worth noting is that the captain was prosecuted on his arrival for not providing food and water up to Board of Trade requirements, and the magistrates fined him £18. Wright’s Journal says:-

**July 4.** - Ship sailing a little faster; wind brisker. Read the first number of the Strathmore Weekly Journal, a scurrilous, shallow, and childish paper, seemingly edited by a rural dominie and fop or jackanapes. Saw a few porpoises near the ship’s side. Every lawful night vocal and instrumental music played.

**July 6.** - Divine service in the afternoon performed by Major Richardson, in the evening by Mr Allan, who kept his bonnet on all the time.

**July 8.** - Rations served out, pickles and limejuice, etc. Commencement of enforcing of ship’s regulations. Notice stuck up near our berths. Dr Hulme short of medicines for Christie’s case. Still no tables or seats for seven enclosed steerage passengers. Two quarts of water per day withheld from each adult for cooking purposes. Bustle at diets is like the tents at the Musselburgh Races.

**July 10.** - Four of us were ordered by the Captain to drop playing cards because “he detested it.” Peculiar phosphorescent substance floating at the side of the ship at night. No lights or lanterns are used on the ship at night.

**July 12.** - Spoke to Dr Hulme about the two quarts of water kept daily from each person, but was told that he could do nothing. Spoke to him again about the frightful smell and nuisance along the alleyway, but he said he could do nothing because the ship was certified to by the Government Surveyor.
August 4. - Saw great quantities of flying fish near the ship’s side, resembling young swallows. Examined one found this morning on the deck. The length about 6in, and its pectoral wings or fins about 4½in; its flesh of bluish colour and its taste like fresh water trout. Latitude 17deg North, 20deg West. Fresh water is tainted and disagreeable to drink. Five months’ old infant, which died this morning, was committed to the deep in a coffin weighted with coals. A little before the death a shark was seen following the ship. A number of passengers taken ill with languor and comatoseness; said by Dr Hulme to be caused by the past excessive heat. Appearance of stars new to us.

August 8. - Awakened by noise on deck. Bahia or Rio coast appeared very close. Captain surprised at the mistake. Breakers ahead within a few yards. Fortunately a fine clear morning. Miss Grieve died of gastric fever; her body committed to the deep after prayer by Mr Livingstone.

August 11. - Most of the passengers in the steerage from Caithness and Sutherland very enthusiastic in the old forms of worship. Saw Southern Cross as pointed out by the sailors. Latitude 18deg South, 39deg West. Saw Cape pigeons flying near the surface of the sea. Passed Tristan d’Acunha Island and lighthouse.

August 24. - Snow during the night. Saw two whales spouting. Latitude 43deg South, longitude 1deg West. Heavy hail and snow showers. Pumps hard at work twice a day. Tremendous sea, with waves over the deck, and very cold. Part of bulwarks broken by heavy sea. Ship still rolling heavily; 42 deg South, 7deg East.

September 4. - Various kinds of Cape and sea-birds hovering and swimming about. Passed close to Prince Edward’s Island. My hands and feet swollen with the frost. Got them rubbed with a liquid from Dr Hulme. Felt better afterwards. Sailors on look out for icebergs. Latitude 48deg South, longitude 45deg East.

September 8. - Snow lying on the decks, and snowing all the morning. Latitude 51 deg South. Ship doing 13 knots. Sea still rough.

September 13. - Snow, hail, and very squally. Latitude 52deg South, longitude 83deg East, Seas dashing over decks. Passengers laid up with cold and chilblains.

September 17. - Latitude and longitude not known. Very cloudy, occasional sunshine. Was ordered glass of brandy by Dr Hulme. Latitude and longitude to be given only bi-weekly. Hands badly frostbitten. Passengers longing for land. Three sailors unwell, also the passengers. Sailors allowed brandy by Dr Hulme yesternight. Seaweed seen floating past the ship.

September 20. - List of passengers written out for the Otago Journal. Distance from Port Chalmers 1800 miles.

September 25. - First equinoctial gales. Waves washed into our bunks. Dr Hulme again gave me Lin. Saponis for my hands. Latitude 48deg South, 148deg East. Two albatrosses caught by hook and line, and then liberated after being examined on board. Sooty black, about the size of a turkey; bill and feet like those of a Cape Pigeon; length from tip to tip of wings 6ft 7in.

September 27. - About 1 am, a tremendous sea struck the ship’s bow and made her stand still for some time afterwards, and nearly drove her anchors into her stern. Latitude 47deg South, 155deg East. Sixty-eight miles north of the Trap Rocks, and a little south of Stewart Island. Expect to pass the Snares tomorrow, a small island of two miles in diameter lying south of Stewart Island. A few stormy petrels and Cape pigeons seen.

September 29. - A nice summer day; nice and warm, with cloudless sky. Ship moving slowly. Many large birds swimming after the ship. Beautiful sunset scene at 6 p.m. Many large and small fish seen in very large quantities early in the morning.

October 1. - Before breakfast saw land to the west of us, but distant. A large flock of new birds ahead of the ship. The name of the land is Stewart Island; and about noon passed through Foveaux Strait, 14 miles wide.

The diary goes on to describe in detail the landing, but no farther mention of Dr Hulme -colonial surgeon, Dr Williams, coming on the scene.

When Dr Hulme landed he was met by Dr Williams, who had known him well in England, and had studied with him in London under some of the eminent surgeons of the day. He endeavoured to persuade Hulme to go into partnership with him, but Hulme, who did not fancy the long country trips and rough modes of transport, was
more inclined to stick to his original intention in coming to the colony - namely, that of “taking up land” and adopting a pastoral life. On talking matters over with the settlers from the country and residents of the town, and learning from Dr Williams that he intended resigning his hospital appointment before long, Dr Hulme decided to commence practice in the city. In January, 1857, he was elected Provincial Surgeon, a post which followed that of Colonial Surgeon. This had been vacated by Dr Williams, and was then abolished and the new appointment made, and the year following he succeeded him also as Coroner for the District. Before proceeding to describe his life and activities in our midst, it may be wise to shortly sketch his earlier career. Edward Hulme was born at Hyde, in Kent, England, in 1812. At 16 years of age he was elected as a “pupil” for the Royal College of Surgeons of London, being a clerk and dresser to Sir Charles Bell at Middlesex Hospital. Charles Bell was a famous Scottish anatomist, who, evincing great promise as an earnest worker and investigator in surgery, anatomy, and physiology, received such scant recognition in his own city of Edinburgh that he came as a young man to London, where he speedily took the lead even among such men as Brodie, Abernethy, Liston, Cline, Astley Cooper, etc. He prepared his famous work on the “Anatomy of Expression” when a junior surgeon in Edinburgh, publishing this on his arrival in London, where it immediately attracted attention. He was a skilled artist, as was his famous brother, John Bell, the Edinburgh anatomist, and he assisted him in the plates and publication of his “Anatomy of the Human Body,” published in 1844. He was the discoverer of many of the functions of the various nerves in relation to the different parts of the brain, and was the first to truly indicate the difference between motor and sensory nerves, and to give a practical demonstration of their anatomical origin from the spinal cord. The Encyclopaedia Britannica states that “his discovery of the sensory filaments of nerves and the results of experiments which demonstrated the different functions of the anterior and posterior roots of the spinal nerves may be regarded as the greatest discovery in physiology since that of the circulation of the blood by Harvey.” He was surgeon to the Middlesex Hospital and Professor of Anatomy, Physiology, and Surgery to the Royal College of Surgeons in London. He did great public service in attendance on the wounded from the Peninsular War in 1809, and again in 1815 devoted all his skill and time to the wounded after the Battle of Waterloo. He wrote a great deal to surgical and anatomical journals, was awarded the Royal Society’s medal for discoveries in science in 1829, and was knighted by William IV in 1830. In 1833 he published a remarkable book, “The Hand: Its Mechanism as Evincing Design.” In 1804 he had been excluded from the Royal Infirmary in Edinburgh, but in 1836 he had his revenge, “for the Chair of Surgery in the University of that city was offered to him. He accepted it, and he held this distinguished post until his death in 1842. We have gone somewhat deeply into this very eminent man’s career in order to show that Hulme, who was a good operator, had great opportunities, having been personally taught by Bell, and having seen the first surgeons of the day, Astley Cooper, Cline, and Liston, at work in various parts of London. Hulme did good work in London, taking the M.D. degree and the M.R.C.S., and then settled in the city of Exeter, practising there as a physician and surgeon. Soon after his arrival he was elected by a large majority one of the physicians of the Exeter Dispensary, an important institution, which found employment for no less than 12 medical men upon its staff. After some years he visited the Continent, and in the pursuit of the study of the profession which he had adopted, he entered the Prosector’s Cabinet in the School of Medicine at Paris. He also studied mental diseases at the Salpetriere in Paris, an institution made greatly famous by the great men who had been at its head, especially by Esquirol, the first who introduced the modern humane system of treatment of the insane, and has so greatly changed the character of those institutions for the most unfortunate of the human race. He also studied surgery at the San Charita Hospital in Paris under the celebrated Velpeau; then went to Dublin, where Grave and Stokes were doing great work; entered the Rotunda Hospital under M’Clintock, and had considerable experience during the outbreak of septicaemia which occurred at the time. Returning to Exeter he resumed practice, but after a few years became restless, and decided to give up his profession and go to the new colony of which everyone was speaking. No doubt correspondence with his old friend Williams influenced him, and newspapers giving glowing accounts of the opportunities of investing money in land, sheep and cattle, would reach him at intervals. Whatever the reasons, he sold out his Exeter practice and sailed for New Zealand in the Strathmore with the expressed intention of following a pastoralist’s life.

In addition to this, his half-brother, Colonel Hulme, who had none out to the colony 10 years before, and had had much experience of the country, further inclined him to try the new adventure. It may be here interesting to refer to Colonel Hulme, of the 58th Regiment, who had considerable experience in the fighting with the Maoris,
and died a good many years ago in the North Island. We have to make a wide digression in connection with his name, but think the story justifies it. In 1846 some settlers in the Hutt Valley were plundered by the Maoris, and Colonel Hulme marched 300 soldiers up the valley in order to punish the delinquents. A large force of soldiers was then assembled by Governor Grey, but in spite of this the Natives made forays here and there, and finally murdered a boy and a man called Gillespie, and their leader, Rangihaeta, made boastful threats of what he would do to the pakehas in the neighbourhood. On May 15, 1846, a party of 50 soldiers of the 58th Regiment, under Lieutenant Page, passed close to the home of William Swainson in the Hutt Valley, and Swainson warned the subaltern in command that the Maoris were “up,” and that every care should be taken in picketing his bivouac. Swainson also conversed with the company bugler, Allen, who was a great friend of his, and in similar terms warned him of the dangerous attitude of the Natives close at hand. The detachment moved on, and bivouacked at a place called Boulcott’s Farm, Lieutenant Page laughing at the old man’s warnings, saying he was quite fitted to deal with any situation that might arise, but that he did not think they would be in any danger, and that his men were quite numerous enough and quite all right “for all they would have to do.” Next morning at early dawn, with startling distinction, a loud bugle note rang out, then a pause, then another note, a faint cry, then another call lingering and quivering and fainter, almost as though a distant echo of the second call. Then deep silence, replaced by a confused murmuring which carried terror to those who listened. Although Swainson and the others nearby were in great distress of mind, a message arrived from the leading Natives that they deed have no fear. Waitene, as Swainson was called, was perfectly safe, the Natives being as a rule good and faithful to those who had been long amongst them. When the cold grey dawn broke the band of searchers needed no speaker to narrate the tragedy of the night. Seventy Natives, under the Chief Mamaku, had attacked the camp, which was practically unguarded, and, cutting the tent ropes, had let the canvas down upon the sleeping men. Cards lay on the camp benches in confusion, showing that the men had been amusing themselves before retiring. Who had been ready? Where were the pickets? Who had been faithful? Only one; and he a little English bugler boy. One glance told the search party all that the Maoris afterwards related. Awake and alert, his quick eye and ear had detected the enemy. Firmly his right hand grasped the bugle for the first clear blast of warning. In an instant a tomahawk flashed and fell, and as the bugle slipped from his nerveless fingers his left hand caught it, held it firmly to his lips, and another blast pealed out, thoroughly awakening his comrades. Again the relentless and unerring blow of the tomahawk, a faint cry of anguish as he fell prostrate, yet he pressed his lips to the fallen bugle for a long, last, quivering note ere another terrible blow struck his upturned face, and his glorious spirit fled. Long, long afterwards from the distant pah the bugle notes would break the stillness of the evening air. One full note; one faint; then one lone trembling call, and the Maori women would bow their heads in tangi, and the warriors would chant the story of Arana, the bugler boy, and ever called him “Nui, Nui, Nui, Arana.”

This great story of Allen, the bugler, should be told from end to end of our islands; nay, should rank with the brave deed of Jack Cornwall, and with the Birkenhead Redcoats, in all the school books of the Empire. William Swainson referred to, was amongst the foremost scientists of the early days of the century, a great zoologist, a voluminous writer, an enthusiastic collector, Fellow of the Royal Society, and a Fellow of the Linnean Society. He was one of the first real workers among the birds of New Zealand; his facile pencil and wonderful powers of description were made much use of by the various authorities on the subject, but remarkably little credit was given locally to William Swainson for all that he did for science in New Zealand. He served under the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula War. His name appears in the London Gazette of August 11, 1810 in a despatch from the Duke of Wellington to Lord Liverpool, and shows that he was on the staff as Deputy-Assistant Commissary-General. The Encyclopndia Britannica says that as an ornithological artist he had no rival. He spent the declining years of his life amidst the beautiful garden which he had planted with trees brought from all parts of the globe. A scientist of world-wide repute, a correspondent with nearly every naturalist known, and yet, so far as the great majority of the people of New Zealand were concerned, when his time came Swainson passed away “unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.”

In Exeter Dr Hulme’s abilities were amply recognised, and the announcement that he was going to New Zealand, and the resignation of his connection with the County Institution were marked by a public expression of the manner in which his services were esteemed by his fellow citizens. For his essay on “Asphyxia Its Causes, Forms, and Treatment,” he was awarded the Jacksonian Prize by the Council of the Royal College of Surgeons in June, 1848. The Royal Humane Society for 1849 referred to the subject in these words: “At the last meeting of the Royal College of Surgeons the prize forwarded by Mr Samuel Jackson was awarded to Mr...
Edward Hulme, of Exeter, Devon, for his dissertation on ‘Asphyxia, Its Causes, Forms, and Treatment.’ A manuscript, entitled by Dr Hulme a ‘Demonstration of the Pathology and Treatment of Asphyxia from Submersion,’ has been most generously forwarded by him to the Committee of the Royal Humane Society, and will form a valuable addition to the many scientific works already collected on the subject of the restoration of suspended animation.”

As Colonial Surgeon in Otago Dr Hulme had charge of the Dunedin Hospital in the old buildings north of the Octagon, in Moray place, where the Town Hall now stands, and here he had many trials, troubles, and vicissitudes. He had to control mental patients as well as those incapacitated through sickness or injury, and he had no nurses, only rough uneducated warders of the male sex. There was no matron, although there were many female patients, a visiting staff of but two physicians: one can therefore understand his difficulties. He carried on in the old buildings for many years, and as time went on Dr Charles Yates was appointed Resident Surgeon, he himself becoming Surgeon Superintendent, being allowed consulting practice. As the population increased in the early “sixties,” and accidents became frequent, buildings, outhouses, and rooms had to be added; and even then he was over-crowded. Constant friction occurred with irate citizens, who had vague ideas as to the regulations and the right way of getting a patient admitted to the institution. Sometimes a man, having little the matter with him, would demand admission on the note of hand of a “subscriber” or a “trustee,” and instead of going to the office for a proper order, would make a disturbance at the gate, use intemperate language, annoy the Resident Surgeon, and finally rush off to some outside practitioner and thus endeavour to promote discord in the little medical community. In the Superintendent’s report of the Provincial Council, December 23, 1863, appears an account of a commission of inquiry into the conduct of the Otago Hospital and Lunatic Asylum.

The report makes curious reading. Two medical practitioners sat on the commission who were not on the Staff of the Hospital, but were in active practice in the city, and in competition with those whom they were asked to judge. A complaint was made against Dr Yates for not admitting a certain patient sent in by one of the commissioners. Criticism was made of the treatment of patients in the Hospital by the staff, who were practitioners in active competition with the commissioners. Reflection was made on the administration of Dr Hulme, who had to appear before the tribunal. One of the commissioners came off the Bench, gave evidence before the others, characterised the treatment by the rival practitioners as “shocking,” and then rejoined the Bench, and sat in judgment on his professional “friends.” The treatment of the unfortunate mental sufferers at that time would not be tolerated for an instant at the present day. It must be remembered that Dr Hulme was not responsible, nor was he in any way censured: the whole system as carried out at that time was that “laid down,” but to us it seems absolutely frightful. Dr Hulme, as Provincial Surgeon, had his hands over-filled; he had 150 patients in the hospital, 41 in the Asylum, and with regard to the gaol, “the large and efficient police force, under Mr St. John Brannigan, did so well cope with the evil-doers who poured into the colony from far and near, that in the space of twelve months, 1861-62, the new gaol, as well as the old building, was crowded to such an extent that the then commodious chapel had to be used as a sleeping place.” It will thus be seen what his tasks were and how he fought on bravely with a sadly understaffed Institution. His surgical work was good, and his medical, quite up to modern standards. His report for 1863 shows that he had

96 cases of typhoid, of whom 11 died
328 inflammatory diseases, of whom 20 "
38 diseases of the heart, of whom 13 "
47 consumption, of whom 14 "
219 surgical cases (149 cured), of whom 1 "
152 accidents (126 cured), of whom 3 "
37 lunatics, of whom 3 "

This, for a hospital conducted under the old regime, and before the advent of Listerism with a knowledge of the use of antiseptics, was one to be proud of, and Hulme amply fulfilled the promise of his London training under Bell and Liston. In 1865 the disposal of the Exhibition buildings in King street led to their being purchased by the Government, altered and added to, and finally 120-odd patients were safely transferred from the Octagon site to the King street premises, where the modern Hospital now stands. In the commission of inquiry before mentioned opinions were asked as to sites, and two apparently suitable ones were turned down by the authorities. These were Dr Purdie’s ten acres in Pitt street and a still larger position overlooking Rattray street, and bounded by Canongate, Elm Row, and Russell street. The mental patients were now accommodated in a building erected on the site of the Military Barracks in Arthur street - to-day part of the Boys’ High School grounds - and this building, added to as time went on, was under Dr Hulme’s watchful care for about 10 years. The Asylum Ground, as it is still called, was then a rough place, consisting of three deep gullies, a fairly big hill in the middle, and much scrub, manuka, and creepers. On an eminence on the right hand side was a sloping terrace where Superintendent Weldon’s house stood later on, below this Mr Edmund Smith’s and Mr Barker’s houses, side by side, and beyond Barker’s, extending south, a long row of buildings covered a great deal of the ground on which the present school stands. Dr Hulme might often be seen in the neighbourhood, his quick step and alert figure reminding one of the soldiers who had previously been stationed upon that very spot. When the first volunteer company was formed in Dunedin in 1863 Dr Hulme was appointed surgeon. His portrait in the uniform of that body, or in that of Provincial Surgeon to H.M. Gaol, we are not sure which, is in the Early Settlers’ Museum. He really had had no military or naval service, though his manner, bearing, and speech inclined many people to think and speak of him as a military martinet. Hulme was for many years a member of the University Council, and for a short time upon the Town Board; but his professional duties kept him fully occupied, and he showed no other dispositions to take an active part in public matters. He was rather reserved in his manner, except with those with whom he was very intimate, and while many thought him very rough and inclined to be dictatorial, others had pleasant recollections of the dry humour which showed in much of his conversation. When deeply engrossed with professional anxiety he was inclined to be brusque, if not absolutely rude, and was often thought unfeeling; but this was really due to his concentration of mind upon the work in hand; for example, when an anxious husband met him at the door of the sick-room with the whispered inquiry, “How is she, doctor?” “One of them will die,” snapped the doctor, as he poked his head out and rapidly withdrew it again, and not another word could be got out of him. He lived, first at Melrose, near Mr Strode’s, and afterwards at the top of View street, on the corner opposite the pillars of the old High School, as can be seen in the photograph of Moray place in 1862. His house was occupied for many years after his death by successive doctors. A gentleman who knew him well describes him thus: “I thought he had gone out of his mind. His face was scarlet, his eyes starting out of his head; he was in a terrible rage, and looked absolutely demented.” “It’s those — birds,” he stammered. “They steal my fruit, and I have caught them,” and he stamped away harder than ever. He had rigged up some sort of figure-four trap with a door for a “fall.” I returned the stick I had been told to give him, and left him still jumping on the door. He was a short, thick set, erect man, with a bull neck and heavy jaw. “The Otago Punch” for December 15, 1866, shows him with some interesting wood-cuts - the old hospital above - his house and grounds below, showing over the edge the High School Pillars - his attendance at the Medical Registration Council and at the Town Board - his gardening hobby and his attendance on a patient. The likeness is a good one. There is a good story of Mr James Smith, the well-known barrister, which Dr Hulme himself used to retail with gusto:- Considerable stir occurred in the town when a noted case came on in which
Mr James Smith appeared for the Dunedin City corporation, and one of the witnesses on the opposing side was Dr Hulme. In order to impress the Court with the fact that Dr Hulme’s evidence was of little or no value, rather out of date, Mr Smith thus cross-examined him: “Ah, Dr Hulme! Yes! You have had considerable experience, doctor?” “I have.” “But you are a little out of - I mean, you no longer - well, practically, doctor, you have given up practice; you don’t do much now, doctor, do you? You have really retired, have you not?” “Well,” said Dr Hulme, “I can hardly say that. I am what they call a consulting surgeon. No, I can hardly be said to have retired yet.” “Yes, yes; quite so; a consulting surgeon. Yes! Well, doctor, roughly what is your consulting practice nowadays? I know, doctor, you have been in past years eminent as a surgeon; but for some years now, doctor, really you have not done much. Have you? How many patients would you say, doctor, you see in a week; or say daily, doctor, say daily?” “Well,” said Dr Hulme, “I think I am safely within a good margin if I say I see between two and three hundred patients daily.” Collapse of the opposing counsel, who had quite forgotten that Dr Hulme, while in practice privately as a consulting surgeon, still retained his position as superintendent of the Hospital, and Gaol, and the Lunatic Asylum.

Dr Hulme was a bluff, outspoken man, who was not afraid to give fairly severe admonition and advice to young men who came under his professional care; many are the little sayings and warnings as to their habits and associates which worthy citizens of to-day have related to us - advice which they followed and still value, coming as it did in those long past days from their good old doctor and friend, Edward Hulme. Dr Hulme was a born administrator as well as an excellent surgeon. His letters to the various hospital commissions were characterised by brevity and logical clearness. His departmental reports were models of neatness, and although concise, covered the whole of the tremendously wide but necessary field. His answers to the charges against his administration, bold but dignified, and invariably satisfactory so far as we can find, always resulted in his complete exoneration. Hulme was a keen worker at his profession for 40 years, and he may be said to have died in harness, while apparently in the enjoyment of his ordinary good health. On the morning of December 17, 1876, he appeared to be in his usual good spirits until 9.30 a.m., when he was seized with an apoplectic fit which did not completely render him unconscious nor prevent his calling for assistance. Dr Borrows was sent for, but in spite of all that could be done another convulsion seized him, and he died in a few minutes. He was not married. He was buried in the Northern Cemetery two days later, his funeral being attended by a large concourse of people.

Sir Robert Stout, the Chief Justice, sends us the following kindly reference:- “Dr Hulme I knew very well as Provincial Surgeon. He was very attentive to the Hospital. I remember taking one of the Governors of St. Thomas’ Hospital (Mr Rose) to visit the Hospital when I was the Provincial Solicitor. This was in the early ‘seventies.’ I arranged that Dr Hulme should meet us at the Hospital, and he then told the visitor that the Hospital in Dunedin did a further duty than the ordinary hospital in London - that is, there were what may be termed permanent invalids in it that would have been sent not to a hospital in England but to a poor house. I was rather struck with his suggestion to the governor on that occasion. He said: ‘Come into the kitchen and I will show you the food that we give our patients. That is one of the main parts of the hospital.’ We proceeded to the kitchen to see the food that was cooking. He then showed him the bread, the meat, and the food that the patients were getting, and he said, ‘If they get good food that is half the battle at least.”

Edward Hulme was an excellent surgeon with more advanced ideas than Williams. He had perhaps a better training: saw more of the development of anaesthesia, and really was the connecting link between the old days of sepsis in hospitals and the new and enlightened ones of Listerism. He saw the introduction of this innovation into Otago, and no one appreciated better than he did the remarkable results which immediately followed. Hulme’s influence extended to several of the other Otago men, and his work on the University Council can be said to have indirectly shown itself in the almost immediate establishment of the foundations of the Otago Medical School. In 1866 Dr Hulme applied to be, and was, elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, and when an Act was passed to suppress the illegal medical practice which became so common in the gold fields days, he was elected President of the Medical Board which was formed in Otago to deal with this matter. He was for some time Health Officer for Dunedin and Port Chalmers, and in 1869 was appointed one of the original members of the Otago University Council, serving faithfully on that body through all the troublous years of the early “seventies,” being one of its most active members until his death. He had studied under Nelaton, the great French military surgeon in Paris, and when he sat for his M.D. degree submitted a Thesis on
Potts’ Fracture, for which he was granted a gold medal. Robert Williams had to do surgical work on occasion, and did it well, in his later years in the Hospital he had some chance of improving his knowledge; but he had not the great experience of the influx of casualties due to the boisterous and wild life on the gold fields: nor had he Hulme’s knowledge of Continental methods. Hulme had acquired a thorough knowledge of anaesthetics in England and now in Otago he saw the introduction of Lister’s Antiseptic mode of treatment by Duncan Macgregor in 1873. Hulme was enabled to do particularly good surgical work both inside the Hospital and outside in his consulting practice, and he became really the forerunner of the operating surgeons of Otago who have made our medical school what it is to-day.

HENRY NELSON.

Henry Nelson, second son of Robert Nelson of the Hon. East India Company’s Service, was born at Negapatam, East India, on August 16, 1828. On leaving India his father settled in Edinburgh, where he became well acquainted with Dr Purdie and his family, belonging, we have been led to understand, to the same religions body. Young Nelson was educated at Edinburgh University, and showed himself a man of high intellectual attainments, for among other prizes he secured two gold medals, one of which was for the Thesis, which he presented for his M.D. degree in 1850.

At this time he began to make a special study of physiology, or of that branch of it which particularly deals with the reproduction of the lower animals, known today as embryology; speedily attaining an eminent place in a field then but scantily supplied with accurate and enthusiastic workers. Nelson then travelled upon the Continent and studied in Paris and Heidelberg, and published several articles in the Philosophical Transactions in 1852 and later. In 1857 he decided to take a voyage to New Zealand, and sailed as surgeon in the Bosworth (Captain Turnbull), arriving in Otago in November of that year. On the Bosworth were a number of passengers, among them Sir Thomas Dick, afterwards a well-known New Zealand politician, eventually a member of the Provincial Executive, Superintendent of Otago, and later on a Minister of the Crown; with him were his wife, family, and some relatives.

One of the sons, the late Sir Thomas Dick, gave us the following particulars:—“I remember the voyage of the Bosworth quite well, and Dr Nelson distinctly. One day some of us youngsters were skylarking near an open hatchway, and my young brother Robert fell through, and, striking a beam, cut his cheek right through. How he escaped being killed was a miracle, because he fell 10 or 12 feet into the bottom of the hold. Dr Nelson came down and talked to him quietly, and said: ‘If you don’t cry or make a noise Bobby, you shall have some almonds and raisins.’ Bobby quietened down, and the doctor carefully sewed up the wound in his cheek, which completely healed, leaving very little scar. We all got the almonds and raisins. Later on, when the ship was in the neighbourhood of Kerguelen Island, Captain Turn- bull, Dr Nelson, and some others were sitting one evening in the saloon chatting to the ladies, when the steward burst into the saloon shouting out: ‘Captain, the ship is on fire!’ I remember the captain, a very tall and big burly man, giving one leap for the companion ladder. Then the children and all the women were carefully marshalled on an empty space of the upper deck - boats were provisioned and swung out, and we were told to get ready to go in the boats, when we suddenly heard a loud burst of singing: ‘Praise God from whom all blessings flow,’ then someone came and told us to go back to bed, as the danger was over. It then appeared that some of the sailors, the ringleader a Spaniard, got drunk, and set fire to some rubbish in the hold. They had got possession of some barrels of tar, and had secretly provisioned the long boat, but fortunately they were discovered before they had fully succeeded in their fiendish object, that of setting fire to the barrels of tar, lowering the long boat and abandoning the ship. I remember Dr Nelson was most upset over the whole occurrence. He was a great friend of our family, and sometimes used to attend the little English Church down near where the New Zealand Hardware Company’s Buildings are to-day. I remember seeing him come there with the tall Miss Jones, whom he afterwards married.” Mr Morris, of Dalry street, Mornington, who used in the late “fifties” to deliver time Times and Witness to settlers in the bush at Blanket Bay, Hardy’s Bay, etc., well remembers Dr Nelson coming down on horseback to see him when he was poisoned, or made ill, by the decay and smell of the millions of “shrimps” in the harbour at that time. This was probably “whale feed” (Munida Gregaria), a marine animal, which to this day comes into our harbour, reddens
the shores, and causes a horrible odour. Dr Nelson rode down to see him, with his saddle bags in front of him, to Mount Pleasant, and after examining the lad, pronounced his illness “gastric fever.” Unstrapping his saddlebags, he opened a stoppered bottle and took out upon the blade of his knife a white powder. With this he made him up a dose which he thinks was an emetic, for it made him violently sick, but he eventually recovered. We think it probable that this was one of the heroic doses of calomel given out those days - 20 to 30 grains was not considered out of the way. That the dose was frequently rejected by the stomach was fortunate for the patient, and part of the expected and hoped for action. Another reminiscence of the doctor is related by Mr Walter Blackie, of the Taieri, then living in the little clay cottage in the Cavesham Valley, which was so well known for many years, and of which an interesting picture can be seen in the Early Settlers’ Museum to-day:-

“Regarding the late Dr Nelson, who was married to a daughter of Mr John Jones, he was our doctor in the year 1861 to 1862. That was the time that the gold diggings broke out. I remember the doctor coming out to see me after a severe attack of rheumatic fever, and he had offended me in some way, and I threatened to shoot him with my popgun, when he put aside his two coat flaps and disclosed a pair of pistols concealed, which he had to carry in case of bushrangers, of whom there were in those days not a few.”

Dr Nelson had very long rides, and frequently visited the West Taieri in place of Dr Williams with whom he had formed a partnership in 1859-60. In Mrs James Fulton’s diaries are many entries:—“Dr Nelson came,” “Dr Nelson called on his way to Waipori,” and “Dr Nelson away.” He generally wore a pea jacket when riding, and a cap of nautical appearance, and kept three or four good horses constantly on the go. His trips took him as far north as the Waitaki and south to Tokomairiro, and he was an active and energetic man in all he did. In appearance, tall and straight, with a smart beard, very dark in complexion, with an aquiline nose, quick and alert in all his movements. The thumbnail sketch of him is considered good by those who knew him, and his photograph, lent by the Early Settlers’ Association, is reproduced on another page. He first lived in Rattray street near Speight’s Buildings of to-day; then in London street on the corner of Victoria street - this is on the site of Mr Willi Fels’s house. Here he shared bachelor quarters with one Firmin Victor Martin, business manager for Mr John Jones. Later on he moved to Lees street, and built a house on the bank of the little stream that flowed down from William and Maitland street, crossed diagonally behind Fernhill, and debouched into the bay somewhere near the present tramway sheds. The house, which was the only one there for a long time, was called Willow Bank, probably from the trees planted along the creek. The name has survived to the present day, and the house or its successor has been occupied by various well-known residents, among others, J. C. Chaplin, in the seventies manager for Cobb and Co.; W. H. Quick; Geo. Joachim; G. L. Denniston; Mrs W. H. Reynolds.

Dr Nelson was a handsome, well set up man, always smart, and not without a “good conceit of himself.” He was most particular as to his clothes, and was known as “the big Dr Nelson,” “the dark doctor,” “the good looking Dr Nelson,” and in his way was quite a fashionable man about town. A favourite at the club, in Maclaggan street in those days, where the squatters and “wool kings” used to come in for week ends and holidays, and similarly always heartily welcomed in the private houses where his well-groomed figure presented itself. He was nevertheless always accessible when wanted, and abandoned many a convivial scene and enjoyable evening party to attend to the call of duty, and to ease the sufferings of the less fortunate. Those were his bachelor days, but even later on he did not lose all his fastidiousness, if it can be called such, but was as careful of his apparel as before.

Dr Nelson was a good all round surgeon of the old school, but most of his work was medical, and in this he excelled. A valued correspondent in a communication brimful of anecdotes and items of family history says:-

“One of our shipmates was a curious character, his chief eccentricity being an incurable hypochondria. The amount of honey and Chinese ginger he consumed perhaps accounted for the supposed ‘disorder of his liver,’ but with such a character it must have been difficult for a doctor to know whether to minister to the body or to the mind diseased.” In some trouble or other, Dr Purdie, the homoeopathist and Dr Nelson, each in blissful ignorance of his patient’s folly, were treating him at the same time. As a matter of course, the patient, like the woman we read of in Mark v, 26, “was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse,” and one evening when my father had gone to see him Dr Nelson was in attendance, and somehow or other the truth at last leaked out, and then there was proof positive that in the matter of controlling his temper Dr Nelson was only human.”
Outside of his skill in professional work, he was a man of wide scientific reading and knowledge, and on different occasions sent in elaborate reports of the geological condition of the country over which he happened to travel. We quote from a letter to the Otago Witness dated June 15, 1858:-

GEOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES IN NEW ZEALAND.

Sir,—The following particulars of some recent discoveries in geology, though in the neighbourhood of Canterbury, may perhaps interest some of your readers. Passing from the north of the river Waipara, nearly in a north-west by west direction over Mount Brown, and ascending the bed of the stream to the foot of Mt. Grey are the following strata overlying each other in the order given, with their approximate thicknesses—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Thickness of Stratum.</th>
<th>Name of Stratum.</th>
<th>Fossil Remains.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>40 feet</td>
<td>Gravel or Shingle.</td>
<td>Marine Shells of present time.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>200 feet</td>
<td>New Sandstone.</td>
<td>Small bivalve shells, fossil bones and feathers of the moa, beds of oyster shells and mussel shells.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>500 feet</td>
<td>Chalk.</td>
<td>Fossil vegetable remains.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>200 feet</td>
<td>Blue Clay.</td>
<td>Fossil vegetable remains.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 feet</td>
<td>Old Sandstone.</td>
<td>Fossil vegetable remains.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 feet</td>
<td>Marine Shells of present time.</td>
<td>Fossil vegetable remains.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 feet</td>
<td>Marine Shells of present time.</td>
<td>Fossil vegetable remains.</td>
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</tbody>
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Unattainable Mountain Limestone.

Above Mt. Brown the Waipara runs in a deep, thickly-wooded gorge, the old sandstone cliff rising perpendicularly 300 feet on either side. Over the top of these cliffs large nodes are seen projecting out, composed of harder sandstone than the rest; some of them, measuring eight feet in diameter, have fallen into the bed of the torrent, and are rich in fossil remains of the moa bird. On the surface of many are distinctly to be traced the impressions of the feathers of the bird, and on breaking into one we exposed nearly the whole of the bones forming the pelvis and thorax of the moa, with many of the cervical vertebrae and proximal ends of the femur and humerus. Amongst the bones were many feathers irregularly disposed, and of various sizes. The largest, which I believe to have been wing feathers, measured five-eighths of an inch in diameter at the quill, and four inches across the blade. From the ease with which the sandstone breaks in all directions, it was impossible to obtain a perfect specimen, but several were more than two feet in length. Together with these moa remains were numerous small bivalve shells, and towards the lower portion of the sandstone stratum are beds, a foot thick, of fossil oyster and mussel shells. Taking into consideration the number and thickness of the superincumbent strata, there is every reason to suppose that the moa existed in these islands at least 3000 years ago, at which period were extensive tidal flats abounding in shell-fish, on which I believe it probable the moa fed, its long and powerful legs adapting it to wade and dig up the sand. I see no foundation for the notion that New Zealand has been formed at a later period than the rest of the globe; indeed, as far as I have hitherto had an opportunity of examining, the strata correspond with those found in Britain - I am, dear Sir, yours obediently,

HENRY NELSON, M.D.

Dunedin, June 15, 1858.

This is an extremely interesting letter, but some of our readers, in the light of present day knowledge of the natural history of the man, may well take exception to certain of Nelson’s conclusions. It must be remembered that this was several years before Von Haast’s explorations of the moa deposits, and long before Hutton, Hector, Forbes, and Hochstetter wrote voluminously on this fascinating subject, and comparatively little was known about it. In a hurried glance through the innumerable articles on the moa in the Transactions of the New Zealand Institute we can find no references to feathers of more than seven inches in length, but we have not by any means exhausted the subject even in our literature. The first description of Dinornis reads like a fairy tale, and though known to many will bear repenting here. Dr Mantell says in the quarterly journal, Geographical Society,
August, 1848.- It is not a little remarkable that one of the most interesting discoveries of our times - namely, the former existence of a race of colossal ostrich-like birds in the islands of New Zealand, though made in a British colony and announced to the scientific world by an eminent British physiologist, has not hitherto been brought under the immediate notice of the Geological Society of London. The first relic of this kind was made known to European naturalists by Professor Owen in 1839. It consisted of the shaft of a femur or thigh bone, but a few inches long, and with both extremities wanting; and this fragment so much resembled in its general appearance the narrow bone of an ox, as actually to be regarded as such by more than one eminent naturalist of this metropolis. If I were required to select the most striking instance I should adduce the interpretation of this fragment of bone. I know not among all the marvels a more brilliant example of successful philosophical induction, the prediction of genius, enlightened by profound scientific knowledge. The specimen was put into Professor Owen’s hands for examination. . . . And from this mere fragment the Hunterian Professor arrived at the conclusion: “that there existed, and perhaps still exists in those distant islands, a race of struthious birds of larger and more colossal stature than the ostrich, or any other known species.” Nelson, of course, had heard all about this in the University of Edinburgh, but could not at that time know that he was wrong in describing the moa as a wader and fish-feeder, with powerful wings, equipped with huge feathers; but, as we before said, it is easy for us “to be wise after the event,” and we must admit that Nelson was a scientist of no mean order, who unfortunately was lost to the world at a very youthful age.

He married on May 10, 1862, Mary, the second daughter of Mr John Jones, who lived close by at Fernhill, now the site of the Dunedin Club, and he practised his profession in this neighbourhood for several years. In 1864 there was much discussion as to the removal of the hospital from the old site in Moray place, and all the Dunedin doctors were asked for their opinions as to the conduct of the existing institution, and to the methods of the improvement thereof. Dr Nelson returned the following dignified answer, declining to criticise the methods of his professional brethren:-

Sir, - I have the honour to acknowledge yours of the 12th February, 1864, requesting (on the part of a commission appointed by the Superintendent to inquire into the constitution and management of the hospital and lunatic asylum at Dunedin) any suggestions that my experience may lead me to think desirable in the formation and conduct of such establishments. That experience leads me distinctly to decline giving any opinion whatever. I regret that the commission should be ignorant that to make any suggestions or to give any public opinion on the subject would be a breach of courtesy to my professional brethren. – I have the honour to be, etc., Sir,

HENRY NELSON, M.D.
Willow Bank, Dunedin.
February 15, 1864.

From notes in the Witness files we find him acting in Dr Robert Williams’s place as steward at the anniversary sports in 1859, depositing in the exhibition of 1865 some geological specimens, and antiquities from ancient Rome and some South Sea Islands’ weapons. About this time he sold his practice to Dr Eccles, of Dunedin, and returned to Meadow Bank, a fine estate belonging to his wife at or near Shag Valley, but being very ill in 1867, he moved once more into Dunedin, and finally died on May 15 of that year at the residence of Mr John Jones, Fernhill, leaving two children, one of whom - a daughter - still lives in England. He was buried in the Jones vault in the Southern Cemetery.

The British Medical Journal of August 10, 1867, printed the following notice of him, which shows, that had he elected to stay in England, and to continue the original research work he had so ably begun, almost any scientific honour might have fallen to him:-

A DISTINGUISHED COLONIST.

Not many of our readers are aware how distinguished a member of the profession they have recently lost in the decease of a medical man obscurely residing in a distant colony; yet few of the Fellows of the Royal Society will have read the announcement in last Friday’s Times without sincere regret. Dr Henry Nelson died in Dunedin, Otago, New Zealand, on May 18 of the present year. He was the author of a remarkable memoir, “On
the Reproduction of Ascaris Mystax,” published in the Philosophical Transactions in 1852. Probably, in the history of physiological science, no single memoir ever established for its author so worldwide a reputation as did the one bearing this title. For at least five years after its publication, Nelson’s name was constantly quoted in every German medical journal of recognised repute; whilst his views formed the basis of one of the most interesting physiological controversies which recent scientific discovery has opened up. If Kuchenmeister can with justice be said to have fathered the experimental method of determining the transformations of those remarkable creatures the entozoa, it must also be admitted that our countryman, Henry Nelson, was the first to demonstrate the essential phenomena of the act of impregnation in the same singular group of animals. In this latter direction of research, Nelson’s name occupies a foremost place; whilst in association with it the names of Allen Thomson and William Henry Ransom will naturally be hereafter bracketed. No doubt the results of the experimental method, ably worked out in this country by Cobbold, are fraught with more important issues to mankind than those acquired by artificial observation alone; but it detracts nothing from the merits of Nelson that the physiologist only was interested in his work. He was a singularly gifted man; and it is painful to think that men of such a stamp should not unfrequently be carried from our shores to pursue their life-calling in a foreign land. The writer of this notice knew him well. He possessed remarkable artistic powers, which, in the first instance, were cultivated with a view to the artist’s profession. Had he remained with us, he might not, it is true, have obtained the title of R.A.; but not a shadow of doubt rests on our minds that he would, long ere this, have been cordially welcomed into the Fellowship of the Royal Society. It would have been a graceful act, could it have been possible, to have honoured his name with the much-coveted affix without waiting for the customary application. Anyhow, his name will live, and it will be handed down to posterity by physiologists with cherished affection.

ROBERT BURNS, OF DUNEDIN.

Robert Burns was born in Edinburgh on the 2nd February, 1834, and after being educated at the Edinburgh High School started the study of medicine at the Royal College of Surgeons in 1852. He was looked upon as a very clever and promising student, for he obtained a number of medals and prizes, among them a fine box of instruments as first prize in the Special Class of military surgery in 1854. These were, it must be remembered, the days when the Crimean war was raging, and young Burns had great hopes of joining his many friends and relatives who served in the army of those days. He specially studied diseases of the eye, ear, and throat, and after obtaining his Fellowship of the Edinburgh College of Surgeons entered the Leith Hospital and held the position of House Surgeon there for two years. The Crimean war being over, he decided to emigrate to New Zealand, and as a great many Edinburgh people were proceeding to the Southern Scottish Settlement he made up his mind that that particular province should be his home. He arrived in Otago by the Three Bells in 1858, and was almost immediately appointed assistant to Dr Hulme, the superintendent of the Dunedin Hospital. The building, which stood just behind what is now the Town Hall, was a quaint little place, constantly being added to as necessity arose, and there Dr Hulme as Chief, Dr Yates as Resident, and Dr Burns as Assistant Surgeon had “all the kicks but very few of the halfpence” that were going in those days. This was in the late fifties, but when the new and turbulent “element” came in with the gold discovery, many were the trials of the Hospital officials: rules were made only to be broken; the attendants were few, and very often tactless in their dealings with the patients, and Dr Burns, with the others, was often most unjustly criticised, and even blamed. His first residence was in Moray place, on the side of the hill about where the present Masonic Hall stands. This was reached by a considerable succession of wooden steps, and it had a small back entrance into Dowling street opposite where later stood the old wooden bell tower. After a time be moved down the street, and had a house midway between the City Hotel site and Dr Hocken’s. This was opposite Matthews the seedsman’s garden, which opened with a gate on to the street, and extended down the hill to the back of the present Athenaeum. Matthews’s house and garden were on the only occupied section at this time, but some of the very old buildings erected shortly after are still standing in the gully. Dr Hocken’s house has been demolished in order to make room for a Soldiers’ Club. Soon after Dr Burns arrived in Dunedin, he married Miss Elizabeth Campbell Douglas, eldest daughter of Mr Archibald Douglas, late of the G.P.O., Edinburgh, and in addition to his hospital work was quickly engaged in a large general practice.
About this time a tremendous fuss was made about a man who was injured in the chest "not having his bones set" for some days, and Dr Hulme gave evidence at the Provincial Council Commission of Enquiry (February 8, 1864):- “I stated that Lawson was so seriously injured that we had very little hope of his recovery, the upper part of his chest was crushed in, I was called in to see the man by Dr Burns, under whose care he was placed, and the question was not as to ‘setting his bones’ - that was a very secondary matter - the question was what we could do to save the man’s life. I recommended Dr Burns not to move him to make a very minute examination, as he was not in a fit state to undergo it. I stated it would be very injurious to attempt to put on any bandages at the time. I could easily see that one of his collar bones was broken, and also one of his ribs.” Much capital was made out of this case, which finally resolved itself into one of incivility of the House Surgeon, Dr Yates, towards a friend of the patient Lawson; but two members of the Profession, who were in active practice at the time and sat upon the Commission, allowed criticisms to be made as to treatment by the staff, which, to our mind, were unfair, and under the circumstances should not have been allowed. Dr Burns at this time had taken up his residence in the Octagon, on the present Athenaeum site, and shortly after, in the course of a disastrous fire, his house was gutted, and Mrs Burns and two tiny children, practically destitute of everything but their nightclothes, had to cross the then rough and boggy Octagon to the Hospital, where they were taken in, and made as comfortable as circumstances would permit. Soon after Dr Burns sold his desolate section to the Dunedin Athenaeum, and moved to Union street, where he purchased Mr Healey’s property, and built the house in which he resided until his death. He was a great walker, and did most of his work on foot; when his longer trips necessitated it he rode. He was appointed Visiting Surgeon to the Industrial School, and this position he held for many years, and in 1869 he became one of the first members of the Otago University Council. On this body he did good work, and took an active part in the foundation of the Otago Medical School. In 1876 he was appointed Surgeon to the Gaol, Dr Hulme, who had held the post, having died. He continued in active occupation of this position for thirty years; he was also a public vaccinator in the very early days, and his advertisements notifying his hours and change of residence appeared in both the Daily Times and Witness at intervals. He continued as Assistant Surgeon at the Hospital until 1872 when he was appointed one of the Visiting Surgeons, and remained so for a considerable time, resigning on being appointed Gaol Surgeon. In the “eighties” and “nineties” he did nearly all of his work on foot and in the trams, his alert figure and quick step being familiar to everyone, he wore a tweed suit, bowler hat, carried a good stout stick, and with his pleasant smile and slow Scottish cultured manner of speech was welcome everywhere. A tremendous reader, he latterly spent many pleasant hours in the Athenaeum, where his opinion on any subject was always eagerly sought for by the habitudes of that resort. He was a good and pleasant talker, a man of high intellectual ability, and an art critic of no mean order.

Sir Robert Stout, the Chief Justice) says in a letter dated (April 28, 1920):-

“I knew Dr Robert Burns very well from 1865 until his death. He was a kindly man, exceedingly well-read, and well up in current literature. He was a constant visit er to the Dunedin Athenaeum, and had a saine literary faculty for seizing what I term sound literature, and his talk on literary subjects was always interesting. He took a great interest in educational matters, and also in the development of the resources of New Zealand. He was interested in a parcel of land near Mount Cargill, in which it was supposed that oil shale was to be found. That was not successful, but he was always anxious to do what
he could to develop what may be termed the extraordinary resources of Otago. He was a man keen in wit and humour, no one enjoying wit and humour more than he did."

Mr Phillip Bremner, formerly of Flag Swamp, but now of Dunedin, in a letter dated April 23, 1920, says:-

Dr Robert Burns attended me when I was about six or seven years of age, and we renewed our acquaintance some thirty years later on the s.s. Invercargill on the return trip from Milford Sound, whither it had been conveying timber for Sutherland’s accommodation house. Dr Burns had been at Preservation Inlet to ascertain how a mine in which he was interested was developing, and how the miners were faring. He was a very pleasant companion, well versed in the early history of Otago, and he was familiar with the coast line all the way to Dunedin. Among tastes we had in common was an admiration of the paintings of L. W. Wilson. The Dunedin and South Seas Exhibition had been held not long previously, and when a committee was appointed by the Otago Art Society to purchase some of the exhibition pictures, he strongly recommended the purchase of Wilson’s fine oil painting of Preservation Inlet, but he was told that Wilson’s work was not high art. His retort showed that in matters of art he was not to be carried away by the whim of the hour. “I don’t care a d——,” said he, “whether it is high art or not; it is at least pleasing, which cannot be said of much of the so-called high art.” His advice was rejected.

A very helpful lady correspondent, who has supplied us with a wonderful amount of information of the early days, but who does not wish to have her name mentioned, says:—“Dr Borne was Gaol Surgeon for many years, also Public Vaccinator. His rooms were in Princes street, near Gregg’s, the coffee merchants, near Begg’s music warehouse. He lived in the Octagon near the Athenaeum, which is called high art. He was a genial, old gentleman of medium height, with an iron-grey beard, not what you would call stout, but of medium build. When in reminiscent mood he was a whole warehouse of information regarding the early days of Otago. It is a great pity that I was too lazy to take notes of some of his recollections. Alas, all that remains is a mental picture of him discoursing in that delightful cultivated Scotch dialect one so seldom hears nowadays, emphasising his points by a wave of his well-coloured briar. In those times quite a number of men used to play chess or draughts at the Athenaeum. The doctor was too old and too wise a bird to be drawn into the controversy easily, but one night he strolled over to a table where a draughts game was in progress, and followed the moves intently. It was a good game, full of subtle strategy, and ending with a brilliant shot. We turned to the doctor with a ‘there now’ expression, and awaited his verdict. He stroked his beard gravely, and after a pause remarked sententiously, ‘A child’s game, a child’s game.’

Dr Burns was a very genial and kindly old gentleman, and was exceedingly friendly and courteous to the writer when he returned from Edinburgh to start practice in 1889. He was particularly interested in Indian matters, and was never tired of talking of the siege of Lucknow. His knowledge of the defenders and of all the individuals who took part in that heroic scene was extraordinary. He always conveyed the impression that some of his near and dear relatives had been through all the horrors of that period. In reality, one of his most intimate student chums was in India at the time, and it was due to his fondness for him that he had so closely followed the details of the fighting from city to city.

He was a great walker, and took advantage of his holidays to go for long tramps. One of his greatest friends, Mr Robert Hay of this city, sends us the following interesting note. The Corporation case referred to made great stir at the time, and a host of witnesses were called, the doctor finally receiving considerable compensation for the compulsory acquisition of his land:-
Dr Burns was a personal friend of the writer for a period of over 25 years. His was a most interesting personality, and he was possessed of a fund of anecdotes and stories which he narrated with Scotch humour, and was naturally a boos companion and a capital mate for excursions into the wilds of the New Zealand back country which we took together - one to Mount Cook before the days of hermitages and roads in that district. The latter part of the trip had to be made up the bed of the Tasman River, and a pleasant if rough week was spent under canvas on the site that was subsequently occupied by the old building of the hermitage. The doctor made quite a success of the cuisine by frying chops on a gridiron made out of fencing wire, and his efforts were greatly appreciated by his mates, who on that occasion consisted of J. E. F. Coyle, C.E. (died in Sydney), Ramsay, a nephew of the late Mr Keith Ramsay (lost in the Tararua), and R. Hay, the only survivor of the party. Ramsay had a great repertoire of Scotch stories from Dean Ramsay's reminiscences, and vied with the doctor as a raconteur, much to the amusement of the others. Another expedition that the doctor took in company with the writer, Mr Ramsey, and the late Dr M'Gregor (Inspector of Mental Hospitals), via Kinloch and the Routeburn to Lake Harris Saddle, leading to Martin’s Bay, and a night on the way was spent in a deserted hut, at least deserted by humans, but otherwise densely populated, and the night was somewhat disturbed. The doctor was a great walker, and visited his patients almost entirely on foot, and be generally looked me up on a Sunday morning, when we enjoyed a "crack" together. With others he was interested in land with shale deposits on the Waitati Saddle, and the Corporation acquiring the land under the Public Works act necessitated a case for the Arbitration Court for compensation, in which the doctor, in his impetuous way, took an immense interest, so much so, that he took great umbrage with some for giving evidence on the side of the Corporation, and would never speak to them again. He also had an interest in a gold mining claim at Preservation Inlet, and a dispute ever this caused him to sever a friendship of many years' duration. He lived in a house at the corner of Union and Queen streets, with a considerable block of vacant land around the house. The area is now covered with up-to-date villas.

The doctor was very fond of gardening, and his large section, of which we have been allowed to show a fine photograph belonging to the family, extended almost over the whole block behind what are now Mr Booth’s premises in George street. The garden contained many fine native trees, some from the original bush on the spot, others planted by himself. Many of these can be seen to-day behind Mr Booth’s house—kowhais, birches, taratas, manukas, lancewoods, etc. There are also some fruit trees, still in good condition, which were sent out to the doctor from England; they were a present from R. D. Blackmore, the author, who was a valued friend and correspondent of the old doctor. Another of his hobbies was cricket, and for many years he closely followed the doings on the North Ground of the Grange Club. He was also greatly interested in football, being a regular attendant at important matches. One such occasion is particularly brought to mind - he witnessed the deplorable accident in which one of our most promising players received injuries which, after a long illness, resulted in his death, and of its occurrence Dr Burns used frequently to speak - it was a very great blow to him, and he was extremely upset and made quite ill with the shock. He was almost frantic with grief and excitement when the game was stopped, and hardly knowing what he said used fairly severe language in blaming the authorities who controlled the matches. They, in reality, had nothing whatever to do with the game or its conduct, and were no more responsible for the accident than he was. We mention this occurrence as showing his impulsive nature, his keenness in sports generally, his kind-heartedness and genuine sympathy and affection for his fellow men, particularly those sick or injured.

Early in 1907 he had a slight seizure, from which he entirely recovered, but on 7th April of that year he had another attack, and to this he succumbed in a few hours. His last official duty was visiting the prisoners at the Heads the day before he died.

The Evening Star closed an appreciative obituary notice in the following words:- "As a scholarly man it was natural that some of his activities should seek an outlet in the cause of education, he himself being a classical scholar of considerable attainment, and he was one of the original members of the University Council, taking his seat on that body in 1869. Amongst his fellow citizens of late years his disposition was rather retiring - it almost amounted to aloofness - but he had a warm heart for others in any kind of achievement, and one of these was cricket. For many years he closely followed the doings on the North Ground in general, and the Grange Cricket
Club in particular, and not a few of the younger generation will miss the good old doctor who has now entered into his rest."

The Otago Daily Times cricket notes contained the following kindly reference to him. –

*I got a shock when I took up the newspaper on Monday morning and found that Dr Robert Burns had passed away on the Sunday. Apart from his profession and family, his chief love was the love of good cricket. It was almost a passion, and if he couldn’t get good cricket he would rather have had than none at all. If medicine was his vocation, cricket was his avocation (to use the two words correctly for once in a way).* He was greatly attached to the Grange Club - both as a Northender and on account of the Edinburgh associations of the name –and “Alick” Downes was his hero. Moreover, he differed from most veteran enthusiasts in that he was not given to talking much about the past and the players and exploits of old days. His main interest was with the present generation, and the youngest “colt” of promise did not escape his judicial and admiring eye. Dr Burns and I belonged to different generations; indeed, with a few more years he could have been my grandfather; and there must be many people in Dunedin who remembered him, as I cannot, in his prime. Even then, however, he can hardly have been more interesting than in what I venture to term his boyish septuagenarianism. Farewell, old friend, and may your rest be sweet!

**FRANCIS ALEXANDER MONCKTON, OF INVERCARCILL AND RIVERTON.**

Francis Alexander Monckton was born on June 6, 1835, at Maidstone, Kent, England, being the second son of John Monckton, a solicitor, who had held the position of town clerk of that city for the long period of 36 years. The eldest son was John Braddick Monckton, F.S.A., who occupied the honourable and important office of town clerk to the corporation of the city of London, and was later knighted for his services. Francis Monckton received his early education at Corpus Christi Hall, Maidstone, and studied medicine and surgery at the London Hospital, gaining the diploma of M.R.C.S. in the year 1855. As soon as he had qualified he was selected as one of the assistant surgeons in the medical department organised for the Crimean War, which was then raging. His first appointment was for a short period on a frigate. This was followed by a term on the flagship of the Baltic squadron, then on a gunboat, and finally he was transferred to H.M.S. Hastings, being present at the bombardment of Svenborg.

The Hastings was an old teak-built two-decker that had been “razied,” that is with her poop cut off, and she was fitted with a sloop’s mast and an absurd little auxiliary screw. On the way across the North Sea she took fire in some of the cross beams under the engine room, and as the only plan feasible the engine room was flooded, in the hope that the water would reach the fire, which it did after 12 hours of “fire quarters.” This was fortunate as the fore magazine was close to the fire and the ship carried 600 men, of whom 20 were in the sick bay under Surgeon Monckton’s charge, and only sufficient boats were provided for 200. In addition to this, trouble might easily have arisen among the marines, who had just been recruited from the worst of the London slums into the Tower Hamlets Militia, and thence into the marines. They were a rough lot, and the constant floggings that took pace were a source of horror and disgust to the young surgeon. The Hastings, Amphion, and Cornwallis, were alongside one another at the bombardment of Svenborg; they then cruised along the coast to Baro Sound, where the curious sight of “jumping a ship” off the rocks was witnessed. H.M.S. Bellerophon had run her bow high up in the air on an unsuspected rock. Her guns were all shifted aft until her taffrail was low down in the water, and then all hands, numbering 600, crowded the after deck, taffrail, bulwarks, and rigging, and then to the boatswain’s pipe they all jumped together. At the third time of trying she slid off.

Dr Monckton used to say that when he served under Admiral Napier with the Baltic fleet he became aware that the officers of the Russian Navy used to give warning signs to any British Navy officers who were too venturesome, just before their guns opened fire on the British. This Dr Monckton attributed to Freemasonry; but, whatever the cause, one cannot say that the Russian officers did not show nobility of character.
After serving for two years in various capacities by land and sea the young doctor booked his passage as surgeon on the ship Agra, 1000 tons, bound from London for Otago, and carried out his duties so satisfactorily that on arrival he received a testimonial signed by the passengers, setting forth that he had done his work as ship’s surgeon with diligence, attention, and sobriety. Among the signatures were those of E. B. Cargill, R. S. Cantrell, W. H. Sims, and Jas. C. Sims, R. Bylde-Browne (Lieut. R.N.), Fred J. Mieville, Wellesley Despard. Edwin Roberts, Stewart Angelo, and a number more whose names are unfamiliar to us.

The young surgeon found Dunedin well furnished with medical practitioners - Purdie, Burns, Williams, and Nelson in active practice in the town, Hulme in the hospital; Tudor Williams at Tokomairiro; Manning at the Clutha; Richardson at Mataura, - and hearing of the foundation of a new town further on, at a place called Invercargill, promptly decided to be the first doctor there. In the year 1844 Mr Tuckett had closely examined the southern portion of Otago, or Murihiku as it was called, in order to decide if there were any place suitable for the Free Church emigrants who were coming from Scotland to found a new province. Mr Tuckett’s opinion was that this part of the country was nothing more than a bog, and was quite unfit for human habitation, and he decided to return to Otakou and found the settlement in that neighbourhood. Although Mr Tuckett thought so badly of the southern district, sealers and whalers had frequented the various bays and inlets for 30 years or more, and at the time of the arrival of the “first ships” quite a number of white people had penetrated the interior. They took up land by squatting on it, demonstrating to the new arrivals that they were not to be deterred by Mr Tuckett’s opinions, nor willing to be dispossessed by any authority. In 1853 the Province of Otago was gazetted, and the Murihiku block purchased from the Natives for £2600, but no attempt at actual administration was made of this block until 1856, when Governor Gore Brown suggested that the whaling station at the Bluff Harbour be called Invercargill in compliment to the leader of the Otakou Settlement.

A little later on it was decided that the district was developing so rapidly that they were justified in forming a new town, further up the inlet, called Invercargill, while the Bluff was officially to be Campbelltown, in honour of Lady Gore Brown, who was of the Clan Campbell. J. T. Thomson surveyed the whole block, a land office was opened at Invercargill under W. H. Pearson, and this it was thought would induce settlers to purchase the land and make their homes nearby. The country was very rough; there was much mud flat; there were dangerous creeks, bush growing down to the water’s edge; lagoons, nigger-heads, peat bogs; but in spite of these difficulties by 1857 a line of scattered cottages along what is now called Tay street made its appearance, and this was all that represented the splendid town of to-day. Communication with Dunedin was by schooner Star, the-Journey taking anything from four to six weeks; later the steamboat Queen traded between Dunedin, Bluff and Melbourne. Very soon Riverton became the centre of activity, nearly all the business of the inland parts coming through that way. Here Mr J. P. Taylor, afterwards the second Superintendent of Southland, showed himself a kindly nurse to the tender offspring of old Mother Otakou - a careful guide and educator - a gentle leader - a strong and powerful protector as the child grew to manhood. In 1858 the Queen and the Pirate, two small steamers, were the only means of transport from the neighbouring colonies, and if a man wanted a horse he had to wait for the arrival of one of these vessels. When the steamer came into Dunedin with a cargo of live stock, the would-be purchaser had to take his chance with all others on a similar quest. He had to make a mad scramble and rush on to the ship, select from a terrified and huddled mob, pay anything between £75 and £100 for an equine specimen, which might on landing be found to be unsound or a “duffer.” Dr Monckton, who was already a fair judge of horseflesh, was lucky in his selection of a good beast, and after waiting for a fortnight until the sores from the ropes used on board had healed, and the hoofs were fit for shoes, he started off from Dunedin to ride to Invercargill, where he hoped to commence practice. The town he expected to find was in reality nearly all bush, with one public house, a land office of wattle and daub, three small stores, no blacksmith, and a few huts and cottages scattered about. The storekeeper, customhouse officer, land office clerk, some German sawyers, bush hands, with an influx of stockmen, bullock drivers and shepherds, formed the population. There were no roads and no street; the settlers and run- holders were few and far between; the distances to be
travelled were great, ever virgin country, with no tracks, and only prominent land marks as a guide. Dr Monckton found little to do at first, but being a level-headed man was willing to put his hand to anything. He purchased a bullock and a strong sledge, and with these he undertook any work available, such as hauling firewood and goods from the stores to the various dwellings, some at a considerable distance. Those were the days when roads were non-existent, and the tracks were quite impassable for wheel traffic and almost so for horses. Thie doctor lived in a hut among the flax on the bank of the Puni Creek at the top of what is now Tay street. A very old lady who came to Invercargill in ’58 says that a few days after her arrival she was called to the door of their house with a cry of “come and see our doctor.” “What I saw was a slight built man, with black beard and whiskers, driving a bullock dray down the street. When he got out I saw he was dressed in moleskins and blue jumper - was about 5ft 8in in height, spare and well set up, and active in all his movements. He lived in a tent at the top of the street, and I often saw him at sundown boiling his billy on a fire near his tent, and washing his face in a bucket of water from the Puni Creek near by. He was very much liked, and being a strictly temperate man was always considered reliable. Sometimes after tea he would don a suit of professional black and stroll down the track to the town ‘for a little sociability.’” Dr Monckton soon found it advisable to move into Riverton, and here he was the first doctor in the little hospital, and the first to perform an operation there. He remained in practice in Riverton for about five years, travelling to Invercargill several times a week as a later advertisement shows. In addition to hospital work he had many long trips up to the Waiau, Winton, and Dipton, and even as far as Te Anau. He was a very bold and successful surgeon, doing operations that in those days were thought almost impossible. Riverton in the fifties and sixties was a primitive place, and the following account from Mrs J. M. Stevens, whose husband, now deceased, was the eldest son of Captain Stevens of Beaumont Station and Gummie’s Bush Estate, Riverton, will be found of great interest:-- “Captain Stevens landed at the Bluff in 1843 from Sydney, where he had been since 1840. His half-brother Captain Howell was here long before that.

“Dr Monckton had been in the army. He was a great rider, and I think was the first medical officer in charge of the first hospital in Riverton, as there is a life size portrait of him in the present hospital. Those were the days when Invercargill had only one street and the bush grew right down to the town, which was very swampy, the roads being paved with sleepers. Sections could be purchased from £8 each in the heart of the town, but as the land was so swampy not many wanted them. Women went about in gum boots. The hotels - Lind’s (Albion) and Hughes’s (Robbie Burns) - were small four-roomed houses, and there were two or three stores, etc.

“Men were kept busy pit-sawing near at hand, and Gladstone, Invercargill’s best suburb, was all sandhills. It often took boats from Dunedin with mails three months to reach their destination owing to adverse winds. Dr Monckton was the first hospital doctor in Riverton, the hospital being in the old immigration barracks.” There is a story about one of the early hotels which is said to be quite true. They had a fine deep well from which they supplied water for their household for all purposes, including drinking, many of the neighbours drawing their supply also from this source. After some time the amount began to fail, and on investigation being made the skeleton of a man was found at the bottom. The story does not relate any undue illness in the neighbourhood or departure of customers from the precincts. Mrs Stevens, writing of Riverton, says:- “One of Captain Stevens’s children was born at Beaumont Station over 50 years ago. The doctor was there for about three weeks. He used to have a good time and go out fishing and shooting all day. His work over he returned to Riverton. His fee was £90. The first white child born in Riverton saw the light of day in a tent, and had to be stripped to show the Maoris that its body was white as well as its face. Captain Stevens was a coastal trader, occasionally running to the Australian ports. On one occasion he took several Maori sailors with him, and directly they landed in Melbourne they set out to array themselves in the latest fashions in suits, each finishing up with a bell-topper on his head and Wellington boots on his feet. Another time he was to bring clothing from Australia for the women and children in Invercargill and Riverton, and he brought nothing but silk: the whole of the people appeared dressed in silk, which lasted for quite a long time. Captain Howell came over in the early thirties and brought a good deal of his house with him from Tasmania. This was on the land afterwards bought by Dr Trotter. Captain Stevens’s house also contained kitchen and two rooms that were brought from Tasmania to Beaumont Station in the “early forties,” and the kitchen tables from the Auckland Islands when they gave up whaling. The old homestead was destroyed by fire some years ago, but we still have an old Snider rifle, and Colt’s revolver, used to keep the French from landing on the Auckland Islands in those days. The front part of our old homestead at
Beaumont was built by ships’ carpenters, and was fashioned just like a ship, with a big saloon, and all the rooms opening into this.”

Dr Monckton’s own description of the early days, as told in a story called “A Spring Cleaning.” may be here related:- “In the’ early days when Dunedin was slowly emerging from being a whaling settlement under the rule of Johnnie Jones, the town of Invercargill was yet in the future, and the site was an ugly plain of bush and swamp on the bank of a muddy estuary. The Bluff was at that time a grand harbour to a tenantless bush and heap of shifting sandhills. To the west of the Bluff Hill was the entrance of the New River, and taking a straight line for 12 miles across the arc of a circular bay was Jacob’s River, having a bar and entrance past sandhills and the Maori Kainga to the location of Howell’s whaling station, None but those connected with the whalers and the Maoris lived there; there was no law but the ‘strong arm,’ and if Captain Howell had not been able to ‘knock out’ any other man he would speedily have lost his authority. In those days one Paulin started the first public house in the south and used to manufacture a rich old fruity wine, in great request among the sailors by putting black currant juice, molasses rum and water, into a port wine cask and rolling it about to impart the true flavour. Previous to this high class establishment a broken down beach comber - by occupation a cooper – had a manufactory of ‘beer and spirits’ from the cabbage tree, and trusted to the shore leave of successful whaling crews for market.”

It is well known that a considerable amount of sugar can be extracted from the ti or cabbage tree: the Maoris had a process for doing this. The cooper no doubt had some fermenting process, with the aid of heel taps of rum and brandy, and succeeded in producing an intoxicating liquor of sorts. One lovely autumn day a whaling ship hove to in Howell’s Roads and the liberty men pulled across the bar, entered the river, passed the “trying out works” to the left, and landed where the track led up to the cooper’s brewery. It may be mentioned that in those days the major portion of a whaler’s company consisted of a low-down class of men. The choice thirst these individuals had caused an immediate rush to the hut for a drink. The owner was out, and as their time was limited and they saw a hoghead of beer before them, they helped themselves, drank what they wanted, removed to the boat what they could find vessels for, and then after the manner of such scoundrels capsized the balance and smashed up everything useful or breakable before they left. When the cooper returned, and saw what had happened his passion and language were awful, but decidedly suited to the circumstances. The winter months were approaching and he knew that if he wanted revenge he must wait, as few vessels cared to cruise about the Solanders in the wild seas and sou’ westers of that season. He waited well on into the spring, and then arranged with old Paitu, the chief, to give him timely warning if his people saw that ship appear again. One day, just as he had racked off cask of capital beer, a Maori appeared with the news that the long waited for craft was showing round the point from Foveaux Straits, evidently wishing to beat up to an anchorage. The battered and generally inexpressive face of the cooper brightened, and became almost radiant as he instructed a Maori woman to bring him two handfuls of kowhai blossoms and leaves, which he put into a billy of water, and proceeded to boil. Another message that the boat was crossing the bar, caused him to quickly strain his decoction, empty it into the beer, remove everything that could be stolen or destroyed, except a few handy pannikins, and make himself and his Maori friends scarce on urgent private business. The batch of liberty men, whether the same crew or not, but off the same ship, found their way to the cooper’s and helped themselves, but as they did not return to the ship to time, nor in response to frequent gun-shot signals, their officers came to look for them, and then - well it was a question whether they would ever recover from the terrific “spring cleaning” they had not bargained for. Dr Monckton adds: “The circumstances above related are historically true, and the question naturally arises as to whether the alkaloid of the kowhai has ever been isolated and scientifically examined. It was well known to the older Maoris as a very violent emetic, etc.” Modern physiologists would, we think, class it as a strong gastro-intestinal irritant.

In May 1863, the advertising medium was the Southland News, a new departure, due no doubt to the foundation of the Province in 1862.

On the 28th February, 1863, by the Rev. W. P. Tanner, at the Episcopal Church, Riverton, Francis Alexander Monckton, to Sarah Annie, relict of the late Thomas Newton, Esq.

In 1864 Dr Monckton found it advisable to move back again to Invercargill. The influx of the gold seekers had brought about a tremendous boom; the town had gone ahead, and there were some eight or nine doctors “hard at
it.” His advertisements and notices appeared in the Southland News, the paper which had opened its shutters under the new name in 1862. The last note, giving the account of an amputation, has its humorous side when one reads of the enterprising journalist who was one of those present at the “table.” The remarkable speed of the operation was a relic of the pre-anaesthetic days, and seeing that the patient was “under the influence of chloroform,” there was no necessity for haste on this occasion. In Dr Monckton’s own words: “I now added to my troubles the arduous duties of Resident Surgeon in the Invercargill Hospital, having succeeded the notorious Dr Murray, of Brig Carl and Island Massacre fame.”

Southland News, May 27, 1865.

We beg to call attention to the bad state of the approaches to the Hospital. The road leading from the gratings in Dee street to the entrance gates is almost knee-deep in mud, and of a night must be most uncomfortable, if not dangerous, to cross. In the case of a person with a fractured leg being taken to the Hospital during a dark night, we believe that the chances are ten to one that he would be further injured from his attendants slipping with him on the road we have alluded to. Surely the authorities could find a few loads of gravel, and spare the labour of three or four prisoners for a couple of days, in order to make the approaches to the Hospital safe and comfortable.

Southland News, June 13, 1865.

A case of femoral amputation was most successfully performed at the Hospital yesterday evening by the resident surgeon, Dr Monckton. The patient was an old man named Jones, upwards of 60 years of age, and who was admitted to the Hospital about seven months ago, suffering from a cut in the right knee-joint. Every effort was made to save the leg, but without avail, as it was decayed from the ankle to above the knee-joint. Yesterday afternoon Jones consented to submit to amputation as the only means of saving his life. At twenty minutes to eight o’clock the patient was placed under the influence of chloroform; in about a minute and a-half the amputation was completed, and before eight o’clock the stump was dressed and the patient comfortable in bed. The only persons present at the operation were the resident surgeon, the dispenser, one wardsman and a reporter from this journal.

By this time Dr Monckton had become very well known for his surgical work, and on many occasions had great distances to travel and serious difficulties to overcome; but patients suffered then as they do to-day from the neglect to carefully describe an injury when sending a message for a medical man. As in the case which is now related, if the doctor be not present when the messenger arrives, untold damage may be caused by such a message as “Ask Dr Monckton to come at once to an accident at Mr Barnhill’s.”

In the latter end of the “sixties,” after Dr Monckton had again removed to Invercargill from Riverton, a young man, George Ivey, assisting to get timber for a boat being built for Hodge Bros., of Lake Te Anau, was badly injured by a branch from a falling tree, and had his leg fractured. He had to be carried out of the bush on a stretcher manufactured on the spot, and conveyed to the homestead, all of which was difficult and occupied time. Then one of the Hodge brothers had to start for Invercargill to get the doctor, and on reaching Castle Rock, 60 to 100 miles, he found Mr Barnhill leaving for town, a further 60 miles. It was arranged that Mr Barnhill should send the doctor, and Hodge was to wait to spell his horse and take him on. On reaching Invercargill Mr Barnhill failed to find the doctor, but left a message for him to go as soon as possible, which he did, but not knowing that the injury was anything more than a simple fracture he did not think it necessary to take instruments. On arrival he found that it was a bad compound fracture, and as no one had known how to arrange the limb it was necessary to perform immediate amputation. The Messrs Hankinson ground a table knife to a passable amputating instrument, and the boat builders sharpened up a tenon saw, with which implements the limb was taken off - no chloroform - and the operation was quite successful, but later on tetanus set in, and of this Ivey eventually died. The doctor was most attentive, and did all he could; I think he stayed until the last. People were, as usual, condemnatory, and put about that a cross-cut saw and a butcher’s knife had been used; but it appears to me that in the absence of clear information, and with the prospect of a long ride over rough country, the best was done, and the doctor could not fairly be blamed. I have always held this view in discussion on the matter, and voiced the opinion to Ivey’s brother, who was appointed Head of the Lincoln Agricultural College, and an old Tasmanian school-
fellow of mines who came to see me at Mararoa and get particulars of George Ivey’s death, that everything possible was done for him, and that Dr Monckton had acted skillfully and kindly in his treatment. The greatest difficulty he had to contend with was the want of proper information as to the injury, and he had to come from Invercargill without the necessary instruments - a long ride over rough roads on horseback - and perform the operation in a hurry. John MacPherson, of Invercargill, another Tasmanian school-fellow, feeling somewhat concerned about Ivey after hearing of the accident, road up to my place at Mararoa, bringing calvesfoot jelly in a bottle, and we both went on to Hodges’ station, arriving after the operation had been performed. We met Dr Monckton there, and were both of the same opinion that all had been done that could be done. It was not till after we left that things took the fatal turn, and Dr Monckton was still in charge. At that time the only means of communication was by horseback; there were no roads or approach by wheeled traffic, except by a long circuitous route only really passable to bullock wagons. - Reminiscence by Geo. F. B. Poynter, formerly of Mararoa Plains Station.

Had the messenger waited and seen Dr Monckton, explained something of the nature of the injury, that the man had been hurt some time before, and had been carried a long distance, the doctor would have gone equipped for an amputation, and might have saved his patient’s life. However, as Antiseptic Surgery had not then “arrived,” and the dreaded bacillus of tetanus gained access to the wound, no human power was of avail. Modern surgery would have provided for immediate operation - not necessarily amputation - under strict antiseptic conditions, asepsis being hardly possible; an injection of antitetanic serum would have been administered, and recovery might have taken place.

On another occasion Dr Monckton had to go as far as Lake Te Anau, which was over 100 miles from Invercargill, and on the way back, passing Freeman Jackson’s old station on the Mararoa, he took a short cut through Prince’s Gorge. It was a fine bright night, and he thought he could easily find his way through the somewhat boggy growth, although he had not been over it for about 10 years. On entering the valley he found the height of the hills had prevented the snow from melting, and the whole ground was deeply covered, which quite hid all the tracks, and at the same time concealed the treacherous bogs. After going very carefully for some distance, he found the ground getting so soft that he thought it safer to tether his horse and prospect for firmer roadway. A quarter of a mile of this feeling his way and he was considerably startled by coming upon the figure of a man sitting perfectly still on a tussock. This proved to be Black Davey, a station hand, who had had a bad fall and injured his arm. He had fainted twice while struggling through the snow, and had finally decided that, although he knew the road well, he had better sit quite still on the off chance of some shepherd coming along and spotting him from the hill next morning. From the condition he was in it was evident that Davey would not have lived to see the light of day. His philosophic view of the situation, and his calmly settling himself for the night were evidently the first signs of the ‘sleep of cold’ we have all read about, but few of us have actually felt; the “sleep of cold” that precedes “the sleep of death.” After rousing Davey up and examining him, Dr Monckton found his two forearm bones broken, but by splitting some flax-bush stalks (called karaddie or korari) and tying with pieces of flax blades, a fairly efficient splint and sling were made, enabling Davey to travel pretty comfortably. They got back to the station all right, and were congratulated upon their escape, for often weeks went by without anyone going through the gorge, and with the snow on the ground no one would dream of trying it. Davey would have died had the doctor not found him, and the doctor would assuredly have perished had it not been for Davey’s thorough acquaintance with the treacherous passage-way.

Showing the curious disregard for law and order and the quaint opinions of right and wrong in those days is the following tale:-

Dr Monckton found that vessels came to New Zealand for the express purpose of “stopping there,” and on one occasion the brig Wanderer, with a load of grain, came ashore in a perfectly calm sea only two miles from Riverton. When the tide receded the men stepped over the bows on to the beach, and camped under tents made
of sails until the master had arranged for unloading and carting the cargo away. Dr Monckton had a look at her, and being a bit of a “practical man,” and always inclined to mix into business outside of his own, offered to get her off the beach and into the river for £25. Captain Howell, to whom he made the offer, laughed at him, saying that he knew it was quite practicable, and would not cost half that; but as there was no Lloyd’s Agency in the neighbourhood to make objections on behalf of the underwriters, the wiser course was to let the brig rest her poor old bones where they were. She had been floating for 27 years, and if the captain decided she had come to the end of her tether, the doctor would be a wise man not to make such act offer, and not to interfere in other people’s business.

A little later Captain Elles, the Custom House Officer at Invercargill, “got wind” that a small vessel called the New Chum had arranged to deliver some illicit spirits in Riverton. He laid in wait, and on her way out he suddenly boarded her, and asked for a passage round. The owners consented, upon a sum being mentioned for payment. It was a fine smooth passage, and the captain sat on one of the painted water-casks that were lashed on the deck, and gaily awaited his anticipated seizure of smuggled whisky. On arrival at Riverton he obtained local assistance, and they made a thoroughly systematic search through the cargo, but finding nothing he d…d his informant for having made a fool of him, and left the ship in disgust, everyone laughing at him. As soon as he was out of sight the water-casks were broached of the best “spirits” that had made its appearance in Riverton for some time. The doctor, who heard the story immediately after, thoroughly enjoyed drinking Captain Elles’ health in a glass of the same contraband. Lawlessness at times turned comedy into tragedy, for at a great festival Riverton was full, the squatters were down from the country, the settlers were in from the bush. Sawyers, boatmen, and hush-cutters were all on the spree, and those in possession of full dress - squatters, trading half-castes, storekeepers, and Government officials - were in full rig for the ball. The doctor, who was then unmarried and lived on the south bank of the river, could not attend owing to a critical case, but he lent his boat to a young fellow named James Simms, who had come out on the Agra with him, had signed his testimonial, and was a great friend. Simms had just received a big remittance to purchase a run and stock, the deal had been completed, and he was off next morning to take delivery. He was in great spirits, and was so free and easy with his money, so open handed and trustful, that he was more than once remonstrated with on the folly of showing a well-filled wallet in that mixed company. About 11 p.m. the doctor went down to the water side and looked across at the lighted saloons, listened to the sounds of music and revelry, and tried to see if his boat was safely fastened to the opposite bank. It was a perfectly calm starlight night, and Simms had promised to come across before the tide made. Just at this time Simms walked down to the river-side, a number of the revellers remonstrating with him for leaving so early, and his reply was that he was only going to pull the boat higher up, clear of the tide. The boat was not pulled up, but floated down the river, and poor James Simms never returned. Eighteen months afterwards a body without a head, in clothes recognised as his, was washed clear of the tide. The boat was not pulled up, but floated down the river, and poor James Simms never returned. The pockets were empty - no papers, no wallet - and as there was then no local press, and the constable was useless in such an emergency, the efforts of his friends to unravel the mystery were unavailing. Later on a boat accident took place in which a number of persons lost their lives, and amongst these it was shrewdly conjectured was the man really responsible for the murder and robbery of poor James Simms.

The humorous side of life in those days gives more pleasant reading, and the way the old pioneer whalers used to handle their cattle caused many a hearty laugh. Of course there were no wharves, or even a jetty, at that time, and the cattle were yarded half a mile from the long shelving beach, off which the vessel would be anchored. The boat would drop a kedge in deep water, and veering on to the chain, would allow the stern to be shoved in as close to the shore as possible. The animals were generally really wild, and needed a substantial stockyard to hold them, and it was a dangerous job to get the maddened, frightened, rushing beasts from the yard, one by one, down to the boat. With shouts and prods the unfortunate beast was first forced into a narrow race with bars in front and behind it. Then a long rope was centred and fastened to the neck, with the two ends free for the right and left hand men to run with, and try and guide it. A long tripping line was also fastened to one foreleg, below the knee, the other end of this was taken charge of by two more men. Down went the rails, and away went the two first men with the beast after them, as hard as they could tear. If it was a near shave, and the cow or bullock got too “handy” to the runners, the men with the tripping line pulled it sharply, and of course the animal was brought down on its nose. After a few checks of that sort it became disciplined, and could be guided to the boat. Sometimes, after being tripped up, the animal would turn on those with the tripping rope, and then there would be a scatter. Occasionally, also, those with the “trip” would not exercise it for sheer devilry, until the man in
front had been hunted and nearly caught in an exhausted condition. This often led to fisticuffs afterwards, but on the whole the sailors enjoyed the fun, excitement, and danger, with its boisterous exuberance of spirits which is always present when “Jack is ashore.”

In January, 1866, a tremendous disturbance was made, and more or less of a set against Dr Monckton for his treatment of a man in the Invercargill Police Station supposed to be suffering from alcoholic poisoning. The patient was almost comatose, and Dr Monckton, who had seen repeated cases of the same kind when serving in H.M. Navy, had ordered the policeman to walk him up and down while he himself busily plied a horsewhip. The man died while under this line of treatment, but the only “stomach pump” which was sent for was found to be broken and “would not work.” Mr I. N. Watt, magistrate, gave evidence that, when a student at St. Bartholomew’s Hospital in London, he had seen the same treatment applied for poisoning by laudanum. The proceedings at the inquest were reported at great length in the papers, and the verdict was that the man “died from alcoholic poisoning.” The only comment we make about the case is the delay that was caused by fiddling with an “engine” called a stomach pump, a fearsome thing of brass taps, levers, valves, and pipes. It is interesting to note that we have now replaced that obsolete machine, which can only be bought in second-hand shops today, by a simple ordinary funnel and piece of rubber tubing, all that is necessary for the purpose of washing out the stomach. Curiously this simple apparatus was introduced by the physiologist and surgeon Kussmaul in 1867, about the time when this deplorable occurrence took place. How many lives have been lost when “going for the stomach pump” or getting it to work we do not know but the following interesting little story by Dr John Brown, of Edinburgh, is a sort of “skit” upon the modern physician’s eye for scientific details and complete neglect of the practical:-

There was a poor man in the Infirmary, who, suffering the torments of angina pectoris, ended his life by drinking a bottle of aconite liniment, which he had beside his bed. The physician to his clinical clerk: “How about this man; did you see him before he died?” “Yes, sir!” “Did you feel his pulse?” “No, sir.” “Did you examine his pupils?” “No. sir.” “Did you observe any frothing at the mouth or the nose?” “No, sir.” “Did you count his respirations?” “No, sir.” “Then, sir, what the devil did you do?” “I ran for the stomach pump.”

In 1869 Dr Monckton returned to Riverton for a time, and performed what we believe was the first case of ovariotomy in Otago, if not in New Zealand. This operation, which entails extensive handling of the structures in the peritoneal cavity, was only made possible by Lister’s great work, and as this was published in 1867, it would appear that Monckton either operated in ignorance of the latest methods of surgery and his patient recovered by absolutely good luck and good surgical cleanliness, or that he had read of Lister’s methods and carried them out with most of the details before anyone else in the larger towns had dreamed of doing so.

It is said that he had relays of horsemen all the way from Thornbury where the operation took place, to the Takitimós, for the purpose of carrying ice and snow for his patient, and that it was due to this arrangement and his unremitting attention that she recovered. It is probable that the case developed into one with high fever, and although this was before the days of charts and the clinical thermometer had reached New Zealand, Dr Monckton, with nearly all surgeons of that time, recognised the value of cold in reducing temperature, and acted accordingly, with excellent results, for his patient recovered and lived well on into the present century. He was a man of great energy and power which manifested itself in public affairs as well as active surgical practice, an ardent politician, and a firm partisan, giving and taking the hard knocks incident to that sphere of activity without being much disturbed. He was a perfect horseman, and the tales of his horse-beaking, horse-taming, and horse-training abounded in the Southland of 40 years ago.”

We append two interesting testimonials issued to him in this year:-

Riverton, April 23, 1869.

Sir,—Your skill and ability as a surgical operator have several times been brought under our notice, but more especially of late, when, as we learned from the local newspapers, an operation of unusual severity was successfully performed by you. We heartily congratulate you on the result, which, as we are informed by the patient’s friends, was, humanly speaking, due to your timely aid and unceasing attention. Trusting you will be pleased to accept this small token of our respect and esteem. We remain, yours very sincerely,- J. Surman, B. Ekensteen, Walter Pearson, James Joyce, Wm. Russell, J. P.

Superintendent’s Office,
Southland, N.Z., August 30, 1869.
Francis Alexr. Monckton, Esq., Provincial Surgeon, etc.

Dear Sir - it affords me very much pleasure to testify to the satisfaction of this Government at the ability, probity, and earnestness with which you have discharged the duties of the various offices of Provincial Surgeon, Resident Surgeon of the Hospital, Health Officer of the Province, and Medical Attendant on Gaol, Police, and Lunatic Asylum - I remain, my dear Doctor, very truly yours, Jno P. Taylor, Superintendent.

When young Monckton first settled in Riverton, like many others he thought he had only to get a piece of land, live on it, and get fat. He did get a piece of land on the Purapurakino (beastly muddy place); lived there, but did not get fat, and had to start the practice of his profession which he did understand, instead of playing at work of which he knew nothing. While acting as a bush settler, before he knew how to fell a tree, he, like most other people, had often to go pot-hunting, pigs, pigeons and kakas being the principal game. Later on in years Dr Monckton wrote for the Southern Mercury a number of interesting reminiscences of the very early days, and we think some of them will hear repeating. "Between the Mataura Flat and the Range, before the days of railways, or even roads, there was a swamp impassable except in a few places, of which Stuart’s Bog was one, and then you had to find the gravel bottom, knee deep, in getting from the high ground to the level below. One day, in making my way across country, I became immersed in a thick fog before I got to the ridge I ought to descend by. The evening was coming on, and with the fog was a soaking cold drizzle. I nearly lost the run of my horse when I tethered him to a flax bush while I descended a steep incline to look for, or rather to feel for, crossing tracks, and I had a hard job to find him again. Presently I heard voices, and a hail from a party evidently also lost in the fog. It consisted of Littlewort, the mail-carrier, on a half- broken colt, leading old George, a well-bred coach horse, with an enormous pack of mail bags for Dunedin. ‘Who is with you?’ I said, trying to make out the dim figure through the soaking mist. ‘Long Hamilton, Flesher Dick, and a stranger from Australia who had been looking for signalling country.’ They had missed the track through the playing up of Littlewort’s colt in the very dense fog, where he really required all his senses to keep to the hardly perceptible track. After discussion, it was agreed that I should stop still and hold George, giving a shrill whistle at stated intervals, and the others should take a wide cast within coo-ee, and search for the track. Night closed down upon us, and all hands had to return to where I was, cold and sopping, trying to keep alive by walking up and down. The proposal to camp did not find much favour, for it would only be exchanging wet saddles for the wet ground; but feeling a determined tug at the reins, I sang out to Littlewort that George had got his nose to the ground and was straining to get away. The answer came quick from the mailman: ‘Tie up the reins quick; let him go; close up, and don’t lose sight of him or of one another.’ In another minute George was going along at a slow trot, with his long neck out and his nose to the ground, while a string of cold, wet, hungry men hanging on to each other jogged one by one behind him. Twisting in and out, up and down, pounding through soft ground in the vicinity of a dangerous morass, then on to a stony plain, again down a narrow track into the swollen Waimumu, and so on we went helplessly dependent on the sagacity of the mail horse, until we finally reached an accommodation house over the Mataura Falls. The open door disclosed a huge fire and smiling landlord. ‘What will you drink?’ says Long Hamilton. ‘No,’ says the stranger, ‘it’s my shout.’ ‘... it all, no,’ says Flesher Dick; ‘it’s a shilling in for George before we take anything. Come on, landlord, put down your coin, too, for we should not have been here if it had not been for the old horse.’ Rouseabout Jim was called in from the stables and the order given that he was to give George the loose-box, and after rubbing down, as much sheaf oats as he wanted for food and bedding, and a committee of all hands saw it done. Since that time, whenever I see a person ill-using a horse I turn my back in disgust, and remember with gratitude the ‘shilling in for George.’

Dr Monckton had an extensive acquaintance with the old whalers who were the pioneers in forming little settlements round the coast. They were a rough, dare-devil lot, and the head man had to maintain his authority by showing he could use his fists to good purpose. The offhand, ruthless way in which they ignored or even ridiculed pain or danger was astonishing. One day a negro sailor scalded his foot so badly that the deep tissues
came off, leaving the muscles and sheaths of the tendons exposed. Tom Brown, the coxswain, passed the word for the master, Captain Howell, as he thought the case too much for his own rude skill. The captain remembered having brought a case of painkiller on his previous trip to Sydney, but as it was in such silly little bottles, he thought they had better pour them all into a wash bucket and put the man’s foot in it. He, however, warned them that niggers were always stupid and pigheaded, and did not know what was good for them, so that some of the hands should stand by and hold him, and keep his foot in it. Captain Howell, who related the story to Dr Monckton, said that it took as many of the crew as they could get on top of him to hold the negro under the experiment. His struggles and screams were awful, and though it cured him, they thought that anyone else but a nigger would have gone mad or died under the treatment.

In Dr Monckton’s day tutu poisoning was fairly common, and a large percentage of stock was lost through the eating of this poisonous plant. If cattle or sheep were taken quietly they seldom suffered, but if they were hustled, and particularly if they came in hungry and had a good feed, they quickly became what was called “hoven” - that is, quite dizzy, more or less mad, and swelled up through the presence of gas in the intestines. To relieve this the animal was tapped with a trocar and cannula, a sharp instrument such as doctors use for dropsy. On one occasion the doctor was holding a steer while this operation was about to be performed, and at the critical moment he heard “look out,” and all except him jumped clear. Not knowing what to do the doctor was not expecting trouble, and was knocked sprawling, and when he came to himself had a confused recollection of stars, steers’ heads, muddy boots, etc. He was carried to the house, treated most hospitably, and when he recovered was laughed at for his inquiries, with the answer: “Why, they always do that when you stick them.”

An amusing story told by the doctor will be appreciated by many who, in the “sixties,” knew the brothers Julius, who had a station in the Waitaki district. They were English gentlemen of means, who came out in the early days through representations from their cousins, the Jeffreys and Valpys, that the country was a good one to settle in. Their names were Reginald, Herbert, and Cedric; but on account of little personal peculiarities they were called Walking Julius, Talking Julius and Barking Julius. They were great sports and good horsemen, and owned and rode horses at the Oamaru races, often winning prizes; and the story that the doctor tells about them is as follows:- “Amongst travelled people it often happens that some extraordinary peculiarity may evoke surprise or even a smile; but only ignorant or narrow-minded, vulgar persons will jeer at physical defects and misfortunes. The command of my countenance was, however, once severely tried in the case I shall now relate. There are hundreds of people in the South Island who knew in the ‘sixties’ the three celebrities - brothers, who were known as Walking Caesar, Talking Caesar, and Barking Caesar. The last-named, owing to a spasmodic affection of the throat, used to emit a sharp yelp or bark at intervals when speaking. I knew him by reputation only, until one day I was joined up with a good looking, powerful man, evidently a gentleman, on a well-appointed weight carrier. He made some pleasant casual remark which wound up with a sharp ‘woof’ that made me jump; but quickly recognising who it must be, I made no further signs of noticing his peculiarity. When we came to an accommodation house we stopped to bait our horses, and in giving the hostler his instructions, Mr Caesar let out a bark, which caused the man to grin, and, unfortunately for him, to make some insulting observation, causing him to be promptly knocked down by Caesar, who used his fists with great execution. I thought I had got a pretty hot companion, though otherwise a very pleasant one. The next place we came to we had to stop for the night, and a number of squatters, who seemed to know my companion, Mr Caesar, very well, were also staying there. After dinner we were all sitting round the fire, when the door opened, and a queer-looking, little old settler entered, calling out: ‘Hullo, boys, how are you all? Is there any room for me?’ Several responded in the affirmative, and Caesar also, but with rather an exaggerated ‘bark’ in his sentence. The little man staggered back, threw up his arms, and with a wave of his hat, called out at the top of his voice: ‘Yoicks! good dog. Hark to him!’ The scene was so ludicrous that everybody shouted with laughter, in which I was pleased to see my travelling companion joined. When I came to know him better I found that, though quick tempered, he never took offence if it was not intended, and was a real good sport. Like most of the notable old pioneers, he and his brothers have long since passed away.”

In manner Dr Monckton was very abrupt, and to some people brusque, if not even rude; but he was a most kindhearted man, especially to women and children. He was rather too fond of practical jokes, and was by some called “meddlesome,” for he would take it upon himself to correct defects in other people’s property, watches, clocks, any kind of machinery, without being asked to do so, and often with unfortunate results, leaving matters
far worse than he found them. This proved a source of great annoyance, if not offence, to some of his
neighbours. A gentleman living in Invercargill to-day, who came out from Home as a boy with his parents in
1864, in 1865 got a situation as shop boy with Mr Clarke, the chemist. He remembers Dr Monckton well, and
describes him as being very active and full of tricks and nonsense. He often came to the shop, and if Mr Clarke
was absent, he delighted in making the boy swallow a draught of his compounding, something which would not
harm him, but which tasted horrible. After a few doses the boy complained to Mr Clarke, who laughed and said:
“Next time he does that, you throw it at him.” A day or two afterwards Dr Monckton came to the shop when Mr
Clarke was out; he looked solemnly at young John for a few moments, then got the step-ladder, took down some
bottles from a shelf, mixed one of his abominable concoctions, and handed it to the lad, saying: “There, my boy;
you don’t look at all well. Drink that, and it will do you good.” The boy took the glass and threw the contents
full in Dr Monckton’s face. He was staggered for a moment, then recovering himself, rushed at young John,
who fled, shouting: “The boss told me next time you tried to make me drink anything I was to throw it in your
face.” The doctor sought out Mr Clarke, and furiously demanded an explanation. Mr Clarke, between
astonishment and laughter, protested that he only spoke in joke, and never imagined the boy would take him
seriously. Presently, after being wiped down and pacified, the doctor joined in the laugh against himself, and
never bore any grudge against the boy.

Dr Monckton was for many years Surgeon Superintendent of the Riverton Hospital, and on his retirement from
that office in 1879, in recognition of his exertions in founding and organising that institution, the committee had
two portraits of him painted, one of which they presented to him and the other they retained and hung in the
dispensary of the hospital, where it may still be seen. In 1871 he was in partnership in Invercargill with Dr
Samuel Hodgkinson, who then held the office of coroner, whilst Dr Monckton was hospital and gaol surgeon.
On the retirement of Dr Hodgkinson from the office of coroner, Dr Monckton was appointed as his successor,
thus by virtue of the position becoming a Justice of the Peace. Dr Monckton held many other appointments.
From 1881 to 1883 he was surgeon of the Ross Hospital, Westland; 1884 surgeon to the Hospital at Kumara,
Westland, subsequently being surgeon to the Reefton Hospital in the Grey County. He was a member of the
Southland Provincial Executive during the tenure of Mr J. P. Taylor as Provincial Superintendent, and, was
employed by the New Zealand Government as medical officer in its Insurance Department in Invercargill. When
the railways were being constructed he acted as surgeon to the employees in succession to Dr Murray. He
practised in many parts of the Dominion, being well known in Dunedin, Nelson, Ross, Kumara, Reefton, and
Feilding. In 1907 he went Home as surgeon on the s.s. Whakatata and renewed the friendship of his early days
with the few whom he found remaining. He was a surgeon of more than average nerve, and was successful in
many critical surgical operations. In the early days there were no medical specialists, but in his later years Dr
Monckton made a particular study of diabetes mellitus, in the treatment of which he was unusually successful.
On several occasions he read papers on this subject at meetings of the New Zealand Branch of the British
Medical Association, and showed himself to be a close observer and an original thinker. He contributed articles
to various periodicals - one, descriptive of a mechanical bed which he had ingeniously contrived for the comfort
and convenience of his patients in hospital; for this he took out letters patent in the Colony, and also later in
Great Britain in 1907. Another drew attention to the antiseptic and curative properties of phormium tenax, or
New Zealand flax, used in the form of a decoction in the dressing and irrigation of wounds; and a third paper
urged the value of a certain drug as an internal remedy in the treatment of diabetes. The doctor also wrote a
pamphlet, giving in a highly amusing and graphic style his experiences as a medical man in New Zealand in
charge of a hospital at “Sopemdown.” His energy and enterprise were not wholly confined to medical matters.
At one time he was a runholder at Pahia, near Orepuki. The trials and troubles connected therewith he aptly
described in short articles and stories published in his later years as “Life on a Cattle Station.” At one time he
conceived the idea that an advantageous and profitable settlement might be made in the Auckland Islands, some
three or four degrees directly south of New Zealand. In the year 1874 he obtained a lease of these from the
Crown, his intention being to establish a small colony, whose business it should be to supply whalers calling at
these islands with coal, provisions and implements required in the whaling business. With this object he
purchased a schooner, the “Mabel Jane,” at a cost of some £900, and freighted her with a married couple, a
number of young men, a small herd of cattle, timber, stores, tools, and implements, several boats for use at the
islands, etc. On this expedition Dr Monckton sailed, his vessel being commanded by a skilled navigator, Captain
Welch, it being intended that she should ply regularly between the islands and the mainland carrying such stock
and stores as should be found to be in request. The scheme proved wholly impracticable, and the project had to be abandoned in consequence of the highly dangerous character of the navigation of those seas at almost all seasons of the year. On another voyage to the islands Dr Monckton and crew were absent for nearly nine months, and could not get back, nor could any news of them be obtained. The attempt to carry out this commercial enterprise caused much excitement in the Colony, and elicited the warmest interest in Dr Monckton and his undertaking. His manner was brusque, but under that brusqueness there was true kindness of heart. An observant person would quickly read him as a real man. He was a first-class rider, and exceedingly clever in handling and training horses, of which he was always very fond. He wrote numerous articles on horse-training and numbers of anecdotes in connection with this, his favourite hobby. He died very suddenly in 1910, leaving a son and three daughters. The son, the Hon. C. A. Monckton, spent some 10 years in the Government service in New Guinea, eventually holding the position of Resident Magistrate in that colony, and having a seat on the Executive Council.

The Feilding Star of March 26, 1910, had the following obituary notice:-

 Dr Monckton, one of the oldest surgeons here, dropped dead at his gate yesterday afternoon, probably from heart disease. Dr Monckton came to New Zealand from England over 30 years ago. He had previously been an army surgeon. He landed at the Bluff, where he lived for some time. While there he leased the Auckland Islands from the Government, and made periodical trips to the island in a cutter, to bring back his wool. Leaving the Bluff, he went to Greymouth, and from there he came to Feilding, where he has resided for the last 24 years. In the year 1889 he became Mayor of Feilding, being elected over the late Mr S. Goodhere on the casting vote of the town clerk. He also held up to his death the office of public vaccinator for Feilding. He was a genial old English gentleman, and though not a prominent public man, took a great interest in the affairs of the town. His wife survives him. The members of the family are: Mr C. A. W. Monckton (Te Horo, late an administrator in New Guinea), Mrs Broad (wife of the Hastings manager of the Bank of New Zealand), Mrs W. L. Fetch (of Kimbolton Road, Feilding), Mrs Cooke (wife of the solicitor, of Palmerston), and Mrs H. P. Lance is a step-daughter.

In 1917 the same paper published the following:

 There died at Feilding recently in her 80th year Mrs S. A. Monckton, widow of the late Dr F. A. Monckton, formerly provincial surgeon of Southland and a Crimean veteran, who predeceased her seven year ago. The late Mrs Monckton spent most of her life in New Zealand, having come from Ireland to Auckland with her parents in the early fifties. She and her husband enjoyed much of the pioneer life of this country. She was widely known, and her kindness endeared her to many friends.

SAMUEL HODGKINSON, OF MOUNT FAIRFAX AND INVERCARILL.

Soon after Dr Monckton’s arrival in Invercargill and Riverton, Dr Hodgkinson came from the North Island and visited Riverton and the surrounding country. The following account of his life shows that he played a great part in the shaping of the destinies of this, the southern portion of the Province of Otago. Like so many medical men who entered the profession only to relinquish it at as early a date as possible, Hodgkinson, with Menzies, Monro, Featherston, Hector, Buchanan, and others, have writ their names on the sands of time, not by the practice of medicine but by political activity, administrative ability, and journalism. Hodgkinson, a keen observer, a good reader, a great writer, and a man of prodigious memory, committed during his lifetime to the form of a diary or autobiography a very lengthy and highly interesting account of his long career. This, which includes great detail of voyages and travels by land and sea, settlement in Australia, early experiences in North Canterbury, descriptions of American touring, medical practice in England, etc., has not so far been published. We have been greatly favoured with permission to use such part of it as we required, and particularly that which refers to his life in Southland when he was in actual practice for a time. That the other parts of his diary will some day be made use of and the public allowed to read the details of his adventures and useful life, is our earnest wish.
Samuel Hodgkinson was born on March 11, 1817, at Morton Grange, near Retford, Notts, England, and after being educated at day schools in Retford was apprenticed at the age of 17 to Dr William Valentine, general practitioner in Nottingham. Here he had considerable experience of the great cholera epidemic in his first year, for over a hundred persons in the neighbourhood died, and he had to see many cases in the workhouse and hospital. This is the epidemic which our readers may remember was described in Dr Purdie’s article. After four years Hodgkinson went on to London, and started to study for his diplomas at the Apothecaries Hall and the Royal College of Surgeons. In June of that year King William IV died, and Queen Victoria on her accession made a visit into the city, and the young medical student had the good fortune to he provided with a ticket of admission to a platform in Cheapside, erected by one of the great London “City Companies.” From this he had an excellent view of the Queen on her way to the Mansion House, and thought her “of very pleasing appearance, though not what would he considered pretty.” He studied at University College, Gower street, where there was about 400 students of medicine and about 200 arts students. The professors and lecturers were: for Practice of Medicine, Dr Elliottson; for Surgery, Samuel Cooper, author of the Surgical Dictionary; Anatomy, Richard Quain; Physiology, Dr Sharpey; Botany, Dr Lindley; Morbid Anatomy, Dr Carswell.

In 1840, when he passed his M.R.C.S., it was the custom for each candidate to be examined in a big room where there were four tables, with an examiner at each table. His diary tells us: “The candidate was examined for about a quarter of an hour at each table (viva voce, not written examination). My examiners were - Sir Astley Cooper, Sir Benjamin Brodie, Mr Vincent, and Mr Goldwin Andrews. I thought Sir Astley Cooper a remarkably fine old gentleman, and very kind in his manner of examination. Sir B. Brodie was quite different in appearance, he being a little commonplace looking man, though second only to Sir Astley in reputation as a surgeon. I remember nothing remarkable about the two other gentlemen, though I believe both were men of note as surgeons at that time. The Diploma of the College of Surgeons was then much easier to obtain than that of the Society of Apothecaries, but it was considered more stylish or gentlemanly, as the Apothecaries Company was a trading company and sold drugs; but it examined on many more subjects than the College of Surgeons, such as chemistry, materia medica, botany, and midwifery, and required much more ‘cram.’ The College of Surgeons examination required a student to be well up in only two subjects - anatomy and surgery - and to some extent in physiology.

“On June 4, 1840, I passed my examination for the Diploma of the Society of Apothecaries. It was the custom with many students, the majority I think, to take lessons from a private tutor, commonly called a ‘grinder,’ in order to be better prepared for examination. These ‘grinders’ had made a trade of it for years; they had got to know the particular opinions of the examiners and the subjects on which they usually examined, and by inducing students to come to them after hours, they professed to tell them what questions had been dealt with. As many students neglected their studies till the last six or twelve months, and then went to a grinder, some of our professors considered that the practice conduced to idleness, and deprecated it. I, therefore, thought it more creditable and proper, not to employ a grinder, but by so doing, I believe that I narrowly escaped being ‘plucked,’ as it was more difficult for one who had not been so helped to pass the examinations. I remember hearing an examiner say to a student who had employed a grinder: ‘We have much pleasure in granting you a diploma’; whilst to me he said: ‘We feel justified in granting you a diploma.’

“Whilst in London from 1837 to 1840 I often heard my cousins speak of ‘Johnny Millais,’ then very young - about 14, 1 think - but I never saw him. He had already shown great talent as a painter and had been noticed by some of the Royal Academicians. His parents were living in London, in Gower street I think, and I once called to enquire after the eldest son who was my first cousin, Clement Hodgkinson, the explorer of Australia. Mrs Millais was the widow of my uncle, Enoch Hodgkinson, but since his death there had been no intercourse between her and my father’s family. I had some conversation with her, but saw no other member of the family. I once met Mr Millais at Mr Tonge’s house; if I remember rightly the latter was a teacher of music. The course of medical study and attendance at classes took up three years before the examination for diplomas. Mine was finished in June, 1840. Some months afterwards, in November, I went to Paris to attend the hospitals, and remained there till March, 1841. Several fellow-students of University College went there about the same time and were my companions; all of us were steady-going and fairly well behaved, which, however, was not the rule with most French or English students. Whilst in Paris, in December, there was a great ceremony, when the body of Napoleon was brought from St. Helena. Prince de Joinville in his frigate brought the body to Havre, and from
there it was brought up the Seine River and landed near Paris, thence by way of the Arc de Triomphe to the Church of the Invalides. Wooden platforms were erected on the roadside near the church, and I stood on one in company with an American physician, Dr Brainerd, with whom I had become acquainted, and who afterwards was in practice in Chicago. It was a very cold day, but there was a great crowd of people. The Duke of Orleans and Marshal Soult and other distinguished men were in the procession. The coffin was placed in the Church of the Invalides under the dome, and the public were admitted to see it for some time afterwards, entering by one door and passing through close to the catafalque or platform on which the coffin rested. I passed through and was within a few feet of the coffin, a black ebony one, which looked small. On it was the ‘Sword of Austerlitz,’ and about the catafalque were many standards and flags. The church was draped with black crape and lighted only with lamps. I could hear priests uttering prayers and requiems. In the spring, on Shrove Tuesday, ‘Mardi Gras,’ the King, Louis Philippe, gave an audience, and showed himself on the balcony of the Tuilleries. I was among the crowd and had a good view of him. When travelling to Paris I went by way of Boulogne and Amiens, and when returning travelled (by diligence, no railway then) by Rouen and Havre, and crossed the channel to Portsmouth. I left Paris in March, 1841, and soon afterwards was appointed house surgeon to the Newark-on-Trent Hospital and dispensary, which position I held until I applied for that of surgeon superintendent to one of the New Zealand Company’s emigrant, ships. I got the appointment to the emigrant ship Bombay by the help of my brother Edward, and one day he accompanied me to the office of the New Zealand Company, as I had to see the secretary on business. The chief secretary, Mr Ward, was absent, but we were shown into the office and were surprised to see a very youthful and elegant gentleman seated in a big office chair, who, though much younger looking than myself, seemed quite self-possessed and at his ease. When we came out my brother remarked: ‘That young fellow has got the best of it, sitting in a comfortable chair with a good salary and persuading people to emigrate.’ At that time the colonies and emigration were not in fashion, and New Zealand was looked upon as being at the fig end of the world, ‘the Cannibal Islands.’ However, the young assistant secretary, Mr Bell, emigrated himself about a year afterwards and lived to become a very good colonist, one of our foremost public men and distinguished politicians, Sir Francis Dillon Bell. The emigrants were kept at Deptford for a few days before embarking, and I had to examine them there. The ship Bombay was also at Deptford, and was fitted and victualled there. This ship is described in the charter party agreement as:– ‘The teak built ship Bombay has a regular poop, topgallant, forecastle; registered tonnage by the old Act, 316 tons; East India dock; Kitchen was then the captain, but before she sailed another master, James Moore, was appointed. The Bombay was said to be then 40 years old, and had been for some time a whaler in the South Seas. Her owner, Edward Lawson, was an old sea captain, and had commanded her himself years before, but when whaling off the New Zealand coast about 1839-40 she was commanded by his nephew. Both were frequently aboard when I was at Deptford previous to sailing, and I had some conversation with them, but did not then learn that she had been at the Bluff and the New River, and that the rock in the New River was named after her, ‘The Bombay Rock.’ A few years ago (the present date being 1902) an old man who had been a whaler about 50 years before, published in the Southern Cross (an Invercargill paper) a series of articles entitled, ‘Grandfather’s Yarns,’ in which he told that the Bombay, while lying in the New River or Oreti, was driven ashore in a gale near to the rock, and could not be floated again for some days; that a hawser or cable was fastened to the rock by one end and the other end to the capstan of the ship, and by working the capstan at high water she was eventually floated again. The Bombay was rated A1 at Lloyds. Portholes had been cut between decks for ventilation and the timber was seen to be quite sound. We left Gravesend on August 1, and sighted Cape Farewell, New Zealand, on December 12, 1842, a voyage of 135 days.’

Dr Hodgkinson remained some time in the Nelson and Wellington districts, returned to England via America, came back to Australia, where he spent some years, crossed to Canterbury, and became interested in various properties, one of which was afterwards the Glenmark Estate, and carried on a pastoralist’s life for a considerable period of time. During his residence in Australia the great fires of Black Thursday occurred, and we find the following interesting note in his diary:– ‘The smoke and dust of the great fires of Black Thursday were espied a very long way out to sea to the eastward and in New Zealand and the Chatham Islands. Many years afterwards when living in Southland, New Zealand, I was told by Captain Howell that he was whaling off the Chatham Islands at that time, and had gone ashore pig hunting, when the sky became overcast in a remarkable manner, and fearing a storm he left off hunting and with his men got on board as quickly as possible and put out to sea, as there is no safe harbour at the Chathams. However, no storm or bad weather ensued; but
on going aboard he noticed a fine dust lying on the deck and rigging. A few days afterwards they spoke Her Majesty’s surveying ship Acheron, and were told that the same dust and darkness of the sky had been noticed by those on board her. A few years ago, in 1897, there were great bush fires in Victoria, and at Invercargill and other parts of Southland, New Zealand, the sky one day was overcast with what appeared to be smoke or dust, and the sun looked like a ball of copper; this was a few days after the fires in Victoria. I can recollect several amusing occurrences in Australia, one of the best showing how a preconceived idea can prejudice common sense. A farmer in the neighbourhood had disappeared suddenly and nothing could be learned as to his whereabouts. It was known that he and another man had been on bad terms, and this man behaved in a rather peculiar manner while denying all knowledge of the farmer’s movements; it, therefore, was pretty generally hinted that he knew more than he owned to. One day a messenger came from Mr Henry Foster’s to tell me that some human bones had been found in the river and shown to several of the gentlemen squatters. A search had resulted in the finding of more bones, which had all been taken to Mr Foster’s station, and I was now asked to go and view them and certify to their being human bones, so that a warrant might be made out for the arrest of the man suspected of murder. Accordingly I rode up to the station and was received by Mr Foster, who looked very serious, and after describing the finding of the bones led the way to his store, and unlocking the door threw it open, and with an almost tragic air motioned me to enter. As soon as I did so and glanced at the bones laid out on the floor, I began to laugh and remarked: ‘Well, you’ve got hold of Goliath of Gath at all events.’ They were the bones of a bullock, but I had great difficulty in convincing the squatters of their mistake, so firmly persuaded were they that they had secured evidence of a foul murder. Yet these gentlemen were all cattle owners, accustomed to the cutting up and handling of carcasses.”

Dr Hodgkinson always intended to move from Victoria, and the attached letter from Sir William Martin, Chief Justice of New Zealand, written at Auckland, stating that New Zealand was a desirable country to settle in largely influenced him:-

DEAR SIR. - A copy of the South Australian Register has just come to hand, which from the handwriting of the direction I take to have been forwarded by you.

Mr Hughlings, of whom you speak as an intimate acquaintance, is very competent to inform and advise you. He is a very shrewd and observant man, and has seen the several settlements with his own eyes. Moreover, he has resided longer in the country than some persons who have thought themselves qualified to write books about us. Though I will not run the risk of misleading you by attempting to supply any detailed statements, which I could not myself regard as sufficiently accurate to serve as a basis for any settler to venture his property upon, I can say with confidence that in the highest sense and for the best purposes, the prospects of the Colony are good. I think the country admirably suited for the growth of a happy and moral population of that which may become a great and noble people. The prospect of making large fortunes is very slight indeed: few people hitherto have made much with the exception of some storekeepers and dealers in spirits. But this - having regard to the permanent welfare of the country - is no evil. Men who are in haste to be rich and then return home are not desirable colonists. But for men who are content to plant themselves and their families on new soil and to become permanent dwellers in the Colony, I do not believe any colony to be more promising than this. Begging you to excuse the shortness of my letter (which is a matter of necessity, not of choice, the weakness of my eyes preventing me writing by candlelight and the morning having its full share of occupation). - I remain, dear Sir, very truly yours,

WM. MARTIN.

Dr Hodgkinson’s diary says - “I also had information given by Mr F. Tuckett (who selected the Scotch settlement block at Otakou, now called Otago), that there was a great extent of good pastoral country on the east side of the South Island. I had found on my arrival at Port Philip that sheep and cattle runs had acquired a great value, and that I had not sufficient capital to buy one of any considerable size; if the Scotch settlement had been formed at Otago when arrived in Australia in January, 1847, I should I think have gone over at once; but it was not settled until more than a year afterwards, the first emigrants arriving there I think about March, 1848. When news reached me of the formation of the Canterbury settlement at Port Cooper (now Lyttelton) in 1850, I determined to go over as soon as I could make arrangements for doing so.”
After being occupied in sheep forming in Canterbury he returned to England, and married, and again embarked for New Zealand in November, 1857, in the oak barque Joseph Fletcher. Among the cabin passengers were three military officers, their wives, and families. One of them, Captain Inverarity, settled in Otago, took up a sheep run on the Pomahaka River, and invested in town sections in Invercargill. The dietary on board this ship was very bad; although there were quantities of preserved fruits, meats, etc., among the stores they were not served out, but were sold after we reached Auckland; and the water was so bad, that when a cask was brought up on deck and opened, everyone had to leave its vicinity. Indignation meetings were held among the passengers, and it was determined to prosecute those responsible for such a state of things; but in the excitement and pleasure of landing at Auckland the matter was postponed, and so many of the passengers were shortly scattered about the district, and taken up with other interests, that the intention was abandoned. Auckland was at that time a garrison town, and we now became acquainted with some of the officers and their families. Colonel Gore Brown was then Governor of New Zealand. He was popular with the residents, and the Government House entertainments were very pleasant functions. We lived at first in a cottage at Parnell, but I subsequently purchased a small piece of land at Remuera at £30 per acre, and built a cottage on it. We had a good garden there, and the man servant grew very fine rock and water melons. We had two crops of strawberries during the summer, but the climate was not suitable for gooseberries and currants. About January, 1859, I went down to Otago and Southland to see the country, with a view to settling there. In the same steamer Dr Buchanan and Mr Kenyon, a solicitor, went down to Otago. I saw Dr Barker and his family at Christchurch on my way down. We landed at Port Chalmers and walked to Dunedin through the bush; I helped Dr Buchanan to lead some horses which he was taking there. From Dunedin I rode down to Invercargill in company with some others, but they were not going all the way, and I recollect that when I came to within a few miles of where the town of Invercargill now is, I saw some little boys playing about and asked them if I was on the right track; one of them, who seemed a bright little fellow, assured me that I was; this lad, I found, was son of Dr Martin, and was afterwards for many years well known in Invercargill as Mr George Martin. He married a daughter of Mr Price, who in the ’sixties was Police Magistrate in Invercargill. Another daughter married Mr Nurse, of Blackwater, near Riverton, a retired naval officer. I walked from Invercargill to Riverton in company with Mr W. H. Pearson and two other gentlemen; we crossed the Waipapai River in a boat, somewhere near where the north road bridge now spans it, and were taken across the Oreti in a punt. From Riverton I went up to the Waiau with Mr D. Shea-Lawlor to inspect the Wairaka Run of 30,000 acres, belonging to Mr J. P. Taylor. I bought this run for £1000 cash, exclusive of sheep, but within a month I sold it to Messrs J. and W. Alymer for the same price and leased the sheep to them on terms; but retained a lien on the run, it remaining in my name. I applied for a piece of land of about 200 acres under the Longwoods, which I got; I afterwards applied for more, making the whole 900 acres. I returned to Auckland in April, I think, and remained until May, 1860. The climate of Auckland did not agree with me and my health was generally bad; this, combined with the breaking out of the Maori War, determined me to leave Auckland. All the able-bodied men were called out to drill, but Dr Buchanan, who was attending me, gave me an exemption. We came down to Otago via Manakau, New Plymouth, Nelson, Wellington, and Lyttelton. We were told exaggerated stories of the Southland climate - for instance, that it was so bad that even a Highlander could not live there, and so much more of the same kind, that the elderly woman-servant whom my wife had brought out from Home became alarmed, and decided to return to England, instead of accompanying us south. She secured a situation as nurse to a young gentleman who was going Home invalided. We found Dunedin in rather a primitive state, some of the streets being almost impassable; on the first Sunday morning after our arrival we saw a lady actually bogged while attempting to cross the street. We lived in a cottage at Caversham Rise, having a piece of ground, and kept a cow and two riding horses; my wife was a good rider. In June, 1861, we left Dunedin in the little steamer Oberon for Riverton, which got aground in the channel, and delayed us for some time. We reached the Bluff next day and anchored there for the night, and arrived at Riverton on the third day. Among the passengers were the late Captain MacCallum, Mr John Baker, surveyor, Mr D. Durbridge, and a young gentleman named Wright. We lived at Riverton about six months; I bought land there, but did not build on it. There was a very pleasant society in the settlement. Mr John Parkin Taylor, an old English friend of my family, lived at “Valdeck,” in South Riverton; Mr Shea-Lawlor and two sisters lived at “The Rocks,” a little distance south of “Valdeck.” I had previously been present at the marriage of the youngest sister to Mr Freeman Jackson, a young gentleman settler who soon removed to Wanganui in the North Island. The two other sisters married Mr Henry M’Culloch (afterwards for many years Resident Magistrate at Invercargill) and Mr Henry
Rogers, a runholder on the coast. The only means of transit between North and South Riverton was by boat, which occasioned some sad accidents; a young gentleman named Simms, nephew to Mrs Taylor, was drowned while crossing one night. We lived in a cottage in North Riverton while our house was being built at Mount Fairfax, as I had named the property I purchased under the Longwood Range. My wife and I rode up to choose the site for the house; we forded the Aparima River and followed a dray track which led up country, but had some difficulty in crossing the swampy ground between the river and the terraces. We were obliged to dismount and lead the horses. I cut flax and made fascines for them to walk on; my wife carrying our youngest child on the saddle in front of her. We left the child at an accommodation house at what was known as Gummie’s Bush. We camped that night in a tent under the bush, and returned to Riverton next day, after selecting the site for our house, which was built during the spring and summer of 1861; we moved into it in January, 1862. In 1863 I became a member of the Provincial Council of Southland. I was urged to let myself be nominated for the Superintendence, but declined. I assisted in electing J. P. Taylor Superintendent and helped to form an Executive Council, being also a member of it myself for about two years, and in conjunction with Messrs Calder, T. M. Macdonald, Mr Wm. Stewart, and Mr J. R. Cuthbertson I opposed reunion with Otago, and introduced in 1873 a bill providing for an Elected Executive.” [Note - We here conclude our extracts from Dr Hodgkinson’s diary. This, which runs into many hundreds of pages, ought some day to be printed in full.] In 1870 Dr Hodgkinson entered into partnership with Dr Monckton, of Invercargill, but gave up medical practice after a couple of years and returned to Mount Fairfax, where he occupied himself with a pastoralist’s life, actively interesting himself in general politics. From this time on he entirely ceased medical practice, declining the work for several reasons, the chief one that he never had liked it, and had now other occupations to completely fill up his time; another - that he desired above all things not to interfere with the employment of the practitioners in the neighbourhood, whom be considered justly entitled to the work and to equitable remuneration therefor. He was elected to the House of Representatives in 1876, and during his political career he was most active and resolute, and was one of the best respected men in the House. He actively occupied himself with such subjects as Constitutional Reform, Contagious Diseases Act Repeal, Education, Temperance Reform, Local Government Bill, etc. In August, 1890, he moved a resolution in the House of Representatives asking for a committee to consider and report on the desirability of appointing an Executive Government free from the evils of the present system, and after an interesting debate his resolution was defeated by 27 to 25 - that is by only two votes in a fairly full House. On another occasion he moved that the usual honorarium be not paid, but such proportion only as the short session warranted. This was in the old days when members were paid so much per session, and this particular one lasted only a few weeks. It was in August, 1879 (see Hansard, Vol. 31, p. 484). When Parliament was about to be dissolved after a session of three or four weeks - a session chiefly occupied with the Financial Statement, delivered by the Premier, Sir George Grey - Dr Hodgkinson objected to the full amount being passed for honorarium, maintaining that an amount in proportion to the length of the session would be fair. Sir George Grey said that the amount could not be altered except by special request of the House. Dr Hodgkinson then moved that the amount be reduced by one half, but apparently there was no seconder and the matter was dropped.

Later on he was openly accused in the House of having made private application to the Treasury for payment of the full honorarium which he had before declined. This at once brought forth a storm of protest, Ministers and other hon. members stating what they knew to be the facts of the case; official records were read, proving that no such application, or suggestion of such, had ever been made by Dr Hodgkinson, and the whole tale was shown to be an absolute fabrication. The hon. members who had made the statement and circulated the report rose one by one in their places and made the most handsome apologies, and expressed their regrets at having made such a gross error; other members, including Ministers, spoke as to their high opinion of his integrity and disinterestedness, and extreme sorrow that such grave misstatements should have found utterance in the Assembly.

He represented Riverton in the House of Representatives from 1876-9, and from 1887 to 1890, and after that did not seek re-election. He now lived in comparative retirement, occupying himself with his garden, and wrote much for the papers on subjects social, political, and religious. He died at Richmond Grove, Invercargill, at the advanced age of 96 years, retaining his faculties till the last. He was a man of extraordinary pertinacity, and when he took a thing in hand he saw it through. It was owing to his efforts that the grave of Edward Gibbon Wakefield was restored from obscurity and neglect, and that a portrait of him was hung in the Invercargill Town
Hall. His writings generally attracted much attention from men of note in England and America. Many of these letters we have been permitted to read. Among them are communications from Lecky the historian, Professor Goldwin-Smith of Toronto, and others. In appearance Dr Hodgkinson was a handsome man, spare of figure; he stood 5 feet 10 inches in height, and never became bowed or stooped even in old age. His hair and whiskers were black and curly, and later on grey, but not white, and he never wore beard or moustache. His eyes were blue grey, and he had always a healthy, fresh, thoroughly English complexion. He was inclined to be deliberate in his movements. His sight was very good although latterly he wore glasses, and he generally rode in preference to driving. He drew well in his youth, and wrote a very neat hand, which he said note-taking at lectures partially ruined. He was a great lover of Nature and lived much in the open air. He was always a voluminous letter writer and a great reader. He had the reputation of being a very skilful surgeon, as well as a kindhearted one, and on many occasions after he had definitely retired from practice, and declined to interfere with the work of his professional neighbours, he was literally dragged from his bed at night-time, and persuaded to go long distances sooner than be thought unkind and hard-hearted. He was very fond of the native birds and would never allow them to be shot, with the exception of parakeets, kakas, and pukekos, which were very destructive to the grain stacks. On one occasion he went out at night and came in with about 40 kakas, which he had shot on the oat stacks. He was very clever at skinning birds, and once made a fine collection, which he sent Home. He imported a pair of pheasants and turned them out at Mount Fairfax, but they did not seem to increase, and he suspected they were shot by pig hunters in the Longwoods. He was very sorry when the native quail and the fern sparrows disappeared - so many were killed when the swamp burnings took place; and he was pleased when the English skylark made its appearance, and later on the blackbird.

The following is an interesting note from the Egmont Star:-

Dr Samuel Hodgkinson, who died at Richmond Grove, Invercargill, on Saturday, January 10, at the great age of 96, was one of those public men who never let off political fireworks, and yet do much more real good than the persons who deliberately devote themselves to performances in that line. His life illustrated the axiom that it is the soil at the root, and not the wind in the branches, that does most for the tree, though the wind makes all the noise, and is most noticed by casual onlooker. New Zealand has had few public men who were better educated, or deeper students of history, than Dr Hodgkinson. He was a Liberal, even a Radical, of the John Stuart Mill type; a humanitarian through sympathy, but a reformer to whom all means of reform were repugnant unless they were in keeping with the teachings of experience, with constitutional principles, with reason, with liberty, and with law. Tried by these tests, hothouse methods in politics generally fail, and with such methods Dr Hodgkinson had little if any sympathy. As seen by him through the media of history and reflection, they were evils, however much seeming good they might possess in the estimation of other minds. An illustration of this mental habit might be seen in his attitude to the drink trade. He was one of those who would have all men sober on grounds of private morality and public manners; it is understood that personally he never tasted alcohol except as medicine, and seldom if ever even as such; yet he was averse to Prohibition, because, as he read history and understood human nature, it substituted a mechanical for a moral process, plastered the outside, but did not heal from within; while it destroyed or suspended the liberty, which is essential to man’s responsibility as a moral agent, and to assured virility in human character. Everything from conviction, everything from consideration for others, but nothing by coercion or under compulsion – this was, we believe, his formula for a free and a Christian country, living under a Constitution leavened with the Ten Commandments and the Law of Love.

Yet, personally, Dr Hodgkinson was a most cheerful and genial man, and though ever a Constitutionalist, never a Conservative in politics. Indeed, in this sphere he was ahead of most of his contemporaries and, a letter - the text of which happens to be the possession of the writer - will show that Sir George Grey had a very high opinion of him, and begged him not to retire. He sent a particularly kind message to Mrs Hodgkinson and offered to send down some seeds for the doctor’s garden, knowing well his love for horticulture.

In addition to mentioning Sir George’s high and friendly estimate of the Doctor, and the naturalness of its literary style, this letter has other points which touch public and private life in the past of New Zealand, and in connection with its relations to the Motherland. The offer of seeds is suggestive of that
simple, mutual helpfulness which was so characteristic of the earlier colonial days, however far apart men lived, and however undeveloped the means of communication. There were no main railway lines in those times, and Sir George Grey lived in the island of Kaua, near Auckland, and Dr Hodgkinson in Southland - a thousand miles apart. The reference in Sir George’s letter to Mrs Hodgkinson will perhaps induce many to reflect how much of the influence of English gentlewomen who were the wives of pioneer colonists, still lingers, lavender-like, in colonial society, long after they themselves have left it. Socially and personally, Mrs Hodgkinson - a grand-daughter of the fourth Earl of Gosford (Irish peerage) - was one of those hundreds of cultured English women to whom, on account of their grace in character and conduct, and their gracious hospitality, early New Zealand owed, in the social sphere, just as much as it did to their husbands in the sphere of public life. This certainly might be said of Mrs Hodgkinson, on the one hand, and of Dr Hodgkinson - who survived his wife by 12 years - on the other. People may, all too soon, forget them both; yet, as in the case of others like them, the effects of their lives will be beneficially felt in the life of the country for many a day - the longer the better, so great was their personal worth, so worthy their public service.

The Southland Times of January 12, 1914, gave the following interesting epitome of his life:-

SOUTHLAND’S PIONEERS.

DR HODGKINSON’S DEATH.

Like the loved one of the Rubaiyat - the loveliest and the best - many of Southland’s pioneers have in recent years come to the end of their journeys, and “one by one crept silently to rest.” There have been many who grappled with the virgin forests of the plains, and others who delved within subterranean caves in search of gold, but their ranks have slowly been depleted until the old identities of the Province may to-day be numbered without any great effort. The latest breach in the ranks was occasioned on Saturday evening by the death of Dr Samuel Hodgkinson at his residence, Richmond Grove, at the age of 96 years. The deceased gentleman has a very interesting history, and he is well known throughout the Dominion as an early colonist and a keen advocate of the colonisation of this country, the great possibilities of which he foresaw even when it was in its infancy. Among the many writings which will live after him are several bearing upon that problem, and the views expressed therein will be very valuable when the history of the colonisation of New Zealand is written.

Born at Morton Grange, Nottinghamshire, in 1817, Samuel Hodgkinson studied medicine at the University of London, and was, when little more than 20, successful in winning the honour of membership of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1842. After practising in England for a short term, Dr Hodgkinson determined to go abroad, and in 1842 he came to Nelson as Surgeon Superintendent of the New Zealand Company’s ship, Bombay. His duties fulfilled, he sought to return to England. In those days there were few direct traders, and he had accordingly to make his way Home by a devious voyage. He took ship to Valparaiso, and from there went to Chili, where he fell in with the American whaler General Scott, from which he landed at New Bedford, U.S.A., in June, 1843. He travelled in the United States for some time, finding his way as far west as Chicago, and his diary of his travels there shows that, at the time when he visited that great metropolis, it was a small town of a few thousand inhabitants. On his return to England, he again went into practice, but did not remain there long. In 1847 he shipped as surgeon aboard the immigrant ship, David Malcolm, which was bound for Port Adelaide. This voyage had one memorable feature, and the papers of the deceased gentleman show that when the ship left England there were 197 settlers aboard, but ere she landed her passengers in Australia their numbers had been swelled by three and just 200 souls came ashore. From Adelaide Dr Hodgkinson went on to Port Phillip (Melbourne), and remained there for about three years, spending a little time at Warrnambool and Cape Shag. At the latter settlement his brother-in-law, the late John Barker, afterwards clerk of the Victorian House of Representatives, was a squatter. Four years after his arrival at Port Phillip, Dr Hodgkinson came to New Zealand with a Mr Lochart, bringing a shipment of stock to Canterbury. With the late Mr Hunter-Brown, of Nelson, he took up a run in Canterbury, and his homestead became known as “Birch Hollow.” Three or four years elapsed, and then his health began to fail, and the doctor determined upon a trip to Victoria, but he returned to
England and there remained for about two years. It was during his stay in England on this occasion that he married. When his health was fully recuperated he returned to New Zealand, landing at Auckland in 1858. He did not remain long in the northern city, but after a residence of something under two years came south to Dunedin. From Dunedin he rode overland to Invercargill, and in 1860 took up the Mount Fairfax Estate. There his travels came to an end, and with the exception of a short break of two years he remained on the estate until 1885, when he retired and came to live in Invercargill.

Such, in brief epitome, is the story of a life which has been characterised by activity and endeavour. No one, perhaps, worked with greater energy in the great work of colonising the great tract of country which to-day bear the abundant fruits of the labours expended upon it by the early settlers than did Dr Hodgkinson. His writings include a pamphlet on the Province of Canterbury, outlining its possibilities, and when one considers that this was published in England in 1854 when he was doing all in his power to promote emigration, it is at once apparent that to such men as Dr Hodgkinson this country owes a good deal of the prosperity which has sprung directly and indirectly from their early labours. It was during one of his visits to the Old Land that he used his influence in such a manner as to induce the late William Rolleston to settle in New Zealand, and that gentleman’s life of usefulness in the early days has already been recounted. In 1864 Dr Hodgkinson became a member of the Provincial Council of Southland, and in the following year he joined the Provincial Executive. He strongly opposed the movement for the merging of the Provinces of Otago and Southland, and maintained an unalterable view that Southland should be considered apart from Otago. He was elected a member of the House of Representatives in 1876, representing Riverton. During his term in Parliament he was a staunch supporter of Sir George Grey.

As regards local politics Dr Hodgkinson was always a prominent figure, and he was for many years a member of the Southland Education Board. He was a Justice of Peace, and at one time coroner. His writings include much which has direct bearing upon the licensing question. He was opposed to the present system of no-license, which he considered an infringement of the liberty of the subject, but he was never a supporter of the liquor party, as the other interests are commonly called. Notwithstanding these facts, Dr Hodgkinson advocated reform, and to this end he lent his sympathy to the State control proposals, and he wrote extensively on this subject.

It was only a few years ago that Dr Hodgkinson took up the matter of making some recognition of the work of Edward Gibbon Wakefield, and it was the result of the initial steps taken by him that the portrait of that great colonist was prepared and hung in the Municipal Council Chambers. Among his papers is a letter from Sir Frederick Young, who died recently, thanking him for what he had done in this connection, and extending a sincere sympathy to him in the matter.

Dr Hodgkinson leaves two sons and two daughters to mourn their loss. Mr Harold Hodgkinson is a farmer at Lochiel, and Mr A. Hodgkinson is a Government surveyor at Blenheim, and the daughters are Miss E. Hodgkinson and Mrs W. von Tunzelmann, both of whom are residents of Invercargill.

ANDREW BUCHANAN, OF CHINGFORD AND PATEAROA.

In the annals of medical history of Otago once again we find a striking instance of unselfishness in a member of the profession, spending the eve of his life in the service of his country, actively and vigorously doing everything possible in the home of his adoption for the betterment of his fellow colonists. He of whom we write to-day is Andrew Buchanan, Doctor of Medicine of the University of St. Andrews. Little is remembered of Buchanan by the present generation. Our modern politicians know him not, the journals of the Branch of the Legislature where he laboured display no obituary notice which we can find, or even brief reference to his death, and of the really great work which he did in Parliament there is no recollection to-day. To Andrew Buchanan we indeed owe much; to him we are indebted for the early introduction of the “humane method” of treatment of the unfortunate mentally
afflicted. He was the one mainly responsible for the wiping out in New Zealand of the old abominable system of “madhouses,” of the grossly wicked entrusting of our diseased fellow creatures to the tender mercies of ignorant, brutal, and often drunken officials. To Andrew Buchanan also New Zealand is largely indebted for the splendid system of inspection of our hospitals, a system which has finally evolved some of the first institutions of the kind in the Empire.

Andrew Buchanan was born in 1806 in the Island of Jamaica, where his father owned a sugar plantation; his mother, Jean Gow, of good Scottish descent, the daughter of a planter in the neighbouring island of St. Kitts. It may be of interest to our readers to refer here at some length to the sugar, cocoa, indigo, and cotton planters of the West Indies of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In those days the plantations were worked by men, who owned, as cattle, as many slaves, male and female, as they chose to purchase in the open market. These they utilised, and treated as they thought fit, considering them mere animals, and as there was no society for the protection of even animals in those days, the lot of these human beings was in many cases most desperate. Early in the eighteenth century the English Quakers, at the head of whom was George Fox, having noted the dreadful effects of the traffic upon the character of both owners and their miserable chattels, were really the first to pass a resolution to the effect that “the possession of slaves is not a commendable or allowed practice”; but it was not until 1787 that Rush and Benjamin Franklin formed the Pennsylvania Society for the purpose of abolishing this inhuman condition of affairs. About the same time began a movement in England, originated by Peckard of Cambridge, Wilberforce, Clarkson, and Wedgwood, and Mr Pitt was the first to move that the subject be brought before the House. Wilberforce lobbied, and spoke vigorously in the House and out of it for nearly 20 years, and, finally, after repeated rejections in the House of Lords, a Bill was passed into law in 1808. It thus became illegal for any slave traffic to be carried on in the British dominions, and no slaves could be landed in any of the British colonies. This measure temporarily accentuated the evil within the various colonial possessions, but in spite of that it was a step in the right direction. Although slave “running” was actively carried on by foreign nations, and even by English and American slave dealers, the reformers were not dismayed, and Wilberforce, Fowell Buxton, Zachary Macaulay, and Henry Brougham strenuously persevered in their campaign. The end came when England, under treaty with most of the important nations, was able to announce that at that date, 1833, so far as Europe was concerned, slave traffic had ceased to exist, and the sum of twenty million pounds was paid to the slave owners for loss of “property.” This did not do away with all the evils, for terrible hardships arose through the shortage of labour, and the slaves, who remained nominally indentured, suffered in proportion. In 1839 Earl Grey succeeded in carrying through both Houses a Bill which entirely wiped out slavery in all its forms in England and her dependencies; all other countries immediately followed suit save Cuba, Brazil, and the United States of America. Reflect upon the frightful sorrow and suffering caused by the herding and working of human beings as mere animals, and the indignities and worse imposed upon persons as clear skinned and fair haired in appearance and constitution as their white progenitors, their brutal taskmasters. Note well that little Denmark was the first, and England the next, to point the road to the rest of the nations, and to clear away this horrible habit of “civilised man” and to banish it from among the practices of mankind . . . In the island of Hayti, not 100 miles from Jamaica, there was at the time we write of a great revolt of the slaves against their French oppressors. There is no doubt that the Spanish and many of the English tacitly sided with the French in their desire to extinguish the fires of rebellion under that heroic spirit Toussaint Louverture. To terrify the slaves into submission the authorities devised various punishments, and “sports,” and all kinds of executions and “games” were carried into effect upon them. They were beheaded, dragged alive into the water with heavy weights at their feet, stifled with sulphur on board ship; tied back to back and thrown into the water. They were lacerated with scourges, fastened to stakes in the swamps, to be drowned or starved, half eaten and sucked dry of blood by leeches, mosquitoes, and other insects. The French and Spanish planters were so surprised at the resignation of the slaves, the anticipation as it were of the liberty which, by their sufferings, they knew they would finally confer upon their native land, that they tried to invent still quicker-acting and more terrifying expedients. Many of the negro women and children welcomed death and even torture, and went bravely to the stake or the gibbet with the words “freedom for our country” upon their lips. They embraced their daughters and exhorted them to be of good cheer, because they “would never be the mothers of slaves.” The vilest passions were let loose, history was ransacked for new cruelties and for startling precedents. Children were confined in sacks and thrown into the sea in the Roman manner. Dogs were brought from the next island of Cuba, where the Spaniards centuries before had hunted the Indians for amusement; amphitheatres were erected,
and were filled with white multitudes panting for negro blood. Poor wretches were tied to the stake or hunted up and down the arena until torn to pieces by dogs sharpened by extreme hunger; drowning was called facetiously “a good haul”; death on the gallows a step upwards, and to be torn in pieces by the dogs was “to enter the arena.” For all this France had to pay, and pay heavily she did. Nemesis was relentless. To begin with, Napoleon treacherously seized and brutally starved to death in a French prison Toussaint Louverture, the heroic leader of a heroic nation; he then ordered 16 of the bravest of the negro generals to be chained by time neck to the rock of an uninhabited islet, and slowly starved to death. He relied upon the moral support of the English and Spanish planters, and of the English ships, which were hovering in the neighbourhood, for England was then at war with France, but in spite of all this, the French were finally overpowered, expelled from the island, and forced to surrender to the English admiral in order to escape complete massacre. Thus the blacks became masters of the island; the richest of the colonies of France thus passing from her after a struggle which in two years cost her 33,000 of Napoleon’s best soldiers, of whom 1500 were officers of high rank. The whole frightful attempt at subjugation resulted in a loss to France of 60,000 persons, and to the negroes over 12,000, of whom more than 4000 found death at the hands of executioners of various kinds. . . . It is but right that we should thus have once more brought vividly before us and our children the iniquity of the slave trade in our own colonies and in those of other nations.

We have before us the last will and testameat of a clergyman of the Church of England, who lived in the island of Jamaica in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He was rector of the parish of St. Dorothy, not far from Spanish Town, which contains the Record Office of the island. All labour was done in those days by slaves, everyone kept them as a matter of course.

The will, which is a long one, leaves various lands, property, moneys, etc., to his sons and daughters. It proceeds: “I give, devise and bequeath unto my beloved wife, etc., my dwelling house, etc., with my pens of cattle and sheep, together with all the lands, tenements, houses, well of water, household stuff, cattle, and chattels whatsoever to the said dwelling house appertaining; item, I give, devise, and bequeath unto my said loving wife, etc., to serve and wait upon her for and during the term of her natural life and noe longer, those, my negro slaves, hereinafter named, that is to say Old Tony, Young Tony, his son Felix, Fortune, Tom, Cuffee, George, Old Moll, Betty, Sue, Juno, and Cassaba, to have and to hold, all and singular the premises to her the said, etc., for the terms of her natural life, and after her decease to descend to my heir hereinafter named, I also give and bequeath my mulatto slave named Sarah, and my negro girl named Cubba, to have and to hold the said mulatto and negro to her the said . . .

The will was signed 1717, and probate granted 1720.

The great care taken in describing the slaves separately from the various chattels, etc., the special devising of them each by name, the distinct expression of a wish that they should descend to the son (also a clergyman) after the decease of the wife, instead of being simply put up to auction in the ordinary course of events with the rest .of the property, clearly point out, that in this instance, as in many others, the slaves were “humanely treated.” It is hard to bring ourselves to accept such an expression, in the face of our natural repugnance and abhorrence to-day of the abominable practice of the enslavement of human beings.

With all the evils of the slave traffic around them, and the carnage and turmoil in the islands near by, it is not to be wondered that Buchanan the elder, and many other of the better disposed and more humane planters, left the islands early in the century, and came to England. When emancipation finally took place, of the six million pounds paid to Jamaica for her share, so small a proportion reached each individual planter, that Buchanan like many others was considerably straitened in his circumstances, and his family had to make their way as best they could. They settled in Dorsetshire, where, in a town called Sherborne, Andrew was educated at the excellent and well known public school. He then went on to Paris to study medicine and surgery, and after considerable time in the hospitals there began to look round for an opening, and further opportunity of extending his knowledge, and of gaining experience in surgery. At this time, 1830, many of the inhabitants of Poland had revolted against the three nations, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, who had seized and partitioned their country, and they now made a fierce endeavour to throw off the yoke of oppression. Buchanan joined the Poles, with whom he warmly sympathised, and entered their army as a surgeon. Here he had considerable experience, and he remained with them until the inscription died down, and the Russian authorities once more asserted their control. He then
returned to London, and going up to Scotland, studied at St. Andrews University, later graduating as M.D. He now went south, and settled in practice in London, was made a public vaccinator in 1833, and for a period of over 25 years carried on a large and very successful business. He kept four or five horses going constantly. He drove himself in a smart gig, with groom in livery, and those who remember him and his stylish turn out, spanking through the crowded streets of London, comment upon the strange difference between those days and ours of motor cars and chauffeurs. The doctor kept his own surgery and dispensary, and had an assistant of the good old-time style, probably a medical student serving his apprenticeship, dispensing medicine, pulling teeth, and occasionally “letting of blood.” Dr Buchanan married about 1835 at Worthing, in Sussex, a daughter of Dr Harkness, a London practitioner. He continued in practice in London, was one of the Governors of St. George’s Hospital, and at week-ends was accustomed to go to a small farm which he had purchased at the village of Chingford, in Essex, now a suburb of London, but at that time a two-mile walk from Ponders End Railway Station. He found the post of public vaccinator no sinecure, for he had to vaccinate upwards of 1000 persons every year; he was also in control of one of the eight vaccine stations established in London. In this position he had great opportunities of becoming thoroughly convinced of the value of Jenner’s discovery. Being quite familiar with the frightful and loathsome disease of smallpox, he was one of many practitioners who early took up and fought for the enforcement of compulsory vaccination. Jenner, who was also a graduate of St. Andrews University, had only been dead ten years, and Buchanan had the satisfaction of knowing as a young man how the honours of the scientific world had been poured upon this alumnus of his own Alma Mater, and that the confidence of medical men in nearly every country of the world, was reposed in the efficacy of vaccination. Having acquired a competence, Dr Buchanan decided to take his young family to New Zealand, and arriving in Auckland in 1857 stayed for some months to look around him. At this time he was asked to appear before a Committee of the House in order to give his opinion, and detail some of his knowledge and experience of lunatic asylums in London. He was able to state what he knew from first hand experience of the working and methods in vogue in Colney Hatch and Hanwell, and to describe the humane treatment as introduced and most ably carried out by Dr Connolly. This treatment, which is familiar to us to-day, was then a novelty, consisting as it does in providing and affording all the opportunities possible of congenial employment and occupation, in order to take the unfortunate persons “out of themselves,” and to prevent their brooding over their troubles. After hearing him, Governor Gore Browne appointed Dr Prendergast a military surgeon to travel over the colony, and to choose a position suitable for an asylum. He selected Nelson in 1859, but the Maori War soon occupied our legislators to such purpose that the matter was dropped for many years. The subject of our article now decided to go down to Otago, where he heard there was good squatting land to be had at a comparatively low figure. He was also partly influenced by Dr Samuel Hodgkinson, another English medical man, who was similarly swayed by the reports of the fertility, the attractiveness, and financial advantages of the Southern Province, Thus came to our part of the country another doctor whose early fortunes and career were shaped by one of the greatest events of history. It is a strange coincidence that Joseph Croome and Andrew Buchanan, both sons of planters in the little West Indian islands, both impoverished through the failure of the family fortunes, owing to the greatest act of humanity in the world’s history, should have come as medical men to this remote outpost of the Empire. In these small islands are descendants of each of them living to-day, having come through the greatest fight for freedom that the world has ever known, a fight in which their land of adoption has played no mean part amongst her larger brothers and sisters of Empire. When he came to Otago Dr Buchanan brought with him some fine horses, which he sold at a high price, as they were then very valuable. He rode up the Otago Central district by way of Strath Taieri and Maniototo in company with the late Campbell Thomson, of Rocklands station, and they had on the journey some hard times and rough experiences, camping out on more than one occasion in the roughest and severest weather., He took up the Patearoa run or station, consisting of about 75,000 acres, extending from the Lammerlaws to Sowburn Point, at the junction of the Sowburn with the Taieri River. This run William Valpy had from him “on terms” for several years, as he immediately went north again to Auckland and stayed there until 1862, when he returned, this time to settle down and educate his family. He arrived by the coasting topsail schooner Clutha, bringing more horses, a quantity of kauri timber, and some carpenters to erect a house for him. The Clutha took nearly a fortnight to get from Auckland to Port Chalmers, and on arrival the horses were lowered over the side of the ship, and allowed to swim on shore. They were then led up through the bush to Dunedin; the schooner sailing on, stuck on a mud or sand bank, opposite what is now Macandrew’s Bay, and had to be lightened of a good deal of her timber before she could be got up
to Dunedin. Dr Buchanan settled in the North-East Valley, and remained there for some years, visiting his station on the Maniototo as occasion required; he did not practise any more than he could help, but in those days a medical man was called upon in times of emergency, and could not refuse the call. Whenever he could manage it he insisted on the local practitioner being called, arguing vigorously with the messenger that he did not come to that benighted region to take the food out of the mouth of the unfortunate “saw-bones,” who was struggling to make a living amidst all the hardships of snow, frost, hail, and flood. He made a rule always to refuse a message, unless absolutely urgent, if the local man was within a day’s journey. He had also built a house at the far end of the Valley, on property which he called Chingford, after his old English home; the name survives in Mr P. C. Neill’s residence of to-day. He had no intention of practising his profession, as he came to the country solely for the purpose of following a pastoralist’s life. We know that he faithfully and successfully attended Dr Purdie when he was thrown from his horse and had several ribs broken. Possibly the fact of Buchanan being a newly arrived Scottish graduate, and considerably older than most of the other men, attracted Purdie; but from whatever cause he was very fond of Buchanan, and always spoke in most grateful and affectionate terms of what he did for him during a very painful illness. Dr Buchanan had at this time a family of eight, two sons and six daughters. His eldest son, Mr Noel Buchanan, now of the Nelson Club, was well known in Dunedin in the “sixties” and “seventies.” He was the first dux of Otago High School in 1863, and our readers will remember how 50 years later his tall erect figure was seen in the jubilee procession and the various historic functions, and his photograph occupied a prominent place in the magazine among the duxes of the school. A photograph of Dr Buchanan appeared in the Jubilee Supplement of the Otago Witness, and is reproduced in this volume. It shows him sitting down. In figure he was tall and erect, but of slight build, he stood 6ft 2in in his stockings, and stooped a little in later years. His weight never over eleven stone, his hair black and inclined to be curly, his features aquiline, grey eyes overshadowed by strong eyebrows, face of a handsome Highland Scottish type, according to relatives “a marked Buchanan face.” Owing to his varied education and considerable experience in travel, he had not the slightest trace of the Scottish accent retained by so many who came to our Province in the early days. He wore a moustache and whiskers, but did not favour the Dundreary “cut,” so common in the “sixties.” He was alert, but not quick, in his movements, and rode and drove a great deal in his early days in New Zealand.

Soon after his arrival in Otago he was nominated by Governor Gore Browne to a seat in the Legislative Council, and here he speedily proved an acquisition to the young community. A strong Conservative in politics and of a modest and rather retiring nature, he spoke only when his convictions forced him, but when he took up a subject he followed it vigorously and saw it through. He was appointed to the Upper House in 1862, mid resigned in 1874. We have hastily read through the journals for the last five years of his attendance there, and have found quite enough to justify us in all that we have said as to his value as a politician, and as a true patriot to his adopted country. In September, 1871, he moved “that a medical officer be appointed to visit the lunatic asylums of the colony and report to the House of Representatives.” Later “that a select committee be set up to inquire into the expediency of establishing a general asylum for the reception and retention of persons of unsound mind from all parts of New Zealand.” The committee met and sent in their report, and in 1872 he asked the Hon. Mr Hall “why no notice was taken of this report.” During the debate that followed the Hon. Dr Buchanan constantly quoted Dr Alexander, of Dunedin, who very favourably contrasted the institutions of Christchurch and Dunedin with those of Wellington and Auckland. The asylum in Auckland made no attempt at curative treatment. The buildings were good, but the patients were locked up and herded together in a disgraceful manner, the mild cases with the very worst. As for the Wellington Hospital, which was at Karori, it was a frightful place, and Dr Alexander was never so pained in his life as when he visited it. “He need say no more than that he was supremely thankful that he lived in Dunedin, where the asylum was beautifully situated, with a fine view of the harbour and surrounding hills, cheerful in aspect, had a fine hall, and good buildings. The patients were humanely treated, grew all their own vegetables, cured their own bacon, and in fact by their own efforts the institution to a great extent was self-supporting.” It was perfectly evident that the whole of the asylums required a great deal more supervision, and he asked the Minister, the Hon. Mr Hall, whether any steps had been taken to carry into effect the wishes of a Committee of the House. The Hon. Mr Hall replied that a salaried medical officer could not be appointed unless some pecuniary provision was made for him, and that when a resolution to provide such a salary had been made “in another place” it had been negative. This ended the matter for a little
while, but suddenly a great sensation occurred in Wellington with regard to the treatment of patients in Karori Lunatic Asylum.

This wretched institution, in every way unfit for the purpose for which it was erected, was often quoted as an instance of what a lunatic asylum ought not to be, but no one seemed to have had the slightest suspicion that its miserable inmates were subjected to cruelty and ill treatment. In May, 1872, the Government received information from a former attendant, making the most serious charges against the keeper and matron, Mr and Mrs S…. These charges were of such a character as to demand an immediate investigation, and Mr Bunny (the Provincial Secretary), Dr Hector, and Mr Crawford were appointed a Commission to take evidence and to report. The evidence, though not on oath, was quite conclusive and most damning in character, and it is dreadful to think that the unfortunate inmates should for years have been subjected to such systematic neglect and cruelty. Some of the attendants who were questioned were too frightened to answer until they were assured of protection, and told that their silence would only make matters more serious for their superiors. The Commissioners found the cells clean and the patients neat and tidy when they visited them, but they were obviously prepared for the occasion, and on their insisting on seeing the clothes that had been taken off the patients that afternoon, they were produced very unwillingly and were found in a filthy and disgusting state. No wonder that recovery of reason was an event almost unknown in the history of that asylum, and it was not creditable to the authorities that such abuses should have lasted so long. How much longer they would have lasted one cannot say if Mrs S… and Miss McD… had not fallen out. The evidence of the latter recalls to one the stories of the madhouses of fiction. She had had two and a-half years’ experience in Tasmania before she came to Karori, where she had served only seven months, but in that time she had seen many patients ill-treated, particularly Miss G…, who was often put into the strait jacket, knocked about till her head was bleeding, frequently beaten on the feet and hands, and made black and blue upon her body. Miss G… was frequently beaten with an iron hoop by Mrs S…, who said that she did not care for God, the governor, or the devil himself. Mrs G…, another patient, was often beaten till black and blue, and one day showed Miss M’D… her arm and said that she was going to show it to the doctor, but Miss M’D… advised her not to, as she would only get a worse beating, so she did not complain to him. Miss M’D… had often seen Mrs S… kick her in and out of the door, and on one occasion saw Mr S… holding her down, with his foot in the middle of her back, while he and his wife were lacing on the tight jacket, and while doing this they both repeatedly kicked her. Further evidence was given, but the shocking details mentioned are quite sufficient for our purpose, and Dr Buchanan’s insistence on a report from the Commissioners brought the following:- “The buildings and accommodation were found to be quite inadequate, and there was no proper system of enforcing that discipline and cleanliness so necessary for the proper treatment of the mentally afflicted. The evidence disclosed that the patients were often treated with unnecessary violence. The master and matron were quite unsuited by want of the necessary training and education, and by infirmity of temper on the part of the matron, for the management of such an institution. Surprise was expressed that the medical officer in charge had not long before discovered the abuses which were now disclosed. Far more careful supervision was required.”

In view of the fact that the Government were still shuffling, and not inclined to go to the trouble and expense of a specially experienced inspector, the Hon. Dr Buchanan made a vigorous attack through the columns of the Otago Daily Times of June 27, 1872. We briefly summarise it. A committee of both Houses had shortly before recommended the appointment of a duly qualified medical officer, who was to have complete control of all the lunatic asylums in the colony; unfortunately, the Government declined to consider the proposition. In spite of the evidence and the documents attached to the report, which included recommendations immediate and practical, Ministers so far had taken no steps to give effect to the wishes of the committee, nor to secure the services of a properly trained, educated, and specially qualified medical man as Inspector-General of our asylums. In the absence of such an official many abuses and cruelties had resulted in the past; such an appointment would encourage and strengthen the hands of those who were doing good work in some of our hospitals, and would detect, expose, and reform those that were bad. The doctor deplored the fact that he could not lay all the evidence before his readers; much of it was so terrible and painful that he had not the courage to quote it; but he hoped that the disclosures from the Karori inquiry would force the hands of Ministers and compel them to reconsider their decision. He applauded the desire of the people of New Zealand to take a place in the front rank among the British colonies, but he pointed out that being able to support an Agent-General in Loudon, with all the style befitting his rank; to spend upon Hansard, which was largely useless, many thousands
a year; upon postal subsidies, public works, and immigration many millions; and yet to grudge and refuse a pitiful £1500 a year to help our unfortunate fellow creatures, who were too weak and helpless to make their wants and sufferings known, was an insufferable meanness. Dr Buchanan concluded a splendid letter by quoting “one of the first indications of a healthy moral feeling in a community is the provision for the helpless poor,” and “hospitals are in some sort the measure of the civilisation of a people.” He begged the Government not to be deterred by the spectre of the huge salary, travelling allowances, and possible retiring allowance of this very necessary official, whom he hoped they would at once secure from the ranks of the specialists of Great Britain. The result of Buchanan’s persistence and bold speaking is now a matter of past history. After a great deal of “backing and filling,” the Government of a later period appointed Duncan Macgregor Inspector-General of Hospitals and Lunatic Asylums, and the details of his appointment will be given when we come to his place among the early doctors of Otago.

Buchanan was, during the 12 years that he sat in the Assembly, very much alive to any suggestions for the betterment of the people. He was always on the alert, and raised his voice in the House upon such widely diverse subjects as: The Bakers’ and Millers’ Bill; Defence of the Colony; Dunedin and Port Chalmers Railway; Gaol System of the Colony; Insolvency; Intestate Estates; Land Claims; New Zealand University Act; Sale of Spirits in Native Districts Submarine Electric Telegraph; Savings Bank; Presbyterian Church of Otago; Canterbury Railways Gauge, Otago and Southland Union; Diseased Cattle Act; Retention of Imperial Troops Act; Sale of Poisons; Forest Trees Planting; Law Practitioners; Life Insurance of Emigrants; Protection of Animals; Public Health Act; Waste Lands; Lunatic Acts; Oamaru and Maerewhenua Railway; and many others. On the Vaccination Bill he spoke at length. His large experience in London made him singularly fitted to give advice to those in charge of the measure, and was of immense service to the colony. He was strongly of the opinion that it was only necessary to have one revaccination, and from many thousands of cases gave instances proving that the effect of primary vaccination was much more permanent than most persons believed. He also impressed his hearers with the fact that he had seldom seen any ill effects from vaccination, not one single case of transference of the loathsome diseases so loosely talked about, and that in all cases if reasonable care were taken, there was hardly the remotest possibility of infection from one to the other. He, however, insisted that it was always his practice to avoid using lymph from any child who showed any evidence of infirmity or disease. Those were the days of arm to arm vaccination, when the fear of extension of disease from one to another was of course greater than at present, with the exclusive use of calf lymph. Buchanan urged the passage of the compulsory Vaccination Bill, and, with all his experience of smallpox and the value of the preventive measure of vaccination, would have been shocked, had he lived to this date, to find through the time-serving of politicians and the expediency of pleasing the “conscientious objector,” our country filled with a practically “unprotected” populace. On the subject of Contagious Diseases he spoke with no uncertain voice, and showed a breadth of mind and a sincere desire to do all that in him lay for the prevention and cure of such infirmities. He spoke on a great many more subjects in connection with what one might call the “machinery” of legislation, but his name does not appear in the journals of the Council subsequent to 1872. Enough has been said to show that Buchanan served his country well, and had we the time to peruse the earlier journals of the Legislative Council no doubt many valuable additions to our Statutes would be found to owe their beginnings to his energetic and able mind. Buchanan returned to England in 1874 and died there in the year 1876. We have not so far been able to find an obituary notice of him in any of our colonial papers, but we understand there was an adjournment of the House when the news of his death was recorded. We are glad to have rescued, almost from oblivion, the name of a useful and philanthropic medical man who made his home for a time amidst the rugged surroundings of early Otago.
EBENEZER HALLEY, OF TUAPEKA AND THE GOLDFIELDS.

Lawrence was the immediate product of the finding of gold in Gabriel’s Gully in 1861. Before that time the country contained, here a small farm residence, there a shepherd’s hut (for there were sheep runs even in those early days), and of the pioneers of Tuapeka, Peter Robertson was one of the very first. A hard headed Scotsman, fired by the eloquence of that grand old Otago “barracker,” James Adam, of Bon Accord, he came to Otago in 1860, and settled as a shepherd on John Cargill’s Tuapeka run. Here he later became intimate with Gabriel Read, the man who brought prosperity to the district by his discovery of gold in the gully which ever since has born his name. In 1860 Robertson went from Dunedin to Tuapeka, and the journey proved one to be remembered for many years thereafter. Roads there were none, and with heavy rain, turbulent creeks, big holes, and nigger heads, it took him nine days to get his wife, family, and impedimenta as far as the Taieri Ferry. Endeavouring to charter canoes to “fetch” Waihola, he found the Maoris obstinate and too frightened to venture out upon the lake while the storm was in progress, it was consequently four of five more days before they could make a start. Getting to Grey’s at the head of the lake, and thence into bullock waggons, they finally ended up at the Tuapeka more dead than alive. Robertson entered upon his duties as shepherd with no light heart, and for a man who had spent a number of years in the grocery business, he must have found the work very trying. He was no shirker or quitter when up against obstacles; if anything they only stiffened his back and his determination to stick. He attended to his flocks and added to his cottage as occasion required and as time permitted. He was not worried about an eight hours’ day, 16 hours was more like his day’s work, and when Gabriel Read came that way bringing a letter from Mr J. L. Gillies, he hospitably entertained him, and gave him what help, advice, and directions he could. Gabriel Read was no ordinary individual, but a gentleman of good education and of great experience. The account of his discovery as described in the Jubilee Reminiscences of the Gabriel’s Gully Pioneers (Otago Daily Times and Witness, 1911) is an epic, and well worthy of perusal. He followed the directions given to him by Robertson as to where Black Peter had reported a prospect of gold some months before, wended his way up Monroe’s Gully, crossed the spur at the top, and came down the next gully, following the creek and looking for a likely place to try for the colour. He had tramped the Australian and Californian goldfields, knew exactly what he was looking for, and how to look for it, and he speedily made the discovery that was to startle the inhabitants of both islands, and to lay the train for a series of explosions, outbreaks, or rushes from end to end of New Zealand. His words have come down to us: “At a place where a kind of road crossed, on a shallow bar, I shovelled away about two and a-half feet of gravel, arrived at a beautifully soft slate, and saw the gold shining like the stars in Orion on a dark frosty night.” That day, the 20th May, 1861, he washed out in his tin dish nearly ten pounds worth of the precious metal, and realising the position, he did what many would not have done, made up his mind to declare the district a pay. Major Richardson, and the result upon the social life of Otago was marvellous. Every able bodied man in town or village threw down his tools and was off to the diggings. A tremendous rush from Australia took place; ship after ship sailed in at the Heads crowded with old “forty niners.” In a few months Otago jumped from comparative obscurity to being the best known and leading province of the colony. Vessels incoming, 69 in number in 1860, increased within 12 months to 256; the population of the province leaped from 12 to 30 thousand odd; the revenue from £83,000 immediately trebled itself. Such was the scramble for the yellow metal, that thousands of people tramped through the country on the way to the diggings; “streams” passed out over Waikari, along and across Silverstream, over the Taieri, and up the spurs of Maungatua, over the Lammerlaws, through Waipori, and so to Tuapeka. As a youngster the writer well remembers the nurse’s lullabies to the smaller children “Bright fine gold, bright fine gold, one a pecker, Tuapeka, bright fine gold,” and whenever a cry of derision or anything to annoy another boy or girl was needed, it was always “Joe, Joe;” though we had not the slightest idea why we said it, and it must have been nigh 40 years before the explanation came to one. It appears that whenever anyone unusual arrived on the field, a cry would go up of “Joe, Joe;” be it woman or man, “Joe, Joe.” Apparently any out of the way attire, particularly of head-dress, whether a woman’s bonnet or a man’s bell topper, up would pop heads from the shafts and drives, and the shout of “Joe, Joe;” would echo along
the field. Why “Joe” and not “Bill” or “Bob” has never been explained. After all who was Joe? It is strange what a “down” upon bolltoppers the miners had; it was possibly because they thought it was an evidence of better days or per chance a slight attempt at “putting on frill.” One story goes that one night a well dressed man, wearing a tall hat, stepped into a canvas pub in Weatherstones. A number of miners were sitting around the fire, and a big Canadian went up behind the stranger, and bonneted him, crashing his tall hat right down over his eyes, so that he could only get it off with difficulty. The hat was completely destroyed, but the stranger took it in such good part that the miners followed up the joke by throwing into the battered tile sufficient gold, notes, and nuggets to buy half a dozen new ones. The road to the field was crowded with eager travellers, all bent on reaching this new El Dorado as quickly as possible. Those who were already there began to send out the gold, and down came the escort, the first one under the direct control of the Superintendent, several sergeants, and a number of troopers. That they brought with them over 5000 ounces opened the eyes of many to the immensity of the discovery. When private individuals who had “struck it rich” began to struggle back with well filled pouches a greater frenzy seized those who had not yet ventured, tore them from their homes, and speedily carried them to the three gullies, which now held more people than the whole of Dunedin in the previous year. Poor old Gabriel Read was not the man to retain what he won from the ground: “easy come, easy go” was his motto. He received a thousand pounds from the Government for his discovery, but instead of investing it in freehold land, which at that time was leaping in values, he spent his gold as fast as he made it. He toiled away at his prospecting and sluicing, won and spent several fortunes, and finally drifting back to Tasmania, died there in 1894 a poor man.

The result of Read’s announcement was a tremendous rush of people from Dunedin to Tuapeka, and Robertson’s house, being in the direct line of transit (one could not call it a road or even a track), became immediately a place of accommodation for travellers. As many as 20 or 30 miners often made their bunks on his clay floor, thankful for a roof over their heads, and a “well filled kite” (Mrs Robertson’s cooking of excellent bread being the talk of the district), boiled mutton and plenty of tea making a splendid repast. The rush took place in the worst of heavy winter, and Robertson’s house was seldom without a packed floor. With it all he was a most obliging and kind hearted individual, charitable in the extreme; many a miner who had ill luck and had come to the end of his tether had reason to be grateful to him; many was the good deed done in silence and secrecy by the old Stirlingshire emigrant. There was an influx of diggers to the district, and the immediate erection of scores of tents at the junction and up the two gullies. An endless procession of heavy-booted, mud-stained, thirsty wayfarers, tramp, tramp past Robertson’s house, tin cans banging, pannakins clattering, waggons and drays lumbering along. There were strange contraptions of wood and rope, termed hand barrows, piled high with swags and tin dishes; wide straggling rows of men of all nations and languages, each man “humping his bluey” or shouting strange oaths at his horse or bullocks. Others toiled on laden with bags of flour, blankets, shovels, and spades; flash, flash, showed the glint of the occasional sun upon tin dish or billy, as the wanderer strayed from the highway (so called) and stumbled amongst the snow-grass and tussocks. All this made a spectacle strange and unique in a previously quiet and deserted district. Tents sprang up as if by magic; wood and calico accommodation houses, stables and huts, and “canvas town” became bigger and bigger, but the actual village or even foundation of a permanent settlement did not immediately show itself. With all this heterogeneous mass of persons flocking into the district; shortage of provisions every now and then; lack of firewood, for the locality, except in a few birch gullies, was strangely woodless; constant exposure to extreme cold, for the first winter was a very severe one; with this surging multitude sickness began to play havoc. Accidents were frequent and claim jumping led to fights with knives or hissing off of firearms after dark by persons entirely ignorant of the mechanism or dangers of the weapons they handled; frost bite of fingers and toes; dysentery from ice-cold and bad water; scurvy and similar blood disorders - all made the presence of a doctor highly necessary.

Needless to say one was eagerly looked for, and although no doubt many of the actual diggers were possessed of diplomas, Ebenezer Halley alone thought fit to put up his brass plate, and to start practice in the district. At this time the miners, and the persons busily engaged in providing for them, carrying to and fro clothing, timber, ironmongery, food, tents, etc., saw clearly that there was neither a place wherein the hundred and one slight accidents could he treated, nor the fairly frequent severe ones satisfactorily accommodated. Transport to Dunedin was out of the question over an impassable bridle track. The few permanent shanties were manifestly unsuitable and many of the tents were constantly on the move, In spite of the earnestness and ability of the
doctor, who had had experience at Arrowtown of a somewhat similar class of people, numbers of lives were lost which might have been saved. With the innumerable demands upon his services from all parts of the field, the miserable accommodation for the sick or injured that was available in the tents and shanties around, Dr Halley began to agitate for some means of providing greater comfort and a better chance of recovery for his surgical cases, by the establishment of what to-day we should call a cottage hospital. He no doubt felt that the constant travel in all directions - to this one with a broken leg, to, that one with a bad frost bite, to the third, perhaps a woman who required, say three or four visits a day - caused a large amount of his time to be wasted. He, therefore, set vigorously to work, got together a live committee of earnest workers, organised a systematic canvass of the town, and eventually succeeded in establishing the first Tuapeka Hospital. To this he was appointed house surgeon, with the right of private practice. Here he did good work, performed many operations, and carried on for several years. As the population rapidly increased, and his name became known through the wide district which be served, be found the hospital work too much for him, and handed it over to his successor, Dr Alexander Stewart. When one realises that his charge stretched from Mount Benger, Switzers, Tapanui, and Tuapeka Mouth on the one side, to Tokomairiro, Waipori, and the Lammerlaws on the other, as wild and as wide a piece of territory as any man in the colony ever galloped over, it can be seen that he was indeed a true and faithful country doctor of the old school. The miles he had to travel by night and by day; the journeys in brightest sunshine or in blinding snowstorm; the tedious ascent of precipitous mountains on horseback or on foot; the rivers to be forded, or if in spate to be swum across; the nights he had to camp with no place to lay his heads or in shepherds’ huts or small shanties, awaiting the arrival of the long looked for “son and heir”; these were but a few of the trials that Ebenezer Halley had to face. Now a land slide or avalanche would precipitate several men into an icy stream and half a dozen inanimate bodies would be brought along to him, perhaps two or three already dead; on more than one occasion a number thus perished in a single night. Near Fox’s, another of he goldfields not far from Frankton where Halley had been a locum tenens, some 13 men, tents and all, slipped into the river one stormy night and were swept out of existence in a few moments. Foreigners from all parts of the world flashed their knives, and stabbed where they chose; bullies and prize fighters battered their victims into insensibility; sluice boxes suddenly overloaded by a freshet gave way, pinning the worker at an awkward moment, smashing wrist or ankle; bullocks kicked out unexpectedly, one per chance catching some poor new chum in the ribs, staving in his side; poisonous liquor, yclept whisky, poured down thirsty throats, or ankle; bullocks kicked out unexpectedly, one perchance catching some poor new chum in the ribs, staving in his side; poisonous liquor, yclept whisky, poured down thirsty throats, at one and sixpence a shot, soon bringing blue devils in its train, and Dr Halley found his hands full at every turn.

Although Weatherstones, the most easterly gully of the three, included less of the actual gold producing area than either of the other two, it became a place of vast importance in “less than no time.” Herre the miners congregated when their day’s work was over. Here were their banks, their hotels, their boarding houses - so called; their drinking saloons, gambling dens, billiard rooms, and the hundred and one places of amusement for people of all ages, and of either sex: Here were dancing halls, resorts where monte, poker, euchre, faro, and other games of chance and skill were played; shooting galleries, fighting and wrestling establishments. Here were held tournaments and sports of all kinds - running, jumping, quoits, pole jumping, tossing the caber, sword dancing. Occasionally would work be put off for the whole day, and the gully packed with a heaving, pushing mob, surging here and there, as excitement and curiosity took them hither and thither. Cheap jacks, thimble riggers skittle alleys, side shows of all sorts and conditions, everything would be put on one side while the sports meeting was in progress. At night time the gully was a blaze of candles, flares, and lamps. Uproarious songs, chanties, scraping of fiddles, wheezing of concertinas, droneing of bagpipes, were heard, also rattling of kettle drums and cymbals and castanets or bones, the tinkle of the piano, thrumming of banjos and guitars, and the rythmical clatter of heavy-booted feet. Money was plentiful, liquor ran free, blood was often spilt, and every now and again word would come in that Halley was wanted, one or more unfortunates overpowered with their heavy burden of “red eye” having been found frozen to death in creek or gully.

The amount of gold that was being wrung from the soil attracted many bad characters, and among them one Garrett watched with eager, furtive eye the well-filled bags that some of the more industrious and saving were preparing to take out. Collecting around him some half-a-dozen or more scoundrels, he one day made his way over the mountains and camped in a little birch gully on the side of Maungatua, about a mile above James
Fulton’s homestead of Ravensbourne. Next morning a party of diggers, over a dozen in number, crossed the Lammerlaw, and on the top of Maungatua stopped for a smoke, and to decide which was the best track to get down to the plain, and along to the Silverstream, thence to Dunedin; the township of Outram, of course, did not at that time exist. One of the party asserted that the better plan was to stick to the ranges, skirt right along them, and coming out at Silverstream have an easy way to Dunedin. This was agreed to by four who went with him, but the rest elected to clamber down the side of the mountain.

This is one story, but another, which seems more probable, is that the party were accosted by two diggers who, sitting on their swags, were resting by the roadside having a smoke. These two advised their going down the hill, as the shorter road (they, of course, were in reality two of Garrett’s gang). The string of men wended their way down the side of the hill, which was covered with very thick manuka, or kilmog, as it was then called, and they were suddenly bailed up by Garrett, who ordered them to “put up their hands,” and marched them at the pistol’s muzzle into the little birch gully. Here his crowd quickly relieved them of their hard earned gold dust, and with ropes and flax, which grew in profusion hardby, tied them up safely to the birch trees, which in this gully grew to a good size. The men found other unfortunates already in this evil plight, as Garrett had managed to intercept an earlier party. All of these poor fellows were left tied tightly, being told by the gang that they would be liberated at night, but that they were on no account to endeavour to escape, as a picket or guard of two was to be left in the vicinity and would shoot instantly anyone attempting to untie his bonds. Late that night one of them found that he could get his wrists free, and setting vigorously to work soon had his companions liberated, and they hastened down the hill to the nearest homestead. They were half frozen and very hungry, and some of their number, terrified by Garrett’s threats, were almost paralysed with the fear of meeting a volley of bullets or a charge of gunshot at every step. Finally emerging from the manuka they crossed Fulton’s upper paddock, and seeing a light in the house knocked hard at the door. We have in our possession an autobiography of Mrs James Fulton which has not yet been published, and we here quote from it her account of those stirring times. It was written in 1915 when she was 85 years of age.

“One morning Mr Bremner, our boys’ tutor, read out to us that Gabriel Read had discovered gold at Tuapeka, and he exclaimed: ‘Why, that is the man who came over with me lately from Hobart. How exciting these times are getting.’ Yes, indeed, they were exciting, for there was a tremendous influx of diggers from Australia, who made their way up the cutting past our homestead, along the side of the mountain, and across our run to the Tuapeka. This proved a very rich goldfield, the gully being named after the discoverer, Gabriel Read. Robert Fulton went off to the diggings at once, but James was not stricken with the gold fever to the extent of following him. He, however, did very well by sending up bullock drays with stores to Tuapeka, and reaped a rich harvest at £100 a load. He also sold our young colts at a high figure, £60 for young unbroken three-year-olds. We did not, however, relish the new order of things, for many undesirables came from Australia, who tore up our sheep fences for firewood and killed our sheep whenever short of food. The gold escort, a four-horse Government wagonette, with four armed police in it and mounted troopers in front and behind, used to go down the cutting past the church, on one occasion bringing 32,000 ounces of gold. The postman, Jock Graham, in those days took all letters up to the diggers, and returned with letters and parcels of gold to the diggers’ wives. He wore a red coat and cocked hat, with a bunch of white feathers in it, and was mounted on a white horse. He blew his bugle or trumpet loudly when coming down the cutting to call the attention of those who were looking out for the mail. After the arrival of bad characters from Australia he was not so noisy. He then took a longer and more circuitous track, and avoided the lonely cutting. He was quite a noted character himself in those days. On October 18, 1861, late at night, the nurse girl came to our bedroom door, and said she heard a crowd of men at the back. James and Robert thought they were the bushrangers come to stick up the house, and they went out to the back door to see. During those dangerous times all our doors and windows were kept heavily barred, a loaded revolver hung at our bed-head, and James kept a pistol under his pillow. (We have that pistol in our possession. It is a curious weapon, with two short rifled barrels, which can be twisted round by hand, not what one could by any stretch of the imagination call a hair trigger Colt). In the backyard James and Robert found a number of men, trembling with cold and fright. They said they had been stuck up in the ranges by Garrett, the bushranger, and his gang ever since nine o’clock that morning. Towards evening one of the men had worked his hands loose, and had then liberated the others. It was drizzling with rain and they had had nothing to eat all day long. Unfortunately we had no bread left so the house, so at that late hour we boiled a large pot of potatoes for them, and they then camped in our barn for the night. Robert Fulton took their names down and all particulars
and rode off to town, and gave notice to the authorities. As one of the men said that Garrett was going to stick up the ferry, that is now where the township of Outram is, he went lower down near Rennie’s farm and swam his horse over. Next day Major Keddell, Sergeant Garvey, and some mounted troopers came to the house and stayed a few days. They had the boys’ room, which soon became a veritable arsenal, with belts and firearms, etc. One of our shepherds was requisitioned as a guide, and a diligent search made of the mountainside, but with no avail. For Garrett had shrewdly made his way quickly right into Dunedin, and under the very noses of the police sailed for Australia in a small vessel, and got clear away. He was, however, later on arrested in Sydney, being caught while trying to rob a bank. He was sent over to Dunedin for trial, but when some of those who had had experience of his sticking up were asked to give evidence, they refused to do so, for fear he would murder them when he was released. After serving a term he was let out on account of exceptionally good conduct, and was received into the house of Mr Alfred Brunton, and served him and his family faithfully for some time. He could not, however, keep out of trouble, and was convicted of stealing seeds from a flower shop, and some poison from a chemist’s, and was again imprisoned, and finally died in prison. He was a fine looking man, and told my husband, who was a magistrate and visited him in prison, that he had been taught to thieve when a little fellow nine years old. Some more of our shepherds were robbed at the Post Office Creek hut by another gang, and among the notes stolen from them was the very last one issued by the Oriental Bank of Dunedin, and later on this note was found in the pocket of Burgess, when he was arrested on the ranges by Sergeant Garvey. Burgess was afterwards executed for his complicity in the Nelson murders. Sergeant Garvey was often at our house and in the Camp at Outram, and we were deeply grieved when the tidings of his tragic death reached us a little later. He was overtaken by a blizzard on the top of Mt. Ida and perished in the snow. A large monument was erected to him in the Southern Cemetery in Dunedin.”

Garrett’s Bush was well known to the writer, who, as a boy in his “teens,” often visited it with his brothers and sisters, but what was more to his liking, with school friends from Dunedin, to whom the story could be told with a certain amount of additional detail due to a vivid imagination. The place was a pretty little gorge of black birch, mingimingi, tarata, and grass trees. Thick manuka, festooned with pure white clematis, feathery kowhais, lavender-flowered and white koromiko, skirted the glen here and there was a partially gilled stream of the purest cold water splashed and babbled among lovely mosses and filmy ferns. The place rang with the melodious notes of the mockers, the bubbling laugh and clanging bells of the tuis, the chattering of the parakeets, the continuous trilling of flocks of yellow-headed canaries and brown creepers. The staccato tweet tweet of the black and pied fantails, the plaintive “See you, See you” of the vigorous little whiteeye, the pipe of the weka, “kui kui kui” were heard in all directions. Robins, tom tits, grey warblers, and ground larks abounded everywhere, and an occasional kaka screamed at us from a big birch, ablaze with scarlet mistletoe. Can it be wondered that this was a place we loved to visit, and yet with it there was always a kind of haunting terror in us. We spoke in hushed voices, we kept close together, the sound of our talk was almost inaudible in the presence of the babble of the stream and the twittering of the birds. With shaking voices, and almost chattering teeth we pointed out the very trees to which the wretched prisoners had been tied, perhaps after dreadful torture. To impress our companions from the city we no doubt “put on” our state of fear, but to this day we can recall our sensations like those of Jim Hawkins in Treasure Island, and the horrible creepy feeling of we knew not what at this grim and perchance bloo state of fear, but to this day we can recall our sensations like those of Jim Hawkins in Treasure Island, and the
feather have done the work well. Gone are the lovely birds, those noisy songsters of the grove, gone are the grasshoppers, the buzzing locusts, the silent creeping lizards, gone are the scared and whispering children, “all, all are gone, the old familiar faces.”

Mention of Sergeant Garvey’s tragic end will show our readers that travel on the Lammerlaws and Maungatapu in the winter time was very dangerous. With shepherds’ huts at El Dorado, Post Office Creek, the Exhibition, and Taieri Ferry, Halley had some nerve-racking journeys before him, but so far as danger from bushrangers was concerned he was practically immune. Most of them at one time or another had received kindness for themselves or their friends, and took good care not to interfere with him.

Payment in kind was not infrequent, but most of his cash came in in coarse gold, small nuggets, and gold dust, many the “shammy” bag carelessly tossed down with “There you are doc., thank you, old man, and it is little enough, too.” Grateful were these men, numbers of them rough in the exterior, but were the truth known many well educated English men, sons of Scottish ministers and professors, Irishmen bearing names with a history stretching away into the past. Others with a humble up-bringing and indifferent education, but with kindly hearts and instincts of the truest gentlemen, men who would scorn to tell a lie, steal a halfpenny from a neighbour, or do an unkind action to man, woman, or child.

Mr Henry Walton, of Waikanae, in a vivid description of his experiences in the Jubilee booklet before mentioned, tells us of an old gentleman of the “Joe stamp,” who, with bell-topper headgear, arrived from Melbourne. He was one of those whom so far Dame Fortune had forsaken, or rather had never helped. The Australian diggings had attracted him, and having been partly successful he had acquired a taste for the life. Where is the man who has not, if once he has had the experience. Though a gentleman born, his wife a lady of refinement, and his children well brought up, he had sacrificed almost everything for this search for the apparently unattainable, had spent all he had, and had been reduced to the utmost extremities. For seven years he had done his best to no purpose; they had, indeed, been seven lean years, and now by some means he had managed to get across to this new goldfield, and, eager as ever, hoped to do the trick at last. He had brought his son with him, but had left wife and daughter behind, to heaven only knows what sufferings and in what straits. Says Walton: “We laid him on to a piece of our ground, and he had a splendid claim. He next sank in a little blind gully just below the Blue Spur, and he got into very rich gold, and when we left Gabriel’s Gully he was in fortune’s lap at last. I have never seen him since.” How Walton missed it on one occasion may be shortly mentioned. He and his mates were offered the Blue Spur claim, which was slabbed and down 57 feet, but they thought it was too dangerous and would not buy. Some sailors took it and in their venturesome way dug still deeper, but only had to go two feet when they bottomed, and came on good gold, taking out 90 ounces in a couple of days’ work.

At first there was no police protection, and the miners took the law into their own hands. Strong parties would try to dispossess weaker ones: men from the wild American goldfields, where little or no law existed, tried bluff and bullying. Several narrow escapes from lynching occurred, and are on record. It is more than likely Halley had experiences and possible results of the kind to investigate, but was sensible enough to keep his own counsel, and to say little about them. Scores of deaths occurred in those days in New Zealand without any inquests being held, and many were the bodies interred without any certificate of death even asked for. Even when death certificates became necessary by law it was a considerable time before the cause of death was inserted or the attending doctor’s name mentioned.

On the goldfields were many desperate characters of both sexes, but even these respected Dr Halley’s cloth, and realised that he was there to better their condition, and they treated him accordingly. There were also many men of his own profession, though their identity was seldom disclosed or discovered until after they had left the district. One such, a huge man named Lee, turned the scale at 22 stone, a good natured giant who would not hurt anybody, and whose constant difficulty was to find a horse that could carry him anywhere. He went from diggings to diggings with apparently little success, finally landing on the West Coast, where he announced that he was a doctor, to the extent of pinning a notice to that effect on his back. This was visible as he tramped the tracks. Men looking back to scan his mighty bulk were attracted by the little card across his burly shoulders, and hastened after him to read it or hailed him inquiringly. In 1865 he was tramping heavily along the rough road from Greymouth to the Teremakau, when he was met by a digger who, catching a glimpse of the card, asked
him eagerly if he were a real doctor, and on being assured that he was, asked if he could pull a tooth for him. A tree stump was selected as an operating chair, down went the great pack, speedily was it unstrapped, and a frightful instrument called a “tormentor” or “key” extracted therefrom. The long-troubling molar very quickly followed suit, and the coughing, spitting, but delighted miner anted up a bag of gold dust. He handed half to the operator, saying: “There you are doc., I put past eight ounces to take me to Nelson; you have saved me the trip, and there’s your share.” The gold sold for £15 4s, and Dr Lee, for it appears he really was a member of the London College of Surgeons, said it was the best patch of gold he had ever struck in his life. Dr Halley had many similar experiences - tooth extraction was a regular every day occupation - but we have no record of his having lighted upon quite such a good “pocket.” With the risks he ran from exposure, the actual sufferings he endured, Halley’s short career was indeed heroic.

It is not difficult for us to visualise the doctor as, sunburned and blistered by exposure to the elements, he goes plodding steadily against the merciless storm, fingers encased in thick gloves, muffled in heavy overcoat up to the eyes and ears, bowed forward upon his old horse’s neck, trusting his very life to its sagacity and wonderful instinct. The howling of the storm, the swirling of the snow, the tremendous drifts upon the right hand or the left of the deeply covered and invisible track, warned the old nag that he must walk warily or both he and his rider would find themselves floundering in 20 feet of smother. Across the moors the tracks were rough and boggy; in summer time the mountain sides were dangerous from loose cobbles and boulders; streams mere rivulets in the morning, freshets at midday, were turbulent torrents by night. One had always to reckon on the weather, and to endeavour to forecast it, if one had any hope of returning home on the same or the following day. Buggies with hoods did not exist, vehicles of any kind except bullock drays were impossible in that wild and rugged land. Halley battling in the snow and frost, his saddlebags of instruments and emergency medicines strapped in front of him, year in, year out, by night and by day, was finally killed in action, as were so many of our pioneer medical men, in the very prime of his life. His devotion to duty was his distinguishing characteristic, and of this his patients give many illustrations, but one will suffice. Called urgently to someone residing at the Beaumont, 13 miles from Lawrence, just before midnight on a bitterly cold stormy night, he set out on his journey and reached the Molyneux - no mere trickle of water as our readers know. Finding the punt had been swept away, he forthwith put his faithful nag straight into the boiling torrent, and swam across, the husband of the patient who was anxiously awaiting him, guiding him by waving to and fro a Ballarat lantern - that is, a candle in a bottle.

We have been fortunate in obtaining the following interesting reminiscences of him from Mr James Robertson, well known as one of the pioneers of Tuapeka, as was his father before him.

At the first rush to Gabriel’s Gully there came large numbers of able bodied miners from every quarter of the globe. These were men who were in the van of progress everywhere, and many who had had practical experience on Australian, Californian, and other goldfields. To quote a verse written on the early pioneer miner by the late J. J. Ramsay, Hyde:

From England’s fens and Scotia’s glens
And Erin’s Emerald Isle,
From every strand of Europe’s land
They came for the golden pile.
A stalwart band on every hand
No better could you ken,
Than the brave pioneers of the early years,
The hardy goldfields men.

In a few short months the turmoil and busy travelling to and fro partially ceased, and a comparatively settled community of stalwart miners were in and around the Tuapeka district. Some of the leading spirits commenced to exert themselves by taking the lead in building a church and school, and they soon felt the need of a hospital. The reasons held out for the immediate building of a hospital were that as shallow claims were getting worked out, and the miners tackled deeper ground, the work became more dangerous. At the head of Gabriel’s they were beginning the tunnelling of the Blue Spur, Ballarat Hill, etc., and accidents were now becoming more numerous, so a meeting was called and the subject mooted. An appeal was made to the Government for a subsidy. This was granted: the Government was to pay £2 for every £1 raised. A call was then made upon the miners, business
men, and others, which was generously responded to, and the first, or as they now term it, the old hospital was dully erected. It was only a shell built of weatherboards, a building of no pretence. It was a long lean-to in shape, without any lining inside, and, as the boards shrank after a time, they required little or no ventilation. It was not long erected before the space was filled with many bad and severe cases, caused by the pressure of water and heavy treacherous wash breaking and crushing the timbers and often entrapping the miners. Blasting operations and tunnelling into the heavier deposits such as the first operations at the Blue Spur kept up the supply. There were no divisions or apartments in the main ward. The stretchers were put alongside of one another, and as the operations went on a light width of calico followed the operator. The doctor had an “open” practice. He might be at Waipori, Waitahuna, Greenfield, Moa or Miller’s Flat, when a bad case of crushing would arrive, arms or legs broken, and it was then a case of waiting until he arrived.

Later on things improved and the leading men of the district and the large hearted and generous miners again started a movement to erect a better hospital. Funds were raised, concerts and lectures given and performers came to the rescue - as Dr Carr a renowned mesmerist, Billy Barlow, and other celebrated entertainers. They came to scoop a pool in the district, but being approached by the wellwishers of the hospital they would announce two nights’ performances for themselves and one night’s entertainment, proceeds in full to go to the local hospital. As these amounts carried a two, to one subsidy there never was the slightest difficulty in raising sufficient funds to meet all requirements. Any entertainment, six-penny reading, lecture, or address given in aid of hospital funds was generally crowded to the door. Dr Halley was six feet high and straight in appearance, but not built on robust lines. Black, straight hair, moustache, and whiskers tapering to a point, with little or no side whiskers, long tapering jaw bones and a long chin gave him a striking appearance. He was reserved in his manner, slow and staid in his movements, quiet in speech and address to a stranger, but very different when speaking with a friend or in an after dinner speech in jovial company. He was a well educated gentleman, and as a surgeon highly spoken of, and from the operations I saw him perform both in and outside hospital, I should say he understood his business. Methodical in his movements, he would perform critical operations in a quiet, steady masterly manner. He was very well liked by the multitude. “Well off” patients had to pay for his skill, but to many a poor fellow down on his luck no account was ever rendered. He was an enigma to many who could not fathom his friendship. He knew not the value of money as long as he could “float” easily. After the Dunstan Rush he was on the look out for a good reliable horse, and he gave me an order for one out of the next shipment, and I suggested that a flea bitten grey, half Arab, called Jordan, was the most suitable for his work, as he required a good, honest, easy, safe “conveyance.” Jordan proved an ideal horse for a very long time, carrying him safely over rough broken gullies and long trying journeys. Later on some “fly customer” palmed a big long-legged handsome bay hack on to the doctor in exchange for the old white Jordan, as he said it did not look well for a doctor to have his black suit covered with white hairs.

The lanky, long-legged horse that he got to fill the place of honest old Jordan he christened or named Smuggler. He stood about 16 hands high, bay with black points, and, having a lengthy formation, he was a difficult horse to steer; slightly ewe-necked, with what a horsey man would term “a mean head,” and as the saying is “no brains.” It had evidently been the custom or habit of the former owner to call at every pub when he was travelling to Wetherstones, Waitahuna, or elsewhere to have a social chat or pick up trade. Smuggler and the doctor got on very well for a time, but it was found before long that Smuggler was inclined to jib and stop at some of the hotels when he was not wanted to. One day about noon the doctor was called out on an urgent ease to Wetherstones, only three miles away. He saddled up and led Smuggler down to Harrop’s chemist shop, to get some medicine, then round the Bank of New South Wales corner into Ross place, mounted, and was going at a pretty smart pace to keep his appointment, when, opposite the Masonic Hotel, Smuggler thought he was expected to stop, turned sharply off the road on to the footpath in front of the bar door, and stopped dead, which resulted in the poor doctor embracing Smuggler’s neck with his long arms, narrowly escaping a severe fall. As it was an urgent ease, some onlooker taking in the situation led Smuggler past what is now the railway station, and the doctor then made Smuggler travel for a time; but half-way to Wetherstones Shumate’s pub was in the way. The doctor slowed down the pace on account of the experience he had had previously, but Smuggler being in an obstinate mood slewed in off the road, and it was some considerable time before the doctor reached his patient’s house to find that a fine baby boy had arrived before him. As both mother and son were doing well, he joined some jovial companions, hung Smuggler’s reins over one of the tie posts in front of the Sportsman’s Arms Hotel at the corner of Little Bourke street and Broadway, in the centre of Wetherstones, went in with a few pals, who
drank the health of the child, and then drank each other’s health. The doctor now bade them good-bye, and headed for home. Smuggler, being hungry, and having his head, when he came to Lawrence turned up Whitehaven street past the Catholic Chapel, up Colonsay street, and up Peel street, and landed at Mount Eagle House, and here he was unsaddled and fed and bedded. It was now quite late, and the doctor rang the bell and knocked at the door, but the women folk inside, nervous no doubt in those stirring times, opened the door an inch and called, “If you require the doctor he is not at home, you had better come to-morrow.” This was the stock expression used when the women were alone, and they thought a burglar or tramp was at the door. They then carefully barred and bolted the door. The doctor, locked out of his own house, had to find a bed at Bastings’ Hotel, and arrived at his home in the morning, much to the relief of his wife, who was afraid an accident had happened to him.

Mr James Robertson in his reminiscences continues:- “One day the doctor asked me if I would assist him in carrying out a project he had in view. Smuggler had been misbehaving and sticking him up at every hotel, and was practically becoming useless. The climax came at last. Dr Halley had an urgent call to the head of Waitahuna Gully, so he and Smuggler started off. The doctor took the near track past Derrit’s hut and down a narrow ridge to near where the old halfway house now stands. On or near the point of this narrow ridge Con Brown had a calico shanty erected. The trade had fallen off and Brown left the place, leaving the skeleton shelter standing alongside of the track. It was a cold snowy day in winter, the doctor and Smuggler coming sliding down the track as best they could, when opposite the shanty Smuggler, ever thoughtful for his rider’s requirements, showed signs of resentment. The doctor, knowing the horse’s obstinacy and that there was nothing inside the shanty, tried to make Smuggler understand, but all in vain. The doctor then got off to lead him past, but still no use, so a happy thought struck him. He secured the reins, went inside with a hail fellow well met manner, talked loudly for a time with some imaginary person, appeared at the shanty door in the act of wiping his mouth, with a hurried sharp cough as if it had been too strong for him to swallow. He then mounted Smuggler, and, as the doctor told me himself, he went away that day like a steam engine. As he grew older Smuggler got worse instead of better, so to a certain extent was cast aside or condemned, the doctor having to hire from the livery stables for any case of an urgent nature. Now the project the doctor had in view was to have a jollification night at Bastings’, and he wished me to assist him in carrying it out. He had been reading of the French nation using horse flesh as a food and it being looked upon as a luxury, so he conceived the plan or idea of having the horse (Smuggler) slaughtered, the best parts sent to Bastings, who was to cook the joints and make them up in all the various delicious dishes known. My services were required to slaughter the horse, my father having a slaughter yard at the time. The doctor was to invite all his friends to the feast, and when they had partaken of the various courses, he was going to give a scientific lecture on the delicacy of horse flesh. There were only three in the plot - Bastings, the doctor, and myself. It was getting near the time arranged, but one fine morning we got word that Smuggler was missing and could not be found. The doctor had an advertisement put in the local paper offering £2 or £3 reward, but he finally gave him up for lost after advertising for him for some considerable time, and the great plot was never carried out. About six months after the late George Monroe brought old Smuggler in from the Tuapeka Basin where he had been running, and claimed the reward. The old horse was as poor as a crow. The doctor sent Monroe with Smuggler up to me, telling him that I would pay the reward, which I did. Soon after I purchased Smuggler from the doctor, and after a long spell educated the old fellow to be amenable to reason, and traded him away to another owner. I always had the idea that Bastings had jibbed on the enterprise and had got some of the shepherds to take the old horse out of the way.”

Dr Halley came to Tuapeka early in 1861, and lived there for 12 years, succumbing to the strain of a strenuous decade of Central Otago medical practice. From the columns of the Tuapeka Times of November 22, 1875, we condense the following:-

“Halley was a surgeon of good repute. Some of the work done by him in the Tuapeka Hospital is on record in the pages of the Lancet, and in those days of primitive surgery and before the advent of Listerism, is worthy of reference. One patient had a miraculous recovery from a very severe fracture of the skull, the brain in this case protruding. Another miner, Richards, was crushed by a fall of earth and his foot smashed to a pulp; most men would have amputated at once, but Halley’s conservative surgery was noted in the Lancet at the time, as a good example of what could be done by patience and self confidence, if wise old Mother Nature were left to herself and her directions followed. Various medical men who knew of the case recognised this, and spoke of it and his
treatment as excellent, and really before its time. While dressing a case in the hospital in November, 1875, Dr Halley unfortunately became infected with septic poisoning, and being in an indifferent state of health due to extreme overwork, he developed erysipelas and finally uraemia, from which he died on the 20th of that month at the early age of 39. He was born at Highbury College, Middlesex, London, in 1836, and was the son of the Rev. Dr Halley, a noted divine, principal of New College, St. John’s Wood, London. He was a grand nephew of Edmund Halley, the Astronomer Royal of 1720 onwards - the man whose name is familiar to us as the observer of the great comet of 1680.

Note—Edmund Halley, born near London in 1656, early showed marked mathematical and classical ability, and even before going to Queen’s College, Oxford, had observed the change in the variations of the compass and also supplied a new method of determining the elements of the planetary orbits. He took upon himself the work of forming a catalogue of the stars visible in the Northern Hemisphere, and for this purpose in 1676 proceeded to St. Helena, where his observation station was established. On the way he noticed the retardation of the pendulum on approaching the equator, and on the island observed the Transit of Venus, and returned to England having recorded and registered 360 stars. For this he was made Master of Arts of Oxford University, and a Fellow of the Royal Society. He observed with Cassini the great comet of 1680, and was the first to suggest a calculation, and to make it of the orbit in 1682, with a prediction of the return of the comet in 1759 and 1835. His calculations proved accurate and his predictions were verified. He was also much occupied with lunar observations for the purpose of a better determination of longitude while at sea, and was also busied with the momentous subjects of gravity and of terrestrial magnetism. He published a chart of the Variation of the Compass in 1701, and also executed by Royal Command a careful survey of the tides and coasts of the British Channel. He was sent to Dalmatia for the purpose of selecting and fortifying the Port of Trieste (it is interesting to reflect upon the possibilities of the effect of this choice upon the late conflict in that neighbourhood). He was a most remarkable man, and in his 64th year undertook to observe the moon through an entire revolution of her nodes. This took 18 years to do, but he actually carried out his purpose successfully. He was made Professor of Geometry at Oxford, Doctor of Laws, Secretary of the Royal Society, and was Astronomer Royal from 1720 until his death in 1742.

Ebenezer Halley was educated at Owens College, Manchester; at New College, London, his father’s school, and he took the M.R.C.S., London, and the L.S.A., and then emigrated to Australia in the late “fifties,” where he spent a year or more as assistant to Dr M’Creagh, at that time attached to the Melbourne Hospital, and later coming to New Zealand he made his way to Wakatipu, where he held a locum for Dr Douglas, of Frankton, for a time. This was before the gold discovery, but even then included widely scattered visits to private and lodge patients, and proved a most arduous term of office. During the time which he spent in the Tuapeka district Dr Halley took a leading part in the social and municipal life around him. Although apparently a grave and reserved man so far as his outward appearance went, he was at heart a most good natured, genial, witty individual, fond of jokes of all kinds, and immensely popular with all classes.

In its notice of Dr Halley’s death the Tuapeka Times wrote as follows:—“Our obituary column contains to-day an announcement which will be read with feelings of profound regret. We refer to the demise of Dr Ebenezer Halley, who expired at his residence, Peel street, Lawrence, on the afternoon of Sunday, November 20. The fact has been known for some time past that his health has been the reverse of good, - and a few weeks ago he was laid up with a rather severe attack of pleurisy. Continuous work told upon the otherwise enfeebled state of his health, and on Thursday last, while prosecuting his arduous duties, unmistakable symptoms of erysipelas showed themselves in the lower part of the face. The subsequent progress of the disease was rapid enough. Dr Alexander Stewart was in constant attendance upon him, and early on Sunday morning Dr A. J. Fergusson arrived from Dunedin. Medical skill, however, was of no avail. The patient gradually sank, and at 5.30 p.m. on Sunday Dr Halley breathed his last. Thus passed away from mortal ken one who from the nature of his occupation, no less than his long and intimate connection with affairs of the district, had established claims for kindly recognition upon almost every household in the place. To these added the rarer virtue of thorough disinterestedness, and it is hardly possible to conceive of a man less mercenary in his motives than he whose untimely end we are called upon to lament. As a citizen Dr Halley took an active part in all the social and political events transpiring around him. He had the happy knack of standing well with all sides, even when his best endeavours were concentrated in the cause of one. It mattered not what the occasion was - a social
gathering or an election contest—“the doctor,” as he was familiarly called, was bound to be there taking part as one of its prime movers, and now he has gone the way of all flesh.

“Yesterday afternoon Dr Halley’s mortal remains were committed to their last resting place in the Lawrence Cemetery. It was anticipated that the funeral would be a large one, and in that respect popular expectation was not disappointed. The districts throughout which deceased’s practice extended were well represented. The societies by whom the cortege was headed were the M.U.I.O.O.F., the Foresters, and the Masons, all dressed in the regalia of their order; the rear being brought up by an exceptionally large number of private citizens, walking principally on foot. It was by far the largest procession of the kind which has taken place in Tuapeka.”

A public meeting was held a few days after his death to consider what action should be taken to perpetuate his memory, and the result was the erection in the cemetery at Lawrence of a tombstone bearing the following inscription, which, while expressing in quite a friendly way the feelings of the donors, is from an historical point of view, most unsatisfactory. The pioneers who raised this structure to the memory of their beloved doctor were all well acquainted with his good deeds, and with the details of his career; but they entirely lost sight of the fact that a tombstone is not erected for the benefit and instruction of those of the present day, but for those who come later seeking information from a memorial such as this. To us it is indeed strange that Halley’s tombstone should have no record of his birthplace, age, or even the date of his death. May we suggest to the pioneers of Lawrence, of whom there are still a number remaining, that they have the dates added to the inscription before it is too late. The words upon the stone are:-

“Erected by the numerous friends of Ebenezer Halley, M.R.C.S., in affectionate remembrance of his many kind acts during a long residence in Tuapeka district.”

The widow of Dr Halley remained in Tuapeka, and some years later married Mr J. C. Brown, for many years member of the House of Representatives. She still survives, and resides at Napier.

JOHN GIBSON SMITH AND THE CLUTHA DISTRICT.

The country on both sides of the greatest river in New Zealand for the lowest 30 miles of its course, includes some of the finest land in the Dominion. Can it be wondered that in the rural settlement of the province this was one of the first places selected? The river, in the early days before gold mining operations, was a lovely body of water, at the banks clear as crystal, white gleaming stones and subaqueous plants easily discernible on the bottom. Out in the middle, where the water ran deep and sluggish, the snow-fed torrent lost its transparent look, and bore its millions of gallons to the mighty ocean at the heads. In the “thirties” Palmer, the whaler, boated up as far as the Maori Settlement. Later Jollie’s party landed and completed the survey which had been entrusted to them, and soon after this date, 1847, people began to clamour that the district should have been chosen for the site of the capital, and the entrance to the river made the port of Otago Province. The Clutha, as it was named after the Scottish Clyde - or Molineux, pronounced Molinooks, after Cook’s sailing master - was a part of the country which was universally considered the true centre or hub from which all partitioning of the province should naturally have radiated. It was the heart of the selected Otago block, the surrounding area alluvial and immensely fertile A great stretch of agricultural and pastoral land lay around; communication by land or water was comparatively easy. Wood and coal abounded in many places, one great burning hole of lignite known to the Maoris as Tapu Whenua was an evidence of the latter; the climate was mild and congenial, and there was far more level land available for building sites than around Dunedin. In spite of these great advantages there were two obstacles that proved insurmountable. These were the lack of a harbour worthy of the name, and the liability of much of the district to complete inundation from the mighty although slow rising river flowing over such a low lying area. Inch Clutha, the island near the mouth of the river, carried some fine forests of totara, and near its upper end land well adapted for cultivation. Here Thomas Redpath, the first settler, came in 1850; here he built his house; here he used his boat as a ferry; and here in his cottage were held the first church services in the district. Pillans and Ferguson followed him, and then Shepherd, the policeman from Dunedin, whose wife bore the first white child in the Clutha. Towards Dunedin, John Lovell’s, at Kaitangata, was the only house nearer than Tokomairiro. In 1855, the intervening country was so rough and uninviting with scrub and swamp, that no one would settle, and those travelling south were fain to “plant themselves” upon John Lovell. His house and food were at the disposal of every wayfarer, as was the hospitable custom of the time; but the natural result was
that he was almost eaten out of house and home, and had for many years a most trying experience. When Twiss and his wife settled nearby they had very similar troubles, and finding all and sundry staying with them and forgetting or neglecting to pay their score, they moved on into Tokomairiro. In 1852 Balclutha, or Iwikatea, as it was called by the Maoris (a bone scraped clean of the flesh, a name perchance a relic of the good old cannibal days), had no habitation of any kind on the site of the present town. The area was covered with strongly growing flax of great height. A short distance up the river was a big lagoon surrounded by nigger heads, tall flax, cabbage trees, and toi toi; upon this sheet of water settled in hundreds teal and spoonbill, grey, and paradise ducks. In the swamp uticks or fern birds called incessantly, bittern’s boomed and flapped heavily from ridge to ridge, pukekos rose in thousands at the strange sight of James M’Neil, the first white man to come through that way, and the first to settle and build a bark hut on what is now the busiest part of Balclutha town. Among the tussocks the little brown quail fluttered, ran, and rose to flutter again along the ground, falling an easy prey to stick or eager dog. The graceful crested grebe and active little dab-chick “plopped” in dozens in every rocky pool, and M’Neil could obtain from the Maoris in the neighbourhood for a few ounces of tea, sugar, or tobacco, as much food - kakas, pigeons, ducks, crayfish, eels - as would keep him and his hungry sons going for a week. His boat, which was specially suited for the job, was used as a ferry, and he piloted people back and forth as occasion demanded. It was a much greater trial, to him when his passengers had to take horses and cattle across. These had to be tied behind, and towed or dragged, and persuaded to swim or to die in the attempt. The cattle were the worst. If the leader, which was tied, was a good swimmer and fairly amenable, most of the others would follow and perhaps only a few be drowned in the crossing. More frequently one or two would turn back just as the middle was reached, the rest would promptly follow, and swimming round and round in a circle, the whole mob would gradually be carried further and further down the river. Now one beast would be plunged under the water by a stronger animal, another losing strength would turn over and perish miserably, so that their numbers were often sadly diminished before they reached the further side. What made matters more aggravating was the habit some of the cattle had of deliberately swimming back again in the night time, and the whole business had to be gone over again next day. M’Neil carried on until 1856, when John Barr received a Provincial Government grant for keeping the ferry and accommodation house, and M’Neil and his five sons took up selections of from 50 to 100 acres each all over the Balclutha flat. Here among the flax they ran their splendid cattle practically all together, for fences were as yet almost unknown.

By this time Peter Ayson had settled at Wharepa, his journey from Dunedin, which he graphically described in Wilson’s Early Clutha, taking nearly a fortnight to accomplish. William Young, the first storekeeper and acting “postie,” was a carpenter by trade, and built many of the first houses around Balclutha; and Sutherland, the first bootmaker, also squatted in Wharepa at this early date. It was Sutherland who in 1856 tramped from Dunedin all the way to the Clutha, through mud, and swamp, and rain. He was accompanied by his plucky young wife, who bravely faced the journey and the inclemency of the weather, being eager to reach their newly adopted home. Sutherland it was who discovered and established the now famous variety of oats known far and wide as the Sutherland Oat. While walking through a field he noticed an oathead which appeared to be larger and much superior to any of the others. Taking it home he sowed the few grains in his garden, each year increasing the area, until he had secured enough grain to sell some to his neighbours, a bushel being the limit to each purchaser. One day while talking to Sam Young he asked him to suggest a name for the new oats, and Young said why not call them “Sutherland Oats,” and Sutherlands they were named. Settlers were now coming on the scene, houses were dotting the districts, and Dr Henry Manning came from Dunedin to Wharepa and settled there. His duties took him far and wide; he kept good horses, and travelled long distances from Tapanui, Kelso, Gore, Popotunoa, Tokomairiro, Port Molyneux. He has been referred to in a former article in this series. As early as 1852 Moseley settled in Port Molyneux, when it was declared a port of entry. Rich was the first, and James Maitland, the magistrate, the second Collector of Customs. Cardigan and Cunningham had the trying task of keeping the lights going in the lonely look-out at the Nuggets. Life must, indeed, have been to them dreary round, watching by night and day for the lights and the sails of the little vessels that ventured in at that oft-times inaccessible spot. After 1861 the port rapidly went ahead, stores and houses springing up in all directions; roads were made, a steamer began to ply fairly regularly on the river, and things looked hopeful, for Dr Cowie set up a red lamp and “wished for practice.” His hopes were dashed to the ground, however. The place was too healthy, or the people too tough, so after a few months he had reluctantly to move to a more “congenial soil,” and he settled in Dunedin. Major Richardson took up land at Willowmeade, near Puerua, in 1857, and this was his true
home during a long, active, and most valuable life. A brave soldier, an enlightened politician, an able and tactful Superintendent of the Province, a learned and highly esteemed Chancellor of the Otago University, a fosterer of all that is manly and that conduces to the better education of body and mind, the name of John Larkins Cheese Richardson will be always reverenced in Otago. His prizes for shooting, for military drill, the Richardson Scholarship, the fine portraits of him in the University, the Town Hall, and the Early Settlers Museum, all bring vividly before us the character, personality; and features of the old Major who did so much for primitive Otago.

Taking it all round there is no doubt that settlement in South Clutha was slow; various enterprising settlers squatted, but as speedily evacuated their sections. Difficulty of access, heavy rains, impenetrable bush, prevalence of biting insects, from whatever causes, in 1854 there were only five families in that part of the country - Hay, Brugh, Willcher, Archibald, and Mercer - the last the best known to us as he had one of the first shops in Dunedin at the corner of Rattray and Princes streets. Although a successful storekeeper, he was a carpenter by trade, and helped to build many of the Clutha houses. He was a tower of strength to the district - precentor of the chuch, deacon and elder, and so full of energy and activity that he trudged the whole of South Otago on foot in 1854 compiling the census for the Provincial Government. James Dunn, who was the first shoemaker in this locality, tanned his own leather, using birch bark for the purpose, and for lime had to burn shells collected at Port Molyneux, carried on his back to his home, where he burnt them in a lime kiln. The first attempt at utilising the fibre of the flax (phormium tenax) in this district was by one Mansford, who had a mill, one of the very first flaxmills in the colony. Various methods were tried in preparing the tow from the leaves, part of the process being soaking in hot water. This was afterwards abandoned and the fibre soaked in long troughs of cold water.

The Catlins district was the last to be populated, and it was not till 1865 that Saunders made his home in the bush. He and the carpenters he had working with him knew so little of the local timber that they built his house of ribbonwood, with the very natural result that it speedily disintegrated from the rotting of such parts as were underground or in contact with the damp earth. Saunders only stayed three years, and was succeeded by Race, Hayward, and others, and soon McGlashan’s sawmill worked a mighty change and brought numbers to the spot. In spite of settlement for half a century, the roads into and out of Catlins are still a by word. With dense pine bush to traverse, heavy rains at all seasons, bullock tracks half covered with sludge and water, sand-flies savage and hungry, the lot of the Catlins selector has always been a trying one. The bush was noted for its bird life, and for 20 years after the beginnings of settlement teemed with the native thrush, the orange wattled crow, and the saddleback, three birds which now are all but extinct. Many of the smaller birds swarmed in the virgin forest, and kakas and pigeons, which were very common, provided an excellent and well-earned meal for many a hungry woodcutter. Now alas the “genial sport” has penetrated to that far famed district, and has taken his toll not by the brace or the dozen, but by the hundred, and by the sack full, complacently standing to be photographed for the illustrated papers with festoons of kakas or bags of pigeons. “Catlins, New Zealand’s paradise for the sport,” has been swept of most of its bird life, and one has to go deep in and search for the birds before, perhaps, lighting on a mere handful of the more common ones.

John Shaw, of Finnegand, was the first to bring sheep from Waihola to the Clutha, and with his shepherd, Maclean, had “no small to do” to look after them in the fence-lacking scrub and flax of the district. James and John Low were the first saddlers and harness makers, and had their hands full from the start. Broken hames, traces, bursting collars, gave them and their near neighbour, James Rattray, the wright or blacksmith, plenty of occupation. Rattray had to go a considerable distance to get manuka in order to burn and prepare charcoal for his “smithy.” He was in a small way at first, but when the diggings broke out his business increased tremendously, and he had more to do than he could find hands for; his “bellsusses” were going early and late. He could charge what he liked - 25s for a set of shoes, and other work in proportion. This the people did not mind, but they resented his keeping on in his little old shanty instead of building more extensive and suitable premises. When the great flood of 1866 washed him out, and he lost considerably, they sympathised with him to a certain extent, but regretted that his whole caboose had not been engulfed in the swirling waters. Now Latta established his brewery; the Battricks, the Crown Hotel; and James Dalgleish the first Bank of Otago; and a Dr Garland appeared, but he was a little too early, for Manning was as yet capable of covering all that was required, and Garland, finding this, went further north. Even when the goldfields were discovered there was not a great deal
more medical supervision required, for the majority of the gold-seekers moved quickly past Balclutha, and up the river to Tuapeka.

In the spring of 1863 John Gibson Smith, a tall, vigorous, handsome Scotchman, arrived, set up his brass plate in what had become the main street, and started practice. He was speedily in harness, and rode and drove in all directions. Long distances were nothing to him. He would ride all the way to Mataura, and on returning home find a message to go down into the depths of the bush at Catlins. To this place his horse had to plod at a walk through sticky mire, or the doctor, dismounting, had to tie up his horse and fellow his guide through almost trackless bush. Nothing came amiss to him, and he was never known to refuse a call to rich or poor whenever the summons came. No matter what work or play he was engaged in as soon as possible he responded to the call, and his tall, alert figure would be seen striding along, or the rattle of his Abbott buggy, which was known far and wide, proclaimed that the doctor was in the neighbourhood. His cheery laugh, his great good humour, and his almost boyish love for sport, made him immensely popular with all men. He was passionately fond of games of all kinds, particularly those with an element of chance or uncertainty such as cricket, boxing, horse racing, and card games of all descriptions. That he had been on the goldfields, and had dragged himself away from those sands of Pactualus, with all the possibilities of a fortune at the mere turn of the wheel, was always a source of wonder to his friends, who knew his keenness for “a flutter” at any game of chance. One of his hobbies was to be always well dressed. He was very particular in this to the extent of importing all his clothes from the Homeland. He wore a neatly trimmed grey beard, and had a pleasant musical voice, quite free from the accent one would have expected from a person trained and brought up in Scotland. He was inclined to be peppery at times, and if offended took some little time to “come round,” but he had great tact and knowledge of character, and could handle a situation of the gravest. On one occasion a well-known ploughing expert got his eye injured with a piece of gorse, and having lost the sight “naturally” blamed the doctor who had treated him. When the doctor had the audacity to send an account for the same unsuccessful treatment, the ploughman went into Balclutha in a towering rage to have it out with him. They met on the main street, but before the man could get out more than a word or two the doctor clapped him on the shoulder, and with, “Man, Davie, I should dearly love to see a return of those wonderful ploughing match days of yours.” The old man was immediately in the midst of a history of the matches, describing the style of the different ploughmen, entering into all the mysteries of riggs and fearings, quite forgetting all about his threats and troubles, and ended by taking the doctor across to the Crown Hotel and shouting for him.

On one occasion a number of well-known sports and business men, among whom were Mr A. Ferguson, of the National Bank, and the late Mr Henry Driver, assembled in the old Newmarket Hotel (long since burned down). It was a shocking night, with a howling gale, rain, and sleet; all hands were having a roaring good time at cards, and just when the game was at its best, and a big jack pot, the desired of all, a knock came at the door, and Billy M’Auliffe poked his head in “We’re wanted at Port Molyneux, doctor, it’s for Mrs Atkinson.” Billy was as much a character as his master, and liked to call himself his “assistant.” He always said “we are wanted,” considering he was quite as important a part of the show as was the doctor. He was an Irishman, almost a dwarf in stature, but very powerful, and as fond of his horses as he was of an occasional glass. When Billy delivered his message the doctor got up at once, yawned, and stretched his mighty arms above his head: “Stack up my chips, boys, and pass the decanter, I must be off; don’t wait for me. I don’t suppose I shall get a bob for the trip,” and off he went on this long, rough, 15 mile trip on a wretched night, looking back with envious eyes at those he left behind, sorting their cards and preparing to battle for the jack pot. He did not make an appearance till the next afternoon, when, somewhat wearied, he turned up well pleased with himself that he had carried out his job successfully. The late Mr Driver always said that he had a very kindly feeling for Dr Smith from that date onwards, and he never tired of telling the story with a great deal more detail and humour than we can. Mr Ferguson, who was stationed in Balclutha from 1878 for several years,
says: “I knew the beloved doctor well. Hospitality and geniality were his by nature, nothing pleasing him and his equally good and hospitable wife more than seeing a goodly number of cheerful faces round their table. His was a great and sympathetic nature, of which the leading feature appeared to be a chivalrous devotion to poor women in time of distress; not an occasion of spasmodic emotion, but a rooted principle, which it was his joy to act up to under all circumstances. Amongst his recreations was a great fondness for a round game of cards.” He then detailed exactly the same story, and went on: “Many such tales could be told of the beloved doctor, and his readiness to go off at once on any errand of mercy.” He was a great man at attending all horse races, and was known from Christchurch to the Bluff. Mr J. A. Anderson, of Mornington, says: “When I was a boy I often saw him at small race meetings at Waipahi, Clinton, and Waierwa, and one day I travelled with him in the early morning from Clinton to Balclutha. On slowing down to approach the town we passed the cattle yards, and there were a number of men around two, stripped, who were having a fight. The doctor sprang from the moving train, regardless of my cry to him to remember that he was a J.P., and hurried off to the yards. Soon he came back to the station quite disappointed, for when he was seen hurrying towards the fight the men picked up their clothing and the whole of them disappeared ‘like snow before the sunshine.’ The doctor wanted to see the fight, and considered he had been defrauded of his morning’s sport. On one occasion he was very ill, and the attending doctors hardly thought he would pull through and had come to feeding him on small sips of champagne. The doctor, telling the story afterwards, said “Suddenly I began to think over what horse would win the Melbourne Cup, and as I could think on this race, it seemed to me that I could not be going to die; so as opportunity offered I drank off the whole of the glass of champagne, and from that moment I began to improve.”

Dr Smith had many trying trips in the night-time through the bush, and when on horseback got along very well; but when he took to driving he had quite a number of accidents. The roads or tracks were so bad that his trap would tilt to one side, the wheel going into a tremendous rut or ditch, and then the other would suddenly heave up, throwing him violently out upon the ground. Many were the times he and his groom, Billy, were upset, and he had various injuries, now an arm, now ribs, now a leg fractured. Some journeys would begin in his buggy, a roadless place would be reached, perhaps the side of a steep and scrubby hill; here he would have to get out, take a saddle from beneath the buggy seat, saddle up, and ride perhaps another mile, then tie up his horse and walk the rest of the journey. He would have to cross deep creeks or narrow logs or planks, to jump from nigger head to nigger head over dangerous swamps, to wander through soaking wet flax and manuka far above his head, and to flounder through swamp and water up to his waist and deeper. Other occasions necessitated swimming his horse through black and nasty looking creeks or stumbling over logs and boulders. Sometimes his horse would hurt its leg in a bog hole or strain itself by slipping on a concealed totara log - the tussock plains were full of them, and they were only noticed when burning off disclosed them to the view. The doctor would then have to walk, leading his horse, or leave him and take a short out to the nearest homestead. His two famous horses, Jacob and Sovereign, were well known; the latter particularly, because he was lent to Sir George Grey when he came down on an official visit to the district in 1867. On this occasion the settlers were a little bit too effusive in their welcome to him, so that he had to take refuge, in flight, and to gallop off on Sovereign, the people allowing their zeal to outrun the bounds of etiquette and due decorum. “In the progress of the cavalcade there was no attempt at order. Marshals and bugle men were absent, and each man seemed to be trying the merits of his steed as a steeplechaser and not acting as a guard to H.M. representative. Sir George Grey being mounted on Dr Smith’s celebrated horse, steadily kept the lead, while the motley crowd of hot and dust begrimed equestrians followed in wild confusion. Like colonial huntsmen chasing an old man kangaroo, they found before the journey was ended that they and their steeds had had quite enough of it.” On this occasion Dr Smith was one of the Masons who signed and presented the address to His Excellency. The doctor took part in many cricket matches, playing vigorously for Kaitangata. He also attended all sports meetings, ploughing matches, and picnics, doing his share of any work going, and doing his best to amuse old and young. When the Kaitangata mines were opened there was a small levy made to provide medical attendance, and the doctor had many trips to the mine head and even to the depths of the mine when some poor fellow was injured. The women of the district had a particularly trying time, and Dr Smith used to say that they were indeed the bone and sinew of the country. Wonderful, indeed, was it to see the alacrity and willingness with which he responded to the call of “a crying woman,” and enough has been said to show our readers that he was indeed a man who did his duty. In 1817, over one hundred years ago, “Quis,” in the Edinburgh Annual Register, thus described the country surgeon. Smith was indeed such a one, and one of the best:-
Luckless is he whom hard fates urge on,
To practise as a country surgeon;
To ride regardless of all weather
Through frost, and snow and hail together;
To smile and bow, when sick and tired,
Considered as a servant hired.
At every quarter of the compass
A surly patient makes a rumpus,
Because he is not seen the first
(For each man thinks his case the worst).
And oft at two points diametric
Called to a business obstetric,
There lies a man with broken limb,
A lady here with nervous whim,
Who at the acme of her fever
Calls him a savage, if he leave her.
For days and nights in some lone cottage,
Condemned to live on crusts and pottage;
To kick his heels and spin his brains,
Waiting forsooth for labour’s pains,
And that job ever, happy be
If he squeeze out a guinea fee.
Now comes the night, with toil opprest
He seeks his bed in hopes of rest,
Vain hope - his slumbers are no more,
Loud sounds the knocker at the door,
A farmer’s wife at ten miles’ distance
Shouting, calls out for his assistance.
Fretting and fuming in the dark,
He in the tinder strikes a spark,
And as he yawning, heaves his breeches,
Envies his neighbour blest with riches.

On the occasion of the terrible disaster in the Kaitangata Coal mines in 1879, when 33 men were killed, leaving some 25 widows and more than thrice that number of young children dependent upon them, Dr Smith had some heart-rendering scenes to witness, and proved a tower of strength and comfort to those bereft of their loved ones. When the great floods took toll of the district his work was immensely increased and more arduous and dangerous than in normal times, but with his indomitable pluck and grit on each and every occasion he successfully “warsted” through. An amusing incident shows the sort of man Gibson Smith was. He was urgently wanted at Clinton, and the messenger left that place by the 6 a.m. train to get him - the south train in those days leaving Clutha immediately on arrival of the one from Clinton. He had to arrange with the engine driver, who promised to be oiling his engine till the messenger came back, but to make all possible haste, which he did, running all the way to the doctor’s place, a quarter of a mile distant. It was no surprise visit, as the doctor expected a call at any time, and in reply to the rat tat on the door he called that you, ….” sprang out of bed, whipped a great coat on, told his man to follow with his clothes, and raced to the train, afterwards dressing in the van. The whole thing did not occupy ten minutes from the time the messenger left the station. Dr Smith was a big man of commanding appearance, always with a cheery look and a “No, no, you are not going yet, old man” expression on his face, which inspired his patients with confidence. Both his trap and horses were calculated to take the eye, the former being always faultless when it left the stable, and the latter the best to be got, and always in pink of condition. The doctor was naturally a sport, and was not averse to a game of cards occasionally, but he had no time for them when duty called. He never asked whether a patient could afford to pay or not, no matter how far he had to go, consequently he was both loved and respected by every one, and it is doubtful if a disparaging remark was ever heard concerning him. Many were the long trips he had, some of
which were not unattended with danger, such as boating up the Catlins River in flood time, and being carried on a man’s back through deep water a considerable distance to his destination.

Mrs J. M’Neil, of Gonville, Wanganui, who was the wife of one of the very first settlers in the Clutha, she herself going there in 1859, sends us three interesting photographs, which appear in the illustrated papers. The first shows the primitive town with the courthouse and police station in front, the old Presbyterian Church, Algie’s baker’s shop, and the first steamer Tuapeka tied up to the old wharf. Note the curious stern paddle wheel, and the absence of any bridge across the river. The next photograph shows the first bridge, which was opened by Jas. Macandrew in 1868 - note the curious wooden supports which proved later on quite inadequate to withstand the force of the Clutha in really big flood. This photograph shows the old Newmarket Hotel and the old Crown Hotel; the Main street called Clyde street, in which Dr Smith lived, and John Barr’s store, afterwards kept by J. H. Jenkinson. Mrs M’Neil says: “John Barr kept a butcher’s shop at the ferry house. When the Nokomai rush broke out the diggers used to come via the Clutha ferry to get there, and on one occasion Barr came up to our farm and asked if we had a fat bullock for sale, as there were a lot of men craving for meat and he had none for them. M’Neil accordingly sold him a bullock, helped him to drive it up, where it was at once killed, cut up, and sold to the hungry travellers at a shilling a pound.” On another occasion Mrs M’Neil, then quite a young woman, was going to the grandfather’s house with J. B. M’Neil, now a man of 60, but then a wee toddler hanging to her skirts, and on getting to the river bank by the police station she found it lined with diggers waiting for the ferry boat. As soon as they saw her they began to call “Joe, Joe, Joe,” until she get past, and not being used to such a thing she was most uncomfortable and never forgot the episode. With regard to the cry of “Joe,” we have been told that on the Victorian gold fields away back in the “fifties” there was the same mysterious personage Joe, whose name was shouted from end to end of the workings whenever necessity arose. In those days tremendous objection was manifested towards the gold tax or license which was demanded from the miners. They bitterly resented it for two reasons - one, that it was too “stiff,” and the other that neither they nor their districts had any true representation in the Legislature and they had no means of putting their eases before Parliament nor of getting their grievances redressed. Many of the miners endeavoured to evade the law, and to practise their calling without the necessary license. The demand for it was to some a deadly insult, to others impossible of being complied with from lack of means to pay the tax. Although most of the miners held licenses and bowed to this unpopular regulation, a feeling of comradeship and a desire to get at the authorities, if it could be done with safety, universally prevailed, and a strict watch was kept. Whenever the mounted police approached the field with the intention of inspecting licenses and prosecuting those whom they caught illegally working, those nearest the danger zone would call out the warning “Joe, Joe,” or “Joey, Joey,” with the accent on the second syllable, something like Cooee, Cooee. This call would be at once passed on, and would echo along the fields for miles, and the unlicensed miner would bolt for his “hidey hole” at the first warning. In this way they made it almost impossible for the police to lay hands on law breakers. The Victorian miners who came to Tuapeka no doubt brought this strange custom with them, and although there was no necessity for their warning cry, and no tax gatherer to evade, they used the old call of Joe when any unknown or striking looking individual (male or female) appeared upon the field. It seems to us improbable that the cry arose from cooee, but, as we said before, who was Joe? About this time, at any rate in the early sixties, there was a popular song in vogue, of which we have only the following dim memory:-
“I once was green as green could be,  
I suffered for it though,  
And when they tried it on with me  
I answered ‘Not for Jo,’  
Jo, Jo, not for Jo, not if I knows it,  
Not for Joseph, oh dear no  
Not for Jo, not for Jo,” etc.

Was there no great political personage called Jo at that time? It was 20 years too soon for Chamberlain. Has anyone anything from the back files of the London or Melbourne Punch which would throw light on this slippery gentleman by the name of Jo?

In addition to his work as a medical man, Dr Smith had the very important post of coroner to fill, and in the course of his duties found accidents were rendered frequent by the nature of the river and the great floods which came unexpectedly; this in those days of slow communication led to more loss of life and property than it would to-day. When Dr Smith arrived at Balclutha, the town began to put on a new appearance, and a general prosperity of the district and a larger and brisker population worked wonders. There had been a great rush to “the Lakes” via Clutha, and the land on the Dunedin side of the river had the appearance of a “canvas town”; the dray traffic had often to wait three or four days for their turn to get across on the punt, which had been installed. Even this was unsuitable for the work, and accidents became frequent, until the Government put an inspector in charge. Later on a larger pontoon punt was established, and this lessened the rush across the river, and practically took away most of the danger. Showing the condition of affairs so common in the district when the mighty Molyneux overflowed its banks, we quote from an interesting letter from Mr James Anderson, of Mornington, known as one of the earliest born Otago settlers. In flood time Dr Smith had to be everywhere, and apart from his duty to hold inquests on these who lost their lives, he had still to carry out his ordinary practice and to travel to almost inaccessible places by roads devious and dangerous through flood and snow. Thus Mr Anderson:- “The Clutha usually became highest about the time of the longest day in December, when the snow melted freely on the interior mountains. On the 11th January, 1866, the flood was at its highest. The people left their houses in drays, and boats were sailing on the main street of Balclutha. This flood, however, was nothing to the one of 1878. That year snow began to fall about the 27th of July, and continued more or less till the 9th of August, resulting in the deepest snow ever seen in the Clutha, Reports like great explosions were being continually heard among the mountains from great drifts of snow falling away down the hill sides. After the storm the weather kept mild, with but little frost, so that the high lying snows melted earlier than usual. On the 30th September I tried to ride into Balclutha from Waiwera with Mr Walter Robson, of Whitelea, who told me the town was all under water and cut off from ours, the southwest side; that a groom from the Crown Hotel, who had been stranded the night before, had attempted to get back in the morning, riding one horse and leading another, but they were washed into the paddocks and narrowly escaped drowning. Robson believed we could enter the town by going into the flood at the head of the flat, and we got through pretty well, but our horses had to swim through a deep depression of a chain wide. In the town no business could be attended to. A ridge of the water kept mild, with but little frost, so that the high lying snows melted earlier than usual. On the 30th September I tried to ride into Balclutha from Waiwera with Mr Walter Robson, of Whitelea, who told me the town was all under water and cut off from ours, the southwest side; that a groom from the Crown Hotel, who had been stranded the night before, had attempted to get back in the morning, riding one horse and leading another, but they were washed into the paddocks and narrowly escaped drowning. Robson believed we could enter the town by going into the flood at the head of the flat, and we got through pretty well, but our horses had to swim through a deep depression of a chain wide. In the town no business could be attended to. A ridge running through the place, on which the Crown Hotel and other buildings were erected, had not much water around it, and being a fine warm day many men had their trousers tucked up wading through the water when we started homeward by the main road. The dangerous part was 200 yards in length close to the rising ridge, and although the water was only three feet deep it rushed over the road at a terrific pace. Hundreds of people were on the ridge close by watching anxiously until we got safely through. Next day the water went down and people returned to their houses, but the following day it rose a foot higher than before. A house, with its occupants - one Reberg and his housekeeper - was swept away during the night. The house floated some six or seven miles down on Inch Clutha, not far from the ocean, where they were rescued by boat. Great difficulty was experienced in getting families out of their houses by boat owing to the strong rush of water. J. M’Kenzie, a carpenter, whose place could not be reached, started to make a boat out of portions of his house. At last a boat let down attached to a long rope managed to take him off safely. In a week or more Robson and I thought it safe to enter Balclutha again, and although advised out to do so by older heads, we went on, with about a foot of water on the surface. Robson was slightly in front, when his horse dropped out of sight in a deep washed away culvert, and it was with the greatest struggle that horse and rider got out on the opposite side. This stopped me from going any further. The streets and lands were full of wash outs, some of them a chain square in size, and often eight or nine
feet deep. Robson, in his progress, often dropped into a hole, and the last we saw of him at that time was falling into a big hole and disappearing round a side street corner; but in two hours’ time he managed to return safely in a boat. Sad to say Alex. Davidson, a carter, who had been very prominent in helping people and saving material during the whole of the flood time; later dropped into one of the wash outs and was drowned. At the height of the flood the traffic bridge broke up and floated away, and the same result happened to all the upper bridges on the river. Town land depreciated, and no new buildings went up for 12 or 15 years. Robert Campbell, of Glenfalloch Station, Kaihiku, was active in promoting entertainments no behalf of the funds of the Otago Benevolent Institution, so during the winter of 1871 he proposed that there should be a monster concert and ball for that purpose, to be held in his large wool shed. A strong committee was appointed from Wharepa, Kaihiku, and Waiwera districts. Everything was going on well when a great snowstorm took place, the heaviest up to that date, and the second heaviest on record. The woolshed was surrounded with two feet or more of snow. Nothing daunted, the people from all over the Clutha, and even from Milton, came to the entertainment, on foot, on horseback, and on farm carts and sledges. Water could not even be got for boiling the tea, so snow was used to put in the boilers. Everything went merrily along, and never a sneeze nor cold took place from the large gathering of that night.

Remember this was before the time of the up-to-date motor car which Mr Walter Blackie, of the Taieri, drives to-day. On that occasion he, a sprightly young spark, took a large covered-in tilted dray containing a splendid load of rosy checked Waiwera belles to the ball, there they looted it merrily in spite of the surrounding snow and were returned safely to their homes by Walter’s “equinomobile” in the “wee-short hours ayont the twal.”

John Gibson Smith was the eldest son of Hugh Smith, fanner, of Westown, Petinaín, Lanarkshire, Scotland, where he was born on the 16th June, 1837. He was educated at private schools, Dalkeith Academy, and Edinburgh University, where he qualified for the medical profession in 1859. He entered the Army Medical Staff Corps as assistant surgeon, and was stationed at Aldershot, the Curragh, Dublin, and Kilkenny, but in 1862 decided to go to New Zealand, and sailed from Glasgow in the ship Pladda, Captain Boyd, and arrived in Dunedin when the gold fever was at its height. He tried his fortune at the Shotover, but made up his mind to settle down to more regular life, and began the practice of his profession at the Clutha Ferry, where he built a house in which he lived until his death. Dr Smith married at Inch Clutha in 1869 Sarah Helen Williams, of Boughurst, near Basingstoke, Hants, and had five sons and four daughters. He was coroner for the district for many years until the Act was passed barring medical men in practice from so acting; a Justice of the Peace; and surgeon to the Odd-fellows’ Lodge from 1864 to 1902. For many years he was the only medical man in the district, which extended from Clutha to Catlins, and from Mataura to Tapanui. The track to Owaka or Catlins was in those days simply a blazed trail, and the creeks and rivers were subject to floods, and it was often very hazardous for Dr Smith to attend to some of his patients. On more than one occasion he had to finish the last mile of his journey on the back of a bullock. In 1896 Dr Smith was thrown out of his trap, and fractured his thigh near the joint. This proved a very severe illness, and was with difficulty recovered from, and he always afterwards limped, as there was a shortening of the limb. In 1902 he became very ill, and after lingering for some time died in June of that year. His friends in Balclutha erected a tombstone bearing the following inscription:-

_In Memory of_

_John Gibson Smith as a token of the esteem and affection in which he was held by the inhabitants of the Clutha and surrounding districts and his many friends during a forty years’ residence among them._

_Died, June 23rd, 1902; aged 65 years._

**MANIOTOTO COUNTY AND THE EARLY DOCTORS OF THE DISTRICT.**

**DANIEL M’CAMBRIDGE.**

Naseby, the county town of Maniototo, began its existence with a few shanties and huts when the goldfields were discovered in 1861, and here as elsewhere was the mushroom growing “canvas town,” a source of wonder to all in the neighbourhood. Previous to this, the various stations in the locality - Puketoi (Murisons’), Linburn (Greig and Turnbull’s), Highfield (Comber and Douglas’), Taieri Lake (Phillips and Seal’s, afterwards Gairdner
and Main’s), Maniatoto (Chapman’s), Patearoa (Buchanan’s, previously Valpy’s), Eweburn (Maitland’s), and many miles further away Galloway and Matakanui, had their homesteads, and their outlying huts. Rivers were difficult to cross - there were as yet no boats, no punts, and not even the usual shanty where drinks of a kind could be bought for a shilling a nip, had as yet arrived. Naseby is on the northern end of the Maniatoto Plain, and lies at the foot of the Mount Ida Range, about 100 miles from Dunedin by railway. It stands well up at an elevation of about 2000ft above sea level; possesses a clear, bracing climate, and the idea became prevalent throughout the province that this place was an ideal one for sufferers from the “White Man’s Scourge.” Dr Alex. Hunter, of Dunedin, when visiting a very bad surgical case in the neighbourhood in 1864, expressed the opinion that the country at the Hogburn or across at Hamiltons was where some day would be erected hospitals or homes for consumptives. Picture to yourselves the Hogburn goldfields, the miners’ tents and shanties in the near neighbourhood; the stations mentioned, with others further on at St. Bathans, Ophir, and Rough Ridge; the “rushes” to Hamiltons and Blackstone Hill and elsewhere, the shepherds’ huts scattered and outflung among the mountains and passes. The Taieri River when in flood was a serious and highly dangerous obstacle; ranges covered 10 to 15 feet with snow; the “burns” in the district when in spate no small puddles to be waded through; roads few indeed; bridle tracks leading everywhere. After a time waggons found a passage and heavy “draughts” struggled through the country roads, but even then the trials of the first medical man in the district must have been indeed great. A bleak, windy place; heavy drifts of snow in the passes and gullies over which the tracks wended, no hope of getting anywhere save on horseback or on foot, Ten, 20, 50-mile trips were not by any means infrequent, and into this district, and to this class of practice came Daniel M’Cambridge in 1861. With the great rush of diggers he came to the Hogburn and tried his luck with shovel and cradle, but was soon persuaded, more or less peaceably, to practise the gentler Arts of Healing. The pay may have been better, but of this we have some doubts: the exchange from gold-digger to general practitioner was, we are certain, no relief to mind or body - that we shall soon make clear to our readers.

M’Cambridge, an Irishman, from the County of Antrim, was born in 1830, took his M.D. degree at Dublin University, and after serving several years as a naval surgeon in the Crimean and Mexican wars, came to New Zealand when the gold discovery was first announced. The story is that as a rough looking digger in corduroy breeches and blue flannel shirt, bearded like the pard, hands calloused, feet encased in heavy clay-besmeared top-boots, seeing a man carried past his claim evidently seriously injured, he made an angry ejaculation at the way the hearers handled the sufferer. He was immediately challenged, amidst a volley of oaths, “What the … do you know about it?” He speedily showed what he knew, and was at once pounced upon by a Committee of Public Safety, or some such organisation got up on the spur of the moment, and begged, persuaded, or compelled to give up his gold seeking, and to administer first, second, and all the time aid to the injured. Whether he was offered a subsidy or guarantee we know not, but of this our readers may he sure, the rough diggers of those days were men, first and last, sympathetic to a degree, ready to give their last ounce of gold or pound of flour to anyone in genuine distress. Thus began the career of Daniel M’Cambridge, the young, strong, sturdy Irishman, at the Hogburn in 1862. It will be seen that the terrible hardships, the fearful exposure, the same self-sacrificing devotion to the ailments and injuries of others, the same readiness to respond at all hours, and in all seasons had the same tragic result in his case as we have described in that of Halley, of Tuapeka. Ten years - a mere span of 10 years - was sufficient to lay low that powerful frame, to quench that dauntless spirit, leaving nothing to show for all that he had done but a plain grey stone with its pitiful tale “Died from injuries received while in the discharge of his duty.” He was a big burly man, fair-haired, full bearded, as was then the fashion, sturdy, broad-shouldered, and strong; weighing 16 stone, no light weight for the work he faced. A cultured and well-educated gentleman, not by any means rough or uncouth, his knowledge of medicine and surgery was really good. Many the rough trip he had. To cross the Taieri River at Ryan’s Crossing (where the bridge is now), was most risky: none dared to ford or even try to swim it if a certain tussock, which was a landmark, was submerged. The gullies
and tracks were often many feet deep in snow, the snowfall on the level six inches to a foot deep, on the hills or in the passes it might be anything. The air clear and the frosts intense, M’Cambridge’s journeys were a veritable trial to a man of the strongest constitution. In the first few years of the diggings there was no hospital, and the doctor had to care for his patients as best he could in their own scattered homes. Many lives were lost through the impossibility of the doctors giving them the constant attendance and supervision which a nearby institution would provide. Later on a man was brought in from Mount Buster, badly frost-bitten; and there being no recognised accommodation for him, a committee, headed by Mr James Brown, collected a sum of money and a room was secured at the Ancient Briton Hotel for this and any other cases which might, and in time did, come along. Mr R. F. Inder thus describes his early recollections of this incident: “As accidents were frequent in those days, and most of the miners unmarried, living in huts and tents, often alone, sickness or accident was a very serious matter. The Miners’ Relief Fund Committee was formed, and they arranged with the hotelkeeper of the Ancient Briton for a room, and his wife to act as a nurse for such cases as occurred. On one wet and stormy night I was sent (being then a small box) with a message to this lady, and was directed to the billiard room, where there was only one table. The walls of this room were seven feet high, the ceiling of course higher, following the pitch of the rafters half-way up. A game was in progress, and the room was crowded, and I have a distinct recollection of the unpleasantness of the atmosphere, thick with tobacco smoke, etc. Hearing a violin being played at one end of the room, I went to investigate. In a recess, with only a curtain to separate it from the billiard room, was a bed, and propped up in it was a miner known as ‘G. Sharp,’ who used to act as musician at concerts and dances. He had some time before met with an accident by which he had broken his leg, and laid out some hours in the cold before he was discovered and brought in. In spite of all this, he made good recovery, and lived for many years after. He was known to many a schoolboy as the owner of a donkey which had been left behind by a circus, and was always known as ‘G. Sharp’s.’ A few years later, a number of the residents began to agitate, and were successful in establishing the present fine hospital, which admirably serves its purpose. Dr M’Cambridge was the first surgeon in 1870, and was succeeded by Drs Dick, the two brothers Whitton, Jeffreys, Church, Macknight, and others. The work done by M’Cambridge made its mark upon him, and aged him speedily. When he had to go to Mount Buster Diggings he had to ride through very rough country up to the level of the Mount Ida Range, at an altitude of over 4000ft. At this height he had to travel for over a mile and a-half, following the crest of the range before descending the steep face to his destination some 2000ft lower. This crest was the place from which Sergeant Garvey rode in a heavy snowstorm, when he met his death in the winter of 1863. He followed along the range and took the wrong spur against his companions’ advice, and rode down into the much broken country of the watershed of the Otamataku, a tributary of the Waitaki, instead of bearing to the right into the watershed of the Kyeburn, a tributary of the Taieri. He got into deep snow, and was found dead a few days after, with his horse near him, both frozen stiff. A cairn was erected in the neighbourhood to his memory. . . . On one occasion, Dr M’Cambridge was called to Taieri Lake Station, and as the story has been told by the late J. J. Ramsay, we repeat it. It is constantly referred to throughout the district as Heaney’s Ride, and will be handed down for centuries as one of the many instances of heroism performed by those rugged pioneers, any one of whom was willing to risk life and limb when he heard that a fellow creature was stricken unto death. Heaney’s ride was a great one, and we have no wish to detract from an entire acknowledgment of Heaney’s grit, and pluck, and endurance, but what Heaney did once, Dick and M’Cambridge did probably half a dozen times a year, and they shortened their lives to a mere span by their constant attention to the wants of others. To the layman Heaney’s ride is unique, to the doctors of those inclement plains and mountains 50 miles one night, 30 the next day, 60 the third, and so on, was their ordinary work, and none so interested as to tot the miles up, or to discuss their frequent and perilous journeys. Heaney had a long and trying experience; from Taieri Lake Station to Hyde was a comparatively simple matter, thence as far as the Crossing near what is now Kokonga, was a succession of broken, steep, and jumbled spurs, a nasty and dreary piece of road. The crossing itself, difficult, and dangerous in bad light, was rough and full of loose boulders; then a gradual ascent, and a long trying crest of the hill was for many miles exposed to a cold, bleak south or south-west wind before finally coming down to Naseby or Hogburn. Thus J. J. Ramsay, to the Maniototo Early Settlers’ Association: “The scene, Taieri Lake homestead. Main, the head shepherd, lay sick unto death. It was winter time, snow everywhere, and no doctor nearer than Naseby, 36 miles distant. The manager of the station (Mr Chisholm) selected Jimmy Heaney, the groom, to go to Naseby for the doctor. Mounted on his nag, Jimmy set out. Picture his task, 36 miles through snow lying everywhere, no tracks or roads, and the air freezing you to the bone. Add
to that a tumble from his horse owing to his falling in the snow, and a sprained ankle as the result, and you have saddled Jimmy with a fairly decent handicap. But every bit of Jimmy’s little cantankerous body was grit, and he landed in Naseby on time. To get Dr M’Cambridge to come was the work of some time, but at last they started on the outward journey. Warned by his experience coming up, Jimmy was anxious to make haste slowly, but not so the doctor, who galloped away at a reckless speed, and as the result got a spill and a broken limb some miles down the Kyeburn Road. On coming up to him, Jimmy secured the horse and managed, though but a wee chap, to lift the 16-stone doctor on, and trudged back to Naseby when, after a long delay, consequent upon attending to the injured man, Dr Dick was obtained, and the second attempt to reach the Taieri Lake successful. Jimmy had ridden 72 miles, sufficient to try a man of herculean endurance, and he sought his bed at once. Scarcely had he got there, however, before Mr Chisholm excitedly came to him saying that unless he could go again to Naseby for the necessary medicine, Howe would certainly die. Jimmy naturally demurred, but when it was pointed out to him that there was no one else who knew where to go to, he at once rose and said ‘Well, sor, if Isaac Howe is to die unless I go, I’ll try it.’ And try he did; the 72 miles was repeated, the medicine brought, and Howe’s life, for the time, saved. Such is the story of Jimmy’s famous ride.” In all, Heaney travelled 36 miles to Naseby, six miles out to Kyeburn where M’Cambridge fell, and six back to Naseby, then with Dr Dick to his patient at Taieri Lake, and then to Naseby and back with the medicine; altogether a notable journey for a layman, and one which has become history. On this occasion M’Cambridge seriously injured himself, sustaining a severe fracture of the leg, but under the skilful hands of Dr Dick he recovered. Two years later, when riding out on the same road, he came to one of the outgates where dogs were tied and left for days, as was then the custom to act as protectors or guardians of the flocks of sheep at cross roads. This was a cruel custom, which we think has largely been discontinued. The dog jumped out suddenly and startled the doctor’s horse, which shied and threw him heavily against the gate, fracturing several ribs, and causing penetration of the lung with resulting septic pneumonia. This proved fatal within a few days. The following reference appeared in the Mount Ida Chronicle of June 21, 1872: “A more painful duty than that which we now have to perform has not since our advent here been our province to record. We allude to the death of Dr Daniel M’Cambridge, who expired yesterday at his residence about 4 p.m. On Sunday night last, Dr M’Cambridge was called upon to attend suffering humanity at Hyde, and with that general kind-heartedness for which the deceased was celebrated, went on his errand of mercy notwithstanding the heavy fall of snow and the severe frost which covered the ground. Between Naseby and Kyeburn (near what is known as Sanders’ gate), through some mishap, up to the present time unexplained, the doctor was thrown from his horse, the fall resulting in the breaking of several ribs and the infliction of external as well as internal injuries, to the effects of which he succumbed on the afternoon of yesterday. The loss which the place has suffered by the death of Dr M’Cambridge will not easily be supplied. For a number of years the only medical practitioner in the district, there are few who have not something to say of his humanity, urbanity, and ability. We cordially endorse what is said by many: ‘A good man has departed. Peace be with his ashes.’ Dr M’Cambridge leaves a wife, but no children.”

June 28, 1872.—“Funeral of Dr M’Cambridge. The people of Naseby have always shown respect to the memory of the dead, and the funeral procession of Sunday last, on the occasion of the interment of the late Dr M’Cambridge, exceeded all that have heretofore taken place in the district. At two o’clock the streets were filled with people desirous of paying their last tribute of respect to the departed, and over 400 mourners followed the remains to the grave.”

The memorial in the Naseby Cemetery is of plain Oamaru stone, and bears the following inscription:—“Sacred to the memory of Daniel M’Cambridge, Esq., M.D., who departed this life at Naseby, June 20th, 1872; aged 42 years. Caused by a fall from his horse, while in the discharge of his duties. Erected by his sorrowing widow, in token of affectionate remembrance of a faithful and loving husband.”

When memory pours the silent tear
And seeks the friend who once was dear,
The kindred friend: too quickly fled,
Too early numbered with the dead.
JOHN M’CRISTAL AND JAMES MARTIN, OF INVERCARGILL AND RIVERTON.

It is difficult to settle definitely the strict chronological order in which the various medical practitioners came to Murihiku. The lack of a very early newspaper, the turmoil caused by the separation from the province of Otago, and, later, the reunion the very scattered population, all made the preservation of records and papers difficult and improbable. There was, however, a tremendous influx of goldseekers, with a large number of doctors, just about the time of the publication of the first newspaper in 1861. Our readers will pardon us if we chance to place one or more doctors in wrong position as to time or locality. We leave been fortunate in obtaining the generous assistance of Mrs W. von Tunzelmann, (her father the late Dr Samuel Hodgkinson, her husband a son of the well-known explorer and pioneer of the Whakatipu and West Coast). She has taken a keen interest in the history of her native place, and has spent much time and trouble in travelling considerable distances, interviewing persons, reading through old files of newspapers, and transcribing stories of interest and value. We owe much to her keenness and love for local history, and we are most fortunate in finding her willing to go to such trouble on the subject. Our readers will understand the difficulty under which we labour at this date, and, at such a distance from Invercargill. We must candidly confess that had it not been for the kind help of Mrs von Tunzelmann and her friends, of Mr C. C. Sproull, Mr J. T. Croft, and Mrs Stevens, of Riverton, our only alternative to a mere list of names of, say, 20 doctors, would have been to cut out Southland altogether. Among those who have supplied much information is Mr J. Hunt, of Riverton, an active, vigorous man of 84 years of age, clear in his mind, willing to do all in his power to prevent valuable history from sinking into oblivion. His reminiscences are really good. He was a sailor in his youth, and served in the Crimean war, coming to Otago in 1857. He obtained employment from Mr John Jones, and then from Captain Howell at Riverton, to whom Jones sent him as he was a seafaring man, and more useful in the southern whaling settlement. He made the journey on foot. There was a ferry at the Molyneux, but he had to swim most of the rivers; no one thinking anything of swimming the rivers then. He was taken on at once by Captain Howell, and kept to that work as long as whaling lasted. There were very few Europeans about Riverton, but some hundreds of Maoris living in a kainga on the north side of the estuary. Hunt arrived at Riverton in November, 1857, and among the few white men there was a fully qualified and certificated medical man named Adams. He was quite young, under 30, smart and active in his style and movements, good looking, and very dark. He was not actively practising his profession; there was little opening for that; it may have been a spirit of adventure that had attracted him to the whaling station. He seems to have sometimes worked in the bush on the southern side of the estuary; at other times he amused himself among the Natives at the kainga and Captain Howell’s whaling crews. There was always a good deal of drinking, and carouses lasted sometimes for several weeks. As a result of one of these poor Adams put an end to his life in 1858. He was buried at Gregory’s Point, South Riverton, a locality now known as the pilot station or Tall’s Point. Who this Dr Adams was, where he came from, who were his people, we know not; his name has long been forgotten, and there is nothing to mark the spot where his body has lain for 62 years except the flagstaff, which was erected for the pilot station –

Yet he sleeps as sound
Out at the Point as in holy ground,
Lulled to his rest by the moaning bar.

There was no settlement in the way of taking up land at Riverton until 1859 or 1860, when two brothers named Marshall and two other men settled in the Purapurakino above the Narrows. Some time in 1858 a vessel came from Tasmania to Riverton with sheep for a squatter who had a run at the Hokonuis. The reason for taking them to Riverton was that the country from there to the Hokonuis was better for travelling sheep than that from the Bluff. The vessel lay outside the bar, and the sheep were landed in boats. About half had been put ashore when the wind came on from the south-east, and the vessel had to stand out to sea. She made for Stewart Island, and after waiting a while landed the rest of the sheep at the Bluff. In charge of those put ashore at the Riverton beach were two shepherds with their wives and families. These people had measles among them. The infection quickly spread to the Maoris at the kainga near the beach, and the unfortunate creatures “died like flies,” as many as 10 or 12 in one day. As soon as they felt the heat or fever upon them, they would go down to the water and sit in it up to their necks. The whalers had to cease their ordinary work and patrol the beach, and try to prevent the poor
people from going into the water. The only one case known of a Maori who really had the disease and recovered, was an old man, a minor chief, and a favourite with the white people. As soon as the men heard he was ill, several of the young whalers carried him from his hut in the kainga up to Captain Howell’s house, and here Mrs Howell and some other women nursed him, and he recovered. Fully half of the population of Riverton died in that epidemic. At this time Riverton was a much more important place than Invercargill, for when Mr J.T. Thomson, chief surveyor, decided on the site of the latter in 1857, there were only three buildings in the place - the survey office, a general store, and Mr Lind’s “Travellers’ Rest,” afterwards superseded by his Albion Hotel, an extensive pile of buildings for those days. So rapid was the settlement of the surrounding district that in four years, without much help from the older province or its legislators, the little offshoot had grown surprisingly. The number of dwelling houses had increased to 210, exclusive of a large number just outside the town, but within two miles of the post office, and soon after many more houses were erected in the town. The old fern tree Survey and Land offices remained or some years, mementoes of the primitive order of architecture adopted by the founders of the city of the south. The buildings were then pulled down and fine bank premises erected on the site, and the Lands and Survey Department lodged in premises near the Court House. In a description of the life of Dr Grigor, who came to Invercargill in 1861, Dr James Young says: “He was one of the earliest citizens of the new town of Invercargill, and saw it grow from a mere bush ‘clachan’ to its present ambitious dimensions, which are sufficient for a population of 150,000. The cities of old used to be formed round some stream or place favourable for the concourse and activity of men, but our hardy pioneers had to force unfavourable Nature to take them, and made their own place against all the odds she could gather and oppose to them. No savages would ever have settled fortuitously on the banks of the Puni to rest or barter. Only a farseeing race imbued with the belief that talents grow by their exercise would have started a city in almost impenetrable forest and swamp, where no navigable water was near, and the winds and rain came more fiercely than can be imagined in these days. Not content with the hardships and obstacles imposed by Nature, our forerunners marked out streets twice as wide and straight as elsewhere, although the difficulty of making and of keeping them in order would be doubled and gales night blow up such wide streets for ever. The result, however, has justified the wisdom of the pioneers, and the present generation is an energetic, resolute, and indomitable variety of humanity.” The pioneers were indeed wise men, though they had for their primitive town a collection of houses scattered through thick bush and among swamps; residents complained bitterly in the sixties that “sports” would insist on shouting kakas in the precincts of the town on Sunday mornings. All this thick bush had to be cleared before the streets could be made. The Puni Creek meandered through the flat, and at a spot which was designated in the papers as “a short cut from the Bluff road to the junction of Tay and Kelvin streets, there was the old Puni bridge for a long time in a very dilapidated and dangerous condition, especially to those who had to cross it after nightfall. Horses turned out to graze in the streets, and wandering about, annoyed the residents by feeding right up against the houses, knocking over the buckets and house receptacles, and keeping the people awake at night. The streets were partially made of corduroy or slabs of wood placed at intervals in the mud; at other places bundles of manuka and flax were put into the holes and covered with mud or clay. On one occasion a horse and dray going along Tay street came opposite Kelvin street, and the dray suddenly capsized, dragging the horse over. The cause was the wheels getting into a deep rut covered up with what was called the “grating experiment.” The driver unceremoniously removed the whole obstruction, opening it all up, and allowing the carts to pass. Deveron street was provided with a nice gravelled footpath in 1864, but horsemen annoyed other people by coolly riding along the path and sidewalk in preference to the unfinished roadway. People threw rubbish, dead animals, broken bottles and bones, etc., into the streets, and into the open drains, which, six feet deep, remained open and unlighted at night, so that it was no uncommon thing for man or woman to be suddenly engulfed up to the waist when least expecting it. There were pits or wells in Dee street about 12 feet deep, and the same size square; these were filled with water by natural drainage, and were utilised by the manual fire engine as occasion required. When the three-storied building at the corner of Tay and Kelvin streets was erected in the sixties, people said it was ridiculous, and a tempting of Providence to place a building in such a place, as the winds were so terrible that it could not possibly withstand them. Peter M’Queen, in the Jubilee Souvenir published in 1910 by the First Church of Invercargill, gives some interesting details of the little township of 1859 to 1860. “Captain Elles had a little office near the present site of the Colonial Bank, and J.T. White a store at the corner by the Bank of New South Wales building. Going up Tay street W. H. Calder had a small shop, and near the present site of Herbert, Haynes and Co. John Blacklock had a
small shop, then Roderick M’Crae’s hut; further up a carpenter named M’Kay had a narrow section going through from Tay street to Esk street, and coming up the street we find Hunt’s dwelling house, and near the site of the, present Royal Hotel Jacob Ott had a small tailor’s shop. From that on eastward was bush. Garthwaite had the first blacksmith’s shop near the site of Brown’s smithy. A saddler near there named M’Donald had a shop, and one of the first jobs he had was to make a set of bullock harness for M’Queen. On the cricket ground there stood a long thatched building used as barracks. Frisken came from Otago with some dozen men, and they cut through Tay street and formed the roads and streets in the neighbourhood, and were the first roadmakers in Southland. Henderson, the carpenter, had the house on the belt, and M’Master owned the first section out of the town. Next came Robinson, who farmed a piece of land at Chatsworth, then M’Clymont’s farm, then Oughton’s, and opposite him at Seaward’s Bush Ward had a farm, and M’Master had a thatched whare at Puni Rush. Coming to Dee street first was a log but, where later on stood the Albion Hotel. At the back of this, facing towards Esk street, was a butcher’s shop kept by James Grieve, now of Wallacetown. The gaol was on its present site, and Macdonald was gaoler, and Fraser, the shoemaker in Tay street, was also town constable. At Seaward Bush was Mrs Kelly, who lived on a section at Strathearn. Captain Elles lived next to her, and had in his home the first piano in Southland. M’Queen took it to his place in a sledge drawn by bullocks, and the freight charged was five pounds from Puni Creek. The vessels anchored out in the estuary, and lighters and boats took the cargo up the Puni Creek as far as the Dee street bridge. Willie Steele was the first postman, town bellman, and first church beadle.” The north road was a fearful bog, and was considered a dreadful thoroughfare to get along, such was the swampy nature of the whole surroundings. This locality is now one of the most fashionable portions of the town. From rough bush swamp, and the most primitive conditions, has the town finally emerged, and the pioneers and their descendants have the satisfaction of seeing to-day a magnificent city, second to none in the Australasian dominions for width of streets, with a generous provision for a much greater future, and for an almost unlimited increase of population.

To Riverton in 1859 came John M’Cristal from India, where he had served as an army surgeon during the Mutiny. He was young, apparently under 30, good-looking, tall, and straight as a dart. At that time there were very few white settlers about Riverton, which was a whaling station. There was no opening for a medical man; no one was ever ill, and there were only occasional accidents. There was, however, a demand for fencing material, and Dr M’Cristal, who was strong and active, found plenty of work at splitting posts and rails in the bush on the slopes of the hills at the back of South Riverton. The first case which he attended, to the best of Mr Hunt’s recollection, was a middle aged man named Owen M’Shane, commonly called “Cooper,” as that was his trade. He had a Maori wife, but no family, and did any kind of odd work. He had been drinking at Paulin’s public house, one of those old-fashioned shanties such as were at one time seen about Dunedin. The fireplace of the living room was like a small room in itself: the fire flat on the hearth, and on two sides against the wall of the chimney were benches where people used to sit or lie. “Cooper” had gone to sleep on one of these benches; in his sleep he rolled off, and one of his feet fell into the fire. He was too drunk to be conscious of pain, and before he was rescued his foot was so fearfully burned that when the boot was removed the flesh came away with it. Dr Martin was called in to attend him, but his treatment appears not to have been successful and the man “got lockjawed,” as Mr Hunt expresses it. He and some other young fellows on hearing this crossed the estuary and went up the bush to Dr M’Cristal’s camp, and fetched him down to see the man. As soon as the doctor came into the room where Cooper lay and looked at the foot, he said, “Old man, there’s only one thing to be done to save your life - to take off that leg.” Cooper replied, “Very well, doctor, do anything you like.” The doctor had neither instruments nor chloroform - as I have stated he was not practising his profession, but was engaged in bush work. However, he went out to Paulin’s butcher shop at the back of the public house, got a butcher’s knife and a meat saw, and with these he amputated the leg. Mr Hunt asserts that this is true; he was present all the time. He gives the names of three men - young fellows then - who helped to lift Cooper from his bed to the table, and he himself held the leg while Dr M’Cristal took it off below the knee. Cooper bore the operation without flinching, and made a good recovery. A ship’s carpenter who was knocking about Riverton made him a wooden stump, and he lived for fully 20 years. He went to the Lakes when the diggings broke out and worked there for a time as gold digger and teamster, returning to work at Riverton again.

Another serious case which Dr M’Cristal attended in Riverton was about a year later, in 1860. A half-caste woman married to a man named Lee in South Riverton was suffering from cancer in one breast. It was decided to operate; but when the patient was ready the doctor was out. The husband went up into the bush to seek him,
and found him lying in his tent in a semi-conscious condition from some drug which he was in the habit of taking. The husband, who was a strong man, and determined that the matter should be gone through with, got the doctor on his back and carried him down through the bush to the patient’s bedside. He seems to have had sense enough to take what was required for the operation, and also something, to square himself up. He was allowed a little time to come round, and then took off the woman’s breast. The operation was quite successful, and she lived for many years. Dr Martin, the other doctor who had recently arrived, was displeased with Dr M’Cristal for interfering with his case - “Cooper” - and it caused a coolness, not to say a quarrel, between the two surgeons. Dr M’Cristal set up in practice in Invercargill about the end of 1860, but he often rode over to Riverton where he was much thought of as a skilful surgeon. He was the first medical man to practise in Riverton, and was a man of good style and manners. His failing was drugs, but as has been shown he could sober himself with wonderful quickness when his professional services were required, and in all other respects he was a thorough gentleman. He married early in the sixties a widow named Hunt who had a small shop or general store in Tay street, Invercargill. Her husband had been drowned in 1858 or 1859. He had taken a wedding party over to Ruapuke Island, where the missionary, Mr Wohlers, was stationed, there being no minister within reach on the mainland. The weather turned squally, and as they were crossing the New River bar on their return to Invercargill the boat was swamped, and they were all drowned.

Captain Howell the pioneer and real head or boss of the whaling station, had unlimited opportunities for acquiring land those early days, and might have enriched himself at the expense of the Maoris, but he always acted well by them. He owned Fairlight Station and other property near Whakatipu, but did not have much land at Riverton. He owned a small run at Flint’s Bush, about eight miles to the north-east, which he named Eastbourne Park. The old house which he built there is still standing, though long since passed into strangers’ hands. An avenue of fine trees leads from the country road to the verandah and front door, but the place appears very much neglected. The original house built by Captain Howell at Riverton was a small low building, although no doubt at first it seemed imposing. It stood in a side street between Palmerston and Havelock streets facing east. After the captain’s death Mrs Howell lived there for some years, and after her death some of her daughters continued to live there. The property was eventually sold to Dr Trotter, who pulled down the old house and built a large two-storied brick one on it’s site, where he now lives.

Captain Howell was a man of ability and intelligence. He was also generous and just in his dealings. He is buried in the Riverton cemetery, with a handsome stone and draped urn at the head of his grave. He left a considerable sum of money and property but no doubt he might have amassed much more wealth had he been a sharper and taken advantage of the natives in his dealings with them. He had a little grey horse called Tommy, of the old-fashioned breed that is unknown in these days. Tommy was never shod. The captain would mount him in the morning at Fairlight Station, and that night would be in Riverton, a distance of 85 miles, Of course there were no roads, only grass tracks. When he stopped for dinner at James’ “Aparima Inn” north of Otautau, and the ostler asked if he should feed Tommy, the captain would growl: “Feed him? What’s the good of that? If you give him a feed now he’ll want another to-morrow, won’t he?” It must be remembered that the native grass was far more nutritious than the present-day pastures are. The horses of those days, “Maori horses” as they were sometimes called, were wonderfully hardy, spirited and enduring.

In 1868 Dr M’Cristal moved to Switzers and lived at Frenchman’s Hill, practising with but indifferent success for five years. In Southland News for August 13, 1873, appeared the following:- “An Old Identity, Dr M’Cristal - one of the earliest settlers in this part of the province died at Switzers on the 23rd ult. aged 50 years. His living so long is a puzzle to those who know that for the last 15 years at least he has been in the habit of taking drugs in quantities that would be considered fabulous if stated here. To this habit his death, it seems, was directly attributable, an overdose of morphia having accelerated the effects of heart disease, from which he was suffering. He held the reputation of being a skilful surgeon, and when free from the enthralling influence of his favourite medicine, was a welcome guest in many social circles. It transpired at the inquest that his real name was Humphrey Peters, eldest son of Mr John Peters, who is supposed to be residing at Effingham House, near Brighton, England.”

In 1859 Dr J. H. Martin was living in Riverton, but we can hardly say that he was practising. Riverton had been for many years a whaling station, and, the Maori population amounted to several hundred; it was also “the town” for the squatters and runholders who had taken up land between the Oreti and Waiau Rivers, and as far
north as Captain Howell’s Fairlight Station at Whakatipu. The doctor was an elderly man, probably between 60 and 70, and had come from Akaroa, where his wife had died some years before. He was rather short and thickset, a pleasant, genial old gentleman considered rather old-fashioned in regard to his profession, but much liked. He had two children, both nearly grown up. In 1860 the daughter, who was the elder, was married to Mr Wm. Aylmer, of Wairaki Station. There were no newspapers in existence in Southland until February 16, 1861, when the Southern News and Foveaux Strait’s Herald was born; and in its first issue appears a notice, which proves that by that time J.H. Martin, L.R.C.S., Edinburgh, had settled in practice at Invercargill. On April 24, 1861, he married at Maorirura, Mataura Plains, Agnes, second daughter of Alexander Watson, carpet and tartan manufacturer, Stirlingshire, Scotland, and moved into a new residence on the section at the rear of the schoolhouse, Tay street.

In May, 1865, the doctor returned to Riverton and practised there again. He was honorary surgeon to the Riverton Rifle Volunteers, and took an interest in the Riverton public school; His son, George, had meantime taken to jockeying as an occupation. He was very short, and being a smart, active little fellow, got on well. He was under engagement to the Messrs Hill Brothers, of Croydon Station, when he met with an accident which cost him a leg. The Hills had property and interests in Australia, and were noted racing men. Their trainer at Croydon Station was a half-caste Australian native. One morning he was using an axe to chop something in the stable yard, when by some means it flew out of his hand and struck George Martin, who was standing near, on the knee, injuring it severely. Dr Monckton was sent for, and he amputated the leg. He was much blamed for this by some people, as it was said to have been an unnecessary operation, and that with proper treatment the leg might have been saved. Dr Monckton had the reputation among many people of being “over fond” of operating. The amputation was, however, our informant says, the very best thing that could have happened to George, as it put a stop to his career as a jockey. After a time he entered the office of the National Mortgage and Agency Company at Invercargill, and rose in course of time to the position of manager. Some time towards the end of the eighties he was finally promoted to the management of the Christchurch branch, and in that position remained until he retired from active business, a few years before his death. He married the second daughter of Mr M. Price, Invercargill’s first Resident Magistrate, appointed in 1861.

Dr James Martin, who must have been born early in the century, was educated at Edinburgh, and used to detail his experiences in the anatomy class of Dr Knox of that city. He was attending this class at the time of the fearful Burke and Hare murders, and Dr Knox was suspected of deliberate dealings with the scoundrels who smothered various persons in order to sell their bodies for ten pounds apiece these anatomy rooms. In addition to these crimes, they carried out “body snatching” to such an extent that it became necessary to keep watch over persons’ graves for several weeks after burial. People began to disappear unaccountably, murder was suspected, but the police found themselves helpless, for the bodies of those who were missing were never found, until one day the corpse of a poor half-witted creature called “Daft Jamie” appeared upon Dr Knox’s dissecting table and was recognised by the students. Careful inquiry in the Netherbow Port, off the Grassmarket, where Jamie had lodged, implicated certain women, and through them the murderers were brought to justice, and eventually hanged. Dr Knox, whose establishment was a “Private Dissecting Room” licensed under the Anatomy Act of 1832, was not criminally implicated, although he received much opprobrium for the part he played in the matter. We have no means of ascertaining where Dr Martin practised before coming to Invercargill beyond the fact that he was some little time in Christchurch and Akaroa. He was very well liked, and was considered a good sport, and was popular with the up country squatters, a number of whom, including Mr Barnhill and Mr Matthew Holmes, of Castle Rock, clubbed together and sent home money for a very handsome gun to be presented to Dr Martin, but before the gun arrived the doctor died at Wairaki in the Takitimos district. Here he had retired to the Aylmer Brothers’ station, William Alymer being married to his only daughter.

In the Southland News, July 9, 1867, appears the following:- Our Riverton correspondent sends us the following account of the funeral of the late Dr James Martin. “The remains of this much respected gentleman, who for many years was a practitioner here, and of late held the position of honorary surgeon to the Volunteer Corps, were interred in the cemetery on Thursday last. The cortege left his late residence in Palmerston street at 2 p.m. On arriving at the grave the volunteers formed on one side. The funeral service was read by the Rev. W. Oldham, and three volleys were fired over the grave, this being the greatest mark of respect that could be paid to a deceased member of the corps. Dr Martin was much respected by all the inhabitants of this town and the
surrounding districts, and his death is regretted by all who knew him.” In the Southland News of January 25, 1868, it was stated: “A very handsome tombstone has been placed over the grave of the late Dr Martin in the Riverton Cemetery. It bears the following inscription: - ‘Erected as a mark of esteem and respect by the members of the Riverton Rifle Volunteer Corps, to which deceased was honorary surgeon.’”

MANIOTOTO COUNTY AND JOHN DICK, OF NASEBY.

In 1872 there came to Naseby John Dick, another Irish doctor, one who had known M’Cambridge in the “Ould Country,” and who in addition to a desire to foregather with him, had glowing accounts given to him in Dunedin of the suitability of the climate of the Hogburn district for his own seriously impaired health. Born in 1846 on the farm or Knockaniller, near Douglas Burn, County Tyrone, he went to Belfast and studied there, working with such energy and keenness that he easily passed his examinations, and became M.D. of Queen’s University in 1869. But the four years’ far too strenuous work damaged his health to such a serious extent that on graduating he immediately went to the South of England, and engaged in practice, hoping that the milder climate would enable him to regain his strength in a short time. Two years of this and a few months at home in Ireland brought the unwelcome realisation that a long sea voyage was the only chance of restoration of his health, or even of checking the ravages of lung disorder. He accordingly shipped as surgeon of the Margaret Galbraith for Otago early in 1872, intending to return to Great Britain immediately and resume practice there. On landing in Dunedin he noticed the Mount Ida Hospital’s first advertisement for a surgeon, and on the spur of the moment sent in an application therefor. He went to Naseby in April, 1872, and the Mount Ida Chronicle for the 19th of that month contains an advertisement setting forth his qualifications as M.D., L.R.C.S., and P. of the Q.U.I, and signifying his intention of applying for medical registration in Dunedin forthwith. He speedily tackled practice, and being a well set up, handsome young man, of commanding presence, his alert figure was soon known from end to end of the Maniatoto. He stood over six feet two in his stockings, wore a slight drooping moustache, and was at once popular both for his genial and gentlemanly manners as well as for his professional ability. The Mount Ida Chronicle of September 20, 1872, says: - “We understand that John Scott, of Welshmans (now known as Cambrian), who has been for some time an inmate of the Naseby Hospital suffering from frost bite, had on Tuesday last to submit to the amputation of five of his toes. The operation was successfully performed by Dr Dick, the patient being put under the influence of chloroform. We are glad to hear that later accounts of the patient since the operation are favourable.” Dr Dick was an extremely clever surgeon. A very great number of the cases he had to attend to were broken limbs and crushed ribs from caving in of drives and tunnels, and very severe head injuries from horses falling through the balling of the snow. Medical cases were most frequently pneumonias of a bad and fatal type, from the cardiac debility caused by overindulgence in drink, for at that time there was a tremendous quantity of very bad whisky consumed on the goldfields. Consumption, or tubercular disease as it is now called, was very rarely met with; no cases arose in the district, and such few as came there were speedily cured. Soon after Dr Dick’s arrival he had the long ride described under the career of Dr M’Cambridge, and although he had only half the distance to cover that Heaney had, this, to a man of his damaged constitution, was a most trying experience. This accident, which was of course quite unexpected, threw upon him, in addition to the hospital work, attendance upon M’Cambridge, with the unusual responsibility for the life of a fellow-practitioner; he had also to make an earnest endeavour to faithfully supply all the medical and surgical needs of a great district. With his characteristic energy and determination, and in spite of his physical handicap, he “carried on” to the satisfaction of everyone, set Dr M’Cambridge upon his feet again, did all his hospital work in an admirable and skilful manner, and rode in all directions in sunshine, snow, or rain. On one occasion he had to travel to Sowburn, 18 miles off, to a man who had been seriously hurt by being buried under a large fall of earth. Here the doctor had to stop in a little log shanty which was too low in the roof for him to stand up in, and crouched almost double or squatting on a wooden stool by a miserable fire he passed a wretched night. In the morning, stiff and sore, he had to ride back to Naseby, having had each way to ford the dangerous swollen Taieri at a place about nine miles on the Naseby side of the Sowburn. This was but one of the many cold rides he took, and the exposure to those bleak piercing winds must have been a great trial and danger to him. How he endured the snowstorms and blasts on the ranges is indeed a wonder; nothing but his indomitable spirit carried him through. He had more than once to go to Mount Buster, along the very range on
which poor Sergeant Garvey went astray in the storm a few years before. As we have now got fuller details of this grim tragedy, which are highly interesting, showing as they do the imminent risks to life and limb continually run by those heroic doctors of Central Otago, we feel justified in relating them here. Local history does not relate how often the medical men of those days must have remained stormbound at outlying huts for days. It was only their special shrewdness and powers of discernment, their keen observation and good judgement when not to travel, and, above all, the hand of Providence guiding and preserving them for the unselfish work they were doing for others, that prevented their going off the tracks, and perishing as poor Garvey did.

In the Mount Ida Chronicle for the third March, 1911, appeared a short paper read to the Maniototo Early Settlers’ Association by the late James Bremner, for many years a resident of the Maniototo, and afterwards of Kew, Caversham: “In October (I think), 1863. Sergeant Garvey, one of the famous Light Brigade, lost his life. He had been sent by his superior officer, Sergeant Ryan, to visit and report the doings on the diggings at Clarke's or Mount Buster, situated on the Mount Ida Range, 4000ft above sea level, and about 14 miles north-east of Naseby. A heavy blizzard and snowstorm overtook him and his companions on their return to the Kyeburn (we think this should be Hogburn), and only those who have been in such a storm can form any idea of the helplessness experienced. They had reached a large rock, a landmark at the top of the track to the Little Kyeburn, and sheltered there for some time. The storm still raging, and night coming on, Garvey expressed his intention of making a start. To this his companions demurred, preferring to remain there all night rather than venture. Besides they told Sergeant Garvey that he was headed the wrong way, and indicated the road or direction which they thought was the right one. Garvey was determined to proceed, and did so, as it turned out, to his death.

“Next morning the storm had passed, and the policeman and a man named Morrison came in to Naseby dead beat and reported the matter at once, but some people say that Sergeant Ryan was not home till late that night. However, the following morning the news spread in the township and caused quite a sensation, as Garvey was very popular, and curses loud and deep were hurled by some men because Ryan had not taken prompt steps to go to the relief of the missing man. Possibly he imagined he would make the diggings and turn up soon. When the report got to the township of Garvey being lost, Messrs E. George, Joseph Brennan, and William Morrison headed a list for subscriptions, and asked for volunteers to make up a search party. They were very successful, and this was the starting of the relief fund of which more anon. A party of volunteers were quickly enrolled. I cannot give names now, but Mr William Morrison was appointed leader. They were quickly equipped with horses and every requisite required for the search and rescue, but few had hopes of finding the lost man alive. It was found an easy matter to track the sergeant. The snow had nearly disappeared, but the horse Garvey was riding had baled very much in the soft snow, and this the trackers picked up near the big rock, followed down a long spur, crossed some very steep places where the horse had been forced over, and came upon the body. He was lying peacefully on his back, one glove beside him, and the poor horse close by trying to crop some snow grass or tussock.” When his body was found it was seen that he had gone about eight miles in the exactly opposite direction to that which he should have taken. He was a very tall man, and when his body was placed across the saddle his hands and feet hung down on each side, and almost touched the ground, although at first, when frozen stiff and hard as stone, this was not the case. A rough cairn of stones was erected on the spot where he was found, but the remains were taken to Dunedin and there buried. Since writing this we have visited the Dunedin Southern Cemetery, and have found the tombstone to the late Sergeant near the blue gum trees close to the Eglington road, in that portion of the cemetery set apart for those of the Roman Catholic faith. The monument is a fine one of stone, about 15ft t in height, capped with an urn or ever with a napkin draping. Below this on the east side or face is a representation of a cross fleuri suspended from a ribbon. I.H.S.; a heraldic device consisting of a very old-fashioned style of shield, “charged” with a quaint breastplate, and still quaintier helmet or vizio. At the back and surrounding or supporting the shield an artistically arranged group of weapons, sword, battleaxe, spear, bow, quiver and arrows, and standard. On the west side the Otago Armed Constabulary Forces: To Our Comrades. On the south side: James Brennan, Chevalier do l’Ordre Imperial de la Legion d'Honneur, Sergeant of the Otago Armed Constabulary Forces, Sergeant-at-Arms Provincial Council. Died at Dunedin, 19th January, 1866; aged 36. On the north face: Edward John Garvey, Chevalier de l’Ordre Imperial de la Legion d’Honneur, Sergeant of the Otago Armed Constabulary Forces, whose body was found in the Hawkdun Ranges, he having lost his way while on duty and perished in a snowstorm September 13th, 1863; aged 31 years.
It is said that Garvey was one of that noble band who took part in the ever memorable charge at Balaclava, when but 190 out of some 600 flashing sabres came back from the “mouth of hell,” that awful scene of smoke and carnage. What is the inner history of this monument to the two Otago sergeants who held this badge of France’s Order of Knighthood or Chivalry? Who was James Gennnan who held the same rare distinction - was he, too, one of the noble 600? Summarising from Brackenbury’s Campaign in the Crimea: On the 25th October, 1854, there had been a great cavalry clash between the “Heavies” of the Russians and the Allies, and at an important period of the morning Lord Raglan perceived a movement on the part of the enemy to carry off some guns which had been abandoned by the Turks, and being desirous of preventing this he sent Captain Nolan with the order: “Lord Raglan wishes the cavalry to advance rapidly in front, follow the enemy, and try to prevent their carrying away the guns.” Lord Lucan misunderstood the intention and directions of Lord Raglan, and sent on his order “to attack,” and Lord Cardigan with the Light Brigade of the 4th, 8th, and 13th Light Dragoons, 11th Hussars, and 17th Lancers rode furiously to their doom, actually charging right through and returning from some 6000 men. Captain Nolan was killed by a shell before they had gone 20 yards, though it is said that his body was carried upright upon his charger for a considerable time after his death actually took place. Poor Nolan was partly responsible for the mistake, for when Lord Lucan hesitated about charging the enemy he asked Nolan who had brought the order, “why, and where he was to charge.” Nolan replied haughtily, “Those are Lord Raglan’s orders; there is your enemy, and there are your guns.” The whole affair was a shocking blunder, and the authorities were so ashamed of it and so helpless, not being able to blame anyone, or “break” anyone, that they actually neglected to give, as they should have given, the Victoria Cross to every one of the survivors, or to the relatives of the slain. What was the effect on France? She was stirred to her inmost depth she bestowed the coveted red ribbon of her greatest military honour upon many of the soldiers of her ally. The Legion of Honour was founded by Napoleon in 1802, and consists of grand master (the Emperor or President of the Republic), grand officers, commandars, officers, and chevaliers or knights (these last have a pension of two hundred francs, the higher ranks having higher pensions). We have thought it interesting to relate this piece of early history, and to show that what happened to Garvey and Gennnan happens to-day. Many of our brave soldiers have decorations and distinctions from the allied nations, while looked at coldly and indifferently by our own authorities, who take little notice of special services beyond consolatory platitudes to the recipients or to the relatives of those “great dead” who lie in Flanders fields. Edward Garvey came through the hail of bullets and shell of Balaclava, only to die of cold and exposure on the bleak heights of this distant land, far from home and loved ones. So fought for the empire and for us Sergeant Edward Garvey, so died at his post Chevalier Edward Garvey, Knight of the Legion of Honour, one of the true pioneers of Otago; and so fought and died John Dick. Doctor of Medicine, as truly killed in action as the noble fellows mown down at Balaclava in that great rush for victory or death. “Daring and conquering, but not sharing in the afterglow.”

Dr Dick had many a rough trip across to Taieri Lake Station, at that time Phillips and Seal’s, soon to change hands to Gairdner and Main, for Seal was drowned while crossing the Taieri near this place. It is said that the accident was mainly caused by his unskilfully handling his horse. He was using a martingale, a piece of harness or horse trappings seldom seen nowadays, but quite common in the sixties and seventies, and intended to keep the horse’s head down. Seal is supposed to have kept the reins too tight in his flurry on getting into difficulties. This, of course, dragged the horse’s nostrils under the water, causing it to struggle and roll over, and Seal was washed off his horse, down the river, and drowned. Had he let the reins go the horse would probably have been able to swim all right, and have got across. This shows that the Taieri at times was very dangerous, crossing at all times being risky. The banks were often steep, full of loose boulders, or thick, sticky clay, and for a long time neither punts nor bridges existed. In ordinary times a ford might be safe, but might change its easiest crossing place by many yards in a few hours’ freshlet; at other times the river might swell to a turbulent boiling flood, and be absolutely impassable. In fine weather it was a delight - calm, clear, and clean. This was before the gold diggers sent their clay washings into it, and in the deep holes one could clearly see at the depth of six feet or more the water weeds and fresh water mussels at the bottom. Here and there were sandy beaches. Mr Noel Buchanan, who lived in the Maniototo from the early sixties, gives us a delightful description of the scene:- “As to the state of the country in the early sixties, in more or less inaccessible places along the river banks, there was a good lot of anise growing which was later exterminated by the persevering attempts of the sheep and cattle to get at it. It is a plant of the Angelica family, with leaves like those of a parsnip, but duller coloured and not so smooth. It has an aromatic scent, and was a very favourite feed with stock. Our station stores were kept in
buildings mostly of corrugated iron raised about two feet from the ground, and called futtahs. There was a tradition that a peaceful shepherd at Murison’s Puketoi Station named Duncan M’Causland used to take a two hundred pound bag of flour under each arm, carry them several paces to the futtah or whata (Maori), and step up the ladder without any trouble; the doors were fairly wide and so was Duncan’s load. In bends of the river were considerable patches of korokia, a delicate scrub soon consumed when the sheep got at it after dipping operations. On the top of the Rock and Pillar among the snow grass were many large trunks of trees, said to be totara, but possibly birch, and on the Lammerlaw we often came across moa bones on the surface, with or near each collection of which were little heaps of gizzard stones of quartz. The so called roads were generally bridle tracks through the ordinary tussock and tatamitakouri, with steep and stony ups and downs at the small creeks, and the snow lying and and baling in the horse’s feet would often make the going pretty bad. The approaches to the streams were often steep. There were three to five feet perpendicular banks, which alternated with the beaches and confined the river’s full course for the whole meandering journey through the plain to the Taieri Lake, and through a short gorge above what is now Hyde and thence through the Strath Taieri to the Hindon Gorge. On everyone of these sandy beaches there were dozens or hundreds of wading birds, dotterel and red bills chiefly, the stilt plovers apparently preferring the lagoons and standing pools from last flood well out on the plain. Above them circled and dippéd flocks of small terns, sea swallows, and whale birds “making a cheerful noise,” a beautiful vision for an observant person with a love of nature and of all these creatures. This is what the place’ looked like in the year of the Dunstan Rush, and for years afterwards it was full of life.

Grasshoppers were in clouds or waves. As one walked through the tussock the little brown lizards swarmed, also locusts, as we called them, though the correct modern State school infant will tell you “them’s not locusts, them’s cicada.” Locusts kihikihi’d, and on a warm rock generally pretty far up, say on top of Rough Ridge, one might often see a larger brand of lizard, eight or nine inches long or more, with gaudy yellow markings. There were out on the plain very large “mobs” of paradise ducks, and sometimes with them, but more often in the lagoons along the river, “good store” of grey duck, teal, and occasional shovellers. Pukeko were comparatively rare, but increased with the increase of cultivation. When I became a runholder myself on what had been part of Murison’s holding, I used to have to fix tatamitakouri scrub over the thatch of my two or three small oat stacks to keep the pukeko from stripping them. They also took to eating turnips in the field. However they were excellent “kai.” Even at the time I left school wild dogs were a good deal in evidence. Not stray diggers’ dogs, though these were worse sheep worriers, but a distinct type something like a rather small rough-haired collie, but with prick ears, the two or three I saw being black and white. Nearly every station in the early sixties and before had a dog or two kept for the purpose of running down these vermin - mostly “kangaroo” hounds, which were really almost pure Scottish deer-hounds. We had a cross between one of these and a bloodhound (bred by Captain Boyd, of Opho), which was reckoned certain death to any wild or stray dog on whose track he was set. A very big powerful dog with a combination of sight, speed, and scent derived from his mixed parentage, but very good tempered and well mannered with people The Taieri Gorge was full of blue duck, and on the plain an occasional white crane made its appearance, Only, ala! to be shot for a specimen; and in quiet waters that curious little bird the dab-chick was not unknown. The weka everywhere, of course, and I was told of, but never saw, another small rail, as frequenting certain patches of raupo. As to sport in the early sixties, that was almost confined to paradise and grey duck shooting, for which we now and then collected parties of five or six, and approaching a large “mob” of paradise ducks from different direction got some fair shooting when they rose. If three or four were brought down the whole “gaggle,” which is the correct name for a flock of wild geese, as paradise ducks really are, would generally circle round sometimes more than once, giving several more shots, after which they disappeared into the blue. Of course one also took a day or a-half, solus, out on the plain or along the river bank, flushing occasionally a pair of grey ducks, a pukeko, or a bittern. Or a good way for the pot (before there was any Animals Protection Act) was to locate a nice brood of foresaid paradise in some quiet pond out on the plain, and when they were full grown flappers, full fed and fat on the surrounding grasses, to walk or ride boldly up to the lagoon, when the geese would walk out on the other side and slip very quietly among the tussocks, when all one had to do was to go round and pick them up, sometimes the whole brood of four or five, and excellent eating they were.
Over all this country, night and day, Dr Dick had to ride, down the Strath Taieri as far as Cottesbrook, Gladbrook, and Garthmyl, near what is now Middlemarch. This was at that time an extensive swampy piece of ground, and the old blacksmith and storekeeper, Simon Watkins, who lived there, says it was called Middlemarsh, afterwards corrupted and perpetuated as Middlemarch. As far as this came Sherlaw, of Outram, after him M’Brearty, of Outram; also Inglis and M’Caw, of Mosgiel. In the other direction Dick had long journeys to St. Bathans and Blacks, where Corse, of Alexandra, sometimes came; to the east his nearest neighbour was Brown of Palmerston, who had to ride along to Dunback, Macraes, and Moonlight settlers. To the west Halley and Stewart, of Tuapeka, approached his district, crossing into the Serpentine Valley. In September, 1874, Dr Dick was summoned to Woodneys, at Eden Creek, to see a man who had choked himself, and finding his efforts at restoration futile, for the man was dead, he returned to Naseby much fatigued and went to bed, as he had been very unwell for several days. Recognising this, his friends begged him to temporarily give up work, and get a locum up from Dunedin, but on September 17 a lad came running to him early in the morning with the message that a man had cut his throat in the near-by hotel, and that the doctor was wanted at once. The doctor, in a half-dressed condition, hurried round to the hotel and found the man, a commercial traveller, upon his knees, bleeding profusely from wounds in the neck. With great calmness and skill he carefully secured the bleeding vessels and effectually controlled the haemorrhage, and after bandaging the man got him into bed; he then himself collapsed and was taken home. Here after a few days’ illness he died.

Unable to find a locum he had struggled manfully to continue his work, and the obituary notice, which we quote, shows the manner of the passing, the dying at his post, of John Dick, of Naseby. “Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.”

Although Dr Dick’s hands were more than full with his professional work, he found time, as most busy men find it, by “making it,” for other local interests; he took part in all functions and activities in the township of Naseby or Hogburn, and in all county events; he was interested both in church and State, and was ordained an elder of the Mount Ida Presbyterian Church in 1873. He was unmarried.

OBITUARY - DR JOHN DICK.

(Mount Ida Chronicle, September 26, 1874). We hardly know how to perform our task of this week, how to give a true idea of the loss the district has sustained through the untimely death at the untimely age of 28 of Dr John Dick. If he had not been so close to us the task would have been an easier one, we might speak of his extraordinary skill and success as a physician, and miss altogether the idea of his life, which so sweetly creeps into the imagination of those who loved him “apparelled in more precious habit, more moving, delicate, and full of life, into the eye and prospect of their souls, than when he lived indeed.” In April, 1872, Dr.Dick came to Naseby, where he resided continuously until the day of his death, his health as he thought steadily improving. Shortly after his arrival the sudden death of Dr M’Cambridge threw on his shoulders the sole charge of the district. The good Dr Dick has done during those two and a half years cannot easily be told. Always ready, always willing, his time and talents were fully spent. On Tuesday, September 15, he was taken seriously ill, internal inflammatory symptoms showing themselves, it is thought the result of cold from a sudden exposure early on Monday morning, when called to a case of emergency in which his promptness undoubtedly saved a life. During the week he continued suffering, but would nevertheless be at his work. On Friday he had himself driven to the hospital, and on Saturday evening would go out, though entreated not to do so, to see a patient whom he was anxious about. On Sunday he was worse, and in the afternoon of that day his friends, who had uneasingly watched him, telegraphed for medical assistance. Soon he awoke from a dreamy stupor to realise that he was sinking, to tell those around him that he was dying, and to quietly bid them farewell. So the stranger died in a distant land, far from home and those who loved him. What can we add. It was meet that that tender
soul, how brave let those say who knew him, should fall on sleep gently as a child murmuring those wonderful words:-

_Yea, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me._

Our pen fails us.

_O man greatly beloved go then thy way till the end, for thou shalt rest and stand on thy lot at the end of the days._

Dr Dick was buried in the Naseby Cemetery, and an Oamaru stone monument with a marble slab let into it bearing the following inscription was erected to his memory:-

“Sacred to the memory of John Dick, M.D., Q.U.I., a native of County Tyrone, Ireland, died, September 20, 1874; aged 28 years. Though only 30 months in Naseby he endeared himself to all by his kindly disposition and his devotion and skill in the practice of his profession, and this monument is erected, the tribute of sorrowing friends.”

THE BLACK DOCTORS OF INVERGILL, ANTONIO WILLIAMS AND JAMES MURRAY.

ANTONIO WILLIAMS, THE MAN WITH A BLACK SKIN AND A WHITE HEART.

Invercargill, like most of the New Zealand towns of the early days, had its local celebrities, and one of the most picturesque of these was Antonio, or, as he was sometimes called, Dick Williams, “the black doctor.” This cognomen was attached to him, more on account of his dignified mien and manner of carrying himself than from the fact that he had wide acquaintance with herbal simples, wore a shiny black belltopper, a kind of military cloak, and was always ready to assist in cases of sickness or accident. So far as we can gather he had no medical education or pretensions to such, but being of North American Indian blood, probably knew more in the way of rough medical craft, healing of simple wounds and injured limbs than many of the so-called “collegers” or “pothecaries.” He was a tall, well-made man of middle age, his hair jet black, straight and fine; he wore no beard, whiskers, or moustache, though no one we can find ever saw him shave. He was said by some to have deserted from an American whaler, by others to have been a native, or, at any rate, to have come from the Island of Jamaica. Others, again, said that he was part Spanish and part North American Indian. He certainly had the manners and air of a Spanish grande or hidalgo, and if he came from Jamaica, had not the slightest trace of kinkiness of hair or other evidences of negro or mulatto blood. His features were of the pure North American type, his nose aquiline, his forehead receding, his cheekbones high and prominent, and his eyes a deep, flashing black; his lips were thin and his mouth firmly set, and his complexion a dark coppery bronze rather than black.

He was known in Invercargill as early as 1869, if not earlier, and started life there, as many others had to, by cutting firewood, felling trees, etc. He was well versed in the lore of the bush, and in all wood craft he excelled. He lived quite alone in the midst of what was then forest, with birds and animals around him, harmless, friendly, and neighbourly if approached, but decidedly eccentric. At times he dressed in a sort of Roman toga, and his slow and stately walk through the village, his deliberate and carefully-enunciated speech, his frequent use of long words, his intimate acquaintance with Johnson’s Dictionary, all gave a kind of authority and appropriateness to the title of “the Black Doctor.” Often his toga-like garment, which hung with grace and in the approved style from one shoulder was replaced by a voluminous blue velvet military overcoat; at other times by a roomy Inverness cape. These capacious garments had their particular uses, as will be seen later. He squatted on a section which is now the corner of Dee and Leet streets, at that time surrounded by thick bush. Here he erected a dwelling place which was completely hidden from all around, and here he lived entirely alone, relying for companionship upon cats, dogs, and various kinds of birds. He constructed his house by the simple expedient of placing scrub, branches of trees, bags, bits of wood, fern logs, green branches interwoven with fern fronds around the sloping trunk of a large broadleaf tree growing for a considerable distance at an angle, and then to the perpendicular. This growing tree formed the ridgepole of his wigwam, projecting in a picturesque
ANTONE'S WIGWAM.

manner through the top, where it flourished luxuriantly. The whare was at first rough and uncouth, without window or chimney, but as time went on Antonio enlarged it, made windows and doors, replaced rough, broken branches with neatly-cut fern tree log. He planted growing creepers or easily-bent and twisted young trees, converting it into a most beautiful abode. Mr William Smith, printer, of Invercargill, who remembers it well, says that “much of the outside was covered with growing leaves and tiny twigs, and looked as if the doctor had gathered armfuls of leaves and had interwoven and entwined them into the shape of his tent; it was of no particular colour, but of many - bright green, grey, brown, and yellow, all blending one into the other.” Antonio made a clearing round his wigwam, cut down nearly all the big trees, dug a fairly large garden, which he planted with vegetables, constructed a good scrub fence all round his section, and here he lived contentedly for several years. After a time the growth of the town, the allotting of the different sections to the persons who had paid for and selected them at the Land Office, gave a sad shock to the Black Doctor, for he received notice to vacate pronto, or, in other words, to “get out quick.” We have had several vivid accounts of the doctor, his castle, and the vigorous objections he made to being dispossessed, and we have been most fortunate in obtaining an actual photograph of the wigwam as it appeared in the later years just before he had to leave. It was taken by the late Mr D. Ross, and it shows the section as partially cleared, but not yet dug into a garden or fenced in. In 1863 Antonio received notice to quit from the trustees of the late Mr J. T. Thomson, as they intended to take possession of their property and build thereon. Antonio - as any other man, black, red, or white, would have done - felt a bit aggrieved at being deprived in one fell swoop of his house, his garden, and all the fruits of his labour. He had cleared dense bush into a fine section, had nicely planted it with excellent vegetables, and he accordingly returned the lawyer’s notice to quit, with a rough representation of a dagger across the upper part of the page - a gentle hint or grim warning to “look out,” and that it was “war to the knife.” That he drew a dagger, and not a tomahawk or an arrow, is possibly an indication of his Spanish or Latin American origin rather than pure North American Indian. Be that as it may, the pressure that was put upon him succeeded in its intent, for he peaceably departed from the premises. The following local from the press of the day shows that he must have quietly “buried the hatchet” (or dagger) and “smoked the pipe of peace.”

THE BLACK DOCTOR.

(Southland News, October 20, 1863.)

These days of commercial enterprise are making sad havoc among the older characteristics of Invercargill. A week ago we noticed the removal of a tenement beneath the roof of which the infant days of our banking interest was sheltered, and now we have to report another of those innovations upon the relics of the past, necessitated by the extension of the town. In this instance it is the well-known grotesque-looking habitation situated at the upper end of Dee street, and long habited by Antonio Williams, better known by the cognomen of the “Black Doctor.” Belonging as he does to the class which, in the strictest sense of the word, forms our “old identity,” the doctor may he said to be the most eccentric of this honest though somewhat peculiar class, and no one who was familiar with his lofty bearing but would readily admit that he carried his distinction with becoming dignity. The domicile in question was mostly built by himself, and, as might have been expected, it partook of many of the peculiarities of its lord and master. We never had the honour of inspecting the “Doctor’s” domestic arrangements otherwise than from the outside of the fence which his own industry had erected around the ground; and while we must confess that the exterior was somewhat rough and unprepossessing, the animals that surrounded it - including dogs, cats, birds, and poultry - spoke well of a kindly disposition on the part of the occupant, while a well stocked kitchen garden gave the whole an air of “rustic felicity,” which these days of progress and improvement will soon have forced far beyond the herders of the Town Belt. Latterly the “Doctor’s” comfort has been rudely disturbed, and, even in the face of that well known principle that “possession is nine-tenths of the law,” he has been ordered to quit in favour of an owner who can produce the parchment right. It was not without a
struggle that he gave up possession, and we can easily imagine that his forced relinquishment cost him a deep pang. Yesterday, workmen were busy dismantling the fabric, and there is no doubt that in the course of a day or two they will have so far succeeded as to have removed every vestige of the years of labour and industry of the Black Doctor.

He now moved into a dilapidated shanty a couple of blocks away, but here his bad luck followed him (he was not negro, or he would have thought himself the victim of hoodoo), for in February, 1864, a violent gale overturned his hut or whare. Whether he retipped and replaced it or built another we do not know, but the local is interesting. Southland News, February 4, 1864: “A heavy westerly gale prevailed yesterday, during which the domicile of the ‘Black Doctor,’ situated opposite the Melbourne Hotel, was overturned by the violence of the wind. The doctor, however, took the matter quite philosophically, and shortly after the occurrence might have been seen coolly contemplating his fallen mansion, surrounded by his kites and a miscellaneous collection of sundries, at the same time solacing himself with bread and ham.”

In June, 1868, the majority of the streets of Invercargill had been cleared and denuded of thick bush, if not of all flax and scrub. The last of the actual forest trees, a large black pine or matai, bare of leaves and forlorn in aspect, stood towering just beside the shop of one Huyes, a hairdresser. The felling of its mighty trunk seemed impossible without damaging some of the tenements in the immediate neighbourhood. When the matter began to be discussed everyone thought of the “Black Doctor”; he was recognised as the chief authority in the town on the practice and art of tree-felling. Those whose habitations were menaced by the suggested overthrow of the forest giant begged that his services be secured, and no haphazard cutting down of the tree permitted. Accordingly the stately “Black Doctor” was sent for and arrived, wrapped in his voluminous cloak. He gravely inspected the tree from all angles, and confidently assured the residents that he could fell and “lay it” safely in any direction, and in as narrow a track, or between any two houses they chose to indicate. He then laid aside his cloak, took his axe, and started. At this stage the householders protested, and cried a halt until they could get a rope taken up the trunk and tied a good scarf, rapidly making a deep impression into the flinty heart of the old tree. Soon a warning cracking was heard, then a swaying, and finally a terrific crash, and down came the trunk, safely “laid” in the direction required. Antonio was quite satisfied, as are we, that his workmanship was alone responsible. The bystanders and rope pullers were as positive that had it not been for their heavy swaying and pulling and yelling of chanteys at the particular moment, “Heave away, boys,” etc., the tree would have fallen elsewhere, and untold destruction ensued. The crowd of onlookers and idle barrackers moved off not a little disappointed that a really good smash had not ended the rather dramatic performance of the “Black Doctor.”

Antonio, who was a man of fine physique, tall, and muscular, attended regularly the Caledonian games, and always took a keen interest in the contests, particularly in the wood-chopping. He had few equals as an axeman, and one day he was, with great difficulty, persuaded to enter for one of the wrestling contests. He was induced to do this as a joke by some of the “young bloods” of Invercargill. They were not far enough back chronologically to be called “Corinthians” nor far forward enough to be entitled “Knuts,” but no doubt they were, as to-day, just IT. These youngsters thought to take the unsophisticated red man down a peg or two, possibly resenting little his haughty mien as “side,” perhaps in those days styled “frill or dash.” For whatever reason they got the old man entered, when to their surprise and general discomfiture Antonio threw first one and then the other of their champion wrestlers, the pick of the whole contestants, turned the tables on the practical jokers, and scooped in several much-needed pounds sterling. The story would be fittingly improved could we assure our readers that Antonio had heavily “laid” upon himself with the “bookies,” but upon this point history is discreetly silent.

One peculiarity of the “Black Doctor,” which has been several times mentioned, and which often puzzled people, was his habit of walking through the streets on a fine sunny day enveloped in his military cloak. In those days there were many vacant spaces upon the sections on which shops stood in Dee street, and in many cases loads of firewood were thrown down alongside the premises and close to the street line. One day it was discovered that there was method in the “doctor’s” madness, for he was seen to stoop down and hurriedly help himself to as much fuel as could be concealed under his cloak, two or three trips thus ensuring a good supply of firewood. Probably this mild form of kleptomania only developed when Antonio became old and feebly,
The last note we have of this quaint individuality is the following, and we may say that, with the exception of slight pilfering of firewood after he was turned off his section he was always a law-abiding, respectable, friendly, honest man. He was indeed an example to many, and a striking contrast to the next we write about, the other “Black Doctor,” whose lurid history we describe in the next article.

Southland News, 22nd May, 1872. - We have to record the death of a very “old identity,” Richard Williams, a man of colour, better known as the “Black Doctor.” Of his early history nothing is known - he had evidently at some period of his existence received a small modicum of education, and was fond of displaying his acquaintance with Dr Johnson’s great work. He earned his living by wood-chopping, and amused himself during many of his leisure hours at the harmless sport of kite-flying. The dress he most affected was of the old Roman type - a sort of toga above the ordinary modern costume, surmounted by a bell-topper. Thus attired the “Doctor” was wont to march proudly along the street, giving himself all the airs of a grandee. Latterly the poor fellow was unable to follow his calling, and a week or two back he was admitted into the hospital, where lie died on the 19th instant.

JAMES MURRAY, THE MAN WITH A WHITE SKIN AND A BLACK HEART.

A very different class of man to Antonio Williams was the practitioner who now comes under notice. This was James Phillip Murray, licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons of Ireland, licentiate of the King’s and Queen’s College of Physicians, late of Rotunda Hospital, late resident physician to the Melbourne Hospital, etc. Such was the advertisement with which he announced his consulting hours at Mr Birrell Sand’s residence, Leet street, in the columns of the Southland News, 15th April, 1863. Born of respectable parents on a West Coast mining town (whether of Australia or New Zealand we do not know), he was sent Home to be educated, and, coming back to Australia, practised there for a short time, part of which he spent in the Melbourne Hospital. He then went as medical officer with Howitt’s party into the interior of Australia in search of the survivors of Burke and Wills’s ill-fated band. How they were in time to rescue King, the last survivor, is now a matter of ancient history. Murray seems to have played the game at this early stage of his career - at any rate we have no information to the contrary, that he received a similar appointment later on shows that he gave satisfaction to his employers. When Dr Murray arrived in Invercargill he was a young man of neat, rather dandified appearance, good-looking, and with any amount of assurance and self-confidence, suave and ingratiating in manner, which “went down” particularly well with the ladies of the southern town. He was almost immediately appointed to be “resident surgeon” to the newly-built Southland Provincial Hospital, with the extraordinary privilege of right of private practice. That this was considered most unusual is evidenced by the lengthy correspondence which filled many columns of the Southland News of January and February, 1864. In addition to his hospital duties he was Port or Health Officer, and had often to go to the Bluff and other places to inspect incoming ships. He was also Government railway surgeon, which necessitated journeys to Mokomoko, Winton, etc; acting gaol surgeon, another of his appointments which caused him to neglect his hospital work to such an extent that many angry epistles clamoured for his removal. His report for February, 1864, shows that 38 patients were in the institution; but the same month’s files of the News contained letters openly hinting that the resident admitted whom he chose, charged what he chose to those who were boarded and lodged at the public expense, and correspondents naively asked, “Who gets the money?” Many other nasty things were said about him which seem to show that if his knowledge of the art of medicine and surgery was good, his practise was not all that could be desired. He left Invercargill early in 1865 and returned to Australia, and, hearing that another exploration party was setting out in search of Leichhardt, made great protestation of being a most enthusiastic explorer. So much influence was he able to bring upon the Ladies’ Committee and upon the public generally that he received the important post of second in command and medical officer to the expedition. How he fulfilled his trust the following extracts from contemporary newspapers sufficiently show.

The Southland News of 18th July, 1865, said: “We are glad to see that Dr J. P. Murray, who for some time so ably conducted the Provincial Hospital of Invercargill, has been selected by the Victorian Government from a large number of candidates to accompany the expedition in search of Mr Leichhardt as surgeon and second in command of the explorers. The party have been thoroughly equipped, and take with them horses, dromedaries, and bullocks. They expect to be out for two years, and will commence their search for Leichhardt on the
Flinders River, about 600 miles south of the Gulf of Carpentaria.” M’Intyre was to meet the southern party under the leadership of Murray on the 1st August on the Darling River, and he was to bring some trained native trackers and interpreters with him.

Six months later, the same paper, quoting from the Bendigo Advertiser, had a very different tale to tell, and showed that the exploration party had completely broken down so far as any actual organisation was concerned, and printed the following letter from Murray himself, dated 4th January, 1866, from Wullumbilla to Dr James:

“You are astonished at receiving a letter from one whom you conceived to be at the Gulf, and I shall attempt to give you an explanation. Things went on gloriously until we left the Bulloo, and made towards Cooper’s Creek. For some time fortune smiled upon us, even here, and we found a good and safe road for many a mile along a creek to the westward of the Bulloo called Labrine Creek. But Cooper’s Creek had to be found and followed up, so one fine morning we started from a waterhole, some 95 miles from the creek (as it afterwards proved to be) and struck out boldly across the desert, and after undergoing a great deal of fatigue we reached Cooper’s Creek one morning at 2 o’clock, exhausted and weary. Thus, judge of our horror and surprise to find no water. M’Intyre made a faint effort to examine the creek, but returned in an hour or so and gave the order to fall back on the last water. We did so, and more dead than alive reached the Bullock Water-hole where, by good fortune we had found a small puddle on our way out. There, at least, we expected a drink, but no, all the water had dried up. Good heavens! What a scene followed. We were all more or less delirious, but I think I was one of the worst, as I had received a kick from one of the horses which very nearly gave me my quietus. Started with one or two others in the morning for our last camp. Met a black boy who saved my life by keeping me in his miamia all day from the hot sun. Started in the evening and met the camel driver returning with water. He and M’Intyre had gone on before us the day before, so my life was saved by the infinite mercy of God. All the Victorian portion of the party resolved to proceed no further; three have returned with me, and one more is still with M’Intyre (at his urgent request) until he gets another hand.”

(From the Riverina Herald, February 7, 1866.)

“We know of no single instance in the history of exploration where a leader has been deserted as Mr M’Intyre has been. One Victorian, we are told, “at his urgent request,” remained with him. The rest, in order to save themselves, left him to his fate. At the very first approach of danger they turned and fled. What may have been the consequence of their doing so we have yet to learn. Dr Murray speaks of Mr M’Intyre in a manner which no one knowing the bravery and perseverance of that gentleman can possibly approve, as for instance, “he made a faint effort to find water.” It was not Mr M’Intyre’s first visit to Cooper’s Creek. The waterhole he found dry on his arrival there this time was no doubt considered the most permanent on the creek. Consequently, after riding a short distance to others, and finding them dry, he would naturally give the order to “fall back on the last water.” It was a matter of life and death with his party, and he acted with his characteristic decision.

(From the Daily Telegraph, Adelaide, August 3, 1866.)

Another painful chapter in the history of Australian exploration remains to be written. To the death of men like Leichardt - for we have no hope that he is still alive - of Burke and Wills, is now to be added that of Duncan M’Intyre, one of the best and bravest of Australian explorers, and leader of the expedition in search of Leichardt. There was no man better fitted for the post than Duncan M’Intyre, and his appointment gave the greatest satisfaction to everyone interested in the expedition, and it was believed that if the fate of Leichardt was ever to be cleared up, M’Intyre was the man to do it. Some months back the intelligence reached us that the expedition had narrowly escaped a breakdown, not from any fault or shortcoming on the part of Mr M’Intyre, but from the base, cruel and cowardly desertion of one in whom the leader of the party had at first reposed implicit confidence. We refer, of course, to Dr Murray, who seems to have become chicken-hearted at the first sign of danger, and to have returned in haste to the settled districts, regardless of what became of his leader and the brave few who still remained faithful to him. It would be useless now to dwell on the proceedings of the few days prior to Dr Murray’s desertion of his charge, or to describe that orgie in which he and one or two
others were the actors while their cattle were straying away from them. Where was Dr Murray when
the leader of the expedition lay dying? Safe within the precincts of the Melbourne Benevolent Asylum,
hundreds of miles from the spot where the brave, true-hearted M’Intyre was taking leave of the world
for ever. In a letter to Donald Campbell, of Glendower, written before his illness, and dated May 2,
1866, on the Gregory River, M’Intyre said that he had learned that there were with the blacks, within a
day’s ride of his camp, “a boy and girl, almost white, with red hair. There is also a rumour of a white
man among a strong tribe of about 200; they are very fierce, none of the settlers having come to any
terms with them. I have been after this supposed white man already, accompanied by the officer in
charge of the native police here. He had two troopers with him. I had also a black boy. We saw
between 30 and 40 blacks, but there was no sign of white men among them. We had to make prisoners
of them all before they would allow us to see them properly. In order to have an interpreter, we took a
young fellow with us to the police camp; he is now quite at home. In three or four months he will be
able to speak a little English, then, if not before, we will learn all about how the half-castes came
among the blacks. As soon as I can get away, to-morrow or next day perhaps, I intend going to where
the blacks are, and camping somewhere there until I find out about the white man, or whether he is
only a half-caste; but I am sure there is something in it.”

In a letter to Dr Mueller, Mr Sloman (M’Intyre’s lieutenant) states that the brave explorer sank under
an attack of fever caught while at Burketown looking after stores, and within a week he was buried on
the bank of the Gilliot. In Mr M’Intyre Sloman had every confidence, and with him he would have gone
anywhere. He was a splendid bushman and an adept at water finding, an accomplishment the value of
which to an explorer cannot be over-estimated. He was one of the shiest and best of Australian
explorers.

At this stage of Dr Murray’s career he might be aptly termed, in the language of the American, the man “with a
yellow streak,” or, rather, yellow and rotten right through. We shall now show that our classing him as worse
even than that and as the blackest of the black is not nearly bad enough for him. Thus the Southland News of
26th October, 1872: “For a long time nothing has been heard of that nice young man Dr James Murray, who
about nine years ago held the position of resident surgeon of the Southland Hospital.” The News goes on to
show that, tiring of another snug appointment in Australia, obtained through the good graces of his lady friends,
Murray turned his attention to “blackbirding,” and chartered a brig, the Carl, fitted her out, and set sail for the
Sooth Seas. Here he managed to entrap some 70 natives, and, turning towards Australia, intended “to sell them
to some honest planter.” Unfortunately the natives proved unruly, and, though battened down, tried their best to
break out, and were deliberately fired upon by Murray and his crew, who were, of course, under his direction
and control. Fearing that the whole thing would come out, he again became chickenhearted, and determined to
“double cross” his companions in crime. As soon as he got to Levuka he turned Queen’s evidence, and obtained
a guarantee that if he would testify he would receive a full pardon or, rather, be free from any danger of arrest.
The master and crew were all indicted for murder and the scoundrel Murray, who was the chief criminal,
escaped scot free. The Australian papers unanimously denounced the informer, and literally hooted the
Independent, a religious paper, which smugly said that “the heart of Dr Murray has been touched and his eyes
have been opened to the impropriety of his conduct,” and coolly recommended that his services should be
retained for the work of suppressing the South Seas slave trade, “for which he is eminently fitted,”

(The Southland News, December 7, 1872.)

THE CARL ATROCITIES.

1872. - From the Sydney Herald, November 21, Joseph Armstrong (master of the vessel Carl), and
Charles Dowden (the mate), were sentenced to death for the murder of between 70 and 80 islanders.
The natives had been kidnapped and imprisoned in the hold of the vessel. The Attorney-general,
opening the case for the Crown, stated the nature of the charge. The principle evidence would be that
of Dr Murray, part owner of the Carl, who was to all intents and purposes an accomplice. He was not
placed upon his trial because it was on his evidence alone that the crime had been discovered. Taken
sick during the second voyage of the Carl, this Dr Murray, seized with remorse, had told all that had
taken place to Mr March, the British Consul at Levuka, who had given to him a pledge of security, a
guarantee which would have to be respected. It was almost to be regretted that such should be the ease, for there could be no doubt that Dr Murray well deserved the same punishment now proposed to be given to the prisoners in the dock. They would receive Dr Murray's evidence with all due caution.

Dr James P. Murray in evidence stated:—“We left Melbourne in June last year (1871). At Palms Island one of our passengers (Mr Mount) dressed up as a missionary and attempted to lure the natives on board, but it failed. We went to an island S.E. of Mallicola. We anchored and sent off a boat. The natives came out in boats and fired arrows at us. We fired at them in return, and upset their canoes by throwing pig-iron into them. The captain and crew did this and the passengers in boats picked up the natives out of the water. They hit the natives on the head with clubs and slingshot. The natives used to dive to try and get out of their way. We did this at several islands. We had about 80 natives on board kept in the hold. On September 12 and 13 we heard a disturbance below during the night, and we quieted it by firing a pistol over their heads. The natives from some islands were quieter than from other islands. The following night the disturbance commenced again, and the man on watch fired a pistol over the hatchway and shouted to them to frighten them, but all these methods failed. They appeared to be breaking down the partitions, and with the poles so obtained they attacked the main hatchway, endeavouring to force it up. The crew then commenced to fire upon them. The firing was kept up most of the night, about eight hours. I do not know that I saw the captain fire down the hold. We were all firing and one of the passengers was loading the weapons. At daylight all appeared to be quiet, and it was thought advisable to save what remained. The hatches were thrown open, and those who were alive invited to come up. About five came up without help, the remainder were helped up, being wounded; about 16 were badly wounded. In the hold there was a great deal of blood with the dead bodies. The dead men were at once thrown overboard, also the 16 badly wounded. Some were tied by the legs and hands. When the wounded were being thrown overboard, I said, "I do not like to watch this," and I went away. I did not try to prevent it being done. After all this the hold of the ship was thoroughly cleaned and whitewashed, every trace of the late event being removed. Ten or 11 natives went on with the vessel. On our voyage towards Apii we met the Rosario, who overhauled us. One of the junior officers came on board and seeing nothing particular, let us go. The vessel called for me at Apii the second voyage. I eventually returned to Levuka almost dead. On my recovery I gave information to the Consul, Mr March. The vessel was seized and the labour men, who had not been disposed of, were taken back. I was repentant in what I did, and did it for honour of God; as the only atonement that I could make. In doing what I did I voluntarily suffered very great pecuniary loss.”

George Heath, a seaman on board the Carl, stated in evidence that when firing down the hold into the mass of prisoners commenced, Dr Murray, with a musket in his hand, was standing at the hatchway singing "Marching Through Georgia."

His Honor, Mr Justice Fawcett, in summing up, said:- It was deeply to be deplored, it was a stain upon the nation, upon the community, upon the administration of justice, that the ringleader in all these atrocities, the chief mover and instigator of all these acts, the man Murray, who had employed these unhappy prisoners to act against the islanders in the way that he had described, should nevertheless escape. Could it be possible that the man whose voice was now raised to denounce them for what he had led them on to do, had gone into that horrid scene singing that song, as a witness had described? They were told that the man had repented; it was to be hoped that he had; but if he had, his life must be passed henceforth in a never-ending remorse.

A Melbourne paper of December, 1872, said that Dr Murray might be justly regarded as one of the most infamous persons who at any time escaped the gallows, and as his safe conduct did not extend to Victoria, he might easily have been detained there, tried for piracy and murder, and properly hanged.

"Aegles," writing to the Australasian, December, 1872, says: “When a man reaches so high an eminence as Dr J. P. (Judas Pecksniff) Murray incidents illustrative of his character are apt to crop up occasionally.” When the doctor was on the staff of the Melbourne Benevolent Asylum he once desired leave of absence for a few days. The day after his temporary departure the authorities noticed an extraordinarily somnolent condition of many of the inmates. Most of the poor old folk were asleep and snoring the whole day long. On inquiry it transpired that
Dr Murray, who was a man evidently devoid of conscience, had devised, a way of keeping his elderly charges quiet and comfortable during his holiday. He is said to have given a very large dose of morphia - in some cases as much as two grains, an absolutely poisonous dose - to each of the persons whom he thought might be at all troublesome in his absence. If the dose he administered were really as large as stated it is remarkable that he did not have half a dozen deaths on his hands on his return.

There was one phase of the Carl massacre to which attention was not directed at the time, which proves that the warlike natives captured at Bougainville Islands were not only men of more than savage bravery and with humane sympathies, but they were at the same time deeply superstitious. During the whole time of the deadly fusillade that was poured into the hold of the slaver there was no cry of pain or appeal for mercy or moaning from the wounded. They took their mortal wounds like heroes, but when one of the crew - one of the “white savages,” for we can give them no other name - seized, in order to throw overboard, the six-fingered native child, the men who had never cried out under that murderous fire immediately uttered a sympathetic, or was it a protesting wail of anguish and terror at the impious laying on of hands upon the sacred body of one they reverenced as the favoured of the gods.

After Murray’s return from Fiji, and before he was called upon to give evidence in Sydney against his former friends and associates, he occupied the position of medical officer to the Sanitorium established at Sandhurst on the breaking out of the smallpox in Victoria, and in this professional capacity he is said to have acted with energy and judgment. The Southland News, of the 3rd May, 1873, says: “Dr Murray was last seen in Sydney on the 20th January last, and it is believed he has gone to England, leaving a wife and two children in Victoria. So ends the colonial history of a man whose name will go down to posterity as one of the most vile offenders who ever disgraced the annals of any country.”

Later on the Pall Mall Gazette commented strongly upon the debate in the House of Lords on the Carl case, and naively asked why Murray should have been allowed to get off scot free, by turning Queen’s evidence, when that of one of the seamen might have done equally as well. “It is manifestly absurd that ‘the most atrocious criminal of them all,’ as Lord Kimberley styled him, the man who planned the voyage, chartered the ship, and would have reaped the main profits of its spoils, should escape while the master and crew are convicted, and probably it was a sense of this absurdity which induced the Australian authorities to commute a sentence which even in the case of the minor offenders was richly deserved.” To the surprise of everyone Murray turned up in London, and, instead of hiding his miserable carcase in some back slum, he had the impudence to approach Lord Kimberley and to volunteer “some most valuable information upon the best means of suppressing the slave traffic in the South Seas.” The authorities refused, of course, to have any further dealings with him, but the Bishop of Oxford went so far as to recommend that a M.SS. he sent to him be handed to the Anti-slavery Society for publication if they considered it suitable.

This is the last word we have found in connection with the wretch; but there is a most curious ending to this terrible piece of colonial history. The files of the Southland News of May 22, 1876, show that the blood-stained craft in which Murray carried out his frightful massacre actually came back to the Bluff and scattered her ill-fated ribs and keel in the faces of the pioneers who had been so kind and hospitable to the “blackest black doctor” in the early days of his career:- “The remains of the slaving brig Carl, on board of which Dr James Murray achieved a reputation second only to that of Sullivan, continues to be an obstruction and an eyesore at the Bluff wharf. It should have been cleared away long ago if the harbour regulations had been anything but a dead letter.”

This closes the career of the second “black doctor” of Invercargill, and we venture to say that the death of poor old Antonio in the Invercargill Hospital was a very different and peaceful ending to what Murray’s must have been when later “the pains of hell gat hold of him” and grim Death stared him in the face.

**DUNEDIN IN 1860.**

Dunedin after 12 years of settlement was still a straggling village; roads or thoroughfares, unlighted and devoid of metal, could not be called “streets.” In places they were mere traps for the unwary. On one occasion a butcher was galloping his horse along what represented Manse street of to-day, when his horse shied at a stream or spring, and the man went flying head over heels into what must have been a bog hole, for nothing was to be seen
for some moments but his boots. Drays often stuck in the mud in the main road, which before 1858 meandered over the hill, and along what was called the “North-East Valley.” The job of carrying grain to the Leith Mills, or flour from them, was indeed a risky undertaking. On many occasions horses stuck up to their bellies; drays embedded to the axles in the mud had to be dragged out by bullocks amid the loud laughter of the bystanders.

Many of the houses, really wattle and daub shanties of two or three rooms, sprawled up and over the scrub-covered hill on which was erected the church with the bell, which gave it its name. At the Water of Leith Duncan’s flourmills followed M’Glashan’s, of Woodhaugh, in busily turning out rough flour called “overheads,” from which only the bran was taken out. People paid £30 a ton for it - were glad to get it, - and made no complaint that it was not further sifted or refined. There were not many houses at the north end of the town, and few indeed in the actual Valley across the bridge. The greater number of them dotted the hills around the centre of the town, and to these residences the doctors of the day walked or rode as occasion demanded. Such was the swampy nature of the bulk of the level part of the town, so numerous the swiftly-flowing streams which ran down the hillsides from the various gullies on to the flat, that when population did come, trouble speedily followed. When gold was discovered, and no attempt at drainage or sanitation was provided for the hundreds of tenements which sprung up like mushrooms, what might be called “diseases of neglect” broke out, and terrible was the toll of infant life that was taken. Of the streams - in those days purling brooks on the hillsides, sluggish watercourses on the flat, - a goodly-sized one ran down Cosy Dell of to-day. Another splashed down Pitt street, then only a narrow track between high banks at the top, and containing until well on towards the seventies only Strachan’s brewery on the left and Cowie’s house on the right, just behind Knox Manse. Across this church property ran the stream, crossed George street diagonally about Barningham’s, down Frederick street, and across the scrub-covered and swampy five-acre reserve now occupied by the Hospital. Here it merged with the next one, which, coming from the gully beyond the London street spur, ran across George street behind the Mcame of to-day, where fine willows can be seen growing luxuriantly along the damp course of the old stream. It was most difficult to keep within bounds, and caused much friction and even lawsuits between neighbours whose properties were flooded at intervals. The creek gradually turned southwards and ran near what was later George Horder’s, past Flynn’s cottages into King street. It then ran under a ricketty wooden bridge with handrails, crossed the corner of the Hospital reserve and was lost in the high flax and swamp of Cumberland street near St. Andrew street. Another came down the York place gully, crossed the block behind Dr Wilson’s house (which is standing to-day behind Islip’s), across George street, ran through near the old Synagogue, and was partly responsible for a large pool almost at the back of the Plaza Theatre of to-day. This pool was a source of terror or of joy to the youngsters of the day; several venerable citizens still alive remember and recount their experiences in this famous locality. A little better known stream furnished water for the brewery which stood on the site of Irvine and Stevenson’s factory. This stream was exceptionally good water, and ran down Hanover street to the George street corner (now Shepherd’s), where it filled a sort of well or barrel, and to this spot the inhabitants of the neighbourhood came with buckets and cans and small casks in wheelbarows for their water supply. When you realise that the only alternative to drinking water from these streams was to store rain water in casks and butts - tanks were practically unknown or very costly, - it is not to be wondered at that the easy way was the one more generally adapted. The majority of these streams meandered amongst the flax, and joined one another, and spread out on to the lower levels of Cumberland and Castle streets and Athol place of to-day, all that locality being swamp and channels which allowed of a good deal of back flow of the tide. Frederick street below King street was boggy and impassable during many months of the year from the incoming tide, the outflowing creeks and the swampy nature of the ground. Dr Hocken says that two of the city fathers, or Provincial Councillors, were almost engulfed while on a tour of investigation in that street for the committee to which they had been appointed. On account of the natural slopes from hills on to the flat of the northern end of
the town, the roads, or streets were level, but had to be more or less excavated and dug out of solid clay, consolidated and packed with some material more satisfying to the feet than the peaty, resilient niggerheads and half-submerged flax. At the Hanover-George street corner there was a good deal of excavation required, because from Scotland street to George street and thence to King street the slope extended, and what are now Cooke-Howlison’s garage and the Hanover Street Baptist Church sites were occupied by a high clay bank. In 1860 the only houses on the opposite corner were those of Mr James Beadle, who first erected two small two-roomed cottages standing well back on his sections, and then his second residence, a two-storeyed wooden building, end on to the street. This, which is in excellent preservation, may be seen to-day, opposite Waldren’s stables in King street; the smaller cottages were removed in 1905. The only other houses in the street going south were the row of Palmer’s cottages, and a great deal of the area from St. Andrew street to Stuart street, looking eastward, was boggy foreshore and an estuary of innumerable streams. It was no uncommon thing for the people living around to be called out on Sundays, the day particularly on which equestrians ventured down the “North-East Valley.” One or more would get hopelessly bogged and have to be literally dragged out with ropes, or to have planks and beams pushed under them. In front and behind the Standard Iron Works, at the corner of St. Andrew street, were boggy holes and large pools. These were the works managed by Mr James Gray (later of Reid and Gray), and one of his apprentices was young Beadle from the King street house. From the water’s edge near Stuart street, extending right up to the Octagon, was Cutten’s farm, where cows, pigs, and fowls held undisputed sway over an area which today is covered with well-built warehouses, factories, shops, and hotels. Beadle well remembers seeing fine gooseberries growing in Mrs Cutten’s garden, on the very spot where to-day are the fine premises of P. Hayman and Co. So much of the King street to Cumberland street blocks were constantly soaked with water that one could find thousands of the little yellow “bachelor’s buttons,” a daisy-like plant (Cotula), which is only found where marsh or damp soil is distinctly salt. These flowers were found as far up as King street on the site of Wilkinson’s factory of to-day. At the bottom of Hanover street was Leckie’s row of little cottages, which can be seen in early photographs as the only buildings, till one came to “The Grange” of Hyde Harris, well in the thick of the bush, close to Frederick street, extending from Leith street into Hyde street. The whole of this area, to the Leith and beyond it and well along the left-hand side of Clyde street, was thick bush up the hill as far as St. David street. From that locality right along the edge of the stream were impenetrable creepers, lawyers, and supple-jacks, so that persons wanting to get down to The Grange from the north end had to come right round by way of Frederick street. The block bounded by Albany street, and including Hyde street, was soon after an open section, though probably full of stumps, and on this unoccupied block the first Caledonian sports were held. It is presumed this was found too rough, or else people wanted to build on the block, for the next sports were held on the five-acre reserve north of St. David street, now the Cricket Ground. From the little houses dotted here and there among the flax Jock Graham had to collect his mails, his head the only thing that could be discerned. Although he was on horseback, the tootle of his bugle and the gleam of his red coat could be made out at a good distance. In 1858 a narrow cutting had been hacked, dug, and blasted through the centre of Bell Hill, and we show in this issue a photograph, not so far as we are aware recently reproduced. It has been kindly lent to us by the Otago Early Settlers’ Association. In the foreground is Bell Hill, with the workmen busily engaged in the excavations, some of them half-hidden by the clay bank they are cutting. Immediately to the left runs Dowling
street, with Meluish’s photo shop on the corner (the site of the A.M.P. to-day. Further down the quaint little square Mechanics’ Institute is almost on the site of Cargill’s Monument. Opposite it and a little farther on is a curiously curved iron roof like the end of a locomotive; this is Carnegie’s store, almost on the site of Edwards’s, the fruiterers, of to-day. Many years after this iron building was transported to the corner of Moray place and Stuart street. It stood on the edge of a pretty steep gully which ran right down from Smith street, across Moray place West, behind the Synagogue and Herbert, Haynes’s, across Princes street, and down behind the Athenaeum, then right along behind what are now the Security Buildings. This big gully was filled in at the street crossings. It necessitated complete building up of Smith street and Moray place West. Melhuish had a little cottage in the hollow below at one time, and a big bit of the hollow above can be seen behind the house that was for so long occupied by Dr Borrows, and after him by Dr Roberts, next the Wesleyan Church. Below Princes street in the gully were Matthews, the seeds-man’s gardens, at the back of the Athenaeum. The iron shed or shop aforementioned, at the foot of the gully, was occupied by various mechanical engineers and fitters.

Lake, S. R. Stedman, and later W. J. P. M’Culloch, now the famous yachtsman, were the three last occupants of the premises. Going back to the photograph, the long, low building on the left of Princes street with half a dozen windows is the Provincial Buildings or offices. In front, a little house with two windows, is the residence of the Chief Surveyor, Mr Kettle, the building in which the first white girl in the province was born (later well known as Mrs James Macassay). The house was afterwards occupied by Mr Peter Proudloot, Chief Commissioner of Crown Lands and Treasurer of the Waste Lands Board. The big building on the water’s edge was the store of Jones and Co, and across Jetty street, on the site of the Grand Picture Theatre, stands Dr Burns’s manse, on an elevation afterwards cut away. The old post office occupied the south corner of the Provincial Buildings, and all this block is now replaced by the Empire Buildings. In those days there was nothing from there to the Rattray street crossing, except the Town Board office, then in course of construction.

**DUNEDIN IN 1861.**

The year 1860 had been an important one for several reasons Captain Cargill, the Moses of the settlement, had died, after a life of activity and usefulness; Knox Church had been established. Invercargill had had a “separation meeting,” and everything there was in a turmoil. A Town Board was elected for Port Chalmers; town lands were first sold in Oamaru; a Masonic Lodge and Hall Company were founded in Dunedin; the Oriental Bank was opened; and things seemed to be slowly forging ahead. With 1861 a great change had come over the province, for on June 4 Gabriel Read announced the discovery of a payable goldfield at Tuapeka. A wizard’s hand had indeed touched with his wand the merest tracks o’er dale and mountain disclosing yellow metal among the massive quartz and rolling pebbles of stream and river. A monthly intercolonial steam packet service was announced; banks opened in Dunedin and Invercargill; Murihiku established itself as a province; and the Southern News was first published. Circuit courts were appointed; Commissioner Branigan took control of the police; Sir John Richardson was elected Superintendent; Cobb and Co’s coaches spanked their way to the diggings, passing streams of diggers who stolidly plugged along the roads, “humping” their swags, and clattering their billies as they went. The Bank of New Zealand took down its shutters, and the Otago Daily Times began its long career of usefulness, its humble beginnings showing little evidence of the great position which it would attain in half a century. Such was the influx of miners and diggers from Australia that it was deemed advisable to bring down from the north a detachment of the Seventieth Regiment and to quarter them in barracks at the head of London street, on the spot where the High School now stands. On the 8th November the first growler or four-wheeler cab made its appearance on the streets, and laboriously wended its way through the narrow cutting of Bell Hill, carefully picking its road along the swampy flat to the North End. The whole of the left hand side of George street, from the Octagon to near Hanover street, was at this time fenced off with a hand-rail or light post-and-rail fence. Outside of this were the people’s sections, many of them vacant, some of them built on and if many yards back from the street, with planking or heavier timber passage-ways and little bridges from the doors to the street, often spanning deep pools of water or bog-holes. It is little to be wondered that, with no drains, with all filth and soakage allowed to percolate through the ground in all directions, houses built upon or actually over ponds, streams, water-holes, sickness quickly followed. Floors and walls were of thin flimsy wood, few, if any, bricks were available for foundations, many of the dwellings were condemned by the inspector as “shanties and miserable tenements.” So typhoid, diphtheria, scarlatina, infantile diarrhoea became real scourges, and in those days of uncertain diagnosis and ignorance of the cause of many diseases, numbers
died from what was called “typhus.” The old hospital situated in Moray place, at the back of where now stands the Town Hall, had in its immediate neighbourhood the framework of St. Paul’s, which was slowly creeping into an imposing edifice. A new chum who arrived in December, 1861, says, “the only two buildings worthy of notice in the North-East Valley were Knox Church, in King street, a fine building with an imposing cupola; it is capable of seating 1000 people, and has been constructed with careful attention to its acoustic requirements; the other building is the Albion Hotel, the external appearance of which, added to its internal comfort, is equal to anything to be found in Canterbury.” This hotel (Flanagan’s) was at the corner of King and St. David streets; the same building stands to-day, and is known as Albyn House. An Australian visitor complained that the first surveyor evidently dipped a fly into his ink-bottle and allowed it to run all over his paper, tracing out the streets more or less upon its erratic footsteps. The streets were narrow and ran at all kinds of angles into one another. The early settlers seemed to endeavour to keep as far as possible from each other, and, deeming variety to be the soul of beauty, strove hard to avoid the least idea of uniformity, and their buildings had not the least pretensions to regularity in size, style, or position. “One house will have its back turned to its neighbour, while this looks round the corner of the next tenement” (no thought was given to permanent levels until 1862), and the basements of some houses are far above the head, and the roofs of others below one’s feet. From the street one has to scramble up embankments to some of the shops, or to make perilous descents by means of steps roughly cut out of the earth. There are a few handsome buildings in the business portion of the town; some have good stone foundations; their quality may be good, but their appearance is not “tasty.” Since the gold discovery a new class of building - of shops, wooden stores, hotels - has been run up in haste, and when the road levels are high these buildings are erected on the top of tall piles. The streets are peculiarly situated, and the usable portion of the town is very short, the whole business area is thrown into the narrow, confined limit of a few streets running across and into one another from all directions. Demand for land has been tremendous; a great portion of the unoccupied land was vested in the Church, and the freehold cannot be parted with. Grounds let at £5 per foot per annum and upwards. A miserable little jetty runs out into the bay, and is at present the only means of landing goods, but other jetties are to be at once erected.” There was at that time a very narrow cutting, and Princes street, so called, only extended from about Stafford street to Dowling street. The actual reducing of Bell Hill did not begin until the 6th October, 1862, and proved a serious matter. A great deal of it was solid rock, and needed powerful blasting operations, so that numbers of serious accidents took place, several of them fatal. The description of the town by an outsider is interesting, as showing that, if even then its natural beauties were remarked, its climate was considered doubtful. “Dunedin is picturesque and pleasing when viewed from the hills. The tout ensemble is indeed charming. Two sides of the town are fringed with the bay, and the open ocean is observable in another direction. The surrounding hills are dotted with pretty houses and neat villas with gardens around them, and a bright, cloudless sky makes indeed a lovely scene. The climate is peculiar and never the same, and no two days are ever of similar weather, so that it is unsafe to trust it for an hour. A day that commences with furious rain will turn out splendidly fine, and one that promises all that a person could desire will prove miserably wet and windy. Rain comes on without any notice, and the ground becomes in a few moments so muddy and sticky that it is difficult to keep one’s feet. The rain ceases almost as soon as it commences, and the ground dries up in an incredibly short space of time. The wind is equally capricious; but when the sun does shine the place is delightful, and, taken altogether, the climate is very similar to that of Great Britain.”

A short, but excellent, description of the town is the following: “The business portion of the town is compressed into small space; a long jetty, police barracks and immigration depot, merchants’ stores, Commercial and Provincial Hotels; stables of Jones, Bird, and Co., at the corner of Manse and Stafford streets; further to the right, above the Commercial Hotel, can be seen the long roof of the Arcade now being constructed, and which is going to contain 50 shops; the handsome stone building of Young and M’Glashan; the Union Bank, with its fine style of architecture; the Supreme Court, the Resident Magistrate’s Court, and the Provincial Council Chambers, in a handsome and commodious edifice, easy of access to visitors; and two fine buildings in the North East Valley.”

With the discovery of gold the town leaped ahead. Ship after ship arrived from Australia crammed with diggers, bronzed pioneers from California and Victoria. Calico and scantling huts shot up everywhere. As one woman put it: “she went to sleep having seen Bell Hill covered with manuka and a few small houses, and woke to find the place white with tents.” All Dunedin was in a whirl of excitement, and as hundreds of diggers arrived
weekly, the merchants and others had much to do to provide food and the thousand-and-one things necessary for the miners’ activities - picks, shovels, billies, tin dishes, barrows, calico, tarpaulins, saddles, bridles, light timber, nails, buckets, boots, clothes. The merchants endeavoured to transport their stores almost bodily to the diggings, and carting and waggoning became lucrative jobs or those fortunate enough to possess teams of horses or bullocks. The roads became morasses from the constant traffic, and it was no uncommon sight to see a team of bullocks practically anchored to a bogged wagon, and there was nothing to be done but wait for the arrival of one or more additional teams, and then all combined to pull the vehicle out of the offending hole. Red-shirted diggers humped their blue swags, and laughable incidents occurred when sailors, accustomed only to the deep blue ocean, got ashore and essayed to reach the sands of El Dorado, and to pick up nuggets by the handful. On one occasion five of them rigged up a handcart, and gaily started off for the diggings, with a man in the shafts acting as steersman, and a sail up to catch the wind. When some of Otago’s breezes caught his sail he had to stretch his legs indeed, and, taking to his heels, run like the wind, his antics evoking roars of laughter from his mates, and from the various onlookers who had assembled to see them off. In August the escort brought down an instalment of gold amounting to 5000 ounces, and excitement in Dunedin rose to fever height. The rush to the province from all parts of New Zealand, as well as from Australia, assumed such proportions that in the 12 months from December, 1860, to December, 1861, the population jumped from 12,500 to 30,000, and in November the aggregate amount of gold brought in by the different escorts totalled 74,000 ounces. On some of the fields such was the scramble for claims that provisions ran short, and many of the diggers were literally starving. As much as half a crown a pound was paid for flour, and very often even that could not be obtained; and wood for making cradles for washing the gold was so valuable that £3 a piece was paid for old gin cases. To provide medical attendance upon this heterogeneous mass of mankind was in the city no sinecure, and Hulme and Burns, of the Hospital, had their hands particularly full, both of them having to do outside practice as well. Nelson, of whom we have written, was an active and vigorous man, and had the bulk of the work. Purdie was getting on in years, and his health was not of the best, but he still practised. The two Williams had gone to the Waihola-Tokomairiro district, and Richardson and Manning to the other side of the Clutha, so that when the Chile arrived from London in December, 1861, with Alfred Eccles on board, a really good man, and a Fellow of the London College of Surgeons, he was found to be more than an acquisition - he was a God-send to the community. The voyage of the ship was uneventful except to the surgeon and family, and we quote from the files of the Otago Daily Times of 12th December, 1861:

“The ship Chile, Captain Turnbull, has arrived after a voyage of 101 days. She left Gravesend on Saturday, the 31st August, and brought up at the Heads at 4 p.m. on the 10th instant, and was towed up to Port Chalmers by the Samson, steam-tug. All the passengers well.”

(Ex Otago Witness, 14th December, 1861.)

“Arrived, 11th December, 1861, ship Chile, 878 tons from London; J. Jones and Co., agents.” Also list of passengers (including Dr Eccles and three children); also the following obituary notice:-

DEATH.

“November 10th, 1861. On her voyage to New Zealand in the ship Chile, latitude 50 8, S., longitude 140, E., Maria, the beloved wife of Alfred Eccles, Esq., F.R.C.S., from exhaustion, consequent on 90 days’ severe seasickness.”

ALFRED ECCLES, F.R.C.S.

Alfred Eccles was the younger son of John Henry Eccles, of Mainfields, Lancashire, and of his wife, Harriett Jenner, a near relative of Dr Edward Jenner, the Discoverer of Vaccination. For the sake of many persons who ask “What is this vaccination,” and “Who was this Jenner?” and for the reason that we have recently seen an attack of smallpox in our community entirely stamped out through the rigorous employment of Jenner’s methods of coping with this formidable disease, we shall give a short, account at the end of the article which should satisfy any honest inquirer. Alfred Eccles was born at Kennington, Surrey, England, on March 25, 1821, and was educated at Christ’s Hospital, London, the Blue Coat School, and then at Bartholomew’s Hospital, where he
shared rooms with his great chum “Jimmy” Paget, afterwards known to the English surgical world as Sir James Paget. He had probably served as apprentice to some surgeon of note, for we find that he entered at St. Bartholomew’s in 1842, and easily took the diploma of M.R.C.S. in 1843, and that of L.S.A. in 1844. Just at this time a change was made in the Constitution of the College of Surgeons - a new Charter was obtained, and a new class of members constituted called Fellows. They were chosen chiefly from the surgeons, assistant surgeons, and lecturers of the metropolitan and provincial hospitals and other original members who were specially known for their work. With these exceptions no other persons were admitted to the Fellowship except by examination. Among these eminent surgeons Alfred Eccles was one of those “elected.” It was considered a very high honour and one indicative of great distinction in the profession. When Dr Eccles died in 1904 there were only 27 Fellows by election still living, and the last one died some few years ago. Dr Eccles started work at Turnbridge Wells, and speedily made a name for himself, building up a lucrative surgical practice. He first married Alice Elizabeth Withington, daughter of Mr A. Withington, of “Bell House,” Dulwich. She died in 1852, leaving no children, and some years later he married Maria, second daughter of Sir James Caleb Anderson, Bart, of Buttevant Castle, Fermoy, Co. Cork, and by her he had three children - one son and two daughters. In 1860 he was persuaded by his brother-in-law, Henry Young, who had just come from New Zealand and was returning there, that he would be wise to relinquish his practice, sell out, and emigrate. Although still a young man he had made his mark, and had won a name for himself in the south of England. He was rapidly amassing a fortune and was urged by several eminent physicians and surgeons, among them Sir James Paget, then coming into eminence as a London operator, to remain in England, and to start practice in London. However, he decided that for his children’s sake it were wiser to emigrate to the rising colony, where the discovery of gold added another inducement to those already spread temptingly before him. On his arrival in Dunedin he found the place in a turmoil, people pouring into the town by hundreds, the town belt and reserves practically a canvas town. He had first to find and establish a home for his motherless little ones, but he was a man of unbounded activity, strong and in good health, having been in his day a vigorous athlete, fond of all outdoor sports and a skilled oarsman; the strenuous medical work of the city was therefore a trifle to him. He walked through the lanes and roads of the town on foot, he rode where horses could be got to go. He patronised the four wheeled cabs, or cars as they were called, which ran as far as the Water of Leith, leaving Woolley’s Hotel every 15 minutes, according to the advertisement, for the centre of the town, fare sixpence. Later, when roads improved, horses became commoner, and his practice increased; he had several fine pairs, which he handled skilfully over the fearful tracks to Palmerston, Waikouaiti, Tokomairiro, and across the Taiieri in all directions. He lived at Hillhead, in London street, in a house which was rented from the late Mr John Brown - this was just about opposite Stoutgate of today. He then moved for a short time to George street, near Union street; then back to Hillhead, which he had enlarged, and finally to Walker street, having rooms in Belgrave Chambers in Princes street. As might be expected the discovery of gold brought medical men by the hundreds to the colony, and scores passed through Dunedin - most of them stayed not on the order of their going, but hasted onwards to the diggings. Some settled for a brief time in the town; they are but names, pale spectres, which flit on to the stage and off, and are speedily lost to view - such are Martyr, whose advertisements occupied the papers for several years; Hewlett; Crawford, whose chemist’s shop stood where is the U.F.S.D. to-day; Hardy, a tall, fair man who was an active officer in the volunteers, and rode a fine big horse; Currie, who lived first next the Newmarket stables in Hope street and then in Moray Place West, a big red-bearded man, who ended up by serving a term for ill-treating his horse, was fined for assaulting a policeman, and then got three months hard for assaulting a child; Goodsir, a ship’s doctor, who having served a sentence at Tuapeka for stealing a watch, came down to Portobello and started in practice there, attracted by some sort of subsidy from the settlers. He got into trouble by carefully leaving some tobacco where the convicts at the Heads were able to get it, and for this he was prosecuted, and the magistrate in scathing terms addressed him on the enormity of his offence, which was considered in those times a particularly heinous one. He had to pay a stiff fine, but the references to the “consideration which be showed to his former associates in crime” proved too much for him and he had to depart. History repeats itself, for a man was fined for giving a cigarette to a prisoner in Dunedin Gaol in July, 1921. Michael Dominic Murphy, a big, handsome, fair-haired Irishman, with a “silver tongue,” had a brief reign in York place, near Smith street. Thomas, who had rooms near the Diggers’ Rest in Maclaggen street; Collier, a middle aged mail with a family, who moved on to Invercargill; George Wilson, front Kyneton, Victoria, who lived in the house standing back behind Wilson’s Buildings in George street, opposite the Plaza. He was a great man for birds, and had a large aviary, and his
house with some ivy and trees around it still stands, and the gate shows the marks where the “red light” was screwed on as a means of direction to wanderers over what was then partially a boggy and desolate piece of the town. Trenerly; Garrand; Patrick Smith, who always excused his lack of diplomas by saying they had been lost in a shipwreck; Park, of King street; Curtis, of Maclaggan street; Waters, of Dowling street, a man well known to the Friendly Societies, and served them faithfully for many years, but is forgotten to-day; Jacob Selig Caro, who lived in Cambrai place behind what is now Charles Bills’, he went on to Oamaru, and thence to Napier. Cowie, of High street and Hanover street, on the site of the Hospital Beard of to-day, was an expert tooth puller, a big, kindly, reddish-bearded man; Morice, who went to the West Coast; Wait, of Albany street, who transferred to Oamaru; Beaver, whose father was a jeweller, and Strelitz, whose brother had a chemist’s shop in George street. We have mentioned that “before the gold” four men served Dunedin; within 12 months no fewer than 16 were in practice in the town. The following year the number rose to 27; then many dropped out of the scramble and moved into towns nearer the goldfields, so that by 1867 there were less than a dozen left in the town contented to make a living by the hum drum life of general practitioners. During all this time of activity, when the town was seething and boiling like a hive of bees, food supplies were short, and had often to be waited for from the Australian ships. Water was not only deficient, but oftentimes absolutely poisonous; what were called miasmatic diseases were common, and sickness gave the large number of doctors plenty to do. At all times accidents were frequent, and strange were the rules of the hospital and many the squabbles between the outside public and the officials as to the rights and wrongs of one or the other. The Superintendent would not admit anyone without an order from the Secretary; on Sundays sick persons were told to go away and come back on Monday; orders by outside medical men were treated with contempt, and altogether things were conducted in a manner which would not be tolerated for five minutes at the present time. The lack of water was felt in a more serious way. The useless little fire engine which was kept in the Town Board Buildings in lower Rattray street, supposed to draw its water supply from the harbour nearby, was quite inadequate to cope with the conflagrations which constantly took place amongst the wooden shanties. These were due in large measure to the carelessness of the diggers and stray persons of either sex, who threw lighted matches about the crowded rooms of the enormous number of “hotels” that sprang up, many of them mere wooden shells. There were close on 90 hotels in Dunedin and 40 boarding houses in those days, so that when a fire started none knew when and where it would finish. It would start at one end of a narrow street, run rapidly to the other end, and then being carried across by wind to the opposite side, devastate the houses there more completely than it had done the first lot. Many were the deaths by fire, by suicide, by drowning, but homicide was practically absent; the majority of the diggers who were travelling were anxious to get on to the diggings, and as a rule they were fairly law abiding. In December, 1861, just before Dr Eccles’ arrival, a fire broke out in Princes street in the centre of the Stafford-Walker Streets block, destroyed Shand’s bakery, Cargill’s store, and the Daily Times offices, and this with other frequent blazes made it necessary the next year to form a Volunteer Fire Brigade. In 1862 Dr Eccles rode in all directions. He was closely associated with Dr Nelson even at this early date, and visited patients for him or in his absence. He frequently came to West Taieri to visit James Fulton’s household at “Ravensbourne.”

Twelve months after his arrival Dr Eccles actively interested himself in a bazaar to raise money for the Anglican Church, and one can almost say that the germ of the Otago Medical School of today had there its origin. Perhaps it is more correct to say that the chain of events began there, and that complete links can be filled in, stretching from that little bazaar and the tiny exhibition attached to it, right down to the great medical school to-day, with its extensions along the frontage of King street. The success of this little exhibition led some of the people of Otago to see the immense possibilities before them, and the splendid chances of successfully advertising and advancing the interests of the town by a large exhibition. They saw a chance of having erected at the public expense, that is by Provincial and General Governments, of a building that would be a credit and an ornament to the city a building which it might not years to come. The bazaar was held in December, 1862, and the committee consisted of Rev. E. G. Edwards, Messrs St. J. Branigan, R. S. Cantrell, W. Carr Young, H. Clapcott, C. D. Irvine, F. J. Moss, J. P. Taylor, Dr Hector, and Dr Eccles (hon. secretary). Attached to the bazaar, and run in conjunction with it, was a small industrial exhibition, the first of its kind held in New Zealand, and the germ of the idea of the New Zealand Exhibition of 1865 was really originated at this earlier effort. So much notice was taken of this little “show” and what was written about it that within a fortnight of its close the initial steps had been taken to follow it up with a far more ambitious project. The promoters of this second venture were:- His Honor Mr Justice Richmond, Messrs W. Mason, F. J. Moss, R. B. Martin, St. J. Branigan, R. S. Cantrell, H.
Clapcott, J. Vogel, J. Rattray, and Dr Eccles. Space does not permit us here to touch on many of the interesting features connected with the promotion and conduct of the 1865 Exhibition, nor of the particularly active part taken by Dr Eccles in all its stages. How he managed to continue his practice and to act as hon. secretary of the movement is beyond us; he attended the meetings regularly, and when at the end a note was taken of the activities he easily topped the list. To inquirers after details we would recommend perusal of the original minute books of the Commissioners of the exhibition. These are now in the Hocken Library.

On another page we reproduce a photograph of the main building of the exhibition. This fine structure was erected with the view of its being available to the community after the exhibition as a market house. Largely owing to its cost, which totalled approximately £18,000, the Provincial Government decided to appropriate the building for the purposes of a hospital. The old hospital it replaced had been made and certain alterations carried out the whole of the patients - 123 in number - under the supervision of Dr Hulme, were safely and expeditiously transferred and comfortably installed, on August 24, 1866, in their new quarters.

The Exhibition, which remained open from January 12 until May 5, 1865, was a tremendous success, and much of this success was due to the remarkable power of organisation and grasp of details by Dr Eccles, who acted throughout both as a Commissioner and as honorary secretary. In the latter capacity Dr Eccles was most ably and loyally supported by Mr Henry Porson Morse, the paid secretary to the Commission. When the Commissioners finally decided on granting the medals and certificates it was resolved “that as a recognition of the indefatigable labours of Dr Eccles in originating and furthering the First New Zealand Exhibition a special award of the only gold medal to be struck be made to him.” The wording accompanying the presentation of the medal to Dr Eccles read, “As Author of the Plan of the Exhibition and the Chief Instrument of its Success.”

Interesting details of the medals, honorary certificates, disposal of the buildings, etc., may be found in the “Otago Witness” of December 14, 1920.

Dr Eccles, in his preface to the volume of “Jurors’ Reports and Awards,” which was entirely edited by himself, says: “In conclusion, I most entreat those into whose hands the reports may come to excuse those errors which, though no labour has been spared to avoid them, have notwithstanding crept into them and been overlooked. They will doubtless the more readily do so knowing that the editor, whilst encountering the difficulties inseparable from such work in a colony, could lay no claim to long experience or considerable leisure, but that throughout the whole of this labour of love his time has been primarily devoted to the active duties of his profession.” In addition to editing the reports as a whole, Dr Eccles wrote the following articles therein or portions:—“Products and Manufactures of British India and Dependencies,” “The Report of the Intercolonial Live Stock Show of the Exhibition,” and “The Fine Arts Section.”

Our readers will pardon us for having to retrace our steps and go back to the years before the exhibition. Much had happened in the town while all the initiation, opening, closing, and disposing of the buildings had taken place.

We are very fortunate in being permitted to make the following extracts from a letter received by the last mail from England from a daughter of Dr Eccles. They show that the Eccles’ family, coming into a town already crowded and quite insanitary, very nearly paid the penalty exacted by outraged nature from the guiltless as from the criminally neglectful:—“We arrived by the Chile, after a hundred days’ passage, and went first to the Albion Hotel, I believe the only one available in Dunedin, and when the next ship arrived we had to turn out to make room for newcomers. My father had great difficulty in finding any place to put us, and we finally had to take one of six cottages in Pelichet Bay, belonging to Mr Hyde Harris. They were built on piles on what was really a swamp. We children were left in the maid’s care, while father went down to Riverton, but he had to hurry back, for my little sister became so ill that she nearly died; I believe but for the kindness of Mrs Carr-Young, who lived near, she would have succumbed. We soon left that cottage and went to Silver Acres, where resided Mr and Mrs Every, a Devonshire couple. I remember Mrs Every, in a quaint poke bonnet, used to ride into Dunedin on her pony Dorrit; also the awful roads and our journey over in a bullock waggon, we were seated on straw on the bottom, and the escape on the way of our blue kitten, and the terror of the youngest of us on being left in the bullock dray while the others chased and caught the kitten in a swamp which not infrequently almost engulfed
The extraordinary sudden influx of an enormous number of persons who came by ships overseas gave a jolt to the slow running “Provincial Machinery,” disabled it, disorganised it, and threw it out of gear to such an extent that it almost brought it to a standstill. The number of vessels “tying up” at Otago had jumped in one year from 69 to 467. No less than 14,000 persons flocked in from Victoria alone, 3000 from various parts of New Zealand, and 2000 from Great Britain and the other colonies. The knowledge that the province had in its first year exported 187,000 ounces of gold was indeed the lure of the Golden Fleece to these Argonauts, and this mass of humanity poured without warning upon the unsophisticated old identities and, made a sad havoc of the town.

The newcomers squatted where they pleased, and the town became blocked with tents and shanties packed on to all vacant spaces, into right-of-ways, on to reserves, and upon the town belt. Inspector Nimon had his hands full serving summonses as fast as he could upon owners of insanitary buildings, trespassers upon public places, and upon tenants of rickety and filthy premises, warning them to abate nuisances and to set their houses in order. Hundreds of summonses were served, but the inspector found a great many of the people were too poor to pay the threatened fines. A complete disregard of cleanliness was exhibited by scores throughout the city. The smell in the more crowded parts became abominable; kitchen refuse and filth of all kinds was cast about indiscriminately, and being allowed to lie and fester for weeks, very soon brought its own punishment. A shocking abuse was the allowing of properties to he leased, and again subleased to owners of tents and shanties, which were crowded upon subdivisions without regard to ventilation, air space, comfort, or decency. One of the worst of these properties was at the back of the old synagogue in George street, behind the Plaza of to-day. Here the tenant subleased to occupiers of some 20 wretched tenements, which were close to pools and filthy creeks which trickled through the neighbouring sections. The result of all this was a trebling of the ordinary death rate in the very first “gold year,” nearly doubling that in the year following, and rapidly increasing each year thereafter. The bulk of the deaths, nearly one half of all ages, fell upon children of under five years, over 500 unfortunate infants perishing in the years 1860 to 1864. What this loss of child life, at that date, means to us to-day it is impossible for us to realise. The fine streams of water running down the hills, though suitable for drinking, if properly protected, became disgustingly polluted through crass ignorance and indifference, but were still used as domestic necessity arose. The whole swamp east of King street, backed up by the tide, and receiving a large proportion of the drainage, sewage, and filth from hill and flat, became a terrible menace to the health of the city, and scarlatina, typhoid, and autumn cholera of infants swept through the town. One of the first, and one of the most valuable lives in the city sacrificed to this scandalous state of affairs, was that of Mr Charles Kettle, the Provincial Surveyor, who succumbed to a virulent attack of typhoid fever, it was considered probable that he contracted it in his office in Princes street, possibly having drunk some of the contaminated water from the lower parts of the town. His fine residence at Littlebourne up in the bush, with good tank supply.
of water, about which he was most particular, a beautifully clear splashing waterfall within a few yards of his property, had very few houses in its neighbourhood. There was Robertson’s at Melrose, and Strode’s a little further on, but nothing else save the parsonage where the rectory now is, and the military barracks across the slope below where the High School stands. The undergrowth and creepers were all cut away, and the house stood clear, well found, and sanitary in every way possible. Not one other member of his family contracted the disease, and this makes it quite certain that he received the infection elsewhere than in his own home. He was cut off in the very prime of his life, a man deeply loved and respected by all classes in the community. Things by this time had become very bad, and people continued to erect dwellings upon swampy ground, and to dig cess pools close to wells used for drinking purposes. No safe water supply had as yet been provided by the authorities and the death rate increased to such a serious extent that those in charge of the destiny of the town became alarmed, and a discussion took place in the Provincial Council upon the situation. Before this, however, a private company had issued the prospectus of a waterworks scheme, by which they hoped to provide 30 gallons per head daily for a population of 20,000, but their efforts were not at first taken seriously, and many people derided the scheme. The Provincial Council appointed a Sanitary Commission, to consist of Mr J. T. Thomson, C.E., Rev. Dr Stuart, and Drs Eccles, Hector, Hulme, and Richardson (the last named had come back to town and restarted practice), who were to examine witnesses, investigate the whole situation, and bring down a report to the council with their recommendations for the remedying of such evils as they found to exist. As might be expected Alfred Eccles, the most vigorous and best equipped of the medical men, was made secretary. He supervised the medical part of the report, carefully worked out and signed all statistics, tabulated all the portions dealing with disease, gave a lead to the other men in their recommendations, and in fact did the bulk of the work. His summing up of several pages is concise, clear, and convincing, and is a lesson to many of us today. The first thing pointed out by the commissioners was the urgent need for a system of sewerage. This the engineer recommended should begin with a main intercepting sewer running along Castle street widened to 99 feet, “of noble proportions, the finest street in the Southern Hemisphere.” The sewer was then to run across the ground yet to be reclaimed, join the Hope street sewer, sweep round the harbour, and discharge under the lee of the bold, rocky promontory known as Lawyer’s Head. Unfortunately this recommendation was negatived, and it was decided to discharge into the harbour. This was done for many years, and it was left to the modern drainage board to partially carry out the original suggestions, modified, however, to suit later conditions, and to discharge into the Pacific Ocean. The reasons which were given against discharging at Lawyer’s Head in the early “sixties” were again brought forward in the new century. They were principally “that any attempt to discharge the drainage upon the ocean beach would prove far too costly, and almost impossible through constantly changing sands and ever rolling surf, and the pollution of a much frequented, clean and healthful seashore, the use of which to the inhabitants must increase with time.” That these misgivings were unfounded has since been proved by the undoubted success of this great undertaking. The commissioners urged that the strictest surveillance be given to existing water supplies from streams, and the prevention of their contamination with poisonous sewage. Persons who laughed at or neglected these precautions were warned to “visit the fast filling cemeteries, and also the numerous valleys or gullies abutting on Princes and George streets, quaintly termed the Main Road, when they will be able to trace cause and effect through the medium of their olfactory nerves. They will be equally disgusted with the semiotic abominations, dammed up and sweltering in the sun, and emitting morbific effluvia.” Much of the difficulty is due to the inability of the authorities to anticipate or even meet the wants of a rapidly inflowing and migratory population, drawn to Dunedin by the attractions of the recently discovered rich and extensive gold-fields of the province.” The commissioners insisted upon a proper control by the Inspector of Nuisances and the immediate provision for a sanitary service, prohibition of any pigstyes within the city boundaries, prohibition of houses built upon swamp, tidal encroachment to be prevented, and all sections to be filled up to a certain level before being built upon.

The medical portion of the report showed the deplorable condition of the registers of death, and the absurdity of the laws on registration. Any person was allowed to give particulars of a death within 31 days after burial, and “anyone who has buried or Otherwise Disposed of a dead body must give notice to the Registrar Within Two Months.” No doctor’s certificate was required by law. Scores of crimes went unpunished, and for statistical purposes the registers were useless, for the cause of death, if included at all, was filled in by the undertaker, or some other person generally entirely ignorant of the names or of the classification of diseases. No particulars of street residences were insisted on, and were rarely mentioned, so that “no value could be attached to any attempt
to group the occurrence of illness into infected areas. Had the localities of any special mortality been exactly determined, it would have been easy to investigate any special causes that existed to account for it, and to have taken steps for their removal or prevention.” In 1864 there were roughly 15,000 people in the town, of whom 10,000 were adults. The mean annual temperature was 50.7, but the deaths had increased from 65 in 1860, to 531 in 1864, so that 35-3 persons per thousand were dying in the town, practically at the rate of 3½ per cent, of the population; of these deaths nearly half were from what are called zymotic diseases, and largely preventable. This extraordinary mortality was quite unknown previously, and there was no possible doubt that the virulence of these zymotic or preventable diseases was greatly increased by the entire absence of any sanitary precautions in the city. As Dr Eccles put it “every life known to be sacrificed to preventable causes is just as much a homicide as murder or suicide, and it is the unbounden duty of the authorities to remove such a condition of affairs.” While the Sanitary Commission was sitting the practising members of it, as well as all the others in the town, had as much as they could do to overtake the epidemic. With the crude state of knowledge of infectious diseases at that time (Pasteur was then searching through his microscopes for the origin of disease, bacteriology was as yet unknown, Lister and his antiseptic treatment of wounds had not arrived) it is not surprising that the report makes no mention of the use of disinfectants in unhealthy places, of boiling or filtering water, of isolation of the sick, or of hospital tents for fever cases. Terrible were the result of injuries, and severe the cases seen by physicians and surgeons; accidents were frequent from the blasting and excavating of Bell Hill. Men had their chests stove in, ribs, arms, and legs smashed by falling trees; frequent fires resulted in persons being smothered or crushed by falling beams. Numbers lived in wretched shacks and tents in Walker street and in alleys off Stafford street, one reported as being “in a miserable tent, merely separated from the ground by a bad mattress or bed, that had no flooring. The bed was partially wet from the surface water from the ground; the man was suffering from severe inflammation of the lungs.” Fights were constant and terrific, often ending in sanguinary knife play, with severe cuts severing arteries and tendons of hands and wrists, or dangerous punctured wounds of the chest. One fight is described between an Irishman and a Cornishman which took 43 rounds, and lasted for two hours, the narrator naively remarking that it most appropriately took place upon Boxing Day, and adding that these Irish diggers (they hated to be called miners) made the place as bad or worse than Donnybrook.

The inspector urged all citizens to clear away native flax wherever they found it growing within the precincts of the town, for he said “It is only made a receptacle for filth wherever it exists.” The sanitary commissioners sent in their report, the exhibition was opened and closed, the new hospital was equipped, and all the cases safely transferred from the old buildings in Moray place to the new site. Much tidying up of dirty areas and punishing of lawbreakers took place, and the town gradually recovered its normal condition, for a time only, for, as will be seen later, a recrudescence of zymotic diseases took place in the “seventies,” with again a very large death rate. In the meantime Dr Eccles became a member of the Otago Medical Board, which had to decide whether the qualifications of any practitioner entitled him to be placed upon the register and to be admitted to practise in the province. Dr Eccles was many years before his time, for when electricity was first used for lighting and heating he constantly advocated the utilisation of water power for generating purposes, especially that of rapidly flowing rivers, waterfalls, tides, and strong sea currents. He encouraged art, and was a great admirer of the works among others of Gully, Barraud, and Richmond. In his professional work he was keen, active, and untiring, often working 20 hours out of the 24.

Outside the active duties of his profession his interests were so many that it is difficult to epitomise them. He took a lively interest in all industries likely to be of benefit to the colonies or the old country, and in any movement having for its object the promotion of colonial welfare. In 1869 the Otago Institute was founded, and at the first meeting of that body on the 20th July His Honor Judge Ward was elected President, and Messrs Alfred Eccles and Arthur Beverley, Vice-presidents. In the course of an address which he delivered to members of the institute at their fifth meeting Dr Eccles stressed the deplorable lack of knowledge of the colonies displayed “at home,” not only by the general public, but also by the authorities, and he advocated the setting up of a committee by the institute to work conjointly with the Royal Colonial Society in London. He evinced great interest in acclimatisation matters, and was a pioneer in this direction. He was one of the first members of the Council of the Acclimatisation Society, and a portion of a letter from one of his daughters now living in England is of interest. “I see that the article on acclimatising of trout and salmon (this refers to Hon. G. M. Thomson’s articles in the Otago Witness) only goes back to the ‘seventies,’ but perhaps a previous one may have mentioned the importation of ova in the ‘sixties.’ I am sorry that I cannot recall the exact year when the dad and Leslie
went with Captain Boyd to meet the boat bringing the boxes. There was great excitement over them, and, later on, the dad used to take us out on Sunday to Captain Boyd’s place (which I think was somewhere up M’Glashan’s valley) to see the hatching out in a stream or creek that was in his place. Part of this stream was divided up by wooden joists into shallow pools, and we could see the trout at different stages from the ova till the fish were large enough to be turned out into the rivers. The dad was very enthusiastic about stocking the rivers with salmon and trout, and the country with game, and I think at Green Island he released the first brace of pheasants that were turned loose in Otago.” On April 29, 1869, he married in St. Paul’s Cathedral, Dunedin, Mary Nelson, widow of Dr Henry Nelson, and daughter of Mr John Jones, of Fern Hill. And by her he had issue four sons and three daughters. It may be interesting at this point to refer for a few moments to Fernhill, at one time the residence of Mr John Jones, now the Dunedin Club. The following is an extract from a letter from Miss S. M. A. Eccles to a relative in Dunedin:- “We were sent a cutting about the Prince of Wales’ reception in Dunedin, and I see that he is staying at Fernhill Club, where his great-uncle, the late Duke of Edinburgh, stayed; the house Mr John Jones left to his daughter, Mrs Biss, who lent it to the Duke. I wish you could get as good a view of the Prince as I did of the Duke on the day on which he left. We all went over to Fernhill, and hearing that the Duke would be leaving in a few minutes and would not be going upstairs again, it was considered safe for us to go up to the balcony overlooking the front entrance, where already carriages were drawn up. Having watched for a time and no Duke appearing, I wandered into the room which used to be Mrs Nelson’s drawing room during her widowhood, and which had been converted into a bedroom for the Duke. On a table I saw a gold matchbox with “Alfred” in pearls on it, and had just opened it and taken out, a couple of matches when the door suddenly opened and the Duke came hurriedly in and straight for me. Seeing what I held he put out his hand and asked “Whose little girl are you?” I gave him his matchbox, keeping the two matches as a souvenir, and soon saw him drive off amid great cheering.”

Dr Eccles sailed for England with his wife and children in the City of Dunedin in 1871. It was his desire to complete the education of his children, placing one of his sons in his own profession. The ship made the voyage in 84 days, which was then considered a record. He settled at Torquay (where his wife died in August, 1886), revisited New Zealand in 1888, and settled in Plymouth in 1889, but did not again practise his profession. He died there on the 11th March, 1904. Dr Eccles was one of the most valuable men who ever came to the province, and a tower of strength to the infant city just at a critical period of its existence. To his energy and disininterestedness the city owes much; many hours of time which could have been spent moneymaking were freely at the disposal of the guiders of the town of his adoption. As in the case of Dr Purdie and Dr Williams, no street, no place name, records the civic labours of this medical man who gave of his best at all times. Dr Eccles’ name can be found in page after page of the records of the past, but to-day it is forgotten by the bulk of the burgesses of this hurrying city.

EDWARD JENNER.

We have already shown that the pioneer doctors of the settlement had been trained by some of the greatest physicians and surgeons of the day. They had deliberately thrown behind them almost certain fame and fortune in Great Britain, and had ventured into an unknown, and so far as they knew, an almost desolate region. They had brought the traditions and teachings of the great schools of medicine and surgery to our province, and Alfred Eccles, whose history we have just concluded, is a direct link with one of the greatest benefactors and untiring workers in medicine in any age. Purdie, Williams, Hulme, Burns, and others came to us fresh from the benign influence of the schools of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and London. They came from the softly manipulating, nervous, pulsating fingers of Alison, Abercrombie, Astley-Coooper, Charles Bell, Cline, Listen, Simpson, Syme, fingers which in an instant could change to rods or bands of steel, fingers which had patiently taught these pioneers of Otago how well to tend to the sufferings of poor humanity, to heal the sick, and to bind up the bruised and the maimed. Thus came Alfred Eccles to this country, well trained and with many of the traits of his illustrious relative strongly developed in him. Edward Jenner, of Berkeley, Gloucestershire, was born in 1749, the third son of the Rev. Stephen Jenner, of that ancient town. Early in youth he showed a strong predilection for natural history, was fond of birds, hedgehogs, domestic pets, bird-nests, etc. He was a keen observer of nature, and it was in part owing to the natural bent in this direction that his father was induced to place him in the profession which he afterwards adorned. He was active, keen, and energetic in all he did, sensitive, gentle, kind, and unselfish, rather shy and retiring - what we to-day would call introspective. He had not, we think, the
robustness of constitution enjoyed by Dr Eccles. The latter had inherited his fondness for the natural sciences, and was as keen on birds, and beasts, and fishes as was Jenner; the genius displayed in his administration and control of the great Exhibition seemed almost an inheritance from Jenner. Jenner was persistent, determined, strong to maintain his own opinion when convinced of its correctness; Eccles similarly "stuck to his guns," even to the point of obstinacy, as was seen in his expressions of opinion against all his colleagues on the Exhibition Council. Eccles paid great attention to detail; no trouble in this way was too much for him, as in Jenner was this genius (for it is indeed genius) markedly developed in himself. Both were widely read and widely interested in sciences. Jenner was well up in the geology of his neighbourhood, constructed one of the first balloons seen in those parts, was very fond of music, played the flute and violin well, and sang pleasantly. Eccles' tastes more inclined to painting and the fine arts, and his general knowledge needs no reference after what has been written of the Exhibition. Jenner's experiments in natural philosophy, in heat, chemistry, and aeronautics might easily have been repeated, or rather simulated, by Eccles, as is shown by his desire for the utilisation of power from rivers, tidal waves, etc., in the production of electricity, and by his letters making various suggestions there-on.

Jenner was at an early age apprenticed to the Ludlows, surgeons, of Sodbury, a town in the neighbourhood of Berkeley. He served them faithfully for six years, doing good work in the manner expected of an apprentice of those days. He then went on to London, evidently with some considerable influence, for he was admitted as a house pupil of John Hunter, one of the greatest anatomists and surgeons of the time. Here, in the foundation of the Hunterian Museum, Jenner had full scope for his taste in natural history. He worked at surgery, indulged in his fondness for pharmaceutical chemistry, and spent much time in studying the subject of hibernation of animals, the migration of birds, and became particularly interested in the peculiar parasitic habits of the European cuckoo. From very careful observation of its economy, he was enabled to witness and to record for the first time since the days of Aristotle the remarkable performance of the young cuckoo in throwing the young of other birds out of the nest in which they had been deposited. He described how the interloper is adapted by nature to place its specially hollowed back beneath its unfortunate foster brothers, and how, by gradual, successive heaves, it blindly ejects them from their natural home, speedily attaining its object of being able to appropriate the food meant for several chicks to its own particular and solo use. For this account, which was published in the Philosophical Transactions, he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society.

Two other points of interest in his career at this time are worth noting. One, the opportunity he had of becoming acquainted with Sir Joseph Banks and of closely studying the great collection which he had brought back with him from Captain Cook's first voyage. He acquitted himself so well in preparing, arranging, and classifying these specimens, which no doubt contained many birds and plants peculiar to New Zealand, that he was offered the post of naturalist to the second expedition. Although this was a very great honour, he declined it, as he had made up his mind to practise in his native place near his brother, to whom he was devotedly attached. To us it seems a mere chance which changed the course of his life and diverted him from becoming perhaps intimately acquainted with early New Zealand and with its animal life, including what to him would have been of the deepest interest, the cuckoos, which indulge in exactly the same murderous habits at this end of the world. The clinical thermometer was not known or used even in Eccles' day, and yet, half a century before, Jenner and Hunter were in constant use of the thermometer in connection with the determination of heat in animals. After several years' study in London, Jenner returned to his native place, and started practice as a surgeon, later on taking the M.D. of St. Andrews University. That he had profited by his association with Hunter, one of the most skilful and fearless operators of the day, can be seen by the fact that at this time he successfully operated in the Gloucester Infirmary upon a case of twisted and blocked intestine - what is called strangulated hernia. This condition is at any time a serious one, and requires not only surgical skill, dexterity, a steady hand, and presence of mind, but if of a few hours' duration becomes much more difficult and a matter of life and death. This is fully realised by the surgeon of to-day, who is equipped with every surgical contrivance in the most carefully selected surroundings. What it must have been to Jenner, without any anaesthetic, with not the slightest idea of the meaning of disease, or why so many operation cases went wrong, it is impossible for us to imagine. It seems to us certain that John Hunter and many of the surgeons of that time must intuitively and from ordinary common sense or perhaps prescience, have attended to the strictest surgical cleanliness without knowing why. Seeing that this was half a century before the work of Pasteur, who so miraculously showed to the world the meaning of disease, and the part played by germs in the production thereof; that it was still further from the time when
Lister, with the astounding results of antiseptics, revolutionised all “medicine,” it is difficult for us to grasp the, idea that operations of any severity were ever a success under those conditions.

While still a student Jenner had had pointed out to him by the dairymaids of Little Sodbury that, if they had suffered from a pusulant disease caused by contact with cows which had what was called the cow pock, they would not catch the more severe disease smallpox, then very well known in England. No doubt three buxom and clear-complexioned dairymaids were as much concerned about their looks as about their health, and were to be congratulated on escaping not only the great risk to life caused by this disease, but the disfigurement caused by what was then the scourge of Europe. It was estimated by a famous mathematician named Bernouilli that something like 60,000,000 persons would perish by the end of the eighteenth century from smallpox, for over 15,000,000 persons were dying of this disease every 25 years. Smallpox, one of the most horrible diseases known to man, had come from the crowded regions of the East, spread over Asia and Europe, and finally showed itself from end to end of the British Isles. Barely one in three persons escaped it, showing no signs of pitting. Thousands died, and girls and women were fearfully disfigured. When it was found that, by deliberately infecting or inoculating persons with matter - or what is now termed lymph or fluid - from the spots of those who had the disease, and, that those so infected took the affection in a far milder form and were much less disfigured than if they were allowed to catch it in the ordinary course of an epidemic, a great number availed themselves of the method. This process was called “buying the smallpox,” and, though by it the disease was undoubtedly lessened in quality (or virulence), it became increased in quantity (or prevalence). Some localities having a much greater number of persons infected through the practice than before, it fell into disrepute, being vigorously opposed by many medical men. Be that as it may, inoculation in its day served its purpose well, and enormously lessened the severity of the disease wherever it was practised. Jenner was conversant with this treatment, and had himself been inoculated as a small boy, and had all the horrors of the process and methods, which were extremely unpleasant. He welcomed the possibility of preventing the attacks of the greater disease by the inoculation of the much milder one which occurs in the cow. It is not our place to describe smallpox, with its disfiguring accumulations upon the face and body and its most appalling odour; suffice it to say that it is only those elderly people who have come from Perth, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Leeds, Sheffield, and London, where the disease occasionally broke out last century who know anything about it. Those who have had actual personal recollection of the disease with all its terrors, who can remember the fearful death-rate, the horrible disfigurement of the great pits left in the face when the pocks lifted - only those few, and there are some still in our midst with whom we have conversed, who will tell you that they indeed fear the disease and emphatically believe in vaccination. Jenner made many experiments, and in May, 1796, inoculated a boy, James Phipps, with matter or vaccine from the spots on the cow (what we to-day would call vaccinated him with calf lymph). On the first of July following he deliberately infected him by scratching and rubbing in true varioloid or matter from the pock of a smallpox patient, and, as he had predicted, the smallpox failed to take and did not appear upon the lad. Unfortunately, this experiment was not conclusive, because the boy died some weeks after of an intercurrent affection, and considerable capital was made of this against Jenner. He repeated his experiments in 1798, and subsequently wrote a paper giving full details, dates, names, localities, etc., but the Council of the Royal Society refused it, and he was persuaded to publish it privately in pamphlet form. Although he had been anticipated by Benjamin Jesty, a farmer of Yetminster, in Dorsetshire, who had in 1774 inoculated several members of his family with cowpock matter as a preventive of the smallpox, Jenner was the first to experiment, and to publish results to boldly advocate as a medical man the advisability and safety of the process. He showed that persons inoculated with cowpox matter were either prevented entirely from taking smallpox, or, if they took it, which they rarely did, they had it very mildly and without the disfigurement usually accompanying the attacks.

Jenner met with the most violent and extraordinary opposition at first, particularly in London, so that he became very much depressed, and fears were expressed that he would suffer from a nervous breakdown. He was a man of a sensitive and retiring nature, and his having to appear before the Houses of Parliament, to state his case to influential committees, to interview members of Royal families, for he was asked and introduced everywhere, were all a great trial to him. Eventually, after the various scientific societies had reported in favour of his method, and hundreds of cases proving its truth had been reported, Parliament granted him £10,000. This barely repaid him what he had spent on fees, and certainly did not in any way make up for what he had lost in practice. It was some years later before a second monetary grant partly compensated him for the distress of mind and sorrow he had felt at the antagonism in his own country, but from Continental societies honours poured thick.
upon him. He was made an M.D. of Oxford in 1813, and in France Napoleon granted to him two important English prisoners, who had vainly endeavoured by political and military influence to obtain their freedom. Their cases had been several times refused by Napoleon, but, finally hearing from Josephine that Jenner begged for them, said “Ah! we can refuse nothing to that name,” and gave them their liberty. Jenner died in 1823, and a statue was erected to his memory in London in 1858.

We need not here attempt to give many figures proving the efficacy of vaccination. Countries formerly overrun with the disease are now free from it. Occasional cases occur in Glasgow and London, the two great parts where infected cases come, despite all precautions. These are at once isolated, and the disease spreads no further. Suffice it to say that in the German army, before compulsory vaccination was established, and during the Franco-Prussian War, the death rate was 273 per 1000; after its enforcement in 1873 the death rate fell to 3.3 per 1000, and from that date until 1886 (the publication of the statistics), there had not been a single case in the whole German army. In Prussia, before 1874, the mortality was 309 per million inhabitants per annum, compulsory vaccination showed 22 per million, but in Belgium, a near neighbour without compulsion, the same period showed 441 per million. In Homerton Hospital, England, in 1871 to 1877, 366 persons were employed. All but one woman were revaccinated during the epidemic, and she was the only one who took smallpox. In the Highgate Hospital in 1883, of the staff of 137, 30 had had smallpox before entering the service, 107 had been revaccinated; the gardener was the only one who was not revaccinated during the epidemic, and he was the only one who contracted the disease. In another hospital, 40 nurses give a startling example; 34 were either revaccinated or had previous smallpox; one very mild case occurred in a nurse who had been revaccinated 10 years before. Six of the nurses refused vaccination from personal objections, and of these six, five of them took the disease, and one of them died. In Glasgow, in 1903, the smallpox hospital was extended during the epidemic. Of 230 workmen employed, 217 were successfully revaccinated and 13 refused or were overlooked. Of the 217 “revaccinates,” not one took smallpox; of the 13 “non-vaccinates,” five took it, and one died.

In Otago, in 1920, a mild form of alastrim or American smallpox appeared. Ninety-seven cases occurred, and of these 79 had never been vaccinated, the 18 who had been vaccinated had allowed an average of 33 years to elapse since vaccination. A vigorous campaign of vaccination was carried out in the province, the cases isolated, and the disease abolished from our midst. Need we say anything further than that we in New Zealand are living in a fool’s paradise. Few of us have ever seen the disease; still fewer have the slightest fear of it. An entirely new generation has arisen, a generation ignorant of the very meaning of the word smallpox. Can it be wondered that, with a large proportion of the young people of to-day practically encouraged to violently oppose compulsory vaccination, we find ourselves indeed in a sorry plight. Years ago the Government of New Zealand, finding it expedient so to do, discovered and brought into existence the “conscientious objector,” the man who “does not believe in vaccination, sir,” and allowed him to refuse his plain duty, endanger the lives of his children, and run the risk of infecting the whole community by his childish objections – conscientious! And what is the result? Whereas 30 years ago practically every child that was born was compulsorily vaccinated before it was six months old, a few years later the evil crept in, and to-day we find our population to the extent, it is believed, of 90 per cent, unprotected against this frightful scourge. Provision for pure calf lymph, lymph which has never been through the human body, but only through the calf, is now supplied free by the Government, efficient vaccinators are now provided free from among the most skilled and carefully selected medical men in the community. It can be no longer cast up in the face of the profession, as it has been times without number, that this is “an attempt to implant a filthy disease upon our young and tender infants,” and is only another gigantic conspiracy among the medical men all the world over “to make enormous fees out of the unsuspecting and innocent ratepayer.” Now that the matter is made clear, does it not behove us to set our house in order and to see to it that the Government, without delay, enforces compulsory vaccination of all infants? Why not issue practical advice by means of lectures, pamphlets, and kine demonstrations of the ravages of the disease? Why not so educate the people that each one will realise, from a purely selfish point of view, the wisdom of being revaccinated at intervals of 10 to 15 years? This is particularly desirable in those who have the original vaccination marks rare or indistinct. Only in this way shall we be ready for the evil when it comes, as it will come. What easier for the “Peril,” when it appears, on its winged fleets, than to devastate our country with a few thousand tiny flasks filled with infective smallpox germs. Before such our unprotected population would go down like flies beneath a spray of poisonous vapour. Shall it be said of us, when our towns are emptied and our remnants under the heel of the aggressor, “They did not bother until it was too late.” Until they
The Taieri Plain in the early days, long before County Ridings were laid down, might have been arbitrarily divided into North Taieri, lying eastward of a line extending from what is now Wingatui diagonally right across the plain to Breadalbane (Macdonald’s). A line from this to where the Riverside railway bridge now is, thence to Allanton (or Greytown, as it was long called), and back through Ohiro, Riccarton, and Mosgiel could be considered East Taieri. All that portion of land from Breadalbane westward, down to the river at Shand’s, and across and up to the shadows of Maungatua, halfway to Lower Waipori, down to Henley, along to Greytown, and back by the river to Outram was West Taieri. We have included this little corner from Breadalbane to the river as practically belonging in those days to West Taieri for the reason that the settlers there did all their business with Outram as against Mosgiel. They supplied workmen for various trades and occupations to the west of the river, arid almost to a man attended the West Taieri Church on Sundays. The names of Buchanan, Marshall, Millar, Stevenson, Walter Watson were all well recognised as being “of West Taieri.” Dr Shirlaw, who himself latterly lived in this corner, was “the West Taieri doctor.”

The first settler here was Francis M’Diarmid, a Scotsman, who came out in the Philip Laing, and selected a fine piece of bush land right under the grim heights of Maungatua (or Maukatua, as the local Maoris called the mountain above). On the edge of the dense pine forest he built his wattle-and-daub hut in June, 1848, and here, with great numbers of wekas and other native birds around him, he made his first home. Here he brought his bride, formerly Janet Milne, a fellow passenger by the Phillip Laing, and a sister to James Adam, of Bon Accord. From M’Diarmid’s hut eastward was all thick swamp, patches of grass, cabbage trees, nigger-heads, and tussocks as far as the river. Close to him Edward Lee settled on the fringe of the bush, on what was afterwards John Gow’s farm, and through his property ran a pretty little burn or clear rocky stream, which came down the side of the mountain, and in flood time made itself of no inconsiderable importance. This stream was named the Lee Creek front the River Lee, in Kent, England, near Blackheath, whence the young Fulton brothers had early emigrated. James and Robert Fulton squatted on the flat, opposite Lee’s, right under the edge of the hill. Here in bush and flax they built their hut, and here took charge of Edward Lee’s flock of sheep “on terms.” They had come from England in the Ajax in 1849, and made their town selection, lined out with string and pegs through swamp and flax, in George street, opposite A. and T. Inglis’s of to-day; suburban at Cavesham (which they called Lisburn, after their father’s birthplace and home in County Antrim) and their rural at “Ravensbourne,” under the mountain, from the little Blackheath stream which ran into the Lee, where they had spent their boyhood’s days. They started life in 1850 as part flock-owners, clearing their own sections as occasion allowed. They had brought with them Robert Harvey, an excellent shepherd, who lived on the Flat on the north-eastern slope of Maungatua for some years, afterwards moving west, where he brought up a large and highly-respected family. In many places at this time the Maoris had scattered huts or whares; across at Mohua, where the Taieri River runs into the gorge, close to Henley of to-day, was an aggregation of huts, a small kainga, and there were others near by. That there had been Natives all over the plain was evidenced by the scores of black holes filled with round stones and shells, called “Maori ovens,” and the frequent finding of adzes of all sizes and shapes when ploughing up the land. There were the remains of an old Maori canoe resting against one of the large totara trees in Fulton’s bush, one of the first and most efficient under-shepherds they had was a Native, and Maoris, full-blooded and half-castes, were the bulk of the shearsers for a long time.

For the first few years there was no medical assistance nearer than Dr Williams at the Taieri Ferry, and Mrs M’Diarmid was the only white woman at the west end of the plain. When others came she was the good

“Heard the heavens filled with shouting,
And there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations’ airy navies,
Grappling in the central blue.”

JAMES SHIRLAW, OF WEST TAIERI.
Samaritan, and from mere love of humanity and a noble, unselfish heart she trudged to many women in trouble, absolutely refusing any payment for her services. On one occasion she climbed the sides of Maungatua, which at the time was covered with snow, carrying her own infant in her arms, in order that she might give aid to a “crying woman” who lived on Harvey’s Flat. The hardships she and her husband had to endure at first can hardly be understood at the present time. Flour had to be carried on the back every yard of the way from Dunedin through flax and swamp and along the hills; little if any milk was to be got; and the only meat was wild pork or native birds, the latter fortunately plentiful. On one occasion they ran clean out of the necessaries of life, and Mr and Mrs M’Diarmid tramped across the swamp to the kainga at the Taieri Gorge, an almost impossible feat, which meant floundering up to their waists though streams and among niggerheads. ‘The Maori chief received them kindly, and gave them what he could - mostly muttonbirds and eels. Dr Williams often came across to Ravensbourne; later Dr Nelson; and in in 1860 James Shirlaw, a graduate of a Scottish university, settled in Maungatua, as it was still called, and boarded with Peter Nimmo in the house which is now Malcolm M’Leod’s. He afterwards moved across the river beyond Outram, living with Thomas Buchanan, of Clair Inch. He was quite young, a bachelor, and was fairly tall, dark complexioned, a good-looking man, with a heavy dark moustache. He was genial in his disposition, and very popular with the residents; but as he was in the habit of taking opium or some such drug he could not be relied upon at all times, and people were afraid to trust their lives to him. He was a strong, athletic fellow, and used to amuse people, particularly the young folk, who liked him well, by getting two men to hold out a rope or string at 5 ft from the ground: this was an easy running jump for him. He was a vigorous walker, and a good rider, rather neat in his appearance, generally sporting a flower in his coat. He was very musical, and played the violin well. In the early ’sixties fevers of various kinds broke out everywhere in town and country, due to the influx of diggers, a floating population, and carelessness of the ordinary rules of sanitation and common sense. An epidemic of diphtheria took place, and a number of the children at the West Taieri School became affected and four died. These were James, the only son of Donald Borrie, who lived near the West Taieri bridge William, son of James Dow of Dowfield; John, son of Francis M’Diarmid, aged 14; and Thomas, son of Gilbert Buchanan, aged 14. These boys lived in widely-separated localities, so it was evident that they took the disease from some central source of infection. This must have been from Gardner’s School, which stood near John Joseph’s (“Bricky” Joseph’s), and possibly from the stream which ran down the gully in the neighbourhood. There were scores of cases of diphtheria in Dunedin at the time, and diggers were passing in hundreds along the road within a few yards of this stream all day long, wending their way to the diggings. That these apparently healthy persons could be “carriers” of the disease was then quite unknown. On one occasion, John M’Diarmid, who afterwards succumbed to diphtheria, was asked by one of the diggers on the cutting above the school if he would sell him the bottle of milk he was carrying - a fair-sized bottle. He handed him the bottle, and received in return a half sovereign.”Now,” said the digger, “we’ll stick him up, and take the money back.” This was, of course, only said in fun, for “sticking up” was common in those days, and the talk of the youngsters around. The man got the milk (he had probably swigged it off and given back the bottle), the boy the half sovereign and more than likely the diphtheria infection at the same time. Dr Shirlaw succeeded in limiting the disease to a great extent; but he had many other cases of fever, which was called “marsh fever,” evidently typhoid, caused (as was the other trouble) by the infection of drinking water with poison generated by the careless habits of the mining population then over-running the country.

We have been fortunate in obtaining from Miss E. M’Diarmid, of Busholme, Woodside, a daughter of the late Francis M’Diarmid, the following interesting account of early days at West Taieri:-

“Woodside (or, as it was then called, Maungatua was all Government property, dense bush, principally pine trees. Government licenses were issued, and holders of such licenses were permitted to cut and saw timber. Francis M’Diarmid was the first Crown Ranger, and he was succeeded by William Valpy. There were many sawyers’ huts in the neighbourhood; they were of the usual back-block type - rough weather boards, with two or three rooms at most, short, wide chimney, which in windy days allowed of a tremendous downpour of smoke, making it most unpleasant for the occupants. In some of the huts barraacoota, the only fish then available, apart from eels and native trout (so-called cockabullies, Maori kokopu), were hung round those wide chimneys, and were cured in this way by the smoke. After the land was cleared of bush, the Government cut it up, and sold it into township sections. It was called Maungatua township, and this it still is on the Government map; but when the post office was opened at Maungatua, halfway to Berwick, or Lower Waipori, such was the confusion and so
many the mistakes that my father suggested to the postal authorities that the name be altered to Woodside, and that name has continued ever since.”

We show in this issue a photograph of the old store, surrounded with bush, as it was in the ‘sixties. Petersen, a German or Swede, had it at first; after him John Farquharson, of whom we have some dim recollection of a story that he died from the result of a blow or cut from an axe. His name can be seen on the glass over the door in the photo. After him came Iveson, who was the first to apply for a license. During his time the coach started from Woodside, and ran to town, returning the same day, leaving the Bull and Mouth, in Maclaggan street, at 4 p.m. One of his drivers, who was a well-known resident of the Peninsula for many years, and is still living, was William Donaldson. When Iveson applied for a transfer of his license to the Terminus Hotel, Outram, Alexander Chisholm, precentor in the West Taieri Church and one of the early residents of the lower township, went round with a petition against the granting of any new license in Woodside, and since then there has never been a licensed house in the neighbourhood.

“My father,” continued Miss M’Diarmid, “in his desire to further settlement around him, sold and leased a good part of his land into small holdings. He also sold the land that he had purchased for a site for the Woodside School, with a glebe attached, at the upset price, so anxious was he to advance the township. In those days the roads were mere cuttings, all heights and hollows, and there were no bridges. The main conveyance was a bullock sledge or waggon. Roads were so deep in mud that in one part of Woodside a schoolgirl stuck in the mud, and was with difficulty extricated. At the time of the Dunstan rush the armed escort had quarters in Outram, and it was an interesting and familiar sight to see the armed policemen trotting down the cutting, past the brick church. The church services (Presbyterian) were first held in Mr Lee’s woolshed, and the Rev. William Will used to come over once a fortnight to conduct the services. Later on they were held in the Public School, West Taieri, and then in the little wooden church before the brick one was built where the services are now held. An amusing incident (which happened more than once when worship was in the old wooden church) was the capsizing of the church plate containing the collection. This plate was placed on one of the seats by the door, close to the narrow aisle, and when the ladies came in with their wide crinoline dresses, the fashion in those days, the church plate with all its contents was swept on to the floor and the money scattered about, the ladies generally walking serenely up the aisle, not the least put out or disturbed. In the early days our crops were cut with a reaping hook. The wheat with straw was threshed with a flail, then ground into flour by a home steel mill. I can dimly remember the primitive flourmill working in our little home, the wheat flour falling down. To winnow, a white sheet was placed on the ground, and the grain with chaff put into a riddle or sieve and shaken about over the sheet, the wind carrying the chaff away, leaving the wheat. Later a small machine called ‘the fanners’ was used. The bran was separated from the flour, and used for bread and scones, and porridge was made from the wheatmeal. With regard to the native birds, wild pigeons and kakas were very plentiful; tuis also, very quarrelsome, fighting birds, but lovely singers. Wekas (called by the settlers woodhens) contained much oil, which was used for preserving leather boots; it was also considered a sovereign remedy for rheumatism, and better than any other oil, being thought to be more penetrating. The cry of the weka was generally heard at night, particularly on moonlight nights; during the day they made a sound somewhat like a clucking hen, but at night time they usually sounded out their coo-eek, coo-eek. There were quite a number of red-headed parakeets, but the yellow-headed ones were so numerous as to become a pest. They were very destructive to the grain, particularly when in stook, the grain then being ripe and hard. They had also a strong partiality for the seeds of green gooseberries, the husks of such on a summer morning literally carpeting the ground at the foot of the bushes. Bitterns were common; and there are still a few in the swamp. Blue mountain ducks were plentiful, but are now getting scarce. Pukekos also, and native canaries were most numerous. What a chorus the latter birds raised when anyone came near! The native robins were often seen - such tame, affectionate birds, - but they have not been seen near us for a long time. There were also the ‘thumb birds’ and the warblers (or native wrens); of these there are still quite a number to be seen. There are very few tomtits now, but more mockers than any other of the native songbirds. There are few, if any, tuis here now. In the early days the native kingfishers were often seen; also the dotterels in the tussocky paddocks - smart-looking, cheery birds, with pretty head, a little like the Californian quail, but larger in size end lighter in colour. I remember when a girl hearing the croak of the native frog in what was then a swamp below the West Taieri manse. Three laughing jackasses were brought over from Australia in the ‘sixties, and liberated near here. They were very noisy birds, particularly about sunset; but the people got to be fond of them. Unfortunately a stranger shot two of them, and the
remaining one pined away and died. I remember my father was so indignant about it that he took the man (with the two dead birds in his hand) to James Fulton, the magistrate; but when he explained that he was an Australian and thought that the birds, as over there, were natives, and that there were plenty of them, he was ‘let go with a caution.’ I once saw in Gow’s bush, very long ago, a white heron, which had come from the direction of the plain.”

Minor accidents gave Dr Shirlaw a good deal of work, one of his first cases being the setting of a broken leg in a young boy, son of Thomas Buchanan, of Clair Inch, who was trying to walk on stilts. These were very much in vogue among the young folk, due possibly to the large amount of water which often lay after heavy rain - small floods. From whatever reason, young Buchanan came a cropper from his stilts, and Dr Shirlaw made a very good job of his fractured leg. Accidents in the sawpits in the bush were very common. Pitsaws were the only kind used in those days, and all timber had to be hand-cut, two men working together. They were of various nationalities, each pair sticking to each other, but being always ready and willing to assist anyone when occasion required. For the heavy logs block and tackle had to be used, and on these occasions the men left their own work to assist their neighbour sawyers, no remuneration being given or expected. Occasionally logs slipped, ropes broke, or chains parted, and then Dr Shirlaw had to come upon the scene. The felling of the trees required skill and experience. If a man misjudged his distance, did not allow himself time, or tripped over an obstacle nothing could save him from the falling monster. Such was the end of poor John Ferguson, upon whom a tree crashed. Most of the sawyers kept pig dogs, and after their day’s work, or when meat was scarce, some were told off to go for food. They went pig-hunting, bringing home an excellent supply of pork. What they could not carry in one trip they secured under running water by means of heavy stones, thus preventing wild dogs, pigs, or flies from destroying it. Wild pigs were very common on the back of Maungatua. Some of the wild boars were very savage, inflicting terrible wounds with their tusks. They would charge a hunter “like a shot,” and many the gash in man and dog had Dr Shirlaw to sew, using in those days silver wire - catgut and sterilisation had not yet come to hand. One noted boar that they had often chased, and which sometimes turned the tables and did the chasing, was named “The General.” His lair was far up the gorge above Allan Mann’s, and for long he eluded his trackers, and acquired quite a reputation. At last George Duncan (now a well-known civil engineer in Australia) and Alexander Adam (son of James Adam, of Bon Accord) came out to Maungatua for their holidays, and, hearing of this noted animal, made a dead set at getting him. Starting from Francis M’Diarmid’s, where they were staying, they put in a great day hunting “The General.” Who fired the fatal shot we do not know, but they “got him,” and brought his hogs head home in triumph, the carrying of this through the dense fern, manuka, and tutu being the hardest part of the whole outing. A more serious errand upon which Dr Shirlaw was called was to the accidental shooting of John Curral in Lee’s bush on Christmas Day, 1862. A Dr Cockerell (not in practice) was living in Lee’s house, and he invited over for some shooting three young men from a neighbour’s. One of these had an elephant gun, which threw a tremendously heavy slug or bullet. Curral, who was a stranger from Australia and had only arrived a fortnight before, had wounded a kaka on the roadside, and had followed it into the bush, unfortunately approaching just at the time a shot was fired from the big gun. The bullet ricocheted from a large totara, and penetrated the poor fellow’s spine, inflicting a fatal wound, from which he died in a few days. When Dr Cockerell saw the wound he pronounced it hopeless, and sent off at once for Dr Shirlaw, who gave a similar opinion. Dr Cowie also was brought all the way from Dunedin, but agreed that nothing could be done, the man dying soon after. Cockerell and another of the shooting party were the only two justices in the neighbourhood, so Mr Hyde Harris and Mr Vincent Pyke came from Dunedin to hold the inquest, the other justices testifying as to how the accident happened. It was really a case of pure misadventure. They had placed their target in an apparently perfectly safe and isolated spot, but they had not calculated upon the great kick of the elephant gun, the tremendous velocity of the projectile, and the chance of a long ricochet. However, they were pretty severely blamed for their “carelessness.” Ferguson was killed by the falling tree on the 29th of the same month, and Dr Shirlaw had again to give evidence, this time before the justice who had been one of the shooting party. A good deal of horse-breaking took place in the district, and now and again a man was violently thrown or jammed against a stockyard fence by the frantic animal, which was undergoing the old-fashioned method of taming called “lungeing.” This consisted of driving and “belting” the poor creature round and round, with an ever-tightening rope around its neck, finally choking it into submission or insensibility. We well remember the pantings and agonised struggles to get free, the foaming mouth and heaving flanks, and the terrific leaps to get away from the strangling rope or to unseat its rider. One valuable horse thus bounding struck its
head against the top bar of the stockyard, instantly breaking its neck, the rider narrowly escaping death. Encounters with fisticuffs often gave Dr Shirlaw a chance of advising a raw beefsteak or hot fomentation to the face. On one occasion Jimmy Cuthbertson, in his young days very handy with his “dukes,” made a particularly pretty mess of a noted bully and loud talker at the Buckeye Hotel, then occupied by “the Professor” (George Moir, who was rather an adept, or thought he was, at mesmerism and curing of headaches). He did not “run” to treating of badly-battered faces, and Dr Shirlaw had to come in. ‘The doctor had many cold rides up the mountain to shepherds’ huts, and across the swampy plain to gunshot accidents. Many sheep and cattle died at first from eating tutu, and the doctor was called upon occasionally to treat human beings for this form of poisoning. Finally it became necessary to post up notices warning people as to the dangers of this berry both to stock and to human beings. From the question that was put to one of the witnesses at the inquest we are about to describe it is probable that some kind of warning notices were posted, but apparently nothing strictly official, for the coroner’s jury asked the Government to provide such. Quoting from the Otago Witness of 22nd of February, 1862: “An inquest was held on Monday last at West Taieri on the body of a Frenchman named Regan, who had died at the back of Maungatua from the effects of eating tutu berries. George Wilson, also a native of France, said that, on the previous Wednesday he and three other men were on the way to the Diggings by the West Taieri road. They camped that night on the face of Maungatua, and after pitching their tent witness and deceased went down the side of the hill and gathered some branches of the tutu, and brought them up to the tent, where they all tasted them. Witness and deceased then went up the hill while their mates were preparing tea, and ate heartily of the berries, plucking them off the branches. When witness had eaten sufficient he returned to the tent, leaving deceased still eating the fruit. He remained about five minutes after witness, and shortly afterwards complained of a swimming in his head. He tried to eat something, but said that he could not do it, as everything appeared to be turning round. He then lay down, and a few minutes afterwards fell into a fit. Witness and his other mates, thinking he might be subject to fits, threw cold water on his face, and did all they could to bring him to, not having any idea that the fit was the result of the tutu that he had eaten. In a few minutes deceased came to, and almost immediately relapsed. From this latter fit he only partially recovered, when he looked very vacant, and soon went of again into another. Witness then ran up to the tent on the top of the hill to get assistance, and mentioned to the men there that they had all eaten of the tutu, and that it was probably from the effects of that that he was suffering. The men in the tent then returned with him, and found the deceased in strong convulsions, so strong that he had to be held down. Witness himself was then taken ill, but was not so bad as deceased. He believed he had two fits, and was insensible during the night. He had vomited a great deal, but he did not think deceased did so at all. When the doctor came next morning deceased was dead. Daniel Soarez, another of the mates of deceased, corroborated the statements of the previous witness, and said he had known the deceased, who was a Frenchman, for about eight years. No one had ever told him that tutu was poisonous or none of them would have eaten it. He had not seen any posters warning parties against it. They were all perfectly sober. Deceased did not vomit at all, but during the fits he foamed at the mouth. Dr James Shirlaw said that he was called to the tent of the deceased on Thursday morning, but he was dead before he arrived there. ‘There were no marks of violence on the body, but the ‘eyeballs were dilated, as if from the effects of a narcotic irritant poison.’ He had not made a post-mortem examination, as it would be useless unless the contents of the stomach could be analysed, and he did not think there was an analytical chemist in the province. He knew the tutu to be poisonous. The jury, in bringing in a verdict that deceased had died from eating tutu berries, requested the coroner to present a petition to the Government praying them to take such necessary steps as would warn strangers coming into the colony of the poisonous nature of the tutu plant, the berries of which had already caused serious illness to nine persons in the West Taieri district in the last nine weeks, one of which proved fatal.” We have given the account of this inquest in full, as it is one of the very few instances of fatal cases of tutu poisoning which have been recorded. It was overlooked in the search through the records in 1907 by the Registrar-general, when a scientific investigation of the alkaloids of tutu was made, and the action of the poison upon human beings and animals described in full (Transactions New Zealand Institute, Volume LXI). Dr Shirlaw, though quite a young man, found the rough work, long distances, and severe exposure inevitable in this kind of practice more than he could stand, and, handicapped as he was with his opium habit, like so many others of whom we have written, he fell before the storm. Matters became worse, he was often found unconscious, and as often recovered and carried on his work, but the inevitable end came early in 1869. A little stone monument is erected in the West Taieri Cemetery close to the big willow tree with the following inscription – “Sacred to
the memory of James Shirlaw, M.D.; died 28th April, 1869, aetat 33. Erected as a token of respect by his friends.”

WILLIAM PANTON GRICOR, OF INVERCARGILL.

Invercargill in 1860 was yet a mere village, and what is now the town area was largely covered with thick pine bush, flax, swampy creeks, muddy holes, bridle tracks, and ditches. The discovery of gold, here as elsewhere, worked a miracle. Thousands of people arrived, lingered a few days, and passed on to the diggings. The town, much of it canvas and scantling, quickly attracted a great number of doctors; many people brought money, everybody spent it easily. Fortunate diggers came back from the different rushes with their little “shammy bags” full - easy come easy go, and while many of the practitioners were well qualified physicians and surgeons, others were half-educated quacks, ready to take down their neighbours by pretending to know everything, and as quick to fleece them at cards as by rigging a thimble. So they came, and on they went to the Wakatipu, so the Dunstan, and to the West Coast. In the first two years of the goldfields somewhere about 20 doctors alighted - one could not call it settled - in the town. They advertised freely, gathered where they had not strawed, and, spreading their pinions, shook the dust off them, to use a mixed metaphor, and gaily flew on again to more promising resting places, where they could glean the grains of Pactolus with as little labour as possible. In Invercargill was the bubble soon burst, the boom quickly over, and the town quietened down from a hive of about 15,000 persons to as many hundreds. Scores of houses had their windows and doors boarded up, the place was empty, the streets deserted, and from disuse, were worse than before. Well might the prophet have cried, “Murihiku, thy glory has departed.”

Early in 1851 came to the town William Panton Grigor, an active, hard-working, vigorous young Scotsman, who settled down to the arduous life of a city general practitioner. He swerved not to the right hand nor the left, night and day, year in year out, serving the people of Invercargill for a period of half a century. He had been educated at the Edinburgh School of Medicine, taking the L.R.C.S.E. in 1859, and came to New Zealand at the age of 22. Hearing that there was a place called Invercargill where there was an opening for a doctor, he thought he would give it a trial. He found that the only means of getting there was by boat or by bullock waggon, and as he had neither, and did not like riding even if he could have got a horse, he resolved to walk, and off he set. Roads, so called, stopped at Popotunoa (now Clinton), and from there on he followed a plough furrow through the tussocks to Menzies’ Ferry. The journey took him a week, but, as he used to say, when once he got there he never shifted. He had a vast experience in the early days, and most have rubbered shoulders with a great many practitioners. He acquired a large amount of common sense and much of the art and practice of medicine, so that when he got to middle age and was one of the seniors in the profession he was looked on as perhaps rather old-fashioned, but very sound, most punctilious in speech an in manner, always immaculately dressed. Though he devoted most of his energies to the practise of his profession, he always kept a close eye upon the politics of his town and country, and was well up in current events. He was extremely popular among all classes of the community for his sterling integrity and trustworthiness, as well as for his kindness and generosity. He was a man of fine artistic culture and tastes, and an uncommonly interesting raconteur of his observations and experiences of the early days, always observant, humorous, and kindly critical of men and things. One of the younger generation of doctors who remembers him well tells us that he differentiated the seasons by wearing a black bell-topper in winter and a grey one in summer, and the inhabitants never knew that summer had really set in until they saw Dr Grigor in his grey hat. He was very conservative, and had no time for surgery or surgeons, and often deplored “Dr Challoner’s”’ impulsiveness and free use of the knife. He believed that when once a diagnosis of internal malignant disease was made the patient should be told of it, and opium given, but no attempt made to pro long life with the knife. He had a large and lucrative obstetric practice, which he retained as long as he was physically fit for it. In March, 1861, he advertised as physician and accoucheur, living at Burns’s Private Hotel, and here his sister, Mrs Archibald, kept house for him and looked after him. He later moved to Tay street, next door to Mr Goodwillie’s. The first mention of him in the papers of the time is an account, from the Southern News, April 27, 1861, of an accident to John Holmes, who was engaged in the lightering service. While getting a boat out of the Puni Creek his oar slipped and he fell forward upon his head, and died in a few hours of fracture of the spine. He was attended by Drs Grigor and M’Clure. Invercargill was at that time pretty well covered by thick kahikatea or white pine bush, and in this and the undergrowth the native birds flourished exceedingly. Shooting kakas and pigeons took place at all times and seasons, and many were the remonstrances
from some of the more sober-minded when “bang bang” on Sunday mornings disturbed the church-goers. So close were the shots that they could almost smell the powder. Correspondents begged them to shoot on Saturdays, and gave temperate warnings that, while all the residents were not bushmen, they at least desired a little respect for the Sabbath day. Others, feeling more sore, threatened that if the Sunday shooters did not mend their ways, they would find themselves before the resident magistrate, who would explain that sporting on Sunday is not sanctioned by English law, particularly when practised within town boundaries. The streets were in a primitive state, and, the Town Board, as elsewhere, were severely criticised for all desiderata of bridges, pavements, paths, etc. They received great opprobrium for the condition of the Puni Creek bridge along the line of the track from, the Royal Hotel to the Bluff road, a bridge which did good service when first erected. This was before the Clyde street bridge gave a second outlet to the south. The bridge complained of was in a frightful condition, and, being full of holes and very shaky, was quite unsafe for persons crossing after dark. The clamourers pointed out that a very little money expended upon this locality would prove a good investment, for most of the Puni Flat was at that time unbuilt upon, and the streets existed only on paper. Several bridges over the Puni to the east of Clyde street, and the construction of the streets, would, they said, soon bring increased population to that spot. In 1862 the Great North road was still a morass in parts, and was patched and made even more dangerous for horsemen by the corduroy stretches. The streets were unlighted, and, with holes and ditches everywhere, many an unfortunate jovial homecomer found sudden rest where he at least expected or desired it. Such was the primitive condition of some of the buildings and the discomfort experienced even by the “grave and reverend seigneurs” who controlled the destiny of the new-born province. Thus a local in the Southern News of October 20, 1862, the reference being to the shrunken weather boarding of the southern end of the building in which the Provincial Council held their sittings. A massive silver gilt candelabrum diffused a fine ray of respectability upon the scene, lighting the features of Mr Speaker, in front of whom it had been placed, but one cold night a southerly buster struck the end of the house, and the flames dashed furiously about and splattered showers of melted tallow over the clothes of some of the Honourable Members. After a few such experiences Mr Speaker directed that the candelabrum be removed. Dr Grigor tramped back and forth over the swampy tracks out to the far-lying houses, where he spent many an anxious night, patient, considerate, and kindly to everyone; this man, who toiled in the district for nigh on 50 years, has none so mindful of him to-day as to even lend us a photograph. A pen picture from one of the oldest residents describes him as a man of middle height and spare figure, delicate rather than robust in appearance, though he carried himself well. He had sandy-coloured hair, beard, whiskers, and moustache, which in later life became white. His eyes were blue, and he always wore spectacles. He dressed very neatly, his regular outdoor attire being a black coat, white waistcoat, grey trousers, silk hat, well-polished boots, and black necktie. He always wore dark gloves, and carried either an umbrella or walking-stick. His voice and manner were particularly gentle and quiet. He was a good type of the old-fashioned “family physician,” and was much liked and esteemed, He did not lay himself out for country practice. He was not fond of riding, and therefore had no adventurous journeys, like Dr Monckton in the early days. Dr Grigor acted as House Surgeon of the Hospital for some time, and then shared the work with Dr Deck, and between them they attended to the Hospital, Gaol, and the Lunatic Asylum. Many and varied were the experiences and adventures of Dr Grigor, and it is our great regret that he did not leave on record some of the vast store of knowledge which he had accumulated. From various persons we have gathered anecdotes of Southland doctors which we have been rather diffident of using lest we hurt the feelings of surviving friends and relatives. We here interpolate one or two, as Dr Grigor is the last person whom they could fit. On one occasion the doctor, who was in his way a bit of a wag, was rather annoyed with a well-to-do farmer who owed him £20, but had neglected or refused for several years to take the slightest notice of requests for settlement. The farmer was a great shooting man, and the doctor was also a bit of a sport, so that when they met in the middle of a very muddy road or track bordering a fine “shooting preserve” of miles of thick swamp, it was natural for the doctor to hail the farmer, “Hey, Mac! What have you got there, man? Are those shovellers? By Jove, yes!” leaning out of his trap, and holding out his hand. The sport, who had three fine spoonbill and twice as many grey ducks all tied by the necks with flax, as was the mode, lifted them up, and the doctor sagely weighed them up and down in his hand, nodding his head, then, leaning over the side of the trap and grasping his reins tightly in the other hand, “Yes, yes! Spoonbill, by Jove! And nice and plumptoo.” He then heaved them over the side of his trap, dropped them coolly upon the floor, and drove off without another word, leaving Mactavish standing open-mouthed looking at him. “If I can’t get his money I can at least have his ducks,” the doctor said to someone, on
telling the yarn. Another time he had to go to the Bluff Heads to examine a ship that came in. He was acting health and port officer for someone on holiday, and he, too, as was his wont, had been celebrating the holiday with a glass or two of strong waters. The first thing he did was to demand to see the diplomas of the ship’s surgeon. This was a bit of a staggerer and quite unusual, but after a lot of trouble and searching and turning out of boxes the surgeon produced his documents, which had been issued by the Glasgow University or Faculty. The mere sight of these made the port officer furious. He threw the parchment vigorously across the cabin and told the owner, with a string of oaths, that it was not worth a blank, and not of as much value as the stuff it was written upon. He then left the ship. A few days afterwards the indignant Glasgow man got as “fou” as possible at the Bobbie Burns Hotel, and sallied forth looking for the too critical port officer. He found him, gave him a merciless thrashing, and left him in such a condition that one of his colleagues had several weeks’ attendance as the result. As a matter of fact, this particular story is one that Dr Grigor used to enjoy telling in all the quaint, dry humorous way he had, and his stories always had the merit of being truthful, a merit or fault which is not found in all storytellers.

Mr Charles Rilstone came to Invercargill in 1862 in the little schooner Jane. “He landed at the Invercargill jetty and made his way up Dee street, nearly getting bogged on the way. He got a job with a brother who was working at Button’s brewery in Spey street, and they camped for some time in a tent about opposite where the weighbridge is now. The turning of the first sod of the Bluff-Winton railway was a great occasion. At that time there were large flax bushes growing where the railway station is to-day. To get to the Bluff was a bit of a business. The four-horse coach in which Rilstone travelled broke down about half-way, and some of the passengers went back with the driver to get a new conveyance, while the rest toiled manfully through the absolute morass which was dignified with the name of the coach road. Across the creek in Invercargill, where the Gardens are now, was at that time covered with thick flax, and further on untouched bush where the South School is now situated.”

Dr Grigor worked on steadily, and his name appears from time to time in accounts of inquests and accidents. He did most of his work on foot, or for the outlying parts hired a trap as occasion demanded. He gave lengthy evidence in a case in which the house surgeon and coroner, Dr M’Clure, was severely censured for refusing to admit a patient to the Hospital. In that evidence he showed that his recent training in Edinburgh had included the use of the stethoscope, although it was then in what might still be called its trial stage, and obviously the same inquest makes it clear that such training had not been the fortune of all the provincial surgeons. The Southland News of 13th January, 1872, advertises that Dr Grigor will take charge of Dr M’Clure’s practice while he is away in Melbourne, and in November, 1873, a local says that “Dr Grigor has purchased that fine marine property Spencer Island in Bluff Harbour, of 50 acres, and that he intends to make it into a sanatorium.” There are many other references to the subject of our article, but we can only conclude by saying that he was a most honourable practitioner, who served Invercargill long and faithfully. Trained in the days when antiseptics were unknown, anaesthetics handled with extreme care, no clinical thermometer, and treatment by bleeding, blistering, and leeching the commonest and most fashionable way of treating what was called “a pleurisy” or a “pulmonitis,” his skill was undoubtedly and his success remarkable. At that time the wooden stethoscope was used, and was still looked upon by some of the old school as a new-fangled toy. So the telephone of the seventies, the two jam tins with parchment ends and silk thread was thought a useless scientific plaything, though the forerunner of the marvel of to-day, so the wheel of life zoetrope, which we spun by hand and looked through the slots at the changing moving figures carried the real germ of the cinematograph of modern times. Dr Grigor was one of the old school, and he laid down his burden full of years and honour after a strenuous life of toil for others. He was loved and respected by the inhabitants of the city which had grown with him during the course of half a century, from a village of huts ‘midst swamp and bush, to a fine city of stately buildings, magnificent streets, and beautiful surroundings - an example of what will yet be "the City Beautiful."

Dr Grigor was a staunch member of the Invercargill First Church, known in its early days as the Scotch Church. He died at Taldora. Invercargill, on the 28th May, 1909, aged 71 years, and a handsome monument was unveiled to his memory and to that of his son on Sunday, 12th October, 1919, in the First Church of the city. On the monument in the old cemetery were engraved the appropriate words, “Peace, perfect peace.”
TOKOMAIRIRO, THE DOCTORS’ ELYSIUM.

Tokomairiro for the first 25 years of its existence was one of the most prosperous-looking districts between Dunedin and Invercargill, and perhaps this was why it attracted, and later dismissed, more medical men than any other locality in the two provinces. Tokomairiro may be likened to a bar magnet. The general appearance of its hard working, sunburned settlers, of its buxom, ruddy-checked women, of its chuckling, sturdy youngsters, gave it an attraction all its own, a fascination for medical men not to be found elsewhere in Otago. When the disciple of Aesop, settled down and looked round him a little, the other end of the magnet began to come into play, and the repelling influence to be felt - a sort of unspoken but unmistakable “Move on! Move on! You are more urgently wanted elsewhere. There is not the slightest chance of your making a living here.” The whisper was obeyed and on he moved. The district was to a doctor eminently desirable, but if in appearance the most prosperous in the country, in reality it was the most disappointing, always resulting in a rapid departure to a better-paying, less fortunate, and less healthy place.

There were many reasons for this. First, no doctor arrived of the simple “Willum M’Clure” type, ready to work for the mere love of it - willing to live, and be more than contented with the plain, hard fare of the country settler, to take payment in kind, and exceedingly little of that, owing to scarcity of sickness. Each doctor as he came saw that he must not depend entirely upon his profession, but must become a small farmer or there was no chance for him. The majority were young, eager, keen to improve themselves they had come to the “end of the world” to make money quickly and to get back to the Old Country. They had the latest teaching from the first schools in the world, were the forerunners in the great changes that were taking place in medicine and surgery in the Colony; they were not going to be content to sit down in Lotus Land and allow their talents to waste. Into the towns they quickly moved; for wherever they tried in a purely agricultural district the story was the same - starvation, stagnation, or get out. Tokomairiro attracted by its very luxuriance and extent. It was of no less than 14,000 acres in area, and its splendid hills, its fine rolling, well-watered downs, its freedom from swamps, its splendid expanse, its scarcity of timber country, no goldfields, its lack of coal, were all factors which in the aggregate made it hard for a medical man to earn a living. Neighbouring districts or towns were inundated with floods, with the accompanying accidents and succeeding sickness. There coal miners worked in horrible pits and excavations many hundreds of feet deep, sweated, toiled, and when dreaded fire-damp came and explosions resulted, laid down their lives, or, broken and wounded, called for attention; gold-fields drew hundreds of people with the innumerable accidents of claim and tail race.

Snowstorms common on the higher levels were never felt in Tokomairiro; there were no rugged and dangerous ranges to cross in winter, and no unhealthy aggregations of canvas towns in the summer, bringing diseases of all kinds into the place. No timber country provided the usual bush accidents from falling trees and crosscut saws; swamps were practically absent, with their accompanying flies and mosquitoes, now known to be the chief cause, of so-called “miasma.” The length of the plain allowed of great distances between the settlements of houses; and the absence of any “industry” or “many-handed” factory made bread-winning by a doctor a matter of difficulty. Be this as it may, a great number of them came and went, one or two years being the average length of their stay. Some are mere names, and mean nothing to us; others are well known, and, after their little flutter in the Tokomairiro district, folded their pinions and made comfortable nests for themselves in the larger towns of Dunedin, Oamaru, and Invercargill.

Tudor Williams, the first doctor stayed for some years, did excellent work, married a well-known and accomplished lady, Miss Flora M’Kay, moved on into Oamaru, and died there, his widow and children coming back to the Tokomairiro to be near their own people. At this time Robert Martin, the Gillies and Salmonds, Greys, James Smith, Edward Duthie, and James Adam occupied nearly the whole of the plain. Peter M’Gill had built his first mill, and the Browns were at work in “the fall” of 1857 grinding flour. William Baskett, Henry Clark, and M’Gill did most of the building with their own hands. John Wilson’s excellent “Reminiscences of Dunedin and South Otago” give a fine account of the plains in those days and supply the myriad details of life in the early settlement. An interesting little point in connection with the first Presbyterian Church will bear repeating. Mr John Gillies, sen., one of the Toko. settlers and a lawyer of Dunedin, the father of four remarkably
able sons, presented a bell to the very first church, which was built in 1856 and opened formally in February, 1857. Unfortunately the vessel which brought the bell to the colony did not deliver it, and through some mischance the bell was taken back whence it came to the Old Country. After many months it was reshipped by the Henbury, and arrived at Otakou on 20th August, 1859, but before delivery could be taken the vessel caught fire, and she and her contents were so damaged that everything had to be sold as salvage. Mr Gillies, however, was a man of determination, and was on the ground at the Henbury salvage sale, and, bidding for his bell, secured it, having to pay a good price for it a second time. It was then taken down to the Toko, and hung in the church. When the new church was built the tones were not thought to be sufficiently pleasing; it had probably been cracked or damaged in the fire, at any rate it was taken to Dunedin and recast, and then hung once more where it now is, whence its sonorous tones peal out regularly on Sabbath Day. The Gillieses were a remarkable family. Thomas, the lawyer, rose through many Executive positions in the General Assembly to be Superintendent of the Auckland Province, and afterwards a judge of the Supreme Court. He was a man of wide scientific tastes, and wrote articles on the animal and vegetable life of the colony, contributed to the Transactions of the New Zealand Institute, and was thrice President of the Auckland Philosophical Institute, in 1869, 1873, and 1876. Robert was a surveyor by profession, became an active politician, and was member for Bruce County. He also was a keen observer of Nature, and published many articles on scientific subjects in the Transactions of the New Zealand Institute. That one brother should be President of the leading scientific society in the province of Otago, while another should occupy a similar position the same year (1876) in the affiliated society in Auckland is worthy of mention, and probably of unique interest. William entered the Presbyterian ministry, and had a long and honourable career at West Taieri, Timaru, and Tauranga. John Lillie Gillies was a member of the Otago Provincial Council, and occupied many prominent positions in Dunedin, including for many years that of secretary of the Harbour Board. When he was leaving the Tokomairiro district and the settlers made up a purse of sovereigns as a token of their good will towards him, he generously declined it, with a request that they utilise it as a scholarship or prize with which to equip or help pupil teachers in their schools. He also assisted the advancement of the country by importing what was called a road steamer in 1871.

The next doctor to come was Alexander Baird or Beard, a tall, fine-looking Scotsman; but of him we can gather little. We are fortunate in obtaining a photograph of him from Mr E. M. Duthie, of Janefield. All we know of poor Dr Baird is that he was not long in the place - some time in 1860, when he took by mistake a deadly poison - some say corrosive sublimate, others arsenic, which he picked up on the landing stage at the Taieri Ferry. He died in a few weeks at Mr Duthie’s house.

After him Dr Alexander Allan Fleming settled down, and seemed to be in the way of doing well; but after Williams’s death in Oamaru he moved up to the northern town, was there for a good many years, afterwards retiring to Tauranga, where he met his death by being gored by a bull. Fleming was inclined to have a fancy for heart disease, and was very solemn in his warning to the supposed sufferers to be “very careful.” One man took this warning “very much to heart” and went “carefully” to bed, and there he stayed for 40 years! Dr Fleming was a good rider, and rather an amusing tale is related of one occasion when he was out with Dr Borrows in consultation. In such an extensive district good horsemanship was absolutely necessary for a doctor. Dr Borrows, who had been at sea, did not like horse-riding at all and did not shine as an equestrian. They were
arguing about the respective merits of their steeds while they were jogging along, and to settle some dispute as to which was the better horse they appealed to a farmer whom they met. Dr Borrows was confident of his claims, and Fleming as vigorously backed his mount. "Weel, Doctor Burrs [everybody called poor old Borrows Burrrs], yours is the best horse if it just hed a mon that could ride it." Dr Fleming went to Oamaru about 1866, where he had a brother, David Fleming, who was in the teaching profession, and who had been private tutor to James Fulton’s sons at Ravensbourne in 1869 and 1870.

Dr Adolph Weber, a Bavarian of good birth, manners, and education, is our next subject. He came about 1861, and married the widow of John Tudor Williams some years later. He was tall and slight and always wore glasses, and was very fond of children. He used to amuse them with some fancy methods of whistling, humming, and buzzing, making use of his tongue, teeth, and lips, all in perfect accompaniment to his wife’s splendid playing. She was noted both in Dunedin as Mrs Tudor Williams and in Milton as Mrs Weber for her execution on the pianoforte. Dr Weber was an accomplished physician, and was said to be a near relative of Sir Hermann Weber, a celebrated London specialist. He was also a brother of Mr Charles Weber, of Hawke’s Bay, a well known civil engineer and surveyor, who was lost in the bush in the ‘nineties. We have not much information about Dr Weber. The only story that one can get is that in the early ‘seventies he came across to the Taieri, and succeeded in rousing from one of her trances Miss Ross, the Taieri fasting girl. This he did by the use, it was said, of croton oil on the head in the way of a blister. Early in 1874 Mrs Weber died, and the doctor took this loss very sorely, and on the 20th October his housekeeper, Mrs Palmer, heard a curious, loud, stertorous breathing in his consulting room, and, running in, found him unconscious. Dr M’Bean Stewart was at once sent for, and did all that could be done for him, but he died in a few hours. At the inquest, held next day by Warden E. H. Carew, of Lawrence, a verdict in accordance with the doctor’s evidence that death was due to apoplexy was recorded. He was 42 years of age, and left two daughters, who are, we believe, still living. He was a kindly gentleman, and was well liked all through the district. Dr Cameron came next, but he was only a few months in Tokomairiro. He was a tall, well-set-up young man, a nephew of Mr Frank Chrystall, a settler in the district. He also boarded with Mr Duthie, and we have been lucky in getting a photo of him. It shows him in the typical costume of the time, though we have another of him standing up, immaculately groomed, and evidently going to an important function or perhaps to a very particular patient.

Followed Alexander J. Ferguson, later of High street, Dunedin. Dr Ferguson practised for some years in Milton and then moved to Dunedin. He was deservedly popular, a genial, good-natured, kindly physician of the old school, very humorous, witty, and fond of jokes. His four-wheeled buggy with single horse was well known in town, where he carried on an extensive and wearing friendly society practice for a long time. A fine portrait of him can be seen in the Museum of the Otago Early Settlers’ Association. He died of heart disease in the late nineties. Other Milton doctors were Young, who came to Dunedin, and then went to Auckland, where he died; Stackpoole, who lived a short time in Moray place, Dunedin, and then went inland; Scott, who transferred to Southland; Robert Reid, brother of a well-known resident, Donald Reid. He went north, and was for many years in practice in Timaru. John Sommerville (not to be confused with the well-known High School dux, who is at Wairoa, Hawke’s Bay, but an entirely different man), who went we know not where. These, with the modern men of the last 20 years, of whom there have been nigh on to a dozen, leave us but the two Stewarts, of the ‘seventies who are entitled to a separate article to themselves.

**SOUTHLAND IN THE SIXTIES:**

**THE WAIAU, WINTON, AND WHAKATIPU.**

In the early days Invercargill and the closely surrounding country was well served by medical men who lived in the town, but the settlers far back had to depend upon Dr Monckton, the finest horseman of them all, who was located at Riverton. From here he had to ride up the different valleys, traverse great distances, ford deep rivers, climb precipitous mountains, and toil night and day to render assistance to suffering humanity when the call came. It was too often his sad office to merely look upon the face of the dead one, to make notes of the occurrence, and to record for the authorities, in his position of coroner, that owing to sudden sickness or accident the person had succumbed to hemorrhage or shock before medical aid could possibly reach him. Many of the stations were in out-of-way places; heavy bush had to be avoided or very carefully negotiated; swamps had to be skirted or crossed very cannily; rivers ordinarily dangerous were in flood time often quite impassable,
and people lost their lives through the difficulty of access to their homes. The Waiau, a large river, carries the water of Lakes Ta Anau and Manapouri, and a tremendous flow from mountains on both sides of the valley, down through comparatively level country to the sea, which it enters some miles beyond Orepuki. Of the Southland rivers the Waiau is next in size to the Clutha, and by means of numerous large tributaries drains a great area of the surrounding district. The power houses for the electric supply of Southland are being erected upon its western side, the actual water power coming from a lake away among the hills to the west of the river. This is a fine deep river, and thoroughly stocked with trout, and, having great scenic beauty, is of much attraction to the tourist. The whole valley is dotted with homesteads belonging to the various runs, and these people in the very early days were hard put to it for medical assistance. Those who were married sent their wives into the city when medical attention was likely to be required. It was only sudden illness or accident that brought Monckton or M’Chrysell away up the bush along hilly tracks, across rivers, running saddle high, and up and down precipitous hillsides where the horse had to be led or carefully loosened and allowed to take care of itself. However, this part of the country looked promising, and in spite of its many hardships young enterprising settlers, determined to “give it a go,” as the saying is, built their first huts, and got sheep and cattle when they could. In April of 1881, a young Irishman, of good appearance and evidently well educated, named Charles Trousdell, came to the Waiau. He worked for Mr M’Culloch, afterwards the Resident Magistrate at Invercargill, on the Sunnyside sheep run on the western side of the river. There were few other settlers on that side, but on the eastern side several young married men had taken up runs, among them Mr John Cuthbertson, of Otahu, the Aylmer Bros., of Wairaki, and Mr Freeman Jackson, of Birchwood, also several bachelor squatters. The nearest medical man was at Riverton, fully 40 miles distant over rough and hilly tracks. Sometime or other it leaked out and became generally known that Mr Trousdell was a fully-qualified doctor, so Messrs Cuthbertson and Josiah Aylmer asked to see his diplomas of surgery and medicine, and were very pleased to arrange for him to settle among them and to practise as a doctor. He was much liked, and considered skilful, but he did not remain long in the district. The Southern News, of September 7th, 1861, states that on 12th day of August, 1861, he lodged his diploma of L.R.C.S.I. with Mr Price, R.M., at Invercargill. There is no further mention of him in that, the only newspaper in Southland at the time, and none of the old residents know anything of him. The only person who seems to have ever heard of him is a lady now living in Nelson, who sent in the few particulars we have, but she does not know where he went on leaving the Waiau, and she does not say why he left so soon. He lived “for the last months” in Mr John Cuthbertson’s house at Otahu, and was liked by all.

The wives of squatters in those early days were often very young, and many of them had come from comfortable and even luxurious homes into the wilderness. The loneliness and isolation of their lot must have been sometimes hard to bear, especially during illness. It was probably due to the fact of Dr Trousdell’s consenting to practice in the district that several of these young wives remained at home for their confinements instead of going into town. In June of that year (1861) a son was born to Mr John Cuthbertson at Otahu, and a daughter to Mr Wm. Aylmer at Wairaki, while later in the month Mrs Justin Aylmer, also at Wairaki, was taken ill. But in this case the fact that a skilful doctor was within an hour’s ride was of no avail. The Wairaki River ran between, and was in high flood, foaming over wide shingle beds on its way to the mighty Waiau. Bridges there were none, and the fords were unfordable. Even if a message could have been sent to the doctor he could not have reached the suffering woman. Mrs Aylmer died, and was buried at the old Wairaki homestead. Before the end of that year the doctor had left the district, and apparently, the country.

Sometime later, about 1864, Dr Scott came to the Waiau. He was a married man, and a cottage was built for him near the Takatimos and close to the Te Anau track. Mr Hunt, a very early settler, remembers it well, as he often passed it when he was waggoning. For years after the Scott’s left it was everywhere known as “The Doctor’s House.” Dr Scott was a very tall man. He was popular in the district, and was much missed when he left to settle in Riverton. No medical, man seems to have practised in the district after he left. This must have been a serious drawback, particularly us in winter the roads or tracks to town - Riverton or Invercargill - must have been very bad. The larger streams were often unfordable. Winton township, nineteen miles north of Invercargill, though now a picturesque little village surrounded by undulating country, was at one time covered by dense white pine forest. It is said to have get its name from William Winton, a boatman of Portobello, who came to Otago in the Phillip Laing, and with a large family moved south to that district, Which of his sons was the first to drive stock
across to that part we do not know; how he got it through the bush is a puzzle to us. He may have gone in a wide sweep skirting the edge of the heavy timber. The town was surveyed in 1862, and extended in 1863 when the first sod of the railway from Invercargill to this clearing in the bush was turned. The township sections of quarter acres were cut in to the heart of the bush, and the price, sixteen pounds each, seemed a bit stiff for a mere hole in the forest. Later on when the Government stopped the work on the railway, and several hundreds of men were thrown out of employment at the Winton end, the apparently flourishing township languished.

Sections were sold cheap, and on the third survey the quarter acres were reduced officially to eight pounds. Things were now more or less at a standstill until in 1871 the railway from the Bluff was opened and the town moved ahead once more. With the construction of the railway and the felling of great trees and the sawmilling necessary for building of houses, etc., accidents became frequent, and it was probably with a Government subsidy, guarantee or salaried appointment, that Charles Scott, L.R.C.S.I., came to the place.

Dr Scott, a fine handsome Irishmen, was born in 1833 at Knockmoyle, Omagh, County Tyrone, Ireland, and was educated at Stephen’s Hospital and Trinity College, Dublin, and came to New Zealand as medical officer to the immigrants per ship Dauntless in 1863. He was a married man, and with his young wife went straight to Winton, where in a tent in the bush his eldest son was soon after born. A very early resident who supplied necessaries, saddles, carbines, belts and for the railway. This railway proved a complete failure. J. Davies and Joux was a mere hole cut in the bush, and a road made to open up the traffic from Invercargill to the Whakatipu lake and gold diggings. The houses and shops and stores were on the west side of the road, and on the east side the ground sloped down to where the railway line was being made. The police station was more to the south, just at the entrance to the township. The first postmaster was W. H. King, who lived in a small building not far from the edge of the bush, and near by was Mr Williams’ store, from which afterwards Deputy in 1863, when it was nothing but dense bush, with a track a chain wide cut through it, and a ditch on each side. The track was formed with the clay from the two ditches and most people actually preferred to ride along the bottom of the ditches, to floundering through the wet clay. The bush was composed of all kinds of native timber - red, black and white pine and totara, - there were no sawmills at that time, only pit-saws. The police barracks and stables were just being completed by the Provincial Government, to accommodate the trooper of the gold escort from the lakes. The greatest amount of gold ever brought down at one time, according to report, was three ounces, and it took half a dozen police with drawn swords to escort it, so that was soon abandoned. The police buildings were the first in Winton, and King’s store the second at the time the Southland Provincial Government failed. The sergeant of police, Morton, brought all the police accoutrements, saddles, carbines, belts, spurs, leggings, etc. and hid them under King’s floor, to prevent their being seized. At that time there was no Post Office at, Winton, the mails coming by coach, and, if the settlers were not there to take delivery from the coach, their mail would be carried on to Kingston. If they failed to meet the coach on its return, the mails would be carried back to Invercargill. As this was a great annoyance to the public King traversed the district with a petition to get a Post Office at Winton, and after a short delay a Post Office was established, and King appointed postmaster at a salary of £5 a year. C. C. Sproull was the earliest settler King was acquainted with, and he took an active part in agitating to get the Post Office established, as did H. Armstrong of Fern Bush, afterwards Deputy Superintendent of the province. About 1864 Davies’s wooden railway was started and several pairs of sawyers were sent to the Winton Bush to pit saw eight by eight white pine rails for the railway. This railway proved a complete failure. J. R. Davies and Jerusalem Smith, the railway contractors, built the first hotel in Winton, and named it the Railway Hotel, a name it bears to this day, although it has been rebuilt. The Great North Road runs from Invercargill through Winton to Kingston forming the main street of the town. About 1864, T. McWilliam came to Winton from Wanganui, to farm land, and King took him in and gave him bread and cheese and fried bacon. He used to get the bacon in cases at that time from Ireland, and the cheese in cases from England. McWilliam decided to remain in Winton and to start a store. He erected a frame and covered it with scrim and carried on for a short time, but he found scrim would not keep out rain so he put a fly over the scrim, and returning to Wanganui brought Mrs McWilliam and family to Winton.

McWilliam erected a two storied building of pit-sawn timber and built it so narrow and long, yet so soundly and strong, that King used to say if it had been turned over on its roof into the sea it would have floated like a boat. McWilliam had been a ship’s builder by trade. The school was opened in 1868 with a concert, and De Joux was
the first schoolmaster, and the large room in the police station was where the children were taught for a time. Dr Scott lived in a tent near the railway line. Mr Charles Sproull, who was early in the district, was one of the few justices of the neighbourhood, and had to give much time to the hearing of disputes which entailed a great loss of time, as it was six miles from his farm to where the sittings were held. It became such a tax that he told the constable, a keen and zealous officer, that he could not go to Winton every time a case came up, but that if he brought the cases to the farm he would deal with them there. So sometimes the constable would come, and even at the plough side, have the case heard and the matter settled. Afterwards some other justices were appointed, much to his relief. Winton is now a fine thriving village, with good shops well supplied with all the wants of the farmers in the neighbourhood, and fine rich agricultural land extending in all directions. A flourishing agricultural and pastoral society has existed since the early seventies, and great sawmills and flaxmills in the vicinity give employment to a considerable number of hands. The town is thoroughly up-to-date, with newspaper, two fine churches, choral society, brass band, jockey club, etc. Dr Scott could not have been in Winton for more than a year when he decided to move to the Waiau, probably invited there by the residents after Dr Trousdell’s departure. A similar period there convinced him that there was not a living to be made, so he transferred to Riverton, where he stayed five years, moving on to Queenstown in 1870. He was well liked both for his gentlemanly behaviour and sober habits, but like many Irishmen he was impulsive and peppy, and on one occasion was severely blamed for refusing rather brusquely to go until the morning to a lad who was ill with typhoid. He had been attending him for some time, and the boy had become delirious and troublesome in the middle of the night, just at the crisis of his fever. The doctor had given a bad opinion or prognosis, and had said that the boy would die, which of course made matters worse. On Dr Scott’s refusal, a visiting doctor was called in, and he wagged his head sagely, criticised the regular attendant’s treatment by stimulants such as port wine and brandy as quite out-of-date, and, “astonishing for a man of his experience, who ought to have known better, he must be very old-fashioned, etc.” He sat up with the boy for the rest of the night, personally brought some medicine from the chemist’s shop, of which he had been accommodated with the key, and at the last minute “pulled the boy round the corner.” The boy passed the crisis that night, recovered, and a few days afterwards was out in the sunshine when Dr Scott passed by, and the proud and happy father naturally called him by name, and pointed to the boy, but the doctor would not turn his head or make any sign of recognition. This is one of those cases where the impulsive Irishman with a little tact, and careful explanation, might have satisfied the father. The child was evidently at the very worst stage, the crisis or turning point of the disease, and that if Providence so willed it a few hours would make all the difference, doctor or no doctor, medicine or no medicine. In addition in this there is the strong probability that poor old Scott had come in, after toiling over the snowy ranges from heaven knows where, and the new man was there on holiday, doing nothing, and a night out of bed was mere child’s play to him. Dr Scott left Queenstown in 1877 and went north to Picton, being appointed surgeon to the hospital there. After twenty-five years’ of hard and faithful service he died there in 1904, his wife surviving him ten years. He was a typical doctor of the old school, very punctilious and particular about professional etiquette and the confidential relations between physician and patient, and in his own home would not allow the name of a patient to be mentioned. He viewed with great disfavour the practice of allowing any references to or talking about patients even in the remotest way. He was very fond of sport of all kinds, and was deservedly popular wherever he went. The photograph we show in this issue is of a kindly, genial, good-tempered Irishman, whom to see was to like, and with the above little exception, where he made a mistake, for which he suffered much, he is spoken of in a kindly and affectionate manner by all who remember him.

WHAKATIPU IN THE SIXTIES.

Although Lake Whakatipu had been known for a considerable number of years, the actual settlement of Queenstown dates from the year 1863, when the Shotover rush attracted diggers from all parts of Australia and New Zealand. There were settlers long before that, for squatters took up runs and a few enterprising persons located in tents on the shores of the lake in order to make a living by supplying stores which they packed or boated from the various towns as was most convenient. The main communication was of course by boat to Kingston, thence by waggon or horse back to Invercargill; packing overland by the other routes became common later. We show with this issue an interesting old pen-and-ink map of the lake in the early days, the blue paper bears the water mark Pirie, 1860, and we think the date must be the early sixties. Note the spelling: Foxtown, Kingstown, Franktown, Simpsons or 25 mile Rush, and the “proposed site of township” at the head of
the lake. See also Mount McIntosh, which we cannot place, and note the spelling of the name Whakatipu, which we have always insisted upon; carelessness here, as in Whanganui, now absolutely changed to Wanganui, is only perpetuating regrettable error. If we use the Maori name at all why not use it as correctly as is possible. For much of the following information, we are indebted to Mr J. T. Crofts, who came to Otago from Victoria in 1861, and went straight up to Whakatipu, where he opened a general store for the custom of the few squatters in the neighbourhood. In a short time his wife and eldest child, then an infant, joined him, and they lived in a tent in what became Queenstown, but which was then only a small “canvas town.” There were no medical men practising at the Lake when he arrived there, and he does not remember anything about any visiting doctors, but there were two or three among the runholders of the district though they never practised their profession.

Came to Queenstown in 1862 Doctor Charles Evison, an Englishman, apparently between 30 and 40 years of age, and married, but his wife did not accompany him, probably owing to lack of accommodation. He lived in a two-roomed “house” in the principal part of the township, and was popular with the residents, being homely and pleasant in manner, a good type of the old-fashioned family doctor, not averse to a bit of fun. His work was chiefly minor accidents, fractures, gunshot wounds and frost bites. During those early days the Whakatipuans led an isolated life, and were a little world unto themselves. Until the gold rush brought its crowds of strangers, everyone in Queenstown knew everyone else. All were good friends, and there was sociability everywhere; a quadrille assembly once a week and often concerts and other forms of amusement. The landlady of an establishment dignified by the title of “hotel,” owned a small dog of the spaniel breed. The local butcher’s shop was situated next to this hotel; the roof was low and the carcasses hanging in the shop almost touched the ground. Dogs are, as a rule, partial to meat, and the spaniel acquired the habit of visiting the shop and helping himself to a meal when so inclined. The butcher objected, and tried to keep out the intruder by putting a low door across the entrance to his shop, but people, continually passing in and out, would leave the door open, and the mischief went on. The little creature’s owner paid many an account for damaged meat, while it grew so fat that it could scarcely walk. Finally the butcher in secret killed the dog, carefully dressed the body and hung it among the carcases in his shop; then gave out that he had just secured a very fine “house-lamb,” which he and some of his particular cronies intended to have for dinner on a certain night, and to share the feast several of the Queenstown residents were invited. The invitations were accepted with alacrity; lamb at that time of the year was an unusual treat. Dr Evison, who was in the plot, offered the use of his house for the occasion, and the banqueting table was laid in his largest room. The looked-for evening arrived:

The feast was set  
The guests were met,

but not quite all the expected guests; the doctor had “received a call” to attend someone outside of the township; Mr C. had an “urgent business” engagement which would allow of no delay, and two or three others were “unavoidably absent.” They all left word, however, that the feast was not to be delayed for them; they would be present, if not at the dinner, at all events in time for the sing-song which was to follow. Accordingly, those assembled seated themselves at the festive board. George, the butcher, standing at the head, carved with grace and skill, and loud were the praises bestowed upon the meat; never had better “house-lamb” been tasted. “But where’s your own, George? you’re forgetting yourself.” was more than once remarked. George, however, assured them that it was all right, he had put by a tit-bit for himself, which he would have when they had finished - they were not to worry about him, etc. So the feast proceeded until the last morsel had been consumed. By this time the doctor and the others who had been “unavoidably detained,” had arrived; the table was cleared and the rest of the evening spent in music, song and merriment. Had the secret been kept no harm would have resulted; but doubtless the joke was too good a one to be allowed to rest; or perhaps it was a case of: “When the wine is in the wit is out” - and someone blabbed in his cups. At all events, the truth came to the ears of some at least who had partaken of the feast; and great were the “searchings of heart.” The local baker was one
of the victims, and he took the matter hardly. For weeks afterwards, if any of the jokers saw him approaching along the street, they would call to him by name, and then yap like a small dog, whereupon he would turn a sickly green and run for cover. It may be wondered why condign chastisement was not meted out to the perpetrators of this trick, but perhaps the victims were anxious for their own sakes to prevent the story spreading. So closely was it kept that the proprietress of the “hotel” never discovered what had become of her dog, but mourned him as stolen and conveyed out of the district. Dr Evison practised for about a year in Queenstown and moved to Hokitika and other West Coast towns, where he remained for many years, dying, we understand, in the nineties.

Dr Morris, sometimes spelled Morice, was practising in the Cromwell, Shotover, and Queenstown districts early in the sixties, after Dr Evison had left and before the arrival of Dr Douglas. He moved on, as did so many others, to the West Coast.

Drs Pelly and Jackson are mere names to us and nothing else; we know that Dr Jackson was the visiting doctor who so much upset Dr Scott. He was a short time in Dunedin and in Invercargill, and then went on, we think, to Australia. Likewise Dr Rutherford Ryley, a very able surgeon, who had studied at Glasgow under Lister, made Queenstown a stopping place in 1863. He remained a very short time from lack of employment. He was not long out from Scottish Universities, quite the young “medical,” very lively, in fact rather a wild blade, and ready for any devilment, and up to all the pranks of the other young fellows of the village; a good looking chap and very popular. He moved down to Invercargill in May of the same year and advertised as L.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., Edinburgh and Glasgow, late house surgeon, etc., and in the issue of the Southland News of October 24, 1863, appeared his marriage to Charlotte, eldest daughter of Mr Thomas Robinson. He advertised in 1864 from the head of the Lowther Arcade, and then in 1866 a local mentions that he had been appointed surgeon superintendent of the Hokitika hospital. We next hear of him in 1867, as attending the funeral in Hokitika of Dr Alexander Hunter, formerly of Dunedin. A year or two later he was elected one of the delegates for Levuka in the Fijian Parliament about to be convened by His Majesty King Cacobau. Later on, he seems to have changed a good deal and was mixed up in several unpleasant scandals, news of which, in due course reached Invercargill, and were referred to in the papers of the day. We need not concern ourselves further about him save to mention an interesting little paragraph which we recently copied from a Life of Lord Lister. Referring to the scores of letters and congratulations which he had received from all parts of the world, the author mentions “Mr Rutherford Ryley who had studied with Lister ten years before the days of antisepsis and knew him to be a philosophical surgeon, writes from Westland - that strip of climbing land that separates the Pacific from the wild gorges and precipices of the New Zealand Alps, that in three cases of compound fracture amongst adventurers exploring these inhospitable regions for gold, he had striking success with the antiseptic treatment.” This reference shows that Lister must have remembered him as a student of considerable promise, and it is more than likely that Ryley, like Hunter, was one of the most brilliant students of his day. Going back to the date of Ryley’s advent we find two interesting items of early Queenstown history, and we have referred them to Mr Crofts for elucidation or explanation. One was the notice of death in Ryley’s advent we find two interesting items of early Queenstown history, and we have referred them to Mr Crofts for elucidation or explanation. One was the notice of death in 1867 of the late Captain John Filmore, Royal Navy, Plymouth, Devonshire, England. The other item is a marriage certificate courteously sent to us by the Rev Rugby Pratt, who had unearthed it from the early registers. Certificate number 22 is signed by the Rev Isaac Harding, officiating minister:- Henry Marshall Croft, of full age, bachelor, surgeon, to Emma Willoughby, of full age, spinster, actress; date, 20th December, 1863; place, at the residence of Dr Croft, and the witnesses were - George Willis, Thomas Wright Rowe, William Bruce, and Eliza Wright.

Of Dr Filmore, Mr Crofts can remember nothing. It is probable he was simply a visitor who had come for his health, and succumbed to the disease from which he already suffered. Of the marriage, Mr Crofts had no recollection nor of the contracting parties. There was no Dr Croft practising at Whakatipu during his 20 years’ residence in Queenstown, nor does he remember any runholder of that name, nor any visitor, or even working man. There was no church at that time in Queenstown; the nearest approach to one was at Clyde, where a large tent was dignified by the name of church. There were often theological students and ministers of all denominations among the shifting crowds on the goldfields. Isaac Harding, who officiated at this wedding was the Methodist minister whose portrait appeared recently in the Witness. A Mr Jackson Smith was the first settled
“minister” in the goldfields district, but he soon left, and was succeeded by a Mr Coffee, who stayed for several years.

There was no resident minister at Queenstown during the early sixties, but visiting clergy came occasionally, and somewhere about ‘65 a christening service was held there by Bishop Harper. Some 30 children were to be christened, many of them being several years of age; and the sight of such a number ranged in front of the tall fine-looking clergyman in his white surplice was quite impressive; “It made me think.” Mr Crofts tells us “of a painting of our Saviour which I once saw, entitled ‘Suffer the Little Children to come unto Me.’” When the service was about to commence, the Bishop enquired whether all the God-fathers and God-mothers were present? At this there were blank looks among the congregation, and presently someone explained to the Bishop in an undertone:- “You musn’t expect God-fathers-and-mothers on the goldfields - we’ve all got someone to stand for them, but most likely they’ll never see them - they’re not here and we can’t help that.” After a little demur the question of sponsors was waived and the service proceeded. Mr Crofts’ two eldest children were among those presented; the younger, a fat little toddler of two years, began to cry when the Bishop took her into his arms; whereupon his brother, aged about four, rushed from his place among the other children, threw his arms round the Bishop’s thighs and began to kick his shins with all his might, shouting – “You pot my sister down! you leave my sister alone!” There was quite a commotion in the building, and the father had to go to the rescue of the embarrassed clergyman, picking up and carrying off his son, explaining matters and pacifying him.

We are much indebted to Mr Crofts for great assistance in compiling these notes of Whakatipu. He now lives in Invercargill, while many of his family have grown up and flown off to other parts. He has had 11 children, has 30 grandchildren, and half a dozen great-grandchildren. His wife died in 1917.

A very old resident of Queenstown sends us the following, which shows that Mr Crofts’ memory is at fault so far as Dr Croft was concerned:-

To the best of my recollection I was in Queenstown in the latter part of ‘62, when it was all canvas. I remember Thatcher singing in the canvas theatre in Beach street; and a number of the inhabitants at that time in their various calico residences. I distinctly remember Drs Croft and Evison. There was either a chemist’s shop or their surgery in Rees street, west of the present Bank of New Zealand, and as I suffered from toothache I went to have the tooth extracted. Dr Croft, a tall, gentlemanly-looking man, with light coloured Dundreary whiskers, placed me in a chair, told me to open my mouth, and inserted the forceps. He placed one fang of it into the decayed part of the tooth right upon the nerve, and then squeezed; and I gave a yell that I was told afterwards brought all the diggers in Rees street rushing to the shop. Then Dr Evison said, “Let me try.” He sat me down in the chair, lanced the gum, and skilfully extracted the tooth. Dr Evison at this time lived in a wooden house in Camp street, opposite the upper end of Beach street. Dr Croft, who, a short time before, had been married to a very lady-like, tall woman, lived in a wooden house in Ballarat street, where Mr Manders, M.H.R., lived some years afterwards. Some years later, I think ‘69 or ‘70, I went to Dr Douglas at Frankton to get another tooth extracted. The doctor brought out an instrument, a brass tube, at one end two fangs, and mid-way down or at the end an india rubber hollow ball. He placed an amber-coloured jelly on the gums near the tooth, and then played cold air on the gums to congeal them; then he extracted the tooth, and asked me how I liked that method. I told him that I thought the freezing process was worse than the extracting.

JAMES DOUGLAS, OF ARROWTOWN AND QUEENSTOWN.

Arrowtown is now a compact, important little town standing on a rich flat close to the Shotover and Arrow Rivers, and, being almost surrounded by gaunt and bleak precipitous hills, seems to the traveller, who comes suddenly upon it, a veritable oasis in the desert. It has had an eventful history as a goldfield and is to-day a self-contained, up-to-date little place with its own paper, the Lake County Press, four fine churches, hospital and public school, is in daily communication with Dunedin and Invercargill, and has a fast motor service with Queenstown, Pembroke and elsewhere. There is a considerable population; fine crops are grown in the neighbourhood, flour mills are in active operation, and sluicing and quartz crushing claims still keep up the reputation of the district for wrestling the yellow metal from the unwilling soil. In 1863, a prospector named Fox came up from Dunedin, and passing through Pembroke way, crossed the ranges from the Matukituki, dropped into Soho Creek, then called by the diggers “The Billy.” Here he got good gold, and reporting the strike, a rush
took place to near the site of what is now Arrowtown, the people calling it Fox’s in honour of the discoverer. Another account is that the original prospectors and discoverers were McGregor and Low, and that Fox was merely the messenger who carried the news of the strike down to Dunedin, and that then the rush took place to what they called “Fox’s.” Fox’s own account, which was published by William Grummit, of Oamaru, some years ago in a series of Queenstown sketches, has just come into our hands. Fox writing in 1863 says: “I started from the Dunstan on September 23, following the S.E. branch of the Kawarau to the Nevis; I was obliged to cut a track before I could get my horse down to the river. I tried a spur on the bank, and got payable gold, which made me believe I was on the right track for the precious metal. On arriving at the junction of the Kawarau with the Arrow, I remarked to my mate O’Callaghan, that that was the river I wished to prospect, for from the auriferous appearance of the country round I was fully convinced that I should find gold in payable quantities. Having to go for provisions, I arrived at Mr Rees’ station, at the head of the lake, on October 5 in company with Maori Jack. He informed me that he had found some fine gold in the Arrow, but only a fine speck or two, not in payable quantities. Having no means of crossing the River Kawarau, I was compelled to follow up its banks on the opposite side to the Arrow until I reached the lake, where I fell in with a shepherd of Mr Rees’s, a Mr Duncan, who informed me that I could get no provisions at the station, and that their boat was at a place now called Kingston. I then inquired of him how far it was to Mr Trotter’s place, and he informed me 26 miles, to which place I had to go for provisions. On arriving there I was disappointed, as I could only get 20lb of flour from a Mr Monson, who was in charge of the station. Seeing I could get no provisions nearer, I went on to the Nokomai. This was on October 1, and having obtained what provisions I required, I returned to the lake (Kingston) on October 2, where I met Mr Rees, but I did not inform him that I was going to prospect. He very kindly took up for me 150lb of provisions in his boat to the other end of the lake, and on October 5 I arrived at Mr Rees’s station in company with Maori Jack. In justice to Maori Jack, I must state he informed me he had found some fine gold in the Arrow, but only a fine speck or two - not in payable quantities. 

“I left the station on the 6th, and arrived at the Arrow Gorge at 1 p.m., and at once proceeded with my pick, shovel, and pan to prospect. On that day I met a man named Peter Stewart, who was in the act of putting on his boots after crossing the river. I inquired if he got any gold. He informed me that he could raise the colour, but nothing payable. I then proceeded up the river, and obtained 3oz 8dwt of gold in about two hours with my tin dish. In the evening I returned to the gorge, and told Jack O’Callaghan of the prospects I had obtained. On the morning of the 7th I again proceeded up the river, crossing and recrossing in several places, as far as what is now called Bracken’s Gully, finding gold in several places as I went along. On returning on the evening of October 7, I saw Stewart and McGregor starting to work; but I can positively state they were not there on my going up, as I crossed the river at the same place they were at work on my return; and I can positively state that there was no sign of any previous work being done there, as they were living at the Shepherd’s Hut, at Lake Hayes. On October 8, Mr McGregor and his party moved to the gorse. As for saying that I tracked McGregor to the Arrow, I say it is false, and I can aver that McGregor and party came by way of Cardrona, on the northwest bank of the Molyneux, striking the Arrow three miles from its junction with the Kawarau, while O’Callaghan and I came on the south-east side of the Kawarau which track no person has yet ventured along with a pack-horse. Had it not been for the obstacles which lay in my way of getting provisions, I would have been several days in advance of McGregor and party. I still contend that I was the first man that got gold in the Wakatipu district, and also the first who made a report of the same to Mr Warden Keddell at the Dunstan.”

In those days thousands flocked to the scene and tents went up like mushrooms. Dozens of hotels, or, rather, “canvas shanties,” dispensed the vilest of “red eye,” and the usual necessity for a medical man speedily brought the right man. Tremendous frosts (60 degrees have been registered) caused often great suffering and loss of fingers and toes. Pneumonias and pleurisies were common, and drunkenness and fighting resulted in innumerable wounds and gashes. From the proximity of the river and lakes drowning accidents were frequent, and James Douglas, a young Scottish graduate who arrived in 1862 by the ship Grasmere and came on to the goldfield, quickly got into his stride and served the diggers with lancet, pill, and potion. Coming in on the flood of prosperity, he shared the pleasures and privations of the rugged miners. There were no houses, only tents, and in one of these, with a small off-shoot for a surgery, he started his practice. He walked to the nearby scenes of activity among the diggers, but had to ride, as did everyone else, over the roughest of tracks, through the snow to Skippers, Cardrona, Macetown and elsewhere, as occasion demanded. As recorded before, landslides took place precipitating persons into the icy streams, and the whole side of a mountain slipped one stormy night into
the Shotover, 13 men, tents and all, vanishing into the turbulent waters. The place bore the distinctive name of Deadman’s Terrace for many years. Precipitous cliffs and icy, slippery tracks: faint traces of men and marks of horses’ shoes were all that he had on occasion to guide him. He had often to walk many miles where horses could not go. An especially dreaded zigzag at the Deep Creek had to be negotiated at imminent risk of life and limb. Not far away the first quartz-mining works in Otago were started at Murdoch’s Creek; here the prehistoric battery with stampers made of heavy wood, shod with plate iron, did excellent work, and was the forerunner of the great Achilles mine of the “nineties.” While on the subject of gold claims with famous names, many will remember in the dredging boom the Meg and Annie. One story that we have heard, and we give it for what it is worth, is as follows: Many were the pubs or shanties at Fox’s, and not the least attraction were the buxom barmaids who dispensed the liquor, some the daughters, some the wives, of heavy fisted individuals who kept a shrewd eye upon the behaviour of the customers. One of these Hebes was a tall, good-looking, red-headed girl, who was a terror to the diggers. She looked nice, but had a loud, strident, raucous voice and a terrific temper, and thought nothing of bringing the butt end of a bottle “whack” on the head of anyone who offended her or tried to be a little “fresh.” The shanty happened to be just at the crossing of the creek, which had no name, so the diggers called it the Roaring Meg. From the name of the girl the bridge was so named, and the creek is so to-day. Not long after Meg’s advent appeared a second young woman, who received a job in another of the hotels as a retailer of “poison.” There were no barmen in those days when women could possibly be got by the offer of big wages, and this second girl, Annie, was a slight, dark, foreign-looking person whose appearance was most deceptive, for she was, if possible, a far tougher customer than Meg, much less approachable, louder voiced, and terribly abusive. The road to Fox’s followed the present main road for a short distance, and then took up the slope of the hill, and kept right along on the opposite side of the Arrow River to where the hospital is situated. The diggers christened this track and the bridge before you come to Victoria bridge from the Cromwell side the Gentle Annie track and the Annie Bridge. When the escort was robbed at Clyde, Dalglish, the Police Inspector, was in charge; the thieves got away with the gold, bore up past the Roaring Meg, and made towards Fox’s by the Gentle Annie track, and somewhere there they planted the swag. A boot-maker in Arrow gave the show away. He was in the know, and the police got on to the cache, and nearly all of the gold was recovered. A full account of the dredges in the river, with origin of the curious names now fast disappearing into oblivion, is surely not beyond the powers of one of the few surviving pioneers, who so splendidly “blazed the trail” by which scores came to fortune.

There is a most exciting story of Bully Hayes, the buccaneer, who is said, by some, to have kept a pub in Arrotown in the “sixties,” and eventually to have left the place, going back to the South Seas, and promptly throwing his wife and someone else overboard in pursuance of a terrible threat made in Arrow. We have no record of the story, only a faint recollection; perhaps someone will give the details. The story as told to us showed him up in as lurid a light behind the bar and as blackguardly a scoundrel on the goldfields as he was bully and murderer in the South Seas. From what we can gather we think the whole yarn is a fairy tale originated by the name of the lake in the neighbourhood.

In 1864 Dr Douglas was appointed to the Whakatipu District Hospital, situated at Frankton, some four miles from what is now Queenstown, and near the outlet of Lake Whakatipu into the Kawarau. The building was erected by the Otago Provincial Government in 1863, and served its purpose well for a period of over 30 years, when it was destroyed by fire. In 1863, when the Shotover rush attracted thousands from Australia and all parts of the Colony of New Zealand, Beach street, on the shores of the lake, was a scene of extraordinary activity. In the beginning the numbers who came were astounding; where the canvas town spread it is hard to-day to conceive. It quickly grew from a village into a veritable town. One settler, Mr Alex. Boyne, now deceased, who came with the first, placed the population at 20,000, so that the medical supervision of such a multitude was no sinecure. We have already mentioned the names of other medical men who were early in the district, and there is no doubt that in that mass of humanity there were doctors by the dozen. They were too anxious to get rich quick; the gleam and lure of the yellow metal was more to them than the hardly earned fee, and the chance of striking a pocket, all the possibilities of a fabulous rich claim, were more attractive than the graft and toil by night and day of the doctor, patiently binding up the maimed or healing the sick. Here, as in all parts of Otago wherever a goldfield was established or over what settled parts the bulk of the diggers trekked, fever in the form of typhoid and diphtheria speedily showed itself. Douglas had been trained in the fifties, when the pages of Pasteur’s work
were only just being unfolded, and when to most the meaning of disease was a sealed book. Disinfectants were used sparingly, antisepsis unknown, and pathology could hardly be said to exist. Can it be wondered that the treatment was crude and deaths from zymotic diseases terribly common.

An additional cause of sickness at the lake side was lack of supervision and absence of common sense in allowing a huge aggregation of horses right among the tents, for it was no uncommon thing to see from 150 to 200 pack horses mixed up fighting, kicking and squealing in inextricable confusion. Over 1000 horses at grass in the gorge in close proximity to the town increased the responsibilities of Dr Douglas, for he had none of our knowledge of the disease-carrying capabilities of the stable and the house fly. Dr Douglas had long and trying journeys, and many a poor fellow lost his life by being in an inaccessible spot or in one to which the doctor could not travel quickly enough to save his life. One such has come to our knowledge, in which a miner got his foot jammed under a cross piece of wood, below the sluice of his claim, and in a spot where the water poured continually over him. His mates tried with sacks, oilskins and pieces of timber to divert the stream of water, and at the same time set about endeavouring to free his foot. For some reason more water kept interfering with their efforts, possibly through rain coming on, and the poor fellow got colder and colder. Hours went past, the doctor was many, many miles away; and the upshot of the accident was that before they got his foot free the man died from exhaustion, practically drowned in the icy cold water from the slopes of Mount Earnslaw. On another occasion a man working on a mountain run on the west side of the lake fell and snapped his leg bones right through below the knee. With his leg dragging behind him he crawled on hands and knees for over a mile, up hill and down dale, through fern, tussock, and tomatoukouru, over stones, streams and pebbles, and finally got to his mates with his hands and knees bare, cut, and mashed to a jelly. He was placed upright on horseback with his leg slung in flax and stirrup leathers, so that he practically sat in a sort of holster with all his weight into it, and his leg dangling free below. It was an example of fairly effective First Aid, for the weight of the foot and lower part of the leg, and rough korari and flax stripping kept the ends of the bones separate. So precipitous were the mountains and so rough the character of the country that the horse had literally to slide down the hills upon its tail, but little further damage was done to the limb. After a boat had taken him across the lake, he had to be carried on a stretcher for several miles before reaching Dr Douglas, who congratulated the men upon the way they had transported and handled their mate and assured them that they had not only saved his leg, but probably his life. The doctor speedily made him more comfortable, and in due time turned him out upon his two pegs, as sound as ever.

One thing which must have given Dr Douglas food for thought was the strange effect of the Lake Whakatipu water upon objects thrown into it, and the difficulty many persons said they found in swimming in it. It is said that if a match is thrown into the water it will sink straight down, and that the body of a drowned person goes down and never comes up. Now, we have had no opportunity of proving or disproving these statements, but we have discussed this matter with residents of the district and with visitors, and they have reiterated the statements and assured us that they are quite true. It is composed of the purest ice water, off the glaciers and the perpetual snow on some of the surrounding peaks, and just as sea water, which is very dense with salt, etc., will buoy the swimmer up, so theoretically this water, which is the least dense, being so pure, should allow of the swimmer sinking into it. We hope some of our readers will settle this question for us by carefully watched and guarded experiment. A strong active young fellow assured us that he received the fright of his life in the lake on one occasion. A number of men were talking of plate diving near one of the wharves or boats, and this young fellow, who rather fancied himself at the game, and had only just come to Queenstown, and had never been in the lake, bet that he would pick up so many out of a dozen. Off he stripped and in he dived into about 20 to 30 feet of water, where he could see the plates quite plainly, and he reached the first in an instant; picking up a couple he turned and gave the usual tap on the ground with his foot, expecting to shoot up to the surface of the water in the manner to which he was accustomed. To his surprise and horror he felt as if tons were shoving him down, and he had to actually swim up, hard and quickly, every inch of the way to the top, and when he got there, he was as nearly done as ever in his life. He said he would not try it again for a fortune. Now, is this a true bill, or is it only a “pulling of our leg?” At any rate it is quite worth while settling the point once for all. We have not the opportunity of looking through the Lake paper files, but feel sure that in 50 years of life there, some evidence one way or another must have cropped up in inquests of drowning cases.
In another portion of these articles Mr George Hassing makes interesting reference to these peculiarities of the water of the lake. He also gives the depth of Lake Wakatipu, about 16 miles from Kingston, from soundings taken at that spot, as 1400 feet.

The account of the tragedy at the Regatta of 1921, as reported in the Lake Wakatipu Mail of March 27, completely bears out what we have said as to the difficulty of swimming in this icy cold water of low density. We confess we are astonished that no comments were made at the inquest by men who must have been cognisant of the physical peculiarities of the water and of its supposed effects upon swimmers. That three individuals should have found themselves in serious difficulties in swimming half a chain is surely deserving of more than passing notice and might well have led to a thorough investigation by a series of experiments which perchance would prevent such a deplorable occurrence happening again. We republish the account of the accident from the paper we have mentioned.

“A most distressing drowning accident occurred on Regatta Bay, March 26, 1921 (Saturday), right under the eyes of a hundred spectators who had gathered on the wharf to witness the race finishes. The victim of the tragedy was a young man named Lachlan Russel Fraser, aged 22, employed in the clerical staff of the National Mortgage and Agency Co., Ltd., Invercargill. He was one of the crew of the Invercargill Rowing Club competing in the Maiden Fours, the race being rowed about noon. The several crews got off all right, but as there was a swell getting up they experienced rather rough water, with the result that when the Invercargill rowing men reached the wharf their boat was swamping. The crew appeared to be in good spirits in spite of their discomfiture and an interchange of sallies with some of their mates on the wharf ensued. This undoubtedly for the moment disarmed anyone who was apprehensive of their safety. However, after a couple of minutes the swamped crew upturned their boat and balanced themselves in recumbent attitude across the upturned craft. Lachlan Russel Fraser, who was next the stroke (W. T. Langbein) only remained balancing for a couple of seconds when he struck out for the wharf - only half a chain distant. He was then followed by his brother, J. Fraser, but he had only done about half a dozen strokes when he was noticed to turn over on his back and commence struggling. His brother made for him but before he could render him assistance he sank. By this time the coxswain (Alex. Mackenzie) had slipped off the upturned boat and was trying to keep balanced on a pair of crossed oars which were floating nearby. J. Fraser turned to his assistance and seized hold of him but soon both were showing signs of exhaustion. At this moment a man named J. Roche, of Springfield, divested himself of his coat, plunged from the wharf and went to their rescue. A second man, Ian Macdonald, of Oamaru, then plunged in from the wharf and made a series of dives in an endeavour to locate the unfortunate young fellow Fraser, who had quite disappeared from view, but he was unsuccessful. A life belt was also thrown from the wharf. The small boat then came alongside and picked up the remainder of the crew and their plucky rescuers. The whole affair happened a such a short space of time that the tragedy came as a great shock to the crowd assembled on the wharf. It is the confirmed opinion of seasoned rowing men that had the swamped crew stuck to their boat the fatality would not have occurred. Dragging operations, supervised by the police, were immediately undertaken for the recovery of Lachlan Russel Fraser’s body, and at about 2.30 p.m. it was got in 14 ft of water close to the spot where Fraser was observed to sink.” (Lake Wakatipu Mail, March 27, 1921.)

In addition to doing excellent work in the little hospital, Dr Douglas had to act as settler of disputes end arbiter in all sorts of cases, as he was a Justice of the Peace. It is more than likely that he often discreetly turned his back, for fights were frequent. At first there was no police protection and the diggers took the law into their own hands. On one occasion when a prospector had wilfully or carelessly misled his mates as to the whereabouts of a supposed strike, they took him out into the hills, and it was by the merest chance that they did not lynch him. As it was he had a severe knocking about, and was given a few hours to “vamoose.” People arrived in such numbers and so constantly, that claims pegged out one day were surrounded by other pegs perhaps the next, and disputes at once arose as to the boundaries of the various claims. Strong parties would try to dispossess weaker parties of their claims, and bystanders would chip in and make things lively. Mr George Calder described at the time of the Gabriel’s Jubilee how he remembered such a quarrel. One digger got his opponent down and rolled him into a big hole of water, holding his head under, where he would have drowned him had not the onlookers interfered in the nick of time. Here, as elsewhere, the elusive Jo held sway. If an individual happened to come along with a white shirt on, or in any way was better dressed than the ordinary digger, there would at once commence all over the place the yell “Jo, Jo, Jo,” and this would be kept up as long as the unfortunate person
remained in sight, which was usually not long. John Barleycorn’s influence was soon apparent, for hard working diggers having unearthed a little gold would invite all and sundry to come and have a drink at their expense, giving the impression that they were just as anxious to get rid of their gold as they had been to acquire it.

In those days nearly everyone wore moleskin trousers, slouch felt hat and a red sash, which the Victorians wore with an end of the sash hanging on each side high and heavy top boots when they could be obtained. The police, who had an arduous and perilous occupation, wore a distinctive and rather striking uniform - dark blue tunic or coat with cross shoulder-belt, corduroy riding breeches with high-topped riding boots and spurs, black peaked helmet with chin chain, or bracelet strap. The officers’ uniform had white and silver facings, and they wore white gloves, or, rather, carried them in their pockets. With the thousand and one accidents to which those on the goldfields were liable, Dr Douglas was well familiar, and it says much for his persistence, love for his work, and most remarkable health, that he held the position of Superintendent of the Whakatipu District Hospital from 1864 to 1910, with infinite credit to himself and to the entire satisfaction of the inhabitants. He resigned in September, 1910, and retired into private practice at Queenstown. He received a public presentation on this occasion, which was a worthy and memorable one. We now quote from the Lake Wakatipu Mail of March 7, 1911. The article is headed, “Death of Wakatipu’s grand old man, Dr James Douglas, in his 74th year:”

“We regret to have to report that Dr James Douglas, L.F.P.S., Glasgow, has passed away to join the Great Majority. He was born in Hull, England in 1837, but was the eldest son of Mr John Douglas of Lesmahagow, Lanarkshire, Scotland. To the community the news will come as a great shock, for the late doctor appeared to enjoy good health until about 10 or 12 days before his death. His illness was of very short duration and was really due to weakening of the heart’s action, which brought on other complications. Dr J. B. Thomson, who was in attendance, feared the worst and advised the summoning of his relatives, who arrived just in time to see the dear old doctor pass away.

“During the whole of his professional career Dr Douglas exercised the greatest medical and surgical skill and performed his duties with much assiduity. Many, many times has the old man ridden in the darkness of the night over most dangerous and precipitous bridle tracks, into gullies and ravines amidst our gigantic mountains, in prosecution of his profession, though knowing full well he would never receive a fee. For over 40 years he was president of the Lake County Jockey Club, and for only a slightly shorter period president of the Lakes District Acclimatisation Society. The doctor was a true lover of sport, and he did probably more towards its upkeep than any man in Lake County. He was a member of the Wakatipu Licensing Committee, of the Lake Lodge of Ophir, cricket and tennis clubs, etc. He also at one time occupied the position of member of the Lake County Council and he was also a Justice of the Peace for many years.

**TOKOMAIRIRO IN THE SIXTIES AND SEVENTIES.**

Alexander Brown in his interesting brochure, “The Early Settlement of the Tokomairiro Plain,” tells us that his brother James Elder Brown was trained as a teacher in the Old Country and came to the Colony for his health, arriving by the Ajax in January 1849. He was thoroughly acquainted with machinery, his father having been in control of large sawmills at Gordon Castle, and the young fellow, showing an intimate knowledge of mechanics, attracted the attention of W. H. Valpy, a fellow-passenger on the Ajax, who engaged him immediately on arrival to superintend the erection and put in the machinery of his saw and flour mills on the Water of Leith. Peter McGill, who arrived by the Mooltan in December 1849, was a trained miller, and he was installed by Valpy to work the flour mill. Brown and McGill lived together for some time in the same hut at what is now Woodhaugh. When the Brown family arrived from Home in 1850, James Brown left the mill and went to live at Anderson’s Bay, but on the death of Valpy in October, 1852, McGill continued to run the flour mill, working it “on terms” - that is, with a good percentage of the profits. At times grain became very scarce, and consequently the mill had little or nothing to do, and we have in our possession a letter to Mrs Valpy, for whom McGill was working, complaining bitterly about her non-delivery of flour which had been promised. We have also a bill from Edward McGlashan, who took over the mill, dated February 25, 1854, it is for half a ton of “overheads,” at £30 a ton, and 200lbs of 2nds at 25s. When matters improved and the province began to go ahead, McGill thought that he would launch out for himself in one of the country districts, and making up his mind in 1856 that Tokomairiro was the most promising in appearance, he selected land suitable for the site of a mill and took levels for a water
race. The Browns, father and son, also decided to leave Anderson’s Bay, and to settle in Tokomairiro. In order
to help in the business, they selected 100 more acres near by. This gave them a far better fall for the fluming
which was to carry the water, and McGill, who had married a sister of the Browns, made arrangements with
Henry Clark to put up houses for all of them. Another brother, George, followed shortly from the Bay and
selected 150 acres, and Murdoch, who had married another sister of the Browns, took up 100 acres adjoining
George, so that, as Alexander Brown says, by a very natural chain of circumstances all that portion of what
became Milton on the west side of the main street, and part of the south end on the east side on McGill’s land,
belonged to the members of the family, or to those connected with it by marriage. Brown, senior, sold the first
business site in Milton to Mansford, who built thereon a combined store and residence and lived there for some
years. We have been fortunate in obtaining much valuable information about Tokomairiro from Mr Donald
Reid, whose, life has been spent in the district, and whose whole identity is bound up with that of the locality.
The bearer of an honoured name, he was born in the province in the early “fifties,” has been a member of the
House of Representatives for his district, was on the Borough Council for many years, and on a number of
occasions mayor of the important town of Milton, and has fostered and vigorously pushed on every movement
that has had for its aim the betterment of his town or district. A keen volunteer, a crack rifle shot, and an ardent
horticulturist, growing flowers and fruit in wonderful profusion, we are greatly indebted to him for considerable
trouble in scanning the files of the local paper for us. We also express our thanks to the proprietors of the Bruce
Herald for their courtesy.

Robert Martin, pioneer of the Tokomairiro, was in 1850 the first to settle on the plain, having purchased land on
the west side of the road, where Fairfax Government township now stands. Here he built his house close to the
bush which then clothed the ridges, but which has since been nearly all cut away, and here he lived for many
years. Fairfax, now called Tokotiti, was laid off originally as the Government township, although in some of the
earlier Crown grants it is called “the town of Tokomairiro.” In 1856, the first Presbyterian Church was erected at
Fairfax, and it was opened for public worship by the Rev. Wm. Bannerman in February, 1857. About this time
Peter McGill erected a flour mill on the north branch of the Tokomairiro River near the centre of the plain, and a
few years later added an oatmeal mill. The present brick structure marks the site of the original mills. Fairfax
being rather far away, the mill hands soon began erecting dwellings near the mills. In course of time the new
settlement came to be known as “the Mill Town.” Prior to 1860, the main road was on the east side of the plain,
at the foot of the hills until it reached Fairfax, thence it turned at right angles towards Milton and crossed the
river by a bridge erected nearly opposite Nelson’s present residence. On the Milton side of this bridge, Smith
and Hibbard built the first store in this locality. Along the line of this road the following early settlers made their
selections: Beginning from the north - George Lindsay (Birkenhead), Joseph Lang, Thomas Dall, John Salmond,
William Black, Thomas Brookes (Brooklands), James Smith (Springfield), Alexander Duthie (Janefield), John
Dewe, Edward Martin and Robert Martin. Then the township of Fairfax is reached. In 1850, the present main
south road through the centre of the plain was constructed, and this greatly facilitated and shortened all through
traffic. That there were two separate surveys, and that the pegs did not coincide, can be inferred from the strange
“kink” in the main street next the Technical School. Here the west side south of the crossing is in a line with the
east side north of it, and the possibilities of a magnificent thoroughfare through a fine city are spoiled by a
surveyor’s error. The township of Milton was laid off by Robert Gillies, assisted by James E. Brown, and they
suggested the propriety of naming the streets after the poets - Shakespeare, Spenser, Chaucer, Dryden, Burns,
Ossian, etc. It was here that “Milton” came into his own and the old name of “Mill Town” disappeared. On
either side of the main road intersecting Milton abutted the properties of Messrs P. McGill, J. E. Brown, W. S.
S. Reid, and James Smith. All land fronting the road for some distance back was subdivided into quarter-acre
sections, and these sections were included in the new township. The subdivisions thus became united by
Milton’s main street, which was appropriately named “Union Street.” The first number of “The Bruce Herald”
was published at Milton, as a weekly, by Joseph Mackay, a well-known bookseller and stationer of Dunedin, on
April 14, 1864. In the leading column its advent is announced thus: “The Bruce Herald forms the 14th
newspaper now being issued from the Otago Press, while the entire weekly issues of the province amount to 30.
Of this number 25 are published in Dunedin, four on the goldfields, one in the north of the province, while the
Bruce Herald embraces for its field of operations the extensive tract of country from Kaikorai southward to
Mataura, including Tuapeka.” Although 56 years have passed since then, the first and subsequent numbers
contain many items of interest to many of the older settlers still residing in the district. To give a few: “The
construction of the main line of telegraph from Dunedin to Tokomairiro is being rapidly proceeded with. Already the posts are erected for some nine or 10 miles along the Tokomairiro end of the line.” We are also told that the new court house will be both handsome and commodious; the contract has been taken by James Dickson, of Tokomairiro at the sum of £509. (This building was erected near the present High School and was burnt down and all records lost about 13 years afterwards.) “On April 8, Peter McGill’s stacks were consumed by fire. The loss was £500, and there was no insurance.”

Of course long before this the goldfields had been discovered and through the district tramped thousands of would-be diggers. Creaking wagons toiled slowly along, the patient bullocks swinging their heads from side to side, dripping saliva from their mouths, swishing their tails at each crack of the terrible whip, and laboriously dragging their huge load. Rumbling drays, whose quicker-stepping, powerful horses, sweated under their burden, and responded to the call upon their magnificent muscles, swaggered “humping their blueys” and clattering their tin cans, served to make the passing procession look like companies of soldiers on the trek. Many of the travellers were faint by the way and dropped out; unsuitable boots, want of food, over-hot clothing, lack of stamina, excessive indulgence in strong drink, broke up frames, some of which were already enfeebled through the ravages of pulmonary disease or rheumatism. Whatever the cause, for many months the doctors of the district, of whom we have spoken, had arduous work, and hoped from the returning miners to reap a rich harvest. From the men on the way to the diggings, they expected, and indeed got little. One point that seemed to excite comment, here as elsewhere, was that the parties or squads going up hardly ever seemed to speak to those coming back, or to ask them how they got on, what luck, etc. The reason was no doubt that most of those returning were the unfortunates, the “out of luck,” the faint hearts, who for the thousand and—one reasons such persons always find, had “chucked up the sponge.” To one such party Brown, senior, addressed himself, and asked why the up-trailers never seemed to question the returning prodigals, and the answer was, “Well, you see, diggers never think of doing that; you will always see lots of men coming back in every new rush, however rich a field may be; every man wants to go on and see for himself; each man thinks that his luck may be better than the last one.” Contrary to the experience of those who held runs on the Dunstan track from West Taieri, where the fences were polled to pieces, the diggers who passed through the Tokomairiro behaved themselves well. According to Alexander Brown, so far as his place was concerned the post and rail fences were not damaged, though the bark was all carefully removed for firing. Of course long before this the goldfields had been discovered and through the district tramped thousands of would-be diggers. Creaking wagons toiled slowly along, the patient bullocks swinging their heads from side to side, dripping saliva from their mouths, swishing their tails at each crack of the terrible whip, and laboriously dragging their huge load. Rumbling drays, whose quicker-stepping, powerful horses, sweated under their burden, and responded to the call upon their magnificent muscles, swaggered “humping their blueys” and clattering their tin cans, served to make the passing procession look like companies of soldiers on the trek. 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According to Alexander Brown, so far as his place was concerned the post and rail fences were not damaged, though the bark was all carefully removed for firing.
fishhooks, occasional mining accidents in the Waitahuna district, when Dr Halley, from Lawrence, could not be got, gave extra trouble; Maoris at Waihola, like those elsewhere, would insist, when burning with measles, on sitting down and splashing themselves with cold water, or came in with terrible rips and cuts from the tusks of wild pigs. Gunshot wounds occurred from the indiscriminate use of firearms by many ignorant of their mechanism - mechanism which to us to-day would be a nightmare. There were quaint muzzle-loading flint-lock pistols, with barrels to be turned by hand, and unscrewed for cleaning purposes, heavy bore guns which threw a slug of several ounces and kicked like a mule, Can it be wondered that the use of firearms added grist to the doctors’ mill?? Numbers of men were drowned through carelessness in driving over dangerous roads and bridges in the dark. Men started off in haphazard fashion from one of the numerous hotels late at night, with loaded lumbering waggons, and nothing more was heard of them until a policeman appeared asking for witnesses at an inquest. Of this class of accident the following two will suffice, and when one realises that the doctor might be sent for to one such, perhaps away up at Glenore, and on returning to Milton find a messenger requiring his immediate attendance at the Taieri Mouth, one can take in some of his difficulties. In place of bridges most of the rivers had to be forded carefully, or the horse swum across; some had to be negotiated by mokihi, the Maori method of a bundle of korari sticks tied with flax. This was sat astride, the legs deep in, up to the hips, to act as a balance, and had to be paddled across or pulled by flax rope as occasion demanded. We think we see the top-hatted specialist of to-day laying aside portion of his neat clothing, turning up his trousers, and daring such a crossing, and yet this was done daily by our brave pioneers of medicine and surgery. No thermometer was available, and when one did “arrive” it was a fearsome thing about 10in long and was rarely carried about from house to house. The progress of a fever case could only be judged by the hand, and its conduct and successful issue depended far more upon actual experience of the practitioner than it does to-day.

About the end of 1865, young Donald Reid was very ill at Dunedin and expressed a desire to see his friend, Dr A. J. Fergusson, who had commenced the practice of his profession at Milton in March previous. His father (Charles Reid) telegraphed for the doctor to come up. At this time Donald Reid was being attended by Drs Hulme and Burns, who were also in consultation with Drs Waters and Nelson. Dr Fergusson was at the Clutha races when the telegram arrived and he did not receive the same till 11 p.m. He borrowed a horse from Andrew McLaren and rode straight to Dunedin, arriving there at 6 a.m. On examining the patient, Dr Fergusson advised Mr Reid that Dr Adolphe Weber, at Milton, was the best man in Otago to consult for the particular complaint from which the patient was suffering, and Mr Reid asked Dr Weber to come to town by the next coach. Dr Weber duly arrived and remained in Dunedin for a week, and in 10 or 12 days the patient completely recovered and spent a long holiday with Dr A. J. Fergusson at Milton. For his services in the matter Dr Fergusson was presented with a horse, harness and buggy. Many years afterwards, when passing through America, the same patient was examined under the X Rays by Thomas Alva Edison. Said the great scientist, shaking his head – “Not even my heat apparatus will enable me to see through a lawyer.”

Dr Fergusson had many cases of frost bite to attend to. Miners were carried back from the diggings on improvised stretchers, their feet in a deplorable state, and on the level the frosts were very severe, one in the winter of 1862 being memorable. On this occasion Waipuka Lake was completely frozen over, and we have been told that vehicles took a short cut across a corner of it, venturing right out on the ice over deep water, like they do in Canada. We are inclined to think this is a little bit too “thick.” Dr Fergusson was a patient, kindly physician, who spent days and nights waiting in sod huts, with never a murmur of impatience, until the welcome cry of the little stranger was heard, and the trembling father told that his wife was out of danger, and that a son had been born to carry on his name.

Thomas Calderwood, in the employ, of Smith and Hibbard, was upset in crossing the bridge, the dray falling upon him in the river below. An inquest was, held before Mr Dewe, R.M., when a verdict of accidental death was returned. Another inquest was held, before Mr Dewe, on the body of H. F. Turner, who was drowned on July 13, 1864. Patrick Keef, a Carter, left Thomas Shaw’s accommodation house at the Woolshed for Adam’s Flat, about one o’clock in the morning. In the cart with Keef were Ayre, Kelly and Turner. Before going far, the near wheel went over the edge of a creek and the cart upset. Keef fell into the water and struggled out. He found Ayre on the bank pulling Kelly out. He tried to get to the horse’s head, but was weak and found the water deep and was afraid to go in. Thomas Shaw said the party left, his house about two o’clock in the morning. They were all sober and had only had some ginger wine at his house. Ayre returned some time later and said he
believed that Turner was drowned. They lit a lamp and went to the place. Ayre went into the creek and searched, but with no result. At eight o’clock Constable Corry saw the cart lying upside down in the water. Both wheels were a few inches above the water, They cut the horse loose, turned the cart over, and the body of Turner floated up. The hole was about 10 feet wide, but the creek was narrow and shallow at either side of the hole. A verdict of “Accidental death” was returned.

A supplement to the first number of the Herald contains the names of 300 claimants to have their names placed on the electoral roll for the Bruce County. Of the number only two Tokomairiro applicants now remain - James Lockhart, Milton, and David Gardyne, Brooklands. Frederic Twiss, another applicant, died on December 24, 1920, aged 91 years. In the good old days, Cobb and Co’s. “Telegraph Line of Royal Mail Coaches” carried thousands of passengers to and from Milton. In 1864 the fare, Dunedin to Milton, was 30s. The journey to Invercargill cost £6, and occupied two days. In our time, this journey is accomplished in five hours at a cost of 13s 9d, and yet people complain. A few weeks ago a De Haviland aeroplane flew from Stewart Island to Dunedin in something under an hour and a quarter. What did the good old pioneers think of it, who went to the district in the sixties and seventies, and by hard honest labour now reap the benefit of their toil in comfortable homes, smiling cornfields, and blooming gardens? What were their thoughts when they heard the roar of the engines of this strange craft above their heads, saw it loom up from the south, swoop over Milton, and on into the gorge and out of sight in a few seconds? Did they think that when they were lusty infants in their mother’s arms away back in the “forties,” in the Motherland, Tennyson, with marvellous foresight penned the prophetic lines:

For I dipped into the future  
Far as human eye could see,  
Saw the vision of the world,  
And all the wonder that would be.  
Saw the Heavens fill with commerce,  
Argosies of magic sails,  
Pilots of the purple twilight,  
Dropping down with costly bales.

In this year of grace 1921 could the inhabitants of Milton not see to it that one little street be named after a poet who at this period is recognised as worthy to be ranked with the greatest. Thus would they commemorate the unique occasion when “the argosy of magic sails” first crossed the golden fields and substantial homesteads of the Tokomairiro Plain.

FRANCIS M’BEAN STEWART.

The early settlers were just as keen on all kinds of sport as the present generation. Horse racing, ploughing matches, trotting and cricket matches, were popular farms of recreation. The first races were held on May 3, 1864 in a paddock across the North Branch, near L. Dawson’s residence. Although there were only four races and the first started punctually to time, there was much grumbling at the delay in getting off subsequent events. This led to a row between the stewards and the clerk of the course, for the delay was such that the last race had to be run absolutely in the dark. In this race one of the jockeys was knocked off and seriously hurt and many of the horses ran off the course into the river, causing great amusement.

The first race, Bruce District Purse, 25s0vs, was won by W. Draper’s Lady Morgan; second race, Tokomairiro Handicap, 60s0vs, second horse 60s0vs, C. I. Hoyt’s Rob Roy first, D. Corsan’s Shillelagh second; third race, Hurdle Handicap, 40s0vs, D. Corsan’s Shillelagh first, C. I. Hoyt’s Rambler second; and the last race, Farmers’ Scurry, 20s0vs, Martin’s Jenny Lind first, and Hoyt’s Negro second. In this race Mr Hoyt’s Negro met with an accident and died during the night.

The first ploughing match held at Tokomairiro was in 1857, said to have been the first held in Otago. On that occasion not one horse-team competed, all were bullock teams, and most of the bullocks were yoked in the primitive fashion of bows and yokes. The fifth match is reported in the Herald of August 4, 1864. Regret was expressed at the falling off of entries as compared with the match held in 1862, when 40 ploughs were entered as against 26 this year. The ground chosen was Mr Thomas Reed’s “Esk Bank” farm. There was only one
plough with bullocks, and these were in harness. The prizes were won by the ploughmen of the following settlers:—first prize, £5, Peter McGill; second prize, £4, John McFarlane; third prize, £3, John Dewe; fourth prize, £2, James Martin; fifth prize, £1, Robert McKenzie. John L. Gillie’s prize for the best kept harness was won by Peter McGill, and James Lockhart’s prize for the second best kept harness was won by James Smith. In the evening 70 gentlemen sat down to a dinner in the White Horse Hotel. Mr Dewe, R.M., was chairman and Mr H. Clark, M.P.C., vice. Judging from the toasts and the generous offers of prizes for the next match all must have had a good time. Of that merry party Mr James Lockhart only remains.

The Tokomairiro Property Investment Society, the precursor of the present Bruce Building Society, was established in December, 1863, under the presidency of W. H. Mansford. The first annual meeting was held in March, 1865, when the profits on 513 shares amounted to £1081. Mr Alfred Jones was elected president for the ensuing year.

The volunteer movement in Otago really originated in Tokomairiro in 1860. At a public meeting held in January of that year, Mr Dewe proposed that it was desirable to organise a volunteer force in Tokomairiro, and the proposal was carried with acclamation. Application was forthwith made to the authorities for instructions, and about six months later a reply was received from the Colonial Secretary with the necessary information for raising a corps. Another meeting was held, when a strong committee was appointed to canvas the district. At a subsequent meeting a petition for enlistment, signed by upwards of 150 men, was presented, and this petition was forwarded to the Superintendent for transmission to Auckland. Pending a reply, the volunteers proceeded with their arrangements, and elected their officers. After months of delay inquiries were made, and it was found that the petition had not been forwarded from Dunedin. (The above par is abridged from the Herald of 30th June, 1864).

Bruce Rifles. - At a meeting on 9th July, 1864, it was resolved to raise a volunteer force in Tokomairiro, and an influential committee was formed to report on the 16th. At this meeting a petition for enrolment was signed by 70 men and forwarded to Auckland with a request for a supply of arms and ammunition. Application was then made to Commissioner St. John Branigan to allow Constable Perdue to act as instructor, and on the 26th the first drill took place, the men deciding to drill twice a week. On the 16th of August the Governor accepted the services of petitioners and promised a supply of arms, etc. On September 13, the company made its first appearance in public and marched through the town. On the 20th, Adjutant Graham, of Dunedin Militia, swore in the men as members of the Bruce Rifles. The following officers were appointed on November 23:—Alfred Jones, captain; Edward Stewart, lieutenant; Harry Maryatt, ensign; these officers to elect the non-coms. Long Enfield rifles were issued on December 7, and the first march out in uniform took place on March 1, 1865.

In those days two breweries were in full operation at Milton - Braithwaite, Hickling & Co in the “Tokomairiro Brewery,” and A. D. Duncan, a local hotel keeper, in “The Milton Brewery.”

At the annual licensing meeting held on April 20, before John Dewe and J. P. Maitland, R.M’s., the following publicans’ licenses were granted:—R. W. Capstick, White Horse Hotel; A. D. Duncan, New Bridge Hotel; James Goodall, Tokomairiro Hotel; Thos. Lewis, Royal Oak Hotel; Henry Morwitch, Great Britain Hotel; and Alexander Stewart, Milton Hotel. Applications by R. W. Capstick and Henry Morwitch for 12 o’clock instead of 10 o’clock licenses were refused, the Bench not considering a 12 o’clock license to be necessary in the district. The Herald advertised that the partnership existing between Edward Stewart and William Scott, under the firm of Stewart & Scott, clothiers, Tokomairiro, was on April 11, 1864, dissolved by mutual consent. The business was then carried on by Edward Stewart, who was a popular and public spirited citizen. He continued the business to the date of his death in 1892, when it was taken over and is still carried on by the members of his family.

Samuel Rowley advertised for sale 30,000 thorns, 3000 apple, pear, plum and cherry trees, and 500 gooseberry and currant bushes, and Henry White 40,000 thorns and 1000 fruit trees. Mr White, however, offered cabbage, Scotch kale, and savoy plants at is 6d per 100, and announced that he would give, free of charge to purchasers of 1000 and over, “White’s” cure for the blight. There could not have been many sales of 1000 and over, because the blight is still as troublesome as ever.
Through the sixties toiled and shivered in the winters, sweat and gasped in the summers, Drs Fleming, Weber, and Fergusson, each in his turn doing his best for the people around him. So through the sixties we pass, a wonderful decade which changed the very face of the Tokomairiro Plain. Gold brought prosperity, prosperity population: journalists note with interest that telegraphic messages were sent right through to Invercargill early in 1865; sportsmen, that black swans were first liberated upon Waihola lake in December of the same year. In 1866 the foundation was laid of the Anglican church at Tokomairiro; Chinese first arrived in the Province; first show of the Otago Agricultural and Pastoral Society. Nomination of mayor and councillors of the town of Milton, Mr Brown elected. First cable message from Wellington to Dunedin. Death of the oldest resident in the Bruce district, Thomas Russell, who had been at Willsher Bay in 1840, and whose cottage was still standing. In 1867, the Governor, Sir George Grey, toured the whole Province, and Milton was en fête with arches, etc. A paragraph appeared in the Southland News about the successful acclimatisation of rabbits. Trout ova were brought from Tasmania. Anderson’s, the first steam flour mill opened in Dunedin. In 1868 the first Clutha Agricultural Show; importation by the Acclimatisation Society of thrushes, blackbirds, house sparrows, skylarks, etc. Provincial Council offer a bonus of £1500 for the first five thousand yards of woollen cloth locally manufactured. Opening of traffic bridge at Balclutha. Reaping machines were first made by Reid and Gray in 1869. Rabbits were first voted a nuisance. Visit of the Duke of Edinburgh. First bicycle and tricycle exhibited in Dunedin. Farewell to Mr Branigan and gazetting of Commissioner Weldon; first meeting of the University Council; arrival of Maori prisoners; promotion of Forbury Park Company. In 1870, the very first intimation that Dr Moran, of Port Elizabeth, Cape of Good Hope, was appointed Roman Catholic Bishop of Dunedin appeared in the Bruce Herald on February 24. Rev. James Chisholm called to Tokomairiro. Provincial Council sets apart endowments for hospitals and High Schools. Reunion of Otago and Southland. First parade of cadet companies. In November, 1870, J. C. Brown became Member for Bruce, a road steamer was imported by J. L. Gillies, and the Clutha and Tokomairiro Club Shows were a great success and attraction. In March 1871 the first sod of the Clutha railway was turned by His Excellency, Sir George Bowen. During the course of construction of this line, which was let in sections by contract, numbers of minor accidents took place, and not a few more serious, owing to slips of earth or breaking of timbers. Limbs were broken and men, at times, were actually killed outright or smothered under an accumulation of debris before they could be extricated. The elections for the House of Representatives brought out some curious contests. There was a sort of general scramble for seats, men standing for several seats at one time and “taking a shot.” Thus, in 1870, Macindoe beat Cutten for Caversham; in 1871, Murray beat Cutten for Bruce, and Thomson beat Macandrew for Clutha, Brown beat Cutten for Tuapeka, and Macandrew beat Jago for Port Chalmers. In the Provincial Council elections, which were quite different, but generally held about the same time, Cutten attained a seat for Dunedin City, Mollison beat Dyer for Waihola, and Thomson and Henderson were elected for Clutha. In July, Mr John Gillies died; and on August 23 the people of the Tokomairiro district gave a very fine valedictory testimonial, etc., to their magistrate, Mr Dewe. In October, Mr Arthur Burns began the manufacture of cloth at Mosgiel, and in a short time the mills were in full swing, but it was many years before the people of Milton succeeded in establishing the fine factory for similar work in the Tokomairiro district. At this time Harry Yeend’s coaches ran regularly from the Empire Hotel in High street, just about Watsons of to-day, spanning their way to the White Horse at Milton, and back every day. Six fine white horses made a great display as they clattered into Princes street, wheeling to the right, scattering the pedestrians and settling into their collars for the first pull up Princes street past the new Post Office, now the Lands Office. We are enabled through the courtesy of the trustees of the late Mr Alex. Thomson to show an excellent photograph of the Tokomairiro coach preparing for a start. The coach is standing just in front of a butcher’s shop above the Empire. Mr Walter Beadle, of Islington street, an early resident of Dunedin, informs us that in this shop, or one of its immediate predecessors, there was a chopping and sausage-making machine.
which was driven by a “horsepower.” Instead of the circular track horse-power, so often seen on farms in those
days, this was worked by a treadmill, and a sturdy horse plodding away on its dreary round was a source of
endless delight to the boys of the time. In January 1872 the White Horse Hotel at Milton caught fire and in
March of the same year the Empire Hotel in Dunedin, from which the coach started, was also badly burned. In
April the Kaitangata coal mine was first opened for the production of coal, and on May 17 the Tokomairiro and
Clutha Societies held their first grain show, practically the first “Winter Show” of the Province, if not of New
Zealand. Goodall was elected Mayor of Tokomairiro, and McNeil of Balclutha. The first cablegram came
through from London in eight days, and the first stone of the new post office for Milton was laid with
considerable ceremony on May 14, 1873. J. L. Gillies defeated Cunningham for the Provincial Council seat for
Milton, but Cunningham was shortly after elected Mayor of the town, the following year being succeeded by
Goodall. The Tokomairiro Farmers’ Club held a great ploughing match; the Southern trunk railway was opened
as far as Green Island on December 14, 1874. In March, 1874, there came to Tokomairiro another doctor. The
district had grown greatly in importance, as the preceding summary shows. Fleming had moved to Oamaru,
Weber was in indifferent health, and Fergusson was anxious to transfer to Dunedin, so that Francis McBean
Stewart, a Scottish surgeon of middle age, thought that he had at last lighted on a good field, and he made
overtures to Fergusson for the purchase of his practice. He had been practising in the Homeland for some 10
years, and as he was of the age and experience to suit the district, he soon came to an agreement with Fergusson.
One of the first patients they had to attend together was Dr Adolph Weber, who died suddenly the same year.
McBean Stewart was attracted to the Colony by the glowing stories of the prosperity of the country, and at the
same time, no doubt, felt that the climate would be of benefit to his health. He had been severely affected by
frost bite in the Arctic regions, to which he had made several voyages, and this had left him slightly lame in both
feet. A country district, not too difficult to get about in, one in which a good rider could comparatively easily
cover the work, Milton under the improved conditions of the fairly decent roads of the seventies seemed to him
the very place. He was thick set and of sturdy frame, genial and good natured, an excellent surgeon and a skilful
physician. He was born in Dundee in 1838, and at the age of seven went to live with his uncle, Rev. Francis
McBean, of the Parish of Fort Augustus, on the shores of Loch Ness. In 1855, he went to Edinburgh to study
medicine and enrolled at the Royal College of Surgeons, but during his course, as numbers of young fellows did
in those days, went as a surgeon to the Arctic regions on a whaling vessel, the Steamer Narwhal. He later
continued his studies and in 1863 made another voyage to the inclement North, this time experiencing great
cold, which ever after more or less affected him. Among the men who were his teachers at the college and
university were Alison, Alexander Wood, Christie, Miller, and Simpson, the latter the well-known
obstetrician who had introduced chloroform and was at that time at the zenith of his fame, two years later
receiving a baronetcy. It may here be of interest to the Tokomairiro settlers, not a few of whom remember the
Highlands of Scotland, and many the Edinburgh of 1870, to remind them that James Simpson died on May 13 of
that year, and it is computed that over 30,000 persons attended or witnessed his burial. One of his greatest
pleasures was archaeological research, and an intimate friend, with similar tastes, was Professor James Pillans,
whose relatives were well-known settlers in the Clutha district of the seventies. McBean Stewart was to us
another link with the great teachers of medicine in Great Britain, and must often have listened to the words of wisdom which fell from their lips. Simpson’s lectures were occasionally enlivened with stories of folk-lore and ancient history, and possibly some of the Scottish settlers of the Tokomairiro of to-day remember the burial of living cattle for the “staying of the murrain.” Sir James often told the story how his grandfather, Alexander Simpson, of Linlithgow, a man of great shrewdness, was highly skilled in the diagnosis and treatment of cattle disease, but to these qualities was added a dash of deep superstition. On one occasion when murrain or rinderpest threatened to empty the well-filled cow byre at Slackend, the old man took counsel with his sons and pointed out that the plague could only be stayed by the giving up of a cow to be buried alive. Accordingly a grave was prepared in a field behind the byre and the animal led to it with great solemnity. “How shall we get her in,” said one son. “Father will take the head, you take the tail, and we will push at the side,” was the ready answer. “I remember,” said the man who told the story, seeing the earth heaving as the soil was pushed in.” Dr Simpson when detailing the story used these words, “Certainly some strange superstitions still remain among us; I have myself often listened to the account given by one near and dear to me who was in early life personally engaged in the offering up and burying alive of a poor cow as a sacrifice to the Spirit of the Murrain.” Another of his relatives enclosed the corner of one of his fields with a triangular stone wall. This piece, which was cut off, was the “Gudeman’s Croft,” an offering to the Spirit of Evil, in order that he might abstain from blighting or damaging the rest of the farm. Another interrupted his sowing of seed for a day, because two magpies flew across his fields, under the belief that all seed sown between the time of their flight and sunset would be blighted. Another uncle would return home at once if a hare crossed the road in front of him. “It is not to be thought that these were vulgar and valueless superstitions; in reality they were to the archaeologists of great interest and importance, when we remember that the popular superstitions of Scotland are for the most part true vestiges of the pagan creeds and customs of our earlier ancestors, our present folk-lore being only a degenerated form of the highest mythologic and medical lore of very distant times.” We have ourselves in Otago been told that one of the best cures for the “kinks of whooping cough” is to “let the bairns rin back and forrit beneath the belly of the cow or horse in the cow yard.” This possibly has some far off connection with the principle of getting the children out into the fresh air, and also the well-known idea of the value of the smell of cowsheds and dairies as a cure for consumption. Simpson was a firm believer in bleeding, as was Warburton Begbie, another of McBean Stewart’s teachers, and to this country was brought the best of the teaching which these men had instilled into the Scottish emigrant to our shores. He became L.R.C.S. and P Edin. in 1864, and shortly after was appointed medical officer of the Dundee Hospital. Later he began practice in Inverness, and became Medical Officer of Health, Inspector of Shipping, and surgeon of the Inverness Dispensary also assistant-surgeon to the Inverness-shire Highland Light Infantry Militia, and to the Second Battalion Cameron Highlanders. After four years he left Inverness and was appointed surgeon on the S.S. “Carpentaria,” a mail boat running between Glasgow and New York, and he remained on that route for two years. He then decided to visit the Colonies., and arrived in Dunedin on December, 1873, by the “City of Dunedin (Captain Daniel Ross), acting as surgeon of the ship on the voyage out.

Dr McBean Stewart commenced practice of his profession in Tokomairiro, Otago, in March, 1874. He remained for a period of two and a-half years during which time he had many dangerous trips visiting patients in the outlying districts fording rivers in flood, journeying for long distances and finding his way over hill and plain at all hours on horseback.

In 1876 he left Tokomairiro and settled in Ashburton, Canterbury, and during his stay there was chairman of the school committee, one of the managers of St. Andrew’s Presbyterian Church, and took great interest in the advancement of that rising township.

In 1881 he removed to Christchurch, where he later became honorary surgeon to the Christchurch Hospital, subsequently honorary senior surgeon for a period of 12 years, and on resigning from that position he was elected a member of the Christchurch Hospital Board.

In addition to his strictly professional work, he was one of the founders of the Caledonian Societies in Tokomairiro, Ashburton and Christchurch and a member of Christchurch City Council. He was a strong advocate for the inspection of slaughterhouses, the erection of abattoirs, and a more rigid inspection of dairies.
Dr McBean Stewart was a man of cheerful disposition, kind-hearted to a fault, a great lover of his native heath, a good raconteur of humorous experiences, and a splendid conversationalist.

He died in 1906, aged 68, and was buried at Addington Presbyterian Cemetery leaving a widow, three sons and one daughter. His eldest son, Lieutenant-Colonel Douglas McBean Stewart, left N.Z. in charge of the 1st Canterbury Infantry Battalion on October 16th, 1914, and was killed in action on Gallipoli on April 25, 1915.

WHAKATIPU AND WANAKA IN THE SIXTIES.

We have been greatly favoured with a criticism which we gladly print from the pen of Mr W. J. Williams, of St. Kilda, with regard to the early history of the lake district. Mr Williams says:-

I do not wish to detract in the least from the valuable, painstaking work accomplished by the late Dr Hocken in recording the early history of the province, but, in the interest of that accuracy which is so essential in this recording of history, I wish to direct attention to the old tradition about Messrs Rees and von Tunsleman having been the first to discover and explore Lake Wakatipu, as mentioned in this week’s Witness. Mr H. Beattie, of Gore, in his second series of “Pioneer Recollections,” goes exhaustively into this matter, and states that several persons had been at the lake prior to the end of the year 1859, while Messrs Rees and von Tunsleman did not reach it until the end of January or beginning of February, 1860. The evidence on this subject collected by Mr Beattie makes interesting reading. He sums up by giving to Mr Nathaniel Chalmers the credit of being the first known white man to gaze upon its waters, he having seen a portion of it from the Slate Mountains in November, 1853, and to Mr Donald Hay the credit of being the first to explore any extent of its shores. Mr Hay is credited with having explored a considerable portion of the lake in August, 1859, about six months before Messrs Rees and von Tunsleman arrived. It is not clear that Mr Rees ever claimed to be the discoverer of the lake; that credit, appears to have been first assigned to him by the writer of an article in the Otago Witness of March 24, 1860.

Mr George Hassing, whose interesting articles delight us all, kindly writes as follows in response to our request for information about the water of the inland lakes of Otago:

In your article appearing in the Witness of the 15th inst., I notice your query re the buoyancy of a body swimming or floating in Lake Wakatipu. Let me first state here that the deepest soundings ascertained in Wakatipu, about 16 miles from Kingston, was 1400ft., Lake Wanaka 1085ft., and Lake Hawea 1200ft. The height above sea level is: Wakatipu 1070 ft., Wanaka 928 ft., and Hawea 1062 ft.; Hawea’s sea level is therefore 134 ft. above that of Wanaka.

[NOTE - Mr McKerrow, chief surveyor of Otago, gives the following figures which can be found in the Survey Records, and the surface acres of the lakes are taken from measurements of the official survey map of Otago, 1871. The surface of Lake Wanaka is 928 ft. above sea level and its deepest part 157 ft. below sea level. Its area is 90 square miles, being about 30 miles in length and three in width. Hawea’s surface is 1062 ft. above sea level, and its deepest 223 ft. below sea level, and its size 20 miles by three miles. Lake Wakatipu’s depth and area are not here given.]

I have never swum in Lake Wakatipu, but very frequently in Lake Wanaka. The difference between the summer and winter temperatures - say at 10 fathoms depth - is scarcely measurable or perceptible. On one occasion with a wedding party, I acted as duck in a game known as “Catching the Duck.” I then swam, and frequently dived to avoid being caught, for about 45 minutes. The intense coldness of the water congealed the wax in my ears, causing complete deafness for more than a week, when it suddenly burst and restored my hearing. It is, of course, much harder work swimming in these lakes than in the dense salt water of the sea or ocean. Constant swimming activity is required, or down you go. Floating is almost impossible. The “Plate’ Story” of your diver seems to me an exaggeration. I have frequently dived to a considerable depth, and though I had to work my way up again to the surface, I experienced no undue pressure or unpleasant feeling.

With reference to persons drowned in the lakes and whose bodies have never risen to the surface again, that is quite true. The reason for that I ascribe to the fact that a body sunk below the surface in
water above a certain temperature will, in due time, decompose and rise to the surface; whereas the low temperature of the water in the lakes does not decompose the body of a human being nor of any animal. As proof of this theory, I may state that since the year 1860, I have never heard or read of a dead body being washed ashore on any one of the three large lakes, excepting in an instance which occurred in Queenstown Bay about 50 years ago. Then a small boat, containing two men, one named Asher Smith, known is Yankee Smith, a carpenter, and another man capsized in the boat a short distance out from shore abreast of Queenstown. Smith managed to scramble on to the bottom of the boat and was saved; but the other man went to the bottom. Through the prevailing northerly winds and the confined action of the water in the bay, the body of the dead man was eventually washed up on the beach in the course of about three weeks. His body was then found to be fresh and sound as the moment when death took place, with absolutely no trace or appearance of decomposition. I have known of three cases of drowning in Lake Wanaka, but in no case did the body rise to the surface again.

Mr Richard Norman, of Oamaru, the first white child to be taken to the Wanaka district, gives us the following account of two of the pioneer doctors whose very names would otherwise have been lost to us:

**JOHN DALGLEISH, M.D., WANAKA.**

Dr Dalgleish came to Wanaka Station in ‘65, and remained there till about ‘69. He was a native of Yorkshire, and before coming to Wanaka practiced in Christchurch, and I think he walked the hospital there for a while. It was understood that he came to Wanaka for the benefit of his health and took up the position of bookkeeper, storeman, and sub-manager. He looked in good health, and he was only middle-aged at the time. Very few cease cropped up, fevers were unknown, there were a few child-births, and a little tooth-pulling, and once two men, at Cardrona, had a big fight, and one got his arm badly hurt and strained, and came to Dr Dalgleish, who soon had it right. Then one of the shearsers stuck the point of his shears through his hand, inside the thumb, and the doctor attended to that. He never would make a direct charge, but the early timers did not place any value on money, and were always liberal. He was in very high repute, and much regret was expressed when he went away. He had a fine hair reviver. He would take a bottle of refined castor oil, and emptying some out to make a space, would warm up the remainder and put in a preparation of some kind, most likely cantharides, to give it body, and bergamot to perfume it; anyhow it was better than anything else on the market. He had some chemicals with him for emergencies. His cousin was the late S. Mead Dalgleish, the popular clerk of the Court at Cromwell, and afterwards S.M. and warden at Naseby, where he died. He told me that the doctor inherited some property in Yorkshire, and he went Home and got married, and settled down on it, leading a quiet and retired life.

**DR HENRY A. BRANSON.**

Dr Henry A. Branson practised for some years either in Devonshire or Dorsetshire, and came out to Australia in the early seventies. Then he came to Jackson’s Bay, possibly as medical officer, when the Government of the day squandered vast sums in the way of making a settlement there. This would be in the early seventies. About ‘76 or ‘77, he walked through the Haast Pass to Albert Town in Wanaka. He was just about ‘on his uppers’ at this time, still he had the appearance that indicated a better class of man. Then he joined Wm McKay and his son from East Hawkesbury, who also arrived from Jackson’s Bay, but who had worked as miners at Matatapa, and other parts of Wanaka since the first discovery of gold. For three or four months they prospected for gold near the head of Quartz Creek, which flows into the lake below East Wanaka. During this period they lived mostly on Maori hens and soda and acid scones; possibly of an odd time they went to one of the lakes and secured an eel. They camped in a small hut belonging to the Wanaka Station, which was used at mustering time, and when they left, it was found that the floor was some inches deep with feathers. The McKays went back to East Hawkesbury, and Dr Branson stayed in Albert Town for over a month, but everyone was so healthy that there was scarcely any need of his services, and he had no surgical outfit. Once he prescribed for an anaemic lady, and the prescription was written in a most beautiful clerkly hand. The medicine was prepared in Dunedin and did the lady much good. Afterwards he wrote out a prescription for a man
who had a swelling under his arm, to be applied outwardly, this also was satisfactory, and he sent in a bill for £3 3s, but he never got paid. Many people in the early days were always hard up, and spent their money before they earned it. Then Dr Branson met Andreas Andreassen Westborg, commonly called Andrew Anderson who had a schooner on Lake Hawea, and was also engaged in bush work in Hawea Bush. Then he got hold of Jas. Barry, a no-account shearer, and the doctor told them of some hidden treasure somewhere about Preservation Inlet. Barry and the doctor walked to Dunedin, carrying their swags, and waited till Anderson leased his boat for a year and collected his accounts, and overtook them in Dunedin and financed the whole show to search for this treasure. Barry and Anderson came back to Wanaka over a year afterwards, but were not the least bit communicative about their mission, and the thought of it soon died out. Dr Branson went to Jackson’s Bay from Preservation Inlet, and a year or two afterwards we read in the papers that he was drowned there.

WAIKOUAITI AND PALMERSTON IN THE SIXTIES AND SEVENTIES.

ROBERT HARDING.

In the forties a whaling settlement, in the fifties a thriving township, Waikouaiti had its own doctor, and such far flung homesteads and huts as lay further on or straggled inland depended upon Dr Crocome for what medical aid was required. Palmerston did not exist, and it was not until the sixties that a coach began to come over the range, first as far as Waikouaiti, then to what became Palmerston, and later to Oamaru. In the early sixties Palmerston was a mere collection of and huts through which ran a track, north to Otepopo, south to Waikouaiti, but the discovery of gold here, as elsewhere, speedily wrought many changes. One of the first signs of the times was the erection, in 1861, by the Bank of N.Z., of a building which stands to-day as the printing office of the Palmerston and Waikouaiti Times. When the Dunstan rush started in 1862, the diggers soon found that of the two routes to the much desired spot, the one from Waikouaiti to the Shag Valley, thence via Pigroot, was a much easier gradient. Though considerably longer, this was not so exposed to the inclement weather, nor so prone to include terrible snow drifts in its itinerary as was that by West Taiieri, Rock and Pillar, etc. To come to Waikouaiti by boat, thence to the Shag Valley by bullock waggon and so on, though apparently a roundabout, was in reality a less costly and certainly a less trying journey than the other one. The road from Dunedin to Waikouaiti was for many years a mere bush track fit only for riding or leading heavy horses. These were harnessed up at Waikouaiti and dragged their heavy loads to the Dunstan. It is not to be wondered that the diggers preferred taking the small paddle-steamers Lady Barkly, Samson, Lyttelton and others from Dunedin to Waikouaiti, making with their swags and gear of all kinds as good as a golden load to the fortunate ship owners of the time. When three or four boats were running together, four or five hundred persons would land on the beach on one day and tramping straight on would camp where they could. What the state of the road must have been with hundreds passing over it in its unmetalled and unformed condition, it is impossible for us to imagine. Old stagers tell us that sometimes as many as 300 men were camped at Morrison’s at one time, and the 110 miles from Waikouaiti to the Dunstan took about a week to negotiate. At this time James Mitchell had the first store in Waikouaiti. His brother Robert was M.P.C. for Waikouaiti. In the depths of winter numbers of men suffered greatly from frostbite, and provisions being short, unobtainable at the diggings, each man or party of men had to carry sufficient to last for the journey. It can easily be imagined that numbers of them suffered terribly from hunger and not a few from starvation, some actually perishing on the road down again. The passage of this horde of individuals tramping through Waikouaiti, and camping near any convenient patch of light bush or handy stream, laid a trail of illness in the neighbourhood and many were the cases of dysentery, “bush fever,” “colonial fever,” and “gastric fever,” all more or less mild forms of what to-day we should call enteric. Frequent fights, accidents from breaking traces, overloaded wagons, kicking horses and bullocks, kept Crocome busy from Waikouaiti to the foot of the Pigroot. From about here and on into the Hogburn and Kyeburn district and across the Maniototo Plain, Dr McCambridge, of Naseby, did what he could to speed the travellers through his “demesne,” Here his “troubles”
were more the results of terrific exposure, as the diggers had now arrived in what, to those who had come from
Australia, seemed the South Pole. In 1862, Mr William Crawley, for many years connected with Cobb and Co.’s
coaches, was sent up in charge of a three horse team and waggon load, of merchandise. He travelled to
Waikouaiti by the Lyttelton and landed at the beach, and most of the passengers being carried to the shore by
Big Mary, the buxom half caste, whose charge from paddlebox to beach was half-a-crown a head. At Waikouaiti
he was associated with Fraser Brothers who had two three-horse teams, and they travelled together to
Palmerston, thence up the Shag Valley, crossing the river some eight or nine times before finally emerging on
the Maniototo Plain. On getting to Rough Ridge the waggons were halted and the whole team of nine horses
harnessed to each vehicle in turn. In this way the acclivity was surmounted, though at this spot occasional icy
cold blizzards met the unfortunate wayfarers. On this occasion a blast took the whole tilt or great balloon-like
canvas top off one of the waggons, carrying it half a mile away down to the bottom of the hill. Such were the
trials that the diggers had to face, the majority of them travelling on foot; and with frozen feet and hands,
pleurisies, pneumonias, a considerable percentage of alcoholics, Crocome had his hands quite full. Though
hotels and shanties had not arrived, they were preceded by consignments of alcohol in some shape or form.
Strings of horses passed tied head to tail, each carrying a case of red eye of “sorts,” something “with a bite in it,”
and for this the unfortunate digger who “needed it” would pay practically whatever was demanded. While the
road from Waikouaiti was a mere track through fern and tussock, of Palmerston as a town there was no trace,
but a village here speedily came into existence. The junction to the great highway to the diggings, the stopping
place on the main north road from Dunedin to Otepopo and Oamaru, quickly became the bustling terminus of
the important coaching services of the day. Stock and station agents were quick to see the advantage of being on
the spot with horses for the farmers and settlers, and cattle for the local butchers, who sold a great sale of meat
to passing diggers, and business firms lost no time in getting to work in this prosperous place. The following
little story will evoke a smile in the faces of some of the old timers who are still left to us:-

In the early sixties the firm of Messrs Wright, Robertson and Co., of Dunedin, had advertised a large clearing
sale of cattle off some of the runs and farms around Palmerston South. It was to be held at the old stock
saleyards now restored, but which then stood beyond the Royal Hotel, and Peter Roberston and Dick Lancaster
went through from Taupeka to purchase such stock as they fancied. It was a usual thing for them to purchase
each other’s requirements, box them in one mob and have them delivered up at Lawrence, Dick allowing a fair
payment for driving; or perhaps they would purchase 100 or 200 head together, then divide on arrival. When the
sale-day arrived, a great crowd of would-be purchasers, sellers, and onlookers stood around the front of the hotel
discussing various topics, Robertson and Lancaster amongst the assembly, the crowd expecting Mr John
Stephenson, auctioneer, to arrive in sight every minute. He was better known as old “Jack.” Soon his trap came
in sight as he drove then a double buggy with two good horses attached. A load voice sang out “Jack’s coming.”
This reaching Dick Lancaster’s ears, Dick immediately called “I’ll lay a suit of clothes or drinks for all hands,
that the first sentence old Jack utters is a lie.” A squatting looking gentleman with a large white puggeree around
his hat, said “I will take you for the drinks.” As Jade pulled his horses up in front of the hotel, Dick called out to
him “Did you ever tell a lie in your life Jack.” The reply name in a very emphatic manner. “No, so help me Bob,
Dick.” The valley resounded with laughter on every side, and as practically everyone present was in the bet,
they unfolded the story to Jack, and not one enjoyed the joke more than he did.

During the sale of the various pens and lots of cattle offered in the course of the afternoon, Jack expatiated upon
the qualities, breeding, and condition of his stock, but he had to stand a lot of good natured bantering or
barracking, such “seeing that you are so truthful Jack, another bid.” Everyone seemed to be in the best of
humour, and as Stephenson could hold his own in this line a merry and happy afternoon passed by, and a most
successful sale concluded the day’s performance.

On February 4, 1864, the first coach went through Palmerston from Dunedin direct to the Dunstan. Soon a coach
ran from Palmerston to Otepopo, and another daily from Palmerston to Dunedin and with the erection of the
Palmerston Hotel in what is now Tiverton street, in 1863, and other buildings, the place began to have a settled
look. William Robertson who came by the Resolute in 1864, and worked for a year or two with George Dowse,
of Dunedin, decided in 1867 to try his luck in Palmerston, then beginning to look promising as a possible go-
ahead village. So many coaches were passing daily, hundreds of bullock and horse waggons, and carts, riders,
leaders of pack horses by the score, that he deemed this a likely place, and that a young well trained saddler and
harness maker might strike it rich. His predictions proved correct, for he rapidly built up a prosperous business for himself upon this main thoroughfare to the gold diggings. Sam Lee built his carpenter’s shop from timber cut on Puketapu. Archibald Hay, the boatmaker, lived in a sod-hut close by, Little Brothers, the butchers, and James Arkle, the storekeeper, were doing a roaring business some years before Robertson arrived. John Johnston and Donald Ross kept their ‘smiddies’ going till late at night, and John Douglas made excellent bread, and carted it round to those who did not bake it in their own camp ovens, also selling to those who required it as they passed through. With hotels, banks, stores, the place looked attractive; the Waikouaiti and Shag Valley Herald, the forerunner of the present Palmerston and Waikouaiti Times was going strong. St. Mary’s Church had been erected for four or five years, and the Rev. Alexander Dasent, a man well on in years, was the beloved pastor of the district. Hard as was Crocome’s work, for he had to minister to the people by night as well as by day, Mr Dasent had if anything a rougher time. His district was much larger, extending away up to the Kyeburn and down the Maniototo and along the whole of the Strath Taieri. Tiverton and Rollins streets did not then exist, for the town did not become a borough nor elect a town council until 1871. At the first meeting Young (Mayor), and Councillors Arkle, Fagan, Robertson, Crawford, and Little attended. So far as medical services were concerned, Crocome had to supply what he could, at first walking from Waikouaiti through the tussocks, later astride of a bullock, and as tracks became better, mounted on a sturdy horse, leading another so as to change at intervals. His severe privations and heroic practice have been fully described in an earlier article. It is probable that he was the first doctor to practise in the South Island, if not in the whole of N.Z.; he was certainly the first to assist at the birth of quadruplets, such an event happening at Waikouaiti during his time.

In the middle sixties there came to Waikouaiti two medical men. One, Dr William Thomson, is a mere name to us. He appears in the Anglican Church list of parishioners, but whether he practised or not we have no information. The other, Dr William Chapman, a man well up in years, practised homoeopathy and perhaps made Crocome’s burden a little lighter in the few years that he lived in the district. His tombstone may be seen in the cemetery setting forth that he died in 1867, aged 70 years. About this time, Dr Moffatt, a Scottish surgeon, started practice in Palmerston and remained for a year, but his own peculiarities and the excellent hold on the affections of the people retained by the venerable Crocome made it difficult for him to make a living, and he moved to South Otago where his practice came to a tragic end. In 1867, came to Waikouaiti, Robert Harding, a fine looking young Irishman, alert and quick in his movements, active and vigorous, a good rider, keen at his work, and well skilled in his profession. He was born in King’s County, Ireland, in 1837, took his L.R.C.S.I. in Dublin, and his L.R.C.S., Edinburgh and Glasgow in 1862.Entered the Royal Navy, joined H.M.S. Miranda, and with her came to N.Z., taking part in the memorable engagement at the Gate Pa, near Tauranga, when so many officers and men of the Imperial Forces were killed. The monuments in the Tauranga Military Cemetery stand to-day as silent but imperishable memorials to the heroic deeds done by the Naval Brigade from the Miranda, Esk, and Harrier in that memorable fight in 1864. The Maoris at that fight behaved in a most civilised and Christian like manner. They tended to the wounded, giving water to the dying, etc., and so impressed their foes that the remains of their chief Rawhiri were removed from where he was killed and reinterted with military honours in the military cemetery which occupies a site near his old pa. Fifty years after a splendid obelisk was erected to his memory, and stands there as one of the most impressive monuments to be seen in N.Z. to-day. Harding then may have been singularly fitted to give what aid he could to the Maoris at Karitane and Puketereaki, more or less drawn to them by this extraordinary experience which was much commented on at the time. Be that as it may he settled down to his work, and Crocome was glad to relinquish to him the longer trips to Shag Valley, Moeraki, Puketereaki, Ballindon, and the outlying huts and homesteads. Waikouaiti was then in the heyday of its prosperity. Thomas Jones lived at Corner Bush, J. R. Jones at Matainaka, John Buckland at Tumai, John Orbell at Hawkesbury, John Duncan at Cherry Farm, McLeod Orbell at Ballindon, named after his father’s old home in Essex, Henry Orbell at the River, William Jones at Goodwood, Murdoch was the magistrate, Phillips the schoolmaster, Mr Christie the Presbyterian, Dasent the Anglican, and Vanes the Methodist ministers; Ancell dispensed the doctor’s prescriptions, and sold what simples were required in the village, and no fewer than five stores provided food, clothing, boots, implements, machinery, and the thousand and one things a country store can contain from boots to butter, cheese to chandlery, fish-hooks to furbelows. The storekeepers were Glog, Malloch, Oxley, Pearson and Reid; Macdougall kept his smithy roaring, Mill and Whinam erected houses in all directions Latham carted bread
round, Bray Brothers had splendid meat for sale, Templeton and Pemberton were bricklayers, Pickup, gardener, Wise and Bates were the boot and shoemakers, G. K., Brown the “postie,” Pizey the bank manager, and Cowper looked after the post office. Many hard working settlers lived in cottages nearby. They either farmed their own land like William Souter of Flag Swamp, and grew all they needed in the way of grain, fruit, vegetables and poultry, or many cases worked for wages on neighbouring homesteads - the Hecklers, Allocks, Blacks, Brays, Prestons, Durdens, Woolleys, Clymas, McLeays, Beals, Diacks, Mitchells, Fryes were names well known then, and honoured in the district to-day.

“Smack” through the village came Cabbage-tree Ned with his coach and six fine grey horses, changing at the Golden Fleece, and away on to the North. With the advent of the coaches the beach was no longer the busy place it had been. Steamers still ran to the river mouth bringing timber, etc., and the Maori boats quantities of fish and mats and other Maori products for exchange for clothing, which they seemed to desire far beyond money. On Saturday nights the Beach Hotel, Royal, Golden Fleece, and later on the Railways Hotel, did a roaring trade. In this busy, bustling place Crocombe gradually relinquished his work as his years advanced. He was now nearly 60, and exposure had worn him sadly. He was the only one of the “old time” doctors to reach anything near that age. In 1866 another outbreak of scarlet fever reached the township, as it did nearly every other village on the track of the diggers, and a considerable toll of young lives was taken. The register of deaths and the inscriptions in the cemetery bear witness to the loss of life sustained by the neighbourhood. Accidents of all kinds, cases of drowning, and suicides increased his troubles. The late Vicar of Waikouaiti, Rev. Edward Neale, has left an imperishable monument to his own industry and love of his people in the beautifully illustrated and splendidly written brochure: “A short History of Waikouaiti, and Chronicles of St. John’s Church.” This gives many interesting items of the life in those times, and it says wonders for his keen love for his work, his pluck and determination in carrying his task to such a splendid conclusion, handicapped and many times laid aside as he was by an insidious and, as he knew well, absolutely fatal disease. One of the items which he unearthed from the local burial register records the death of two brothers who with others camped for the night where the road ran through the bush a little above the present dairy factory. Not being acquainted with N.Z. trees, they made their camp fire rather foolishly at the bottom of a hollow broadleaf, which, taking fire during the night, fell upon and killed the two brothers. Harding toiled in Waikouaiti from 1867 till 1872, when he moved into Dunedin, and practising there for a few months went on to Wellington, where he settled and built up a comfortable practice. He died in 1881, and was buried in the Sydney Street Cemetery, where a tombstone was erected by his relatives.

WAIKOUAITI AND PALMERSTON IN THE SIXTIES AND SEVENTIES.

WILLIAM BROWN OF PALMERSTON.

In the late sixties there were not many houses far from the town of Palmerston, beyond a few homesteads with shepherds’ huts ‘further back. Shortly before, the whole district was supposed to belong to Mr Jones, familiarly termed Johnny Jones, who had traded with the Maoris; his estate was popularly supposed to run, at least, 30 miles north and south, and some 50 miles into the interior. His first nearby station was Goodwood, where William Jones lived. Mr Rich lived later on at Bushy, and Mr Dillon Bell at Shag Valley station. This he bought from Mr Jones in 1865, and built the present house upon it in 1867. At that time Mr John Jones had a chain of properties from Cherry Farm up. They were Tumai, (Fred); Matanaka, generally wrongly so spelt instead of Matainaka, where the old man lived; Goodwood (William), Meadowbank, just north of Palmerston, which went to the daughter Mary, who married Dr Nelson and later Dr Eccles; Run “80,” which was also considered to belong to William; and Coal Creek, which later was the nucleus of the Shag Valley station. The road from Normanby of to-day over the Junction Hills to Waitati and thence to Waikouaiti was well metallled by 1864, and the coach ran twice a week to Pigroot. Another coach took up the running there, and toiled on to the diggings, the Dunedin coach returning to town; these coaches thus alternated, making the 70 mile trip four times a week. The road from Palmerston to Pigroot was in winter time very bad, but the coach was rarely stuck up, or if so it was by the flooded state of the Shag River, which had then to be crossed seven times to get to Waikemou. Since then six crossings have been cut out by the road being taken round instead of across the bends, and the remaining one has been bridged at Kitchener’s Crossing. The coach left Dunedin at 7 am., arriving at Shag Valley at 3.30, going on at once to Pigroot under the skilled guidance of Ned Devine. Before Palmerston
into existence the route to the north lay through Goodwood between Mount Royal and the sea. That district was early settled. Goodwood House, on Goodwood estate, was built in the early ‘fifties,’ the church later on. Funds for building the latter were contributed by persons of various denominations, and in order that all the contributing persons might use it as a place of worship it is said that Bishop Selwyn did not consecrate it an Episcopalian church. The Goodwood bush was largely composed of kowhai, an indication of good soil. Almost all the posts and rails used in fencing in Goodwood besides what were taken up the country were of that timber. Bobby’s Head, nearby, named after Bobby Richmond, one of Kettle’s survey party, was used as a signal station in Mr John Jones’s whaling days.

In the early seventies, came to Palmerston from Tapanui, William Brown, a young Aberdeenian graduate; short, thick-set, active, bustling, this ruddy-cheeked, kindly, good-natured Scotsman soon endeared himself to the hearts of his people. He was a good doctor, but he had his failings. He had unfortunately begun his lifework with three years’ practice in the inclement regions, and the rough elements of Central Otago, where hard frosts, long drives or rides, for driving was oftentimes impossible, and terrible exposure, immediately laid their indelible scars upon his mind and body. Such was the battle of many of these heroes, so deadly their daily and nightly toil, that a stiff glass of almost pure alcohol was the only thing available - call it food, medicine, stimulant or what you like - that would quickly bring life and comfort back to an almost frozen body and stiffened limbs. Let the “unco guid” of the city, who have never known what it is to be literally tortured with cold, cast the first stone at him. A year or two of that life and the mischief was done, The long rides night after night, exposed to frost, snow, and a temperature down to zero and often below, and Brown, like many others, received blows and scars, wounds, buffets, and seeds of disease within his sturdy frame which laid him low long before old age came nigh to him. A friendly, cheery “body,” he was liked by everyone. Fond of games and ready to take part in any sport or to help in a concert or meeting got up for the amusement of the people, his name is a household word in the district to-day. In person somewhat stout, with blue eyes, rosy cheeks, a rather prominent nose, short clipped beard, spectacled, quick and bustling, with a kind word and a hearty laugh for everybody, he had his weakness, knew it, spoke regretfully of it and suffered dearly for it. In spite of all this the people had implicit faith in him, and by judicious handling carried him through many serious cases and avoided and prevented awkward contretemps. Trained in the pre-antiseptic days, his methods were crude but effective; he would lance a whitlow with an old pocket knife, using no lotion, not even water, wrap it in the patient’s coiled pocket handkerchief and send him away for a week. He was an expert tooth puller, to women and children of the gentlest, but if the patient was a lucky was this father of his floes, a rather prominent nose, short clipped beard, spectacled, quick and bustling, with a kind word and a hearty laugh for everybody, he had his weakness, knew it, spoke regretfully of it and suffered dearly for it. In spite of all this the people had implicit faith in him, and by judicious handling carried him through many serious cases and avoided and prevented awkward contretemps. Trained in the pre-antiseptic days, his methods were crude but effective; he would lance a whitlow with an old pocket knife, using no lotion, not even water, wrap it in the patient’s coiled pocket handkerchief and send him away for a week. He was an expert tooth puller, to women and children of the gentlest, but if the patient was a

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treatment of fractures was rough, but quite effective. A little limp from shortening, or a lump on the wrist, was of small importance compared with the speedy restoration of the limb to its wonted powers of locomotion or performance of manual labour. In 1886 he began to suffer from chronic liver complaint and finally, developed jaundice. While in a very bad state he got out of bed and insisted on seeing a patient, and this brought on immediate complications from which he died in a few days, aged 42 years. He was unmarried. An esteemed correspondent writes as follows:

“Doctor Wm. Brown, at Palmerston, I knew well. He could never be induced to send in an account. He was a capable and attentive professional man, and was well liked and trusted, personally and professionally. Though he never asked a fee, he kept a full diary, and after he died a relative came out from Home, and made fanciful demands on all and sundry based on the entries in the doctor’s diary. As Dr Brown had made no distinction in this diary between professional and merely social visits or calls, and never mentioned £. s. d. in connection with them, the results were often ludicrous. Old ladies of 80 were billed for “family additions,” or employers debited with the ailments of their ploughmen’s or shepherd’s wives and children and dentistry work for casual harvest hands. Any settler who in his lifetime had been good for a friendly glass as the doctor passed on his rounds was duly named in the diary, and in the event charged perhaps five guineas for every such exercise of hospitality. These proceedings caused at first a wild panic, but the comical side of the demands soon took first place in the settler’s minds, and they paid cheerfully what they had really owed their deceased doctor and struck out the rest. The case was probably unique, as no one ever knew what Dr Brown, who was unmarried, lived on. He used to be begged to accept money, but always said he would soon send in his accounts, which he never did. He may have taken cash fees now and then, but in all his years here I believe he never made a written demand or sent an account.”

This rather good story about his accounts has come to us. Doctor Brown set out one night to visit someone at the foot of the Horse Range, and in crossing a river his trap capsized, he and his driver being pinned underneath. A passer-by ran to a nearby settler, and he, after rescuing the party, giving them stimulating refreshment, supplied another trap, drove the doctor to his destination and then home. All this was entered in the doctor’s diary in a jumbled way and the unfortunate “good Samaritan” was years after billed for a supposed accident, etc., to the tune of some £50. Needless to say sufficient evidence was forthcoming, as the whole story was the talk of the district, to cause the rapacious “creditor” to abandon the claim.

Dr Brown died on December 9, 1886, aged 39 years, and his qualifications were stated in the register to be L.R.C.P. and S., and his birth place given as Forfar, Scotland. He was buried in the Palmerston Cemetery, but the people were so annoyed by the way they were treated by his relative, that they abandoned any idea of erecting a monument to his memory.

DUNEDIN IN THE SIXTIES - THE COMING OF THE GOLD SEEKERS.

Dunedin in the days of the gold was a changed place. From a village of about 2000 inhabitants it added a canvas-town, buildings went up apace, and its population quickly reached 10,000. Superintendent Richardson’s election of 1861 resulted in a poll of about 600, Hyde Harris’s in 1863 of about 1000, and Thomas Dick’s in 1865 of over 1500; the population of the Province increasing from 12,000 in 1860 to 29,000, 49,000, and 76,000 in the succeeding three years. We have described in an earlier article what the effect of this influx of people, mostly males, of all nations and languages, had upon the town. Business of all kinds enormously increased; the town belt was built over with tents and shanties; insanitary conditions caused frightful sickness, and the five doctors - Burns, Eccles, Hulme, Purdie, and Richardson - were hard put to it to cover the work. Inspector Nimon was kept busy issuing notices to abate nuisances, and respectable citizens were often haled before the justices to show cause why they allowed shocking conditions to prevail on their premises when they really had nothing to do with the matter. For example, Mr Carncross, acting for Mr Cutten, was proceeded against for a nuisance said to exist on the farm about Bath street and Lower Moray place. Mr Carncross was able to show that the nuisance, a shocking drain, came from the hospital across the street at the back of what is now the Town Hall. The Magistrate refused to make an order against him, and he was advised to once more approach the Town Board. Mr T. B. Gillies, acting for an absentee estate, was prosecuted for the lack of sanitation in a crowd of filthy tents on four sections at the corner of Manor place and Melville street. Here again the owner was not to blame, and was told to politely ask the delinquents to move on. The whole of the north end of the town was more or less
swamp. East of King street a number of streams meandered across the flat, running into a sort of estuary near the present site of the Taieri and Peninsula Dairy Company’s factory, and carrying a dirty back flow with every rising tide. Water-weeds grew all about this neighbourhood, and on one occasion a big cuttle fish, with three feet long tentacles, was hauled out of the creek and thrown on to what to-day would be the road in front of Meek’s factory. Among those who were prosecuted for committing nuisances was an unfortunate fisherman who had the audacity to expose for sale a barrow of fresh fish at the corner of Rattray and Princes streets. The Magistrate, speaking very sympathetically, said that he saw the great hardship of the case. All the fishermen were supposed to keep to the fish market or licensed place, which was down at the end of the jetty, and he quite realised that they could not possibly do any business or make a living by selling down there. Still he had to administer the law, etc. (We have gone 60 years since then and there is no fish market yet: one at the end of the wharf would prove an irresistible attraction to Dunedin housewives of to-day.) Another man was prosecuted for “furious riding” in George street and knocking over a little boy, but as he dismounted and carefully tended to the youngster, who was not hurt, he was let off with a caution and payment of 10s costs.

So bad were the roads that persons often fell into trenches, ditches, or holes, half covered cess-pits were death traps for many a belated wayfarer the worse for the villainous whisky dispensed in the shanties euphoniously called hotels. Cases of drowning in these holes and swamps were comparatively common. The backflow into the swamp and water holes between Cumberland and King streets near the St. Andrew street corner was very great at times. The accumulation of ditch and rain water was so extensive, that the young hopefuls of the day boated about on planks for hundreds of yards in all directions, more than one perishing in the mud and swamp. At the Market Reserve, where deep pits were excavated for the purpose of getting clay for bricks, one of the holes about 20ft. square and six feet deep was left for some time unguarded. This being filled with rain water proved a great attraction to boys, who gloried in the danger of it, and using slabs and planks, ferried back and forth to their hearts content. One found a watery grave at the south-east corner of the block, his plank tipped and before help came he was drowned. Frederick street low down was a morass. At the top the street which ran down it crossed diagonally past the N.E. corner of the reserve and entered what is now the Dunedin Bowling Green site, causing a sagging or depression which can be seen on a wet day to-day. This stream came down from George street, crossing through the block opposite where later Dr F. C. Batchelor lived. This creek was part of the Pitt street burn. The clay at this spot where it crossed was very sticky and so deep was the excavation that the road was very treacherous. This part of George street was particularly hazardous, and Mr John Duthie, who lived a few yards further north, on the site of Mrs Robert Wilson’s house of to-day, tells us that he has seen a bullock-waggon hopelessly bogged at this spot for many hours before being extracted from its oozy bed.

Great was the turmoil in the streets. Princes street was a scene of excitement at the south end every morning. Diggers congregated and began the bustling preparations for their departure for the goldfields, weighing their swags, and loading up waggons with them. Cabs had begun to run in the streets, coaches rattled north and south, the Daily Times was issued, but within a fortnight suffered severely from one of the numerous fires which then occurred. This conflagration was a severe one and was only checked, we are told, by relays of willing workers, handing buckets of sea water across the street from the other side where they had been carried up the steep hank from the foreshore in Bond street. In January, 1862, sports were held at Jones’ horse bazaar, and the building was tastefully decorated with shrubs and flowers, and a Gaelic inscription at one end stated that the promoters held out “Happiness to all.” The events were mostly of the Caledonian variety, such as sword dancing, wrestling, boxing, tossing the caber, quoits, reel dancing, hitch and kick, standing high leap, which was won by A. Campbell; dipping for oranges, foot race (100 yards) won by S. Scales; boys, ditto, R. Hogg. The 70th Regiment was stationed in Dunedin at the time, or rather a detachment which had arrived the previous November, and the soldiers took an active part in the life of the place, two sergeants (Tattersall and Garreghy) performing well and carrying off a number of prizes. There was a pretty big attendance and liquor evidently handy, for in the crowd and excitement some rough play ensued, and a man called Alexander Perker had his leg broken. He was attended by Dr George Wilson, one of the new comers to the town, for it must he understood that with the gold diggers, doctors rapidly arrived on the scene. One of the new medical men was Cowie, a big, burly, reddish-bearded man, who first lived in George street and later in Hanover street, about the site of the Hospital Board Offices of to-day and afterwards in High street. He was an excellent type of physician for the times, good-natured and slow going. We do not know much about him except that he was a great tooth puller, and was always resorted to on a Sunday morning by any unfortunates who had neglected to see to their aching
molars in the week and looked everywhere for relief. Dr Cowie had tried Port Molyneux, even to the extent of putting up a red lamp, are told, but it was no good and he had to move on. He was called to the West Taieri on one occasion and gave evidence at an inquest there. He was for some years surgeon to a number of Friendly Societies, among them being the Foresters Court Pride of the Leith, to which he was appointed in 1867, and from which he resigned in 1874. He died in Dunedin on October 22, 1880. Hewlett had rooms in Princes street, but he only stayed one year; as did Martyr, who advertised that he lived on View Hill, which we understand was at the top of View street. Thomas, of Maclaggan street, we know nothing of; Charles Lloyd Morice went inland and later was for a long time on the West Coast. He was an M.R.C.S. of 1855, a most original character, and well remembered by many people to-day for his remarkable stories, and with what one might, for want of a better expression, call a somewhat “rough edge” to his tongue. John Jones Waters, in some of his lodge agreements spelled Watters, was for a good number of years a faithful attendant to the Dunedin Friendly Societies. Members of the same Court of Foresters as had Cowie for medical officer, were attended by Watters from 1864 to 1868. He lived up in Dowling street, the advertisement says on the left-hand side, three doors from the Dowling street steps. It must be remembered that before upper Dowling street was excavated the houses were on both sides of the road, after you climbed the steps. O’Donoghue went to Port Chalmers, here he remained for some time. O’Sullivan, I.R.C.S.I., had rooms in Princes street opposite the office of the Commissioner of Police. Murphy we have already referred to; Hocken we shall come to later. Clutterbuck and Hunter complete the list.

James Bennett Clutterbuck was a tall soldierly looking man who lived on a section which he leased from Mr Bremner near Albany street. He built a house here, and it had an entrance from George street, almost on the site of Dr Russell Ritchie’s of to-day. The house was called the Hermitage, and occupied a considerable portion of Bremner’s section. Mr Philip Bremner describes him as gentlemanly, pleasant, and good-natured. In the block this side of Bremner’s was the straggling creek aforesaid, Dr Stuart’s house and that of McLelland, the first precentor in Knox Church. Another of the same name kept a night school to which the boys of that time had to wend their way through the treacherous makeshifts for roads, lighted by candles carried in bottle lanterns. Close by was Steinmetz in George street, and further back, Clayton in Queen street. This ground at the back of Knox Church is now rapidly being filled up. It was at an intermediate date occupied by Cowie’s houses, in the next block two brothers Lakeman and F. Battson lived in Albany street; and in George street, Bremner, Duthie, Thomas Dick, Darling, Green, and D. Colville. B. Hibbard, whose section ran right through from Queen street to George street, lived far back on the block. Bremner’s house was close up to Albany street, and in a cottage on his section lived an old man named Parsons with a young wife. He had been a powder-monkey on the Victory, and was with Nelson at Trafalgar, on that ever to be remembered October 21, 1805. The cottage he lived in was taken down when he left, and another built in its place; Dr Clutterbuck leased this and part of the section with a purchasing clause. In appearance the doctor was slender, tall, and straight, wore black clothes and bell topper, and with a fair beard and black glasses he presented rather a striking appearance as he walked, as was his wont, along the middle of the street. He was a great friend of Dr Hunter of whom presently, and he need to say that he and Hunter were the only men in the town worthy of being considered doctors. He greatly deplored the disuse of the practice of bleeding as he had formerly found it of great value. On one occasion when mentioning a particularly bad financial quarter, he said “Oh, but you know I’ll pick up, I’ll pick up, for I look for a big outbreak of fever in the summer. This was not said in any unpleasant or money-grasping way, but simply as a statement of fact, that as each succeeding summer came round the inevitable epidemic or wave of disease came and ran into the autumn. It was looked for by everybody, and it came to time with disastrous results. Dr Clutterbuck’s name appears in the directories until 1866. He was in partnership with George Wilson, and the advertisement says they could both be consulted at their chambers in the Arcade, and later on in the day at their residences, and then it refers to Dr Wilson as “sleeps at the Provincial.” Dr Clutterbuck returned to England and died there in the early “eighties.”
Alexander Hunter, his friend, lived first in Maitland street, and then in George street, far back in the dip below the corner of Queen street and Forth place (today known as Warrender street). Here he built fine stables. He was a very “horsey” man, and it is said he lived in the stable for some time, preferring to be near his horses; he was certainly eccentric. We first find his name in the directory in 1864, but he came over from Australia in 1863, where he had had a pretty extensive practice in Melbourne, and had made a good deal of money. He spent it as easily, being always associated with sporting and theatrical people. He was a really good surgeon, being a Fellow of the Edinburgh College, and he had made quite a name for himself by some of his operations. He was always rather of the advertising sort, flashy in his style, and delighted in getting into the various burlesques that were staged at the time. His name and caricature appeared often in the Melbourne Punch of those days, and it is said that the stage boys sang a sort of doggerel or refrain “Oh I am Dr Hunter, Alexander Hunter, Oh! Oh!” A lady who remembers him well writes: “My recollection of him dates from November, 1863, when he was a fellow-passenger in the good ship Glencoe, commanded by Captain Hutton. It was bringing from Australia a large number of families of men who had come to New Zealand in search of gold. Dr Hunter was a very tall, thin man, agreeable to his fellow passengers and very kind to all the women and little children who were on board. He had an elderly housekeeper with him named Mary, and a little dog, that he always called ‘Bowsie,’ of which he was very fond. He had rooms upstairs in Farley’s Buildings in the ‘Cutting’ of those days and lived there until he found other quarters at the north end of George street. He built the stable first, intending to erect a suitable house later, but it never was built. He always drove about in a carriage with a pair of good horses; I believe he brought them from Melbourne with him. He was always well-dressed, wearing a frock coat and a tall hat, and had long Dundreary whiskers, according to the fashion of the times; altogether an imposing figure. His son was his only child, a doctor too, that was coming out here to help his father. His tragic death for he was drowned with the majority of the passengers in the London in the Bay of Biscay, was a great blow to his father, for he had a weak heart, and suffered from asthma and never seemed to get over this shock. He went to Hokitika and died there, and left a good deal of money to his servants on condition that they cared for his dog and horses.” Philip Bremner says: “Dr Hunter did not live in our block in my day. I remember seeing him hurrying past to attend Mr Edward McGlashan, who had met with an accident owing to his horse bolting. When he drove his famous horses, his driving was like that of Jehu the son of Nimshi.” He used to fancy a top hat with a very fashionable curly brim. Mr Noel Buchanan, whose excellent little thumbnail sketches delight us, shows one of him and says “he was bit of a mesmerist and I think gave shows. He used to dress elaborately in black frock coat and general smart accompaniments and might be seen in the afternoons caracolling down Princes street on a trotting horse of Taggart’s, a good-looking and really good one called Major. The doctor, with breeches and Hessian boots instead of the usual bags, used to ride him on the curb, and make him prance along at a slow canter, with bent neck and flowing tail, the man a good lengthy slim figure with a military seat and wavy, flowing whiskers, quite the Haute écöle.” The Hon. C. A. C. Hardy in referring to him calls him “the celebrated surgeon Dr Hunter of Edinburgh. He left Dunedin and died in Hokitika. He was wonderfully clever and took the lead during his residence in Dunedin. His rooms were in the ‘Cutting’ in Princes street, and I was with him on several occasions when he had full scope for his talents.” He was said to be a nephew of the celebrated John Hunter, the anatomist and surgeon, and used to talk freely of his relationship. He attended, and successfully operated upon, Lang, of Lang’s terrace, next the Empire Hotel.

This correspondent describes him as “a tall thin man who wore ‘Piccadilly weepers,’ grey suit, and bell topper, kept racehorses, and was a very clever surgeon.” He made a great score with a case of which the following particulars may be interesting:- “During the ‘digging’s’ a carrier had the misfortune to have his dray upset upon himself, and got so severely injured that several of the Dunedin doctors pronounced his case hopeless. Dr Hunter took him in hand, applying some emollient and bandaging him from head to foot until he appeared to be a veritable Egyptian mummy. The doctor had the pleasure of pulling his patient through, an achievement that must have added lustre to a name already famous in the world of medical science.” This certainly shows evidence of the adoption by Hunter of something very like Lister’s methods of dressing wounds in gauze or cheese-cloth, which was permeated with melted resin, paraffin and carabolic acid. Lister was at this very time in the midst of his epoch-making work, and Hunter may have been in close touch with it through his son.

He had rooms in Farley’s Buildings, and these who consulted him tell us the invariably stereotyped greeting was “My name is Alexander Hunter, my fee is one guinea, and I keep no books.” He left Dunedin in 1866 and went
to Invercargill, but after practicing there for a few weeks, he moved to the West Coast, and started practice in Hokitika, then the capital of a Province, having its own Superintendent, a house where the Governor stayed, and in its palmiest days claiming some 20,000 inhabitants, and a great many hotels. These are statements made by residents of to-day, but whether they are imaginary or not, we cannot say, but the fact remains that Hokitika at that time was a veritable hive of industry. The impressive memorial to the pioneers who blazed the trail, and stood at the frontier line is one of the most striking monuments we have ever seen, the inscriptions upon it being most appropriate. Two we remember are “Where the vanguard camps to-day the rear shall rest to-morrow” - "daring and conquering, but not sharing in the afterglow.” Dr Hunter seemed to gradually break up soon after arriving on the Coast: possibly he found the climate severe as the winter approached. Be that as it may, he died of an attack of bronchitis on April 17, 1867 at the age of 50 years. His funeral was largely attended and a number of medical men whose names were mentioned in the local paper and reprinted in those of Invercargill, bore testimony to his skill and referred to him as the greatest surgical operator who had so far come to the Colony. This is the more remarkable for he was trained in the thirties, before the introduction of anaesthetics, but it is possible he owed some of his success to his powers of suggestion or mesmerism as it was called in those days. Trained in Edinburgh by Syme, Christison, Goodsir, Bennett, Charles Bell, Mackintosh, he saw Simpson’s rise from promising student to Professor. He knew of all his experiments, and remarkable they were in the way of mesmerising, particularly nervous and susceptible women, and being enabled to perform slight operations with comparative ease, he also may have become an adept at this practice and made use of it when he came to the colonies. It is probable that he practised for some time in Scotland, and of course knew of Lister, as we have mentioned in an Invercargill article, and we have a note of Ryley and Hunter being associated together in study somewhere.

Hunter married in 1843 Miss Handasyde, a sister of the Lord Advocate of Scotland, and when he died, according to the West Coast Times, a pension of £200 per annum from an Edinburgh Fellowship or Scholarship, among other moneys, became due to his widow, who was living in Scotland. His son, of whom we have spoken, had been educated there and had taken very high honours and was a graduate of great promise. His loss in the “London” was a terrible blow to both parents; the mother never visiting the Colony and the father soon succumbing to the grief which he felt at the loss of his only son.

THE INFLUX OF DOCTORS.

With “the gold” the roll of medical men increased enormously. In 1860, there were but five, in 1862 13, and in 1864 no fewer than 29, but the actual grouping of them into settled localities or “doctors’ quarters” did not come for many years. By far the greater number had consulting rooms or chambers in Princes street, residing elsewhere. Several lived in Maclagan street and Rattray street, half a dozen in widely separated parts of George street, one here and there in Mornington, Maitland street, Lees street, and Dowling street. None cared for High street, and it was long before Moray place and Stuart street became medically fashionable, although this was the first part of the town where they really “settled.” It is curious how certain parts of the city have attracted the profession, have become thickly populated with doctors, and later have apparently lost any reasons which they might have had for close medical settlement, and have been entirely abandoned.

Crawford lived first in the Octagon and later opposite the Criterion in Princes street. We know little of him save that he wore remarkable buff waistcoats, took snuff on every possible occasion, was surgeon to Court Pride of Dunedin in 1866, dispensed his own medicines from his druggist’s shop (which can be seen in Coxhead’s photos of the time), and was a supposedly excellent tooth puller. Currie lived opposite the First Church, was a big, rather rough specimen, who got several months hard labour for assaulting a policeman, and on another occasion for ill-treating a horse. Burns lived somewhere in Moray place west, near the site of the Masonic Hall, and later moved down to Moray place east, then to the Octagon. Beaver and Waters affected Dowling street below the Bell Tower; Hulme the top of View street, followed by Fergusson, and opposite to Wilkins, who called himself an ophthalmic surgeon and eye specialist, later going to Auckland. Hocken in Rattray street, above what is now Scouller and Chisholm’s, afterwards moving into his well-known site near First Church; Alexander, in Rattray street and then Albert street; Green, Marcus Allen, Sorley, Stacpoole, Murphy, and later Stenhouse and John Macdonald, in Stuart street. Burns was the first in the Octagon, then Crawford, Wanless, Harrison, Macpherson, and for over 40 years Dr Martin, who is happily still with us, residing now in Roslyn.
By far the greater number moved off to the gold diggings, not necessarily to practise, but to “get gold” - some by ways that were doubtful and devious - others by the hard, honest toil of a digger. The papers of the day had advertisements of this kind showing how perchance someone who had “struck it rich” wanted to get out and dispose of his “goodwill,” a combination of surgery and gold digging. – “To surgeons and chemists - For sale a fine tent, together with drugs, etc, in the centre of Gabriel’s Gully.”

Coming to the north end of Dunedin, Dr Cole was the first to live on the doctor’s corner of George and Albany streets. He was followed by De Zouche and then Gillies, and since then this corner has always been “occupied.” On the opposite corner the section was for a time vacant, and Phillip Brenner tells us that he used, in the early “sixties,” to see a man called Jack Thompson breaking horses in this paddock.

Then a carpenter named Canning built his cottage, which is occupied as a fruit shop to-day. It will be noticed that the tops of the doors are on a lower level than those of the windows. In this house Dr Yates lived and died in the “seventies.” He was the first House Surgeon of the hospital, under Hulme, an excellent and unassuming man, well remembered by many as a chess player and an habitué of the Athenaeum of those days. The south-west corner has been known as Batchelor’s for 40 years. Next to him lived Closs before shifting to the Albany street site and the little house adjacent to Knox Church, with a fine birch tree in the garden, was occupied by Stirling and others for a considerable time. London street was first selected by Nelson; then Eccles lived near the top of the hill. Coughrey settled near the foot in the “eighties,” moving in the “nineties” across George street to the domed house opposite Knox Church. The lower part of London street and round the corner into Pitt street is now one of the doctors’ blocks, bidding fair to rival High street in importance and popularity. Purdie was the first to occupy the corner. After many years Maunsell rebuilt upon and occupied the premises. Davies was the next to come into Pitt street, and he was shortly followed by Jeffcoat, who had moved from High street, and there are now no less than eight practitioners living in this quarter.

High street has been well thought of for 35 years. Cowie was the first to move into it from Hope street; then Brown, whose section rebuilt upon is still a doctor’s residence; and there have always been since then about a dozen medicos in this now important street. The suburbs are now well served by slot telephones, and with electric trams and motor cars it is of little importance where a doctor lives. In the early days Caversham had Mackley, Stacpoole, Batchelor; Mornington and the Glen, Eveleigh; North East Valley, Buchanan, and 50 years later Fleming, who was so tragically killed by motor car accident upon the Peninsula. Anderson’s Bay, de Lautour, who came from Oamaru ; St. Clair, Warren, later Caughtrey and Stenhose. The suburban resident can now get a medical man upon the spot in less time than it took him in the old days to decide whether it was good enough to “get up and go out on such a beastly night” to get the doctor. Moray place was really the first
“doctors’ locality” and Mr Sydney Muir sends us the following interesting account of the early settlement there:-

“When I came to Dunedin the only houses in Moray place were first a small fern-tree cottage occupied by a Mr and Mrs Thompson who came from Melbourne to open up an ironmongery store, but it was a failure and nothing came of it. At the back was a small cottage occupied by a David Scott, an accountant and actuary, so he called himself. The next building was at the corner of View street, which was pulled down to make way for the terrace now standing there. I forget the tenant at the time, but it was occupied for years by a Mr Brindley. He was father of the architect of that name, who built the City Hotel, and of Mr Brindley, manager of the Victoria Insurance Company, afterwards general manager of the Government Fire Insurance Department. Opposite was a small cottage which was pulled down when Murray built two brick houses, afterwards acquired by the Y.M.C.A. A little further along on the same side, down in the gully at the back of the Synagogue, was another small cottage which in possibly still there, built by Melhuish. There were no others except St. Paul’s parsonage and then the hospital, which was between the Octagon and Moray place. There were no houses east of Moray place except where Robert Fenwick, father of Sir George Fenwick, lived and one other next door, to the best of my recollection. I don’t remember Dr Burns living in Moray place. He may have done so, but it was not on our ground, to my knowledge. There were three very small cottages at the top of View street, one a fern-tree one, and the other two weather-board. The former was pulled down, and the other two are still there, one placed before the other to form one house. The only other house in View street was built and occupied by a man called ‘Red Cap’ Marshall, who always wore a red-knitted cap and was slightly eccentric. My mother bought the property from him about 1869 or 1870. I remember ‘Bedford House’ well. The present site is where Zealandia Chambers Building is now, but it was on top of the hill, level with the roof of the old Queen’s Theatre. The section originally belonged to a man named Monson, one of the Monson family of Port Chalmers. He bought it from, I think, the New Zealand Company for £12 10s, and I have seen a letter somewhere from Superintendent Cargill to him stating that on account of his having put up such a handsome building upon it he would give him two years to pay the purchase money in. The palatial place in question was a two roomed “wattle and daub” place which was pulled down to make way for Bedford House. The same site was sold the other day for £12,500.”

“Borrows, or ‘little Borrows’ as he was generally called, lived in a stone house he built at the than corner of Moray place and Stuart street, just below the Methodist Church. It was afterwards occupied by Dr Roberts. As for houses in Moray place, in the very early days there were only about three or four, but subsequently a number of doctors resided there. De Zouche built a brick place close to the corner of View street. Murphy lived in a house built for him by my late mother. Reimer lived opposite; he was a German, tall, fair-haired, square-faced with shaven chin and short Dundreary whiskers, and was one of the longest legged and thinnest men in Dunedin. Like Hunter, at one time he used to wear gray frock coat, with belltopper and pants of the same colour, but later dropped into the usual black frock coat and black hat. East of Princes street, Hocken built. Teevan also lived in one of our places in View street, and later gave up practice in Dunedin and moved to Geraldine. Dr Fergusson, of Milton, lived in another and also previously occupied Dr Hulme’s place in View street.

“Dr Hardy I remember well. He was a tall, dark man with slightly aquiline nose, black beard and whiskers. He came from Victoria at the end of 1861 or 1862, and was the first surgeon attached to the Dunedin Artillery, and
when he resigned Dr Murphy was appointed in his place. Hardy went to Melbourne in 1866 and practised in Collins street later. We requested Murphy to resign, as at a review at Invercargill he attended two of the members for some slight matter, and sent them in an account. I don’t think he was ever surgeon to the Dunedin Naval Artillery. Dr Hardy came from Loughgall, County Armagh, Ireland, was a King’s and Queen’s College man (Dublin). He came to Dunedin in the early sixties, and lived in Moray place behind the old Criterion Hotel. He had some trouble over the late Lady Vogel’s father (some time colonial architect) who was thrown from his buggy and got a compound fracture, and there was such an outcry that Hardy left for Collingwood, Victoria, and prospered. The other doctor who was mixed up with the case was the celebrated surgeon Dr Hunter, of Edinburgh. He left Dunedin when Hardy did, and died in Hokitika.

“I Remember the occasion of Hunter and Hocken being burlesqued, but my impression is that Charles Wilmot was the actor. My brother thinks it was Holt. Holt wasn’t given to burlesque, but Wilmot was. He burlesqued Mr Walter of the Occidental Hotel and got summoned for it.

“Alexander lived up at the end of Albert street. He was a very reticent, quiet man and in conjunction with Hume built Ashburn Hall. Wilkins was a tenant of ours and lived at the top of View street, opposite Dr Hulme’s; was of medium height about 5ft 9in or 5ft 10in, but very strongly and rather heavily built, and wore glasses. Reputed a clever surgeon, he went to Auckland. Bakewell, I remember was rather tall, 5ft 11in or 6ft, and was always writing to the newspapers.”

Many people do not know that there was in the sixties a wide and pretty deep gully running down from behind the Technical School of to-day, over the site of Smith street, right, down the flank of Stuart street, across Moray place through the Library and Synagogue sections, across Princes street, and into the deep ravine behind the Athenaeum. This gully necessitated extensive filling and building up of Smith street, Moray place west, and Princes street, from the old Criterion section, now being cleared, nearly along to the Octagon. Pictures of Dunedin in 1865 show Matthew’s gardens in the gully extending almost from Princes street nearly to the present Municipal baths.

When Moray place west was constructed there was a high embankment or causeway built right across the gully, and this was about 15ft high or more, opposite the Public Library of to-day. Carelessness of the workmen in leaving big stones about resulted on one occasion in the leader of a two-horse dray stumbling, and horses, dray, and driver were precipitated to the bottom of the gully. There were fortunately no ill effects and no further proceedings than sulphurous language and letters to the paper.

While all reclamation of the streets was going on in the centre of the town, the outskirts were neglected, the southend of Princes street was a bog and the greater part of the city north of the Octagon swamp and ditches. Tents and shanties on flat, undrained sections, entire neglect of sanitary precautions and a callous indifference and lack of common sense, soon led to ravages of infectious disease, and scarlet fever, typhoid and diphtheria kept even the latest medical arrivals on the run. Accidents occurred in the harbour, for boats were frequently upset, people not yet knowing of the squalls and gusts that make our bay so dangerous. Injuries and even deaths from fighting, alcoholic poisoning, pneumonias, and deaths from exposure occurred - men lying out on the outskirts of the town on cold and frosty nights, - and 1862 was a record year. Suicides by drowning, gunshot wounds, children poisoned with tutu and other berries or choked in ditches and water holes; injured limbs from breaking horses in the precincts of the town – all these made “calls” for the doctor pretty frequent. “Apoplexies” or “strokes” from exposure to the sun were more common those days than now. We find a record of Captain Harrison, a well-known resident of Port Chalmers, who went on board Donati, one very hot day in January 1862, felt dizzy after a time in the sun and fell down unconscious.” “The ship’s doctor immediately attended to him, bled him copiously, and applied mustard blisters to his legs and feet; when our representative left at five o’clock, he had not recovered, and Dr Crooks contemplated shaving the head and blistering the patient, but without any hopes of his recovery.”

Another doctor was called by a resident to come to his father in a similar case. The attending doctor had “leeched” freely, and finally wagged his head gravely and told the relatives he had come to the end of his resources - he was not sure “whether to leech further or to poultice.” He recommended calling in Clutterbuck,
who sagely wagged his head in turn, and thinking a “change” of advantage, advised a poultice. The man got well. Clutterbuck pocketed his fee and got all the credit.

This same year, 1862, so hot in January, was so cold in July that the temperature fell at Tokomairiro to 14 degrees, a severity never before experienced in the history of the district. The Waihola Lake was completely frozen over and the ice was of sufficient thickness to allow of safe skating everywhere. From Clarendon to Waihola, a distance of 2 miles, Cobb and Company’s mail boats were unable to proceed, and were forced to a stand still, and men had to be stationed in the bows with poles to break up the ice. The coach could not come up at all, and the mails had to be brought on horseback. The gold escort was delayed, owing to the severe fall of snow, and had to take pack horses instead, only getting as far as the Taieri. There was a tremendous snowfall at Tuapeka, one of the greatest ever experienced in Otago. There a party of bronzed and bearded Australian diggers, who had probably never handled snow in their lives before, began snowballing each other, with some rough horse play. One man suddenly stooping, an extra heavy and solid missile went through the windows and among the coloured bottles and drugs of Dr Andersons surgery. The miners had to pay several pounds for their fun. The streets of Dunedin were so bad at this time that the following letter appeared in the Daily Times – “I have each day to walk from the North-East Valley to my place of business in Walker street, and am desirous of picking out the cleanest thoroughfares to pass over. I find to my great delight that the owners of the property south of the Criterion are now laying down a beautiful pavement, but pedestrians will find as they pass on towards Walker street they will, if not careful, sink into the mud again.”

In the streets at the end of the city were mud holes and ditches, and early in 1862 barriers were erected in Albany street, while construction of the road was going on, in order to keep the carts out of the ruts and holes. This was just at the worst month of the worst winter of the sixties, for on the 1st July, 1862, letters appeared in the papers urging that as footpaths and pavements were being formed, it was opportune for the Town Board to insist that occupiers of premises abutting on the main streets should keep the footpaths in front of them clear of mad, clay, and snow. The corporation at this time tried wooden pavements in sections made of 3 inch planks bolted to sleepers. These were movable in large pieces and cost £35 a chain. They were placed across Manse street from Messrs Paterson and Co.’s to the Athenaeum, then at the top corner of High street and Manse street.

An example of a new chum digger is worth noting. From the Daily Times files we find mention that a new arrival set off for the diggings yesterday with a swag, pick-axe, shovel, hat-box with a bell-topper, and a Dundreary umbrella. How far the poor fellow got it did not say, but we fear the “lower extremities” of the newspaper people most have been often “drawn,” for Mr Rees in the same issue gravely gives the most circumstantial account of the discovery of a live moa. The men who saw it followed it and carefully described its foot impressions in the mud, but they unfortunately knew a little too much, for they said “there were many impressions of three distinct claws and about a foot further back the mark of a pad with another claw.” It is a good story, but the moa had not got an extra claw about a foot back behind the front three, etc. What little rudimentary hind claw existed was elevated above the others and left no impression on the ground.

Before closing this article on practice in Dunedin in the sixties, we may note two accidents which are among the hundreds which may be called from the papers. One resulted in the death of a well-known settler who was driving a bullock team when, owing to some sudden swerve at a bad place in the road, he clipped off the shaft and one wheel went over his neck killing him instantly.

In the Resident Magistrate’s Court, before Mr Hyde Harris, a man was fined for drunkenness. He had been picked out of a deep hole on the Caversham road, where he had been thrown from his horse, and was at the time unconscious. A doctor had to be sent for and a dray to convey him to town.

**SHADRACH JONES.**

One of the best known men in Dunedin in the sixties was Shadrach Jones, a qualified medical man who was not then in practice, but who in a number of ways displayed great activity in catering for the public welfare and amusement. Coming to Dunedin in 1861 from Sandhurst, Victoria, where he and Charles Bird were in partnership as auctioneers, etc., he bought the Provincial Hotel, which was then unfinished, and Mr Bird, joining him from Australia, the firm Jones, Bird and Co., became a very important one in the rising town. The hotel itself was in those days a bustling important hotelry. The records tell us that frequently 50 persons sat down to
dinner, and that six bars were going constantly, doing a roaring business up to a late hour of the evening, as was the law in those days. The firm had the Princess Theatre, Jones’s Horse Bazaar, Jones’s New Cattle Yards, Jones’s Carriage Repository, and a good trading and mercantile business. They went into many enterprises, and, purchasing the Commercial Hotel in High street, below the Arcade, and knocking out the inside of it, converted it into a big hall, which they called the Corinthian. Here the young bloods of the day used to resort. There was a large, semi-circular bar running nearly round the room - a few seats were provided. At the unoccupied end was a stage and here the

“INIMITABLE THATCHER”

as he was called gave lengthy entertainments. Thatcher was in the firm so far as this enterprise was concerned. He ran the musical and dramatic part of the show, took all the money for admission (1s a head), paid the performers, etc., and Jones, Bird, and Company had the profits from the bar. Madame Vitelli, Miss Dickson, Joe Small and Thatcher kept the crowd interested and amused. Thatcher’s songs were witty, if at times bordering on the vulgar; they were frequently so personal as to land him in trouble. His name will go down to posterity as the first to make distinct use of the term “old identity.”

So far as we can gather, the facts are as follow:- In February, 1862, a vacancy occurred in the Provincial Council, owing to the resignation of Dr Purdie. Mr George Hepburn, in proposing Mr E. B. Cargill as the candidate for the western district, said: “It was important to select an old settler as their representative, because in these bustling days the old settlers ran a great risk of being overlooked and quite shelved unless they endeavoured to assume their proper position and stand up for it.”

Mr Cargill replied that “it required a strong and united effort to enable the old Otago settlers to assume their proper place.”

There is no mention here of the words “old identity,” but the writer has heard his father and many others discussing this speech, and it is generally understood that Mr Cargill said “to assume their proper place and

“PRESERVE THEIR IDENTITY”

Thatcher, with his quickness and wit seized on the word which was certainly used, and in his clever, gibing satire always directed against the Scottish inhabitants, who intensely disliked the horde of invading Victorians, made a great hit at his morning concert in the aforesaid hall.

Mr Cargill in the Council made such a funny speech
He got up and he stated that it devolved on each
Of all the early dwellers to preserve safe as safe could be,
Amid the Victorian influx, the Old Identity.

This speech some of the Council pooh-poohed and did resent,
But really now I’m puzzled to know what Cargill meant,
Perhaps on us newcomers he has a “down” you see,
And fears we’ll be destroying the Old Identity.

Are we to live on parritch, does Mr Cargill think?
Or is that fiery whisky to be our usual drink?
But I’ll tell Mr Cargill how his brethern here, and he
May always be preserving the Old Identity.

Go on the same old fashion and ne’er improve the town,
And still on all newcomers keep up a fearful “down,”
Touch not that old Post Office, let that old jetty he,
And thus you’ll be preserving the Old Identity.

Still cherish barbarism, stick to Dunedin mud,
And with your eight year leases “choose” the Victorian blood,
Still dress your ancient postman in the style we daily see,
His costume is essential to the Old Identity.
Little did Mr Cargill think when he wished the early Scottish settlers to “preserve their identity,” amid the tremendous influx of diggers from Australia, little did Thatcher dream when he capered on the stage and evoked roars of laughter from his admiring audience, that he was using for the first time, and using in a contemptuous manner, a term - a name - which could go down to all time as one of the most honoured and respected of the Dominion.

“AN OLD IDENTITY.”

The postman who rode about in his scarlet coat, which he had cut out of a red blanket in order to give himself an official and military appearance, was Jock Graham, who had the contract to take letters to and from the diggings. Jock rode a white horse, carried a horn which he tooted vigorously, had a bonnet or military cocked hat, with white feathers in it, and these, with his red coat, made him a conspicuous figure in the town.

Jones and Bird went into so many ventures that some financial shortage came upon them and they called one day upon the manager of the Commercial Bank and asked for an additional overdraft. “Well,” says Mr Macintyre, the manager, “you know you are pretty deeply into us already Mr Jones. Cannot you jog along as you are? Don’t launch out quite so much until some of these schemes begin to bring in a bit more. What about that next sale of horses and can’t you wait a little? You know we are short of money all round now!” (How history repeats itself - 1921).

“No,” says Mr Jones thumping the table, “the theatre costs a good deal just now; we are renovating and painting, and the firm wants some ready cash for purchase of stock; we are doing a big trading and general merchants business. We must have some more money or sound backing. Look at our assets, your security is ample. We’ll have to go to the other bank, etc.” “Well, well, that is all right Mr Jones” said the manager, really anxious to do what he could for good clients. “How much do you want?”

“How much have you got?” shouted Mr Jones, thumping the table again. Charlie Bird all the time had been standing alongside his partner, saying nothing but with a quiet twinkle in his eye. They got their money and carried on for some time successfully, but eventually dissolved partnership, Jones going back to England.

Jones did not practise in Dunedin, but one day, being called upon for the jury, had the effrontery to send round to the Sheriff of the Supreme Court (this was the local judge) praying to be excused from attendance as a jurymen, pointing out his medical qualifications and pleading privilege of being exempted. He was promptly brought to his senses and reprimanded by the Sheriff, Mr Gillies, who was an important personage in those days. He pointed out that the exemption only related to those who were engaged in actual practice and that Jones must attend or be fined or gaol.

Shadrach Jones was a great sport and showed it in his dress and demeanour. He was inclined at times to be flash, with large check waistcoat, heavy gold ring, tie pin and watchchain, etc., but was at all times interested in the people’s welfare, naturally with an eye to the “main chance.” He was always keen on bringing over good theatrical companies from Australia, billiard champions, boxers and dancers, and entertainers of all sorts. He opened the Princess Theatre in 1862, and next year arranged for and financed the “All England Cricket Eleven,” which came early in 1864.

The match against 22 of Otago was played on February 3, 1864, and resulted in an easy win for the English team. According to the paper, the weather was all that could be desired, but the attendance was poor and the stand erected by Mr Jones sparsely patronised. This may have been due to the previous day’s gale, two-thirds of the roof having been stripped off and not repaired in time for the match. The pitch upon the Southern Recreation Ground was far from good, and so indifferent did the English team find it that after the innings of the Otago 22, they pitched a fresh wicket before going in themselves, but found it very little superior to that first selected.

The English 11 were driven down to the ground in a coach and six and returned to the Provincial each day in the same style. On the first day the local team was dismissed for 71, no fewer than nine “ducks” being registered. Stage fright no doubt accounted for much. Next day the gale blew hard again and interfered with the game. Much of the zinc roof of the stand was blown away, and during the day several more of the sheets were lifted bodily and

CARRIED AWAY BY THE WIND.
In order to try and beat the “dead-heads” who objected to payment and watched the play from the cemetery hill, or rather, the sloping spur which ran from above lower Maitland street down to the Oval, a great screen or hoarding was erected, and this certainly was followed by a better attendance on the ground. The paper says that the police were in attendance and somewhat naively remarks “not the smallest disturbance occurred.” There was nothing startling in the way of play on either side; Otago were again dismissed for the small score of 83, nine “ducks” being again charted. All England WON BY NINE WICKETS.

Two curiosities may be noted of the good old days. “Grace and Lockyer made 24 each, and tied for the highest score. Owing to a very heavy sweep having been drawn for the highest scorer, great interest was felt as to the fortunate man and now the sweep will have to be divided unless the second innings is played out.”

“The day was warm, and later on quite pleasant, and toward the afternoon a great number of persons came on the ground. The scorer’s tent was in the same place as before, but the man in charge had an arduous task for a large number of persons persisted in passing and repassing between the tent and the game, with the object, apparently, of obstructing as much as possible. Many of those so offending were persons who should have known better.”

Amongst other novelties on the ground was a genuine old Punch and Judy Show, and this appeared to be a highly popular institution. Next day a match was played against a combined 22 of Canterbury and Otago, who made 91 and 66. All England making 73 in the first innings, and the game was drawn as there was no time for their second innings.

Two points may be noted, at the combined 22 luncheon, Mr Vincent Pyke was in the chair. A singular addition was made to the company in the persons of about a dozen Maoris - men, women, and girls - and their keen appreciation of the comestibles was amusing in the greatest degree. All things considered they conducted themselves remarkably well, and the only part of the proceedings they did not understand was the speech making when the toasts were proposed. One elderly lady was made to believe that speech making was all in her honour and received the compliments and cheers with quiet complacency.

We do not know anything of the Canterbury men, but if we are not mistaken there is not one of the Otago 22 left. Mr Joseph Borton, the umpire, who is of a great age, and almost an invalid through failing eyesight, is, however, still living among us. On leaving Dunedin the Englishmen were driven from the Provincial, in their coach and six, accompanied by a band of music. With them, of course, travelled the 22, the Canterbury men to return home, and the Otago men to see them off. An aquatic procession was formed, the 11 and 22 being towed by the waterman of the port. BOTH BEING LOUDLY CHEERED as they started, and as loudly returning the compliment. The cricketers were conveyed in the new boats Lady Gay Spanker and Lola Montes which had been placed at their disposal by Mr Liardet.

On arriving on board the “City” more cheering and health drinking took place, after which the steamer got under weigh and started off amidst uproarious cheers. Mr Philip Bremner, who was present at the first match, gives the following interesting note, which, coming from a mere youngster as be then was, shows pretty close observation and some knowledge of the game. It would be interesting to know to what positions in the community the vendors of shell fish and fruit have attained:-

“The advent of the All England Eleven in the beginning of 1864 excited a good deal of interest. A strong nor’-wester was blowing the day they arrived by road from Port Chalmers. I saw the match played, and was impressed by the batting of E. M. Grace, the bowling of Tarrant, the swiftest bowler in the world, and by the high, slow bowling of Tinley, when the ball alighted before it reached the crease, and if the batsman was tempted to leave the crease and missed the ball, Lockyer, the best wicket-keeper of the day, would have him out. The 22 Otago men made some appearance on the field, but they were outclassed by the visitors. The match over, the Englishmen had a contest amongst themselves in throwing the ball. From a short distance in front of the grandstand, on the Oval, they threw the ball out into the field, Booth, an Otago man, throwing it back to them. Grace, a strongly built man, won the contest, but I thought that Booth could throw the ball as far as any of the
Englishmen did. Near the grandstand, I saw some North Dunedin boys turning somersaults, and walking on their hands for pennies or other coins thrown to them. Another North Dunedin lad showed some enterprise by hawking boiled periwinkles, announcing his wares by shouting, “Winkidi-wink, wink, periwink!” He did some business, certainly, but a brisker business was carried on by a fruit vendor whose cry was, “Taste ‘em, and try ‘em before you buy ‘em.”

Shadrach Jones was a great betting man and made money fast, but lost or spent it easily. Several pictures of him may be seen in the Otago Punch of those days. He is depicted as a short, stout, rubicund individual, with a “draught board” waistcoat, fat cigar in his mouth, sturdy bulldog at heel, and a lavish display of jewellery, etc.

**SHADRACH JONES AND VAUXHALL GARDENS.**

Thee gardens were opened by Henry Farley in December, 1862, and had a great sports meeting on New Year’s Day, 1863, and thereafter it was the main venue for athletic meetings, Friendly Societies’ picnics, etc. It was a famous place while it lasted; it was mainly run by Farley, but Jones was “in the swim” too. Farley was the proprietor of Farley’s Hall, which was, perhaps, better known in the seventies and eighties. This was just north of the Dowling street steps in Princes street, and contained offices and chambers as well as the “Hall,” and is still in existence.

Vauxhall Gardens were on the top of the rocky piece of ground above the powder hulk, at the north end of Anderson’s Bay, long before the causeway was built. It was a clearing in the thick bush of manuka, mingi-mingi, tarata and broadleaf, and vestiges of it can be traced today on the paddock surrounded by a thicket of hawthorn and sweetbriar. In those days, little paths were cut in the thick scrub and in these were hung kerosene lamps and Chinese lanterns. These paths led to the important centre where the grounds were improved by planting of fern-trees and flax and cabbage trees, and the important pavilion with an elevated bandstand and a railed off dancing floor below. Steps led up to this, and when the floor was full, band playing, fireworks sputtering, barmen and waiters running in all directions, the scene was an exciting and pretty lively one. The little paths resounded with the laughter and shrill chatter of the fair and dusky dancers and of their heavy booted partners who led them unwillingly to the pavilion. There they whirled about in the many dances, or strolled along the gravel paths to the zoological cages where an unfortunate Australian bear, kangaroos, Tasmanian devil, monkeys, vultures and other birds gazed at their “over lords” and wondered when it would be time for more food. The

**FEEDING OF THE VULTURES**

with raw meat was always a feature of the show. A fleet of watermen’s boats plied for hire between the town and this pleasure resort. Steamers ran back and forth to the jetty just at the corner of the rock, and here Jones and Farley added to the attractions by erecting a swimming enclosure of piles with bathing and dressing sheds. Relics of this can be seen to-day. Steps and paths ran up the cliff to the pavilion, and here every night hundreds of persons wended their way through the mazy paths, and tracks that brought them to their destination. There were fireworks, fire balloons, pipers and dancers - liquor ran freely and masked balls took place. On one occasion the bars were kept open beyond the legal closing time with dire results in the way of prosecution of the lessee, one Hetherington. The strawberry gardens were very fine, and little fern-tree pagodas here and there through the bush were popular resorts for tea, coffee, strawberries and cream, etc. Pyrotechnic displays attracted tremendous crowds - set pieces such as volcanic eruptions, sieges and battles; the bands played stirring music; the pavilion rocked to the stamp of booted feet, which kept time to the fairy tripping and dainty swing of the sylph-like maidens of the day.

At the height of the gold rush there were sometimes

**SEVERAL THOUSAND PEOPLE**
there at night, and to attract them the town was plentifully plastered with hand hills and flaring displays of marvellous fireworks and exciting drama. In the day time athletic sports and games took place, and for many years the Oddfellows and Foresters held their fetes on this historic spot. When the Caledonian Grounds and the Forbury Park were opened and the main gold rush had “moved on,” the place languished and was finally abandoned.

It is strange that with all the photographs of Dunedin in the early sixties, not one seems to have been taken of Vauxhall Gardens.

The last reference we can lay our hands upon is an account of the Forester’s Fete, November 9, 1870, and in March, 1871, Forbury Park was opened. At one of the visits of the Dunedin Naturalists’ Field Club in 1872, they came to this spot, and some of the members sat upon the ruins of the old pavilion and moralised upon the former stories of the place. There was the usual talk about the “New Zealander upon the ruins of London Bridge,” and some surprise was expressed when a starling was observed to emerge from a hole in part of the building where it had made its nest. It is somewhat of a coincidence that the last place near Dunedin that we saw a live kaka was in this very patch of bush in the year 1906, when we came upon a fine plump bird living in solitary grandeur, the only inhabitant of this spinney of manuka, sweetbriar, hawthorn, and gnaio,

ALL THAT REMAINED

of the once famous Vauxhall Gardens. What became of Shadrach Jones can best be learned from the following notes from persons who knew him well. Mr Sydney Muir writes:-

“Shadrach Jones was a little man who was not practising in Dunedin. He was an officer in the Otago Light Horse, or, as they were vulgarly called by the youngsters in those days, the ‘Otago Tight Horse.’ They were sworn in on December 29, 1864, and a reference to the papers about that date would give Jones’ rank if wanted. Vauxhall Gardens were started by a man named Henry Farley, who leased the ground from W. H. Cutten, cut paths through the bush, lit them with kerosene lamps, built a band rotunda, dancing hall, skittle and bowling alleys, etc., and ran bars - admission 2s 6d. People were taken over in boats or drove or walked round Anderson’s Bay to them. He also built large baths at the foot of the hill – some of the piles are still there under water. Fireworks were given occasionally and on one occasion the ‘Fall of Sebastopol.’ Several thousand people were usually of a night, mostly diggers a their dancing partners.”

Mr C. Fynmore, of Stuart street, remembered him well and writes as follows:-

“Dr Shadrach Jones was in Dunedin in 1864. He had three or four diplomas, but was not practising at that time. His private residence was on the rise above Stafford street. This house was afterwards owned by Henry Mackenzie, bank manager, and is now the Red Cross Montecillo Home. He was proprietor of the Provincial Hotel in Stafford street, and was a very enterprising man. He was responsible for bringing out from Home the first cricket team, Listers’ Opera Company (which produced among other operas ‘Martha,’ ‘Il. Trovatore,’ ‘La Traviata,’ ‘Norma,’ ‘La Somnambula,’ ‘Carmen,’ ‘Don Giovanni,’ ‘Rigoletto,’ and in fact most of the Italian operas of that day, fully 17 different operas being given), Madame Carandini and daughters and Madame Simonsen, Clarence Holt and family. He also leased land on the Peninsula opposite the town, named it Vauxhall, had it planned out as a pleasure gardens, where firework entertainments were given in the evening, band in attendance, people being taken over by ferry-boat. A few years afterwards he went to England with his wife and family, returning about 1882. He went to Tapanui where he practised his profession. About 5ft 5in in height, curly, dark hair, substantially built and was a most popular and genial man.”

Mr Quin, of Tapanui, thus describes Dr Jones:-

“Dr Shadrach Jones was a middle-sized Englishman, who wore side whiskers of the old style. He had been a great traveller and had practised in South America. Went to Victoria at the time of the gold rush and had a horse repository at Bendigo. He would speculate in anything, was a great sport and patron of prize-fighters, cricketers, etc. Not a gambler, but fond of racing, cards, shooting etc. In the early sixties he had the Provincial Hotel, Dunedin, in company with Charlie Bird, afterwards manager of the Fernhill Club, also the Vauxhall Gardens at Anderson’s Bay. Imported first English cricket team from Australia. When the West Coast rush broke out, left for London and carried on Dr Kahn’s celebrated museum in the Haymarket. He returned to Dunedin about 1882,
and dropped into Louis Court’s in Rattray street one day when that Frenchman was holding his birthday breakfast celebration. The late W. H. T. Taggart and John Stephenson, auctioneer, helped him financially to buy Dr Douglas’s practice at Tapanui. He later bought out S. S. Myers, then chemist in Tapanui, now dentist in Dunedin. After a few years Jones sold out to Dr Bertraud de Lautour and moved to Sydney with his nephew Harwood, who had managed his chemist’s business for him. He practiced in Sydney suburbs until he died at a ripe old age, after a busy life. He was a popular man socially, and a good old sport, steady and reliable, but lived every day of his life.”

That Shadrach Jones came back to Dunedin and started practice in the city is evidenced by the following notes from a curious pamphlet which we unearthed from the archives of the Otago Early Settler’s Association.

In 1883, Jock Graham was badly crippled with rheumatism, and having to become an inmate of the Benevolent Institution, he made use of some of his spare time by editing a monthly illustrated paper called the Hot Springs Guide. This was a pamphlet of some 15 to 20 pages giving particulars of the different springs at Rotorua; a description of the site of the proposed town of Rotorua by Mr Percy Smith, who was then the chief surveyor of the Auckland district; remarks on the hot springs by Sir Wm Fox; Hochstetter’s account of Ohinemutu; report on the mineral waters by Sir James Hector, etc. In addition to these were a few readable short articles, but the bulk of the paper was composed of a large number of local advertisements with rather witty comments on each of the principals of the firms mentioned. There is a good photograph of Jock Graham and a sketch of his life in the first number, which was printed by Jolly, Connor and Company, October 27, 1883, price five shillings. The paper announces as its reasons for issue, assisting the editor, John Graham, to again visit the hot springs, and also to enable him to give lectures for the Industrial School Band and the Benevolent Institution. Among his clients who advertised freely in his pages were men whose names have since become household words among us - judges, legislative councillors, ophthalmic specialists, barristers, solicitors, architects, etc. All come under his survey and receive here a good word, there a compliment or a flattering remark and a comment upon the exalted positions to which each and everyone seemed to have attained. A well-known solicitor who has since reached high eminence is referred to as a “Colonial, a gentleman of unquestionable ability. Although a young man, he is one of the committee of the Athenaeum.”

A popular coachbuilder is “a gentleman of more than ordinary intelligence; he is a Scotchman, but he has been civilised as he is an out and out Radical.” Of a wholesale confectioner who kept a very popular private hotel and restaurant “he is now a member of the City Council, being elected to that position unopposed. I am astonished that such men are not made J.P’s.”

A well-known eye surgeon was referred to in a glowing testimonial: “We feel sure that with the abilities which you appear to possess and the considerable experience you have had, etc., you will not fail to meet with success, etc.” (Shades of the B.M.A.!!)

A fishmonger is “owner of the chief establishment in the city and is the largest and heaviest fishmonger in Dunedin, if not in the colony.”

An architect is referred to thus “He has been everything in his own district, being mayor and also councillor. He is now at the hot springs.”

Amongst the amusing articles is one on the Maoris, by one who had lived among them, in which he said: “I should be a good judge for, from the time I left, what is called ‘civilisation,’ I never saw a feeding-bottle a thief, a drunkard or a blackguard of any kind or of either sex. I never saw a doctor nor medicine of any kind whatever except potatoes, Indian corn or cabbage. It now appears to me that wherever ‘civilisation’ goes it takes the parson, the barrel of rum, the judge, the magistrate and the hangman. When I come down to Dunedin I find suicides, blowing up with dynamite, bad treatment of children, shooting of warders, blackeyes, and when you go into the Magistrates Court you find people who have been educated ‘at Home’ being tried for stealing.”

“He was a popular man socially, and a good old sport, steady and reliable, but lived every day of his life.”

That Shadrach Jones came back to Dunedin and started practice in the city is evidenced by the following notes from a curious pamphlet which we unearthed from the archives of the Otago Early Settler’s Association.
I pray you relieve us,
And out of your kindness
Enlighten our blindness.
Some persons assume
That your dear nom de plume
Rhymes with late Mr Dives
Is that so, O Civis?
While my friend MacVittie
Frac Edinbro’ city
Says your cogomess Civis
Just clinks with Ben Nevis.
The above, our dilemma
Do solve it!
Yours EMMA

“A rhyming answer easy to contrive is:
In England C. I. V. I. S. spells Civis,
That C. I. V. should have the sound of ceev
North of the Tweed, the learned all believe;
A third opinion harder to receive is
When Cicero’s KIKERO than is Civis KEEVIS
Your pay your money Emma, and you take
your choice. CIVIS.

Dr Shadrach Jones can be consulted, Octagon, Dunedin.

“Dr S. Jones, of the Octagon, was better known to the public of Otago in 1861, the beginning of the gold rush to Gabriel’s Gully, as proprietor of the Provincial hotel, he was a gentleman of determined energy and speculation, bringing the All England Eleven from Australia at his own expense, which was a very costly affair, and I am certain if Dr S. Jones shows one third the energy he did when he was in the Provincial, he will make one of the smartest doctors in Dunedin. In those days we had a great dinner in the Provincial to A. J. Burns, when 150 people sat down, and the late respected Michael Prendergast was in the chair, etc., and J. G. S. Grant made himself conspicuous by his absence.”

How many issues this Hot Springs Guide ran to we do not know. We have only No 1; perhaps Mr McEwan, of the Public Library, or the Hocken Library, has some more, They are well worth preserving.

Jock Graham was in his day a great character. Without much education, he was a man of great ability. He was very fond of relating his family history - how one of his cousins was a celebrated Professor of chemistry, and other relatives in high positions. Jock was the first postman between Dunedin and Invercargill in the “fifties” and later carried the mails to and from “the diggings” to Dunedin. In 1865, he sent a celebrated shipment of cats to the West Coast and claimed to have made a good thing out of this little speculation. Later on in the seventies, he had a meat emporium in Rattray street, where he sometimes sold a whole sheep for 2s 5d. This was before the days of freezing, and mutton was often very cheap in the country. (Sheep sold in Wanganui in 1921 for 6d. !!)

The following is from his autobiography “His father being a farmer and grazier, John was employed in agriculture and sheep farming, and a hardy life it was for it must be remembered there were no knives and forks in those days as there was very little use for them, for there was no meat unless there were some old rams that were killed during the harvest time or sometimes an old bull at Martimmas, but latterly there was a cow of some kind killed every year and a great job among us young ones was the saving of the blood to make black-puddings. And there was the making of the white-puddings, too, composed of oatmeal and suet with a little salt, and there was a Scotch haggis. Nothing was lost, everything was saved or used in some way or another. In fact, there is now as much wasted about one of the slaughter yards as would then keep a whole village. Some of our meat would have hardly passed the sanitary inspectors. What would colonials say if they were brought up that
way. We had oatmeal porridge for breakfast, oatmeal cakes and a salt herring each. There was nothing to the porridge but sour milk, and in the winter time when it was scarce it was so sour, it would make a ewl (dog) cry. The oatmeal was made of heated oats. Everything that would sell was sold to pay the rent to the landlord who was a great man in those days,” etc.

Jock Graham died in the Institution at Caversham in 1904, the papers said “at the advanced age of 87.” Jock’s own history, however, from which we have quoted, says “he was born at Belleown, Stirlingshire, in 1833, but that he looks much older on account of rheumatism acquired in the early days of hardship and pioneering.”

We must apologise for referring at some length to old Jock, but he was so well known, and his name appears in so many of the articles on the early doctors, that we feel justified in having done so.

**JOHN MACAFFER AND MATAUARA.**

Mataura as a name is applied to a well-known river, and to part of the County (or as it used to be the Province) of Southland, but chiefly to an important and thriving little town on the main line between Dunedin and Invercargill, being some 33 miles from the latter city. The actual township of Mataura extends along both banks of the river, and is at the present time under the control of a Borough Council. It contains over 2000 inhabitants, and no doubt originally owed its selection, as a place for settlement, to the magnificent falls upon the river.

These falls have been utilised as a means of energy for driving the engines of the paper mills, freezing works, etc., and for supplying electric light for the larger town of Gore. In the “fifties” the runholders and settlers had to depend for medical assistance upon Dr Manning, of Jew’s Bush, Pueru, now and again upon Dr Richardson, of Oaklands, but as a rule upon one or other of the Invercargill doctors, who had to be summoned on many a long, dreary ride through tutu and tussock to do what was necessary for seriously injured man or “crying woman.”

We have been always anxious to learn the origin of the names Jews Bush and The Jew’s Bush. One man assured us it was originally Dewe’s Bush, but the following account from Mr D. Coghill seems far more probable. Sam Young has the reputation for being a bit of a wag. Let us hope he is not pulling our leg on this occasion.

“When you were out here at the Old Identities’ Picnic, you asked me if I knew how the ‘Jew’s Bush’ got its origin? Yesterday I had a call from an old Warepa resident, Mr Samuel Young, of Tuapeka West, who told me that when he was a small boy, his father and he went to the Taieri for some cattle. On the way home when going up the Stony Creek Hill two riders overtook them - one riding a horse the other a mule. The latter was an Englishman called Turner, going to see a section that he had bought, about 50 acres at the lower end of what is now known as Jew’s Bush. He had lived a long time in Palestine and adopted the customs of the Jews, wore a long beard, and rode a mule, etc. He never settled in his selection, which was sold later to the late Major Richardson, and is now in the hands of Mr James Lamond.”

Dr Menzies, a well-known Scottish practitioner, who had come to N.Z., and adopted the life of a pastoralist, had a strong bent towards politics, which later absorbed all his attention. He lived at Dunalister, some few miles further south, and, as well as in him lay, studiously avoided medical practice, save in cases of direst necessity.

We have been greatly assisted by the courtesy of the Hon. Thomas MacGibbon, M.L.C., one of the pioneers of the district, with the following fine description of the place in the early days:

“Mataura in 1858 was wholly pastoral, being taken up in large runs which were but lightly stocked for some years, and it was not till 1866 that small farms came into existence, some of the runs having been proclaimed in hundreds. A good many of the young men of the elder families in Otago, seeing the richness of the pasture in the district, and having purchased a small holding, became entitled to depasture cattle on payment of a trifling license. They therefore removed their cattle from the more congested districts and ‘treked’ them down to Mataura, where there was little stock, but abundance of natural feed. These early settlers did little or no farming,
but depended entirely on sale of fat stock, etc. As the years rolled on the numbers of these settlers, who followed only pastoral pursuits, became so great that the area was overstocked, and they were induced to try cultivation, which soon proved that the land was of first-class value for growing cereals. As roads were formed, and especially after the construction of the Invercargill and Dunedin main line of railway, and the increasing shipping, which conveyed products to Australia and the Old Country, the area of land cultivated became greater. The fertility of the soil and the good climate encouraged the settlers to extend their operations, and break up larger areas of the virgin soil, which yielded, in many places, wheat of the best quality. As a producing population requires a distributing centre, the town of Mataura was laid off by Messrs G. F. Richardson, McFarlane, Coyle and other surveyors, and became the nucleus of the present settlement. The first public enterprise was a flour mill, driven by water power supplied by a small water race from the Mataura River, just above the falls. This was owned by a Mr Alexander McLaggan, who worked it for a few years after which the property fell into the hands of Messrs Fleming and Gilkison, millers in Invercargill, who extended the weir and otherwise improved the property, afterwards selling out their rights to the Southland Frozen Meat and Export Company.”

We have received the following interesting memorandum, which we are glad to insert here, from Mrs T. P. Aitken, of Tuturau, a daughter of the late Mr Forrest Brown:- “The Mataura flourmill was owned by Mr Forrest Brown and built by him; he was a master builder and wheelwright. Mr A. McLaggan was the miller and had perhaps money in it. Mrs Brown made the silk dresser for the mill, and, but for the terrible flood in ’78, a very different ending would have been recorded. The mill was finished and the mill race, which had taken months to blast from the hard rock, also, but this was completely filled up with rocks and gravel, the wheel badly damaged. There were two men sleeping in a hut on the low land by the mill, the first storey of which was in the hollow, and the second storey level with the road. The men were wakened in the night by the swish of water, and striking a light found to their horror the water was up to their beds. Gathering their clothes up they waded out and only just in time. Hundreds of pounds in money went down in the river that night, which had to be paid in years of stint by Mr Brown and family. We know what we suffered by the loss of the mill, and how the site was given away, but this year we had surveyors down to divide the farm to lease part of it, and we are told that the fine electric site on the river in front of our house belongs to us after all.”

“The freezing company bought from Mr Thomas Culling, the principal of the Mataura Paper Mills Company, on the Otago side, the site on the west bank. This was about an acre in extent, and cost £8000, and the Southland Frozen Meat and Export Company, Limited, after a modest start in 1882, enlarged and extended the premises. They now not only cover the original area purchased from Mr Culling, but a much larger area which the company hold under lease from the Government of New Zealand. Of such completeness are they that they slaughter and freeze about 150,000 carcasses of mutton and lamb annually in these works, which are only part of their extensive factories. Besides slaughtering and freezing the Southland Frozen Meat and Export Company also established a fellmongery, and later manure works, and still later electrical machinery for the Gore and Mataura Boroughs.

“About the ‘mid-seventies,’ a company was formed in Invercargill to obtain the necessary concessions from the Otago Provincial Government to enable them to erect and work a paper mill on the east side of the fall. The concessions were granted, and a mill with water power constructed, but it never was very successful. The company, unfortunately, had purchased an old plant in N.S. Wales which soon proved obsolete, and the result was rather disastrous to the company in Invercargill. This company later on sold out to the firm of Coulls, Culling and Co., which company merged into the N. Z. Paper Mills Co., this company also acquiring the paper mill of Messrs Fergusson and Mitchell at Woodhaugh and a mill at Riverhead, Auckland. It has been very successful, and is now letting contracts for extensive works on the river by weir and races which will greatly increase the output and make the Mataura the most important paper mill in New Zealand if not in the Southern Hemisphere. Not only are the Paper Mills Co. bringing in more water power, but they are putting in a turbine of the newest type with 1000 horse power, and in addition replacing defective and obsolete machinery by that which is up-to-date. The whole cost of these improvements will be about £130,000. This company many years ago scrapped the original machinery, and replaced it by what was then the most modern, with all the latest improvements. They employ a large number of hands, male and female, so it is not to be wondered at that
Mataura has grown from a sod-hut and tent in 1859, with only one family, to a well built town of over 2000 inhabitants, possessing all the advantages and honours connected with a Mayor and Borough Council!

“The first settlers in Mataura were runholders, Mr George Lloyd, of Green Island, near Dunedin, having acquired the Tuturau run of 30,000 acres on the east side of the river, which he used as a cattle run only. His stockman was Mr J. P. Joyce, an active, intelligent, genial man who afterwards became editor of the Southland News paper, and was for a time member of Parliament for Invercargill. Mr Lloyd did not hold the run very long, but sold out to Mr Edwin Rich, who erected the first weatherboard house in Tuturau, the only other one being the accommodation and ferry house on the west bank. Mr Rich, in his turn, sold out to Turnbull and Haynes, Mr Haynes disposing of his interest very shortly after to his partner, Mr John Turnbull, afterwards R.M. for the Mataura district. Mr Turnbull disposed of the run after a few years, and it was cut up and sold to men of experience in farming in other parts of Otago, in blocks of 50 acres and upwards These men soon made ‘two blades of grass grow’ where one only grew previously, and Tuturau became noted for its wheat crops with a return of 50 to 70 bushels per acre and oats even better. Later Tuturau proved itself one of the best dairying districts in the South, and in 1886, a dairy factory was established by subscription of the local people. The works started on a small scale. The first production of cheese was about 25 tons, and has now reached to about 300 tons, notwithstanding several rival establishments in the district and others only a few miles distant. Within the last two years the owners have added a butter plant to their factory, and extract a large quantity of butter from the whey, which had before that been found a difficult waste product to deal with. They also manufacture sugar of milk, a readily saleable article, which fortunately does not interfere with the extraction of butter from the whey, but is only to be made from the whey after the butter has been eliminated.

“The earliest runholders were George Lloyd, Dr Menzies, Messrs Mieville, Shanks Bros., Dalrymple, Chubbin and Gunn, McNab, Robert Stewart, Dr Richardson, George Reel, D. Sinclair, Thomas Reynolds, and others whose post office was Mataura. This was established by the Otago Provincial Government about 1860, and was the medium whereby run-holders as far distant as Lake Te Anau received their mails. The mails were at first conveyed on horseback, and later after the ‘diggings’ had started Cobb and Company ran coaches, with a weekly mail until at last it became daily, when the railways were running, which was about 1876. The first early farmers after the opening up of the runs for sale in small sections were Alexander Dickie, who is still living, and his brother Robert, now dead, Messrs Finlay McKay, Allan Galt, Wm. Muir, Robert Muir, and James Muir, Wm. McCartney, James Crawford, Wm Allison, Alexr. Cameron, John Gray, Alexr. Cockburn, James Pollock, G. M. Williamson, James Williamson, George Rae and brothers, Lancelot Nicol, etc.

The first store erected was in 1867 by Mr James Pollock, and in 1872 Mr John MacGibbon purchased the property and business, and his sons still carry on the business on the same site, but in new buildings in brick. Among the earlier butchers were Messrs Edwards, Cameron, and J. E. Humphries. Mr Thomas Smith was for some years the only boot and shoe maker, and Mr Wm Gardiner, the only smithy. Opposition arose by the establishment of another smithy, and Mr Gardiner, who was a shrewd, pushing, intelligent man, enlarged his premises by adding a foundry, and turning out the Gardiner plough, a double furrowed one, which was for years very popular and a strong rival of Reid and Gray’s implements, made in Dunedin, and holds a deservedly high place in the estimation of the farmers of Mataura, Southland, Otago and Canterbury. Not long after the town was established, Mr T. Connor started in business as a tinsmith, Mr Peter Clark as tailor, and very soon representatives of the other crafts were in evidence.

“Roads in these early days were mostly in their natural state, unformed, with a few temporary culverts over water courses, and almost impassable in winter, but by the establishment of road boards and later county councils, the highways were formed, then graded, and much later gravelled, not metalled. The want of good stone in the neighbourhood was a severe handicap to the earlier road boards, but fortunately gravel of a very good character was plentiful, and came ultimately into great use. So bad were the roads in the late ‘sixties’ that £28 per ton was paid for goods carriage from Invercargill, from which town the district for a long time drew its supplies. This was in the height of the gold diggings, when prices ruled very high for both the goods and the cartage, the latter in many cases exceeding the original cost of the goods. For instance, flour in ’64, cost £30 per ton in Invercargill and £28 per ton to be added for cartage, making the cost laid down, £58 per ton!”
“On the north and east side of the River Mataura the country is hilly with, in those days, heavy, dense fern, tutu, and flax, with a fair mixture of sow thistle, aniseed, and what was known as oat grass. The tutu plant or shrub, for it grows in various forms, one being what we called the tree tutu, often 20ft in height, with a bole of occasionally six to nine inch in diameter also grew here. The most common variety on the Tuturau hills was, however, the scrub kind, this being very luxuriant, and plentiful. Heavy flax was plentiful and of first class quality for manufacturing into hemp, and its destruction is a matter of regret, as it has, for a good many years been a source of revenue when manufactured into fibre. The sow thistle, aniseed and oat grass have also vanished, except in a few places inaccessible to stock.

“The hills were swarming with wild pigs, which afforded both meat and sport to the settlers, as, in those days, the flocks were small and only in the breeding stage, and owners were glad to substitute ‘wild pork’ for beef and mutton. The wild pork was very palatable - better to most people’s taste than styegrown, as having fed entirely upon the vegetables and fern-roots it had not the gross fat found in styegrown porkers, and was more akin to mutton.

“Bird life was not plentiful: quails, however, were so and made delicious eating, but they have now passed out as their poor powers of flight made them an easy prey to the sheep dog. Wood hens (wekas) too were plentiful, but were not generally eaten, as unless well cooked, were a rather tough morsel. The fat of these birds was used as an unguent which relieved rheumatic pains and was excellent for softening leather and was much used for that purpose. There were then no rabbits. They had not been introduced into the country, and were not until about 1866. In some places they have since almost displaced sheep on the pastures, notably in the Lake District.

“On the east side of the river the country was entirely different, and limited to a few chains in width, and the land-ward side of this strip was what is called a ‘nigger head’ swamp, impassable to man or beast until, as now, drained, which process has added some of the richest lands to the farming area.

“One often heard the boom of the bittern and saw occasionally the beautiful and graceful white heron, now very rarely seen. Ducks of great variety afforded good sport, at least to the ‘shootist.’ The river near the falls was frequented by the blue mountain duck, now very scarce. Grey ducks were plentiful, and afforded good shooting, but were very wild. On the quiet water below the falls, where there is very little current, the grey and blackteal duck were very numerous at certain times, and almost covered the surface of the river from side to side. Paradise ducks were also very plentiful, more so when some land was broken up and cropped by us. A few wild dogs would be heard howling at night and occasionally seen among the sheep, with destructive results, but the use of strychnine as a poison and kangaroo hunting dogs have completely eradicated this enemy.

“To reach Mataura from Dunedin was somewhat difficult; on one occasion we took a mob of cattle with us to stock up a run on the Hokonui hills just opposite Riversdale-Waimea. The journey occupied over three weeks, and great difficulty was experienced in the crossing of the rivers. The worst was the Taiieri at the Ferry, where the cattle had to be roped at the yard, and towed at the stern of the boat to the southern shore. Attempts were often made to force the cattle into the river in a mob, then in smaller mobs, but there being no current, very often when the stock were half way across there would be a dash by the leader of the swimming mob to regain the bank they had just left and then the work had to be recommenced. It took us more than a week to get 150 head of cattle across the river at Taiieri Ferry in the year 1858. The Molyneux (Clutha) river was much more easily crossed, as we were able to select a spot on the north side which deflected the strong current to the south bank. After some display of horsemanship, whip-cracking, and the liberal use of the human voice, the whole mob were got afloat, and when thus situated they were carried by the strong current to the south side, and had no opportunity of breaking back. The work which occupied over a week at Taiieri Ferry was all finished in two hours. The only other river of importance on the route was the Mataura, which, as the season was summer and the river low, was no obstacle, as the gravel on the ford, which then bore the name of Long Ford, was visible and glistening in the sunshine the whole, way across to the southern shore. The time occupied from Dunedin to our station was about a month.

“In 1859, we again traversed the country from Dunedin to Mataura, and were three weeks on the road, a week of that having been taken up looking for our bullocks which had strayed, during the night, when we camped at Waimea. The road was long, as we had to keep to the leading ridges as far as possible, and this was not like an arrow’s flight! Then we had to make cuttings into the creeks and improve sidings on the hill face to enable our
dray to get along without capsizing. We had a precious cargo, as we had in the dray my mother and young brother and sisters. We had good weather, and plenty to eat and drink, also a milch cow in the mob, which we bailed up alongside the dray wheel, and milked each morning. We also had a lot of live fowls, and these supplied a few eggs, while the creeks supplied eels and occasionally we caught a sucking pig and so varied our menu. When we arrived at Mataura there was no house to enter, and we had to build one, which, however, did not take long, as we had willingness to work, health and a determination to make a good start. We had in a day or two a good sod-hut, roofed with snow grass, and a huge fireplace, so that with the aid of a small eight by six tent, and the dray tilt, we all were accommodated, and soon after our heads were down were asleep and happy.”

The first doctor to actually settle in the Mataura district was Dr McLean, who moved down from Whakatipu in 1870. His practice was more or less intermittent and desultory as can be seen in the Southland News, February 12, 1870:-

“A civil case, Campbell v. Powell, heard in the Resident Magistrate’s Court on Thursday, 10th inst., disclosed remarkable confusion of ideas on the part of one Dr McLean, practising in the Mataura district. The action was for the recovery of a horse in the possession of the defendant, but claimed by the plaintiff as his property. From the evidence it appeared that Mr Campbell lent the animal to Dr McLean, who, after a time, rode into town and sold it to Powell, who obtained a perfectly regular receipt and evidently acted in good faith throughout. The doctor’s explanation was in the non mi ricordo style - he did not recollect, but thought he had turned the horse out to grass somewhere; and further, that it was lent him with the option of purchase at any time, at a price agreed upon. This was denied by the plaintiff, for whom judgment was given with costs.”

Southland News, March 2, 1870: “Dr McLean, a practitioner tolerably well known in the Mataura district, has come to grief at Riverton. He went there on business a few days since, was very much struck with the beauty of the scenery in the neighbourhood of the township, and thought he should very much like to settle down thereabouts. On the spur of the moment he went to Mr Grant, auctioneer, enquired about ‘snug little properties,’ spoke confidentially of funds in the bank, and future prospects, winding up - as it was after bank hours - with the off-hand request for a loan of £3. It was granted without a moment’s hesitation by the worthy auctioneer, who evidently thought he was dealing with a gentleman. It was, however, soon whispered about that the balance at the bank, etc., was purely imaginary, and as there was no sign of the doctor’s refunding the loan, the police were communicated with, with the result of causing his introduction to Mr Shea Lawlor, Resident Magistrate, who expressed disapproval of the stratagem made use of to raise the wind, and sentenced its inventor to three months’ imprisonment with hard labour.”

This is the Dr McLean who was at Whakatipu, and had a sheep run above Queenstown in the sixties. He was a man of over 30, not married, and did not practise his profession. He was well-off when he arrived at Whakatipu - reported to have £2000 in funds. He owned a little launch and often came down the lake to Queenstown. Unfortunately he would sometimes stop in the township a week at a time. During one of these spells he got into the hands of the O’Sullivans, two brothers, at Queenstown, and they fleeced Dr McLean. He came one day to a friend and said: ‘O’Sullivan has ruined me and got my run. I owe you £50 for stores; take out a summons and I’ll confess judgment.’ The storekeeper did so and got his money. As soon as it was rumoured that the doctor was in difficulties other creditors gathered, like vultures to a feast, but few, if any, gut anything of what was owing to them; the O’Sullivans were too smart for that. Dr McLean disappeared from Whakatipu, and was next heard of in the Mataura district, where he was in very low water. He had taken his reverses very much to heart, and was in a despondent state, often under the influence of drugs. He had, however, some good friends who stuck to him and tried to help him. He left Mataura and went to Australia, where he died.

Mr MacGibbon continues:

“As for medical men at this period and for years after there were none. If the ailment was serious a doctor had to be sent for from Invercargill, 35 miles distant, and the messenger had to ride over 40 miles. The earliest doctors who visited Mataura when wanted urgently were Martin, Monckton, McClure, and McCrystal. After some years, about 1874, a meeting of settlers from Wyndham, Knapdale, and Mataura was held in Mataura, with Dr Menzies in the chair. The meeting resolved to advertise for a medical man to start practice in Mataura as headquarters, the settlers to guarantee £300 per annum, and the doctor to charge according to a scale drawn up. An advertisement was inserted in the Dunedin papers, and in response we had a few applicants, and Dr John
John Macaffer was appointed and proved a good and skilful man. He remained in Mataura for a few years, when he left and started practice in Gore, which was then rising into notice.

The district had no doctor for some time, and had to again depend upon Gore or Invercargill, but in 1888 Mr MacGibbon was in Scotland and met Dr Morris in Fenwick, Ayrshire. He induced him to come out and fill the position as local doctor which he did for about 2½ years, when he was appointed surgeon for the Cromwell hospital at a good salary and private practice. This position he accepted much to the sorrow of the Mataura people, who highly esteemed him. After him various doctors came and went. Stockwell, Sommerville, Hendry, and others practised in the Mataura Borough since, but none for any lengthy period.

To further quote Mr MacGibbon:-

“There was an outbreak of dysentery among children about 1874 or 1875, which was very virulent and for the short time it lasted deadly. The strange part was that although the settlers were few in number, and no aggregations or population anywhere, yet it travelled from one sheep station to another. It had very fatal results, the most pronounced being at Knapdale station, where within a week four of the family out of five of Mr Alexr. McNab, the runholder, were cut off. The only survivor was the eldest son, the late Dr Robert McNab, who was for a time Minister for Lands for the colony. There being no resident doctor, Dr Grigor, of Invercargill, was called in, and remained over a week at Knapdale station, but was unable to save the lives of the poor children. There were many other cases of the disease throughout the district, and a few fatal ones, but nothing special was done by way of sanitation as the settlers were few and very scattered. There has been no outbreak of a similar nature since.”

In the early “seventies,” James Bowden Lake was in practice at Switzers. Hodgkinson and Monckton were in partnership in Invercargill, and they were called in to see the McNab family at Knapdale, who were suffering from the mysterious malady somewhat like typhoid fever. Lake was the nearest doctor and considered the family attendant, but several consultants had been called in and had been, more or less, puzzled as to the nature of the complaint. A number of the children died; Robert, afterwards the well-known Minister for Lands and the Historian of Southland, being the only survivor.

Dr Hodgkinson always spoke highly of Dr Lake as a clever young practitioner, well trained and exceedingly attentive and unremitting in his endeavours to save the children. He had been in practice on the Taieri for a few months, at Arrowtown for several years and elsewhere in Otago Central. He later came to Dunedin, where he died in a private hospital at a comparatively early age. The doctors of Invercargill had to travel for 100 miles in all directions, and the men of Switzers, Mataura, Wyndham had similar distances to cover. ‘Roads’ were mere tracks through high tutu and manuka. Snow fell often and sometimes very heavily. The great storm of 1872, when a man named Eccles lost his life near Croydon, and another in 1878, were two of the worst. The doctor at Mataura had to travel all over the Wyndham district down to Fortrose, along to Waikawa back along the gorge to Popotunoa or Clinton, and up the Waimea Plains to Wantwood and other stations. Similarly when there was a practitioner at Switzers - and among others McChrystal, Wharton-Cox, Lake, Low, McLean and others tried their hands there - they had long, long distances to toil through frost and snow, uphill and down dale as occasion required, deep rivers to ford or swim, thick bush to penetrate, long detours to avoid swamps and morasses, and all this on horseback, for as yet no vehicles could negotiate the primitive bridle tracks.

John Macaffer came from the Western Highlands of Scotland, and, after taking his degree in Glasgow, came out in the Nelson as ship’s surgeon on her first voyage in 1874. He remained in practice in Mataura for a few years, and then when Gore was surveyed and came into prominence as a junction of the new railway route he moved there and speedily made a good name for himself. He was the first doctor in that town, liked and respected, being a well educated, cultured Highland gentleman, a good scholar of Gaelic, musical and popular. He married in Gore, and after a few years residence there died rather suddenly, leaving a widow and two children.
PRIMITIVE OAMARU.

DRS WILLIAMS, WAIT, FLEMING, AND DE LAUTOUR.

The land on which Oamaru stands was originally Hugh Robinson’s run, number 15 in the Waste Lands register. It extended from the Awamoa Creek, a few miles south of the town site of to-day, as far north as- the Landon Creek, which runs into the sea about a mile south of Pukeuri. ‘Po the north of Robinson’s lay Filleul Brothers’ Papakaio run, number 16, and to the south Charles Eberhardt Suisted’s Otepopo run number 13. Suisted was said to be a Swedish baron, a very wealthy man, what one might, in terms of modern slang, call a “heavy swell,” for he was somewhere in the vicinity of 22 stone. The district must have been very salubrious, perhaps luxurious, for a good many of the inhabitants were noted for being “heavy weights.” One of the local doctors turned the scale at 17 stone, and another, tipping his buggy sideways while on his sounds, was popularly supposed to run Suisted very close. Fred Every, who was at Papakaio as early as 1853, described in a letter to the Oamaru Mail, July 20, 1889, what the primitive “town” was like. “Hugh Robinson and his brother Harry lived in a small whare built mostly of cabbage trees, raupo and flax, on the north bank of the creek, just about where the railway now crosses it. Mr John Lemon came up about two weeks after me, November 10, 1853, and went on to Papakaio, but Julius Jeffreys who came up with me had to ride back to Dunedin with a pair of pararas lined with red blanket instead of boots, all of our household effects having been burned - clothes, boots, etc.” About this time W. H. Teschemaker and Edwin Rich brought a big flock of sheep overland all the way from Nelson. They intended to go down to the Molyneuxs and settle there, but for various reasons they finally settled in the Kauroo in 1855. In this year Robinson sold his run to W. H. Valpy, who in turn sold in 1857 to Filleuls, who passed it on in 1859 to James Hassell, and in 1852 it was proclaimed a Government Hundred.

According to W. H. S. Roberts, from whose book, “History of Oamaru,” we are largely drawing, the name Oamaru may be taken to mean “the Rata tree” or something very much akin to it. “O” - and “amaru” the metrosideros shrubs and climbing trees, the ‘particular genus to which the various rata’s belong. Pronounced O-amaru, something near to O-ar-mar-oo, and never as vulgarly called Ommeroo,

In 1856 there were near the Oamaru Creek only a shepherd’s hut, a small wool-shed, and yards, a wash pool in the creek with high banks so that horses had to go right down to the beach to cross on the shingle bed. The creek after striking the shingle bed, followed it for some considerable distance towards the cape before finding exit into the bay. The shepherd’s hut was built on the rise, near where the Athenaeum afterwards stood, and was made of clay thatched with snowgrass and raupo. There was no mail north or south of Oamaru till 1857, when D. Hutchinson’s tender to carry it for £290 per annum from Dunedin to Oamaru was accepted, and upon the same day that of John Graham (the redoubtable Jock Graham of red coat fame) was accepted to run the mail from Dunedin to Invercargill for £300 per annum. To pay for this postal service the authorities struck a 2d postage per half-ounce, and 1d for newspapers. This was from Dunedin and was in addition to whatever postage had already been paid to bring mail matter to that town. In 1857, Dr Fred Richardson bought out Suisted, who left Otago and went to Wellington. In 1858, Dr Robert Williams, then of Dunedin, and John Lemon had a run south of the Waitaki; Borton and McMaster had Marawahenua further up; above them McEvoy, and then Dansey. By this time Oamaru was showing signs of becoming a “township.” Two stores were erected, one of which was for Charles Traill, afterwards well known at Stewart Island. There was now a fairly good track south as far as Otepopo, 15 miles distant, and William Valpy and John Borton, who had just married the two sisters of Fred Every, moved up to Marawahenua; Julius Jeffreys was also interested in the Marawahenua run. The Filleuls, near at hand at Papakaio, and the Julius Brothers, also relatives of Julius Jeffreys, father of Julius Sanders Jeffreys, were at Rugged Ridges on the Upper Waitaki. The Juliuses were referred to in an earlier article, but their names were wrongly stated to be Reginald, Richard, and George. They should have been Reginald, Edric, and Herbert. They were a splendid type of settler, good judges of stock, famous riders and thorough good sports, and were highly popular residents of the district. Edric was for many years the Oamaru City Solicitor. In 1858, almost the first house that was built in Oamaru was erected for Dr Knowles King, who was a member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England; he had in his first few months to attend John Healey, Filleul Brothers’ shepherd, the first man to die and be buried in the district. Dr King did not stay more than a year in the place; the population was as yet too scattered, too scanty, and far too healthy to support a doctor. The method of landing goods from the coastal schooners and steamers which came to the roadstead was rather peculiar. The
Provincial Government erected a large crane or derrick on the top of the high clay cliff at the south west corner of the bay, above the landing place, by which goods were raised or lowered from, or on to, the surf boats. These vessels were thus loaded or discharged, for there was no jetty, and no road under the cliff to the landing place, as the Oamaru Creek ran between the terrace and the shingly beach. The paddle steamer “Geelong,” 108 tons register, arrived from Melbourne in January 1859, and Jones, Cargill and Co. entered into an arrangement with the Provincial Government to run her up and down the coast from Oamaru as far as Invercargill, calling at every port on the coast once a month. The subsidy was £1950 per annum for two years. Cabin passage cost £3 10s to Oamaru and goods 40s per ton, wool 15s per bale of under 3½cwt. To Moeraki the passage money was 10s less; freight or goods the same as for Oamaru. The brigantine “Comet,” 92 tons, brought direct from N.S.W. 708 sheep and one mare consigned to Fileul Brothers, and in spite of bad weather landed her stock without accident of any kind. This was very different from what happened a year later, when Messrs Holmes and Campbell, of the Totara run, attempted to land their flock of merino sheep by swimming them through the surf. The whole of the beach and flat were covered with the carcasses of those which perished from exhaustion and drowning.

There were in 1859 only four houses in Oamaru, belonging to Henry France, Dr Knowles King, H. Hertslet and James Hassell. Hassell lived in a hut upon the Athenaeum rise, and beside him was a whare for the Moris who manned the landing boats, and a little one belonging to Charles Traill. At this time the Rev. William Johnstone, of Port Chalmers, used to visit Oamaru, and made it his business to proceed as far as Marawhenua at least once every three months.

In February 1860 he preached in Mr Hassell’s wool-shed, the first sermon delivered in Oamaru, to about 25 people, being practically the entire adult population. Fairbairn and England finished their survey of the town in August 1860, and pegged off nearly 2000 sections included in 94 blocks, containing 475 acres. The whole town including streets was over 1000 acre, in extent. Evidently it was deemed necessary to have some place in which to lodge persons who had little idea of the difference between right and wrong, for a “lock up” as they called it in those days, was erected by John Lemon, also a bridge over the Oamaru Creek was built by contract, of Oamaru limestone. The span of the arch was 24 feet, the roadway 18 feet between the parapets. In November some sections south of Itchen street were sold by public auction, the upset price being £12 10s. Sixty-seven sections were sold averaging £42 7s per section. During the year the number of houses in the town increased to 11. The Thomas and Henry bulk was purchased and moored in the roadstead and William Hay took up his quarters upon her. She was placed there for the storing of goods from the various steamers and craft which now brought considerable merchandise to the port. When the weather became stormy poor William Hay had a very rough time and on occasion much anxiety was experienced for his safety. There were now 300,000 sheep in the district of North Otago, all pronounced free from scab, which was not the case a year or two before. Mr Wm Falconer, of Waireka, in the North Otago Times for August and September, 1889, gives an interesting account of these early days, and from this the following notes have been taken:- In June, 1860, he went up by the “Geelong” and landed in a large whaleboat manned by a crew, partly Maori and partly European, under the command of an Orcadian, Tom Hardy. On reaching the shore, the boat was driven up as far as possible on the beach, and the passengers, watching the chance of a receding wave, sprang ashore. The means of exit from the landing place was by means of a rope dangling over the face of a steep bank while the heavy goods were hoisted by a derrick to the top. On the left stood the government shed for storage of wool, and other goods, a frame building, boarded and roofed with Hobart Town palings. A large wool store was in course of erection for Mr James Hassell. What is now Bee’s Corner (1889), was then a sort of wilderness garden surrounded by a low sod wall. Fronting Itchen street, occupying the present site of the Star and Garter Hotel, was Collie Brothers’ old accommodation house. At the corner of Itchen and Tees streets stood the stockyard belonging to the accommodation house, and an old whare built of cabbage trees and mud which had formerly been the residence of Traill. On the south side of the reek, close to where the Crown Mill now stands, was Hertslet’s house, and on the north side, further north-east and looking seaward, was a pretty cottage surrounded by a well fenced garden, the residence of Mr John Lemon. Near the site of the present Old Court house stood what had been the original residence of the owner of the Oamaru run. This was an erection of sods, plastered with clay and thatched with raupo, which grew in profusion in the lagoon at the mouth of the Oamaru Creek. “Next day I had a lift in a cart driven by John Every. The appearance of the vehicle was unique. A large, strong bullock was between the shafts of the cart, and two smaller bullocks in yoke were the leaders. The driver sat in the cart, and with a long whip, which he used with great dexterity, guided his team.” The Oamaru Creek ran from the bank below Itchen street,
north of the Crown Flour Mill nearly up to Robertson’s “smiddy,” where the Glen Creek joined it; it then formed a bend more than half way across Thames street opposite Mr Menzies’ shop, then with another sweep it meandered round in the rear of where is the present Post Office, crossing Thames street where it now does. After returning to Dunedin and being absent six weeks, Falconer went back to Oamaru and found considerable progress had been made in building. A good-sized dwelling house had been erected for Henry Campbell, Dalgety & Rattray’s store was finished, the first Northern Hotel was being erected for Andrew Baker; Weedon was building a stable at Tyne street, which was afterwards converted into the Bank of N.Z.; and a number of houses had been built on the rise of Tees street. In September, Bishop Harper, who had ridden overland from Christchurch, preached an impressive sermon to the inhabitants.

In 1859 Dr Tudor Williams had established himself in the town and lived in a nice wattle and daub house, with a well planted garden, nestling close under the hill. This house was built by Mr Joseph Borton, afterwards well known on the goldfields, and still living in Dunedin (1921). He was in those days a good cricketer and was selected to play against the All England Eleven in 1864. As a matter of fact he acted as umpire for Otago in that famous match. Dr Williams’ work was not great at first, but as population increased land was taken up further back. When hotels were licensed and the supply of liquor easy to obtain, accidents and illness became more frequent, some of the inhabitants having, as Falconer puts it, “an unlimited capacity for waiapiro.” On New Year’s Day, 1861, a tremendous assemblage of bullock drivers, station hands, etc., took place, and with some heavy drinking, violent altercations, and terrific fights ensued, four fights being in progress at one time in front of the old Accommodation House on that afternoon. Amongst the games indulged in were throwing the hammer, quoits, etc., long and high jump, and an event, not now seen, known as “hitch and kick.” A bladder was suspended from a pole five or six feet from the ground, and the competitors with a short run tried to hit it with the foot at the greatest height from the ground. The first horse races took place early in 1861, and attracted a great many sports from the other side of the Waitaki and from Dunedin. The hulk Thomas and Henry, being found useless for the purpose it was intended, was removed, much to the relief of most people. In March 1861, a man was drowned in the creek in the middle of the town, and the occurrence was witnessed by W. Falconer. He saw the man come out of the Oamaru Hotel, walk a few yards with another man, and then leaving him, stagger down the steep bank into the pool formed by the bend of the creek in Thames street. His companion uttered a yell of horror and hastened back, and another man named Oscar Davis who happened to be passing plunged in to the rescue. Davis dived repeatedly, but failed to find the man, who had evidently sunk like lead leaving no trace save a few air bubbles at first. Next morning his body was recovered and buried. He was a stranger named Frank Danby, a blacksmith from Timaru. The driver of a bullock team from Red Cliffs, belonging to Charles Meyer, was driving his team one day, and being in a partly intoxicated condition, he fell in front of the wheel and had his chest so crushed that he died in a few days. When the Tuapeka diggings broke out, the whole town was deserted, and Dr Williams was left with little to do. Provisions became very dear, the 2001b sack of flour being £3 12s. At this date a well-known habitue of the main street was Captain Sewell’s tame bull which had been broken in to saddle and harness. He was a knowing “old codger,” and at times would allow three or four children to ride him up and down the town. At other times, if it suited him, he would shake vigorously until he had dislodged them from his back. His daily task was to draw a cask of water from the creek to his master’s house, and for the rest of the day he was allowed to roam the town at his own sweet will. He would never break down a fence but woe to the owner who left his garden gate open. Being a favourite he was seldom molested, and regret was expressed when the butcher’s knife finally ended his career. As the mode of ploughing at that time is now obsolete, it may interest some of to-day. A team of bullocks in yoke, usually six in number, were attached to a swing plough with one man “between the stilts” to hold it, and another driving the bullocks. They travelled at a slow, steady pace, and turned over in eight hours about an acre of ground. At night they were unyoked and turned out to find their feed on the native herbage. On August 1, 1861, Oamaru was proclaimed a Port of Entry. Houses had been built to such an extent that 39 were now south of the creek and eight north of it. In October Dr R. Grant arrived and set up his brass plate, but he found the place so wonderfully healthy that, after waiting a few months for patients, he moved on to the goldfields. In 1862 George Sumpter, one of Oamaru’s most useful and energetic men, arrived, and for many years was a leader in the community. “Little” John McLean, of Kurow Gorge station, died suddenly, and an inquest had to be held. T. W. Parker was appointed Registrar of Births, etc., and Coroner; the Bank of N.Z. opened a small branch office; the Oamaru Town Board Ordinance was passed by the Provincial Council, and a Town Board constituted. In those early
days the different religions and sects lived together in harmony, and with the exception of the Roman Catholics all attended divine service together no matter who was the preacher. On October 19, Rev. Dr Stuart, of Dunedin, preached in the forenoon to over 150 hearers in Hassell’s store, and the Rev. A. Gifford, Anglican clergyman, to the same congregation in the evening. On another occasion Dr Stuart preached in the forenoon, and as there was no Church of England service that day, large numbers of the Church of England people attended the Presbyterian service. A large number of sales of land were held this year in the town, unusual prices being realised. In March, 1863, Dr Wm. Goddard Rogers, M.R.C.S., came to Oamaru, but he soon followed Grant to the diggings. After him came Dr Frank Copland, who also decided that there was in Oamaru a bare existence for one medical man. This seems remarkable, as the population had increased, and the town was on the direct route to the diggings and “the gold” had drawn a tremendous crowd of doctors to Dunedin. Dr Tudor Williams was elected a member of the Town Board in 1864, and just at this time Dr John Stubbs Wait arrived, and submitted his diplomas to the authorities, and on May 16 he was appointed with Dr Williams to co-operate with regard to the choice of a site for a public hospital. (See article on Tudor Williams.)

Mrs Wait has been kind enough to supply the following note “John Stubbs Wait was born in December, 1830, at Warrington, Lancashire; was educated in Manchester, and when old enough was apprenticed to Dr Wainwright, of that city. He afterwards practised in Bury, and later on came to N.Z. He was trained for his profession at the Price Street School of Medicine (which was the only one in Manchester in those days), and at the Manchester Infirmary, and got his diploma in 1853.

“We were all in England at the time of the coach accident on the Horse Range and Dr Garland was Dr Wait’s locum tenens and lived in this house, where Mr Francis Fulton was taken, and Dr Garland attended him.

“Long journeys were so numerous that it is quite impossible to remember them. In spite of bad roads, crossing rivers, etc., Dr Wait met with few accidents.

“Our early days in Oamaru were spent as many other of the early settlers were - the hard work without the luxuries and comforts of the present time; and yet in spite of this we enjoyed ourselves and felt the better for having performed our arduous duties.”

Another relative sends the following:-

“In regard to his personal appearance he was about six feet, wiry and athletically built; his manner was brusque, but pleasant; his complexion fresh, but he had not much colour. He wore a heavy moustache and long beard, both snow white, but in after years he shaved his beard. He always wore gold rimmed spectacles, was extremely active in all his movements, and particularly so in surgical operations, and was a very determined character in all matters. He was a fine horseman, and in early days before there were roads did most of his work on horse back. Later he drove a pair of fine horses in an American buggy, and later than that he did his town work in the usual professional braugham. When he first went to Oamaru he lived on the hill, later near the beach in Captain Godfrey’s house, and in the ‘seventies’ built a two-story stone house in Itchen street. Before Dr Wait came out to New Zealand, he practised in Bury, Manchester, and Lancashire; he led such a strenuous time that his health broke down, and he was advised to give up his profession as he would not live through another winter in England if he continued his work. He came out to N.Z. in 1853, as doctor to the ship ‘Persian,’ intending to take up country life and pastoral pursuits, but the person he came out to did not turn out very satisfactorily. Having no experience in country work, and his health having greatly improved by the long sea voyage, he decided to return to his professional work again. He travelled about N.Z. in search of a suitable place to settle, and during his seach walked from Dunedin to Invercargill and back. On his way back he called on Mr MacGibbon, of Mataura, and also spent a few days with Dr Monkton at Invercargill. On his return to Dunedin he took passage to Lyttelton by the ‘City of Dunedin’ on her first trip. On the way to Lyttelton she called at Oamaru and Akaroa. Arriving at Lyttelton he saw the first train going through the tunnel for Christchurch, December 16 (his birthday), 1863, but not to be beaten he walked over the hill to Christchurch. On returning, to Dunedin he decided to settle in Oamaru on the advice of the Magistrate, Mr Strode, to whom he had brought a letter of introduction. For many years he led a very hard and strenuous life, riding long journeys into the back-blocks to attend patients, swimming rivers, and often when he lost the track.
During 1864 a Dr Hutchison arrived, but he found that although Dr Williams was getting “pretty shaky” Dr Wait more than “gathered up the crumbs that were allowed to fall from his table,” and there was no room for a third man. In August, 1865, Dr Williams died, but already Dr Alexander Allan Fleming whose brother David, the schoolmaster, was for many years in the district, had come up, settled, and quickly filled the vacancy. Dr Wait in the meantime had firmly established himself, being admirably suited to the people and the district. The heavy rain and floods during January and February, 1868, gave the doctors some trouble, causing illness and worse, for on Monday, February 3, the streams rose so high that several houses were washed away. The Waiaareka River, near Totara station, overspread its banks and demolished several houses with sleeping occupants, a number of persons being drowned. Violent gales end rainfall accompanied the floods, several wool ships were driven ashore, and four more lives were lost. The Oamaru roadstead was very open and exposed to the east and north east, so that a projected breakwater would, it was hoped, render the harbour much safer.

In 1869 Dr William Frederick Ebbs started in practice as a third man and stayed for a year or more. He was appointed a member of the Racecourse Reserve Trustees along with such men as H. J. Miller, John McLean, G. M. Webster, S. E. Shrimski and E. A. Julius, all men of position and of comfortable means, so that it is probable Dr Ebbs had money apart from his professional income, and did not worry much about practice.

In 1871 Drs Michael Sherlock Gleeson, George Murray Webster, and Jacob Seifg Caro were added to the list of surgeons in the directory. Caro came from Dunedin, and did not stay long. Gleeson and Webster occupied most of their time with sheep, both being runholders, and were appointed to seats on the Provincial Council and various important boards and bodies. Dr Webster had his name among the surgeons in the directory for many years, but did not practise much. He was known as the importer of a flock of pure-bred Romney Marsh sheep, one of the best in New Zealand. He was one of the early occupiers of Balruddery. Dr Gleeson practised for a time in Oamaru and in Otepopo, but his time was mostly occupied on the run. Dr Wait took much interest in local affairs and had a great deal to do with the establishment of the hospital, to which he was surgeon for the first seven years, and for many years thereafter one of the hon. medical staff. He was Mayor of Oamaru in 1872 and 1873, among the most important events of his term of office being the turning of the first sod of the railway from the Waitaki to Moeraki and the laying of the foundation stone of the old jetty. He was also a member of the Oamaru Harbour Board, and for some years was chairman. He retired from active practice in 1889, and died in Oamaru on May 8, 1907.

In 1862 the work of a doctor in getting to the outstations and shepherds’ huts was most trying, particularly in the winter time. As a rule in case of accident the sufferer was transported by some means or other to the doctor’s residence. The rivers were extremely difficult to cross and numbers of men were drowned at the Waitaki. It has been stated that “Jimmy the Needle,” a well-known character on the Waitaki and in the Oamaru neighbourhood of those days, lost his life while trying to pilot a doctor across the Waitaki in flood. Williams and Wait and the doctors who followed them had to go scores of miles into the country, across the Waitaki and many times up the Otago side into the mountains and into the Mackenzie country. Dr Isaac Garland, who came in the seventies, on one occasion had to ride from Oamaru to Benmore Station, a journey which took him 23 hours to cover the 90 miles. To get to the Waitaki Plain from the interior was no easy matter, as the following interesting, account of a trip from West Taieri by Mr Charles Sproull, well known later as a Southland settler, and now living at Hamilton, Waikato, is worthy of record. In 1862, his uncles, the Fultons, at West Taieri, most unfortunately “made a sale” of a large part of their stock to Bayley Pike, and Sproull was deputed to take the sheep to the Waitaki. Sproull says:-

camping in the tussocks until daylight. One of his long journeys necessitated his riding to Lake Ohau about 150 miles from Oamaru. ‘The latter part of this journey he rode through snow piloted by a back-block shepherd. On his arrival at the station he found to attend a man who had attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat. On his return to Oamaru, he had to go immediately to Hampden. When he got home again at night he found some friends waiting to have a game of whist. He therefore sat down and played most of the night, in spite of the fact that he had been in the saddle for several days and nights. He always said a game of whist did him more good than anything else when he was tired (he was one of the best whist players in New Zealand). He took a keen interest in Freemasonry and was the prime mover in starting the first Masonic Lodge in Oamaru, of which he was Master for many years.”
“Of course I jumped at the idea and was delighted at this prospect, and when the matter was decided I had to get men, material and outfit for the trip. I got a young man who had a good experience as a shepherd. He had two good dogs, and two other men as his assistants, and also I got a man named Peter as cook, and to take charge of the pack-horse, tent, and its contents - food, etc. Our daily routine was somewhat as follows:- All hands out of bed at sunrise, or before if fine. If one of the shepherds had been out on watch during the night he came in and reported if all was right. In some situations sheep will remain on their camp quiet and contented; on other situations they are very restless and ramble about, and if suddenly disturbed will have disappeared some distance before morning. Breakfast over the men muster the sheep and quietly start them on the day’s journey.

One of the shepherds should be always in front to see that there were no other sheep about on the runs for them to mix with. After breakfast and the sheep started, Peter had to gather up all the camp belongings, and put them on the pack-horse. This took some time. How, without help, he used to do so astonished me. The tent and poles, the swags of the men and other odds and ends - nothing left behind or lost. The size of this load was large, and not much of the horse to be seen, he generally overtook the sheep about mid-day, when we had a cold lunch and let the sheep have a short rest. On April 13, 1862, I started with the sheep, over 4000, for the Waitaki, crossing the Lee Stream, then the Deep Stream to Campbell Thomson’s run, then crossed the Sutton and the Taieri near where Middlemarch now is. I was very nearly drowned in this river as my horse got into a deep hole. I was under my horse’s legs and could not get clear at first, but just managed to swim to the bank, but could not get out for a time. It was a very close shave with me. I had long riding boots on, but fortunately no overcoat. It was about sunset and very cold, and the men with the sheep could not come to my aid as I was on the opposite side of the river. A son of Dr Purdie’s happened to pass and kindly took me to his station some miles away; a sharp frosty night. I had something hot and went to bed. My clothes were dry in the morning and I got to the sheep again none the worse for my ducking. From the Upper Taieri we crossed a number of runs, low hilly country, always working east until we got to a valley which took us down to Captain Hamilton’s run. We crossed the Shag River and thence to the Horse Range, over which there was no proper road and places among the rocks where only one sheep could pass at a time - slow and careful driving. Then past Hampden and Otepopo to the Kakanui River; then westerly to Teschemaker’s run, Atkinson’s, Borton and McMaster’s runs, and by May 7, 1862, down to the Waitaki Plain and camped near this river; and now the worst of our troubles were to come - the crossing of the Waitaki River. We searched the river up and down for miles trying to find a ford where the run of the water was favourable to the sheep crossing from Otago to Canterbury, but where there was a ford the set of the current was from north to the south side, and we wanted just the reverse. After some delay and communication with Pike, it was decided to boat the sheep across. Extra men came with the boats and, as the river ran in several streams, the sheep had to be forced across these to where the boats were on the main stream. There were no yards or hurdles to keep the sheep and we had to catch each sheep out of a small mob and give them to the men in the boat, who packed them in, sitting on their tails and packed so tight that they could not get free. It was a most tiresome job, and sheep, men and dogs were wet all day long and the weather often cold. The men had to have their tots of square gin about every hour, in fact, could not work without it. There was a good accommodation house on the Canterbury side of the river, well kept by respectable people, where I sometimes went for the night to get a night’s rest and my clothes dried - we were nearly always wet up to the belt. The water in the river was very muddy, so you may imagine what our clothes looked like. On one occasion a lot of about 600 or 700 sheep which we had had hard work to get on to an island were left there for the following day’s work, but crossed back again during the night and rejoined the flock from which they had been taken. A report went down to Dunedin that all the sheep which had crossed the Waitaki had, during the night, returned to Otago. While we were fighting to cross the sheep into Canterbury (it was really a battle and a strenuous one), some mobs of sheep travelling south crossed the river without trouble for they had the flow of the water with them.”

They eventually got the sheep to Pike’s and there the story ends. As Sproull says: “We want to forget about it.”

In 1875 the Oamaru Harbour Board began to undertake great reclamation and building works, and decided that it was time for an official seal with which to execute their documents. It was shield-shaped, divided into two parts horizontally. The upper part presents a picture of the harbour and breakwater, with a large steam crane in the act of lowering one of the concrete blocks at the unfinished end. In the water is a surf boat with a man steering, and the forward half of a ship disappearing beyond the shield. The lower portion depicts the beach with part of the Bluff on the right. On the shore is a stack of bags of wheat, a pile of bales of wool, and on the left a
heap of large blocks of stone with a crosscut saw. From an ornamental arch above is suspended the golden fleece; on a ribbon below IN HOC SALUS, and below that (J. McA., 1874.) Oamaru Harbour Board Common Seal.

On May 6, 1875, the wharf was officially opened and named the Macandrew wharf. In September, Mr Conyers, C.E., went up in an engine and inspected the line to Duntrroon, and the main line Oamaru to Waitaki was opened on September 25 and to Duntrroon on December 1. An important act was passed through the Provincial Council at this date, setting apart reserves for town hall, gasworks, recreation, etc. Rev. A. B. Todd published in the Presbyterian Herald, October 1, 1875, a fine resume of the progress of his church in the Oamaru district, and refers to “the dwellings of 4000 people spread out before us as we stand upon the hill above the town, contrast the prosperous city with the sparse settlement of shanties 21 years ago. The first sermon was preached to about 25 persons, 10 years later the town was a straggling village of two or three hundred,” It was about this time, March, 1875, that the schooner Euphrosyne sailed from Dunedin with a cargo of coal and woolpacks for Oamaru and was never heard of again. Mr W. Blair, C.E., read before the Otago Institute July 1875, an account of the Oamaru stone which he said was little known before 1866, when it was sent down to Dunedin. The first large building erected of this stone was Otago University. Oamaru stone is found in a large tract of land in North Otago, extending from the Kakanui to the Waitaki Plains and inland to the Kurow Rivser. The same class of stone is found from Riverton to the head of Lake Te Anau and at Castle Rock. The supply is inexhaustible and the principal quarries are at Cave and Kakanui. It is a white granular limestone remarkably uniform in colour and texture. It is very light, weighing when dry only 92lbs to the square foot while the lightest English limestone - the Bath oolite weighs 115lbs to the square foot. It will absorb 36 per cent. of its bulk of water without pressure. The bridge in Thames street built in 1860 does not show any signs of decay or of being unduly changed with moisture. So much of this stone has been used in the buildings of Oamaru that it has given the town the name of the White City. In 1876, there were many important changes in the town, gasworks and water supply were undertaken, fine buildings on Harbour Board leases were erected for Meek Bros., and Thomas Browns, Grave’s, and Sumpter’s stores; public pleasure gardens were laid out back of Tyne street; the stone arch bridge in Thames street over the creek was widened to the full width of two chains; St. Paul’s Presbyterian Church; a branch of the Bank of N.S.W; Browns and William’s Drapery establishment, and new Masonic Hall in Wansbeck street were a few of the most important new buildings. The Provincial Councils were abolished and a new Counties’ Act brought into force. The railway from Oamara to Moeraki was opened and the Waitaki bridge made ready for traffic on June 21.

In 1875, Harry Archibald de Lautour, a young surgeon just from London, settled in the town of Oamaru. He had previously been on a run in Otago Central, and had spent some time at Hamiltons, then a bustling little place, and here he met Miss Emma Barber, the lady who later became his wife, and the well-loved mother of his large family. After some months in Otago he returned to England, qualified as M.R.C.S. in 1873, being an Associate of King’s College, London, and again came to New Zealand early in 1875.

Arthur Isaac Garland, M.R.C. S., L.R.C.P., Edinburgh, settled in Oamaru in 1876. He had been house surgeon and house physician in Glasgow Royal Infirmary, and emigrated to N.Z. in 1874. When Dr Wait went to England in 1877, Dr Garland took his practice and was for many years upon the honorary medical staff of the hospital. He was also, for a number of years, medical superintendent, for which the salary was about £150 per annum. In 1877, the Waitaki to Timaru railway was opened and soon after the Oamaru-Ngapara branch line. The Oamaru Stone Company with quarries at Weston was formed in October of that year.

In March, 1878, William Stewart Weeding Roberts, M.R.C.S., came to Oamaru and did seven months’ work with Dr de Lautour, but he then received an appointment in Dunedin, and at once transferred there. He was for 10 years resident house physician and surgeon and then started practice in the city. He was appointed lecturer on Pathology to Otago University in 1885, and one of the hon. staff of the Dunedin hospital for many years. In his younger days he was an athlete of no mean calibre - a famous swimmer and diver and gymnast, and one of the earliest members of the Otago Bowing Club. In the early “eighties,” he represented Otago in the interprovincial Rowing matches, and was always willing to coach and give advice to younger men who were
training. After many years practice in Dunedin, where he was not only known as a skilful physician and surgeon, but the most expert anaesthetist in the city, he resigned from his university appointment and the Dunedin Hospital Staff and retired to his farm at Middlemarch, Central Otago. Quite recently he returned to Dunedin to fill an appointment at Seavill Mental Hospital.

The 6th of September, 1878, was noted for the opening of the railway from Dunedin to Christchurch, and another wharf - the Normanby Wharf - was officially opened by the Governor of N.Z. The last day the coach ran between Oamaru and Dunedin was marred by a shocking accident on the Horse Range. Portions of the coach gave way - the “king bolt” or some material part of its construction - and the coach bounding forward frightened the horses, and the result was the coach went over a steep bank, turned over and over and killed Mr Nichols, of Dalgety, Nichols and Co., and Mr Ernest Maitland, a son of Mr J. P. Maitland, of Dunedin. The same year Dr Webster died at Balruddery; the Waitaki High School Governor’s Art was passed, and the first meeting of the board took place in February, 1879. In 1880, the year commenced with a very disastrous fire in Thames street, destroying the Queen’s Hotel and many shops and buildings. To offset this the waterworks were opened publicly in September. Dr Wait had returned and was re-elected medical superintendent of the hospital, and appointed a member of the Racecourse Trust, and a firebell was erected at the rear of the Borough Council Chambers with a carefully arranged set of signals by peals and tolls for the different wards. A new stone Northern Hotel was built, and the first telephone erected by J. and T. Meek in their office in January 1881, and Waitaki High School buildings were begun. Drs de Lautour and Garland were elected Borough Councillors, de Lautour medical superintendent of the hospital and two new doctors, Bowie and Denton, added to the hon. staff.

The heaviest sea and highest tide ever known in Oamaru rolled into the bay on July 28, rose over the esplanade and destroyed several huts that were near the beach. In 1882, de Lautour was elected president of the Acclimatisation Society, and medical superintendent of the hospital, Drs Brown and Macdonald being added to the medical staff, in the place of Drs Bowie and Denton. The Elevator Grain Store was erected in 1883, and the Telephone Exchange opened in November, 1884. In 1887, it was reported that the town water supply was inexhaustible, entirely preventing attacks of typhoid and other epidemics. In that year Dr de Lautour read before the Waitaki Educational Institute a paper which concluded with these words “Prior to 1880, the inhabitants of this town had to content themselves with such water as ‘Dame Nature’ chose to provide in the way of rain. They had also in times of drought to fall back upon the water supplied by a small stream which ran through the town. In times of scarcity they used to send carts down to a hole in this creek and fill their barrels with the water, having to pay many pounds for water obtained in this way. They were unable to comply with the regulations and keep the streets clean, and were in the habit of digging holes to put their filth in, and dig other holes for wells, and drank the water. The filth from many of these holes flowed into the stream where they got their drinking water, so that sickness and disease came amongst them. They then set to work and brought in fresh water and that was the reason why many more of them did not die.”

Dr Fleming went first to Otepopo and then to Tauranga, where he died as the result of being gored by a bull in 1907. Dr Garland moved to Hamilton in the Waikato. Dr de Lautour came in Dunedin soon after the Boer War, and lived at Andersen’s Bay, where his wife died in 1899. He married again in 1910 Edith Sabina Cattell-Webb, a relative of Captain Webb, who first swam the English Channel, and by her had one son born in 1912. Dr de Lautour later practised in Wellington until his death in 1917.

Brigade-surgeon Lieutenant-colonel Harry Archibald de Lautour was descended from an old and very distinguished French military family, who, during the Reign of Terror in the time of the French Revolution, were compelled to flee, and since then have resided in England. Colonel de Lautour was a son of the late Edward de Lautour, who was for many years a judge at Calcutta. Harry Archibald de Lautour was born in Noacolly, Bengal, in 1849, educated at Cheltenham College, studied medicine at King’s College, London, and was admitted to the rank of associate of King’s College in June, 1873. In 1875 Dr de Lautour settled in Oamaru to practise his profession. At the same time he entered the Defence Force, and was appointed surgeon to I Battery. He was promoted to be surgeon-major in 1888, and brigade-surgeon lieutenant-colonel in 1895. In 1903 he became the Principal Medical Officer of the Otago district. In 1896 he received the Volunteer Decoration for 20 years’ continuous service as an officer in the volunteers. During a visit to England in 1897 he passed the proficiency examination at the War Office in London. At the time of the Boer War he offered for active service. This offer was not accepted, much to his regret, but in staying in Dunedin he did immense service in examining
and equipping of the Forces. Two of his sons went to South Africa, serving with the Fifth, Seventh, and Eighth Contingents. Seven of his sons have seen active service in the present war, two being killed in action and one wounded. He was on medical work under the Military Service Act in Invercargill, when he died suddenly on June 2, 1917.

His remains were brought to Dunedin from Invercargill, and interred in the Anderson’s Bay Cemetery with military honours,

We know of no family in the Dominion where a father and seven sons have so faithfully served their King and Country. Harry de Lautour loved his job, stuck to it and died in harness as did his ancestor, La Tour D’Auvergne, who was called by Napoleon “the first soldier of France.” This was the man whose story is told in the school books. When some pass was attacked by the Austrians, La Tour defended it with a few comrades, until one by one they were all killed but himself. By accurate shooting and using a number of rifles, running from loophole to loophole he killed many of the enemy and created the impression that there were still a number of the defenders of the pass left alive within the enclosure. Finally under a flag of truce it was arranged that the garrison was to be allowed to march out “with all arms.” The attackers were thunderstruck to see one middle-aged man emerge, smoke stained, smeared with blood of many wounds, carrying the rifle of himself and as many of those belonging to his comrades as he could stagger under. This act of heroism coming to the ears of Napoleon, he offered him a commission, but La Tour begged to be allowed to be the “first soldier of France” and remain “in the ranks”: that, he said, was a far higher honour than any officer’s position. When he was killed in action Napoleon directed that his name be always called on the roll of his regiment and answered “died on the field of honour.” This was done for many years until the change in military control altered everything. This is the story from memory of a children’s book of many years ago and is quite open to correction.

**LAWRENCE IN THE SIXTIES AND SEVENTIES.**

**ALEXANDER STEWART AND ROBERT WITHERS.**

Lawrence in its early days was served by Dr Ebenezer Halley, and how well he played his part has already been described in this volume. While he was the official doctor for the district there were many others among the diggers who occasionally practised, and every now and again one attended perhaps an accident or gave evidence at an inquest. For example on January 20, 1862, Dr Louis Quinlan gave his account of the result of a fight at Wetherstones. “He found the man insensible and immediately applied cold water to the head and mustard plasters to the feet and legs. Placed cold cloths to the back of the head; friction with hot brandy to the chest and arms; vinegar and brandy upon the forehead, and hot water to the feet. He then took eight ounces of blood from the arm, and ‘tried to get leeches.’ His opinion was that the man died from congestion of the brain.” As a matter of fact the unfortunate man who caused the death was “badgered” into it by the deceased and his comrades. They practically forced him to fight by pulling his tent down upon him. The aggressor was three parts drunk, and in fighting, fell and hit his head upon a stone, with a fatal result, probably fracturing the base of his skull. The poor chap who was “pulled into the business” got 12 months hard labour, and the mates of the dead man, who were really far more responsible, got “three months hard.” Dr Quinlan shortly afterwards died at Lawrence.

Dr Corse, who later went to Alexandra, and also practised in Cromwell in 1869, was Coroner of Tuapeka district for a time and was himself the subject of criminal proceedings for some irregularity in his conduct of a case, but the police failed to substantiate their accusations and matters dropped. Drs Samuel and Burrows took very prominent parts in meetings of gold miners and posceptors in the early days of the Rush. Dr Samuels went to Wanganui later on, Dr Burrows, an old naval surgeon, appeared at Cromwell and Clyde a few years after. At Tuapeka on August 23, 1862, before Major Croker, Dr Burrows, at an inquest on Edward Kiely, said that he had made a post mortem examination and “found that the man died from chronic disease of the lungs, but the immediate cause of death was peritonitis.” Deceased was a well-educated man and was working as a miner alone in a gully at Waitahuna, but had been unsuccessful; he was very well connected, having a mother and relatives in Victoria, and a brother a well-known barrister practising in London. He practically died from cold and exposure, and was much emaciated. Dr Richard Close died at Tuapeka in February, 1862, but of him we know nothing - it is possible his was the tent and drugs advertised for sale in the centre of Gabriel’s Gully.
Jock Graham, whom we referred to in our last article, used to ride up to the diggings from Dunedin, and when he arrived at the bottom of Gabriel’s Gully with the papers and letters, he was accustomed to give a loud blast on his bugle as a signal that he was ready to deliver his mail. The diggers in the various claims near the bottom of the gully would start shouting “Jo, Jo,” and one company of diggers after another right up the gully would yell out “Jo, Jo.” When the call reached the highest point of the Blue Spur, they would then know that they were to expect the postman and would have their return letters ready or him. The regular charge for a letter was 2s 6d. At night time concerts took place in the gully led by a miner who could play the concertina splendidly, Mr James Robertson, a Tuapeka pioneer thus describes what must indeed have been a stirring scene. This was in the early days of the Rush when there were from three to five thousand diggers camped in the gully.

“Our half-day up there was a store and a bar inside a marquee, and here the diggers’ tents were packed more closely than in any other part of the gully at that time. It was usual for the miners to knock off at 6 o’clock, have supper, get firewood for morning, wash up, and be ready for the concert at half-past seven to conclude about half-past nine - two of the most enjoyable hours ever spent. Some good concertina player would have around him a number of good voices, and situated on a prominent point of one of the short spurs, about 200 feet elevation above the main gully he would give the signal that he was ready by a vigorous shout “Jo Jo.” This would be taken up by one and all of the millers until the whole population was notified that the concert was about to commence. All flys and doors of tents would be opened and then such airs would be introduced as “Away Down the Swance River,” ‘The Old Folks at Home,’ ‘Oh, Willie, we have Missed You,’ ‘Constantinople,’ ‘The Old Log Cabin in the Lane.’ Other songs with a good going chorus, or refrains such as the ‘Red, White and Blue,’ ‘The Star-spangled Banner,’ ‘Rule Britannia’ would follow, and finish up by all voices joining in ‘Home, Sweet Home.’ Their hearts would be full and their feelings genuinely stirred with the memories of the past, and all that it meant for them.”

In 1863, Dr Halley found the work of attending to hospital, in addition to the trials of general practice, too much for him. The long trips in all directions, the constant attendance at inquests, for men were killed in claims, died from exposure to cold, from violent fights, suicides, and often suspected murder - all made the time necessary for hospital attendance difficult to be spared, and Halley asked to be relieved of this burden. The committee who looked after the hospital (they would to-day be called the trustees of the board) advertised for a medical superintendent, with right of private practice, and were fortunate in obtaining the services of a powerful, active and vigorous young Scottish graduate by name Alexander Stewart. He came from Rannoch, Perthshire, where he was born in 1841, and he had entered the University of Glasgow at the early age of 17 and became M.D. in 1862. Dr Stewart, who was a fine, good-looking, clear-complexioned man, had well-cut features, light brown hair with fair coloured beard and whiskers. He was heavily and powerfully built as his photograph shows. He “hit it off” very well with Dr Halley, and immediately stepped into the hospital work, performing the necessary operations with care and skill. As the influx of miners rapidly increased and settlements of tents in far-outlying gorges and gullies sprang up, he and Halley had to travel many miles by night or day when the call for help came. Terrific snowstorms caught unfortunate diggers on the exposed ranges, sudden freshets flooded claims and swamped tents, hard frosts took serious toll of badly protected fingers and toes. Lack of proper food and the ingestion of quantities of vile spirit, supposed to be whisky, had their effect upon the diggers, and pneumonias, pleurisies, abdominal inflammations kept Stewart and Halley on the run. Entire absence of any sanitary precautions led to infectious diseases, really forms of typhoid. They were variously called “colonial fever,” “swamp fever,” “gastric fever,” “typhus fever,” generally “the fever.” In the light of the knowledge of to-day, the treatment must have been crude, and it is to us surprising that so large a number of the invalids recovered. Dr Stewart, who had been well trained, was a skilful physician and did his very best for the people around him. He took a full part in the ordinary life of the community, and entered into his professional work with keeness and enthusiasm. He often had to go from Lawrence to Waipori, Tuapeka Mouth, Greenfield, Waitahuna, Glenore, long extended rides, and, being a man weighing nearly 16 stone, he required a good weight-carrying hack. The clay roads made travelling heavy, and the districts being hilly and rough, his horse had to be built on powerful lines to carry his weight and needed great stamina to finish his long and tiring journeys. Some time elapsed before a really suitable horse could he found, but the doctor, having given the Robertsons, father and son, carte blanche,
he was soon satisfied with their selection. The outcome of the buying and training of a horse for Dr Stewart can be read in the following graphic account which is followed by a fuller explanation of the story.

An interesting trotting match took place on Friday, December 16, 1864, and as the parties concerned were well-known residents, we quote from the Bruce Herald in full: "On Friday evening last a trotting match against time came off. H. Lancaster’s bay horse ‘Doctor’ being backed for £100 to trot from the White Horse Hotel to the Dunedin Post Office in two hours and 30 minutes. Thomas Lees, of Tuapeka, backed time. Friday morning was wet, but at half-past three am, a start was effected, Mr Langley driving ‘the Doctor’ in a sulky, and the hackers, umpire, and referee (Messrs Draper, Waters and Wyber) along with them on horseback. The first 13 miles occupied 49 minutes. The Saddle Hill toll-gate was locked, and before it could be broken open a couple of minutes were lost. The Post Office, however, was reached with two minutes to spare, and ‘the Doctor’ was declared the winner. He was trained in three weeks by Mr D. Corsan, of Dunedin. Mr Langley’s driving was splendid.”

This horse really belonged to Dr Stewart, of Lawrence, and had been bought from Sam Dwyer, of the Taieri Ferry Accommodation House, by James Robertson, and trained and broken from being a regular “mankiller” into a peaceable, serviceable doctor’s hack. Robertson knew him to be a splendid animal, though a very dangerous and vicious one, and by kindness and constant training and attention produced, to the surprise of everybody, a real winner, When handed over to Dr Stewart it was with a proviso that at any time he must release him on payment of £45 if he was wanted for a match. The name of the horse was at this time “Dick the Devil,” but Dr Stewart objected to this, and the horse was re-christened “Doctor.” It was agreed that he was to be kept in constant use and in the pink of condition, and there is no doubt that the long, steady journeys which he had to endure certainly did much towards getting him into splendid form as a “stayer.” James Robertson to whose sister Dr Stewart was then paying attention, tells the story well.

“This horse became famous as a trotter on winning the match under the name of ‘Doctor.’ My father and Dick Lancaster backed him for a good sum to trot from the White Horse Hotel, Tokomairiro, to the Post Office in Jetty street, Dunedin, a distance computed then to be 38½ miles in 2½ hours. Many miles of it at that time was laid with broken and loose metal, and other parts clay; there were many turns in the old, clay roads, now cut off and shortened over Saddle Hill and Caversham, one also met no end of traffic by the way. When the match was won many people wondered where the horse was bred and whether be was a ‘ring in’, etc. The mystery was how he got into our hands. As far as I know, I will solve the mystery for the first time, for I bought him from Sam Dwyer, of the Accommodation House, Taieri Ferry. When I first rode him a man named Waters came up and said ‘Jimmie you have got a plaster, that’s Dwyer’s horse, Dick the Devil.’ I was then told the history of the horse’s doings at Taieri Ferry and of his throwing a number of good riders there when he was christened by this appellation. After a short time he became a well educated and safe conveyance, thoroughly reliable in saddle and harness. Fast and a horse of endurance, especially on a hard track such as a roadway where he could hear his feet ringing on the metal, he was therefore placed aside as a ‘take down’ upon some future day. After a week or two’s trial the doctor agreed to keep the horse on the conditions mentioned, and he was duly banded over to an American black, the hospital cook. ‘Doctor’ was a bay horse with black points, stood 15.3 hands high, grand conformation, deep back ribs, ribbing swelled like hoops on a cask; plenty of heart room and lung power, well developed, with a fair length of rein, and two wide, prominent nostrils that you could put your fists in, when in action, and eyes honest, bold and fearless, He carried his tail like a flag when going. His frame was built strong as a castle, standing on four good legs like bars of steel, with clean, powerful hocks, and equipped with four of the soundest feet ever seen. His action was smooth and he was a straight even goer and a stayer. He was a peer amongst horses, never in the least distressed. G. W. Langley, a noted American whip, drove ‘Doctor’ in the match against time, and as he pulled up under the old Post Office in Jetty street, and all was declared right and the match was won, I went forward to the horse’s head with the intention of sponging his nostrils, and said to him ‘good old Doc,’ The horse wheeled his head around to me immediately, knowing my voice; he did not seem to be distressed. When the late Mr David Corsan, one of the best judges of this class of horse, who kept the old Shamrock livery stables at that time, said ‘I will give you 100 sovereigns for him,’ I immediately replied ‘He is yours,’ and had him taken around to his stables and dressed him down thoroughly and rugged him for the last time as far as he was concerned. Mr Corsan, after a time, sold the ‘Doctor’ to a Mr Logie, and along with him a
noted trotter called ‘Dick,’ at a high figure. Mr Logic was a sheep inspector, and used to drive this magnificent pair of horses that were ‘out on their own’ at that time, for many years.

In 1867, Dr Stewart married Margaret Robertson, eldest daughter of Peter Robertson, one of the pioneers of Tuapeka. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Donald Stuart, of Knox Church, Dunedin.

Doctor Halley died in 1875, and Dr Robert Withers came up from Balclutha where he had been acting for Dr Gibson Smith and took up his practice.

Doctor Stewart “carried on” vigorously, taking the bulk of the work, but the tremendous exposure and long distances, aggravated by the primitive conditions of the “roads,” made his journeys seem interminably longer and his health suffered in consequence. Constant colds and bronchitis, and night work in frost and snow, will bring the strongest man to the grave. Like Halley, McCambridge, and Dick, Stewart had to lay down his weary head, and pass on into the unknown, a young man who literally laid down his life to save others. He died of pneumonia on April 16, 1878, aged 37 years. A tombstone was erected to his memory in the Lawrence Cemetery. He was a kindly, unselfish man; and must, in the aggregate have covered many thousands of miles over the roughest of tracks, in the most inclement, weather imaginable, without the slightest prospect of fee or reward. The memory of his work did not die with him, and he is lovingly and affectionately referred to by the early settlers in the Tuapeka district to-day. His wife survived him for 21 years.

ROBERT WITHERS.

Dr Withers sends the following very interesting account of his life in New Zealand, and this with his photograph will give great pleasure to many of his old patients who will be glad to hear that he is still in good health and full of vim:

“64 Granada Road,
“Southsea, Hants,

“I was educated at the London hospital, qualifying on my twenty-first birthday, July 19, 1872. After holding the appointments of house surgeon and resident accoucheur at my hospital, I was appointed surgeon-superintendent to the ship ‘Hindostan’ (Captain White), bound for Port Chalmers, and carrying 326 emigrants. We sailed from London on March 26, 1874. Our voyage, save for the fact that it lasted 112 days from port to port, was uneventful, and in due course I handed over my full complement of passengers to Mr Colin Allan, Immigration Inspector. After spending ten weeks in New Zealand I continued my voyage in the ‘Hindostan’ to San Francisco, and thence I went back to England. My first impressions of New Zealand are somewhat fragmentary - a whale being cut up at the Heads by Natives, among whom was the celebrated half-cast, wrestler, Robertson, who defeated Donald Dinnie; the very recently completed railway from Port Chalmers to Dunedin; and the fact that the railway line south was very fragmentary: that to the north did not exist. Also I was impressed with the fact that a very large proportion of all houses were built of wood. At Port Chalmers I became acquainted with the Rev. Mr Leeson, also a new arrival, and nephew of Bishop Nevill. I fear I have forgotten the names of most of the other friends I then made.

“In the month of April, 1875, I again sailed for Port Chalmers in charge of emigrants, on board the ‘Waimea’ (Captain Forster). This time we had much better luck with winds, and completed our voyage in I think 87 days, quite a fast passage in those days of sailing ships. Having handed over my charge to Mr Colin Allan, I, at the invitation of Dr Gibson Smith, of Balclutha, went down to visit him, and get my first experience of colonial practice. I soon had this, for Dr Smith being away on a holiday, I was left in sole charge. On the first night I was wanted at Catlin’s River to attend an accident - a fractured thigh. The messenger did not wait for me, and the night being very dark and the track in places almost impassable, I was most thankful when the Rev. Mr Withey, of Balclutha, offered to accompany me. Not being a good horseman and the track in many places non-existent, I doubt if I would have reached my destination without his guidance. As we floundered along the ‘track,’ through the timber country, we were often up to our girths in mud, and very doubtful if we had not strayed into a ‘Maori swamp.’ However at about midnight we reached a large hut near the Owaka River where many of the bushmen boarded. I was then
led to a dug-out, a most unstable boat, and she was ferried across that dark and deep looking river. Having made the injured man as comfortable as was possible, I returned to the big hut for a few hours much needed rest, which as far as I can recollect I did not get, as the cubicles, being only separated by scrim and paper, every noisy sleeper throughout the building was distinctly audible. At daybreak I returned to my patient, improvised splints and stretcher, and then the track being impassable for vehicles, his friends and mates took it in turn to carry the stretcher the whole 28 miles to Balclutha, from whence he was able to go on to Dunedin by train. I think that this experience, I being only a novice, was the most severe one I had during the 20 years I was in the country. At this time the railway terminated on the north bank of the river, and the bridge was in course of construction. The wooden bridge which carried the main road was some few hundred yards to the north of this, and when it was swept away by the great flood some three years later, it very nearly caused the destruction of the iron railway bridge, which, by the way, was the only bridge on the Clutha which escaped. After a stay of about six weeks at Balclutha, I was invited to Lawrence to take the place of Dr Halley who had recently died. Doctor Halley had practised in Tuapeka for some 10 or 12 years, and for much of that time his colleague was Dr Alexander Stewart, the surgeon in charge of the hospital. Dr Peter Stewart was at Milton, Dr Gibson Smith at Balclutha, Dr Douglas at Tapuani, and the other Dr Douglas at Queenstown. At that time Lawrence was a township of wooden houses, the town hall and Messrs Herbert and McKinlay’s store being at that time the only brick buildings. Outside the township the roads in the winter were atrocious. Severe frosts at night, alternating with comparatively warm days, had a disintegrating effect, and the heavy drays which, with their loads often weighing eight or more tons, would cut right through the surface, and then turn up the pitching. A few weeks of this and the roads became impassable. It was a common practice among waggoners, when stuck, to hitch on another team of bullocks; then the wagon had to move or something break … It was a horrible mess for horsemen travelling after dark, and I have known the main road near Tuapeka Flat crossing, and on to Evans’ Flat, to be impassable. But worst of all was the ferry at the Beaumont, after the bridge had been swept away by the great flood. On a stormy night it was difficult to arouse the ferry man on the opposite bank, though I must say he was, as a rule, remarkably alert. I think the great flood occurred in 1878 after a winter of unprecedented snowfall, which being followed by warm rain raised the river level over 20 feet, and submerged large areas of country. Incidentally it destroyed all bridges on the river with the single exception of the iron railway bridge at Balclutha. The snow that winter had lain on the ground for many weeks, and on the Waipori heights many of the gullies were snowed level; I was told that some of the drifts must have been 20 feet deep. This was certainly the most unpleasant winter I spent in Tuapeka, and it was many years before we recovered from the effects of the great flood which followed it. Funds for rebuilding the Beaumont bridge were not available, the Government could not undertake the work, and the job was quite too big and expensive for the County Council. It was after this severe season that Dr Stewart died. He had been surgeon to the Tuapeka Goldfield Hospital for many years. His successor was Dr Stirling, who resigned after a period of three years. As I was beginning to tire of the continual demands of Friendly Society practice, and the constant night work, I applied for, and was appointed surgeon to the hospital. This had been recently rebuilt in brick, but the doctor’s residence, a small wooden building, still continued to do duty. In 1883 the district had a severe visitation of enteric fever, I think there were 36 cases, I being the last to contract it. Under the care of the wardsmen, Mr Dan Corrison, and Archdeacon Beaumont, who was in frequent communication with one of the Dunedin doctors, I ultimately weathered the storm. From this time on the population of the district steadily increased, but not its prosperity. Gold mining was steadily failing and farming was not giving adequate returns, many of the farmers were putting their land under grass as sheep farming was the only paying industry, and that only in territories where the plague of rabbits could be kept under control. I returned to England in 1893, after nearly 20 of the pleasantest years of my life in New Zealand. Life then was comparatively simple - the people in the Country took a friendly interest in each other - few could be described as rich, and there were practically no poor. I fear this short record is not very interesting, but it gives some slight idea of the life in New Zealand in the last three decades of the Nineteenth Century. - Faithfully yours, “ROBERT WITHERS.”

Dr Withers left for England in 1893, being succeeded by Dr J. A. Newell who remained for 11 years and then moved to Lyttelton where he is still in practice. In Dr Newell’s time the roads were still very bad, and as the dredging boom came on huge waggons and numbers of drays of all kinds cut the roads to pieces. With the advent of motor cars the life and surroundings of the doctors of the inland districts have entirely changed, and
with branch railways and decent bridges over streams, culverts and rivers, the difficulties of travel have immeasurably decreased.

Injured persons can now be comfortably transported by railway or motor ambulance to the cottage hospitals dotted all over the country. Maternity homes are provided in numbers of the smaller towns, doctors are within comparatively reasonable distance of each other. Skilful, well-trained nurses are available, telephones can be reached in almost the farthest outlying country places, and much unnecessary journeying avoided by a few minutes’ heart to heart talk over the wire.

DUNEDIN IN 1862.

HOCKEN THE HISTORIAN.

Early in 1862, there came to Dunedin a man quiet in manner, courteous and polished, perhaps small in stature, but smart and active in his movements, full of bustling energy, vivacity and determination. Lightly built though he was, he quickly showed his merit and sterling worth, displayed remarkable vigour, and at once took a professional position equal to if not higher than that of many of the men already in the town. This was Thomas Morland Hocken, a young Englishman who had come by the “Great Britain” to Australia, reaching Dunedin in the height of the gold fever. Well equipped as a physician and surgeon, he was thoroughly up-to-date with the then modern teaching. This included some microscopical work, the study of the ferments, and the germ theory of disease at that time being demonstrated by Pasteur at the University of Lille. Hocken quickly settled down to practice, reaching success and an assured position almost immediately. Little did the citizens of Dunedin think, still less did the medical men of the Province imagine, that this man Hocken, so lately come among them, would half a century later lay aside his lancet, his bandages, and his microscope, take up his pen and prove himself a historian of the highest order. Little thought they that he would, with unexampled generosity, give away the accumulated treasures of a lifetime; that to the city of his adoption he would present his collection of records, a gift which was priceless, a gift which could not be expressed in money value, and that he would establish in our community an institution known for all time as the Hocken Library. This museum of books, pamphlets, papers and objects of historical and scientific interest, is a collection which for its size and the enormous literary ground which it covers is hard to equal in the British Empire. It is astonishing that Dr Hocken should not only have stepped into an arduous and physically severe general practice but almost immediately taken up the office of Coroner. He held a position on the staff of the local hospital as hon. physician and surgeon, was an excellent colleague, and loyal comrade to his professional brethren in the town, a willing participant in many of the other civic activities of the period, and yet found time, nay, made time, to collect information and material for a history of the province. He made copious notes from day to day as to the condition of the town, so that years afterwards he was able to portray with marvellous fidelity the remarkable changes which he had seen take place around him. He carefully preserved and eventually gave this valuable material to the city of his adoption, and not in our time, but perhaps centuries hence, will the true contents of the Hocken Library be known. When the enormous amount of uncatalogued material is examined, annotated and indexed, then and not till then will the actual work done by Thomas Morland Hocken, the historian of New Zealand, be known to the world of letters. In the midst of all this work, this gathering up of historical threads, this recording of events which to him was a mere pleasure and recreation, he carried on a successful and most lucrative practice. In his later years he still further added to his burdens by frequent scientific contributions to the Transactions of the New Zealand Institute. Literary essays and papers, university administration, directorships of business establishments, and other appointments, also took up a great deal of his time. In discussing the days of the gold rush and the extraordinary conditions then prevailing in Dunedin, Dr Hocken has often told that there was a tremendous amount of sickness and many deaths, especially amongst young children. His day’s work both outside and inside was a most trying one: “The work was very hard, but I was young and strong, and the pay was very good.” For several of the gold rush years he rarely took less than £10 a day in actual cash, gold, notes and gold dust, and those fees were to a large extent paid by the moving population, such as diggers and travellers, constantly coming down from and going back to the diggings. The diggers made money easily and spent it lavishly, when they had knocked out £10, £20, £50 and £100 weekly in dust and
nuggets for months at a time it is not to be wondered that they had little tendency towards saving or learning habits of thrift. If a man had his leg broken in a drunken spree or received a nasty knife wound, necessitating several weeks close medical attendance and his money was spent, his mates thought nothing of dumping down a fair share of their chamois bags. They knew well that as soon as the sufferer got back to work he would repay them, and if not, well it was all in the day’s work - easy come easy go. It might be the turn of any one of them to be the recipient of temporary assistance the next time. The diggers knew their job was largely speculative: they had struck it rich, why not have a good splash after so much hard work? they would strike it richer next time. So they painted the town red, emptied their bags of their wads of notes, ate far finer food than they had partaken of for many wearisome months, and drank a considerably better brand of liquor than they had ever seen or tasted before in their lives. They sampled every thing from champagne to the finest Australian wines, always coming back to good old rum, gin and brandy. They “did the block” in what of Princes street, Rattray street, and Maclagan street existed They sported new moleskins, grey Crimean shirts, high sloch hats with crimson cords, red sashes round the waist, and took the watermen’s wherries for Vauxhall, where they continued to have a glorious time as long as their money lasted. They had –

_Roughed it by wild forest, craggy fell,_
_Ant through swirl of roaring rivers for many and many a year,_
_Daily faced the face of Death, and bore it well._

_…._

_“After days of cheerful toiling what wild, uproarious nights,_
_What happy days, what glorious nights were then;_
_Such mirth and merrymaking, such drinking and such fights,_
_Old mate such times will never come again.”_

An interesting item of the gold diggings’ time is worth recalling. A man leaving New Zealand with 5oz of gold, without declaring it and paying the duty, was arrested, and told that he was liable for three times the value of the gold, or £100, or to do six months’ hard labour. The magistrate said he had no option so long as the collector of Customs demanded his pound of flesh he, the magistrate, had to inflict the penalty provided. The man was poor and would have had to go to gaol; when the papers took it up - wrote scathing articles on the subject. They pointed out that deliberate burglary was requited by 12 months and highway robbery by three years “hard,” but that in each of these cases good conduct would secure the remittance of one-third of the sentence. Was this six months’ sentence to be allowed for want of the paltry treble value of the gold, which was not stolen, but had been hardly earned by the digger’s own hands? As has so often happened since, a humanitarian appeal by the Press resulted in immediate public subscription of the amount required.

To return to Dr Hocken’s work. Accidents were very common; severe scalp wounds had to be sewn up, injuries to eyes from blasting explosions and splintering wood, fractures innumerable, gun-shot and knife wounds; these were the consulting-room casualties. The outlying visits were far more tedious and wearisome, for there was much disease caused by bad water, bad ventilation and absence of sanitary regulation of any kind. Attendance on such cases of infectious fevers ran into many weeks of close observation, still when the people had the money the accounts were promptly, and let us hope cheerfully, paid. Such was Dunedin in the early “sixties,” and when very soon after, the inevitable result of all this neglect of sanitation plunged the town into a misery of infectious diseases, the city fathers became alarmed. A Sanitary Commission was then set up, and Dr Hocken was called as a witness and gave valuable evidence. He said that the large death rate for the years 1862-1864 was due to the rapid increase in the number of cases of scarlet fever, typhoid, diphtheria and dysentery. He accounted for this by the sudden increase in the population with no corresponding increase in sanitary precautions or attempt at drainage. Dunedin was on a level with the most unhealthy towns of England. The water drunk was extremely unwholesome, and at this point he referred to his microscopical examinations and his detection in the water of injurious organisms. He suggested a simple and ingenious (though to us to-day perhaps crude) method of filtering the water, and we question whether any filters existed elsewhere in New Zealand at that time. He also gave his opinion that more cases of infectious disease occurred upon the hills and among the trees than upon the level and even swampy ground. Considering the blasting away of rocky hills, making of dangerous cuttings, embankments and reclamations, frequent large fires, erection of big wooden
buildings with high scaffolds, his two years’ experience as Coroner made him form an opinion that accidents were not unduly frequent. Cases of drowning were very common, as also were suicides. Nine unfortunates succeeded in taking their lives in 1863, all but one being caused by over indulgence in alcohol. There was absolutely no control over the sale of poisons. The registers of deaths were more than inadequate - they were practically useless. Almost anyone could register or report a death, days or weeks after it had happened - a doctor’s certificate was not required. The cause of death was not stated, or if stated was placed under the most absurd or ridiculous heading, streets and houses were generally wrongly given, if given at all: all of these points required careful attention. The whole of this evidence, which is most interesting and instructive, can be found in the Otago Provincial Council Votes and Proceedings for 1864. In the same volume may he found a notice of motion before the Provincial Council which is of interest to us to-day: “That for the purpose of widening Princes street by 33 feet, his Honour the Superintendent, etc., be asked to take such steps, etc.” This refers to the transfer of certain reserves from the Colony of New Zealand to the Superintendent of Otago, and eventually from him to the Corporation. In those days, fires swept away wooden buildings like matchwood, but new ones were immediately run up. Tenements that had been thought palatial were replaced by decent, more solid structures or even brick and stone edifices, and the town in the “sixties” seemed to change its appearance every few months. In January, 1862, we find the following quaint note:- “The old buildings which recalled to the provincial settlers the Dunedin of the past, are surely fast disappearing. During the year which has just gone many of these have been removed, and not long since one of these footprints on the sands of time was destroyed by the ruthless hand of fire. We allude to Clifton Cottage, once the residence of the venerable father of the settlement, Captain Cargill, always associated in the minds of the inhabitants with the hospitality and kindness of its owners. We have to-day regretfully to announce the destruction of the equally well-known building, the Royal Hotel, later Young and McIlashan’s store.” Captain Cargill had some time previously removed to his new residence at Hillside, whence he used to drive into town to church on Sundays. His vehicle was a sledge drawn by two bullocks. They were guided by light ropes in place of reins; these were attached to the branks or iron face pieces, like an open bridle without blinkers. The bullocks were brought as far as possible into town and then left somewhere in Princes street, it being impossible to drive any further.

So many items of interest flash into view when one scans a file of newspapers or a bound volume of Votes and Proceedings or Ordinances of the Provincial Council that one is hard put to it to know what to leave alone and what to refer to. A petition from one set of the inhabitants of Dunedin praying to have the centre of the Octagon fenced in and made into decent gardens, paths metalled, great stones cleared away, and the enclosure got ready for the proposed monument to the memory of Captain Cargill. Another petition remonstrating against the allocating of part of the Cemetery Reserve for the establishment of the lunatic asylum, claiming compensation “for considerable damage and depreciation of property from the danger and annoyance of frequent escapes of lunatics from the insecure buildings.” Still another petition gravely begs the Government to take upon itself its powers of alienating and allocating the use of the Public Reserves in order to make the Octagon into a public market. A letter from Mr W. Cargill thanking the Provincial Council on behalf of the family for a vote of £1000 for a monument to his father the late Captain Cargill. The money was expended on the fine memorial which was begun in the Octagon on March 12, 1864, and shortly completed (but not in 1863 as engraved on the brass tablet facing Princes street to-day). In 1872, it was moved from the Octagon to what was once known as Custom House Square (this now seems to have lost its name, unless it is the Central Taxi Rank; why not Cargill Place?)

The water was turned on and a drinking fountain presented to the citizens on April 13, of that year. All this may be seen duly engraved in fine brass facing down Rattray street. Some time in 1920 (about July), the water was turned off, and for the last year have the empty gargoyle grinned into the dry and dusty basins. These now serve as receptacles for orange peel, rotten apples, lemonade bottles and dirty papers. Such is Cargill’s Monument, the drinking fountain for the citizens of Dunedin in the year of grace 1921. What must visitors to our city think of us when they examine this beautiful monument in our main street. What would be the opinion of Thomas Morland Hocken were he able to view the desecration of the historic steps by somnolent drunks, boot-blacks, ear-ringed race touts and itinerant street orators? The Cargill Monument is no longer a drinking fountain, but a “convenient” resting place for those of our citizens who manifestly have been “born tired!”

In the “sixties” fires were very common and much loss of life occurred, and Dr Hocken had a great many inquests to attend. One of the first of these was in February, 1863, when a conflagration took place in Butement’s shop in Princes street, near the position of the Bank of New South Wales of to-day. There were
many that year, and mention will be made of them later on. There were also many wrecks, the natural consequence of the great increase in shipping. Numbers of small vessels arrived, manned by officers and men to whom the coast was strange, as witness the following list:- In 1861, the p.s. Ada was wrecked at Molyneux; s.s. Victory at Wickliffe Bay; the Oberon in Bluff harbour; the schooner Pioneer in the mouth of the Clutha, and the s.s. Oscar in New River. In 1862, the Genevieve, the very first ship to come direct from Mauritius with a cargo sugar for Cargills and Co., was wrecked at the Heads; the Ocean Chief was burned in Bluff harbour, the ship Flying Mist at the Bluff, and the Guiding Star in the New River. In 1863, the schooner Tamar, from Hobart, was wrecked at the Heads; p.s. Planet at Taieri Mouth; Pride of the Yarra in the harbour; the schooner Highland Lassie in New River; the brig Lochinvar at Port William. The Scotia, which had arrived from Glasgow and was the first of the Otago Steam Company’s fleet, put in her appearance at the Heads on March 11, 1864, and was wrecked near the entrance to Bluff harbour on June 2. We need not go further than to say that the authorities, alarmed at the loss of life on coast-line and in harbour, bestirred themselves, and the foundation of Taiaroa Heads light house was laid on June 29, 1864, and on August 4, 1865, Dog Island Lighthouse illuminated for the first time. It easy for us to account for much of shipping casualty list when we think of the condition of the coast-line in those days. At all times dangerous in the dark, what must it have been when there were no lighthouses, no beacons, no guiding lights or fairway lights. The mariner must have had to literally feel his way into out harbours or river mouths with no flagstaffs, no guiding buoys or other means of knowing where the channel or where a sudden shoal would land the ship in serious difficulty, possibly even resulting in total wreck.

In a former article we referred to the curious way in which those who aspired to political honours in the early days were accustomed to what one might call “ringing the changes,” and in this connection the following will interest our readers:- On March 28, 1863, the election for Dunedin North and Suburbs resulted in the return of Major Richardson as M.H.R. Dunedin South and Suburbs, Reynolds 77, Vogel 31, Cutten 11. For the Provincial Council, Waikouaiti, Vogel 21, McGlashan 16. On June 20 Mr Reynolds must have resigned from the House of Representatives, for we find Dunedin South and Suburbs, Paterson 105, Vogel 72. On September 4, Dunedin North and Suburbs, Vogel unopposed. The story we have heard is that he went to the Dunedin North electorate to act as Returning Officer, and finding no one nominated, got a proposer and seconder, and, there being no other nomination, declared himself duly elected. This they say was the first start of this extremely able man, who pushed his way to the front, and eventually became Premier of New Zealand. He was at first rather restless or headstrong, for we find the Provincial Council censuring him in October, 1863, for contempt of the privileges of the House.

The natural result of the overflow of the Province by population from other parts was a tremendous growth of commerce, and enormous activity in all wholesale and retail businesses in the town. The money turnover of the merchants was incredible; the wharves were crowded with vessels great and small. Anyone who owned a brig or a schooner was in a fair way to make a fortune. Money was spent like water. Everything was at a high price, so that what seems to us extra good pay for a doctor w

Called one night to one of those cases which necessitate hours of waiting, the doctor looked in vain for shelter for his horse. A fearful night with piercing wind, snow, and sleet, no shelter for the animal near the cottage, a bleak hillside, with nothing to break the wind, and no horse cover available, he asked permission to lead his docile animal inside the clay-floored kitchen, the only “other room” in the wattle and daub house of two rooms. At a word his horse lay promptly down, and the worthy doctor, in default of even a box or a three legged stool, seated himself across the horse’s withers and prepared for a night of it. The large open fireplace or ingle with blazing logs of broadleaf made things look cheerful, and the “reek from the lum” smelt good to the half frozen
A great chain hung from the chimney baulk and supported a large pot, a lesser one, a kettle a wag-at-the-wa’ clock ticked merrily close at hand, and the anxious “father to be” disappeared into the other room to announce the arrival of the doctor. Now the medical man, though well qualified, had the ambition to proceed to a higher university degree, and for this Greek, as a compulsory subject, had to be laboriously “ground up,” he therefore was accustomed to carry in his pocket a small Greek Lexicon and Xenophon’s Anabasis, and, on occasions such as this, of which he had many, he endeavoured to “improve the shining hour.” He now pulled his books from his pockets and became immersed in the daily progress of the army of the Greeks through Mesopotamia towards the Black Sea. He had not, however, advanced more than “three parasangs” before the ancient dame, who in those days took the place of the well-trained St. Helens nurse of to-day, put her head out of the bedroom door, and had a “keek” at him. Shaking her head she said something to the quaking man beside her which the doctor could not catch, and pointed to the book in the doctor’s hand. The cottager straightened himself up, as though bracing himself for a difficult task, and approaching the doctor his countenance changed and assumed an almost menacing aspect, he addressed him in words somewhat to this effect: “Look ye here ma mannie, a’ didna’ ken when a’ brocht ye a’ the wye frae the toon that ye war but a puir student body, a mere callant wha had tae larn his wark an’ to tak’ his buiks in his bit pooch. Ma guid wife is sair forfoughten wi’ her auld barren, an’ is wantin’ a man wha kens his job, and no has to read it o’er like they Embro’ students gin them rin doon the Coogate to the puir folk in tribble. Moont yer bit pony, and awa’ doon the knowe to the toon and tak’ tent that ye send us a fully ‘schuled man frae the college.’ Ma wifie kenned that ye were weel bespoken, and when she trysted ye was sae ta’en wi’ yer glib tongue, and I never thocht but what ye had yer sheepskin, yer lines from the college, ye ken; aiblins ye ken mair than she daes hersel’, but the howdie gars me put ye ben the noo, an’ yer to fetch a man wha surely kens the wark. Rin awa man, rin awa,’ afierno I strike ye, there’s a ween o’ thee half trained collegee i’ the toon, they’re a’ diggers the noo, an’ tho’ the maist o’ them are townies o’ the wife’s, she could na’ thole o’ them to come nigh her. Whiles I thocht ye were truly licensed, an’ I am fair distraickit for I fear that ye’ll no get anither doctor till the morn’s morn. Hoots awa’ mon! A canna’ bide the sight o’ ye settin’ up for a doctor yersel’.” The doctor, inwardly convulsed with laughter, kept a grave face, for he felt that it was no laughing matter to the almost frantic crofter, whose face was bathed in perspiration in spite of the cold. It took him some time to explain matters, and to assure the irate Scot that he was really qualified, and particularly so in obstetrics, and that he was in lawful possession of several “sheepskins.” His explanation of his studies in Greek, which might as well have been Chinese to the crofter, was somewhat prolonged, and in the midst of his demonstrations that the Greek characters and curious words had nothing whatever to do with the case in progress, a sudden cry from the other room and a call from “the auld howdie,” “Quick doctor! od! the wean’s here,” ended the discussion, and gave the sorely tried doctor a chance to demonstrate that he really knew his job. The narrator of the story used to say that he never forgot the look on the man’s face, a look of mingled fear, anger, doubt, turning to increasing rage as he worked himself up. He momentarily expected to be grasped by the collar and the seat of the pants and heaved out into the snow, to be leisurely followed by his faithful horse, which all the time apparently had been sound asleep. Day-break had not come before the doctor was ready for a hearty breakfast and waiting wi’ a wame that was sair toom he was set to watch the red sand rin i’ the egg glass. When the operation was over he was astounded to find a huge willow-pattern dish of boiled eggs set before him. “Help ye’sel noo, ma mannie,” said the host, now in the height of friendliness and good temper, for the doctor had received a “very high degree,” and was well spoken of by granny and the guid wife herself. He had won all hearts by tactfully saying “There’s a boy for you! Look at his legs - a splendid specimen, ten pound, if he is an ounce; man what a farmer he’ll make,” etc. The auld howdie bustled round and pouring out a steaming cup of tea did her best with pleasant chat to efface the memory of the unfortunate episode of the night before. She was really kind-hearted: “wrinkled was her brow, her ancient head was russet gray, but her auld Scots bluid was true.” The doctor, aghast at the great dish of eggs before him, assured the crofter that he could not eat half nor even quarter of the dishful, to say nothing of the thick slices of bread, which granny was cutting and lavishly buttering. The man replied, “Hoots awa’ man, aiblins there’ll be but twa three oot o’ the dizen that’s guid. Chip awa’ man, chip awa’ - whiles they’re guid, and whiles they’re no, ye’ll sune ken whilka anes are no sweet.”

The “howdies” who, according to some authorities received the name from their first salutation to the “cryin’ wumman,” “how d’ ye fin’ yersel’ the morn?” occupied, in those days, a most important position, and the few who remain are even now clung to by the “auld folk,” who beg as a great favour their attendance upon their
daughters and grand-daughters. They are fast dying out, though, as is natural, they have lingered here in Otago perhaps longer than in any other part of the Dominion. In their day they did great work, and had many good points, and it most always be remembered that their faults were largely due to lack of education and entire absence of scientific training. As a class they were terrified at the very idea of the sufferer’s partaking of a teaspoonful of cold water; an open window was a deadly menace, and productive of “weids,” shivers or chills. Whisky was a common remedy for many ailments of mother and child; a teaspoonful with sugar was a “gran’ thing for the wean, and gaed’ it a fine sweet mooth if ta’en in the morn.” “Cauld sheets” were anathema, and in consequence the “elaes were changit” as seldom as was possible; a “comforter” for the infant in the shape of a mess of bread and sugar or “twa three” raisins was fastened in a piece of muslin, securely anchored to the child’s bib. This gave great satisfaction to the wean, but was a distinct source of danger, as the “cable” was sometimes made too long and the child half choked in consequence. The same “comforter” was a fruitful source of “thrush” in the mouth, a parasitic fungus due mostly to neglect on the part of the attendant, and according to the auld wives, necessarily always present “at birth and death.” We can recall one occasion on which the howdie said to the doctor “What day will the wean get the thrush, doctor”? “The day you go out of this quick and lively,” responded the doctor, a peppery little Welshman. These old women in their day served their employers honestly: little or nothing did they know of the theory, but much of the practice of mid-wifery. Kindly and always willing to help, they gave their services free in a vast number of cases for very love of humanity. Rough as was the life of the doctor, that of the howdie was worse. Turned out at the first sign of trouble, she had often to trudge long distances by night or day, she had no horse or buggy, and when the doctor had finished his work and gone, the auld wife’s had only just begun. A wailing child might need attention for hours, and the life of the mother depended upon her getting sleep, which neglect of the baby by the nurse would effectually prevent. A now prosperous farmer, not a hundred miles from Mosgiel, tells the following tale of his early days, when only a ploughman on wages, he, waited the arrival of his first born. “Rise John and rin for the howdie, my pains is here,” said Janet one bitter night. John rose, and looked through the window and “unsnecked the door” a “bare twa inches.” “Losh, Janet, wumman, it’s an awfu’ night to gang ben - can ye no wait till the morn’s morn?” John, however, had to gang ben and fetch the guid howdie through “snaw” and wind and to-day the family of 11 “buirdly chiels and clever hizzies, the maist o’ them wi’ weans o’ their ain,” are a tribute to the care and attention of the auld wife who ushered most of them into the world away back in the “sixties and seventies.” Few of these nurses had any training whatever beyond what was given by Purdie, Richardson, Hulme, Burns, or Hocken, who, with others who followed after, carefully taught the most intelligent the why and wherefore of personal cleanliness, and later the need for antiseptics. It was indeed due to this attention and instruction that so many fine families were reared, so many of our splendid pioneer women came safely through the perils of maternity and are spared to us to-day, healthy, vigorous and buxom, even when nearing the allotted span of three score years and ten.

So far as the “auld nurses” in Dunedin were concerned, there were many scrupulously clean, careful and entirely trustworthy, deferential to the doctor when he was in attendance, but if there was no doctor asked for or “trysted,” and the nurse was alone responsible, who then so autocratic, and so implicitly obeyed as the “howdie”? It were almost invidious to give names, but we recall a few, and mention those of others which have been furnished us by some who knew them well, and have kindly recollections of their ministrations. They were good old dames who “did their bit,” and passed on “over the divide,” to their “lang rest”:– Mrs McDougall, on the hill; Mrs Lindsay, in the N.E. Valley; Mrs Coombe, Mrs Macfie, Maitland street; Mrs Oliver, Bell Hill; Mrs Patterson, York place; Mrs Jack, Mrs Parker, in lower Cargill street; Mrs Stokes, at Musselburgh; Mrs Chitty and Mrs Cardno, Mrs Popham, and Mrs Wragge at Caversham; Mrs Gordon, who lived to be over 100 in spite of her long trips and rough experiences, at West Taieri in the “fifties and sixties”; Mrs Gair and Mrs Grigg, Mrs Winimill and Mrs West, with many others in the city. Kindly bodies who now sleep their last sleep, their well earned surcease from toil and suffering, in the Northern and Southern Cemeteries. Peace be to their ashes. Like the key of the dentist, the wooden stethoscope of the physician, the four wheeler in the streets, the old top-hatted “bleeding and cupping” doctor, they have passed from our midst, and the place thereof shall know them no more.

There was an interesting little paper consisting of three sheets, published in Dunedin in November 1862, and from this we cul a few notes and advertisements. Though the publication was apparently well supported it
withered in its infancy, and perished before three months had passed, we have no issue later than January 9, 1863. That there was room for a well-managed evening news sheet was proved by the advent of the Evening Star on the 1st May following, and by its steady progress to the splendid position which it holds to-day. The tiny 10in by 8in paper started as the Evening Times, but was promptly notified that it must change its name, the Otago Daily Times having got its “kick in” at least 12 months before. The shutters of the News were taken down by Howard and Kendall who, however, seem only to have carried on for a few weeks and then to have sold out to Mullholland and Co. In the first issue is a notice of a race between Mr Thomas Dickson’s bay gelding “Tommy,” and Mr Jackson’s bay gelding “Billy,” for a mile and a-half on the Ocean Beach, stakes £100 a side - won by Dickson’s horse “by several lengths hard held.” “That mighty engine ‘Cobb’ has started for the Dunstan, and, except by some invention for aerial transit, is not likely to be run off the road in this anti-railroad island.” (Aeroplane flights were held at Clyde, 1921.) The Manse street, High street, Princes street block had a narrow escape from fire on November 20, 1862, and it was only the Dunedin Volunteer Fire Brigade’s promptness that saved the situation. The prohibition of the importing of cattle was removed at this time so that meat became much cheaper. R. B. Martin and Co. erected a fine new store in High street. “Strayed or stolen from Rough Ridge, eight horses with covers on.” Many rich finds of gold were reported from the new goldfields at Nokomai and Cardrona. “Fresh discovery; return of Fox and Callaghan with 48 pounds weight of gold which they obtained in three weeks. Mr Jefferson, storekeeper at the Dunstan, writes that a digger showed him 126oz of gold in rough, heavy nuggets which he obtained in three days at the Sixty-five Mile Rush.” The Shakespeare Concert Hall, at the corner of Maclaggan and Rattray streets, on the site of Scoullar and Chisholm’s show rooms of to-day, was one of several establishments in the city which were “run” gratis, for the purpose of attracting customers to the bars of the most fashionable hotels. This building, the Shakespeare Hotel, was about four doors below Dr Hocken’s house of which we have been permitted by the Early Settlers’ Association to show an interesting photograph. Dr Hocken lived in this house for some years before moving to Moray place. The Shakespeare Concert Hall was conducted by T. B. Smith, the proprietor, who advertised that the management, at great expense, had engaged to appear nightly the celebrated tenor singer, D. D. Bourke; the admired comic singer, J. W. D. Robertson; the champion jig dancer, Fred Cruickshank, together with Chas. Muldan, P. Kirwan, and G. Finster. Admission Free. Leeman, a fine baritone singer, also appeared at this hall in the sixties, and sang with great effect such songs as “The Vulture,” “The Ship on Fire,” etc.

The News was “badly had” on Friday, November 28, 1862, by a man named McGregor, who came from Invercargill, one afternoon and said that he had there sold 300 pounds weight of gold, which he and his party had obtained by three weeks work at Fox’s Gully. The News made a great song about this sensational item, and published it in large type - at OUR OFFICE, 4.30 p.m., etc., but next day had to climb down with humble apologies; to pronounce the whole thing a shocking hoax, and generally to sing very small. The same day the escort arrived in Dunedin with 21,000 ounces of gold. Dunedin police news was rather interesting: For killing a
sheep in his shop in Rattray street without a license, a man was fined £5; another, for stealing three loaves, four days in gaol; for using profane language in the street, fined 40s and costs; for selling fish in the streets, three men were fined 30s; for stealing half-a-pound of tobacco, one month’s imprisonment; and for stealing three dozen bottles of ale, six months in gaol. A suggestion was thrown out at the time to use the open space in the Octagon as a far better place for the new fire brigade engine to be housed in, and that the bell would be heard far better there than “from the suburban bush beyond Bell Hill.” Note. - The bell was for many years in the old wooden tower in Dowling street, close to the Boys’ High School; it was moved in July, 1886, to the passage-way at the back of the Town Hall, and is now installed at the Central station in Cumberland street. It was for years rung at eight, twelve, one and five o’clock, and tolled with peals for the different wards when fires occurred. Later it was simply rung as a warning before the exit of the brigade, and now is only used when an emergency call comes when the brigade is out on duty, and out-station brigades are required. The old idea of letting everybody know exactly where the fire was, and practically inviting all and sundry to fill and block the street, is quite out of date, and now the brigade has the fire in hand before half-a-hundred persons know its whereabouts.

The old fire brigade with its primitive appliances and scanty supply of water, first located below what is now Custom House Square, did remarkable work, and many was the “save” it effected in those far off days. A voluntary service by men who were mostly engaged in vigorous and fatiguing occupations during the daytime, saved the inhabitants of the town many thousands of pounds, rescued a large number of lives, and by its prompt activities prevented the loss of many others. Entirely dependent on voluntary contributions and a house-to-house collection, these old heroes did their work splendidly. They went into the job from a desire to prevent damage to the town buildings, and to help their fellow citizens, but there was in addition a distinct love of adventure, a leaning towards an exciting avocation with a marked element of danger. Everything appealed to them. The clanging bell, the thronging streets, the crash of falling timber, the roar of the flames, the shouts and cries “Here comes the brigade,” and these men with their bright brass helmets, red coats, flashing tomahawks, and all-compelling streaming hoses were indeed heroes. They were the admired of all for their pluck and stamina in 1862, as are the members of the perfectly trained and highly disciplined force under Superintendent Napier to-day. Of the old hands we have been told that Captain Rees still lives in London, Lieutenant Murphy in Taranaki, Captain Job Wain and Foreman Carrington in Dunedin, all resting from their labours, these grand old men of the Dunedin Volunteer Fire Brigade of the “sixties” and “seventies.”

Chavanne’s Victorian Hotel stood at the corner of Princes street and the Octagon, the lessee later had the well-known hostelry in Wanganui. Numbers of good theatrical companies were induced to visit Dunedin, chiefly by the enterprise of Shadrach Jones. We notice advertisements of “His Last Legs” - a benefit for Mr J. Small, with whom appeared Tom Fawcett, Miss E. St. Clair and Miss Fanny Wiseman. “The Count of Monte Christo,” by Mr and Mrs Clarence Holt, Miss Martin, Miss Ada Hart Miss Cassy Matthews and Mr J. M. Woolfe. “The Rag Pickers of Paris,” by Clarence Holt and company. “The Bohemian Girl,” by Tom Fawcett, Madame Carandini, and Mr Sherwin. On December 12, 1862, a jolly party sat down to supper in the Provincial Hotel. It included the Fawcett Brothers, Mr John Dunn, Madame Duret, and others, on the eve of sailing for Melbourne after a very successful season. After supper a handsomely inscribed photographic album containing portraits of about 40 of the company was presented to Mr Shadrach Jones, while many eulogistic speeches were made of his energy and enterprise and love of the drama. Mr Jones in replying, referred to Messrs Thomas and Sandford Fawcett, thanked all present for their handsome gift, and said they would be glad to know that the season, though not paying, had resulted in a very small pecuniary loss to him. He felt sure it had greatly improved the status of the profession in the town, and had advanced the position of the drama far beyond what it had been. The toast of “The Ladies” was responded to by Dr Hocken and Mr Tom Fawcett. Looking at notices of sales of land we find reference to the township of Beaumaris - was this at Green Island? Also at Portobello where “steamers are chartered to run from Greenwich to Gravesend, thence to Port Chalmers, then a two hourly service to Gravesend.” Where are these thriving villages to-day? Are they covered with sand? The village of Chalmerston at Halfway Bush, where has it got to? It was well “boosted” in 1862 by Gillies and Street. There was a varied programme for the people of Dunedin that Christmas week. 1862:- Vauxhall Gardens, Grange Estate Sports, First Y.M.C.A Annual Social Conversazione and Soiree, great comic pantomimes “The Maid and the Magpie,” and the “Babes in the Wood.” Grand Total Abstinence Conference to which visitors were invited on Christmas Day at 6 p.m., in Dr Burns’s Church; Jones’s Christmas Sports in the Commercial Yard, High street, at which a
great quoit match between two well known Sandy Creek players was to take place. For this a “superb cup,”
value 25 guineas, was offered. Altogether what we to-day would call a Carnival Week. A notice that the 4lb loaf
was raised to 10d; that the Sabbath Observance Ordinance was about to be enforced; that the road by Waikouaiti
was the best route for the Dunstan. So said D. C. Campbell, of the Sandspit, Waikouaiti, who undertook to
forward diggers and their swags. Cotterell and Dermer advertised as “operative chemists,” whatever that might
mean. Perhaps what the auld farmer meant when he said that their pills were “gay searchin’.”

Mr J. S. Raphael brought word of a new rush about two miles from the “Junction,” and that at that part of the
Dunstan timber was 4s a foot, flour £80 a ton, and Bass ale £8 for a case of two dozen. A man sitting down to
tea put out his hand to pick up a small bag of what he thought sugar beside him, and found he could not lift it as
it was full of gold. A digger was robbed of £13 at Rough Ridge. A number of dead bodies were found in the
Molyneux, leading to suspicion of murder by some of the new arrivals at the Dunstan. “Mr John Jones lends the
Old Club House and grounds to the committees which are engaged in organising the bazaar and exhibition in aid
of the new English Church.” “At Vauxhall yesterday several of the games advertised were carried out
satisfactorily, including quoits, football and other manly sports, while the swings were in great requisition.
During the day and evening about 1500 persons paid admission to the Gardens and dancing was kept up until a
late hour.” (We think the statements made to us by some of the early residents that thousands of persons - one
man assured us 15,000 persons - visited the gardens daily, an absurd exaggeration, due to the youth of the
individual at the time and his lack of experience in estimating numbers or size of crowds). “A digger called
Wildridge writes to McCubbin, of the Otago Hotel, saying he is making £100 a week, and that when walking up
to the waist in the Shotover River he can sometimes bring up five to six ounces of gold on his shovel.” Miss
Harriet Gordon, a very remarkable singer and quick change artiste, conducted a drawing room entertainment
with sketches in which she took the four principal parts in “The Merton Family,” and later “Two Greenfinches,”
With her was Mr J. P. Hyde, and they played in the new Masonic Hall opposite the Government Buildings,
Princes street. Madame Carandini and Mr Sherwin generously assisted the Anglican Church Exhibition and
Bazaar on several occasions by giving a high-class repertoire. The exhibition, etc., realised £1000. Quick and
Company’s coach started on December 30, 1862, for the Dunstan at 12 o’clock with 14 passengers. Mr Keller,
of the Golden Fleece, Melbourne, arrived by the Alhambra, and purchased the goodwill and seven year’s lease
of the Commercial Hotel from Mr Shadrach Jones for the sum of £10,000. At the conclusion of the Caledonian
Games on New Year’s Day, a fire balloon made for Mr Harding, of the Union Hotel, was despatched from the
grounds. Mr Cornish writes to Messrs Quick and Co., on behalf of self and passengers for safe transport to the
Dunstan, for civility, attention, “good provisions and rapid transit.” Mr Wolfe’s benefit of “The Wife,” by Holt
and Co., followed by “Mazepa,” drew a great crowd on December 12, 1862. “Monsieur Denise has opened his
Parisian hairdressing saloon in the cutting, and will be happy to serve his customers in the very highest style of
torsorial art.” McCubbin’s Otago Hotel provides a wonderful “cuisine under a celebrated chef, Monsieur Jean.”
Everything can be obtained that “the most fastidious gourmand and connoisseur can possibly desire,” and the
table can seat lunch of the “most recherche description for 100 persons at the shortest possible notice.” Professor
Rowley, Prince of Perquiers,” describes his establishment and methods of hairdressing. The police announced
that they had discovered an illicit still, The fire brigade had great competitions and practices - ladder and hook
teams v. hose and reel teams, 10 men a side. When really needed they did excellent work under Captain Rees;
they now advertised that they were going to send round a house to house collector. The News here inserted a
letter from the Daily Times and Witness office giving a further donation of £10 10s to the fire brigade funds,
and the News comments upon this generous act as one which is worthy of more than mere mention. The letter
enclosing the donation was signed B. L. Farjeon, for Cutton and Vogel. “An imposition is being practised daily
by the Dunedin boatmen, plying to and from Vauxhall. The fare to Vauxhall and back by the steamer Nugget is
1s, the usual charge by a whaleboat is 1s each way, but these aquatic satellites take advantage of your credulity,
and extort double or treble fares.” “Mc Towers’ Grand Christmas Ball takes place this evening in the
Oddfellows’ Hall.” “Jones’ Sports were a great success, the quoit match creating considerable interest: distance
21 yards; first prize William Smith, 7 points; standing jump won by Private Kelly, of the 70th Regiment, height
10ft 6in (this is undoubtedly an error or misprint for 4ft 6in); 100yds race, Samuel Connell; boys, 100 yards,
Thomas Benson; Solo Dance by an elderly dame, perched upon a high elevated platform, created great
enthusiasm, and roars of laughter.” “Eighteen thousand ounces came down from the goldfields to-day.” “The
s.s. Omeo is in sight, should our telegram from Port Chalmers be in time, a second edition of the Evening News
will be published.” “Mr Barnes, the contractor, who was on horseback, ‘turned the corner’ in front of Mr Brown’s shop in Stafford street, and rode against one of Mr Brown’s employees, a lad, who fortunately is not seriously hurt.” (A motor car owner doing the same to-day would be mulcted in heavy damages.) “This evening Dr Hocken will deliver a lecture on botany at the Oddfellows’ Hall, in connection with the Young Men’s Christian Association.” “The Aldinga and City of Hobart carried to Melbourne some 23,000 ounces of gold and 260 passengers.” Crinolines or hoops were quite a nuisance at this time in Dunedin. Word came from England that regulations were being issued in the factories that the “expansive contrivance” or hoops would not, in future be allowed, owing to the danger incurred of the dresses of the young women coming in contact with revolving machinery. The girls, who held meetings to discuss the situation, got over the difficulty by coming “hooped” to the gates of the mills, where they removed their canes, leaving them in the care of friends living in the neighbourhood until their return from work, when they were again inserted into their skirts. Crinolines were quite common in Dunedin on gala days, and an amusing American skit was referred to in the News showing how the hoops literally pushed one off the narrow pathways into the mud. “The Alhambra has arrived in Melbourne after 67 days’ steaming from England: she is to be used for the intercolonial trade.” “This being the appointed Fast Day, the Government offices and various banks have been closed. Most of the shops throughout the city have followed the example, though not belonging to the Presbyterian faith; this may be regarded as a respectful concession to the established religious ordinances of the Province.” “The Omen, 1000 tons, made the passage from Melbourne in six days. It was said her decks were so dry and her motion so even that a quadrille band should be in attendance on board every passage for the delight of passengers fond of dancing.” “Lieutenant Murphy, of the Dunedin Volunteer Fire Brigade, who is the worthy host of the Shamrock Hotel, intends giving the boys a right smart chance at pork and beans tomorrow at one o’clock.”

The Evening News, it will be seen, was more of an advertising sheet than a newspaper. There were, of course, no telegrams or cables, very little foreign or Home intelligence. Shipping notes, Custom entries, Police Court news, and an excellent series of advertisements of which the bulk were theatrical, and nearly always for someone’s benefit, filled the pages. It seems as if each member of a theatrical company from the manager to the call boy had his benefit, but it is only right to say that the performers were very generous and gave their services at all times for any good object or charitable organisation. Among the advertisers the only ones whose names appear in our papers to-day are Ross and Glendining, Mills, gunsmith, Stafford street, Kilpatrick and Co., Wm. Gregg and Co., Herbert, Heynes and Hay, Princes street.

Two of Cobb’s coaches made the journey from the Dunstan in two days. The News commented upon this and expressed surprise that no direct mail from the “Metropolitan Goldfields” to Dunedin was in existence, but all mails came round by Waikouaiti. “It would be worth while,” said the paper, “to run coaches daily, and deliver the mails in Dunedin and Hartley on the mornings following their departure.” (Hartley was no doubt the Clyde of to-day.) Vauxhall Gardens, to which we have referred, covered 23 acres of ground, and provided a multitude of amusements. A portion was set apart for private picnic parties. The steamer Nugget left the wharf every half hour from two till midnight; admission was free up to 6 p.m. Among the items at their Old English Fayre were some that have now dropped out of sports programmes, but are worth mentioning: Standing jump, Standing high leap; Throwing the light hammer; Eating the biscuit, hopping; Climbing the greasy pole; Wheelbarrow race, blindfold; Whipping the goose; Groping for silver; Catching the cock (hands tied behind). On Christmas Day, 1862, the Lady Barkly had a trip to the Heads as a rival attraction. They had a jolly day ashore with an efficient band, good refreshments at moderate charges; return fare 5s.

We have gone at some length into the notes and advertisements of this quaint 1862 news sheet, for the reason that it covers part of the first year Dr Hocken was in practice, and it gives a kind of epitome of the gay and busy life of the time. The town crammed with diggers, money spent lavishly, wine flowing like water, gold pouring into the town, hundreds of thousands of ounces, 15,000 to 30,000 per escort. Theatrical companies and pantomimes galore, famous singers and performers, fires, wrecks, accidents, murders, suicides, events tragic and comic occurring almost daily, one has not to look for them; they force themselves upon one’s vision; they seem to leap from the very print on every page. Into this life came the young doctor, and promptly took his part in the fun and gaiety that was going in order to relieve himself of some of his trials and occasionally to efface the pictures of sorrow and suffering which he was daily compelled to witness. (There is no copy of this strange little
Dr Hocken was in 1863 appointed Coroner for the city, and one of his first inquests was upon the ever memorable tragedy, the wreck of the Pride of the Yarra on the 4th July in Otago Harbour. This wreck was accompanied by the loss of many valuable lives, including that of the Rev. Hewitt Campbell, first rector of the Otago Boys’ High School. The little paddle-steamer left Port Chalmers wharf in the dusk of the evening and after taking off the passengers from the Matoaka at Hobart Town Point and returning to Port Chalmers for those on board the recently arrived William Miskin, she steamed off towards Dunedin. When opposite St. Leonards, or what was then known as Blanket Bay, she met the Favourite just where the channel is fairly narrow. Somehow, someone “lost his head;” the lights were not what they ought to have been, the steamers were travelling at a dangerous pace, and before one could count a hundred the crash came, and the Pride of the Yarra filled, sank, and carried to a watery grave no fewer than 14 persons. We think we are right in saying that Mr John Ross, of this city, is the only one now surviving of that terrible catastrophe. To a reporter of the Evening Star, July 10, 1909 he gave a graphic account of his experiences, the recollections of which even after a lapse of half a century were indelibly impressed upon his memory. He was standing near the bows of the Pride, when he saw lights coming fast down the channel towards them, and he concluded at once that there must be a collision. He got close to the gunwale, well forward, and as the Favourite struck he got hold of her rail and hung on, his body half over, by securing a grip of an iron ring. To this he hung, but could get no further because other people kept catching hold of his legs and body and climbing over him on to the Favourite. The Pride of the Yarra sank in a few moments, and when Mr Ross could get his legs free and was able to scramble on board, he was badly knocked about and hardly conscious owing to the trampling he had received. The Favourite took most of the survivors to the Port, where some stayed, others driving up to Dunedin. Fourteen bodies were found next day and laid out for the inquest in the Provincial Hotel. Mr John Mill, of Port Chalmers, is, we think, the only one left of those who assisted in this melancholy task. The late Mr W. Melville, of George street, was one of those who had a narrow escape. Later on he secured a fine picture by O’Brien of the hulk of the Pride as she lay on the shore for many a year. There is a good photograph of it in the Early Settlers’ Museum. The Rev. Hewitt Campbell was the newly appointed rector who had the day before arrived from England by the Matoaka; he, his wife and five children, aged 5, 4, 2, 1 years and 6 weeks, with two maids were all drowned in the cabin. When their bodies were taken out and laid side by side their faces were placid and fresh; they had had no time to struggle and must have perished almost instantaneously. The papers of the time say that the emotion and grief displayed by many of those who witnessed this pathetic sight, was overwhelming, and the whole city attended the public funeral which followed. At the inquest, Dr Hocken’s summing up of the evidence and address to the jury contained many strictures upon the gross lack of supervision and control of the harbour steamer traffic. His remarks were severe, and the result of the inquest was that the captain and mate of the Favourite were committed for trial for manslaughter, but later were acquitted and finally discharged.

At the end of 1863 the Superintendent appointed a commission to examine into the conduct and working of the hospital and lunatic asylum, Dr Hocken being appointed one of the commissioners. We have referred freely to this commission in the articles on Dr Eccles, but the fact of Dr Hocken’s appointment to such an important body shows that he had already made a good impression upon the provincial authorities, and was probably armed with particularly good testimonials from the Home colleges as to his fitness in medical jurisprudence. The evidence given before this commission was startling in the extreme, and is well worthy of perusal by anyone particularly interested in asylum management.

The Provincial Ordinances for the day are quaint and make interesting reading. Bread Ordinance lays down weight and character of loaves, excluding fancy bread and stale bread, etc. Sabbath Observance Ordinance forbids any games, discharge of firearms, manual labour, and sales in shops on Sundays. The only exceptions were sales of medicines and liquor in hotels. [Note. - Golfers and tennis players of to-day have a free hand. Hotels are closed and the sale of medicines is restricted to very limited hours, and yet we are alive and do not seem much the worse.] Vaccination Ordinance for the extension of the practice of vaccination and prevention of the spread of that terrible disease small pox, which many of the wise old city fathers had had personal experience of in their youth. Thus they practically stamped out the disease in the midst of an influx of persons of all nations and languages, flooding the city from the various points of the compass. Police Ordinance, which
included penalties for building wooden chimneys, for loading vehicles with part of the load projecting more than five feet from the centre of the vehicle. For driving or leaving vehicles with curtains unfastened or flapping, thereby frightening horses, etc. In the “sixties,” just as to-day, melancholy incidents were reported of persons shot dead or shockingly wounded by gunshot. This was the result of careless meddling with firearms, playful pointing of weapons, an unexpected explosion and the usual story of “I did not know it was loaded” coming out at the inquest. The same accidents occur and will occur until every child is taught in the home, as the writer was taught with a heavy hand and a laid-on-slipper that to POINT at another person a toy weapon of any sort, be it bow and arrows, shanghai, gun or pistol, is a criminal offence. Although this may be only a representation of a lethal weapon, the make-believe threatening with such, or the pretence at “I’ll shoot you” leads to carelessness and has caused more accidents than almost any other reason. An ingrained rule of never to POINT or AIM any weapon, imitation or real, would largely prevent such deplorable occurrences. Children pointing and firing “toy-cap” pistols at each other should be duly warned, and, if necessary, severely punished. This lesson is well worth impressing on our youngsters. Why not teach it in the schools? If a child knows it is wrong to POINT an imitation weapon he will never POINT a real one.

At this time also there sat a Commission to inquire into the allegations made by Miss Rye in a letter to the London Times about the character of the inmates, and the gross mismanagement by the authorities, of the Dunedin Immigration Barracks in Princes street. The buildings stood where afterwards was erected the Old Times Restaurant, just south of Police street, which was then occupied by the mounted constable barracks. Much fuss was made by Miss Rye because the two establishments were back to back, her letter hinting at wrong doings which the inhabitants of Dunedin were quick to deny, and confident in their powers of disproval. The commission consisted of Messrs Rennie, Steele, Duncan, Pinkerton and Dick, and they went most fully into all the allegations. They called in evidence - the Matron (Mrs Allpenny), the Immigration Agent (Mr Colin Allan), Inspector Branigan of the Police, Sir John Richardson, the Superintendent, and finally a number of the inmates, girls who were new arrivals from Home. They entirely disproved all the charges made by Miss Rye, except that the accommodation was not extensive, and that the girls, few of whom stayed long, were not made very comfortable. Some of the charges were ridiculous, and a grain of humour was given to the evidence by the fact that Miss Rye had stated that the girls had been fed upon hominy. Now, no one could be found who knew what HOMINY was! The cruel accusations against the character of the girls themselves were completely disproved, and the commission did not scruple to say so.

The year 1865 was a notable one: it was Exhibition Year; it was the year of a large comet; it was the year when tremendous and extensive fires devastated the town starting with one in Stafford street, when a man was burned to death. A week later the original First Church and the Bank of Otago, in Princes street, went up in smoke and flame; then another in the Octagon and Princes street on February 8, and a bigger one in the Telegraph Hotel in the Octagon on March 15. The great Jarvey poisoning case dragged on from March to June, and from June to September, and finally came Captain Jarvey’s execution on October 14. German Charlie was murdered in Alva street, close to the site of the High Street School, then covered in thick native bush and scrub. In 1866, three hotels in Maclaggan street were burnt, the first Otago Agricultural and Pastoral Society Show took place, and bellringing which had become quite a nuisance in the streets and at shop doors was prohibited by ordinance, and horn blowing immediately took its place. Cook Strait cable was laid and the town became plunged into festivities - balls, banquets, dinners, levees and races - for Sir George Grey the Governor, had arrived. Now occurred the largest fire so far seen in Dunedin. Both sides of Princes street from Moray place to the Octagon being in a blaze. The whole Province was in an uproar for half the year over Provincial v. General Government control of the goldfields. Public meetings, private meetings and finally a plebiscite showed an overwhelming opinion as to the wish of the people, that the management should be left in the hands of the Provincial Government. Dunedin Waterworks Company was formally opened, and a census of the Province taken.

In 1868, gales, floods, wrecks and fires took place so that February 20 was set apart as a day of humiliation and prayer for escape from disaster by sea and land. During the year foundation stones were laid of New First Church (May 28), Masonic Hall (May 31), Graving Dock (July 20), and later the Floating Dock was launched. 1869 was noted for its gales and floods in January; the death of Mr John Jones, one of the most prominent of the very early settlers long before the arrival of the immigrants to the Scottish Province. He was a most useful man, and, though not without his faults, was an immense help to the pioneers, and his name is perhaps better
known to the “old identity” than that of any other man in New Zealand. The Duke of Edinburgh arrived, and, as was fitting, great festivities, races, etc., took place. A smart earthquake shock was felt on June 24, and on July 20, the first meeting of the Otago Institute, a branch of the N.Z. Institute, was held, and His Honour Judge Ward delivered his presidential address. Dr Hocken was appointed honorary secretary with Mr J. S. Webb, and the following year Mr Webb becoming vice-president Dr Hocken remained as secretary. As will be seen later, he retained a most vital and active interest in the affairs of this, the Scientific Society of the Province, for a period of nearly half-a-century. Foundation stones of the Athenaeum and of the Wesleyan Church were laid in the same year, 1869, 1870 was ushered in with gales and floods, and, as had been the case for many years, with a considerable number of shipwrecks. The fire brigade had been thoroughly reorganised, and the number of fires was materially reduced, and the fires often checked as soon as they began. Agricultural shows were held all over the Province, and the Acclimatisation Society, in which both Dr Hocken and Dr Eccles took great interest, got busy with its importations of birds, hares, and fish ova.

The Rev. Dr Burns, the Aaron of the settlement, died on January 23, 1871, and the usual Burns’ Anniversary Meeting was postponed until February 3, on this account. Mr Donald Reid was elected M.H.R. for the Taieri. H.M.S. Clio with Governor Bowen on board struck upon a rock in Bligh Sound, but she was got off without serious damage, and the Governor arrived safely at Invercargill on March 6. Bishop Moran entered his diocese on February 18, and two days later a stirring election took place for the Superintendency of the Province; Donald Reid, the member for the Taieri, quite a young man in general politics, challenged the veteran James Macandrew, and was beaten by but 293 votes out of a gross poll of 6193. Fires still broke out at intervals, the City Buffet and Dunning Brothers, in Princes street, in June, Woodhaugh Flourmills in July, and the following year Black and Thompson’s Timber Yards and McLeod and Company in Princes street, Duncan’s Flourmills and Wilson’s Brewery at the Water of Leith. Bishop Nevill arrived on November 14, and the first Session of the Anglican Synod took place on December 11. H.M.S. Dido entered the Graving Dock on December 20, and next day Governor Bowen arrived by the p.s. Luna, and, amidst great acclamations, opened the Port Chalmers Railway on December 31. It need not be mentioned that all this time Dr Hocken had been extremely busy in his capacity as Coroner, all shipwrecks, accidents, murders, suicides and fires added to his burdens, and in February, 1873, he was appointed medical officer to the Benevolent Institution. He carried on the duties of attendant to these aged inmates for many years with infinite skill and solicitude; he also acted as surgeon to the volunteers, having been gazetted to the Dunedin Naval Brigade as early as 1865, and to the Dunedin Naval Artillery in 1885, resigning in 1887 on being gazetted surgeon to the N.Z. Defence Forces. In 1876, some exception was taken by Mr J. B. Bradshaw and others as to the coronerships being held by medical men in active practice. Considerable discussion took place in the House of Parliament, and in 1885 a fresh agitation resulted in all practising coroners being asked to resign their positions or relinquish practice. Dr Hocken and Dr J. G. Smith, of Balcutha, after some newspaper correspondence, were gazetted out of the service as they refused to resign their positions.
Dr Hocken, who was at this time in the “hey dey” of his prosperity, carried on his practice vigorously. He was a frequent visitor at the Taieri, to which he rode, as the journey was now quite an easy one - roads smooth and well metalled, rivers bridged, accommodation houses clean and comfortable. In Dunedin in the seventies infectious diseases were again rife, much scarlatina and diphtheria taking heavy toll of infant life. Dr Hocken, quick and alert in speech and manner, made up for his diminutive stature by his bustling energy. Always full, one might say, of the joyousness of life - bright, cheerful, and friendly, - he was particularly fond of humorous stories, and a great retailer of them, for he had a vast store of experiences “piled up” from a very full and adventurous life. Side splitting yarns from the diggers among whom he had “worked,” blood-curdling experiences from the hundreds of ghastly inquests which he had been compelled to hold. Heart rending tales of sorrow and suffering among the widows and children of those swept out of existence by fire, flood, and famine, for in those days many persons died of cold and starvation. An hour with Dr Hocken, when in reminiscent mood was worth more than a seven shilling novel. Dr Hocken was one of the most humane, one of the most lovable members of the profession with whom we have been brought in contact. Most punctilious so far as medical etiquette went, and in rules of ethical conduct, scrupulously careful of the rights, and opinions of others, absolutely insisting at all times upon upholding the dignity and honour of the profession, Hocken was the man to whom his colleagues looked for guidance upon such questions. What he said was right and most accepted his opinion as correct without cavil or hesitation. On several occasions he was President of the Otago Medical Association, and always fought for what was honourable and straightforward. In the early nineties, he introduced what we believe he had carried out in earlier years, a system of culling together at his house a dozen members of the profession once a month, for a game of cards and friendly intercourse over a glass of wine or a cup of coffee. These social evenings were a great success and were the means of bringing together men too often prone to pass each other in the street with a mere nod. Men who perhaps did not speak to one another for a twelvemonth, were closely associated over a “flutter” at poker or loo, or in friendly chat, and were much the better for the experience. We will remember Alexander Fergusson, the genial, red-whiskered Irishman, “long” John Macdonald, De Zouche with his little white “imperial,” Joe Closs, William Brown, Hocken always a host in himself, and one of the keenest in the game, Batchelor, Colquhoun, Roberts, Davies and several still in our city, all making up a party, merry and good tempered. Hair-raising medical experiences were related, but they were often of a burlesque type, and an attempt to pull one another’s leg. Most of the younger men were glad to listen to the elders talking, particularly if the conversation turned to student days, when the names of giants in the profession were mentioned - Lister, Simpson, Syme, Spence, Joe Bell, Annandale Littlejohn, Graves, Stokes, Wilde, Liston, Brodie, Clift, Charles Bell, etc. Stories of Knox and the Burke and Hare murders in Edinburgh were told, Dr Hocken mentioning how a letter from the “famous” Professor Knox had come into his possession. Knox, as was mentioned in one of our earlier articles, was the teacher of Anatomy and the owner of an extra-mural dissecting room in Edinburgh, when the Burke and Hare murders took place, the bodies being disposed of by sale to Knox at £10 each. When the trial was over Knox had to clear out of the country, and eventually came to New Zealand. Letters and notes can be found in the Hocken Library with Dr Hocken’s comments.

Largely owing to Dr Hocken’s evidence before the Sanitary Commission, the 1869 Medical Registration Act became law, and something better than the previous farce was now enacted, for persons were buried with a proper death certificate signed by a qualified practitioner. But even yet strange thangs happened, and the death register makes curious reading. Unqualified men still flourished as the following story tells: In a town, not 100 miles from Dunedin, a doctor, let us call him Dr Samson, put up his brass plate and commenced practice, and was consulted by not a few. His manner was good, his style cool and self possessed if not actually polished, his chief stock in trade, a particular glib tongue, and an effective pill composed of aloes, lard and kerosene. He charged half-a-sovereign for consultation and a box of these pills which he prescribed for practically every ailment that flesh is heir to. He coined money for a time, but having no family and being fond of company, he spent a good deal of his time in the fashionable bars of the city. One day, well dressed and debonair, he was in the bar of the biggest and swellest hotel when, to his manifest discomfort, he was hailed by some rather frowsy looking new arrivals with “Hullo Cookie! are you here? You seem to have struck it rich. Don’t you know your old pals?” A hasty adjournment took place, a whispered conversation in the side room, the passage of a few half-crowns seemed to settle matters, but the affair could not be “kept dark.” Too many “patients” had witnessed the occurrence, and the “sleek doctor” who was, in reality, the very able cook of the Great Britain (the ship Dr
Hocken had come by), saw the game was up, and cleared quickly out of the town, leaving a good many lamenting creditors behind him.

About this time a young woman who was connected with one of the theatrical companies visiting the city, became very ill, and when practically dying called in a Dunedin medical man, and he in the ordinary course of his treatment and quite justifiably, administered a hypodermic injection of a quarter of a grain of morphia to relieve her intense agony. There were some curious circumstances surrounding her death, which are not of importance here, but which at the time necessitated an inquest, but the jury brought in a verdict of “justifiable homicide,” against the doctor in question!!! A doctor to-day would protest vigorously against such a score against him and demand “misadventure.” It must he remembered that the hypodermic syringe was in those days more or less of a novelty, and the woman dying after such a “dose” was enough to frighten any nervous jury.

Tremendous rows took place between the public and the Hospital authorities under the old regime. Written orders for admission had to be obtained from the secretary, and the newspapers were filled or some weeks with letters and articles referring to a man named McCulloch, who was refused admittance to the hospital and died in an epileptiform seizure. This was just before Dr Hocken’s time, and indirectly, we think, led to his appointment as Coroner. On this occasion Mr H. Howorth refused to hold an inquest because an outside practitioner, Dr George Wilson, was willing to give a certificate that the man died from inflammation of the brain. There was a great to do about it, and shortly after Mr Howorth resigned and Dr Hocken was appointed. Frequent drowning accidents took place, for inexperienced miners would try to cross swollen rivers when common sense should have warned them to wait an hour or two. Sometimes even in a spirit of bravado they would wade in before the very eyes of their mates, be washed off their feet and drowned. Even the Maoris had more “gumption” than this, and in crossing deep rushing streams and rocky torrents carried upon their shoulders or heads heavy boulders which served to ballast them and helped materially in preventing their being overturned by the torrent. In 1862, a man named MacNamara coolly walked into the Waipori River and was carried down the stream before the eyes of a number of his mates, who could do nothing to help him and could not even find his body. The new system of registration of deaths shows up clearly some startling facts, on the enormous number of deaths of children from scarlatina maligna, and diphtheria. A large number registered as having died of “thrush,” which might be almost anything, and is marked evidence of the “prepathology” days, when very little was known of the actual cause of disease.

One of the local men, rather famous for his pompous, “cast your eye over me” air, always wrote his certificates in Latin, and invariably used “senectus,” when his humbler brethren registered “old age”; i Distentio membrorum, Paralysis ramollissement; Apoplexia ex haemorrhagica; Morbi valvarum aortica cordis; Congestio passiva pulmonis, all speak for themselves. No doubt they duly impressed the undertaker and the registrar, and cast a. curious light upon the personality of the practitioner, long since passed to his well-earned rest. Among Dr Hocken’s certificates one often comes upon “You may lawfully permit the body of … to be buried, and for so doing this is your warrant. - (Signed) T. M. Hocken, Coroner.

We have received an interesting note on the old Fire Brigade from Mr Sydney Muir who lived on Bell Hill in the sixties. The first location of the firebell in Dunedin was on the top of the eastern side of Bell Hill where the First Church now stands. It was afterwards removed to the western side. The first fire brigade station was on the ground floor of the old Town Board’s offices which stood in Princes street at the southern corner of the present Stock Exchange Buildings. It was removed to a site now occupied by Dr Stuart’s monument, not really in Custom House Square. Abraham Charles Rees was, I think, the first Captain. Practical jokes were prevalent in those days, and a certain individual named Dicker Hamilton, a racing man, perpetrated one on Rees. He got a child’s sixpenny toy watch and a jeweller to put it into a handsome case, which was fastened down so that it could not be opened. He collected a lot of prominent people at the Provincial Hotel and notified Rees of a presentation to him. The presentation came off, Hamilton made a flowery speech and duly presented the watch, trying to, but regretting he could not open the case without spoiling it. Rees replied feelingly, and ordered champagne for the crowd. History does not say what he said when he opened the case.

Another rather good little story has come to us and we insert it here:

In December, 1863, the usual festivities look place, and on New Year’s Eve the young “knuts” sallied out, bent on having a good time and a joke with everyone they met on the way. Now it happened on this particular
evening Dr Hocken was out on a professional round, and as he had early made it a rule not to touch liquor when
“on business bent,” he was anxious to avoid the revellers whom he well knew would be particularly active right on to the “wee short hours ayont the twall!”

To half-a-dozen well primed “First Footers” who met him on this New Year’s Eve or rather early New Year’s morning argument argument was of no avail, and in endeavouring to escape these jokers, Hocken who was an active athletic little chap, darted up the side of a clay bank in Princes street cutting, about where Stewart Dawson’s is now The bank was very slippery, and to the dismay of the revellers the little doctor slipped upon it and fell back and broke his leg. This put an end to the “fittin,” for they had to go and get a door off its hinges and carry the little man right round Rattray street to his home, shown in the photograph recently. The story shows what the condition of the main street of the city was 60 years ago, it also shows clearly that the grey heads of to-day had just as much devilment in them in those far off times as the youngsters of modern times,

Reference has been made to Dr Hocken’s endeavours to promote good fellowship among his professional brethren; but he went further than that - he always tried his best to lend a helping hand to a younger man when in doubt or difficulty. If any one of the profession were in trouble with a serious case, some knotty point of a medico-legal nature, Hocken was the man he was at once referred to for guidance in clearing up the doubts or avoidance of the many pitfalls of practice. Hocken was the “guide, philosopher and friend” to whom all awkward problems were taken for solution. “Go and have a chat with Judge Watson,” he would say, “put the facts before him,” or “just pop in and tell Mr Barstow or Mr Eutychus, the Magistrate, what you have done, and ask his advice.” “Just have five minutes with the Inspector of Police; give him, your notes and data, and he will settle it for you, and tell you what to do.” “Keep your mouth closed, take careful notes of all you see and hear, and in the meantime do nothing - this is not your business.”! Out of his many years’ experience as a coroner, he had acquired a vast store of medico-legal knowledge and knew at once what was the wisest course to pursue, what should be done, all about the laws of evidence, etc., and was not afraid to give a positive opinion. After a talk, with Hocken and a following of his advice in going to the head or administrators of the law, or to another senior medical practitioner, a man felt much relieved and knew that he had done all that could be done. In many cases the following of a straightforward course such as indicated saved the younger practitioner from meddling with matters which did not concern him and from making criminal accusations against persons which he could not prove, no matter what he suspected. It undoubtedly saved him from landing himself in many an unpleasant predicament. On any little ethical point one could always be sure of a safe opinion from Hocken. If a difference threatened with another man and a breach were imminent, Hocken would talk with each in turn, bear both sides, argue out all points, show the one in the wrong where the mistake lay, and gradually bring him to his friend.

Many the petty squabble and possibly serious quarrel did his kindly, genial, good nature and highly developed sense of humour thus lightly brush aside. His magical personality and absolute friendliness to all was very marked. Never before or since has there been one to whom the younger doctor could so readily appeal. We question whether in any of the professions has there been one of the older practitioners to whom the young man with the “new bag,” whether containing Bible, brief or bandages, would so readily go for advice. With all Dr Hocken’s good nature and kindliness he was keenly sensitive and not a little touchy. Probably on account of his stature he was quick to resent ridicule, possibly seeing it or fearing it when it was not the least intended. As a matter of fact, he was so well liked and respected for his upright conduct, his courtesy and true manliness that few persons would ever have dreamed of ridiculing him, and his actual stature or height did not strike one at all; his mental personality dominated everything. Two stories show this, one emphasising how, in his young days, his sense of humour predominated; the other how in later years he was perhaps more afraid of ridicule than he need have been.

Sometime in the middle sixties, Clarence Holt came to Dunedin on one of his famous tours, and having been well acquainted in Melbourne with Dr Alexander Hunter was interested to hear that he was in practice in the city, and at once regathered with his former “crony.” Hunter, as has been mentioned, was a great “theatrical” follower, and in the course of conversation with Holt, who was a friend of Hocken’s, mentioned that there had been a slight “difference” between himself and Hocken over a consultation. Hocken was most punctilious in always doing the strictly correct and upright thing, and Hunter, who was inclined to be brusque and easy going, “a go-as-you-please” sort of fellow, had no doubt infringed some little point of etiquette. Be this as it may the two men were barely on speaking terms, a position which at that time was well nigh intolerable and most
Dr Hocken was an enthusiastic botanist, and particularly interested in the more uncommon plants which were natives of the country. His garden contained many rare specimens and he delighted to show his treasures to anyone with a like bent of mind. He was a fellow of the Linnaean Society, and had he lived would, we feel sure, have been one of the first elected Fellows of the New Zealand Institute. For many years he was one of the most regular attendants of the local Philosophical Institute, and was for nearly half a century upon the council. He could always be relied upon to say something interesting upon any subject which came before the society, and in matters connected with Ethnology and Early History of New Zealand, he was facile princeps. His home was a veritable store of treasures, from the First Church original bell which gave its name to the hill which at one time overlooked the bay, to the latest published book on New Zealand, from the rarest genuine greenstone tiki, the finest carved taiaha, to the proofs of his most recent article on Early History of the Province. His house was crammed full of historical relics; where they were stored we cannot conceive, when we think of the amount transferred to the Hocken Library. He was always busy - open books, paper clippings, waste paper basket, scissors and paste - yet one was always welcome, always met with a smile, “Well, Wilson, come in! come in!” a hearty handshake, a winning smile. “My dear, here is Mr Wilson; have you a cup of tea?” And Mrs Hocken’s delightful hospitality was always immediately forthcoming. His old wooden house in excellent preservation has only recently been demolished to make room for the Soldiers’ Club in Moray place; his curious little glass
windowed side entrance for patients, beside what was for many years the Coffee Palace; his stable at the bank where his cream pony Tommy had a home for many years will not be forgotten by his friends. There were also in the garden a little greenhouse, a cherry tree, a very old pear tree with fruit in later years only to be described as stones, a karaka, a kowhai (still remaining), a fine grass tree, and a cabbage tree. These were among the beautiful natural objects which had to be swept away before the relentless march of time. We admire the splendid building which has replaced this ancient residence, but we deplore the mistakes which have been made in General Birdwood’s titles, and we urge the authorities to spend a few shillings in having the foundation stone inscription attended to at once. We wrote per favour of “Civis’s Passing Notes,” when the inscription first saw the light of day, and pointed out that to depict the famous General as G.C.M.G., K.C.M.G., C.M.G., or G.C.B., K.C.B., C.B., etc., is if anything a little worse than giving Sir William Birdwood all of his military titles from General right down to that of Subaltern. We can picture Dr Hocken’s amusement and protest at such a bungle as G.C.M.G., K.C.M.G. (Verb sap.)

During the last year of his life it was arranged that Council meetings of the Otago Institute should be held in Dr Hocken’s house; this was welcomed by members, as it gave them the privilege of retaining his attendance and of availing themselves of his great experience and knowledge of all matters pertaining to the Philosophical Society. Of the active working members of the Otago Institute, he was undoubtedly the doyen.

We hope the little stories we have told in good faith will be understood and accepted by the friends and relations of the late Dr Hocken in the spirit in which they have been written. Dr Hocken was an intimate and well-loved friend of the writer, and of his parents and grand parents, and no one would be more distressed than he if anything in the way of offence were given in this article, which he has written with the kindliest feelings towards his old friend. He visited him several times when on his death bed, and was struck with the fact that even within a few weeks of his death he was bright and cheerful although suffering great pain. The last sad impression left of him was of a good tempered, courteous gentleman, an honour to the profession, a true Christian Philosopher and a faithful and steadfast friend. Hocken died as he had lived, beloved by everybody: there need be no monument for the generations who knew him to keep fresh the memory of Hocken the Historian.

It is surprising that in the references we shall shortly give there is no mention of the important part of Dr Hocken’s great gift to the city which was made up of Maori weapons, relics, carvings, etc - that portion of his collection which one hesitates to call the most important, but which is indeed of vital interest to students of ethnology. The librarian of the Hocken Library says on this point “At the close of the New Zealand and South Seas’ Exhibition of 1889-90, there were in Dunedin a large number of finely-carved slabs, executed in the seventies by skilled Maori carvers of the Ngati-Porou tribe. Dr Hocken felt strongly that these should be added to the collection of the Otago University Museum to form the nucleus of an ethnographic department. He therefore appealed in the public press for subscriptions for their purchase. Failing to get an adequate response he purchased the carvings himself and presented them to the Museum. There had been before this date few ethnographic articles in the Museum, but the ethnographic department virtually dates from his gift, in later years he added other articles, and in 1907 he and Mrs Hocken presented jointly the remainder of their large and valuable Maori collection. The carvings already mentioned were too numerous for all of them to placed on exhibition, and in the last three years a number have been exchanged with other institutions, including the British Museum, the American Museum of Natural History, the Peabody Museum, and Australian Museum, for valuable collections, which, however, have not yet been placed on view. Thus it will be seen Dr Hocken was the founder not alone of the splendid library that bears his name, but virtually of the ethnographic department of the Mu’eum also. His was the first important gift, the collection presented by Mrs Hocken and himself is the most valuable it has ever received, and numerous and valuable accessions are still coming to the department as the result of exchanges of material which he presented.

Nor was his interest in the theoretical side of the science less keen, [See Thomson’s History of Otago University, page 160.]

The following obituary notice appeared in the Otago Daily Times, of May 18, 1910:-

THOMAS MORLAND HOCKEN.
“It is with profound regret that we have to report that Dr Hocken, whose name has for nearly half a century been intimately associated with the history and progress of this city, passed away shortly after 8 o’clock last night.

“Dr Hocken, who was born at Stamford on January 14, 1836, studied for his profession at Durham University and at Dublin, and gained his diploma as a member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England in 1860. Subsequently he was for about two years surgeon on board the steamer Great Britain, well-known as a passenger vessel between England and Australian ports. It was in 1862 that he settled in Dunedin and commenced the practice of his profession. As the community grew his practice extended and his material interests flourished. Ever recognising the duties of citizenship, he undertook many public duties. For 22 years he held the important post of coroner for the city, and discharged the duties of the position with the greatest credit. He became one of the honorary surgeons of the Dunedin Hospital, surgeon to the Benevolent Institution, in connection with which his services were highly valued, and in the more important scholastic world was appointed the first lecturer on surgery to the Otago University on the establishment of that institution. Though his official connection with its teaching staff ended many years ago, Dr Hocken maintained a long and useful connection with the University by virtue of his appointment to a seat on its council. In 1883 he was nominated by the Government as a life member of the governing body of the institution, and a few weeks ago, on the position of vice-chancellor becoming vacant through the elevation of Mr Jas. Allen, M.P., to the chancellorship in succession to Judge Williams, Dr Hocken was elected vice-chancellor, an honour at once well deserved by the recipient and delighted in, in its bestowal, by the council as a whole. Dr Hocken proved a most valuable worker in connection with the Otago Institute, and on three separate occasions his services were acknowledged by his election to the office of president. In social work Dr Hocken was ever active. At all times he took a very keen interest in philanthropic enterprises, and was a keen supporter of those most deserving social organisations - the Patients and Prisoners’ Aid Society, Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and others. For many years he interested himself warmly in the affairs of St. Paul’s Church and pro-Cathedral, and was one of the sturdy collectors of funds for the work of the church and for the Cathedral which some day it is intended shall add grace and dignity to the prominent site above the Octagon on which the present building stands.

“With one particular form of activity Dr Hocken’s name will he permanently associated in this community. He devoted himself indefatigably to the collection of manuscripts, maps, plans, pictures, and all descriptions of literature relating to the early history of New Zealand. His energies were directed to this end for many years, and the result of his arduous labours is seen in the magnificent collection which, generously conferred by him upon the people of the Dominion, is now permanently housed in the addition to the Otago Museum known as the Hocken Wing. So much has been justly said and written concerning that noble gift that it is unnecessary here to do more than mention the fact - the gift is in itself an enduring memorial of him. As a consistent contributor to the ‘Transactions of the New Zealand Institute’ and the records of the Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science, of many papers of historic and general interest, Dr Hocken achieved a merited fame. As an author Dr Hocken published, in 1898, his valuable ‘Contributions to the Early History of New Zealand,’ which will always remain a standard authority upon events relating to the colonisation of the Dominion. In 1903 he visited the Old Land to collect materials for a fuller edition of his work, while a little later he completed the publication of his ‘Bibliography of New Zealand’ - a work upon which he was engaged for many years, and which represents a notable monument of his industry, not only by reason of the comprehensiveness of the bibliography, but also by reason of the interesting annotations that are incorporated in it. In 1884, Dr Hocken’s contributions to science were recognised by his election to the Fellowship of the Linnaean Society.

“Dr Hocken was un till the time of his death a director of the Otago Daily Times and Witness Newspapers Company, Ltd. He was one of the directors of the company who were appointed by the shareholders at their first meeting in 1878, and he held his seat continuously since that date.”

Appended are extracts from a leading article which appeared in the Evening Star of May 18, 1910 - “The death of Dr Thomas Morland Hocken, which occurred last night, was by no means unexpected; but public and private regret will not be the less keen on that account. It will be remembered that the doctor was unable to be present at the formal opening of the Hocken Library - his munificent gift to the city which he loved - on March 31; and though the chairman on that occasion, with pardonable optimism, suggested that the incapacitation was merely temporary, there was an undercurrent of mournful feeling throughout the proceedings, and a misgiving that the donor would never again set foot in the building which will carry his name to future generations. Dr Hocken’s
work as national historian and civic benefactor, prominent as it is in the public mind at the present time, and still more prominent as it will be in times to come, should not be allowed entirely to obscure the memory of his activity in other directions. He was a skilful physician, his methods, at once cautious and progressive, being calculated to ensure confidence and success in general practice and the thought of his kindness and generosity in connection with his profession is cherished by many grateful hearts. He held the honorable and ancient office of coroner for about quarter of a century, performing the duties in a thoroughly efficient manner; and though he lost the post when the coronership became associated with the magistracy, there was a suspicion of private intrigue in relation to the change, and he always considered that he had been badly treated. His educational interests were keen and unwavering, and he was intimately connected with the growth and progress of the University of Otago. Only two months ago he was elected Vice-Chancellor, though illness prevented him from taking his seat in that capacity at the council board. He was not unknown in business circles; while his philanthropic zeal and his staunch Anglican churchmanship served as the mainspring of other busy activities. Perhaps the wonder is that he should ever have found time for the special studies and researches with which his name will be perenially associated in the history of New Zealand. He had the genuine historical enthusiasm, the zeal and patience which love to spend and to be spent in the cause of ascertainable truth; and only a close and comprehensive scrutiny of the varied contents of the Hocken Library can give an idea, inadequate even then of the labour he performed and the money he lavished in the pursuit of the most useful of hobbies. The countries he visited, the libraries he ransacked, the dusty newspaper files he examined, the arduous investigations he undertook, in order to throw light on the early history of New Zealand - all this mass of experience and toil is recorded, in terms intelligible to the seeing mind, on the shelves and walls of the Hocken Library and in the pages of the founder’s published works. His distinct literary gifts were not out of the common, but in an eminent degree he had the faculties of lucid statement, orderly arrangement, sound judgment, and untiring painstaking- ness.

“Dr Hocken will be seen no more in the streets of Dunedin, but his memory will have an abiding tenure. His physique was of the smallest proportions - the ‘wee doctor’ he was sometimes called - the stout heart and the keen, bright spirit took little account of bodily disadvantage.”

**DRS CHARLES SHAW AND BURROWS, OF THE DUNSTAN.**

The Clutha River finds its origin in the discharge waters of the twin lakes Wanaka and Hawea, and running in an almost straight course for 150 miles, flows into the Pacific Ocean. At Cromwell the Clutha is reinforced by the Kawarau which flows through the rocky gorge carrying an immense body of discharge water from Lake Whakatipu. The combined rivers below this union are officially known as the Molyneux. It is the largest river but has less fall than any other in the South Island, for from the outflow of Wanaka to the coast it runs with an average fall of only 6½ feet per mile. In its upper reaches, from Wanaka to Cromwell, the fall is greater and there are many rocky rapids. The Junction, as Cromwell was formerly called, is 525 feet above sea level, and from this point to the sea the average fall is only 4 feet to the mile. The flat land around Wanaka is about 1000 feet above sea level; the forest above does not grow higher than 3400 feet, but the snow line is between 7000 and 8000 feet up, many of the mountains being well up to, if not above this height. The lakes are very deep, both Wanaka and Hawea being more than 1000 feet in depth, the first 157, the second 223 feet below sea level.

We have quoted these little points of the physical geography of the district in order to demonstrate how precipitate are the shores of these lakes which were once steep mountain sides. The lakes were evidently dammed by mighty moraines of glacier-borne boulders and gravel, and down the sides of the mountains around have gushed icy torrents, eroding, cutting, washing out boulders, triturating quartz, clay, and rubble, and carrying into the river innumerable specks, fragments and nuggets of the contained gold. Into ripples and pockets, behind and in front of ledges of the rocky bottom of the river have these particles of the yellow metal sunk, being, however, only an infinitesimal portion of what must have been swept on into the deeper parts of the river, into the sand and mud and slush and so into the Pacific itself. Where these rich deposits have come from, and how many eons of time it has taken for them to accumulate in the rocky crevices from which the diggers have made fortunes, it were idle to speculate, but somewhere on these mountain sides must be masses of gold bearing quartz, hills of auriferous blue clay, leads and seams of stone which contain more by thousands of times the amount of gold than has ever been found in the bed of the Molyneux.
In 1861, the only persons in the Dunstan or Upper Clutha district trending towards Wanaka were runholders – John McLean, of Morven Hills, Watson Shennan, of Moutere, Strode and Fraser, of Earnscleugh. The runs were Crown tenancies of fairly large extent, McLean’s running into half a million acres, the others many thousands. But the life was primitive; sod and mud huts were in vogue, timber was very scarce, lignite coal abounded, and the runholders had to make the best of a very hard life. The runs were in winter time almost inaccessible, and few of the squatters cared to run the risk of bringing wife or family so far from civilisation. They had therefore to live a pretty lonely and monotonous life. The runs were purely pastoral, carrying many sheep and not a few cattle; sufficient potatoes and oats were grown close to the homestead, if such shanties could bear the name, and were used to feed local stock, and to provide food for the few hands living on the run. Once a month Malloch’s park horse toiled up from Waikouaiti bringing the mails and many of the necessaries and some of the luxuries of life, and endeavoured to provide for those living in the back blocks a few of the delights of civilisation. To the south and south-east other runs were occupied, Galloway, Matakanui, Hawksburn, Puketoi, Kyeburn, Patearoa, but few even of the settlers upon these allowed their wives to venture into these inclement regions. If medical assistance were needed there was nothing for it but to transport the unfortunate sufferer by waggons to Dunedin, or to wait for days until a medical man could get through from the metropolis. When the goldfields “broke out” doctors settled everywhere, and the lives of the runholders were rendered more happy and congenial, for some of them were enabled to have their wives and families to live with them.

Early in 1862 two prospectors named James Hartley and George Riley came along the river, and calling at Earnscleugh station asked permission of William Fraser to put up their horses and to buy meat and provisions, as they were anxious to do a bit of fossicking for gold in the neighbourhood. Getting food, they camped along one of the beaches and worked away quietly for some months calling at intervals at the station for supplies, food, tobacco, etc., expressed themselves, as satisfied as they were making tucker, and they appeared very sanguine that they would yet strike it rich. Coming in for provisions one day they announced that they were going to Dunedin for a spell, but assured the men at the station that although they had so far only paid their way, they were coming back and were confident they would yet strike payable gold. On their arrival in Dunedin they banked some 80 pounds weight of gold. The news leaked out, no matter how careful the bank officials were, and the two lucky men in order to gain time and to get back on to their claim “before the crowd,” announced that they had struck a good pocket at the back of Mt. Watkin, at Waikouaiti. They registered their claim and hied them back to the Dunstan, to which a great rush at once took place. History tells us that Hartley and Riley had a bad hour or two before they could demonstrate to the infuriated mob of would-be-diggers that the gold was there, and could be got out if they only went the right way about it. Now the bank of the river opposite Earnscleugh became a canvas town, a city of calico, and scantling huts went up like Aladdin’s castle. Waggons toiled slowly up the Central carrying flour at £250 a ton. Timber had to be carted or floated down the river from Wanaka, for there was nothing of the kind available on the Dunstan. Manuka scrub of a type useful for kindling and for tent poles, but not nearly heavy enough for building purposes could be got in limited quantity, and the lignite coal discovered by William Fraser upon Earnscleugh proved a first class asset to the district. The Hon. Sir Wm. Fraser as he now is, has given us a verbal account of these stirring times, and we are much indebted to him for a first hand story of much that is interesting. When the Dunstan township first showed its rows of huts and shanties, water had to be hauled up out of the river in barrels, on little sledges, and although the water was fairly good for drinking purposes, sickness soon broke out and arrangements had to be made for doctors and hospital. In the meantime Riley had so well instructed many of the miners how to get out the gold, that they got it in fabulous quantity, and the township soon began to hum with 10,000 diggers.

Among the first tradesmen in the town was James Hazlett, who had a fine general store, and with his pack horses sent out goods far and wide. All the neighbouring “strikes,” each new gully, or beach with a good prospect, every little patch or place where diggers congregated up or down the river, received provisions from Hazlett’s, of the Dunstan, and the owner reaped a rich harvest though he had to work very hard for his money. He controlled an enormous business which required continual superintendence night and day, for late hours were kept in the store, and Hazlett was a man who was never idle. Diggers “blew in” (to use a modern phrase) towards midnight, having walked perhaps miles after their day’s work was done, in order to pack back goods, food, utensils or something necessary for next day’s enterprise. Attfield’s butcher shop did a thriving business, and Jackson Barry spent some little time at the same trade and then moved on to the Junction or Cromwell.
Among the early pastoral pioneers were Jas. Gordon Glassford, of Matakanui; William, Low, of Galloway; Greig and Turnbull, of Moutere; Dillon Bell, of Ida Valley; Douglas and Alderson, of Kawarau; Cowan (Robert Stewart, manager), of Hawsburn. These runholders with their shepherds and musterers were the only inhabitants of this uncultivated country until the discoveries of payable gold in the various districts brought the diggers in thousands to likely places on the river. Thus arose Clyde, Alexandra or Manuherikia, the Junction or Cromwell as it became, Roxburgh, and further back Fox’s or Arrowtown, Queenstown, etc. An interesting photograph lent by the Early Settlers Association shows what the primitive town of Clyde was like. At first there was great difficulty in crossing the river. Miserable contraptions of timber called boats were improvised, and the use of these with horses tied behind led to much loss of life. Many valuable animals had to be sacrificed, for as soon as they began to struggle there was nothing for it but to cut them clear and let go. If one had a well trained horse it was all right but if the animal was unduly timid or headstrong and stubborn, disaster was imminent - the horse either broke away, upset the boat, or was cut loose in the nick of time. After a time a ferry was constructed with a punt run on pulleys on a wire rope. This was propelled across the stream by the force of the current, running at an angle in the manner commonly used on N.Z. rivers and seen at Westport to-day. It was all right when the Molyneux was quiet, but when the snow began to melt and the river was up the punts became as logs and matchwood in the hand of a giant. In 1865 the river rose under the punt until it was pushed up almost to the height of the transmission wire ropes. The ferrymen on this occasion refused to cross, pointing out the imminent danger of doing so. Several venturesome young fellows insisted on going across, and the punt started away on a fairly level keel. It was a broad nosed, flat bottomed affair, and as soon as it got out into the raging torrent where the sag of the wire rope was great, the irresistible current pressing hard against her stern, she heaved up sideways, and then falling clear from her support of the rope, practically spilled her passengers into the river. Any one who has seen the Molyneux in flood can guess what chance they had in those mighty waters. After a time a Canadian engineer devised a pair of canoes or gigs covered with a deck or platform. She had rudders which kept her going up against the current and she rode safely across in the worst of the floods. This was the first of its kind in New Zealand, and the inventor or introducer of this novel kind of craft went down and installed one on the Waitaki, some distance above the present main trunk railway bridge. He also built a splendid one at the Manuherikia Junction. This was of iron and was so large and strong that a waggon of five tons weight could be driven right on to it and transported safely across. This, the site of Alexandra, was at first a mere collection of huts. The confluence of the two rivers, some rich beaches in the neighbourhood and the actual difficulty of crossing all acted as reasons for the aggregation of the diggers to the spot. Theyers and Rivers opened up their stores and Ryan had the first hotel. Beattie was the baker and Hillhouse the butcher. Mr Geo. Reid instructed the youngsters, and the Rev. Stuart Ross, now of Brighton, Victoria, attended to the spiritual needs of the Scottish element of which there was “more than a sprinkling” in that mass of men from all quarters of the globe. Dr Lord was the first doctor of whom we have had information. He was in Alexandra in the early sixties, and like the medicos of the other goldfields, he had a life of the roughest. Long perishing trips up and down the river, across the mountains and down to the Serpentine, to Blacks and St Bathans. Cases of frost bite, broken limbs and lock jaw sent out many a call for help. What manner of man he was, his age, where he came from, whether married or single, we have no information; all we know is that Lord stuck to his post until July 6, 1869, when sitting at the dining table he fell back dead.

Mr Ross, in the story of “Otago Church and Settlement,” tells us that Hastie was an early baker in Clyde. Killalty had a bootmaker’s shop, and Donald McPherson a general store in which he prospered exceedingly He and Dr Charles Shaw were among the earliest Presbyterian Church office-bearers. Mr George Hassing’s fine reminiscences of the whole of this district have placed on record in the files of the Otago Witness the names and
occupations of the pioneers of Clyde, and the interest in his story will never fade while there live in Otago men and women who love to read of lives of derring-do and brave adventure.

The first primitive hospital in Clyde was erected about 1862, and the Rev. Stuart Ross, who has been kind enough to send us some references from his book “The Story of the Otago Church and Settlement,” says: “The authorities not only made vigorous provision for the repression of all unruliness and for the maintenance of peace on the goldfields, but as speedily as possible established hospitals in the more important centres with competent medical superintendents for the proper treatment of the sick, and for the alleviation of the diseases induced by the hardships and privations to which the miners were exposed. As there was some difficulty in getting medicines dispensed at the Dunstan a temporary Government dispenser was appointed at £300 per annum. Dr Jackson who was the first medical practitioner on the field, opened a private institution for the relief of miners who were suffering from rheumatism and scurvy and such diseases as were caused by bad food, want of fires, and of general comforts. The Government Hospital was opened in 1863, and the 50 beds in it were immediately filled.” Dr Jackson did not stay long, but moved on, as we have already told, to Queenstown, then to Invercargill, for a short time in Dunedin, and finally to Australia. Dr Morice was some time in the Dunstan and he also migrated to the West Coast, and the first of whom we find authentic news was Dr Charles Shaw, a well qualified man from Aberdeen. He was immensely popular, a tall, fine looking bearded man, quick in his movements and energetic in everything, in the hospital and out of it, but his health failing he left Clyde in 1869, and returning to Scotland died there at an early age. The daily papers of December, 1862, give a graphic account of conditions in the first days of the field. “A party who arrived from the Dunstan by the short road reported that the body of a man is lying on the banks of the Kawarau opposite the Junction of the Roaring Meg Creek. They say there is gold to any amount there, parties bringing in as much as 100 pounds weight at a time. The body mentioned is only one of many, as several others have been seen floating down the river, and one of the men employed by Mr Hill, the timber rafter from the Lakes, states that he frequently sees dead bodies going down the river. It has been a fatal river to many. Some are missed and are never more heard of, and their bodies are never found. Anxiety is felt as to whether some of these have not been murdered and their bodies thrown into the turbulent and rapid waters of the river - solitary parties working on remote and secluded spots would easily become the prey of desperadoes, and their bodies once consigned to the river it would probably be some time, if ever, before these deeds of violence were known.”

The next doctor to appear at Clyde was Dr Burrows, an elderly naval surgeon. He showed up at Tuapeka when the goldfield was first established and then came on to the Dunstan. He was a great rider, as was his wife, and the following quaint little note reached us from one of the “old timers on the field”: “Dr Burrows was the first we knew at the Dunstan Hospital. A fine looking, elderly gentleman, he and his wife were fond of riding horseback. One of my children was tongue-tied, and as they rode by he got off his horse and nipt it and that was the last we saw of him.” After Burrows or about the same time Dr John Niven practised in Clyde, and then moved to Dunedin, ultimately going to Oamaru.

THOMSON AND LEAHY, OF THE DUNSTAN.

In 1869 Alexander Tinline Thomson arrived from Scotland and proceeded to Clyde. We have been fortunate in securing from Dr Thomson the following interesting account of his life. His old patients will he pleased to see his photograph and to know that he is in possession of surprising health and in good spirits. He started the study of medicine at Glasgow University in 1863 and had the good fortune to come into close contact with Professor Joseph Lister the great surgeon. Dr Thomson says: “I followed Mr Lister, as he preferred to be called, and became one of his dressers, and was with him when he began his antiseptic treatment in Ward XXIV in a case of compound fracture of the tibia of a boy. In those days we had to make carbolised putty to cover the carbolised lint dressing and over the putty - tinfoil. After a time the carbolic spray came into use while the other dressings were being applied. In those days a block of the Royal Infirmary was set apart and used as Fever Wards for the treatment of typhus, typhoid, scarlet fever, measles, and small pox. There were no general fever hospitals in those days. Typhus fever was not only very prevalent but very fatal, assistants dying one after another while attending the wards. I followed both professor Gardiner and Dr Leishman in the medical wards and later on became house
physician or assistant to the latter. They both taught the use of the stethoscope and the thermometer. In my
second session, 1864, I took up my residence in the fever block. I was in constant use of the then unwieldy
thermometers. We had two - a long, straight one, the other L shaped, and both of these had to be read while in
situ in the axilla of the patient until the maximum temperature was reached, for, as soon as removed from the
axilla, the mercury fell. After leaving the fever wards I was appointed assistant to Dr James Morton, one of the
visiting surgeons. He did not believe in Lister’s antiseptic treatment; he relied on camphorated oil, water
dressings and irrigation in compound fractures, and I must admit that there were some remarkable recoveries,
and one such case especially comes to my memory at present. It was a case of compound fracture of the right
elbow of a woman. The visiting surgeons with their assistants met in consultation, Morton, Lister, Buchanan and
Eben Watson, three of whom advised amputation. Mr Lister said he would not risk his antiseptic treatment in
such a serious case, but Dr Morton said he would risk “ irrigation.” This was carried out, and to the astonishment of
the other surgeons the patient made a good recovery and was ultimately discharged with a very useful arm.
Of course there was no love lost between Lister and Morton.

There were two dispensary surgeons and two physicians. The surgeons were Dr George McLeod, (later Sir G.
H. B. McLeod), who succeeded Mr Lister in the Chair of Surgery, and Dr Donald Dewar who performed the
first successful case of ovariotomy in the Infirmary. After practising in Yorkshire for two years I went to
Glasgow and called on a medical friend whom I heard was ill. I found him suffering from chest affection, so that
he had been advised to take a trip to New Zealand, as ship’s surgeon, but as his condition was serious I was
asked to take his place, and on the 14th day of April, 1869, left Greenock in the new sailing ship “ Agnes Muir,”
one of P. Henderson and Co’s fleet, for Port Chalmers (Captain John Laing). After a protracted voyage, we
arrived at Port Chalmers at the end of July or early in August, 1869, with 150 emigrants and six saloon
passengers. The hills, on our arrival, were covered with snow, which frightened the emigrants, who thought they
could never live in a country having snow in June or July. A few days after arrival I received a letter from the
then Mayor of Clyde, Mr Fera, asking me to go there, where he promised me a good practice. I left Dunedin
in Cobb’s Mail Coach at 6 a.m. and arrived at Pigroot in the evening, halfway between Dunedin and the
Dunstan. Left Pigroot at 6 o’clock the following morning, reaching Clyde in the evening. Shortly after arrival I
was asked to see a patient, but declined to go if he was under the care of a doctor. There had been two doctors
attending I was told, but each had ceased attendance. So I went, and by good luck the patient recovered. I w
asked to take charge of the hospital, as Dr Shaw, who had charge of it, wished to leave. So I took the post till the
man appointed should arrive. He turned out to be Dr Burrows. Shaw was a right down good fellow, tall ruddy
and well set up. He left in 1869 and returned to Edinburgh, where he died. Burrows was a moderately stout man
and squat, his wife a very stout lady. As he did not secure much of the practice of the squatters he left, I think, in
1870 or 1871. He was succeeded by Dr R. W. Stirling, an Irishman, who did not remain in Clyde for any length
time, but removed to Cromwell, thence to Lawrence (Tuapeka), from there to some place near Dunedin, and
after a time returned to Ireland. All my work was done on horseback. I had an extended area of at least 64 miles,
and I have ridden from 50 to 115 or more miles in a day. Of course I often had to use two horses; ride my own a
certain distance and then hire. Teviot or Roxburgh, 50 miles, Ida Valley, Blacks or Ophir, Cromwell, Lake
Wanaka, 64 miles. I have ridden my own horse from Queenstown to Clyde, 64 miles, in 4½ hours, On my first
arrival in Clyde, it was beginning to become civilised. There were some fine fellows in it, such as Vincent Pyke
the R.M. and Harvey (Arthur), clerk of court. Edmund Campbell and Arthur Denniston of the New Zealand
Bank, W. A. Low of Galloway Station, the Turnbulls, squatters (I forget the name of their station), also the
Rollands, squatters, and Henry Conway Jones of the Bank of New Zealand, Alexandra or Manuherikia. A
couple of days after my arrival a body came down the river and landed at Alexandra. Verdict, found drowned. A
few days after, a miner who was sluicing on the river bank, dislodged a boulder and before he could get out of
its way it fell on his head, crushing it as flat as a pancake. While in Clyde I had many very severe cases -
fractures of ribs, legs, and thighs, one bad case of a smashed face and jaw in a poor chap who was thrown from
his horse, and when on the ground was kicked by the animal almost into a pulp. However he made a good
recovery. I extracted teeth with forceps. I had only one pair which answered for incisors, bicuspids and molars,
but I never used “the key,” nor did I in these days use a hypodermic syringe. The sanitary condition of Clyde
was fairly good, better than that of Cromwell where there was outbreak of enterie fever in 1872. The patients
were all females, 16 in number, I think, and they were all sent to the Clyde Hospital. There was one death. In
Cromwell two males died. Dr Coughtrey was sent up from Dunedin to investigate the matter, and I gave him all the information I could, but I never heard what report he sent in.

Clyde in those early days had but one street (Sunderland street) which was simply the main road leading to Cromwell and Queenstown with corrugated iron causes on both sides of the street or road. Sometime after my arrival a stone store was erected, the roof of which was so constructed that it could hold many gallons of water in case of fire. There was one stone cottage in the township, built by Brough the lawyer. There were six hotels, all built of corrugated iron. There were no bridges: the Molyneux and Manuherikia rivers had to be crossed by “punts” which ferried traffic of all kinds - coach, bullock team, etc., etc. The Clyde punt owner did business as a wholesale whisky merchant and he of Alexandra (Manuherikia) had followed the sea and had done a large trade in what he termed “black ebony,” in other words, running cargoes of slaves to America and other ports. He was really a fine fellow. I should also mention that during my time in Clyde a fine Town Hall was built of stone, also the schoolhouse and church (Episcopal), but there was no resident clergyman. Pyke used to read the lessons, and after he left, the successor of Brough the lawyer read the service lessons. The Presbyterians had a resident minister but no church. They used to have the use of the Episcopal Church. The Hospital was a wooden erection with male and female wards and also a padded room. This was added after Burrows was in charge; one window to go up and down, no bars - it was after the style of a French window - which I condemned, pointing out that a patient could easily open the window and step outside. Burrows said it was the latest improvement. The result was, the first case put into the room - a case of D.T. - escaped during the night, and as the hospital was very near the river, on one of its banks the patient was found insensible. Evidently she had fallen partly over the bank and a boulder had stopped her further progress; otherwise she would have fallen right into the river and have been drowned. As Dr Burrows had left and I had charge of the hospital, I had the window altered into a skylight quite out of reach.

In 1875 I took a holiday, leaving a Dr Christopher Allen in my place. He had come out in the sailing ship “Auckland,” one of P. Henderson and Co’s fleet. I came to this country in her, got married and returned the same year to New Zealand in the ship “Wild Deer.” On the passage out three men were lost. One fell overboard and a boat was sent to rescue him, but a wild storm of snow came on with a rough sea and swamped the boat, so that two more men were lost. On my return to N.Z. I went to Clyde and found my practice neglected, books lost, furniture destroyed. I was so disgusted that I left Clyde and settled in Dunedin.

When I arrived first, Dr Hulme was the Provincial Surgeon. I knew him and Dr Hocken, but not Drs Richardson and Purdie, as they had ceased to practice. Richardson had bought a small sheep station, which it is said, he later sold for £20,000 - but whether true or not I cannot say. I knew Fergusson, Murphy, Coughtrey and Ferdinand Batchelor. The two latter assisted me at my first operation of ovariotomy. Yates I knew well, He assisted me with my second case of ovariotomy, just the two of us.

A further interesting letter has been received from Dr A. T. Thompson, Scotland 26/5/21, of which this is an extract:

I noticed in one of the copies of the Otago Witness which you sent me, a photograph of the late Dr James Douglas of Queenstown, whom I knew well. I think it was in 1870 or 1871 he sent for me to consult with him on the case of his colleague, Dr Charles Scott, also of Queenstown. I diagnosed abscess of the liver, and I operated by cutting into the abscess and emptying it. Scott made a good recovery and was alive when I left Clyde (the Dunstan) in 1875. During my residence in the Dunstan, I had to go to the Cardrona, and, on my first visit, night and heavy rain overtook us. The night was intensely dark; the messenger completely lost his bearings, with the result that we crossed and re-crossed the Cardrona River no less than nineteen times. At one stage of our wandering, the messenger suggested that we should pray to the Lord to send daylight - I suggested that he should pray for some common sense. At last, when we crossed the river the nineteenth time, no doubt by the instinct of my horse (which came originally from that district) we struck the ford, and when daylight began to appear, the messenger was very keen to show me the way. On arrival at the township, another horse was provided and we were directed to a shepherd’s hut some distance from the township. The following day a miner was my guide on the return journey, and he, to make a short cut, went over Mt. Pssa (I think that is the name of
the mountain). The view from the mountain was grand, but, in places, not only very difficult, but dangerous travelling. Cromwell lay in bright sunshine and parched by the summer heat, while on the mountain we were experiencing Arctic weather, for there was in some places from a foot to two feet of snow. During my stay in the Dunstan, I had to visit Wanaka Station, “Bendigo” Reef, Naseby, Blacks. In fact, the area of my practice was something like sixty miles in extent. I have forgotten many of the names of stations and mining townships which I visited, such as Ida Valley, Black Bush, Glassford’s Station, Black’s, Galloway Station, etc.

After practising for a number of years in Dunedin Dr Thomson returned to Scotland where he still lives, and although of a great age, his letters show that he retains all his keenness and interest in the days of the “goldfields” and that his memory of those stirring times is as fresh as ever.

His address is Kintyre, Argyleshire, N.B.

The next doctor to settle in Clyde was Thomas Aloysius Leahy, M.B. Dr Leahy was born in 1852 in Newcastle West, County Limerick, Ireland, and was a son of Michael Leahy, Crown Solicitor of that town. He was educated at Blackrock College and Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his M.B. degree, being at the age of 21 - the youngest graduate in the college. He had his Blue for rowing and tennis, and was an ardent ice skater and horseman. Cricket and hockey also were among his favourite games. In 1874 he came out to N.Z. in the sailing ship “Mataura” for a health trip, as during his period of walking the hospital smallpox was raging in Dublin, and he, with many of the students fell a victim. On his arrival in Dunedin he saw an advertisement for a practice for sale at Roxburgh, central Otago, at that time called the Teviot. He bought it and practised there for about four years. He was then appointed resident medical officer at Clyde Hospital with right of private practice.

He married, in 1878, Helen Lindsay Begg, eldest daughter of Robert Leith Begg, and grand-daughter of James Christie, senr., Luther Bank, Saddle Hill, and had two daughters, who, with their mother, now live in Sydney. In partnership with Mr McLellan, manager of the Bank of New Zealand, and Mr R. L. Begg he had a dredge on the Molyneux river just opposite Mutton Town Gully - below Hartley and Riley’s. It had only been working a few weeks, and was on wonderfully rich pockets of gold, when one night the caretaker awoke to find the water washing into his bunk. He had left the plug out of the dredge and it was too late to save her. She sank to the bottom, and at that time there were no means of raising her. It was a great blow as they had each put a great deal of money into it. While at Roxburgh he had some long, tedious, and difficult journeys into the back country - on one occasion he rode 75 miles at a gallop the greater part of the way to an urgent case, using three horses. The patient lived, but one of the horses died, and he was grief stricken for days over it. On another occasion he rode through heavy snow over the mountain range to Waikaia where he set a man’s two broken legs - then he strapped him on to a pack horse and helped to bring him into Roxburgh. In 1882 he bought a practice in Ashburton, where he remained for the rest of his all too brief life; for he died while still a young man. While in Ashburton he took up cricket, and could always be relied on to put up a good score. He was master of the hounds, which was a very fine pack of harriers, and hares were plentiful. Fences were stiff with plenty of barbed wire, which was a great wonder to the folks in Ireland. He had a snapshot taken of himself jumping a wire fence on a horse named Rajah (which will be remembered by all old hunting people in Canterbury). He was founder of the first hockey team in New Zealand but owing to having twice broken one of his legs which left him with a slight limp, he did not take an active part, but gave a lot of time in fostering the sport both for boys and girls. During the winter the artificial lake in the Ashburton Domain was always frozen and made an excellent place for skating, in which he excelled. He was chairman of the Racing Club Committee, and on one occasion during his tenure a man was brought before the stewards for irregular practice. The offence was that he (the owner of the horse) rode in a preliminary race, and as he was a very bad horseman the public would not back the horse. The race started at the back of the course, the centre of which was planted in wheat which had grown very high. This man had his professional jockey hidden in the wheat and “put him up” just before the starter arrived. The horse won and paid a big dividend, consequently the crowd was incensed and hooted him. His offence was gone into and the vote taken as to whether he should be disqualified for life or three years. The chairman had the casting vote which he gave for the former. The owner then left the room after addressing the chairman in no polite language. The next
day he met the Doctor, in the main street and evidently thought it would not pay to be enemies, so he said in an ingratiating way “Good morning, Doctor.” The Doctor, who was six feet high, looked over the man’s head, and his reply was unprintable!!! He won an important race in Dunedin in 1880, with a grey horse called Dandy. In 1888 he went for a trip to the Old Country with his wife, and on June 28th received his M.D. degree, Trinity College, Dublin. He returned to N.Z. and died at Ashburton in 1898 at the early age of 46. Dr Leahy was an immensely popular man - big, strong, passionately fond of sport and games. He was at once the leader in whatever town he settled. He was a good operator and a number of his operative cases were reported in full in the Lancet. Dr Leahy was a Roman Catholic, and he was so well beloved in the district that when he died the bells of all the churches in the town tolled, forty-six times to represent the years which he had spent upon this earth. This impressive ceremony took place during the service preceding the funeral.

**DRS COWIE, M’LAUCHLAN, BROWN, AND KENNEDY DOUGLAS, OF TAPANUI.**

Tapanui in the early days did not exist. The Blue Mountains, as the district was called, consisted of heavy timbered hills, miles of splendid black and white pine forest, patches of fine white snow grass and tussock, rolling downs of manuka, flax, and toitois. Here and there were clear streams swarming with native game, the patches of swamp and well-bushed gullies abounded in birds of all kinds, bitterns, pukekos, grebe and native quail; the Pomahaka, a magnificent stream, contained thousands of eels, lampreys, cockabullies or native trout, and from under almost every stone could he picked active and fiercely nipping crayfish. Such conditions made it easy for a man with any knowledge of bush craft to find ample sustenance. To this locality came Captain F. W. MacKenzie in 1857, and took up certain runs, which in after years became known as Glenkennich, Conical Hills and Merino Downs. A little further on John Pinkerton selected Tapanui Run, and Dalvey Run 140, the latter eventually passing to Gammie and Grant, “a Home firm,” who sent out as manager John Dickison, then on the Duke of Buccleugh’s estate in Scotland. Greenvale was taken up by J. Glendinning in 1858, and sold to Captain Inverarity, an officer from England mentioned in one of our earlier articles, the run eventually passing to James Logan. Ardmore, first leased by Davidson, came in the seventies into J. F. Herbert’s hands. Other squatters in the neighbourhood were Rodgers, of Rankleburn, and the McKellars, who followed Pinkerton at Tapanui. This extraordinarily fertile district attracted many others. The names are set out and the vicissitudes which they experienced fully detailed in an interesting series of articles in the Tapanui Courier of April, May and June, 1921. We need not therefore recapitulate. Suffice it to say that as civilisation advanced and population came in, these runs became model farms and were noted for the remarkable turnout of prize stock of all descriptions. To mention but a few - Moa Flat, early stocked with sheep and cattle from Australia by Chalmers Brothers, later became the home of many a famous Clydesdale sire and dam. Under J. F. Kitching, managing for the Clarkes, of Australia, the station prospered amazingly and the horses, sheep and cattle were known far and wide. Fine weather, wet weather, floods and snow storms - all these stations had their “ups and downs,” and fortunes were made and lost by the turn of the wheel. Conical Hills sent out some of the finest Romney Marsh and Border Leicesters. MacKenzie’s Glenkennich Romney Marsh sheep are known throughout New Zealand, and his stallions have sired some of the best stock in the province. It is not to be wondered that runs, stations, and homesteads changed hands frequently. To begin with, the houses were far from town and the necessities of civilisation. The houses though comfortable and warm, lacked many of the little things so dear to the woman’s heart, and yet there were courageous wives who faced the difficulties and braved the elements to be with their husbands in those early days. Most squatters were careful to send their wives into town if trouble impended, but Manning, from the Clutha, and Halley, from Lawrence, toiled along the unmade roads; the former often spending a week in the district when required. The only alternative to getting the doctor for an accident or sudden illness was to place the sufferer in a bullock dray or upon a sledge and take him to the nearest town. That this often resulted in loss of valuable lives which might have been saved is undoubted. Other accidents took place for which medical skill was useless. In 1861, John MacKenzie, a brother to the captain, was driving a bullock waggion on the rough road or track near Waiwera. Perched upon the great beam or pole, when some terrific lurch or swerve came he slipped off in front of one of the great wheels which crushed in his chest, killing him instantly. In November, 1861, just five months after the Tuapeka gold discovery, there was a rush of miners to the Blue Mountains. In Dr Hocken’s book it is described as “the rush to Mount Valpy on Captain MacKenzie’s Run.” The rush proved a duffer and the miners quickly hurried further inland. As they streamed
off, followed by drays and bullock waggons, they took particular notice of the fine pine bush which clothed the mountains from base to summit. When they got to Tuapeka, the Teviot, and the Dunstan, all extensive gold diggings, and all alike in being practically destitute of bush, they remembered the fine timber to be had for the asking not a hundred miles away. Quickly to the lower end of Tuapeka County came pitsawmen, bush-fellers and teamsters followed, shanties sprang up and Tapanui came into existence. Patterson saw the possibilities of the industry and the tremendous advantages of a mill driven by water power. He erected a water wheel, put in up and down saws, that is saws working in perpendicular frame. When circular saws came in they were installed and proved a great advance. Patterson’s mill was in dense bush right on the site of Tapanui town to-day, and hard by McGregor opened a grocery and general store, a much needed establishment, for anything in the way of boots, clothing, and necessaries had to be brought all the way from the Teviot. The Macfarlanes, father and three sons, were important bushmen of the early days, William T. Macfarlane starting a mill close to where is now the Government Nursery, and further north John Perry’s mill was in the Manse Bush, so called from the 50 acres of glebe attached to the manse of the Rev. W. Urrie. In between the Flodden Burn and Tapanui Borough were 500 acres of splendid clear ground covered with fine white tussock. Below Tapanui town site, in the thick bush towards Dalvey, were Howat’s Victoria Sawmills, and much of Dalvey Run 140 was splendid black and white pine, from which John Macfarlane cut many a million feet of fine timber. The first sawmilling on a really big scale was developed by Herbert, Howat and Co., and they practically revolutionised the industry. With all this timber felling and milling, much hauling was necessary, for a tremendous amount of mining material had to be transported to the diggings. Planks, scantlings and boards for flumes and sluices, ridge poles for tents and light beams for house construction. Trees had to be felled in dense bush, cross-cut as they lay, denuded of branches and hauled bodily to the nearest mill. Before the mills came the timber was laboriously cut by men over saw-pits as described in an earlier article. In the felling of trees great danger was imminent - many a man tripped as he ran, or mistook his mates’ warning cry and was pinned in an instant. Hauling by bullocks was not without its dangers: logs rolled sideways, chains slipped or even carried away, bullocks kicked viciously at some unwary new chum and a broken leg or crushed in chest was the result. John Perry’s teams carted black and white pine in all directions, and so great was the demand for timber from as far as Teviot, Alexandra, Clyde, Blacks and St. Bathans that a large number of men settled in the district, and shanties and huts arose in all directions. Stores, shops and tradespeople quickly followed, and the town was an established fact. It was not until 1876 that the actual surveying of the town was completed. Strain’s Hotel was the first licensed house just about the site of Mrs McCann’s hotel of to-day. Full details of the whole settlement of the district, related in a most readable and interesting manner, covering a great deal of ground and mentioning an enormous number of names, can be found in the Tapanui Courier articles before mentioned. This journal has set an example which might well be followed by those of the other districts in Otago. The Tapanui Courier by laboriously working over back files, interviewing old settlers of the district, gathering information here, there, and everywhere, has placed on record a history of that part of Tuapeka County which it will be hard to emulate. The record is now available for all time, and will be of immense service to the historians of the future. May we hope that the press of Roxburgh, Clyde, Cromwell, Alexandra, Arrowtown and Whakatipu will be as liberal minded and painstaking and set someone to work upon this necessary and valuable undertaking before it is too late. Before turning to the medical histories we should like to mention the extraordinary lead Tapanui has given to the rest of Otago in many outdoor sports. Always a racing community, from the first they bred good horses, kept racing stables, had their racecourse and meetings. When the country became stocked with hares, they started and still maintain a well-known Open Coursing Club - a true Plumpton - where the hare has as good and better chance than the dog, and where one can fairly say truest sport is encouraged. To compare such with the miserable game which is carried on in the cities where the unfortunate hare is congratulated upon its escape “through the bars” and put up again perhaps the next day, if not sooner, is absolutely ridiculous. One is sport, the other is brutality. Curling and skating have always been favourite sports at Tapanui, and since the importation of deer the famous Blue Mountains attract stalkers from all parts of the world. The Pomahaka is one of the finest trout streams in Otago, and adds still another attraction to the many of that favoured neighbourhood. In cricket, shooting, and football, the Tapanui boys have always excelled, and the well-known fact that the hardier the life, the severer the changes of temperature, the sturdier the type of manhood that develops is here well exemplified.

The first account of a doctor in the district apart from the occasional visits of Dr Manning, is noted in a local which appeared in the Tapanui Courier, March 9, 1921. Somewhere back in 1861, a Dr Cowie, who had
contemplated settling in Port Molyneux, but found his chances there were slender, came up to Glenkennich, and was staying with the captain for a time. Whether he had been sent up by Dr Manning in view of an interesting event or whether he had come out from Scotland with letters for the captain, we do not know, but he was some months at Glenkennich. This is the Dr Cowie who was afterwards for years in Dunedin, where he put up his brass plate in 1862. To Glenkennich in 1861 came a young and sturdy Englishman for whom Captain McKenzie found employment at once. Like most seamen he was a handy all round fellow and in addition to doing general station work assisted in bush felling. This work, which to him was no doubt a novelty, was indeed his undoing. Several of the hands were felling a large black pine, and Rowell, as his name was, no doubt carefully picked his place, as the tree fell, exactly behind it. The poor fellow perhaps congratulated himself upon his astuteness in keeping well out of the way of the falling monster, but he must have been too close in behind it for as it crashed it “kicked back,” and the mischief was done. His leg was smashed to a jelly, and in those days nearly all compound fractures were immediately amputated. Go back to the days without antiseptics and remember what chance people had before Lister came on the scene. Cowie had been trained in the fifties - antiseptics were unknown, anaesthetics were as yet sparingly used and even then by many in fear and trembling. In this particular case there was no anaesthetic available and Cowie considered it necessary to amputate at once below the knee. Rowell had been injured at Old Station bush, and was carefully conveyed to Dalve Station. We have been fortunate in getting a first hand account of this from Mr John Dickison of Mainholm, whose father was one of those who had to hold the unfortunate sufferer still while this appalling operation took place. Think of it, you people who insist upon an anaesthetic to get a tooth out. Captain MacKenzie, James Rodger, John Dickison and others held Rowell down while Dr Cowie took off the leg with knife and saw. The cutting the leg muscles and the sawing the bone were bad enough, but the picking up and tying the arteries with the exposed ends of the nerves must have produced torture. Rowell recovered and was for many years a familiar figure in Tapanui. He used to ride an old grey pony, and his wooden peg leg stuck out like a danger signal. He died in Dunedin in 1921.

From this time on for nearly 10 years Tapanui had to depend for its medical services upon Dr Halley, who had settled in Lawrence, and Dr Manning, from the Clutha, and it was not until June, 1869, that John McLauchlan came from Waipori. He pretty certainly came in response to an advertisement or invitation from the District Committee, for he asked for a testimonial and got one from the Waipori people before he left. John McLauchlan was born in 1843 and took his degree about 1865. It is said to have been the M.B.C.M. of Edinburgh, but of this we have no record. Whatever his training he had little or no knowledge of antiseptics, and his treatment of wounds on board ship shows that he belonged to the pre-Listerian period. We have been fortunate in getting the loan of his diary which came into the hands of the late Mr John Skene, who was a fellow passenger with Dr McLauchlan on the Vicksburg. From this we make brief extracts:— “June 13, 1867. Sailed for New Zealand per ship Vicksburg, from Glasgow. Vessel inspected by Dr McCall Anderson - all well. Sailed 4 p.m. 14th. William Dickison, A.B., cut his eyebrow while on the spree at Greenock - put up in plaster. 15th. Passengers appear willing to keep cabins and decks clean; dressed Dickison’s eyebrow - suppurating; James Formby, A.B., left side of head cut badly by fall down stairs at Greenock - dressed with unguent resinae. 16th. Formby’s head rather worse, glands at back of neck swollen - drastic purge and applied leeches to neck; David Reid, a steerage passenger, a strong healthy looking person, but apparently of rather an apoplectic tendency, took bleeding at the nose at 5 am. Failing to stop the bleeding by other means, plugged and gave a drastic purgative.” [Note - Nature in this case was trying to save the man’s life and McLauchlan set about “going one better.” Had the man been in an apoplectic fit, which is another form of haemorrhage, McLauchlan would have copiously bled him!] “17th. Adams’ eye rather better - put up in plaster; Formby improved; Mr Skene, a cabin passenger, Tic doloreux - Emp Bellodonna over the painful part; and gave one grain sulphat of quinine thrice daily. 18th. Formby’s head worse, wound greatly inflamed and angry looking - put on linseed meal poultice and gave a mild purge. 20th. Formby’s head worse, affected with erysipelas inflammation, face all swollen and eyes closed - removed to hospital, put head up in cotton, and gave purgative.” [Note - Formby eventually recovered. There were many minor accidents; a number of “pneumonias and pleurisios,” several childbirths, all recovering.] “July 2nd. John Ross cut foot with a sail hook - put up in plaster. July 30th at 7 a.m. gave out some carbolic acid and calc. chlor. for the W.C.” [Note - Two weeks after the sailing of the ship.] “July 4th. John Ross’ foot dressed with plaster, skin looks blue and unhealthy. 5th. Steerage passengers quarrelling; one girl tore the sleeves out of another’s dress - threatened to report her to the captain. The voyage was otherwise uneventful though a number of
passengers suffered from drinking the bad water provided for them. July 31st. All clean between decks except No 1 mess, and as I had to speak to them before about it, stopped their supply of water until the place was cleaned up. 11th. Ellen Turnbull, large axillary abscess lanced, poulticed and purged. August 24th. Very dirty ‘tween decks; a gale to-day and barrel of varnish spilt over decks, so that places could not be cleaned up; Andrew Harris, steerage passenger, had to go out of his bed on account of the water coming in; slept on a chest at the foot of the hatchway; a coil of rope about 2cwt took charge and bruised him severely on the left breast - hot fomentations.” The diary ended abruptly on September 26, 1867.

On November 8, 1867, John McLauchlan was appointed lodge doctor of the Loyal Waipori Lodge, M.U.I.O.O.F. In March 1868, he became a member of school committee and secretary of the public library, and in January, 1869, was made lecture master of the lodge. On June 4, he resigned his office and moved on to Tapanui. In Tapanui Dr McLauchlan was well liked and evidently attended to his duties conscientiously. It is probable that he came with a delicacy of constitution for it is unlikely he developed phthisis in either Waipori or Tapanui. Be this as it may after 18 months his health began to fail; cough was frequent and he got very thin. Sent for one night to a man called McKay on Dalvey, he went down, telling his wife that he was really not fit to get out of his bed, much less go forth on such an inclement night. He was stooping over his patient when a sudden haemorrhage from his lungs took place from which he died in a few moments. He had married Eleanor Cox, daughter of Thomas Cox, of Waipori, and had one son. McLauchlan, like Halley, Dick and many others of those far off days, “died in action,” trying to save others and so far as we know there is not even a tombstone to his memory in the district.

After McLauchlan came William Brown, another Edinburgh man, who speedily made a name for himself by his vigor and activity. A good horseman, young, keen at his work and fond of all games and sports, he became immensely popular, but his genial good nature and friendliness were his undoing. Three years in the district with the very long journeys by night and day, through snow and frost, rain and wind, were the ruin of him. He confided in a well-known Dunedin practitioner who often met him in consultation at Palmerston, that the fearful exposure to winter weather, want of sleep, long trips with irregular meals, had led him into the unspiring use of alcohol, and three years in Central Otago ruined him. By the time he started practice in Palmerston he considered he was “done,” and this he freely acknowledged, speaking humbly, soberly and with the greatest regret. We have detailed his pathetic history in an earlier article.

It may be of interest to mention there that people died and were buried in the most out of the way places and many was the accident that the local doctor was called to, many the inquest at which he had to give evidence, many the strange graveside at which he stood. This was long before there was any established cemetery, and the first recorded death, according to the Tapanui Courier, was that of an Australian native woman who had been brought over by Mrs Pinkerton and who died and was buried at Brooksdale. A man named Madden, a bush worker, was buried by his brother at Glenkenich Station on September 6, 1863. The brother carved a headstone and placed railings round the grave, and the padock is known as “Grave Yard” to this day. In the early days the body of a swagger (name unknown) was found between Kelso and Heriot, and the place of burial is unknown. The Coroner had to come from Waikaia to hold an inquest on the body. A carter employed at Ardmore (name unknown) was lost, and perished in the snow in the early days. Roderick Stronach, a member of a well-known Tasmanian family, who came with his brothers to Otago, lost his life on the short track to Waikaia from Moa Flat Station. He had just recovered from an illness at the station, and left whilst weak for Switzers, and was caught in a snowstorm. He succumbed, and his body was found when the thaw came. The place of death is known to this day as Stronach’s Spur, and is visible from Tapanui. The lamentable death of John Rodger on April 30, 1880, was much deplored. He was to have attended the first coursing match held at Brooksdale, and much surprise was expressed at his non-appearance. Mr A. Revie took charge, and some excellent sport was obtained. As Rodger did not appear, the station hands went in search of him. Next day the body was found high up the mountain, near Black Gully, surrounded by his faithful dogs. Evidently he had fired a shot from a double-barrelled muzzle-loader, and was in the act of re-charging, when the second barrel exploded, blowing his brains out. A cairn marks the spot where the accident occurred. Rodger was a very popular man, and his untimely death was much regretted. His remains lie in the Tapanui Cemetery, with those of three brothers. A full account of the accident and funeral, with a poem by the late R. C. Ferguson, appeared in the Early History of Brooksdale, published in 1910. A youthful surveyor, named Ridley, was drowned in Crookston creek whilst
bathing at Ardmore, and is buried near the old homestead. The grave was marked by railings (since worn out),
and a poplar tree still remains. Near Tapanui Cemetery site a shoemaker named Williams and a man supposed to
be known as Peer were buried in the Nursery site, but nothing is recorded about the latter.

Duncan M’Rae (Crookston), C. Kealey (Dunrobin), Joseph M’Kee (Greenvale), and John MLeod (‘Koi), all
farmers, lost their lives by being kicked by horses at various times.

In January, 1873, came to Tapanui a third M.B. from Edinburgh University in the person of
Dr Douglas, a man whose name has never been forgotten, but is revered in the district
today. Thomas Kennedy Douglas, born December 19, 1847, was a son of the late G. R.
Douglas, painter, Perth, and came of a family well known in, and long connected with, that
town. He was educated at the old Trades School of Perth, and afterwards at Perth Academy -
the school made famous by Ian McLaren (a school- fellow), in his book “Young
Barbarians.” While at Perth Academy, Douglas met with an accident, the after effects of
which ultimately led to his spending some years in New Zealand. In some way or another
Douglas was run over on the race course on North Track, and for six weeks his life was
despaired of. This happened in his ninth year, and Dr Douglas always said that this was due
to his short sightedness and not noticing the horses coming towards him. Never really recovering he was unable
to proceed direct to the University, but when he left the Perth Academy he was Dux of the School and holder of
the Mathematical medal. For a few years he served with a firm of chemists in Perth and acquired a considerable
knowledge of drugs that stood him in good stead in after life. Proceeding to Edinburgh University, he in due
course qualified M.B., CM., L.M. As a student he was trained by many of the most eminent teachers of the day,
including Lister, Spence, Syme, Grainger Stewart, Simpson, and was imbued by them with that spirit if enquiry
and investigation which was one of his marked characteristics. Being advised to take a voyage for his health, Dr
Douglas sailed as surgeon of the ship City of Dunedin, from Glasgow, on September 20, 1872, and after an
uneventful voyage landed at Port Chalmers on January 1, 1873 - the opening day of the Port Chalmers-Dunedin
Railway. An opportunity to practise arising in Tapanui, Dr Douglas settled there in January, 1873. In 1875 he
married at Dunedin Johanna Robertson, youngest daughter of the late Daniel Robertson, farmer, Friarton, Perth,
and the next few years were spent in Tapanui in the hard life of a “bush doctor.” One of his most trying journeys
was over 120 miles of almost roadless country, in 24 hours.

In the middle sixties Robison occupied Waipahi Station, which was on the Pomahaka, at the lower end of the
Blue Mountains. One of his hands or cadets gives a very readable account of experiences in a book called the
“Boy Colonists,” by Rev. Simeon Elwell, M.A. A copy has been kindly presented to the Early Settlers’
Association Library by Mr Donald Campbell, of Otepopo. There were a tremendous number of cattle on the run
and it is probable that many of the wild animals that afterwards infested the upper parts of the Blue Mountains,
and were shot in great numbers in the “seventies and eighties,” came from there. Bullock drivers were scarce,
and some of those who took the job knew little about it, and were often badly hurt in consequence. The animals
were powerful kickers, at times very treacherous, and considerable danger was incurred by careless or ignorant
hands driving them. The tracks were a mess of slush, bridges over the streams were practically non-existent, as
the sledges progressed they often caught in tree stumps and heaved up, almost capsizing, or stuck fast and had to
be laboriously levered off. Killing and salting wild pigs, attending to the sheep which were badly troubled with
foot rot, the lower end of the Pomahaka Valley being damp; ditching, of which there was then a great deal - all
made up daily round. One day the cadet, whom we shall call Ernest, and a clergy man who was passing through,
rode from Waipahi towards Clutha, stopping at the first inn on the road, which was probably at Popotunoa.
There they found that the landlord, one Power, was having an operation performed upon his eye. Who the doctor
was we cannot say, but from the whole tone of the story we should make a guess that it was Manning. There not
being too much room in the inn, the doctor had been obliged to leave his instruments on the table in the only
sitting-room. They were all scattered about on the table, but according to the doctor were in a certain definite
order. Well, Ernest and his friend, of course, ordered their dinner. The servant removed the instruments
carefully, laid the cloth with all necessaries, and left the room to fetch the chops and vegetables. While she was
away, the doctor came in to fetch one of his instruments. Ernest and his friend were seated opposite one another
by the fireplace; there was no fire, as towards the end of October or beginning of November the weather is
rather hot in New Zealand. (Snow in Dunedin, November 1, 1921.) The Doctor stared vaguely round the room
for a moment or two, and then said, in a very querulous tone, his head wagging from side to side, “Who has dared to remove my instruments?” The two travellers maintained a profound silence. Taking a step or two forward the doctor again said “Who has dared, I say dared, to remove my instruments, my instruments?” He rushed to the table, caught hold of one end of the cloth, and sent it and its belongings flying over the room. Then turning to Deighton: “Who on earth are you? Some flashy runholder, I suppose; and as for you” (wheeling sharp round on his heel and facing the parson) “if you don’t clear out of that at once, I’ll put you up the chimney.” Not wishing to have any altercation with a man in such a state, they both left the house. Their dinner the doctor snatched from the bewildered maid’s hands, and hurled after them.

“On May 4, 1866, Mrs G., the manager’s housekeeper, was taken ill and Ernest was sent off at once for the nurse or howdie. She lived 10 miles away and the country was flooded. In many parts of the road there were pools and shallow streams more than 100 yards wide. The whole country was a sponge. There was no doctor at Tapanui, and Manning was a long way off. Ernest took for the nurse’s use an extra horse with a man’s saddle, as he had a side-saddle. Mrs Gardiner, the nurse, looked with dismay at the “conveyance” provided for her. She was a stout woman of 50 years of age, and she emphatically declined to use the horse. Arraying herself in a many coloured and voluminous shawl and pulling on a pair of clogs and a huge coal scuttle bonnet she boldly braved the weather and a tedious walk. To trudge 10 miles along a road in such a state, in the face of bitter cold wind, and showers of rain, sleet and snow was no joke for her. Ernest several times tried to persuade her to mount, though he felt certain misgivings as to the possibility of ever getting her on the horse should she consent to try. She was, determined, however, to trudge the whole way, having great faith in being on terra firma. Ernest, of course, walked the horses slowly beside her, and he absolutely roared with laughter whenever they had to cross an extra broad pool or creek. Mrs Gardiner, firmly grasping a huge and rusty-looking umbrella, which she held high over her head in one hand, gathered up her dress and petticoats to her knees and picked her way slowly through the water. She kept on muttering all the time, and grumbling about the badness of the roads and wondering how it was that people would always persist in having babies at the most awkward hours. She took Ernest’s laughing very good-humouredly, but did not stop her grumbling. She certainly must have been a most excellent hearted woman, or she would never have gone through all that wet and cold as cheerfully as she did. Cheerfully, for her grumbling was only surface wrath and dissatisfaction, for between it all she would ask kindly after Mrs G., and every now and then she would make some little joke about her own plight. The instant she got into the house she changed everything, and put on dry clothes so as not to injure Mrs G. by going near her while she was so wet; but she never asked for anything to eat or drink till she had fully attended to both Mrs G. and the baby. She must have needed something very badly, and meat was prepared for her, so that there was no hindrance to her partaking, save her own will.”

Such was the life in the sixties, and in the seventies it was little better. Dr Douglas had many tremendous journeys, on foot, on horseback, and later when roads improved and he could get such a vehicle, in a buggy. To go away across to Waikaia, Riversdale, Waikaka, and often as far as the Long Ford (Gore), down to Waipahi and into the Gorge, all meant exhausting journeys and a great tax upon his endurance. This district with its occasional very heavy falls of snow and hard frosts may be considered one of the most trying, from a doctor’s point of view, in Otago. It is to us remarkable that Douglas faced it for as long as he did. When the other men followed, conditions had largely changed, roads had improved, doctors were in more of the outlying places and journeys were not nearly so long. Better vehicles were available and small hospitals admitted many of the more serious cases, so that the doctors of later years had little conception of the appalling sufferings which their predecessors had encountered. After 10 years of this strenuous life the doctor with his wife and three children left the colony for a trip Home to Scotland. Owing to his state of health and the effect of the voyage he had reluctantly to abandon the idea of returning to the colony, and he settled down to practise, this time in New Scone, Perthshire. Here he laboured for the rest of his life gaining a place in the affections of his patients and a professional reputation which those who knew him in New Zealand will readily understand. As years passed, the effects of the accident of boyhood’s days became more marked, and about 10 years before his death Dr Douglas was obliged to retire from active work. In his retirement he devoted himself to his violin, of which he was passionately fond, and his active brain sought further relaxation in the intricacies of chess, of which he became a close student. His name was found frequently in the solver’s column of many a paper, including the Evening Star, of Dunedin. His interest in New Zealand remained with him to the end, and it was always one of
his greatest pleasures to receive a visit from friends of his colonial days. He died at Scone, February 11, 1920. He is survived by his wife and four daughters, one of whom, Mrs James Logan, resides in Dunedin.

**DRS CORSE AND STIRLING, OF CROMWELL.**

Cromwell, or the Junction as it was first called, started like all other gold-fields’ villages - as a mere collection of tents and shanties. In 1862, very soon after the aggregation of diggers at the Dunstan, and the turmoil and confusion that followed, parties of men worked up and down the river. At the Manuherikia Junction they founded Alexandra, at the upper junction, the confluence of the Kawarau and Clutha rivers, Cromwell. Mr W. J. Marsh, of the Wyndham Herald, who was many years in that district, tells us that his father was a miner at Fox’s in 1862, and that he himself has very vivid memories of the days of the gold diggings originally known as “The Junction,” from the fact that it is situated on a promontory made by the confluence of the two rivers. The town was surveyed by J. Aitken Connell, an Irishman, from the “North,” who gave it the name of the great Lord Protector, and the streets are all fairly consistently named; such as Sligo, Enniscourt, etc. The leading hotel for many years, owned by the late C. W. Goodger, was the Junction Commercial Hotel. It used to be a remarkable sight this confluence of the two great streams - the Clutha, ocean blue in its clearness, and the mud-discoured Kawarau. The stronger Clutha kept its purity wonderfully for a considerable distance below the Junction. Queensberry was but a roadside place, 19 miles above Cromwell; it used to be a coaching stage on the road to Wanaka.

Thus Mr Marsh “I have a boy’s memory of the typhoid epidemic in Cromwell and district. The only resident doctor was Dr James Corse, Many deaths occurred. These and the exact date should be ascertainable from the clerk of the Borough Council. I remember that the Provincial Government sent Dr M. Coughtry to report on the epidemic, and that he recommended certain cleansing measures as affecting a sloping bank, in great part washed away by the river floods subsequently. The chief outcome was the initiation of a special sanitary system, Cromwell being the first inland town to adopt it. Whole families were down with fever. Two members of the Goodger family died of it - the eldest boy and girl. At Nevis, the mother and the whole of the Dan Scally family but one (Julia), an infant, were carried off, the father and child alone being left. There were no paid nurses to be had in those days, and people depended upon kind neighbours for assistance. James Goodger is now living retired in Dunedin. His brother Thomas (now of Dipton, I think), married at Invercargill the remaining member of the Scally family (Julia). The water supply for Cromwell, which used to come in an open race, was changed, being taken from a mountain stream and led by pipes down the bill and across the bridge; but this was not opened till January, 1875. My part in the epidemic was of some importance. We had two thorough-bred horses, and I used to be sent post haste to Clyde, 13 miles away, for medicine. My age would be (say 9 to 12, uncertain of year), and, as I was very light, put up fast time. From Clyde I have carried in a leather bag a supply of medicine and sometimes a dozen fresh eggs, carefully packed, for patients. There was no chemist in Cromwell then. Our family entirely escaped the scourge, a circumstance my father attributed to the huge wooden bath he had made and the good use made of it. Dr Corse was the first doctor in Cromwell. He had, I think, an American diploma; an Englishman, though. He was of medium height, and very corpulent, but was surprisingly active. He could indeed run 50 yards very fast, and has been known to beat several in matches on the Cromwell bridge. At the time of the epidemic Clyde doctors used to come to Cromwell. Among them, I have seen at Cromwell, Dr Thompson, a very fair man, if I remember rightly, and Dr Lake from Arrowtown. He became our second resident doctor; and he married Mrs Rhind, a most accomplished woman, who taught the Cromwell school in succession to Mr Duncan MacKellar. She was a beautiful singer and player. Dr Lake was a tall spare man, dark, I would say, with heavy moustache, sharp features and prominent nose. He was very fond of horses, and had two that I remember well, Gamboller (or Gambler, uncertain), and Pussy; the latter he ran in a hurdle race once at least. He went to Arrowtown, and died some years later in Dunedin. A very likeable man, of a fine gentlemanly bearing. Dr Robert Stirling who had been the hospital doctor at Clyde, took charge of the Cromwell Hospital when opened. I think he obtained his degree in Dublin. He was a slight, small man, strong and of good constitution. Most lovable character, so gentle, devoted to his profession and acknowledged to be very skilful. He was fair, kept his whiskers close cropped, and was ever neat and careful of his spick and span appearance. He removed to Lawrence. A faint memory says Dr Burrows was at Clyde; he was one of the first hospital doctors. I remember being at the opening of the Clyde Hospital. My father then had what was called the
Stonewall store in Clyde, and his brother (my uncle Thomas) drove in a dray to the opening, telling me on the way a number of stories - among other things, that we were to have ‘puppy pie’ as a dish, Dr Leahy was a later Clyde doctor.”

Mr Richard Norman, of Mersey street, Oamaru, says: - “Dr Corse came to Cromwell about the first of the rush; he had an American diploma, but I do not know anything about it; he also had a chemist’s shop. There was very little for a doctor to do in the early days in many of the places, as the people were all so healthy. It was only the strong and robust that had the enterprise to come to the new lands, and even in childbirth it was rarely that a medical man was required. The mode of procedure was simply to call in an elderly or aged woman, and everything went off flying. Before the gold mining started there were no medical men in the country districts of Otago. Dr Corse was the first medical man to stay in Cromwell, and he was the first to make a professional visit to Wanaka.”

Mr Norman’s father was living in the district before gold was discovered, and long before doctors were obtainable. He continues - “My brother, the late Robert Henry Norman, was the first European child born in Wanaka, on March 11, 1861, in the first homestead, situated on the west border of Pembroke, on the upper side of the present surveyed road. In order to obtain the services of a midwife, my father rode on a half draught horse to Longslip, on the border of the Waitaki Valley, to obtain the services of Mrs Careless, a shepherd’s wife. This was a distance of about 60 miles. I do not know the route he took, whether it was through the Lindis Valley, or over the Grandview Mountain into, and half way up, the Lindis Valley, at John McLean’s homestead, but the journey would take two days each way, and it would be necessary to swim the horse over the Clutha River, at Albert Ferry as Albert Town then was known, after Prince Albert. Everything turned out successfully. My brother’s birth was registered in Oamaru, that being the nearest centre to Wanaka. Sergeant John Cassells was stationed at Clyde soon after the beginning of the rush, where he and Mrs Cassells resided in a tent for a while, in which their son William, of the Oamaru telegraph office, was born in 1863. Another son is now inspector of police at Napier. Subsequently the sergeant was in charge at Cromwell for nearly 13 years, till he retired and went to Dunedin, and died some years back. He wrote some valuable early history letters in the Witness, which appeared about 35 years ago. Dr Corse was genial and humorous, and laughed at a joke, even if it went a bit against himself. Once a Wanaka bushman met him in one of the stores, and complained of a sore heel, the doctor took out his book of instruments and pared it down, and said the charge was a pound. ‘Here is a shilling, doctor, and I will make you a present of the skin,’ and he just laughed. Another time the Wanaka shepherds sent for a big jar of sulphur ointment, and the bill sent with it was for £10, but they sent a pound, and they did not hear any more about it. Subsequently, Philip Comarford, from County Clare, who used to drive the one horse dray at the Wanaka Station homestead, was kicked in the stomach by the horse and seriously hurt, and a messenger was sent for Dr Corse, who came up at once, and this was the first medical visit ever paid to Wanaka. Unfortunately the patient was too badly hurt to pull through, and he died on October 10, 1864. A few years afterwards, Dr Corse made what was everywhere regarded as a most marvellous cure. A lady had a big swelling on her side, and the doctor lanced it and applied dressing and remedies, and the patient rallied in a wonderful way, and soon got married; the fee was £80. In December, 1871, Dr Corse rode to Wanaka and successfully treated a case of apoplexy, and for this he was paid £25. There was a stay of two hours in Cromwell to enable the doctor to get ready and the messenger rode back with him on the same horse, which afterwards became ringboned as the result of this journey of 65 miles. Halfway down, at Queensberry, there would be a stoppage both ways for a meal and horse feed. Dr Corse married Mrs Barker from Kent, and some years afterwards he dropped dead in the street early one morning. He had been to a wedding the day before, where he was the life and soul of the party.

Robert Wright Stirling, M.R.C. S., Dublin, was first in charge of the Hospital at Clyde, where I met him in June, 1873. Soon after that he came to Cromwell, and was in charge of the hospital there, and had the usual private practice as well. At the end of this year Cromwell experienced the terrible visitation of typhoid fever, which carried off many lives, and the doctor was on the move both day and night for some weeks. Although Cromwell in the early days was known as ‘The Junction,’ the postal department called it Kawarau for some years, till the municipal corporation asked the postal authorities to make use of the name of Cromwell, according to the records of the Lands Department. At that time the township was situated on a triangular piece of ground between the rivers, with a gentle sloping terrace at the back, extending from the bank of one river to the other.
The water supply for the town was an open water-race on the brow of this terrace, with smaller streams running down this terrace, and sometimes iron piping. This open race ran across the Cromwell Flat for perhaps a couple of miles, and cattle and horses walked up and down in this race to crop the herbage, and would therefore defile the water. Ducks used to swim in the race in the town. There was practically no sanitary service, only cess pits, and the contents would therefore ooze away into the soil, and be further distributed by the water that would soak from the water race. The soil was rather sandy, so that the water would soak away in large quantities. Early in ‘76, the Borough Council got a fine supply of very good water piped across the Clutha bridge, and in later years another fine supply from Mount Pisa range, and the town is now a really fine place with good buildings and churches on the flat.

“Dr Stirling had three very arduous journeys from Cromwell. In October, 1875, he was summoned to Wanaka, 35 miles distant, and on reaching Queensberry, the resting place between the two places, he met a messenger who turned him back explaining that the patient was quite well. Some hours after, Dr Stirling received a second message to come at once, and among other forms of treatment, he bled the patient with leeches. The charge for this trip was £40. Early in the year 1876, Dr Stirling had a very arduous ride to Makarora, at the head of Lake Wanaka, where one of the bushmen’s wives was taken ill in childbirth. One of the residents, the late William Brown undertook to ride to Cromwell for Dr Stirling. He arrived at Albert Town, situated about three miles from the source, of the Upper Clutha River, late in the afternoon, and at once instituted enquiries for a fresh horse. There was none in the township, so that Brown had to ride farther on with the same horse, and to trust to chance and luck farther on. He got a fresh horse at Queensberry. This would mean a ride of 50 miles with one horse. It was late the next afternoon when William Brown and Dr Stirling came to Albert Town, and went on at once to Makarora. The baby was saved, but Mrs Swanson, the mother, died. Dr Stirling’s charge was £14, which was subscribed by the Makarora residents. This was the first funeral to take place at Makarora. Some few years afterwards, Dr Stirling came to Cardrona to attend a very difficult case of childbirth, in conjunction with Dr Burrows, of Clyde. The journey was also on horseback up the Kawarau River Gorge as far as the Roaring Meg stream, then over the mountains into Cardrona. After this, Dr Stirling had charge of the Lawrence Hospital, and afterwards was in practice in Dunedin. He went Home in the early ‘nineties’ and died there.”

Dr Corse laid the foundation stone of the “Gentle Annie” bridge, above Cromwell, Mr Proudfoot being the contractor. Before leaving Dunedin, Mr Proudfoot had been offered £100 for his horse, but he would not sell it. After the laying of the foundation stone, he and the doctor were driving home in the trap, when the horse shied at something and Mr Proudfoot managed to jump out before the horse and trap and doctor went over the embankment. While it was going down the hill, Dr Corse jumped clear and landed on a ledge of rock while the horse and trap rolled over and over and were seen no more, being completely lost in the Kawarau River. Mr Proudfoot sent for help, and the men had to throw ropes to the doctor to put around his waist. While they were pulling him up, he had to close his eyes as the depth beneath made him afraid he might fall into the river. He afterwards took his wife and showed her the spot and the ledge of rock he managed to land upon safely. It is still known as “Doctor’s Point,” and is a very dangerous place.

Mrs Jamieson, who was the widow of Dr Corse, now residing in Dunedin, has very courteously allowed us to peruse the following papers belonging to Dr Corse, and has supplied us with a photograph. His American diploma, a large parchment signed and sealed, sets forth that The Reformed Medical Society of the U.S.A., by its professors of the Reformed Medical College of New York, grants to James Corse, after due examination, the privilege of practising the Healing Art in all its branches in every section of the country, by virtue of the right privileges and immunities, guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States of America, dated June 5, 1852 - J. Lobstein, M.D., W. Beach (President), T. Hassell (Secretary). A bill of costs from F. J. Wilson refers to probate of Dr Corse’s will in June, 1881, mentioning Mr Goodger as executor. An insurance policy in the National, signed by R. Wilson, E. Prosser, Henry Driver, A. Hill Jack, dated October, 1874, shows that 50s per cent. was the premium payable on Dr Corse’s wood and iron house, situated 22 feet from the Bank of N.S.W. A payment of £10 for a £400 cover shows what were considered the risks of fire in those days.

An interesting little story of early gold-field banking has reached us. Mr Grummitt, of the Bank of N.S.W., at Clyde, found that there was good gold to be bought in Cromwell, but fearing that rival institutions would quickly oppose his little Cromwell agency he used to bring his gold to Clyde and send in his Government returns from that town. He was accustomed to buy the gold, put it into a bag, enclose it in an old sack and just
dump it under the seat of James Hazlett’s buggy, by which conveyance it duly reached Clyde. In this way his little sub-branch was doing an excellent business, none of the other banks thinking it was good enough to go to the expense of establishing or setting up at the Junction. When Mr Preshaw replaced Mr Grummitt at Clyde, he thought bringing the gold all the way to Clyde was decidedly risky, and he immediately set about showing his returns from Cromwell as well as Clyde. The result of his extreme caution was shown by the establishment of three rival banks practically up against his Cromwell branch before a year was out.

Since the days of Corse and Stirling, many doctors have practised in Cromwell. In this up-to-date little town, with good water supply, well found houses, efficient sanitary services, and well equipped hospital, the stories we have told must seem like a dream, the actors in them but pale spectres of the imagination to the fortunate people of the Twentieth Century.

INVERCARRGILL IN THE SIXTIES AND SEVENTIES.

As we previously mentioned, a great number of doctors came to Invercargill when the gold diggings were discovered. An esteemed correspondent has compiled the following list by carefully scanning the advertisements in the Southland News. So far as the general history of early Invercargill is concerned, a most excellent series of articles recently appeared in the columns of the Southern Cross. They bear the title “Recollections of a Pioneer: Some Incidents of Bygone Days,” and they relate in graphic style the trials and difficulties of the day. In addition to these articles are Southern Cross “News Letters, by New Chum,” most readable and thrilling accounts of life and death in flood and field. We are delighted to see that several of the Southland papers are placing on record, before it is too late, the names, occupations and intimate history of the first settlers of the province. The Mataura Ensign’s fine series of articles on “Old Switzers,” in December 1909 issues, is another instance.

Chronological order of medical men advertised as practising in Invercargill during the sixties: Dr Martin, February 16, 1861; Dr McCristal, March 2, 1861; Dr Grigor, March 2, 1861; Dr McClure, April 27, 1861; Dr Baylie, January 1, 1862; Dr Berndt, September 20, 1862; Dr Barraclough, November 5, 1862; Dr Wilson, January 1, 1863; Dr Rowbottom, April 4, 1863; Dr Young, April 4, 1863; Dr Murray, April 15, 1863; Dr Ryley, May 27, 1863; Dr Collier, February 2, 1864; Dr Rohner, April 7, 1864; Dr Deck, April 14, 1864. After 1864 the influx appears to have ceased. The rush to the West Coast had set in.

In 1868, the following were practising in Invercargill:—Drs Monckton, Grigor, McClure, Wilson, and Deck; no others. We have noted Drs Monckton, McClure, Grigor, and Martin, and now when the rush came W. H. Baylie, M.R.C.S., London, appeared on the scene. His consulting rooms were in a temporary residence in Jed street, previously occupied by Mr D. Mitchell. He was quickly followed by Dr Barraclough, botanic physician and accoucheur, who lived in Mr Clarke’s Buildings, off Tay street. Dr Berndt, who was somewhat better known, arrived on September 20, 1862, and set up as physician, surgeon and accoucheur in a temporary residence:—Prince of Wales Hotel, Invercargill. The Southland News, January 17, 1863, says:—“On a former occasion we had the pleasure of noticing the presentation to Dr Berndt, who is now practising as a physician in this town, of a testimonial from the Benevolent Asylum of Melbourne, to which he acted as honorary physician for several years. By a later mail the doctor received another testimonial of a similar kind from the patients of the North Melbourne Benevolent Asylum.” He left Invercargill for the West Coast about April 23, 1865. He was much liked in Invercargill. Mr Wm. Smith, who remembers him well, describes him as short, thickset, round-faced man, rather bald, and as always wearing spectacles; very genial and pleasant in manner, and exceedingly kind-hearted; in fact a person who was good to everybody and everything. In the Southland News, of April 25, 1867, there is an extract from the West Coast Times, recording the death at Hokitika of Dr A. Hunter, and among the names of several medical men who followed the coffin to the grave is that of Dr Berndt.
Just a year later appears the following in the Southland News of April 2, 1868:- “The West Coast Times of the 23rd ult., says: ‘We regret to have to record the death of an esteemed fellow-townman and professional man. Dr Berndt expired on Saturday evening at seven o’clock, after a short illness, at his residence in Stafford street. The deceased gentleman was a graduate of more than one university, and was one of the earliest of the ad eundem graduates as Doctor of Medicine of the University of Melbourne. He had established a successful practice here, and we are glad to learn has not left his widow and family without provision.’ Dr Berndt was well known to many in Invercargill having been in practice here for a considerable time, during which he had gained the reputation of being a clever practitioner.”

In January, 1863, Dr Wilson, the first homoeopathic physician to arrive, could be consulted at his residence (late Mr Lange’s, block LVII, section 14), junction of Yarrow and Doon street; he lived first at Mr Harvey’s private residence, street, Invercargill. The Southland News of December 31, 1868 records: - “Death. Wilson. - At his residence, Ythan street, Invercargill, New Zealand, on the 28th inst., William Wilson, homoeopathist, late of London, aged 55 years. Home papers please copy.”

Closely following Wilson came Young and Rowbottom. Dr D. J. Young, surgeon and accoucheur, late of Melbourne, lived at the Prince of Wales Hotel, but he soon moved on to the West Coast when the gold rush set in there. He is mentioned as attending the funeral of Dr Alexander Hunter in Hokitika in 1867. Dr Rowbottom, surgeon and accoucheur, could be consulted daily at his private residence, Don street, corner of Dee street. Diseases of women and children were especially attended to. These three doctors stayed only a few months and departed for the diggings. No one in Invercargill now remembers them.

Followed Dr Charles W. Rohner, physician, surgeon and accoucheur, member of the Medical Board of Victoria, who lived at the Southland Club and could be consulted at the Invercargill Dispensary, Dee street, He left Invercargill in 1864 and went to the West Coast diggings, as did Dr Collier, who only settled for a few months in the town, and then moved on. Dr Collier, who was at one time in practice in Maclaggan street, Dunedin, appeared in Invercargill in 1864. The Southland News of February 24, 1864, says:- “An accident which was very nearly attended with fatal consequence took place in the afternoon at the residence of Dr Collier, Leet street. The kitchen chimney was blown down and fell with a crash though the roof. Miss Collier was entering the kitchen at the time the chimney fell, but most fortunately she was only just within the door, so that although many of the bricks were thrown to her feet, she escaped without injury. Had the young lady been a few feet further within the kitchen nothing could have saved her life.” The next reference to him is the following in the Southland News of March 28, 1864:- “The highly dangerous nature of the practice of leaving wells open and unprotected, was likely on Saturday to have received a melancholy affirmation. A fine little boy, two years of age, the son of Mr Macgregor, of Gala street, fell into an open well near his father’s residence. The poor little fellow was taken out with his tongue hanging out of his mouth and to all appearances lifeless. Drs Young, Collier and Berndt were sent for, and these gentlemen, after great efforts, were successful in restoring animation.” It is probable that Dr Collier, like, so many of the early Southland medical men, left Invercargill for the West Coast when the gold rush set in there.

Dr Deck came to Invercargill in 1864, and was appointed health officer for the province of Southland. He was also made Coroner in succession to Dr McClure. The Southland News, August, 1864, has the following marriage notice. – “Deck-Young - At Erme Dale, near Riverton, on the 24th August, by the Rev. J. Clark, John Field Deck, Esq., M.D., of Invercargill, second son of James G. Deck, Esq., formerly of the E. I. Military Service, to Emily Baring, eldest daughter of Henry Young, Esq., formerly of the E. I. Civil Service.” The Southland News of December 7, 1869, reports - “A difficult operation was performed on a patient at the hospital yesterday, by Dr Deck, assisted by Drs Grigor and McClure. A similar operation was successfully performed by the latter gentleman when provincial surgeon in 1863.” Dr Deck later moved to Dunedin, where he practised for some years, finally going to New South Wales, where he now lives at Ashfield, near Sydney.

Dr Densham was the next, and we find from the Southland News, July 20, 1865, that he was married by special licence on June 6, at the Episcopal Church, Riverton, to Emma, third daughter of Richard Stevens, Esq., late of Bow, near London. Home papers were asked to copy, and he was described as Richard Densham, M.D., F.R.C.S., neither of which qualifications he possessed. Rev. W. F. Oldham officiated. In the Southland News, August 26, 1871, appeared his advertisement of registration as L.F.P.S., Glasgow. Dr Densham was born in
Devonshire, England in 1824, and obtained his qualifications at Edinburgh, taking the L.R.C.P. and S. Edinburgh and Glasgow. He came to New Zealand as medical officer on board the “Sir George Pollock,” arriving at the Bluff on February 17, 1863. He started practice at Riverton shortly afterwards and was doctor to the Maoris, who held him in high esteem. He was also in charge of the Riverton Hospital for a time. He left Riverton for Outram in 1880 with his wife and two daughters, and died at Mosgiel in August, 1881. He was of medium height but not very robust, cheerful, and fond of a good joke, steady and easy going, of a generous and kind-hearted disposition, and fond of children. His experiences were those of the doctors at Riverton, and of the usual character of the early days, long distances to travel over shocking tracks, and not being a good horseman he suffered severely. His brother, who was Latin master at the High School, Dunedin for some years and well remembered by pupils of the “seventies,” died at Feilding some years ago. Dr Densham had excellent testimonials from the Mayor of Riverton, Theophilus Daniel, J.P., dated August 20, 1879; from the Loyal Perseverance Lodge of Riverton, M.U.I.O.O.F., which refer to his 16 years’ faithful service, 1880; from the Wallace and Fiord Hospital, March, 1880; and from Dr Hugh McCaw, of Mosgiel, 1881. He was a kindly, gentle, patient man, esteemed by his fellow practitioners, modest and retiring, and of a very different stamp to the next.

INVERCARGILL IN THE SEVENTIES AND EIGHTIES.

Dr Cotterell had been a chemist in Dunedin in partnership with Mr Dermer. He went Home and obtained a license from the Edinburgh College of Surgeons, and, returning to New Zealand, set up in Invercargill. The “Southland News,” of April 9, 1872, contained the following announcement:- “Dr Cotterell, Licentiate Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, etc., etc., Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucheur; registered in England and New Zealand according to ‘Medical Acts.’ Formerly of the Hospitals, University College, and Charing Cross, London, Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh, and ‘Hospital of Lariboisiere,’ containing 612 beds, Paris. Medical Pupillage, 1846. Date of Diplomas, 1850 and 1870. Surgeon to the Westport Hospital and Gaol, Nelson, New Zealand, 1860. Surgeon to Oddfellows’ Societies, Westport, Nelson, 1868. Surgeon Superintendent to Government emigrant ship ‘Hydaspes,’ from London to Dunedin.” The “Southland News” of June 21, 1874, contained a long letter from Dr Cotterell on the subject of diphtheria, advocating stringent sanitary measures against the spread of a complaint then prevalent which he maintained was diphtheria. Much correspondence followed which can be perused in the files of the “Southland News” of April 12, 1873. In October, 1877, he was appointed medical referee under the Government Insurance Act, 1874, for Invercargill, in place of the late Dr Yorath, and the following year he moved to a new residence in Don street, opposite the Bell Tower. This house was built to the order of Dr Cotterell, and was quite an imposing residence for those days, being two-storied and commodious, with large stable and groom’s quarters, well laid out garden, etc. After he left Invercargill his successor, Dr Lewis, occupied the house and on his departure Mr J. T. Martin the brewer, lived there for a time, after which it became the property of Dr Young, who still owns and lives in it. The “Bell Tower” mentioned was the Invercargill fire-brigade station, since moved to the rear of the Municipal Theatre, Tay street. In 1880 Dr Cotterell was gazetted honorary assistant to the Southland Hussars, and be then announced that he was going for a trip to the Old Country. Dr Blair, of Dunedin, then settled near by, and Cotterell at once advertised (“Southland News,” February 8, 1881):- “Dr Cotterell wishes it to be particularly understood that Dr Blair, of Dunedin, is in no way connected either with himself or his practice.” In the “Southland News” of April 11, 1881, appeared the following:- “One our local medical practitioners, Dr Cotterell, being about to leave for England, a meeting of gentlemen desirous of taking steps towards making public recognition of his services and the esteem in which he is held will take place in Messrs M’Ardell and Co.’s office to-morrow afternoon. This resulted in a tremendously long address, all printed in full in the papers. Dr Lewis was appointed to hold his Friend. Societies. A very lengthy advertisement appears in the “Southland News” for some days during April, 1881, relating to the sale of Dr Cotterell’s household effect etc., etc., including very handsome English built phaeton, quite new; one gig; silver-mounted double and single harness, English manufacture, very best quality; gentlemen’s saddles, bridles, etc., etc. one well-bred
horse, four years old, a perfect hack; two well-bred horses, four years old, thoroughly broken to both double and single harness, and capital hacks. There are no further references to Dr Cotterell in the files of the “Southland News,” and he probably left Invercargill in May, 1881, for England. He returned about a year later, in the winter of 1882, but only paid a short visit, and left for Tasmania, where he settled in practice, and where he died some years ago. He underwent a serious operation while in England in 1881, and probably went Home for this purpose. He was tall, and seemed more so by reason of his slim, straight figure. He always affected the “Dundreary” style of whiskers, and these and his hair were grey. He was quite an elderly man, very particular, almost dandified, in his dress; wore a frock-coat, silk hat, gloves, and carried usually a light cane. His clothes always fitted perfectly and were spotlessly neat. People used to say that he looked as though he had been picked up in a fashionable London street and set down in Invercargill. He was not, however, in the least supercilious or overbearing in manner, but was exceedingly pleasant and courteous to all. He was a favourite in society, being bright and witty, a good conversationalist, and a capital entertainer; he was also very fond of music.

Dr E. W. Yorath, 1873-1877. - The first we know of Dr Yorath is when he was sent for to attend an accident case at Orepuki, none of the Riverton doctors being available. He is subsequently mentioned from time to time in reports of accidents, inquests, etc., etc. On July 13, 1876, he removed to his new residence in Don street, previously occupied by Mr W. H. Brunton, next door but one to the Primitive Methodist Church. In January, 1876, on Dr Grigor resigning the position of medical officer to the Southland Hospital, Dr Yorath consented to act as visiting surgeon until a permanent appointment was made. Dr Yorath was appointed to the vacancy at a salary of £200 per annum, outside practice being limited to a radius of two miles from the hospital. Dr Yorath performed the duties in conjunction with Dr Cotterell, who kindly accepted the office of honorary consulting surgeon and physician to the institution.” In June, 1877, Dr Yorath became very ill and had to temporarily suspend his attendance at the hospital. Dr Cotterell, in conjunction with Dr Hanan, took charge of the institution during his indisposition. The “Southland News” of July 14, 1877, contained the following:—“The many in Southland who enjoyed the acquaintance of Dr Yorath will regret to hear that his recent sickness terminated fatally this morning at 11 o’clock. Dr Yorath took his share in the management of many of our local institutions, taking particular interest in the Philharmonic Society and also the Southern Cross Masonic Lodge, of which he was a prominent member, and but for the illness which has just terminated fatally would now have been one of the principal officers. In his private life Dr Yorath was highly esteemed, and his loss will be severely felt by a large circle of friends.” The “Southland News” of July 16, 1877, published the following death notice:—“Yorath. - At his residence, Don street, Invercargill, on the 14th July, Dr Edmond William Yorath. Aged 40 years.” He was buried in St. John Cemetery (Church of England), Invercargill. The stone is of uncommon design, and must have been very beautiful at one time. Now, however, it is discoloured with age and so lichen-covered that the lettering is scarcely legible. The grave is overgrown with weeds and grass. Mr Charles Longuet, solicitor, remembers his visiting at Mr Longuet, senior’s, house at Waikiwi, and has described him as a man of quite average height and size, with dark brown hair, beard, moustache, and whiskers. He was an English gentleman, quiet in manner, studious, and a really first-class cricketer. At that time there was a gentleman’s cricket club in Invercargill, and Dr Yorath was one of the best players. He was fond of music, and was for some time honorary secretary of the Invercargill Philharmonic Society. We cannot find any account of his having performed in public, but Mrs Yorath is mentioned occasionally as having sung at concerts. She was a young English lady named Duncan, and came out with an aunt, Lady Duncan, a short time after the doctor’s arrival here, to be married to him. They were both very delicate; in fact, people used to say that they were married to die together. She returned to England, and died there 12 years later.

Dr Hanan, 1875-1893. - In the “Southland News” of January 4, 1877, appeared the following notice:—“Dr Hanan (late surgeon to the Invercargill Hospital) has commenced practice in Invercargill and country, Gala street, opposite the hospital (late the residence of Dr M’Clure).” Also the following on November 7, 1878:—“On November 6, by the Rev. A. H. Stobo, Arthur Sedley Hanan, physician, to Emma Selina, eldest daughter of Frederick Nutter, of Invercargill.” Dr Hanan was of average height, and was always inclined to stoutness. He wore a beard, whiskers, and moustache, and these and his hair were brown. He had a soft, pleasant voice, and was gentle and quiet in manner. He was much liked on account of his sympathetic manner, and was
thoroughly efficient and attentive in his profession. He had a great reputation in Invercargill and surrounding district, and much regret was felt when he left Invercargill for Auckland, where he died some years ago, but his widow still survives.

Dr Horace Button, 1878-1882. - In the “Southland News” of March 21, 1878, appeared the following:- “At the ordinary meeting of the Hospital Committee, held on Wednesday night, 20th inst., for the situation of medical officer to the hospital, there were eight applicants, comprising three from Dunedin, two from Wellington, one from Christchurch, one from Balclutha, and one from the Lakes. The choice of the committee fell on Mr Horace G. Button, presently on a visit in town.” In the same paper, on April 4, 1878, it was notified:- “The newly appointed surgeon to the hospital, Dr Button, has intimated to the committee that he will be prepared to commence duty about the 15th instant.” And in the issue of May 2, 1878, the following par:- “At the ordinary meeting of the Hospital Committee, held on Wednesday night, May 1, the request of the surgeon, Dr Button, to occupy a portion of the new wing of the hospital was acceded to.” In the same paper, on July 12, 1878, a local stated:- “This week the staff of the hospital have been unusually busy over surgical cases. One of these was the highly difficult operation of ovariotomy on a patient who came in for the benefit of the appliances which the institution affords. The only other case of the kind occurred 10 years ago, when Dr Monckton was in charge of the hospital, and achieved a splendid success, when an essential requisite – ice had to be brought by relays all the way from the Takatimoes. On this occasion the cooling substance was made in the institution by the dispenser with a machine kindly lent by Mr Bailey (chemist), and answered all the purposes of the ‘native manufacture.’ The operation was successfully performed by the resident surgeon, Dr Button, assisted by the honorary medical staff, and the patient is now progressing as well as can be expected.” Another local in the same paper on January 6, 1882, stated:- “At the ordinary meeting of the Hospital Committee last evening the surgeon, Dr Button, in the course of his monthly report, expressed a desire to introduce the antiseptic system of treating wounds, and asked the committee to sanction the necessary outlay, about £30. It was decided that the matter should be left for the incoming committee to deal with.” A third local in the same paper on February 3, 1882, stated:- “At the first meeting of the newly elected committee of the hospital, held last night, authority was given the doctor to procure the necessary appliances for the antiseptic treatment of wounds.” As will be seen later this was ten years after the antiseptic treatment had been introduced into Dunedin Hospital. The “Southland News” of May 25, 1882, reported:- “At a meeting of the Hospital Committee, held last night, the surgeon, Dr Button, asked for 12 months’ leave of absence to visit England for the benefit of his health. This was granted, Dr Galbraith being appointed to act as locum tenens. It was agreed that it was not necessary for him to reside at the hospital, but he was to attend there each day. Members of the committee expressed a hope that Dr Button would benefit by the change.” Dr Button did not return to Invercargill. His name appears in the N.Z. Medical Register for 1921 as living at Junee, N.S.W. He was a M.R.C.S. of 1870.

Dr Cecil Jackson, 1877-1878. - The “Southland News” of September 12, 1877, contained the following notification:- “Dr Cecil Jackson, formerly H.M.’s Medical Staff Surgeon, Superintendent late Imperial Emigration Service, has been appointed surgeon to the Invercargill Hospital, Police, and Gaol; public vaccinator for the Southland District. Temporary residence with Dr Hanan, where he may be consulted professionally.” In February, 1878, Dr Jackson resigned his position as surgeon to the Invercargill Hospital. He practised in Winton for a short time, and then went to Maryborough, Victoria, and the newspapers of Southland from August to December, 1881, contain many references to him.

Ryal Bush in the early days was indeed a primitive place, as the following extract from the “Southland News” shows:- Ryal Bush, now noted as the home of the late Sergeant Travis, V.C., was the scene of early settlement in Southland. One settler who took up property there late in the 50’s embodied his experiences in book form, and the following is an extract from the volume:– “I had for a neighbour a very shrewd little Scotchman called Blakey (Blakie), with a large family of sons, very pushing people; the sons all went off to the diggings at once, but soon came home again. I had next to me, on the other side from where the Blakeys lived, a family of the name of Martin, an old man with one grown-up son, afterwards known as Charles Rouse (Rous) Martin, the newspaper man. There were also a number of daughters. They had a house of rather large size, and a large garden, and owned some cattle …

He was a watchmaker from London. Every morning the old man dressed, as we all were, in a blue jumper and moleskin trousers, took a sheaf of wheat from a very small stack in his garden. He then spread a small sheet on
his verandah and threshed out what was in this sheaf in the verandah. Then he ground it in a steel mill for
grinding wheat into a sort of very coarse meal, and then made porridge with it for the whole family.” That with
new milk, and perhaps a little bacon, was what most of us lived on in those days.

William Henry Butler, quite an old man, came to Invercargill in the late seventies, and settled at Ryal Bush. It is
not probable that he practised a great deal, but he and all of his family were staunch supporters of the Anglican
Church, and it was entirely due to his son’s efforts that the new church was erected. Cornelius Harry Butler gave
a piece of land to build the church upon, and gave liberally to the fund and collected a good sum before he died
in 1917. Dr Butler was buried in Ryal Bush Cemetery, and the inscription upon his grave states that he was born
in 1807 and died in 1900. His eldest son was a doctor at Guildford, England, but is now dead, and a grandson,
also a doctor, was employed during the late war upon the hospital ships passing to and from France with
wounded soldiers. Dr Young says “Dr Butler never practised here regularly as far as I know, but was always
helpful to his neighbours when he lived at Ryal Bush. He was a very bright, polite old gentleman, and was held
in great respect wherever he was known. I met him once when attending his son, and he spent most of the
interview impressing upon me the importance of podophyllum as a remedy. He was then nearly 90 years of
age.”

Dr Feltham, an old naval surgeon, was at Riverton in the seventies, and Mrs Stevens, of Havelock street, sends
us the following memorandum of the early days which contains a reference to him. He was an elderly man, and
was not strong, and on one occasion no sooner arrived at his patient’s house than he went off into a series of
epileptic attacks and lay comatose for many hours. He was a member of the English College of Surgeons, and
was good at his work, but owing to a physical disability he was unable to ride fast or far, and therefore came
short of the requirements of the then rough country practice. He drew and painted well, and was an interesting
man in conversation. He died in 1882. Mrs Stevens says: “The officers of the warship upon which Captain
Stevens occasionally dined were all hard drinkers. When they returned the compliment and came to dinner on
his ship he was the only one that would not be under the table. A lot of Bay whaling was done in those days -
the whales were so plentiful. A large ship had two tenders, one always coming and going. The Amazon was an
American whaler, sold to Captain Howell and Captain Stevens. Captain Howell had a boat built in Riverton in
which he went to San Francisco. Their trying-out sheds were on the hill just below ‘Waldeck.’ At a boarding
school in Tasmania there were 15 sons of sea captains. At the same time one who was a half-caste amused me
by telling me his father sent him there to take some of the Maori polish off him. This same man’s wife was ill,
and they sent for Dr Feltham (they were living at Thornbury). He had a look at his patient, and said, ‘You really
ought to be out of bed. You are the strongest woman in Riverton. A few days afterwards a friend of hers in the
country visited her, and she had been ill, and they had sent for Dr Feltham, too; and on comparing notes she
found he had treated her exactly the same. Both these women (one died recently well over 80 years) lived to a
good age - the other is over 80 years now. The wife of a settler near Orepuki was very ill, so they sent to
Riverton for the doctor. When he got to the house he settled down to a good meal and a few hours’ rest, and
never saw the patient, but went home and forgot all about her. Shortly afterwards he died, and later on came an
account for the full fees (confined). That wreck of The Wanderer still shows at low tide, but there is not
much of her left now. Captain Howell was first officer with a Captain Lovett, who shot one of his men for a
trifle. Howell left him on that account, and landed at Kapito, Bay of Islands, about 1832, and then engaged in
whaling, and used to export greenstone to China for making gods. John Jones wrote and asked him to come
south and take charge of whaling ships; and he came down and had 200 men working for him. Then he got his
own ships. He left over £40,000, but it was muddled away somehow, according to letters I have here. In Sydney
the assigned servants, during the absence of Captain Stevens’ father and mother, stole a large sum of money and
burned down the place. Valuable papers were destroyed, and they meant to kill Captain Stevens, but he, they
considered, was such a plucky little beggar they let him go.”

An unfortunate episode occurred in Invercargill in the seventies. One of the doctors was attending an
erysipelas patient and also several confinement cases, the result being that four mothers died, it is said, in one month. The
doctor was naturally much censured, and lost practice in consequence; but as time went on he became reinstated
in favour, and probably none of the present generation know anything of the matter. He was also unfortunate
regarding the diphtheria epidemic in the seventies. Dr Cotterell from the first pronounced the disease to be
diphtheria, and urged isolation and precautionary measures, but several of the other doctors did not agree with
Dr Galbraith, 1879-1894. - Dr Galbraith came from Victoria, his wife being a sister of the pioneer colonists, Peter and David M’Kellar. Another sister was Mrs Joseph Rogers, of Glenquoich Station, near Kingston. Dr Galbraith had eight daughters and one son, who was the youngest of his family. The doctor had the appearance of being a very tough and hardy man, of average height and build, dark and weather-beaten in complexion, and with dark hair, beard, whiskers and moustache, which were grizzled when he came to Invercargill. He suffered much inconvenience in his professional work through his right hand having been badly damaged by a fall from his horse in Victoria. This very much lessened his capabilities as an operator. He was of an exceedingly kind disposition, both as regards human beings and animals, as one little incident shows. On his brother-in-law’s property at the Blue Mountains, Tapanui, the deer used to come at night into the turnip paddocks and do some damage. A friend asked the doctor, on one of his visits, to lie in wait beside a stone wall which the deer used to jump over, and “pot them there,” but he declined, saying that he could not murder animals in cold blood. He had a fund of humour also, and loved a quiet joke. He was a very abstemious man, and plain and homely in his habits, very fond of bird and animal pets, as were all his household, and they always had a number. He was a well-read man, of scientific tastes, and was a valued member of the Invercargill Athenaeum Committee, also of the District or Grammar School. He liked the study of astronomy and of chemistry. He had a large practice, not only in Invercargill, but about the surrounding districts, and often had very rough journeys. He rode in preference to driving, although he had often had accidents and bad falls from horseback while they lived in Victoria, as he was not a good rider. He had an unpleasant experience in Invercargill after some years’ residence there. A man whom he had been attending got the idea into his head that the doctor had ill-treated him, and, thirsting for revenge, lay in wait for him when going his rounds in one of the suburbs, and fired at him with a shotgun. The doctor was wounded in the thighs, and was laid up for several weeks in his own house; a number of pellets were extracted, and he suffered a good deal. The man was arrested, and after examination was pronounced insane and placed under restraint. Dr James Galbraith was active and wiry; in appearance somewhat like Carlyle, with dark moustache and whiskers. He was educated at Glasgow University, and came out to Australia in the early days. He was a kindly natured man, and was very interested in his surroundings wherever he was; and had a wonderful general knowledge, such as the correct way to make a fishing net or build a chimney. He would sit down beside a workman and talk to him about his trade till he had th...
Joseph Rogers brought an action against the "Times," and "Humanity" appeared in the "Southland Times," reflecting upon the management of the hospital. Dr Lewis during the next day and taken North road. He was out all night in cold, stormy weather with only a hospital shirt on. He was found some time

Invercargill Hospital while Dr Lewis was surgeon in charge. The man had been operated on for tumour on liver; h

Dr George A. Lewis came to Invercargill in 1881, and advertised in the "Southland News" of April 11 that he was a Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Medicine, Trinity College, Dublin, Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, late consulting physician to the Clerkenwell General Hospital, London, had succeeded Dr Cotterell, and commenced practising both in town and country. Dr Cotterell introduced him to his patients as an efficient practitioner. He also mentioned that he intended to visit Wi

The following particulars were given of the funeral: - "The funeral of the late Dr Galbraith took place yesterday, being attended with military honours, the deceased gentleman having been honorary surgeon to the City Guards. Previous to starting crowds began to gather near the doctor's late residence, and shortly after 2 p.m. the large cortege moved slowly away to the solemn strains of the 'Dead March' in 'Saul' by the Garrison Band. The route taken was along Yarrow, Deveron, and Tay streets. The order of procession was as follows: - Invercargill City Guards (Captain Hawkins and Lieut. M'Kay and 51 non-commissioned officers and men); Garrison Band (Lieut. Siddall and 20 bandsmen); gun carriage bearing the coffin, on which lay the deceased's plumed hat and sword; two mourning carriages; G Battery (Capt. Innes and 32 non-commissioned officers and men); Invercargill contingent of the Bluff Navals (Lieut. Henderson and 24 petty officers and men); representatives of the town fire brigades, numbering about 20; 20 vehicles bearing mourners; and several hundred people on foot followed to the cemetery. The Rev. Geo. Lindsay officiated in the Mortuary Chapel and at the grave. The pall-bearers were Doctors Grigor, Hunter, Young, Macleod, Riley, and Hodgkinson, and Messrs Joseph Rogers (Athol), J. Gammell, and Captain Greig. The volunteers were in charge of Lieutenant-colonel Hannah, Lieutenant-colonel Thomson also being present. The City Guards furnished the firing party. During the day a number of flags were flying at half-mast out of respect for the late doctor, and as the cortege was moving out of town the fire-bell was tolled, the deceased having once occupied the position of captain of the Central Fire Brigade. Before being dismissed, Captain Hawkins thanked the officers and men for the respect shown to the City Guards' late honorary surgeon."

Legal proceedings, we are informed, have been instituted by Dr Lewis against the proprietors of the hospital, and was awarded one farthing damages. Mr Wishart stated in
evidence that he was the writer of the letter. Dr Lewis did not remain long in Invercargill after this affair, but went up to Clyde, where he was for three years.

Dr Blair is the last Invercargill doctor of whom we have records, and he seems at his first entrance into the town to have ruffled Dr Cotterell’s feathers. We have his professional card, which states that “Dr Blair. M.D., honorary physician in the hospital, Dunedin, intends to practise in Invercargill after the beginning of March, prox. Dunedin, February 1881.” In the “Southland News” of February 14, 1881, appeared the following - “Mr Cotterell. - Mr Cotterell is quite right when he states ‘that Dr Blair of Dunedin, is in no way connected with either himself or his practice’ at present, but Dr Blair begs to state that although he has no wish to be connected with Mr Cotterell himself in any way whatever, he hopes to have the pleasure of making the acquaintance of some of his patients.” Then he informs the public that he may he consulted daily at Mr G. S. Mackay’s, Esk street, and a month later at the Albion Hotel, Dee street. He then moved into Leet street (Smith’s new brick buildings). Mr J. D. Shepherd in his notes writes that on one occasion Dr Blair was called to a case at Gorge road in the Seaward Bush, distant now from Invercargill by railway 19 miles, but by road in those days probably much further. He hired a buggy and pair and drove to Morton Mains, where he stabilised his turn-out and went the rest of the way, some nine miles, along John Murdoch’s tramline into the bush. After attending the patient he returned to Morton Mains and found that the stable, horses, and buggy had been destroyed by fire. He had to pay for their hire, as well for another conveyance back to town. Blair returned to Dunedin and practised for some time, living first at the corner of Albany street and later in Moray place. He died in the middle “nineties.”

In some notes on Invercargill’s early days Mr J. D. Shepherd says:- The old Royal Hotel was then quite a new building; it stood on some open ground a little distance south of the road, now Tay street. The spot is now occupied by Kirk and Royd’s large brick building at the corner of Tay and Nith streets. The timber for the hotel had been pit-sawn by Messrs Small and William Brown at 25s per 100 feet. It was a small, low building, with verandah on the north (front) side. Mr Shepherd’s father built what was at the time considered a good-sized house on the main Dunedin road, a little east of Tay street. The home contained several small rooms, and was a two-storeyed building with a high-pitched shingled roof and a verandah. Here some of the runholders’ wives came for accommodation during illness, notably Mrs R. W. Aitkin, from Clifden Station, Waiau; Mrs John R. Cuthbertson, from Otahu Station, Waiau; Mrs A. M’Neil, from Ardlussa Station; and others, during the sixties. There were many cases of great hardships owing to the lack of medical assistance and competent nurses in those days. Mr Shepherd relates one which occurred during the winter of 1877, when he, with a brother and mate, were ploughing at Heddon Bush. One night of severe frost, as they lay awake in their hut (an iron one), unable to sleep for the cold, they heard a wagon coming along the rutty, frozen road from Wrey’s Bush, and expected the driver to stop for a drink of tea; he passed on, however. The next morning, as the ground was frozen too hard for ploughing, young Shepherd rode into Winton with some plough-socks which required sorting. He got there in time to see the early morning train arrive from Invercargill. One of the passengers to alight was Dr Cotterell, and in a horse-box was his splendid grey horse, saddled and bridled, ready for the road. The driver of the wagon was there to meet the doctor, and young Shepherd learned that it was the Mount Linton Station wagon, which had brought a shepherd’s wife from a hut beyond Annandale, the property at Wrey’s Bush of the late Mr Wm. Johnson. She had been taken ill, a confinement case, and Dr Cotterell was sent for, but as there was no one in the neighbourhood who could do anything for her, and she was suffering greatly, it was decided to take her into Winton, a distance of 30 miles, over mud roads, in a night of bitter cold, her conveyance a six-horse wagon. Before the doctor reached her, her twin children were born and died, but she herself recovered. Another case was related by the late Mr M’Intosh (Big Mac), of Fairfax. When he was waggoning wool from up-country stations on one occasion he was passing a small roadside house, and noticed children crying, apparently in great trouble. Going inside, he found the mother dead with a new-born baby. It turned out that when she was taken ill the father went off to fetch a woman, but lost his way in a thick fog, and got off the road which was only a bridle track. He had not returned when the wagon came along. Meantime the poor woman died. Numerous other cases occurred of women dying for need of medical assistance. What would women of to-day, with their St. Helens Hospitals, Plunket Nurses, motor ambulances, and other comforts think of such conditions? Mr Shepherd remembers an accident which happened very early in the sixties, the scene being the present Kelvin street, between Tay and Don streets, then thick bush. A man engaged in felling trees used to have his dinner brought by his son, a boy about 10 years of age. One day the dinner did not arrive as usual, and the man went to his cottage, but found that the boy had started off with it at the usual time. A search revealed the dead body of the boy. In
pushing his way through the scrub he had dislodged a partially fallen sapling, which struck him on the back of the head and pinned him to the ground.

The Southland Hospital - The building at first used as a hospital in Invercargill, in 1861–62, was the Immigration Barracks in Tay street, a row of fern-tree and sod huts joined together. The late Mr Thomas Middleton, who died a few years ago at upwards of 90 years, used occasionally to hold a church service there. He was a rather eccentric person, and in his discourses would sometimes liken human beings to vessels made of clay, some of finer material than others. He would then go on to describe the different classes, ending up with the “wild Irishman” and “common bullock driver,” who were formed out of brick-dust. The real hospital when built was quite out of the town, and stood in the midst of tussock and swamp grass, with native bush close beside it. The notorious Dr Murray was the first surgeon in charge. Dr Monckton succeeded him, having returned to Invercargill from Riverton. The original hospital building is still standing. It was for many years used as the quarters of the resident surgeon. It is joined to a two-storeyed addition by a covered passage-way.

Churches. - The Presbyterian Church at Riverton must have been built very early in the sixties, as “The Southern News” of April, 1861, mentions that the Rev. Lachlan M’Gillivary was inducted there on the 12th of that month. All Saints’ Church at Ryal Bush is one of the oldest churches in Southland. It was built in 1861, and consecrated by Bishop Harper, of Christchurch, when Southland formed part of his diocese. The Rev. W. F. Oldham was the first clergyman. He had a large district, and rode long distances over rough roads and tracks. Later on he accepted the charge of the Anglican Church at Riverton, and there, on January 9, 1866, he was married by the Rev. W. P. Tanner to Mary, second daughter of the Rev. L. M’Gillivary. All Saints‘ is a pretty little church, now somewhat in need of repairs. In its churchyard are the graves of Dr Butler and several members of his family. Here also is the grave of Dr M’Clure’s 11-year-old son, who died from the effect of a gunshot wound in 1871, and that of the doctor’s elder brother, Mr James Moreland McClure, of “The Grange,” Ryal Bush, who died on January 17, 1875. St. John’s Anglican Church, Tay street, Invercargill, was built in 1861, and opened for public worship on August 4, 1861, Rev. W. P. Tanner, clergyman, in charge. St. John’s Cemetery at Waikiwi was consecrated on April 10, 1874; but it had been in use for several years. All Saints’ Church, Gladstone, Invercargill, was built in 1877, and formally opened by the Bishop of Dunedin on January 20, 1878. The first marriage celebrated in this church was a double wedding on April 25, 1878, the officiating clergyman being the incumbent Rev. F. Knowles. The church is a brick building, now well covered with ivy, but not by any means a handsome church.

There have been many doctors in Invercargill in the last forty years, and we hope someone will feel disposed to spend time and trouble in writing up their histories. Times, however, have changed, and the conditions of practice are entirely different from what they were in the days of Monckton and M’Clure. Swamps have been drained, roads have been made, bridges span the creeks and rivers, railways have been constructed. Motor boats ply on lake and stream, motor cars carry the doctors to within easy walking distance of almost any patient, ambulance waggons can follow, horses are available in every village, telephones and telegraph wires spread like spiders’ webs across the plains. Invercargill is now a splendid city, with wide streets, massive buildings, fine bridges, and efficient tramways. Far may she advance her boundaries, many times multiply her population, until few will believe what we have haltingly endeavoured to describe, that she was once a tiny row of shanties mid forest, swamp, and- creek.

THE TAIERI PLAIN IN THE FIFTIES AND SIXTIES.

SHIRLAW, M’BREARTY, AND INGLIS AND THEIR FLOCKS.

The fertile and productive Taieri Plain of to-day was at the time of the arrival of the first settlers a half-submerged swamp, with here and there patches of white pine forest. A graphic account of the “Taiarea Valley” was given by Mr Tuckett, the N.Z. Company’s surveyor, who tramped over the country in 1844, penetrating fern, flax, and tutu till he reached what was later called Halfway Bush, and came out on the top of the hill overlooking North Taieri. The first sight of the plain was very prepossessing, though it was apparent that much of it was subject to constant inundation. On the west side of the plain there was beaten track leading towards the Molyneux, and, on the east side a large wood of pine timber and two or three small patches, to the furthest of which Mr Tuckett and party walked and camped for the night. He says: “The Saddleback Mountain is wooded
from the summit to the base, and is a great pig covert. On the west side of the plain there is a wood of great extent. Having found the grass under water for some distance, the water flowing, we kept along the low hills on the east side of the plain, on which we observed the course of the Taiarea, here a considerable body of water, deep and tranquil, but not saline, though rising and falling with the tide, and well adapted for inland navigation. After half an hour’s walk through the wood and beyond upon grass land, at the skirt of another wood we found a Maori settlement - two or three huts made of totara bark and as many raised stages for potato stores, but no inhabitants or even canoes were to be seen. From there our course was by a branch of the Taiarea River to a vast lake at the west side, but, being unable to follow this, we were compelled to proceed along the river Taiarea to the coast.”

Dr Monro, who accompanied Mr Tuckett, wrote to the Nelson Examiner a letter which may be found as Appendix C in Hocken’s “Early History of Otago.” This gives a more detailed account of the Taiari Plain in the “forties.” He particularly noticed the swampy state of the greater part of the back ground, and gave his opinion as to the earlier condition of the locality. He described it as a deep, basin-shaped hollow surrounded on all sides by hills, with the exception of a gorge, through which the main river finds an outlet. “This plain has been a great lake, and the continuity of the range bounding its eastern side has been broken by one of those violent movements of the strata which have been common in the geological history of New Zealand, and a rent has allowed of an access to the sea. About a third of the Taiari basin is available, but its lower two-thirds can hardly be called terra firma, being an immense grass-tree swamp, through which canals of black, sluggish water wind in various directions, interspersed with stagnant lagoons. I very much fear this swamp is not susceptible of being drained, for its level is not above that of the sea. The plain is a perfect sea of brown grass-tree tops, only relieved by the occasional green of a flax bush or Ti (cabbage tree) growing along the sides of the canals where the ground has some consistence. Along the edges of this basin-shaped piece of land much valuable ground will be found. The surrounding hills are, generally speaking, well grassed with a fair sprinkling of anise, but there is a great want of wood in the district.” This gives a fair idea of the conditions existing when the first settlers penetrated the southern parts of Otago, and we have in an earlier article described how Dr Williams settled at Henley in the “fifties” and what difficulties he had in crossing the swamps and traversing the plain. On the west side Francis M’Diarmid, Edward Lee, and the Fulton Brothers carved out homes for themselves from pine bush, totara, cabbage tree, and flax. On the south-west, close under the hills, where the Waipori River emerged, were four very early settlers. James Harker Wilson, the first man to select a rural lot, had No. 1 rural selection in Otago - running sheep and cattle among the bush and flax. For many years he had the hard, primitive life so often described. His property was on land now known as Fraser’s, He was followed by James Henderson on the homestead which is now Shennan’s; and Robert Robinson, of Greenbank, who preceded Wither Brothers. The fourth settler to arrive was Robert Petrie, who had been shepherding for Chalmers on the Snowy Mountains in the early “fifties.” We have been fortunate in getting some information from his son, William Petrie, who was born in the little hut at the “Clump of Trees,” a stopping place well known to travellers to Waikouaiti. We have referred before to this locality and to the hut which was erected by the exertions of Dr Williams. He and others had often to pass over these bleak bills and along “Johnny Jones’ track” to Waikouaiti. Robert Petrie took up his rural selection at Lower Waipori, or Waipori Lake, in 1857, but did not move there until 1860, when he began work as a shepherd on Terrace Range, then belonging to Saunders. Another very well known early settler there was Robert Twelftree, who worked in the bush, did a good deal of tree-felling, and gradually cleared a splendid farm. The first minister to come to the district was Rev. Jno. Macnicoll, who used to boat over from Waihola, and, by jumping from nigger head to nigger head, got through the swamp as best he could on the few occasions he could be spared from the more thickly populated parts of his charge. Macpherson Brothers, John Shennan, and Robert Charters were also very early settlers, and their names are household words at Waipori Lake to-day. The youngsters at Waipori, who were now in considerable numbers, were taught first by Dominie Cameron and later by Anderson and Ross. In addition to the small farmers were bush sawyers, who came in considerable numbers, and Ayson erected a sawmill driven by a water wheel which kept them all busy. The bush sawyers felled the black and white pine giants, cut many of them with their crosscut saws over the bush sawpits, and hauled the logs by jankers and bullocks to the sawmill. Here, with upright saws, later followed by circulars, they were cut into planks, slabs, and joists and floated or boated down the river to the Ferry. After a time Ayson sold out to D. and A. Hughan, who finally closed down, and the mill, water wheel, and jankers were sold to Allan Mann and transported to Woodside, then called Maungatua. The jankers were left for a time, and gave the name
to the gully in which they lay, and which to this day is known as Jankers Gully. The timber was boated or rafted down and loaded on to small schooners such as the Spec, Rainbow, and Pioneer, and taken round Dunedin. M’Donald put up a small flourmill above Heenan’s, and history has it that somewhere in this neighbourhood a “distillery” turned out whisky which paid no duty to the State. Accidents were frequent in the bush. Men were caught by falling trees, limbs were broken, terrible cuts were received from contact with saws, and every now and again Dr Shirlaw had to come to the rescue. On one occasion a bullock dray from the sawmill upset, and a man called Randall was killed. On another trip from the sawmill down the river with a load of timber the man in charge fell overboard and was drowned. Still another case in which a man committed suicide, and Dr Shirlaw gave evidence before Dr Hocken, the Coroner, who came all the way from Dunedin to hold an inquest. This must have been about 1866, for Petrie, a small boy by this time, remembers that he (Dr Hocken) was still limping from a recently broken leg. Frew was one of the first carpenters in the district, and David Greig brought barracouta and other fish in his cart or took measures for suits of clothes, which he sewed laboriously for half the nights. When Shirlaw died M’Brearty took up the running, but by that time roads had improved, and good horses were available, and the difficulties of travel were considerably decreased. Across towards Henley the greater part of the plain was under, water, or consisted of high flax and nigger heads. Deep side creeks and cross channels from stream to stream made locomotion difficult. At Henley Mitchell had an accommodation house which be called the Bush Inn, from the thick bush which surrounded it. Amos M’Kegg bought it from Mitchell. and changed its name to the “White House,” after a village near Carrickfergus, his native place. Among the coach drivers who used to pass, making this house a stopping place, were James M’Intosh and James Carmichael. John Stevenson was an early settler near here, also James Blair, and a little westward, though still on the east side of Lee Creek, was David Carruthers, and further north Thomas Adam’s house provided excellent fare for hungry travellers from Dunedin. The old wooden Taieri Ferry bridge had one span built to swing, so as to allow the small coastal sailing vessels to pass up and down the river. To this part of the district Drs Baird and Weber came from Tokomairiro, and later Inglis and M’Caw from Mosgiel. It was at this ferry that Dr Baird picked up the poison which ended his life. To-day a doctor can come across from Outram or along the Allanton road from Mosgiel in a tenth of the time it took the pioneer doctors to negotiate the same journey. Halfway across towards Outram is Taurima farm, formerly occupied by John Allan, one of the Hopehill family. Taurima is now the fine homestead of George Nichol, and we have been fortunate in getting from him an interesting account of early West Taieri. Not far away was the residence of James Shand, one of the most active and energetic settlers on the plain. For many years a great breeder of horses, cattle and other stock, his extensive homestead and buildings made quite an important section of the Outram railway line, so that Shand’s Siding was a regular stopping place for trains. His buggy and pair of beautiful chestnut horses was a feature of interest to the youngsters at West Taieri Church every Sunday in the seventies. The property is now owned by Mr James Blair, who is well known in connection with the Agricultural and Pastoral Society. He has brought the estate to a modern condition with up-to-date machinery, electric light, etc. Peter Grant, of Gowrie, had a fine homestead on the opposite side of the road nearer Greytown, and here he brought up a large family of strapping sons and daughters, many of whom have made their mark and are known throughout Otago. George Nichol says:—“I arrived on the Taieri in April, 1857, and at that time there was no Outram. The only way of getting across the Taieri was by the canoe worked by Donald Borrie. Later this was replaced by a boat and later by a punt. A bridge was built by the Provincial Government about the year 1864. The West Taieri hotel was built by the Provincial Government in the year 1861, and leased to Hooper, who was a proprietor for a number of years. The next erected was the Buckeye Hotel, though this was only a small wattle and daub hut kept by a man of the name of Moir, better known as the “Professor.” Before Moir came to New Zealand he was a baker in Dundee, and when he arrived in Dunedin was badly off for money, so gave lectures on mesmerism as a curative agent, and that is how he came to be called the “Professor.” The Professor sold to Mackay, better known in those days as Mack. Mack, a Canadian, first worked for Campbell Thompson, of Rocklands Station. Later he came down to the Taieri and married a daughter of Gibson, of Silverstream. It was after his marriage that he took over the Buckeye Hotel. After Mack was Glassen, who was a brother-in-law of Hooper, of the West Taieri Bridge Hotel. Hooper later took over the Commercial Hotel in Dunedin, and Glassen went into the Bridge Hotel, but still retained the Buckeye Hotel; and Tom George, who was a nephew of Glassen, was put on as manager. Glassen sold out to Emerton. Emerton and Young ran a daily coach from Outram to Dunedin. After Emerton came Broadway, and after Broadway came Harper. Prior to ‘68 the township of Outram lay between
where the National Bank stands and the river. The main road ran straight through the town to the river to what they called the upper ford, but after the flood of ‘68, with which most of the town was destroyed, the people rebuilt on the site where the township now stands, and a new road was made from the National Bank around to the bridge through Borrie’s property. All the buildings on the old site were either washed away or shifted and rebuilt on the new site. Forbes’ smithy was one of the buildings that was shifted. Forbes sold his business to one Reid, who was killed by the accidental discharge of a rifle, December 10, 1870. The flood in which Bob Borrie was drowned occurred in the late seventies. He was drowned on the road between his own place, “Huntly,” and the Outram pound, where an old lagoon crosses the road. The Outram Hotel was started by Tynan, and later on Iveson built and opened the Railway Hotel. The police camp was started in 1861, Sergeant Hagerty and Constable Moore being about the first policemen. The first baker was a black fellow, and later Bewley started a bakery business, which he carried on for a number of years. I myself started the first butchery business; John Forbes was the blacksmith; Chisholm and Robertson, the carpenters; Tynan, produce store; John Joseph, bricklayer. Dr Shirlaw was the first resident doctor in Outram. Drs Inglis and M’Caw were residents of Mosgiel. Dr Cattan, who came much later, was a grandson of the Marchbanks,”

Joseph Robertson, of Kaitangata, was one of the very first settlers in what is now known as Outram. He and Alexander Chisholm built the first blacksmith’s shop for Forbes. Donald Borrie was the only settler close by, occupying his spare time in ferrying people across the river in a canoe. Robertson had the first grocer’s shop, and the first baker was a coloured man, who had much difficulty in getting journeymen bakers. When Bewley came the darkie said to him, “I shall have to sell out, for I have had seven bakers, and they were all swipers.” Bewley bought him out and carried on for many years. When the gold rush came a police camp was established under Sergeant Hagerty or Hegarty, and close by a little wooden building or drill shed, in which was held the Resident Magistrate’s Court. Further west houses began to go up, Thomas Dick having a store on the rise beyond the Big Turn, and next to him Hay’s, where, we remember, graceful tendrils of hop plants used to add a beautiful appearance to the front of his cottage. Still further on was Baxter’s store, almost opposite the church. This store had a roof thatched with rushes, and had been built by Bruce Mackintosh, a clever Scotsman, who was called the Wizard of the North, on account of his legerdemain performances. Nearer the township was the hill referred to as the Buckeye. Later Tom George, the noted horsebreaker, was installed here, and it is a moot question whether his name originated from the hotel or was a punning reference to his cleverness in dealing with the highest buckjumpers on the plain. He was an excellent rider and trainer, and we well remember his alert figure and erect seat upon his horse. Like all good horsemen, he was always exceedingly kind to his horses. The coaches started from this hostelry, as the following advertisement, culled from the little news sheet of 1862, states:—“Hurrah for the Dunstan. Buckeye Hotel, late Mac’s, West Taieri, 18 miles from town on the Dunstan road. Good accommodation for travellers and horses. Coach -leaves Cobb and Co.’s daily at 2 p.m. for the above hotel, returning from there daily at 8 am. fare, 15s. John Horr.” Robertson and Chisholm, who were busy erecting the West Taieri Church manse, saw the diggers streaming past, and, thinking their steady 12s a day not good enough, decided they would have “a shot” at the diggings, but after several weeks’ trial at work which was unfamiliar, went back to their ordinary trade, at which they prospered exceedingly. Like many of the searchers for gold, their methods were crude and clumsy. They lost three-quarters of the metal, and it was not until the arrival of scores of expert Victorian diggers that the unsophisticated Otago settlers learned how to extract the “grains of sunshine” from the clay and gravel in which they were embedded. Robertson sold out his store to “Night and Day” Smith, and he in turn transferred to William Snow. Murray started bootmaking, first near the church, and then in the main road close to the drill shed, and Smyth began his saddler’s business further along the street. Sherriff opened a second boot and shoemaker’s shop, and Alexander Chisholm, who was the eldest of the four brothers in Dunedin, launched out into a more extensive carpentering business, which included that of undertaking. The Snows - William (who had the store in Outram), Jonathan (who worked with him, and afterwards had the hotel at Mosgiel, and Dick (who had a hotel at the Lee Stream) - came from Victoria in 1862 and lived all their lives in the district, and were well known in all the activities of West Taieri. The Hannah Brothers, carters and roadmakers, constructed a great many of the roads in the neighbourhood, living down near the river. The road which is now the main street continued straight on at first, right down to the river, where there was a punt, with a ford a little lower down. In the early sixties the main road was taken round at an angle, skirting the hill and coming back to the river, where stood the tollgate and the West Taieri Hotel. George Christie and Thomas Broadway, two early residents of Outram, had previously “run” licensed accommodation
houses on the Strath Taieri, Christie half a mile south of the Sutton, and Broadway at the Sutton crossing. This was about 1864, and in 1866 Broadway bought out Waterman and moved to Clark’s Junction, and later to the Buckeye at Outram. Christie sold out to Sinnamon, the carrier, in 1868, and also moved down to Outram, where he had an extensive business. He was a commission agent, had livery stables, and was a dealer in horses, vehicles, etc., had a stationery store or shop, and a newspaper run. In 1869 he had a serious accident, with a chest injury which laid him up for a twelvemonth, but about 1870 he began to run a four-horse coach to Waipori, in the summer time even as far as Lawrence. In 1874 the Provincial Government leased the tollgates, and Christie paid £600 for the West Taieri toll, but only held it for one year, as he found so many travellers defaulting, and he had constantly to sue for his money. His takings were often over £20 a week, but the court cases required caused him to relinquish the toll, and the Government later moved it up to “West Taieri Cutting.”

We have been told that the price paid for the toll on Saddle Hill was £1000, and at the Plough Inn on Hillside £2000, so it is evident the tolls were a source of considerable revenue to the authorities. Christie also ran coaches to Dunedin from 1871 to 1873, and in 1874 from Green Island to Outram. He was always an active, energetic man until after his illness, which seemed to cripple him. His four or five-horse coach tearing down the “Cutting” at West Taieri in snow or rain, the old man, as he was called, well wrapped in his opossum coat, handling the ribbons, and his long whip, were all a feature of the district for many years. He died at Outram, in 1878 at the age of 49, and was buried in West Taieri churchyard. Iveson’s coach also ran regularly, first to Dunedin to the Bull and Mouth, and later from Green Island to Outram and back. On one occasion Donaldson, his driver, who had a fair load aboard, going Taieri-wards, picked up half a dozen Chinamen on the Fairfield hill, intending to convey them to the plain, where they were employed in a job of cutting and straightening part of the Silverstream. The load proved too top-heavy for the coach, and over she went at the water trough on the descent into Mosgiel, and one of the Chinamen was fatally injured and the others badly knocked about. “Bill” Donaldson got off with a severely injured arm or wrist. He was an expert driver, and for a long time drove the coach from Woodside to Green Island and back daily. He is still living near Burnside, though he has retired from the active work of farming, which he carried on for many years on the Peninsula. Iveson was a man who was immensely popular in the district, and he always did his best to interest people and to help in public entertainments and amusements. In addition to running his licensed accommodation house at Woodside and controlling a number of coaches, he organised and kept going for many years an excellent brass band. This band was a source of interest and occupation to many of the Woodside residents and an absolute joy to the youngsters, who watched with fascinated eyes big, red-bearded Mike Morgan “lungeing” in and out on his mighty trombone, Mueller walloping the big drum, and Gibb M’Diarmid marvellously “rolling” his kettle-drum.

In 1866 there came to Outram James M’Brearty, a genial Irishman, who had arrived by the Viola from Glasgow. He was born in 1837, and had studied for marine engineering, passing all the necessary examinations in due course. He wished to go abroad, but his parents persuaded him to start the study of medicine, and, finally agreeing to this, he proceeded to Glasgow University and College and eventually became L.F.P.S., etc. After practising for three years in Glasgow he came to New Zealand, and settled in Outram. Some of his trips through the snow and over the mountains were indeed terrible, many of the tracks being almost imperceptible. To get up the Cutting to Harvey’s Flat and further on past the “Stone Man” through clay and snow was a superhuman task. We have seen snow banked on each side of the road in that locality over 10 feet deep, many portions of Maungatua mountain bridle-tracks being impassable. To have to toil on past the Deep Stream to Middlemarch or to various shanties and accommodation houses on the road where infants came into the world and suffering aged passed out was frequently M’Brearty’s daily task. At these shanties diggers congregated, much bad liquor was consumed, fights were frequent, suicides and even murders were not unknown, The writer can remember one such, when, after M’Brearty had toiled to Hindon, the body of the murdered man was brought to Outram. The local tailor, rather a ‘big bug’ in the town, a leader of various societies, and a prominent talker, was on the jury, and undoubtedly expected to be made foreman at the inquest. Mr D. Harris Hastings, we think, was present in the capacity of a reporter. Mr Snip was inclined to be squeamish, and would not go in to view the body, and an irresponsible young devil of a medical student who was helping M’Brearty gave the tip to the local constable, who, being fond of a joke, in turn informed the Coroner that “some of the jury had not yet seen the body.” The Coroner in tones of majesty directed the constable - we think it was M’Kenzie - to “take Mr Snip to view the body.” Mr
Snip, was “very ill,” and quite unfit to be foreman of the jury, but he had his knife into Dr M’Brearty’s post mortem assistant from that day on. In January, 1869, John Carroll, James Shand’s teamster, was drowned while watering his horses near Scrogg’s Creek; on April 30 Joseph Caldwell, in the employ of John Law, of East Taieri, collided with the frame of an unlighted dray and was fatally injured; and on July 28 Steadman, of the Junction Hotel, was killed in precisely the same way. This led to much agitation for special lighting of framed carts, it being shown that the great spread of the frames beyond the cart wheels was a distinct menace to life. In 1872 M’Brearty was called to a bad accident at the flaxmill close to the West Taieri Bridge. One of the owners of the mill was what is known as “scutching,” and, trying a new machine for the first time, took a turn of the flax round his wrist instead of holding it loosely in his band. In an instant his arm was drawn in and mangled. M’Brearty administered first aid, the sufferer being then driven post haste to Dunedin. This case will be referred to in another article.

When M’Brearty arrived Outram was a busy place, and the old footbridge over the river, for which passengers were charged sixpence a head, was replaced by a bridge worthy of the name which could carry waggons of any weight. The punt and ford were, however, used for some years longer. A rope walker came out and walked across the river on the punt rope on July 8, 1870. This was seven years before Blondin came to Dunedin. The river, originally a beautifully clear blue crystal, showing stones, shells, and gleaming sand, was now a muddy yellow stream, due to the gold workings far up the country. The same yellow river, easily forded in the winter, became a boiling torrent when the snows melted, rose rapidly to the level of the surrounding country, and spread far and wide over the plain. In 1861 the whole site of the township was under water; in 1868 another flood did much damage, and one of the settlers, Tom Grant, lost his life, and later other inundations occurred. In addition to drowning accidents, suicides took place. Bodies came down the river from the diggings which, for all that was known about them, may have been thrown or pushed into the water after robbery and murder. Dr Shirlaw, as before stated, had to travel in all directions, by boat over the flooded districts; on horseback over the mountains; on foot through the swamp and bush. He had as often to climb Maungatua when terraced with drifts of snow as when bathed in summer sunshine. In the one case, half frozen, he plodded, mayhap, to the “Exhibition” or the “El Dorado”; in the other his horse sweating and struggling on a blazing hot day through the miry clay along the track to the Deep Stream. So in the “later sixties” came M’Brearty, and he, if anything a more vigorous man than Shirlaw, “carried on” valiantly. Over the hills on the darkest of nights his journeys were the reverse of pleasant, and, as in those days many of the small settlers had little cash, a good deal of his work was gratuitous. Open-handed hospitality everywhere and frequent “payment in kind” made up for this, and oats for his horses, grain for his little mill, half a sheep, a round of beef, a sucking pig, or a brace or two of ducks and kakas all made up for the actual money more easily obtained in the village. Fights were frequent among diggers returning from Waipori or Dunstan with some gold, alcoholic excess the ordinary thing, frostbite and pneumonia from crossing the ranges, tutu poisoning, broken limbs from falls on the frozen tracks, cases of typhoid and diphtheria “carried” from camp to camp. At Mack’s Buckeye Hotel one of the men who had been tied up by the Garrett gang was recognised and accosted by one of those desperadoes and offered a partnership in a claim “if he would keep his mouth shut,” and this he did for a time, actually working with the scoundrel, being too frightened to cut clear of him. Finally getting away, he later gave evidence which helped in the conviction of several of the gang. Close by this hotel Forbes had his smithy, and he was followed by Alfred Pitfield, who for many years had the bulk of the farriery of the west. Beyond the Big Turn, in Dick’s store, lived Pat Finnie, Fulton’s shepherd, and at the church Mrs Williamson later had the toll, which had been moved from the bridge. The toll charge was sixpence per horse - whether ridden or driven - one way, and Iverson’s four-horse coach cost him 8s a day year in and year out, six days a week - 2s at West Taieri Bridge; 2s at Steadman’s at the junction of the Geytown road on the rise over Saddle Hill, where M’Kenzie, with an iron hook on an injured hand, easily manipulated the tendered coins, to the astonishment of youngsters travelling; 2s at the Green Island Cattleyards; and 2s at the Plough Inn at Hillside. When the doctors’ districts were large people often had a pretty rough time of it, and both men and women had to act in strange capacities. On one occasion a young man and his wife were coming down from Waipori to Outram, and, losing their way, were overtaken by the dark, and had to camp for the night in one of the empty shanties or sod huts, of which there were not a few on the ranges, formerly used by shepherds, or, perchance, specially made for benighted wayfarers. They were making for Dunedin, where the young wife hoped her coming illness would be safely negotiated under Dr Hocken’s careful hands. They had two good horses and fairly complete outfit or swags, so that the husband, a level-headed chap,
who had been in South America, rapidly made his wife comfortable on a fern and tussock bed, and set about kindling a fire of dead manuka, of which there was abundance in a near-by gully. Before morning light her trouble came prematurely, and the husband had to act the, part of nurse and doctor. Fortunately, he was a well-read, sensible fellow, cool and collected, and, having attended to the mother, he proceeded to the important job of washing and dressing his infant daughter, a lusty little black-eyed squaller. His careful attention to this task, which was no easy one for his unaccustomed fingers, was suddenly diverted by a second piping cry from the corner of the hut, and a frenzied whisper from his wife, “Oh, John, there is another one, and we have only got clothes for one.” John coolly inspected daughter number two. “Never mind, lassie, she’s just a little bit of sunshine, and as fair as the other’s dark. I’ll cut a hole in this piece of blue blanket, stick her head through, and make a poncho for her,” and he carefully looked after his little Sunshine, as she came to be known, as well as he had her dark-haired sister. This is a ‘true bill’ and no yarn. The twins grew to be fine, upstanding, handsome women, and each brought up her own family of sturdy weans a credit to the province.

The following interesting account of the journey from the West Taieri over the hills is worthy of record. It was about February, 1863. In the day time in summer it was “a dream.” What it must, have been to Shirlaw and M’Brearty in the winter is something to shudder over:- “We forded the Taieri just below where the bridge is now, without any trouble. Next time I went that way there was a bridge (or was it a punt in ‘64?). An outstanding recollection is the crowds travelling along the ‘road,’ which, except where confined by cuttings, was spread out to three or four chains or more in width, each man picking his own track through the tussock along the main leading spurs. There was a small ‘accommodation house’ on the Lee kept by one Simmers, and another where the Strath Taieri track turned off, kept by Broadway, some of whose family in recent years kept an establishment of a far different kind, in the shape of modern tea rooms in Cathedral square, Christchurch. Another shanty was at Deep Stream, half a mile or so from Rocklands Station. From here the track rose steadily till the dip into the Sutton, and after that one was fairly mounting the Rock and Pillar, all the time (on my first journey) in company with a wonderful stream of traffic, from fine teams of six or eight horses to Shanks (his) mare, with a swag. Many of the waggon teams even at that early date were composed of good, well-bred Clydesdales, a large number of which at that time and in after years were imported from Australia, principally by one Nisbet, commonly called ‘Scotch Jock,’ a rough diamond, but one who knew horses. He used to affect the British farmer in his dress - broad-brimmed bell-topper, expansive waistcoat, and broad-skirted, longish coat, breeches, and top boots. When he had a new lot of horses to sell he was an imposing figure at the old ‘George’ stables. The country was then thickly covered with coarse native grasses from the Taieri to the Rock and Pillar, culminating in snow-grass three to four feet high all over the range except where the ‘tors’ of schist rock cropped out. About halfway across the flattish top was M’Donald’s big iron shanty, which in those days did a great trade in beds (of a sort), meals (rough but plentiful), and drinks at 1s. Between M’Donald’s and the Styx was a grog shanty pure and simple (except the stuff sold), kept by a man called M’Phee, who supplemented what he got for wai-piro by cutting peat and thatching wherever any new buildings were put up within many miles. At this he was an adept. After M’Phee’s was a gradual descent, more rocky on the north-western slope of the range, to a long cutting leading down to the Styx and the Taieri again at the lower end of the Serpentine plain and the head of the eight or nine miles of rocky gorge by which the river reaches the Maniototo Plain. Here there was a butcher’s shop, kept by Andrew Murray - a stone-built pub, thatched with snow-grass, with a long shed by way of stables, the pub kept by Wilson and Wise - and a police station, the presiding genius of which was Mounted Constable Finigan, a very good man. Just beyond these buildings one forded the Taieri again, but, the ford being rough and rapid, a good trade was done by the owner of a ‘punt,’ say, four feet wide and 10 or 12 feet long, worked by manual haulage along a rope stretched from bank to bank, with the pedestrian division, the owner named Grace, who, of course, had a shanty on the other side. The crossing here was from Patearoa run to Linburn (Greig and Turnbull). After crossing the first low ridge on the north bank of the river the Dunstan track turned off to the left towards the Blackstone pub (and for a time post office), the ‘devil’s pinch,’ a bete noir to carriers, and Ida Valley, and was known to me no more. Our track kept on on a chord of the bend of the Taieri for six or seven miles till we struck ‘her’ again emerging clear and placid from the tribulations of the gorge, with never a hint of what ‘she’ could do in a flood. From the Styx to this ford the country was low, broken hills studded pretty thickly with outcrops of rock, well-grassed with fine grasses and very nice sheltered lying for sheep. After crossing the river the second time we were at the southern or south-eastern corner of the Maniototo Plain, with the Rock and Pillar foothills on the right, low hills behind us, Rough
Ridge three to five miles off on the left extending to the Hawkduns, and Mount Ida about 20 miles away to the north and west. On a fine day it was a beautiful prospect - the whole plain and surrounding hills closely covered with excellent native grasses, and showing a dull greyish green, with a silvery shimmer in the breeze, quite different from the pale yellow of the inferior 'white' tussock, which, after a few years of burning and heavier stocking, was the dominant grass left, even before the advent of the rabbit.” We are indebted to Mr Noel Buchanan, of Nelsen, for this vivid description of the Otago Central in the sixties.

Going over the West Taieri Bridge from Outram M’Brearty passed Buchanan’s, Walter Watson’s, Millar’s, and on to Breadalbane, “Night and Day” Smith’s, and so to the Boyds’ and Bob Muir’s, but here his district practically ceased. What arrangement was come to between him and the Mosgiel doctor we do not know, but there must have been some give and take, for we well remember Dr Inglis coming to “Ravensbourne” in 1874, when diphtheria was common in the district. In those days the chief treatment for this disease was burning the throat with lunar caustic and tearing off pieces of the membrane with forceps. In the early seventies the treatment became altered in Dunedin owing to the introduction of Listerism by Professor M’Gregor, and spraying of the throat with carbolic vapour or spray was added to the usual routine. This was a notable advance on what had gone before, and it is to us remarkable that so many persons survived under the old regime. Although tracheotomy was known it was rarely performed even on the Continent, and the Otago Registers of Death show an appalling list of fatalities from diphtheria and “scarlatina maligna” in children. Little was known of the disease or of its cause until the germ was discovered, and it was not until the “early nineties” that the isolation of a toxin enabled us to inject into those suffering from this fell disease a serum which has abolished many of its terrors. Since the introduction of the antitoxin treatment the death rate has been reduced from something over 50 per cent, to less than 10 per cent., and Professor Woodhead expresses the opinion that if you can give the injection early enough the death rate from diphtheria should be practically nil. We have referred to one “Night and Day” Smith, and it may be as well here to explain that young Alexander Smith, a carrier and carter in Outram in the early days, was a man thorough in his business and particularly careful in all its details. On coming into his stables in the afternoon he most scrupulously attended to his horses at once - cleaned, fed, watered, and bedded them, leaving his own food and everything else till the last. The other carriers in most cases left their horses standing while they had sundry drinks, a good meal, etc., and in many cases it was well on into the evening, if not later, before their horses were fixed up and they themselves turned in. At early daybreak Smith was up, his horses fed and he himself ready for the road before the other fellows had stirred. In this way he prospered, and was laughingly pointed out as “Night and Day Smith. For many years he had an accommodation house halfway between Muir’s and Breadalbane, on the summit of the ascent where there is now a small creamery. He was also known as Smith of Aanglea.

Floods every now and again inundated the plain, and, in endeavouring to escape from half-submerged cottages or to cross dangerously swollen streams, persons were drowned. We most mention here the heroic end of Bob Borrie, son of James Borrie, of Huntly, who set out in the height of the great flood of 1877 to rescue some people who lived down near the river, and whose house was surrounded by the swirling torrent. He started away on a magnificent cart horse, leading another one, and had nearly got to his destination when a tremendous increase in the current carried him sideways on to a submerged wire fence. His horses became entangled, and he was drowned. The family to whom he was going were all rescued when the water subsided. Borrie, like many of the early Taieri residents, was an Otago High School Old Boy, but there is no brass memorial to him in the school nor any means of bringing to the boys of to-day a realisation of his heroic action in laying down his life for others.

When thrashing mills and reapers first appeared on the Taieri accidents occurred, as they will in any community until people understand machinery and can appreciate its dangers. Arms were caught in whirling belts, hands, and even feet, grievously cut by the flying knives. When thrashing mills were first used the revolving drum on the top was very inadequately “protected,” and many a poor fellow slipped and lost arm, or leg in its whirling embrace. Later the men who fed the machine were installed in a deep, carefully barricaded sort of pit in which they stood up to their thighs and from which they safely fed the sheaves into the clamouring maw of the iron monster. Another accident which was not infrequent was when men tried to pull off belts, or, what was worse, to put on belts that had come off, while machinery was running at its usual speed. In so instant hand or portion of
clothing was entangled and arm mangled or torn, or, perchance, the victim killed outright. Such was the fate of young Macdonald of Lake Waipori, whose father had a thrashing mill. He either tried to remove a flying belt or got into the drum, and his arm was torn from its socket, and, despite M’Brearty’s attentions, he died in a few hours. James Borrie had a very early travelling thrashing mill, which used to go as far as Tokomairiro, and the Dow Brothers’ mill and engine were known from end to end of the western part of the plain. Chaff-cutters, with their swiftly in-pulling cogs, caught many an unwary hand. Men fell off stacks on to pitchforks and grapes and received mortal injuries. Falls from horses and buggies were frequent, some very serious. We remember Charlie Wakefield, the carpenter’s son at Woodside, with his face badly disfigured from a fall from horseback, M’Brearty being in attendance.

Across the plain at the foot of Saddle Hill Taylor opened a store which he called Ballarat Store, and around it a few houses formed a tiny village known as Ballarat. In September, 1860, Culling set up a flour-mill at North Taieri, and soon after this Richardson had his flourmill in the Glen at Outram, When coaches ran and diggers tramped across the plain in hundreds various stores and shanties sprang up - tiny accommodation houses, where men were content with a mud roof and a shakedown before toiling on to the diggings. These houses had to depend on wheat or flour packed on horseback from town, or else the owner or his guests set to work to grind wheat in a small steel mill before making bread or damper for breakfast. Mr Arthur J. Burns, the son of the Aaron of the settlement, had a flour-mill and sawmill near the site of the present Mosgiel Woollen Mills, and in April, 1864, a presentation was made to him as a mark of appreciation by the settlers of his efforts to promote new industries in the district. We find from Dr Hocken’s book that even at this date the locality was called East Taieri. In June, 1868, the Provincial Council offered a bonus of £1500 for the first 5000 yards of woolen cloth locally manufactured, and this evidently spurred A. J. Burns to fresh efforts, and in 1869 he went Home to Scotland for machinery. In October, 1871, he started the manufacture of cloth at Mosgiel, a name which he gave to the locality after the farm owned by his great-uncle, Robert Burns, the poet. Who dropped the “s” out of Mossigiel, making it Mosgiel, we do not know. In 1873 John Dryden came from Scotland under engagement as power loom tuner for A. J. Burns. He continued, finally becoming manager of the mill. Around the mill the cottages of the weavers and other workmen were erected, and the town of Mosgiel was established. The name Ballarat disappeared, and is now quite forgotten. On the side of the hill Christie Bros. opened up a fine seam of coal in the early seventies, and the engineering and blacksmithing shops of Brown, Dickie, and Rankin employed a good many hands on the flat. Many settlers had taken up selections on the plain, and, while some had bush ground to clear, others had deep swamp to drain, channels to cut, streams to divert. Such were John Kirkland of Elmgrove, the Marshalls of Granton, the Todds of Islington, Laws of Lawfield, and Robert Charters of Ury Park, We have been fortunate in extracting some valuable information from Mr Walter Blackie, and his list, though a lengthy one, cannot by any means include more than a small proportion of the really early settlers on the north side of the river, Neil M’Bride, who worked for Renton on his farm near where the mills now are, actually shifted from further across the plain the little shanty which Taylor called his store and personally installed it at Ballarat. The “store” was not of great dimensions, for the “whole caboose” was transported on M’Bride’s sledge drawn by two bullocks, and by simply unharnessing the bullocks and leaving sledge and all standing was Ballarat store established. This is somewhat like Waterman’s first “accommodation house” at Clark’s or one of the Strath Taieri junctions, where a man, sitting on a packing case of gin and whisky, with pannikins and corkscrew, was all the “house” wayfarers could find, or, indeed, looked for. When traffic ceased after dark be “closed his accommodation house” and tramped to the nearest shanty, returning in the morning before waggons had time to creak to his stopping place, or thirsty drivers to shout for drinks, before moving on to the next stage. Thus Mr Blackie: “In the very early days we did not know Mosgiel as such; it was known as Ballarat, where Taylor’s store stood, and it seemed to us years after that before the place got the name of Mosgiel. Mr Arthur Burns, who had the first flourmill and sawmill, and was also our Precentor in the East Taieri Church, afterwards started what now are the Mosgiel Woollen Mills. Charles and James Forrester, Robert Gibson, and Thomas Aitken were the first carpenters in the district. The first butchers were A. St. Lawrence-Webb, A. Barnes, and A. Thompson, the first-named of these three afterwards opening the first hotel, to be followed by Samuel O’Kane. Later Jonathan Snow had the one opposite O’Kane’s, and William Knott opened near the foot of Saddle Hill, now the Railway Hotel. The first bootmakers were James Ross and George Hendry, and the bricklayer A. M’Leod. Bread was baked by James O’Grady, whose widow still lives in Mosgiel, and groceries were retailed by Robert Donnelly, who set up in opposition to Tayor of Ballarat. The centre of East
Taieri was covered with a first-class bush of about 500 acres, and this meant a great deal to the settlers in the way of timber for building and posts and rails, and sawmills were worked for a considerable time in the centre of the bush. The swamp lands reached from what is now Riverside up the centre of East Taieri to near the old racecourse, now J. W. Milner’s farm. The Silverstream ran all over the swamp, and had no special course until certain settlers made some new channels and cleared others, and these, although much extended, are now what is called Silverstream. The first steam thrashing mill was imported by a company of 10 farmers and landed about 1861, and prior to that the late James Shand used to go round the district thrashing with a horse-power mill, better known as a ‘hurdy gurdy.’ In the early days of the settlement the only means of getting flour was by putting wheat through a small coffee mill, producing what was called ‘over heads,’ which is flour, bran, and seconds, all an one, and real wholesome food it proved to be. The very oldest settlers in the district were John Andrew, John Gow, Donald Reid, George Shand, Alexander Smith, John Sutherland, Neil M’Gregor, Andrew Todd, Alexander Todd, Captain William Blackie, John Aitken, Thomas Aitken, William Jaffray, James Callander, George Couper, and James Todd, and of these 16, who “blazed the trail” across the Taieri, only Thomas Aitken is left at the age of 85, and to him we are indebted for much information on this fascinating subject. The only road to West Taieri was up through the Rentons’ land, Mossburn, above Mosgiel, and across the swamp, and this was the only track over which the grand old minister, Rev. Wm. Will, had to flounder on foot and later on horseback when on his errands of mercy. He was the well-beloved pastor for over 45 years. The schoolmasters were Jas. Gebbie, John Hislop, and James Waddell. When Mr Hislop was first installed as teacher on November 8, 1856, some careless reveller left a burning match or possibly a piece of half-extinguished candle in the barn in which the festivities had been held. Whatever the cause, wheat, machinery, sacks, and other property belonging to Mr A. J. Burns’ father, the Rev. Thomas Burns, to the value of £1200, were destroyed. We think this was before the local installations of fire insurance offices, so that the loss must have been a grievous one. The previous teacher, Mr Gebbie, took up his duties in November, 1853.”

The Taieri, like the other country districts in Otago, had its agricultural shows, its ploughing matches, its Caledonian sports, its volunteer encampments, its cricket matches. The first ploughing match held on the Taieri took place on October 4, 1860, and another on 24th July, 1863, held on land afterwards purchased by Dr Inglis. In March, 1863, important horse races were held at Silverstream, and Ladybird was the winner of a £1000 stake, her time being 5 min 52 sec for the three miles. The month before, on 4th February, 1863, a cricket match was played at Mosgiel between teams representing the South and the Centre of the plain; for the South four Allans and three Blues, with Phillip, Bowie, Bathgate, and Fairbairn, made 12 and 58. For the Centre four Todds, two Shands, three Christies, Nugent, and Brown scored 24 and 83. Christie took eight wickets for 12 runs, and James Allan nine for 33. It must be remembered that in those days underhand bowling was in vogue. In April, 1866, Corporal Christie, of the East Taieri Rifles, won the Rifle Championship of New Zealand. At the north end of the plain the ground was higher, more shingly and dry, and in the late fifties Neil Bruce M’Gregor had a selection close to where the Silverstream came away from the hills to flow over pebbly beaches and in little gurgling pools before spreading out into the swamp below. The clear, cold water splashed over the yellow stones and the fine sand glittered and scintillated with innumerable specks of mica, so that M’Gregor gave the creek the name of the Silverstream, and the hills further back, whence the waters came the Silver Peaks. Not far away James Robertson had 150 acres of fairly level shingly ground. It was covered with tautamou kouri, but looked promising to the sporting men of Dunedin, who came out and offered Robertson a good sum to clear a track through the scrub and allow them to run their Jockey Club races there. The first races were ran there in March, 1862, and the ground held over 2000 people, who had travelled the nine miles to the “West Taieri” Racecourse by all manner of conveyance, and, according to the daily papers, had a good “run for their money.” Some notable events came off on that primitive course, and in 1869 the Duke of Edinburgh attended the meeting, driving his four-in-hand to the Taieri from Dunedin. At this meeting Dr Gibson Smith, of Balmclutha, a great sport, had the honour of losing a pound or two to his Royal Highness, who pocketed his winnings, with great aplomb, climbed into his dog-cart, buttoned his gloves, gathered up his ribbons, and with a “let go” to the grooms who were holding his dancing greys, spanked off down Duke’s road to Mosgiel and back to town. To 1871 the Jockey Club held their races at Forbury Park, and continued there for over 30 years, finally coming back to the Taieri at Wingatui, where their splendid racecourse now is situated, The old racecourse, but a few miles off, is now part of Kirk’s and Milner’s farms.
EARLY RACING ON THE TAIERI.

It will be of interest to many to have set out in detail the progress of horse racing in the very early days. Some of the doctors seemed to have found time to indulge in the “sport of kings,” Dr Manning being prominent at the first races, which were held on the beach at St. Kilda in 1849. Dr Robert Williams took part as soon as he arrived, and his living at Montecillo may have been cause or effect of the races being run on what is now a football ground. Robert Williams and his brother John were always prominent stewards, and Dr Nelson in turn took a hand. The races were carried out successfully at Montecillo in 1849, 1850, 1852, 1856, 1859. After that they were transferred to the Taieri; they were run there till 1871, and then brought back to town. After Nelson, Shadrach Jones was the sporting doctor, and, as will be seen from an interesting schedule supplied by Mr Sydney James, acted as treasurer of that club at the first Silverstream races. Dr Gibson Smith, of Balclutha, was about the best known sporting medico of a later date, and we have heard a capital story of his having to shell out a fairly good “wad” to H.R.H. the Duke at the ‘69 meeting. The cool way in which he accepted H.R.H.’s bet with a courtly bow and “I will take you, your Royal Highness,” and the unperturbed manner with which on losing, he handed over the roll of notes was the wonder and admiration of the bystanders. Information as to the “sporting” doctors of to-day can be gleaned from the racing pages of the Witness, and any unduly pointed references were invidious. In 1862 the Jockey Club moved out to the Taieri, and the first races were held at Silverstream on the 26th March of that year. The judge was W. Logie, the starter O. Cooper, treasurer Dr Shadrach E. R. Jones. The first race was won by Mr John Stephenson’s Poison. Other races on the schedule supplied are:

Maiden Plate, 75sovs. - S. Waldock’s b g Falcon, 1; J. H. Woding’a g g Joe, 2; J. M’Lean’s b h Hotspur, 3.

Town Plate, 150sovs. - S. Waldock’s blk g Othello, 1; T. N. White’s b m Emmeline, 2; - Cleveland’s b g Rob Roy, 3.

Provincial Cup, value £100. - R. Julius’s b g Kauri Gum, 1; J. Waldock’s b c Professor, 2.

Selling Stakes, 50sovs. One and a-half miles. - R. Julius’s b g, Rob, 1; J. Stephenson’s ch g Poison, 2.

SECOND DAY, 1862.

Publicans’ Purse, 120sovs. - R. Julius’s Kauri Gum, 1; F. E. Stewart’s b m Deception, 2; S. Waldock’s Othello, 3.

THIRD DAY, 1862.

Steeplechase. 80sovs. Four miles. - S. Waldock’s Falcon, 1; R. Julius’s Rob, 2; John Anderson’s b g Drover, 3.

1863. - The Champion Race, of 1000sovs, run at Silverstream, was won by H. Redwood’s Ladybird, and ridden by J. Redwood.

1864. - First steeplechase run at Anderson’s Bay, and won by Jordon, 11.0, ridden by Callaghan.

1866. - Races at Silverstream, March 8th, 9th, and 10th. The Otago Cup, 100sovs. Two miles and a-half. Won by W. H. Taggart’s Virginia, ridden by Ray. The Dunedin Handicap, 150sovs. Two miles. Won by J. G. Glassford’s Rambler, ridden by Green.


The officials at the Duke of Edinburgh races were: Stewards, John A. Douglass, John Stephenson, James Campbell, James Copeland; judge, W. Logie; starter, C. Wentworth, Captain Hutchison, James Moore; clerk of course, J. R. Mills, secretary, Sydney James.
1870. - Races at Silverstream, March 23rd and 24th. Dunedin Handicap, of 130sovs. Two miles. Won by R. M. Morten’s Southern Chief, ridden by Hill.


The officials at first meeting at Forbury Park were - Stewards, G. G. Russell, D. Corsan, John M’Lean, J. A. Douglass, Captain Hntchison, J. G. G. Glassford, G. W. Hoyt; judge, W. Logie; starter, George Dodson; clerk of course, J. R. Mills; secretary, Sydney James.


The club continued racing at Forbury Park till 27th and 28th December, 1898. The first meeting held at Wingatui 22nd, 23rd, and 25th March, 1899.

Mr S. Waddell, one of the old-time riders, supplies us with the following interesting note - “The first races I had anything to do with were held in 1867 at Silverstream. The racecourse was in a paddock at the back of the hotel in Robertson’s property. There was just a rough wooden stand with no cover to it. The course was one mile round, marked out by posts with small flags on them. In 1867 Mr Taggart took Schoolboy to the Dunstan and won a good race there; he raffled him after the race, and Mr Glassford won him, brought him to Dunedin and won a big handicap there. After the Duke of Edinburgh meeting Mr Glassford sold his horses, and Mr James Hazlett bought Musician and Novice. They used to run at the Dunstan, Cromwell, and Queenstown races, and then come on to Dunedin. There were no bookmakers in those days, but they used to have as much as £500 or more on Calcutta sweeps.”

We are much indebted to Mr L. C. Hazlett, of Salisbury, and Mr H. L. James of the Dunedin Jockey Club for the details of racing above mentioned.

Our readers will hardly credit the effect cultivation of grain and pasture of sheep on the Taieri and elsewhere in Otago had upon the exports of the province. In 1853 Otago sent out £300 worth of wool, £430 worth of grain, but no gold. In 1859 (before the gold discovery) £60,000 worth of wool was exported, £21,000 of grain, and no gold. In 1860 there were opened two large flour mills, Cullings on the Taieri, and Duncan’s at the Leith, and the export of grain fell to £3000 in that year, possibly owing to local use. In 1867 Mr Taggart took Schoolboy to the Dunstan and won a good race there; he raffled him after the race, and Mr Glassford won him, brought him to Dunedin and won a big handicap there. After the Duke of Edinburgh meeting Mr Glassford sold his horses, and Mr James Hazlett bought Musician and Novice. They used to run at the Dunstan, Cromwell, and Queenstown races, and then come on to Dunedin. There were no bookmakers in those days, but they used to have as much as £500 or more on Calcutta sweeps.”

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There were five reaping machines on the Taieri, says a local in the Otago Daily Times of 1st March, 1862. They belonged to James Shand, Peter Grant, Jas. and Donald Borrie, and Geo. Shand, of East Taieri. They cut from eight to 12 acres of wheat per day, and made a side delivery of it ready for the binder. Steam threshing mills came the following year, but it was not till 1882 that William Kirkland imported steam ploughs. Dr Inglis, the first doctor to reside in Mosgiel, arrived in 1863. He was born in Scotland in 1830, and took his L.R.C.S. in Edinburgh in 1853. He then practised at Strathblane, in Ayrshire, for a couple of years, later deciding to come to New Zealand. On leaving he was presented with a gold watch as a token of esteem from the inhabitants of the town in which he had been practising. Like all the Otago doctors of those days, he had rides over frightful tracks in all weather, night and day, and the exposure to cold even upon his sturdy and erect frame soon made its mark.
The tragedy of Naseby, of Tapanui, of Lawrence was repeated, and Inglis of Mosgiel died a comparatively young man of 47. To travel at midnight over Saddlehill and along the coast to the Taieri Mouth was a mere jaunt; to go to Henley and across to Berwick in snow and wind was worse; to toil up the Silverstream and find his way to Whare Flat under heavy snow was no pleasure trip, and to reach Hindon, Middlemarch, and even Taieri Lake in the depths of winter was sufficient to try a man’s constitution to the utmost. Dr Inglis was a heavily-built man of about 5ft 10in, very active in his movements, and not particularly fond of riding. Nevertheless, for years his white horse was known in the district, and could be seen a long way off, and when heard clattering past at night would occasion the remark, “there goes the doc.” For trips where the roads were clearly passable he drove, and the company of his groom Dixon was some solace to him, but the majority of his long journeys were done alone, and the call at the night bell in the depths of winter must have sent a chill to his marrow bones.

Mr A. Hunter says: “I did not know Mosgiel much when a boy. Riccarton was the extent of my travels. John Allan’s store was post office for Saddle Hill, and we had to walk down over the tussocks on Saturdays for our letters and the Otago Witness, of course, and often had to carry up on our backs fairly heavy loads of groceries, etc. Dr Inglis lived on a farm just opposite the present Mosgiel Railway Station. He owned and farmed 100 acres at least. I think his old house is still standing, but altered. I remember, or have been told, that his bedroom was above the stall where his favourite white horse was stabled. I remember that his pick-me-up, for a rather delicate boy, was a bowl of sops and a mutton chop; no fancy expensive patent foods then. He attended East Taieri Church, and sat in a back seat so to be handy if called out. The first subdivision of a farm into quarter-acre sections that I remember was part of Dr Inglis’ farm from the Mosgiel Station to Gordon road. I have heard that Mr A. J. Burns started a sawmill in what was then the Big Bush; Mosgiel, what is now the Bush road; that was long before he started the Mosgiel Woollen Mills. Smellie and Young had a farm on the Gordon road, right hand side going west, also Mr W. A. Todd, where the Roman Catholic School is now. A Mr Hislop had a farm on the west side of Factory road. A son of his, Mr A. N. Hislop, had a farm on Inchelutha for many years. One of the very early farmers was Mr John B. Blair. His farm was on the opposite side of the road from the station. He took road construction contracts, and afterwards he went into partnership with the late Hon. Thomas Fergus in big railway contracts in Victoria in the boom times of the eighties. His family are now settled in the West Taieri district.”

Another correspondent says - “I remember Dr Inglis as of a very kindly disposition, and he dearly loved to walk over a farm and discuss the live stock, of which he was a keen judge. He took a great interest in politics, and was a warm supporter of the late Mr Donald Reid. He loved to attend all political meetings, and closely question the candidates as to their views. For a number of years he rode a white horse, and it was often remarked that although they never appeared to be hurry they got over a lot of ground in a short time.

“There is a grateful inscription on a tombstone in East Taieri Cemetery:-

“In Memoriam.
Erected by the Settlers of the surrounding districts.
HUGH HUTCHISON INGLIS, M.R. C. S. E.
Born 10th May, 1830
Died 7th October, 1877.”

Retracing our steps to West Taieri, we find that M’Brearty had the same hard life, the same terrific journeys, and how he stood it for 18 years is to us astonishing. Seven years younger than Inglis, he “carried on,” and a good deal of the following, furnished by his son, Dr James M’Brearty, of Greymouth, is from notes prepared for us by the old doctor shortly before his death. In those days the district was a scattered one, and one of the first cases he had to come to was Duncan Ferguson, who was harvesting near Woodside. He was on the top of a wheat stack and he slipped off and was impaled upon a pitchfork standing against the stack. He died in a few days to the great grief of his father, Donald Ferguson, one of the most highly respected settlers in the district. Another trip which M’Brearty had to make was to Maungatua in the night time, the Rev. William Gillies kindly acting as pilot through the dense bush and flax.
The very first settlers at Woodside were Edward Lee and Francis M'Diarmid, who settled in June-July, 1848, and were the only settlers for some time. Edward Lee was an English gentleman who had served formerly in the Austrian cavalry. He went in for sheepfarming, and employed about 14 “station hands.” Some of his shepherds were Gilbert Buchanan, who worked for him for three years, but in 1856 went to settle in North Taieri; James Buchanan (no relation of Gilbert); also George Nicol, who later started the first butchery in Outram, and was assisted by Andrew Frew. Peter M’Laren was shepherd for a short time with Lee, then he settled in Upper Green Island, near Seaview, and brought up a large family. James Dow, later farmer, “Dowfield,” West Taieri, Robert Marshall, later farmer, West Taieri Plain, Wm. Nicol, later farmer, Maungatua, James M’Shannon, and many others at intervals assisted Lee on his station. Lee subsequently sold his estate to John Gow, of East Taiers. Part of the bush still remains standing, and the land has been brought into a finished state of cultivation. The bush in those days was very dense, so dense that persons living only a quarter of a mile from each other got lost in the bush and took hours to extricate themselves from their predicament.

Government licenses were issued to cut and saw timber. The pit-saws were the only kind used in those days, which necessitated two sawyers working together. Some of the sawyers who worked in pairs were Alec Simpson and Conrad Rains; Hugh Cameron and George Mortiss; Messrs James Murray, Robert Murray; Joseph Smith, James Millar; John Ferguson (who was killed when bushfelling - a tree falling upon him), James Grant; Harry Hope, Harry Mueller; John M’Gregor, George Abel; and other bush workers.

The first baker was John Currie - after him there were several, of whom we remember Campbell, Marshall, and P. Taylor. The first carpenter was Wm. Graham, but he did not reside at Woodside, but at the Buckeye. The first resident carpenter was Philip Wakefield, with his son Charlie, who lived close to Iveson’s, and after him John and Sidney Jago. About the same time there was a carpenter, Augustus Swartz, who built the house, still standing and occupied, where Louis Junge, the waggoner, stayed for a few years. David Gregg was a tailor, but only did work in a private way. About once a week or once a fortnight he drove a cart and dealt in fish - the inevitable barracouta. He went later with his wife and family to live at Maungatua. There was also another tailor, who came a little later than Gregg - a Louis Posnanski, a Polish Jew, but he did not stay very long. There was also one, Waterfall, who was an adept at stuffing birds, mounting insects - a taxidermist of no mean ability - but he only did this work in his spare hours. There was a house plasterer about 1865, Peter Ramsay, who with his wife and family lived in a small house in Woodside, long since disappeared, opposite to where James Shaw now lives. The first flourmiller was Allan Mann, who is still alive. Dacker leased the mill from him for a term, so also did M’Lean, and Richardson (no relation to Thos. Richardson, who had the flourmill at Outram). A man named Haswell also had Mann’s mill up till the time he died. He was the earliest of those who had the lease of the mill. Findlay Frazer was shoemaker, and John Joseph the bricklayer. Jack Robertson lived in Philip Wakefield’s cottage. He was horse dealer and horse breaker or trainer of young horses. Robert Brown lived in a cottage later made into a stable by Willy M’Pherson. Brown was “clever with his pen,” and was secretary to one of the societies and was one of the early correspondents of the Otago Witness.

The Woodside Brass Band was conducted by Iveson. Some of the members were Allan Mann, Willie Richardson (Glen, Outram), Frank M’Diarmid, and Charles Bathgate (cornet players), James Bannerman (baritone), Charles Grant (Granton, tenor horn), Harry Mueller (big drum), Gilbert M’Diarmid (kettledrum), Angus M’Diarmid (piccolo), Michael Morgan (trombone), Hugh Cameron, James Grant, and others. There was also a fife and drum band about the same time led by James Cuthbertson. Some of the members were Tom Dowling, Charlie Webb, Alex. M’Intosh, and Robert Carr. Charlie Wakefield was kettledrummer to this band.

The Woodside Caledonian sports began about the year 1870, and were first held in a little clearing at the back of Iveson’s, but this place proving too small, they were held in Gow’s paddock. Usual run of sports - pipers always in evidence. Wm. M’Pherson was bell-ringer and starter and Joseph Burnett secretary. Alfred Cook, Robert Baxter, and Tom Dowling were about the best at the game of quoits. James Bannerman was champion at putting the stone and throwing the hammer. Daniel Ferguson excelled in the foot race. Punch’s Pony was a kind of amusement, also Old Aunt Sally - the figure of a woman with a pipe in her mouth. The man in charge used to
call to the, onlookers: “Roll up, roll up every time you bit her nose you’ll get a shilling, and every time you draw blood you’ll get a pound” - drawling out the word “pound” to the very utmost. There was also a shooting gallery; Wm. Briggs (Harvey’s Flat) and Thos. Turpin (Outram) had charge of it. The volunteers sometimes (under Adjutant Snow) held a parade after the sports. It was very interesting, and people used to follow them all round the paddock watching all their movements. As time went on the Caledonian gathering increased in size, the Oddfellows and Foresters (Outram), coming in a procession with banners, etc., and latterly the Good Templars (Woodside) joining them. They continued for about 10 years, when Wm. and Jonathan Snow suggested an amalgamation with the Outram sports (which had begun), and ever after they were held there.

Tiltin at the ring was one of the sports when held at Outram. John Chisholm (who is still alive) excelled at this.

The Reid brothers, James, Willy, Neinan and Isaac, were runners and vaulters, and the M’Leod brothers also great athletes.

Dr M’Brearty was very fond of music, and took a keen interest in the West Taieri Brass Band, and whenever he could be assisted in their performances, playing the clarinet. He was also for many years a prominent member of the West Taieri Volunteers, which were formed in 1866. Soon after his arrival, he joined the corps, but he was not one of their shooting team, though he generally attended their practices. One match which excited great interest took place in 1868 between ten members of the Dunedin City Guards and ten from the West Taieri Rifles. It was fired at the West Taieri Rifle Range, and Dr M’Brearty was within a yard or two of Lieutenant Davis (of the Dunedin Telegraph Office) when he inadvertently fired a shot into the ground, missing his foot by an inch. The Rev. Mr Statham, who has a vivid recollection of this match, says that with the old muzzle-loaders they were in the habit of snapping off a cap after each shot to “clear the rifle,” and on this occasion Davis snapped off his cap on a loaded rifle and only missed his foot by a small margin. He had drawn back his foot, and this saved him from a severe accident. The following were the scores:

**NO. 1 COMPANY CITY GUARDS.**

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<td>Lieutenant Davis</td>
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<td>Ensign Wales</td>
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<td>Sergeant Douglas</td>
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<td>Private Huggings</td>
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<td>Bugler Statham</td>
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<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
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**WEST TAIERI.**

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<td>Sergeant Chisholm</td>
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<td>Corporal Chisholm</td>
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<td>Private J. Buchanan</td>
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<td>Private D. Buchanan</td>
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<td>14—46</td>
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<tr>
<td>Private W. Richardson</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>7—28</td>
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<tr>
<td>Captain Fulton</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>15—43</td>
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<tr>
<td>Private Wm. Richardson</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>13—43</td>
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<tr>
<td>Private W. Reid</td>
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<tr>
<td>Private Nichol</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td></td>
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<td>363</td>
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The City Guards adopted the Hythe position in shooting, while the Taieri men were content with the lying down position. Gunner Smith, of the Artillery, scored throughout the match. Bugler Statham is now well-known as the Rev. C. H. Statham, father of Mr C. Statham, M.P. Ensign Wales was afterwards Colonel N. Y. A. Wales, father
of Mr P. Wales, the architect. Corporal Speight was the founder of the firm of Speight and Co. The West Taieri names will be familiar to all.

McBrearty found a rough life was before him, but vigorous and a good rider, his journeys were covered with ease, seeing patients as far as Henley, Lower Waipori, Barewood station, Strath-Taieri, Hindon, North Taieri, etc. These visits were often undertaken at night time, and could only be accomplished by means of a good guide. Going over the ranges it was an easy matter to lose the “bridle track.” When the Mosgiel to Outram railway was being formed in the middle seventies a ballast engine with trucks left the rails, and several men were injured. Dr M’Brearty went to Wylie’s Crossing to assist Dr Inglis (of Mosgiel), and when returning to his home the horse came down and he was thrown and his shoulder dislocated. Dr F. C. Batchelor, of Dunedin, was soon in attendance, and reduced the dislocation. This was 12th May, 1877, and on 1st October the railway was opened to Outram.

One visit every second week was made to the “Nenthorn,” via Hindon, in order to attend men on the Otago Central railway (then under construction), and this as a matter of routine must have been a great tax upon him. After 18 years of very strenuous practice on the Taieri Plain, accepted the position of surgeon to the Kumara Hospital, West Coast, South Island. This position he held for six years, and then removed to Greyhmouth, where he continued practice up to a few years ago. He died on 31st July, 1920, at Greymouth.

He was surgeon-major of the Naval Volunteers, and also surgeon to the Druids, and for some time he stood in a similar relation to the Hibernian Society. He was surgeon to the Brunner mines for five years, and at the time of the great disaster he was for three days and three nights in continuous attendance on the sufferers. Dr M’Brearty was vice-president of the Greymouth Trotting Club since its inception, and formerly of the Amateur Athletic Association and of the Oriental Football Club. He married a daughter of the late Mr Thomas Wilson, of Alloa, Clackmannan, Scotland, and left two sons, one of whom - Dr J. M’Brearty, jun., has been practising in Greymouth for a number of years. The other son, Denis, has been practising as a dentist in Greymouth for many years and is well known.

When Dr M’Brearty left Outram in 1884, he was succeeded, by Dr Christie, who practised for about a year, and he in turn gave way to Dr Cattan, a grandson of Mr Marchbanks, one of the best known and highly esteemed Maungatua settlers. Dr Cattan practised in the district for 30 years and died and was buried at West Taieri. The Taieri is now noted for having the finest roads in the province, three railway lines traverse the plain, telephones extend everywhere, excellent and safe bridges cross the Taieri River, there are no toll bars, motor cars go everywhere in a few minutes; to places which formerly took hours to reach, nurses can be carried “in less than no time,” and the doctors to-day live a life of comparative luxury and comfort, hardly dreaming of the strenuous times uncomplainingly borne by the pioneers of the Plain.

EDWARD WILLIAM ALEXANDER, OF DUNEDIN.

Edward Alexander was born in 1828 in the Island of St. Helena, and after what education could be obtained there went to London to study medicine. He spent a good deal of his time on the Continent and at King’s College Hospital, London, taking his M.R.C.S. in 1853; he then went back to Paris to walk the Hopital du Midi, etc., finally returning to St. Helena about 1856. It will thus be seen that he had an extensive post graduate education, visiting hospitals and institutions of all kinds, acquiring many modern languages, and a wide acquaintance with foreign art and literature. He travelled all through France, Switzerland, and Italy, Spain, and Portugal, noting down much of what he saw.

On returning to St. Helena Dr Alexander took up work actively, and was appointed Colonial Surgeon, and, in addition, surgeon to the African Liberation Department and to the Hon. East India Co.’s Corps of Invalids. Before leaving St. Helena in 1861 he “received” from the late Emperor Napoleon III a gold enamelled snuff box in recognition of his services to the French officers and soldiers on ships calling at the island. He then returned to London, took the L.R.C.P. in 1861, and then went on the Continent and travelled again extensively, visiting many French and Austrian, Swiss and Italian hospitals, and acquiring great fluency in modern languages, such as French, Spanish, Italian, German. He also travelled to
the West Indies, visiting St. Thomas and other islands. He evidently wrote of what he saw, for he was made a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society and of the Italian Geographical Society and a member of the Polynesian Society. He came to New Zealand in 1863 in the Matoaka, the ship which brought the ill-fated Hewitt Campbell and family, whose much-deplored deaths we have already described. At once Dr Alexander stepped into an authoritative position in the town, for within a few months of his arrival in Otago he was appointed a member of the Commission to report upon the construction and management of the Dunedin Hospital and Lunatic Asylum. As before mentioned, the conduct of many such institutions was in those days “unspeakable,” and it is to men like Alexander, Buchanan, and MacGregor, whose outspoken criticisms were far from palatable to those in authority, that we owe the excellent system and fine institutions of to-day. From the first Dr Alexander showed marked evidence of special knowledge of dealing with the insane, and this he had undoubtedly acquired from his lengthy study in Paris, where Pinel and Esquirol had shortly before made radical changes in the treatment of these sadly afflicted individuals.

Dr Alexander took up general practice at this time, and was surgeon to several Friendly Societies; he was appointed to the Leith Lodge of I.O.O.F. in January, 1872, and his name appears frequently in the papers in connection with accidents, inquests, and court cases. He was much interested in the water supply of the town, and was one of the first supporters of the company formed to carry on this work. He wrote frequently to the papers over his own signature, hitting out hard on any subject; we have perused letters on hospital administration, Medical School, water and gas supply, MacGregor’s introduction of Listerism, medico legal cases, and mental cases. He was an extremely useful man in the community, and was sent for by the Government and by various institutions who required expert advice on alienism; his evidence on these matters was always received with the greatest consideration, and his opinions were taken as final. With all the calls upon his time professionally, he was immensely popular socially, and was welcomed in the houses of the well-to-do for his culture, his knowledge of art, wide reading, powers of conversation, and great sense of humour. By those less fortunate he was as eagerly looked for as an account of numberless acts of kindness and assistance of which none knew save the recipient and the good-hearted dispenser himself. His first house was in Rattray street, near to, if not the same as that previously occupied by Dr Hocken. He then moved to Albert street, and lived in a house on a large section on the lower west side of Cargill street. He was a great walker, doing most of his work in the eighties and nineties on foot. Somewhere about 1882 he went into partnership with the late Mr Hume, establishing a private mental hospital for those who were able to afford a higher standard of living; their efforts finally produced the well-known splendid retreat known as Ashburn Hall. This he carried on for many years, eventually being succeeded in the medical supervision by his son, Dr Edward Henry Alexander. The subject of our article was an extraordinarily vigorous man, very slightly built, with neat, erect figure. He did not look within twenty years of his age. Slightly bald, with heavy moustache, but his rather dark complexion from extensive travels in tropical lands and innumerable crowfeet round his eyes rather “gave him away.” The ease and frequency with which he walked back and forth to Wakari might well have been envied by many a younger man, and the vivacity of his conversation and hearty laugh showed that he retained his youthful vigour in spite of advancing years. His knowledge of languages and his facility for understanding foreigners of all nations made him very popular among the sailors on the waterfront, and the Chinese at the south end of the town had no time for any doctor if Dr Alexander could be got. He was an expert witness in his own particular branch of medico-legal knowledge, and for many years was considered the first authority on the subject in New Zealand. The Chief Justice, Sir Robert Stout, thus describes him: “Dr E. W. Alexander I knew very well. He was looked upon as one of the best doctors in the ‘sixties.’ He and Dr Hunter and Dr Hulme and one or two others. He had been in St. Helena if he was not born there, and was well up in what might be termed world politics. He was a reader of Italian and French Reviews, and for some time used to write the foreign articles to the Otago Daily Times. When Murison was the editor he was a regular contributor, and used to write the leading articles dealing with foreign politics. He was well versed in French and Italian literature.” To the Journal of the Polynesian Society Dr Alexander contributed several articles on the kumara or sweet potato, and in his references displayed wide knowledge of his subject and an intimate acquaintance with Spanish.

Dr Alexander was always smartly dressed, carried a cane and wore gloves, generally had a flower in his buttonhole, well tailored, and, with neat footgear, he was quite the fashionable doctor of the city in the “sixties and seventies.” We have two photographs of him. The one we show was taken in the early seventies. The other, which can be found in the Otago section of the N.Z. Cyclopaedia, shows him in the late nineties, his hair well
back from his rather lined and thinner face, his eyes rather sunken, and his hair tinged with grey. He died at Dunedin on May 24, 1907, aged 79. His only son, Dr Edward Henry Alexander, who succeeded him in this position, died at Dunedin on October 30, 1916.

**DUNCAN MACGREGOR, M.B., C.M., THE PIONEER OF ANTI-SEPTIC SURGERY IN NEW ZEALAND.**

Although there had been men from Edinburgh who had seen something of Lister’s early work, and, as has been mentioned, Alexander Hunter of Dunedin, Munckton of Riverton, Rutherford Ryley of Hokitika, showed a keen appreciation of Listerian principles and endeavoured in so far as in them lay to carry out Listerian methods, it remained for a man who was not actually practising medicine to officially introduce them to Otago and to revolutionise the treatment of injuries.

In 1867 there entered the Edinburgh School of Medicine Duncan Macgregor, M.A., of Aberdeen, and he quickly absorbed the best of Lister’s teaching, graduating M.B., C.M., in 1870. His tendencies and inclinations, however, were all in the direction of Philosophy and Political Economy, and one can almost be sure that he took his medical course as a means of widening his general education, and not with any intention of practising medicine or surgery. Dunedin Hospital in 1867 was just recovering from the turmoil of the removal from Moray place, Hulme was the superintendent, Yates the resident surgeon, Dr John Brown the dispenser, Marcus Hume, brother of James Hume, the steward, Robert Burns and Hocken the honorary physicians and surgeons. In 1871 Drs Alexander and Burns were appointed honorary physicians and surgeons. Dr Hocken had for several years done many of the operations with Dr Hulme, and it is as well to repeat that practically every compound fracture was immediately operated upon, the access of air to the seat of fracture being considered a sure prelude to sepsis, with a resultant fatal ending. In 1871 there came to Otago in the Wild Deer Duncan Macgregor, under appointment to Otago University as Professor of Mental Science. He took up his duties with enthusiasm, and owing to many of his other qualities, his intellectual culture, and his engaging personality was welcomed everywhere. A great athlete, he was very popular with most of the young fellows, and became persona grata with the cricketers and sports of town and country. Among his intimate friends were James Fulton, magistrate of the Taieri, a prominent cricketer and captain of the interprovincial cricket teams on several occasions, and his nephew Fred, a well-known enthusiastic Dunedin, and, later, Carisbrook player. On October 21, 1872, Fred Fulton was “scutching” flax in a mill at Outram, when his arm was drawn into the scutcher and smashed to a pulp from above the elbow to the wrist, and he was driven post-haste by his uncle to Dunedin Hospital. We cannot do better than allow him to tell the story in his own words; his account of this epoch making case, which to-day is quite forgotten, and his description of Macgregor will give pleasure to many. It speaks wonders for Macgregor’s powers of persuasion, his determination, his extraordinary personality, his big, powerful, commanding appearance, flashing eyes, etc., that he, an entire outsider, not even on the staff of the Hospital, should have overborne the advice of all the other surgeons and been given control of the case; but so it turned out, and lucky for young Fulton that it did. His uncle, a man of some importance in the community, practically his guardian, assumed all responsibility, the patient was over 21 years of age, Drs Burns and Hulme were members of the University Council who had appointed Macgregor and were intimate with him, everything was in his favour, and Lister’s advocate won the day.

The friends of the old Carisbrook player, whose one-handed batting was for years a source of wonder, will appreciate the following:—“I forget the Outram doctor’s name who sent me to the hospital on October 21, 1872, but I had asked my uncle to get Dr Macgregor to see me, and sure enough he brought him in at 6 a.m., Dr Yates accompanying. Macgregor asked what was being done, and being told that the honorary surgeons, Drs Alexander and Burns, had been summoned for 10 o’clock, he arranged to be allowed to be present at the official inspection. After this was concluded the four hospital doctors and Macgregor left the ward and went to the main hall to come to a decision, and as far as I could learn Macgregor intervened before the consultation had gone beyond the shrugging of the shoulders, implying, of course, that there was no question in it but immediate amputation. He told them he had all his diplomas from Edinburgh University and Hospital and had quite recently been studying the principles of conservative surgery enunciated by Professor Lister, and had walked the
hospital under that Professor’s personal tuition, and, further, that knowing my own habits of life and general health, he considered that from an educational point of view it would be a good opportunity for a demonstration of Professor Lister’s system, and that he would gladly undertake the case if the authorities permitted. My uncle, having brought him in and standing in the vestibule at a short distance in evident anxiety, his presence, as well as Macgregor’s own leading position and repute as a University Professor no doubt pulled the decision in favour of giving me the chance, and Macgregor got his show and made his reputation by the success in his undertaking to avoid amputation and save my arm. He told me afterwards that he had run the risk of my life in carrying out the venture, and that he would have received no sympathy if I had lost my life in a later operation if necessary, after my vitality had suffered from reaction from the loss of blood I had undergone. There were bickerings in the Otago Daily Times over the affair, when Dr Hulme advertised threatening an action for damages against any persons stating that the hospital staff would have dealt with the case by immediate operation, and Professor Macgregor responded by a letter to soothe the ruffled feelings of Hulme, etc. Then Dr Alexander wrote sarcastically to point out Macgregor had not supported Dr Hulme’s denial of the circumstances as stated by public rumour, and then the incident closed.

Macgregor took full possession of the case, and the only treatment he gave it was to allow the arm to lie on a waterproof sheet after washing the wounds and syringing any sinuses with a 1-20 carbolic solution. It was then covered with a 1-40 carbolic steeped sheet of lint kept wet by suspending liquid of same strength in an old jam tin over the lint and syphoning it to drip drop by drop by the capillarity of a few threads of wetted worsted. After three or four days of this I showed signs of absorption of too much carbolic acid, and on learning of this Macgregor immediately altered the treatment, the drip being removed, and bacteria excluded by a loosely tied wrap of fairly open cheesecloth disinfected by dipping in a mixture 16 parts parafine scraped (candle) heated in a small billy, four parts resin added, and finally one part carbolic acid. The wrap, of suitable size, was dipped in this and hung to drip and cool, and so became a pervious cover to sterilise the air before reaching the wound. Every time the dressings were removed the air was sterilised during the exposure by a double-bulb hand-spray of 1-60 carbolic solution used by the assistant. No attempt was made to set the bones (multiple compound comminuted fractures) with splints till the sixth or seventh week, when the bones were soft set, and then splint was applied to give rigidity between elbow and wrist in efforts to give action at the elbow. It turned out impossible to do this without great pain, so the joint was allowed to ankylose, and have been entirely free from pain in it ever since. The accident occurred in October, and the skin was not healed on the wound till the following June.”

The introduction of Lister’s methods and the laying the foundation of rational modern surgery in the Dunedin Hospital, thus preparing the way for the teaching of students almost immediately after, is hereby recorded. After this time Hulme vigorously carried out antiseptic methods, and Brown, another Edinburgh man, a brother-in-law of Macgregor’s, soon made a name for himself, as did Coughtrey, who came in 1875 as Professor of Anatomy, going into private practice the following year. These were followed by Maunsell and Batchelor, and were the pioneers and forerunners of the surgeons of Otago.

We have headed this article “Pioneer of Antiseptic Surgery in New Zealand,” and we shall be glad to hear of any proof of Lister’s methods being introduced elsewhere in New Zealand prior to October, 1872.

Duncan Macgregor was a native of Perthshire, born in 1843, was educated in Arts at Aberdeen and in Medicine at Edinburgh. At the former seat of learning he gained a scholarship in Classics and Philosophy, open to graduates of two years’ standing, and subsequently carried off in Glasgow the Ferguson Scholarship for Mental Science open to the whole of the Scottish Universities. He gained his M.A., degree in 1867, and his medical diploma in 1870. Throughout his university career he showed himself to be a student of immense grasp and wide range of thought; he is said to have been one of the favourite pupils of the celebrated Professor Bain, of Aberdeen, and he took, among other things, a first-class in Greek. When the Otago University was founded in 1870 he was appointed to the chair of Mental Philosophy and Political Economy, his colleagues on the Professorial Board being Professor Sale (classics) and Professor Shand (mathematics and physics). They arrived in Dunedin in the ship Wild Deer in 1871, and the university classes were commenced in July of that year, in what is now known as the old Colonial Bank building and which had been built originally for the General Post Office.
Shortly after his arrival at Dunedin he was appointed to the position of Medical Superintendent of the Dunedin Asylum, and in 1886 the Stout-Vogel Ministry appointed him Inspector-General of Asylums in succession to Dr Grabham. He was also appointed to administer the Hospitals and Charitable Aid Act, which had just been passed.

Until the creation of the Tourist Department, Dr Macgregor had the control of the health departments at Rotorua and Hanmer. Besides his great store of learning, Dr Macgregor possessed a physique which from his first coming to New Zealand placed him in the forefront of athletics. Running, jumping, tossing the caber - he excelled in almost every branch, and for years none could stand against him. He died at Wellington, December 16, 1906, aged 63 years.

HUGH M’CAW, OF MOSGIEL AND HINDON.

Dr Hugh M’Caw, who settled in Mosgiel within a few days of Dr Inglis’s death, has sent us the following interesting account of his trials as a doctor in Otago in the seventies:-

After graduating in Edinburgh, I took a locum in Ayrshire for a short time, then decided to emigrate to New Zealand. We sailed from The Tail of the Bank, Greenock in the sailing ship Timaru, and landed in Port Chalmers on August 6, 1877.

I started practice in Mosgiel on October 15, succeeding Dr Inglis, whose death had occurred just a day or two before I arrived there. The roughest journeys I ever made was during the early eighties, when I was acting as medical attendant to the navvies who were engaged in making the Otago Central railway through the Taieri Gorge. The Government of that day found work for a great number of the unemployed on this job.

My visits were, of course, all done on horseback. There was a track we used as the construction proceeded, which led over the hills to Mount Allan, where it joined the line. Sometimes it was more convenient to cross the river by the ford known as Hegarty’s. This, although not shallow, was fairly dependable, the bottom not altering much with flood. This crossing was situated between Mullocky and Mount Allan. There was also a ford at Mount Allan, and latterly a boat was situated there. Usually I carried with me some drugs and surgical dressings, but at the Government huts stationed at intervals along the line I kept a few drugs, etc., so I was usually fairly well provided for emergencies. In cases of serious accident the removal of the patient to the hospital was often a laborious and tedious undertaking. Some kind of litter had to be rigged up and relays of bearers were necessary, for the country was very rough and the paths in places precipitous. However, there were always plenty of willing hands available, and the sufferer got through somehow. As I mentioned above, some of the men had brought their wives and families with them, and the presence of this element of the population added largely to the work of the doctor. Sometimes urgent cells came for what turned out trivial ailments. One such I vividly recall. I had just returned rather late from a visit to Henley, and found a man awaiting me who had ridden down with a message from one of the railway men (whose whare was situated somewhere near Mount Allan) that one of his children had taken suddenly ill with diphtheria, and begging me to come as quickly as possible. I think I started with my guide about 11 p.m. It was a pitch dark night, and we could not travel quickly over the rough track. We forded the river at Hegarty’s Crossing, and it was after midnight when we arrived at our destination.

There was a little group of whares and tents about, and from the window of one of them a feeble glint of light issued; this was the desired goal. No response came at first to my knocking. The door was not locked; I pushed it open and roused a sleeping woman from a rough sofa. Close by it in a cot a child slumbered peacefully, and on a rickety table a stump of a candle guttered and smoked in its last stages. The mother lighted another candle and I turned my attention to the little patient, but on examination I found no evidence of diphtheria; a few aphthous dots on the tonsils were visible, and the child had been sick. Some “skeely” old neighbour body had diagnosed diphtheria after inspection of the throat and so alarmed the parents that they sent for me in haste. But every medical practitioner of any experience has had plenty of similar cases, though in a country practice and where long journeys such as this one are involved, it is always aggravating to find one’s visit was unnecessary.

Dr M’Caw gave up work in 1888, selling out to Dr Wm. Allan in that year. The next six years he resided mostly at Brighton with his family in retirement. In 1894 he returned to Mosgiel, built a house, and did consultation practice only till 1902, when his health gave way and he removed to Anderson’s Bay, where he resided until 1915. Finally he moved to Invercargill, where he now lives.
PATRICK FLETCHER, OF GREEN ISLAND AND OTAGO CENTRAL.

Shortly after the death of Dr Inglis in 1876, Patrick Fletcher settled down at Walton Park and started practice. He lived up on Fairfield Hill, opposite Martin’s gardens. After labouring in the Green Island district for a good many years, he moved up to Hindon to attend to the large number of men then working on the Mullocky Gully and Nenthorn sections of the Otago Central railway, and by all accounts the navvies swore by him.

Fletcher worked all this district with vigour for many years, but long distances and severe exposure told on him as it had on M’Cambridge and Dick, and he decided to “go on the land” and give up practice. He bought Sparks's farm above Ngapuna, and publicly announced that he had retired and severed his connection with the Medical Club. As there was no great inducement to a doctor to start, the district was without one for a time, so that all needing medical aid still sent for Fletcher, and the consequence was that he had just about as much to do as before. Then the Hyde people formed a Medical Club, with Dr Shields as their medical officer. However, after being in Hyde only two or three years, Dr Shields died, and then again the work fell on Fletcher. So, off and on, almost up to his last illness, Fletcher was called on in times of need. Seeing he would take little or nothing for his services, the settlers presented him with a horse and gig as a small token of their gratitude.

Patrick Fletcher was born at Keills, North Knapdale, Argyleshire, on October 20, 1846, and was of Highland descent. His boyhood was spent in the island of Jura, where his father had a sheep farm. In the year 1863, he went to the Glasgow University, where he attended the sessions until the year 1868. While there, he studied under Professors Joseph Lister, F.R.S., Allen Thomson, M.D., and J. M. Ragan, M.D. He also attended the Glasgow Royal Infirmary, until 1868. He started to practice at the Coltness Ironworks, Overton, Wishaw, under Dr Millar in the year 1868. He came to New Zealand in the ship Otago in 1874. Instead of starting to practise his profession, he went as a shepherd to Cargill and Anderson’s, Mount Benger. After a few months there, he came to Barewood station, Otago Central, under F. Pogson. When there only a few months, letters came from Scotland addressed to Dr Fletcher. This aroused the curiosity of the other shepherds, who, on making inquiries, found that their fellow-worker was a doctor. Shortly after this (1878) he started practising at Green Island. Leaving Green Island in 1884, he followed his profession at Mosgiel in partnership with Dr M’Caw until 1886, when he moved to Otago Central. He practised there for 15 years, gradually relinquishing his practice and finally dying in 1905. He was attended during his last illness in 1905 by Dr Martin, of Dunedin, and his brother, the late Dr James Martin, of Middlemarch, and after three or four months’ illness, passed away at the age of 59. A headstone was erected in the Middlemarch Cemetery by the settlers in memory of their old friend. During the last 20 years there have been many doctors in the district, but none of them has stayed long. There is now a fine cottage hospital, and with good roads, long distance telephones everywhere, speedy motor cars, there is no reason why a medical man with a fair guarantee should not make a comfortable living and efficiently serve the needs of the Strath-Taieri.

FIRE AND WATER IN DUNEDIN.

That the water supply of the city was a vital matter and the provision of sufficient in a condition, not only fairly palatable, but, so far as was then known, free from disease, was early urged by the doctors, and well recognised by the authorities to be necessary. When we find from Dr Hocken’s records that Manse and Rattray streets were for long receptacles of filth, mud, and stagnant water, that the south exit from the town - the “Swamp road” - was such a “despair” that people preferred going up Maclaggan street to Mornington and Lookout Point, that Mr J. T. Thomson tried his best to install a water supply by suggesting piping Maclaggan street, London street, and Regent road streams, we can understand the importance of the subject. To make clear the situation of the streams of Dunedin we must premise that the face of the hills was a series of ridges or spurs running straight down into the harbour or on to the boggy flats, of which there were three - that north of Bell Hill to the North-East Valley (that is, from the Octagon to Water of Leith) - that south of Bell Hill (from Rattray street to Stafford street) – and that beyond Manor place to Anderson’s Bay. Between these spurs or ridges were watercourses, some rapid, clear, and rocky, others sinuous and sluggish or even boggy.

It is a curious thing that there seem to be no records available of the streams and watercourses of the town in the very early days. Beyond an occasional reference which one can pick up here and there, there is no detailed statement, map, or plan that we can lay our hands on which describes these important natural features of the
town. That these streams were in the first decade of vast importance to the inhabitants as well for drinking purposes, domestic use, as for the extinguishing of fires, and as some perfunctory supervision must have been exercised over them by one or other of the various Bodies, it seems extraordinary that no special record of them exists. The Water of Leith, or Owheo, was a lovely stream in the fifties, lined with heavy timber, feathery kowhai, and graceful ribbonwoods, with beautiful undergrowth to its very edge. Along its course it was considered one of the most romantic of walks, and likely to be a feature of the city for many years. Universally admired from the “flour-mills” to the “Grange Bridge,” it was then undoubtedly the attraction of Dunedin, as the Avon is of Christchurch. Cleared of many stones, protected from drainage, deepened into weirs, planted with willows, it could to-day be made an asset to Dunedin and an immense attraction to all visitors from other parts. Down what is now Duke street ran a fairly big stream which came from Cannington and Balmacwewu neighbourhoods down the beautiful Kowhai Gully, behind the See House, near Braeview crescent, crossed George street and King street diagonally, and merged in the flax of the north end. Similarly a stream down the gully at Forth place (there was a fine spring at the top) and a larger one down Cosy Dell and Regent road ran across George and King streets, joining near the Albion Hotel, and extending into flax and swamp down to the Leith, near the foot of Union street. We can find no record of a stream down Park street or Upper Union street, but there must have been such on the north side of the Albany street hill; on the south side of it came the Pitt street stream, part crossing George street through the Knox manse grounds, and part running on to the right and joining the London street rill. London street, the next hill, was flanked by the stream which came out opposite what is now the Robert Burns Hotel and crossing into the gully at the back, swerved to the right, and, skirting the properties of Horder and Flynn, came out into Hanover street, thence into the flax of Cumberland street. This was the cause of litigation between Lazarus and Scoble over flood damage. Another, probably the fine spring emerging from the rock on Mr Logan’s Royal terrace property and passing Irvine and Stevenson’s of to-day, where water can be heard rushing out of the hill, passed down Hanover street and filled casks and buckets at Shepherd’s corner. Part of the Royal terrace stream is now, we understand, piped to Messrs Hudson’s factory, and on the way supplies the St. Andrew street public drinking fountain. The next gully was on the north side of York place, now filled in at Albert street crossing, and down this ran a stream, crossing the St. Andrew-Hanover streets block and then George street, down behind the Plaza of to-day. This was a big gully, and had a wooden suspension bridge across it at the top at Mr M’Phee’s. All the west side of George street, near St. Andrew street and Lower York place, was flax and swamp, and George street for a good way was deeply excavated and had fairly high clay banks. On the low side, from George street to King, Cumberland, and Castle streets, was a delta of streams and swamp as far as Stuart street. Between Stuart street and Bell Hill ran a good stream starting below the Robin Hood, running diagonally, and not quite parallel, to the York place stream from the corner of York place and Dowling street (Halliwell’s School), down the deep gully across Smith street, Moray place, and Princes street to Matthews’s gardens, behind the Athenaeum, thence to the swamp and sea beneath what are the Municipal Baths to-day. This stream flanked Bell Hill on the north, on the south a stream ran down from the old cemetery to about where St. Joseph’s now stands. Here was a deep depression with a blind end, and here the water made a fair-sized pool and seemed to sink away into the hill at the back of what is now the Girls’ High School. Much of it percolated through and re-emerged at the back of Pritchard’s, the Shamrock Hotel, and Couston’s, and sluggishly found its way into Lower Rattray street, and eventually Princes street, near the Government Insurance Buildings of to-day. We have been told that along this stream, at the upper end near Arthur street, were the tents of the 70th Regiment, and the lights could be seen twinkling at night in two rows down the gully. They were later moved further up on to the Belt, now High School grounds.

The big bouncing rocky stream from Maclaggan street, by Dr Hocken called Kaituna, ran through the Maclaggan High street block, near the Arcade, and down the gully in the middle of the sections emerging about the Grand Hotel site; here it swept to the right; along Princes street as far as Carnegie’s (now Markby’s), and then, turning into the Bay at Water street, made quite an inlet many feet below the level of the present streets. The water was fairly deep, the tide came well up the creek under the rickety wooden bridge, enabling boats to go right up as far as Butterworth’s of to-day. The Maoris were very active at this spot, and made as much as they could by selling barracouta, crayfish, eels, and flounders. The names Water street, Manse street, Jetty street have a new significance when one reads them with the light of early history thrown upon them. Some seepage, if not an actual stream or convergence of the Upper Rattray street creek, showed itself at the back of the Shamrock and Couston’s, and in Coxhead’s photo of 1860 Mr Kettle’s house is here marked Littlebourne. It is suggested...
that this is a mistake, and refers to the creek, the Little Burn, as opposed to the bigger one not a hundred yards away, but of this we should be glad to be corrected if wrong. From the foot of High street bubbled out a fine spring and ran down to the stream outlet before mentioned, and here large tanks were erected and pumped full, and here carts backed in and filled as occasion demanded. Abbeyleix House, on the hill above the Arcade, had a very fine spring, and this supplied many of the buildings in Lower High street as far as Princes street, and it is more than likely that this was the same spring. It is an interesting point to decide whether the name Water street was not really given from the good supply of fresh water at that spot.

There may have been something of a stream running down the gully between Stafford and High, streets, crossing Hope street, and emerging or bubbling up in Manse street, for there was in Manse street a deep water and mud hole - a trap for the unwary in the fifties. The Manse street mudhole was so deep and of such extent that the business men of Dunedin who dined at the Occidental in the “sixties” used to drop their conspicuously marked empty claret bottles out of the window, and then, taking their hats, walk downstairs to the street and stand watching them sink into the slush. The first bottle to take the plunge and disappear from sight won its owner a half-sovereign. The art consisted in picking out the thinnest part of the sludge pond where the mud was thin enough to quickly fill the bottle. The young bloods of those days would bet on anything. Races were infrequent, and there were no totalisators. There was a fine spring in Princes street opposite the site of the Imperial Hotel; here many of the wayfarers used to slake their thirst when journeying into town.

The next stream of importance ran down Maitland street into Lee street, and behind Fernhill crossed diagonally into the arm of the Bay, now Market Reserve. This stream was an important one, and was specially named by the Maoris and was the southern boundary of their suggested reserve, the much-discussed piece of foreshore whose northern boundary was the Kaituna stream from Maclaggan street. The piece of frontage between these streams was that which Mr Mantell applied for as a place for the Maoris to pull up and fasten their boats, and was to be called the Maori Reserve, and all this part of the beach between the two streams and the land above was called Otepoti. This frontage was the piece that all the disturbance was made about and which was ultimately transferred to the Superintendent, thence to the city, and finally led to the widening of Princes street South. On May 6, 1875, the sum of £26,000 as compensation was paid to tenants in Princes street for land taken.

It was quite natural for the Flat and the muddy streams thereon to be known to the Maoris as situations for eel catching, and this possibly led to some confusion of names, for the stream which ran out at the “gasworks” was, according to some authorities the true Kaituna, while Dr Hocken applies that name to the Maclaggan-Princes street creek. With these streams moving slowly in all directions, with no provision for a sanitary service, with sewage soaking into all watercourses, the condition of the town was “desperate,” and the doctors hardly knew which way to turn, troubles and sickness beset them on every side.

It may be interesting to know that the Water of Leith swept to the right after passing through the University grounds at Union street, and instead of keeping close under Tanna Hill as to-day bore right across Castle street and well into the block fairly covering what is now the Otago Tennis Courts; it then swung quickly back at a right angle and, dividing, went into the Bay in more or less of a delta. The bit-left between it and the Albany street corner was the old Botanical Gardens, where the Prince of Wales Oak was planted in 1863 and moved to
the Gardens in February 1878, when the University foundation stone was laid, and the Gardens opened further up the Water of Leith.

J. T. Thomson’s town map of 1861 shows a tremendous delta and lagoon extending from the foot of Stuart street diagonally up the “northern” flat as far as King street, thence half way along King street to Hanover street, taking in most of the “National Bank” block and the blocks adjacent to the east and south. This huge marshy lagoon, with no fewer than seven badly contaminated streams running into it, was in the summers and autumns of the sixties a menace to the health of the community, and all around and down Castle street North and parts east of it there were many cases of typhoid, autumn cholera, dysentery, scarlatina maligna, croup, and diphtheria. The only stream shown on this map north of Bell Hill is the Royal Terrace one, which ran down from the Belt past the end of Scotland street across the triangle occupied by Irvine and Stevenson, thence disappearing, probably into pipes or the Hanover street “reservoir” or local supply. Another interesting item of early history probably forgotten by most was the attempt to continue King street through what is now Moray place and Bell Hill into Dowling street; this was strenuously resisted by Dr Burns and the First Church people, as it would have spoiled their site.

The Flat was intersected with numbers of wide marshy streams or continuations of streams, what we to-day would call the “Caversham Valley stream,” the “Glen creek,” the “Kew stream,” the “Allandale” and “Forbury” creeks. These made a series of pools and lagoons, and formed two fairly well-known outlets into the head of the harbour - one, the Big creek, was an inlet of the sea as far as the Bay View Hotel, and beyond that a wide, swampy delta near Forbury Park. The Little creek was formed by the other streams (about Kensington) debouching almost opposite the gasworks of to-day. The stream which came out at the Bay View hotel was wide and deep, and admitted the tide waters for a very long way on to the flat. On one occasion, when Mr Robert Duckworth was going to town with his milk-cart in the early morning, he espied a large seal in this stream above the bridge, and, getting down, he managed to capture and kill it. We have been told that he extracted a considerable amount of valuable oil from its carcase, and made good use of its excellent skin. At first this part of the Flat was so swampy and impassable that Anderson’s Bay residents had to go right round by Forbury (St. lair) to Valpy’s road, thence into Dunedin; after a time a number of the settlers clubbed together and dug a ditch across, constructing a three- foot track from the stuff thrown up and made two primitive bridges of black pine logs and posts at the aforementioned burns. In the early sixties, when Millar, F.S.A., came on the scene, street levels were made, lamps lit, water supplied, and most of the streams were roughly piped or stone drained, and much of the boggy condition of the town removed.

The year 1863 was an important one for the city, for in that year there was much discussion over the insanitary state of the place and a constant clamour for better drinking water. In addition to this, frequent and extensive fires due to the carelessness of the constantly moving population made an ample provision of water an urgent necessity, and certain citizens got to work and issued a prospectus of the Dunedin Waterworks Co. Simultaneously with the demand for better water came a clamor for better light, people being tired of finding their way at night by hand lanterns, Ballarat bottle candies, and the miserable gleam from the far-separated street kerosene lamps. Though there was at first, perhaps, some uneasiness on the part of property owners and a demand made for better supervision by the civic authorities of streets and houses under their jurisdiction, gas was actually lit at the gasworks on May 9, 1863. By a curious coincidence the Evening Star first shed its “gleaming rays” upon the citizens of the town at that time, for number one issue of that paper came damp from the press upon May 1. The street lamps were lit on September 3, and lighting in houses soon followed.

That the doctors were particularly interested in the lighting of the city is certain, for among the half-formed streets, through pools and bogs, they had to flounder in high jack-boots, in the daytime a misery, in the nighttime, to the gleams of a swinging lantern, the search for a sick person must have been a trial. No street names, no house numbers, no lamp-posts, or at best the widely-separated ones, lit by kerosene, mere flickers, to find a shanty or tent in the middle of the night was a well-nigh hopeless task. It was imperative for the doctor to keep the messenger who came for him as a guide, but when repeating his visit “on his own,” as he might often have to do at night-time, he must have been sorely put to it to struggle to his destination. In the city it was practically impossible to do anything but walk, and it was not for some time, and even then only for suburban and rural visits, that horses or vehicles came into use. The streets were unmade, there were no pavements, in many cases
not even paths, passage from house to house or from street to house was often by rickety plank, or the doctor, to avoid plunging to his waist, had to exercise great agility and become an expert jumper.

The street gas lamps, which were erected by Millar, F.S.A., the city engineer, were a great improvement on the old kerosene lamps, but Millar received much criticism and blame for “wasting money” on the fine fluted columns of cast-iron which now adorned the streets. The first ones were decorated with leaves or petals at intervals on the column, and this column surmounted a heavy base with “Curo secondo - Millar, City Engineer,” deeply embossed upon it. Later on, about 1869, Sparrow and Co. erected some (still with the fluted columns), but quite plain and of a very graceful type. Later still, A. and T. Burt’s, which are a little heavier, still fluted, and with “Burt’s” and the number of the post clearly embossed. Another type of lamppost can be seen, with “M’Dougal and Steven, Glasgow,” on a small oval plate, but the date of erection we do not know. Some of these ancient lamp-posts can be seen about the north end of the town at the Albany Street Post Office and down St. David street and Filleul street. There is one of the really early plain wooden square posts at the corner of London street and Filleul street, and another one in Cargill street, a little above and opposite Scotland street. They appear to be made from bluegum, and are fairly sound above ground, but are getting shaky as might be expected, seeing they have been in use for over sixty years. There are other lamp-posts near Scotland street which are of a different type or style, neatly fluted, but with no mark or stamp to enable one to identify them. The Dunedin Waterworks Company was projected in December, 1862, formed in 1864, and opened in 1867. This was the year one of the worst fires that ever occurred in Dunedin took place, for the flames devastated Princes street on both sides from Moray place to the Octagon, the loss being in the vicinity of £40,000.

It is of great interest to note that fires really started with the influx of the gold-seekers, and the first of any importance mentioned in Dr Hocken’s book, or Macindoe’s Chronological Record, was that in which the Daily Times Office and Cargill’s Stores in Princes street went up in smoke on December 1, 1861. There is an interesting pencil drawing of these buildings in the Hocken Gallery. So many little outbreaks occurred among the calico and manuka shanties crowding on to every available space that a meeting was held in the Commercial Hotel on August 14, 1862, to discuss the formation of a Fire Brigade. Messrs E. B. Cargill, John Cooke, H. Hart, E. Nathan, E. Tickell, A. C. Rees, James Rattray, were the names of those present. The Committee collected £703 in less than a week, and on the 27th formed a brigade and appointed A. Rees to be captain. On February 4, 1863, there was a big fire at Butement’s, in Princes street, and on April 17 another at Jones and Williamson’s, and on May 25, 1863, there was a great christening and ringing of the fire-bell, and it was formally installed near the Engine House, Princes street, on June 1. There was a discussion as to the purchase of an engine, and next month an agreement was made to purchase one from Dalgety, Rattray for £250, and in the meantime another fire took place, this time in the Courthouse, which was down at the point of Bell Hill facing the water. Some difficulty or hitch now occurred, for on September 13, 1863, when the engine was wanted for a fire, it was reported that owing to their not having paid for it a distress warrant had been issued and the sheriff had seized the engine. Mr Hughes explained that this was all in the course of business; and the engine was to be available if required. On November 26 the first local fire and marine insurance company was projected.

On February 2, 1864, there was a big fire in Hope and Stafford streets, which destroyed, among other buildings, the Evening Star office. Dr Hocken says the loss was £100,000, and on the 12th inst., owing to a threatened strike among the men an address of confidence in the brigade was largely signed by the citizens of Dunedin. Mr Rees having resigned, on March 28, 1864, Mr Hobbs was elected captain, and on June 24 a fire in George street resulted in £5000 loss. In September the brigade sent a petition to the Governor (Sir George Grey) asking for exemption from militia duties and threatening to resign in a body, and on October 16 had again to turn out hurriedly, this time to Dowling street, to Mr Millar, the city engineer’s. The year 1865 was a disastrous one for the city, for fires broke out one after another. On January 15, at the fire in Stafford street, a man was burned to death; a week later another one occurred in Hope street. A few days after that a tremendous blaze took place on the 24th in Princes street, when the original First Church and Bank of Otago were destroyed, and the brigade then made further requests from the insurance company and again talked of striking. This evidently perturbed the citizens, for they promptly sent round the hat and on March 9 made a presentation to the brigade of a testimonial and £600 cash in recognition of the excellent work done at the big Princes street fire, but in the interval another big fire took place in the Octagon, Henry and Co.’s and the Telegraph Hotel “going up” at the cost of £15,000. On May 27 J. Hughes was elected captain, and on August 10, the third anniversary social of the
brigade was held. On October 7 the brigade resolved that if “the Council do not supply us with a suitable building by November 1 the gear to be placed in the Octagon or in front of the Custom House” (that is we lay down our tools and resign?). On December 4 A. C. Rees was re-elected captain. It may be well to state here that this was the first year that a Mayor and City Council had been elected, and it seemed hard that they should have had a pistol pointed at their heads within three months of their election, but the fire brigade were well within their rights and only asked for what was necessary. The year 1866 seems to have been a slightly better year. On March 5 a banner was presented to the brigade by Lady Don most opportunely after, but not because of, a big blaze the day before in Maclagann street, when three hotels, Caledonian, Melbourne, and Scandinavian, dissolved in sparks to the tune of £18,000. The only other fire we can find note of that year was in the Provincial Council Hall on November 3. In 1867, April 1 saw the biggest blaze Dunedin had ever seen, for from Moray place to the Octagon all was destroyed, except the South Australian Hotel. On December 9, after the city waterworks were turned on, a new bell tower was erected in Dowling street, near the Boys’ High School, and the brigade agreed to the tolling of the bell at 8, 12, 1, and 5, providing the Corporation supplied the means of telling the time (?) clock.

Showing the primitive conditions obtaining in Dunedin in 1867, on October 28 the fireball rang lustily at midday proclaiming that a fire was blazing north of the Octagon. There was a strong westerly breeze, and from the smoke and wind the people were afraid of another wide devastation. It was soon found that Steinmetz’s bakery and shop close to Hanover street was ablaze, but owing to the heavy rain that had fallen a few days before means were at hand to save all the properties which were endangered. Not only had everybody got all ordinary tanks and water casks full, but the stream of surface water from London and Pitt streets, which found its way along the channel on the westerly side of George street to Hanover street, was particularly strong. It was found quite sufficient to place a board or two as a temporary dam in order to get a sufficient body of water to give a constant, full supply for the large engine. The hand engine was also used, and there was a ready supply of buckets, and by the aid of crowds of willing workers the blazing, strong mass of flame was simply beaten and drowned out. A number of small shanties were pulled down, and the premises of Miss Allan (dressmaker, registry office, etc.) were covered with wet blankets and saved. H. Solomon’s, on the corner of Hanover street, had a narrow escape. Steinmetz baker, was a heavy loser, as his insurance policy had been allowed to lapse. Among a few interesting items from the columns of the Daily Times of that week were the taking over of the sawmills of George Shand at East Taieri by Potter, Mann, and M’Pherson. The Corporation advertised for land outside the Town Belt for a cemetery for the North End. F. Bayley, of the Water of Leith Hotel (late of the Old Identity), stated that his gardens were open to the public - skittle alleys, quoit grounds, hotel and surroundings in the midst of lovely bush and beautiful scenery; very suitable for picnics and private parties; cars plying to and from the town at all hours of day and night. At this time Vauxhall was in full swing, and Cremorne Gardens, as Bayley’s were called, bid fair to rival them in popularity. Some gentlemen held a meeting to discuss the feasibility of acquiring a racecourse nearer town than Silverstream, and having under offer sufficient land at the Forbury close to the sandhills they formed a Provisional Dunedin Racecourse Company of £4000 in £25 shares.

Mr George O’Brien advertised to teach a limited number of pupils the art of drawing and painting. Mr James Richardson advertised for sale at £1 a set of 12 carte de visite size views of stations in Otago. Mrs Bunbury, who had arrived by the William Davie, brought a fine assortment of lively birds, blackbirds, thrushes, linnets, bullfinches, starlings, goldfinches, skylarks. The Empire Hotel, Revell street, Hokitika, was advertised by Hoyt and Osborne. Revell street later was said to have 200 hotels in it, but in the sixties it was reported that a good find of gold was actually made in the street!!! (Was this a hoax?) John Groves, of the Portobello Hotel, advertised a great programme for November 9 of a series of matches and games - fine floral and fruit gardens, pigeon shooting, rifle shooting, rowing races, and grand ball in the evening.

An amusing letter was written in all seriousness in answer to a motion of Mr Murison’s at the Acclimatisation Society’s meeting with regard to a Protection of Animals Act. The writer protested vigorously against making out the list of native birds which “are to be protected unnecessarily and at the expense of the more valuable native boys of Otago.” He inveighed against ignorant justices who might easily inflict “degrading punishment upon our poor boys for innocently committing a new crime.”

A report of a cricket match at Nelson - 11 Teetotallers v. 11 Barleycorns, in which the Teetotallers won by 17 runs! The Chamber of Commerce decided to give £10 annually to the High School, to be spent on a gold medal
for the best scholar in arithmetic. (Authorities please note.) In the Resident Magistrate’s Court a man was fined £6 6d and costs for allowing his chimney to catch fire. He got off lightly. Contractor summoned for lights on his building material being absent. Proved to have been lighted and blown out by wind; dismissed. Carelessness while in charge of vehicles: Leaving horse and dray without a guard - 1s and costs. (This may he seen daily, 1921.) Inspector Nimon, who prosecuted several tradesmen for “having wheeled goods across the pavement,” was instructed not to press the charges. His Worship the Mayor said that the Council had specially considered the matter and decided that it would be a hardship to prosecute store-men for wheeling goods in and out of warehouses unless in cases of gross carelessness or where the pavements were much destroyed. For neglecting to keep his premises clean and for storing rubbish - 5s and costs. For lighting a fire in the open Charles Nunn was fined 5s and costs. Wealthy property owners appealed against assessments of their lands, the unlet portions of which they pronounced of no value!!! They were within 250 yards of the Octagon and had large frontages to Moray place; acrimonious correspondence ensued. October 26, 1867: “Water is now flowing into the reservoir of the Dunedin Waterworks Co., and the laying of the service pipes into the city is being proceeded with. The reservoir was formally taken over from the contractor (Mr P. Proudfoot) yesterday, the valves which allowed the passage of the stream along the storm channel were closed, and a good head at once began to run into the reservoir. We do not know whether the subject has been considered by the directors, but we think that, with the authorities aiding, some Commemorative Ceremony should be held when, the reservoir being full, the water is first turned on to the city.” On December 9 the formal opening took place, and the Otago Daily Times of the 10th contains five columns of most interesting matter headed “Inauguration Ceremony of Waterworks.” Over 400 people wended their way up M’Glashan’s Valley, and his Worship the Mayor (Mr J. Hyde Harris) gave a good address and “lifted the valves.” This was on Tuesday, and the previous Saturday there had been a trial run of the water through the pipes, which promptly burst in several places, so that the official ceremony was limited to the valve-lifting. This was to allow time for the repairs which would still take some days. The Rev. Dr Stuart opened the proceedings with a very impressive, vigorous, and thoroughly appropriate prayer, and then Mr John Bathgate (chairman of directors) spoke happily, stating that there were 46 million gallons of water there, enough to supply eight gallons a day to every man, woman, and child in the city for 12 months. Mr Thomas Dick (the secretary) then handed to Mr Bathgate a handsome glass jug and glass, from which Mr Bathgate drank the water from the reservoir and gave “success to the Royal Alfred Reservoir.” Councillor Jas. Turner and Mr Balfour, C.E. (the engineer), also made excellent speeches, the latter hoping that the population would so increase that the reservoir would not be able to carry sufficient water for the city in ten years’ time. Mr R. Gillies pointed out the financial difficulties of the whole scheme, and mentioned that the directors were personally liable for £10,000. Two years later Mr Balfour, marine engineer, was drowned off Timaru on December 18, 1869. The directors of the company present at the inauguration were Messrs E. B. Cargill, R. Gillies, Turnbull, Wilkie, R. B. Martin, W. H. Reynolds. On December 31, 1874, the Corporation took over the waterworks and all liabilities at a cost to the city of £120,000. The gasworks were bought by the city on October 15, 1875, for £43,000.

On February 12, 1868, W. Woodlands was elected captain of the Dunedin Fire Brigade, and on Anniversary Day, March 23, a big fete took place at Vauxhall; on July 17 a fire destroyed the Commercial Stables, damage £12,000; on August 31 the brigade had another dispute with the City Council; and on September 27 the whole matter was arranged, the brigade reorganised on a new basis, and on October 1 Job Wain was elected captain. Matters seem to have settled down a little after this, in addition to which a large number of the “moving members” of the community had vanished, fires were much less frequent, and more quickly and better controlled. January 13, 1871, a fire destroyed Dunning’s Buffet in Princes street; July 30, Woodhaugh Flourmills; March 27, 1872. Black and Thompson’s timber yard in Cumberland street; June 27, M’Leod and Co.’s in Princes street (£7000); October 1, Duncan’s flourmill and Wilson’s brewery afforded an “inopportune” display of their prowess upon the fourth anniversary of the brigade’s existence. In 1873 fires occurred in George street and Princes street in October and November and December. In 1874 Reid’s the Mosgiel Woollen Co.’s warehouses were burnt in June. On American Independence Day, Hay’s, drapers, in Princes street followed, and on August 23 Guthrie and Larnach’s timber yard made a terrific blaze, fine seasoned timber stacked with plenty of air space between the scaffolds or racks making an ideal feast for the ravening flames. In 1875 fires occurred in Princess Theatre, Victoria Brewery (£3000), houses in Heriot row. Thomson’s tannery in the Kaikorai (£6000), in George street (several shops), Phoenix Bond (£9000), and these conflagrations evidently again caused uneasiness for the brigade was reorganised on September 27, and on October 13 the old First Volunteer
Fire Brigade, which had done magnificent work, went out of existence. On October 21 a fire took place in Moray place, and on December 7 Mr Hyde Harris’s fine property at the Grange was damaged to the extent of £2500. January 16, 1876; J. Atkinson was made captain, and in January, 1877, he was succeeded by J. Sinclair. During his tenure the city had a bad time from the failure of the water supply in December, and the same month Guthrie and Larnach’s premises were again destroyed. It was now decided to bring in water from Silverstream.

In April, 1878, J. Murphy was made captain, and on June 16, 1879, the Reading Room and part of the Athenaeum Library were destroyed by fire, and on September 8, a tremendous blaze on almost the same site resulted in the deaths of 12 persons in Water’s Cafe. Waters was arraigned for manslaughter and incendiarism, but was acquitted. The firebell for the Town Hall was cast by Burt’s on December 2, and rung for the first time the same month. On March 12, 1880, occurred the fire at Dewar’s, in Cumberland street set alight by Butler, or Warton, the murderer; on November 5 a large fire wiped out the tramway sheds, near the railway station, costing the city the sum of £22,000; February 13, 1881, Hudson’s premises in Moray place; October 14, a large portion of Pine Hill Bush; and on June 30, 1882, a house in Cumberland street, where Captain Kitchener, a brother of Lord Kitchener, was bereaved of three little children, who were all fatally injured. Burke’s brewery was burned on October 17 of the same year. In December, 1886, another fire occurred at the railway station, when a big goods shed was burnt, and a month later, on January 23, 1887, for the third time, the timber yards and factory of Guthrie and Larnach’s, now the Dunedin Iron and Woodware Co., belonging to the Bank of New Zealand, was destroyed. This was a shocking fire, and resulted in serious loss of life, four men being burned or crushed to death under most distressing circumstances. It may seem strange that this article should be included as one of Medical Practice, but it was the daily work of the early practitioners to treat sufferers from zymotic diseases generated by filthy, stagnant pools, dirty streams, and bad drinking water. Numbers were literally poisoned by typhoid and dysentery, scores slain by diphtheria carried by gold diggers, scarlet fever rife on every hand. It is advisable to note that where springs bubbled up and pools filled, people carried away water for drinking purposes quite ignoring the warnings of the doctors that in many cases the wells were grossly contaminated by contiguous sewage. This was, of course, preventable in open places such as the two Princes street wells before mentioned, though even here the buildings that abutted upon were not residential. Of the early springs the Forth place one now supplies a drinking fountain at the intersection of Queen and Warrender streets; the Royal terrace, the St. Andrew Street one; the Maitland street, the fountain opposite the Oval Soldier’s Memorial; and the fine Spring at the Imperial Hotel may be from the same source as the magnificent supply which Thomson and Co. have tapped for their well-known mineral waters. Speight and Co.’s spring, which has great repute, comes from the rocky face between Breakneck and Bell Hill, just below the site of Dr Hocken’s first house, and the spring from Abbeyleix House is more than likely tapped by some of the factories in the neighbourhood. Waterpipes from the rocky face of the hill supplied the old Asylum, and good water can to-day be got from the same source in the vicinity of the Boys’ High School.

Every now and again floods occurred, and before Dunedin was equipped with efficient storm water outlets the low-lying parts of the city were promptly inundated. Such was the case on June 24, 1876, and again in March, 1879, when tremendous damage was done to shops and residences. Even later, when sewers were installed, they would only carry drainage from houses, any excess of water immediately choked them and spread on to surrounding land with great damage to property and even loss of life. On more than one occasion workmen have been surprised in the sewers by sudden freshets, and have only just managed to escape with their lives through the nearest available manhole. Many children were drowned in flood time, and when flood waters subsided and hot weather came, recrudescence of infectious diseases made the doctors’ burdens greater than ever.

When fires took place many people were injured, others burned to death, or shockingly scorched, and the doctors had much work to do, and be it remembered in the old days before antiseptics, when such attendance must have been a trial. Flour or baking soda to keep out the air, oil of some simple kind was the only remedy, and the daily dressings of deep burns - no hypodermic, no antiseptics, no anaesthetic, no picric acid, and no skin grafting, can it be wondered that most “badly burned” persons died or took months to recover, perchance shockingly mutilated through contracture or disfigured from extensive cicatrices. So serious a matter did the accidents at fires become that honorary surgeons were appointed to the fire brigade. These donned helmet and red coat and rode to the fires on the engine, penetrated the burning houses, watched the men pull down shaky walls and tenements with the strange halberd-like weapons they carried, administered first aid to the injured and anodynes to poor fellows perchance pinned by fallen beams. They did great work in rescuing the men and
attending to their needs and we shall refer to this when writing of Bakewell and Brown of the seventies. To return to our chronology, on January 1, 1880, the first four electric alarms were installed; in 1885 the brigade was reorganised and partially paid, and R. Robertson was appointed superintendent; in 1886 the bell was moved from the tower in Dowling street, and on July 13, by resolution of the City Council, erected in the turret of the Town Hall. In 1892 H. Mitchell was elected superintendent, and in July, 1911, the bell was removed to the present fire station in Cumberland street.

There were many other large fires, particularly in Cumberland street, in what was known as the “National Bank block.” Breweries, timber yards, tanneries, soap-works made satisfactory “spectacles” for the people who flocked to a “good fire,” few thinking that the monetary losses to the occupier or owner, the insurance companies, and the city were immense. There were also conflagrations in many other blocks, Hardware Company, Hudson’s factory, Duthie Bros.’ stables and store, shops and residences everywhere, but we must leave the task of recording these to others. We merely wish to point out that in all activities of the city the doctors nobly did their duty and bore more than their share of the hard and trying work that the citizens of the early days had to face. We are much indebted to Foreman Carrington, of the Dunedin Volunteer Fire Brigade, for having taken much trouble in searching old records and supplying data for this article. We think this record of fire and water in the early days of some interest and value to our readers.