CHAPTER XII.

INCIDENTAL AND ANECDOTAL: WILD DOGS AND WILD PIGS.

MANY of the experiences of the pioneer settlers were of a highly interesting nature, and are well worthy of being put on record. The following account is given by Mr. Matthew Marshall, a passenger by the "Philip Laing" in 1848, and relates to the time (1852) when he was shepherding for Edwin Meredith on the Popotunoa Run.

Besides Mr. Hobbs, Meredith had brought with him from Tasmania, as shepherd, a man named Dent, but, in 1852, he found it necessary to engage the services of Matthew Marshall, who was stationed at the Popotunoa end of the run, his hut being built on the Kuriwao side of the Waiwera stream, near what is called Marshall's Creek, where the present Fish Ponds are situated. His companions were full of the stories of early days in Tasmania, and he asked about the convicts. Unfortunately, Marshall did not know that Dent had been a convict, and his questions remained unanswered. On one occasion he was more pertinacious in his inquiries, when he caught sight of the boss (Hobbs) scowling at him. He did not know what was up and kept on asking, when Hobbs suddenly went outside, ordering him to follow. When at a suitable distance from the hut, he explained that Dent was a convict, and much disliked hearing the word "convict," and he cautioned Marshall never to use that word, but to speak about the "prisoners." Ever afterwards Marshall took great care to ask about the prisoners, and Dent would talk till further orders, relating some thrilling stories.

In those early days there were, in the Popotunoa Bush, a few wild dogs, which were a source of never-ending trouble to the shepherds, who had to gather the sheep together every night, and tie their dogs at suitable places round them, not only to keep them together, but to give the alarm when the wild dogs attacked. One

night the wild dogs got in before being seen, and, while some attacked the sheep dogs, others went after the sheep. Hearing the noise, the shepherds rushed out, but had great difficulty in driving off the wild dogs. Meanwhile the sheep had scattered in all directions. For many hours the work of collecting them proceeded, and, although ultimately successful, it was found that many had been killed, while others were so badly maimed that they soon died.

It was a strange thing that, if a sheep were bitten by a wild dog, it never recovered. No matter how small the mark made by the teeth, blood poisoning set in, and the animal was sure to die. It was also a strange thing that the dogs would never make a meal of a sheep, and the shepherds never saw the remains of one that had been eaten. They seemed to be content with worrying the poor brutes to death.

In the following year the sheep were taken to Fuller's place at Hilly Park for the shearing, the whole flock being shorn in the stockyard, and the wool taken to Port Molyneux, where it was shipped to Dunedin. After shearing, the sheep, which were divided into two flocks, were camped in two separate places, one being in the valley between the Awakiki Bush and the hill, the other on the Clinton side of the bush.

Dent's time being now up, and he refusing to re-engage, Hobbs went to Dunedin for another man, while Marshall was left in charge of the sheep. In about a week Hobbs returned, bringing a tall, strapping man, in the prime of life, named Sandy Gordon.

The sheep were then taken to Popotunoa. Some time afterwards Meredith arrived from Tasmania, but was greatly disgusted with the small returns. He ordered the mob to be divided into two flocks again, and Marshall was sent with the ewes and lambs to Moa Hill, Kaihiku, while Gordon remained at Bedding Hill with the wethers and dry sheep. Sandy Gordon was a very conscientious man and exceedingly careful with the sheep, but was terribly harassed by the wild dogs, often having hardly a night's rest for weeks at a time. One day Hobbs, on his return to Moa Hill, after a visit to him, told Marshall that Gordon was in a terrible rage, and that his ultimatum was: "Just you look here, now, Mr. Hobbs, if you will not send me up another man, I shall just leave the sheep, and you can do whatever you like with them."

It was then decided to shift the sheep to Wharepa to try to get rid of the dogs, so they were all mustered, and the trip started. However, the dogs seemed to think something was up, and actually followed them for some distance. The first night they reached Albert's Cap, where they camped on the banks of the Piawhata Creek. Hobbs and Gordon then came on to Marshall's hut at Moa Hill, where they stayed the night. On their return next morning what was their disgust and rage to find that the wild dogs had been among the sheep, which were scattered in all directions, some fifty being either dead or badly damaged.

The remainder were collected and arrived safely at the Wharepa Bush, where Gordon built the first white man's hut in the district. It was built on the site of the present house, in front of which is still to be seen the stump of the first tree cut in the bush by a white man. It may here be said that Gordon afterwards purchased the section, and lived for many years in the original hut.

For some time both flocks of sheep were not troubled by the dogs, and the shepherds thought they had now got rid of them. However, one clear frosty night in the winter time, when Hobbs and Marshall were in bed at Moa Hill, they heard the sheep running about. There was no barking of dogs or any other noise, so they did not suspect wild dogs. Getting up, they had a look round, when, to their amazement, they saw some dogs rounding up the sheep. The leader of the mob was a white bitch—a perfect devil—and there were three other dogs, a black one and two reddish-coloured ones. This mob had originally consisted of seven dogs, but three had been killed at Bedding Hill.

Hobbs had a grand collie bitch which had already accounted for two of the mob, and this night she led the chase. She managed to bail them up on the banks of the Kaihiku, and when the men reached her the white bitch was sitting on the ground, fighting viciously. On seeing them she dashed into the water, but the men were determined she should not escape. Whenever she came out of the water their dogs tackled her and drove her in again. Hobbs' dog followed her, while Hobbs himself took one side of the stream and Marshall the other. Up and down the bank she dashed, but every time she was checkmated in her attempts to escape. At last she was played out and caught in the water. Marshall had a pocket knife

with which Hobbs stabbed her to the heart, both men with grim satisfaction then watching her bleed to death. Owing to the excitement of the chase they had not felt the intense cold, but on returning to the hut, when they took off their trousers they found them so frozen that they stood up by themselves in the middle of the floor.

Next morning being Sunday, Marshall went to pay Gordon a visit. When he told him the story, Sandy replied: "I'll not believe a word till I see her," so both set off for the Kaihiku. On reaching the spot where the body lay, Sandy stood looking at it for a few minutes with a grim look on his weather-beaten countenance. Then he jumped on the body, dancing about till there was not a whole bone left in it. He then skinned it and took the skin to his hut, where he cured it, keeping it for several years as a relic of the early days of shepherding in the Clutha.

Meredith having now secured another man, Marshall left in the spring of 1854, and went to Dunedin, where he did some pit sawing at Halfway Bush in company with Joseph Bower, now residing in Balclutha.

After an interval of four or five months, Marshall again came back to the Clutha to shepherd for a man named Wight, who was the first to take up from the Crown what is called the Greenfield Estate. His first job for Wight was to go to Waikouaiti and pick out 300 ewes which Wight had bought from Johnny Jones. This was in the year 1854. He brought the sheep down, and they throve splendidly. To this day Matthew's boast is that he weaned 145 per cent. of lambs. Wight was a bit of a character, and Marshall well remembers the time he christened the big rock by the roadside near Carruthers' place. The two met there, and Wight had a bottle of rum in his pocket. "Here, have a swig," said he to Marshall. "Very well, but after you," said the latter. "Be it so," said Wight, "and then we'll christen this rock." After Marshall had his drink he handed the bottle back to Wight, who smashed it on the rock, christening it "Dumbarton Rock." This was in 1855. After being with Wight a year, Marshall went shepherding for Archibald Anderson, whose place was called "Aberturf," the homestead of the station being at the small bush above Barnego Flat, then known as the "Wee Bush." In 1857 he went to Dunedin, where he was married. Returning to Clutha, he shepherded for Pillans for two years, then took

up a ten-acre section at Aberturf, and afterwards bought a farm at Hillend, where he resided for forty years before coming to reside in Balclutha.

Mrs. Marshall, nee Julia Bower, arrived in Otago by the "Larkins" on September 11th, 1849. The marriage took place on a Friday, and on the following Wednesday the couple set out for their home in the Clutha. Mrs. Marshall rode an old horse, called "Sebastopol," belonging to Mr. Pillans, and after a three days' trip they reached their destination.

Notes on a Trip Overland from Nelson to Southland in May and June, 1856, by W. H. S. Roberts, riding through the Clutha District on 12th and 13th of June, 1856.

"12th.—We left Grey's at 9 a.m. About half a mile on we passed McMaster's farm on our left hand at the foot of Mount Owiti. We then crossed some low downs which were known as the Waihola Gorge, with a limestone hill on our right, and the Seaward Range some seven miles through on our left, and entered the Tokomairiro Plain, which contained about 14,000 acres of rich alluvial land, rather swampy in places, so we had to travel along the foot of the Eastern range. The blacksmith had pricked my mare, 'Lassie,' in shoeing, so I had to remove the shoe, and as she was very lame I rode 'Nina' and made 'Lassie' carry my swag. About half-way down the plain, ten miles from Grey's, we came to a store, belonging to Mr. Toms, where Trumble was waiting for us. We put his swag on our other pack-horse, 'Ginger,' as he was going south also, and being a good walker could without a swag travel as fast on foot as we could on horseback over the rough country. A few miles from Toms' the road passed through a paddock, and then crossed the north branch of the Tokomairiro River, a small stream with high flax-covered banks. Three miles further on we passed Mr. John Cargill's farm, where we crossed the south branch of the Tokomairiro River, a narrow stream, knee deep. We outspanned for lunch at the south end of the plain, at the foot of a low spur.

"There was a good-sized bush on the hill side on the north of the Tokomairiro River, and we were told there was a much larger one at Akatore, on the seaward side of the range. There were several settlers on the plain, principally along the foot of the eastern range. On the

south side of the river Mr. William Poppelwell had a sheep run, which was called Mount Misery. Where we crossed the river was about twenty miles from the sea, all good pasture land. Between us and Mount Misery intervened a large swamp, in which grew long grass, flax, and toi. In front of us were fine grassy ridges, spreading away to the west as far as Mount Stuart, 1,418 feet high. We went up the spur to the top of the ridge, then down another to Lovell's Flat, so called from the person who held the run then. Up another spur and down to Stoney Creek, again up a spur to what was called Hill End, and then down to the Molyneux or Clutha River. Twenty-seven miles to-day, in all fifty-six from Dunedin. We left our horses on the eastern bank, and were ourselves ferried over by Mr. McNeil in a dinghy, and stayed the night at his accommodation house in the bush on the flat. Before Mrs. McNeil would give us supper, we had to grind a bushel of wheat in a large coffee mill. This flour was made into scones—whole meal, bran and all, as it was ground. Mr. Trumble, three sailors, and a black man came across soon after us. Two lakes were visible from the road I travelled to-day, Kaitangata (the place where the men were eaten), with an area of 370 acres, and Tuakitoto, 2,094 acres, but they were shallow and so low that spring tides entered the former lake. The plain of the Clutha, including the Island and South Molyneux, was about 30,000 acres. A number of people had settled in this district, which was considered the best for farming in Otago. I shall mention a few. Perhaps the most important was Mr. Joseph Maitland, with his wife, four sons and two daughters, who resided at the 'Crescent,' and farmed a considerable area, and also had a sheep run at Hillend; near him were Smith Brothers, three sturdy Aberdonians. On the Island were William Ferguson, Francis Scott Pillans, Archibald Anderson, and Willocks. On South Molyneux, David Pike Steel, John Shaw, Hay, and others. The place where Mr. McNeil resided was called by the Maoris Iwi-Katea (a bone cleaned from the flesh), but the Scotch settlers named it Balclutha. The Island, now called Inch Clutha, formerly belonged to a celebrated Maori chief, Tuhawaiki, but known as Bloody Jack among the old whalers.

"Friday, 13th.—Up at daylight, and towed our five horses, one at a time, across the river behind the dinghy, one man holding the horse's tow rope, the other rowing

the boat. After breakfast we saddled and packed our steeds, and started by ten o'clock. We followed up the river bank along the flat to the foot of the ridges. The flat was a peninsula with the river on three sides like a balloon, and McNeil had fenced it across in two places, thus making two good grazing paddocks with very little fencing. The banks of the river were rich, sandy loam, held together by a strong growth of native flax, which, as settlement advanced, was destroyed, and allowed the river to encroach, so that a great deal of that flat has since been washed away. For eleven miles we pursued our way along a tortuous low ridge of brown tussock grass, when we arrived at a small stream called the Kaihiku, which we crossed just below its junction with the Paiwhata. On our left a range of hills extended from the Nuggets (Tokata Point) to the Mataura, at altitudes ranging from 1,300 to 2,000 feet. At one place, called Wharepa, appeared a bush covering the side of the hill, at the foot of which were some settlers, among whom was Mr. Charles Kettle, who surveyed the site of Dunedin, and at the Puerua, a few miles further east, were Major Richardson, the Rev. William Bannerman, and a few other residents. A mound, called Moa Hill, was very conspicuous on the west of the river. My poor lame horse quite knocked up at the Kaihiku, so I had to leave her. After some trouble we managed to saddle the filly and strap the pack on her, and then proceeded up another ridge, which in about five miles brought us to an isolated, tent-shaped hill, which was called 'Prince Albert's Cap.' The herbage was mostly strong snow-grass tussock, or Hamity grass, as it was sometimes called. Two miles along a gentle decline and the track crossed the Waiwhera (red water, from its colour), afterwards erroneously spent Waiwera (hot water) Creek, into a fenced paddock belonging to Mr. Fuller, who then had the Popotunoa (sit round food served in common) Run. Five miles of rough spurs and gullies took us to the Home Station at the foot of a detached wooded hill. The house was small, and occupied by the manager, Mr. George Steel, and his wife, who kindly granted me permission to remain all night. Mr. Davidson, with three horses, went on three miles further to Mr. William Gordon Rich's station at Wairuna. Mr. Trumble, two sailors, and a half-caste Maori came up shortly after me and remained. We jointly ground the usual hopper of wheat in the large steel coffee mill. About

thirteen miles north of Popotunoa, near the Pomahaka River, there was a hole of burning lignite, which had been on fire, smouldering slowly, for many years. The natives called the place Tapu-Whenua (sacred ground). It smelt strongly of sulphur, but there was no evidence to show that it was the entrance to Tartarus. It was on Mr. Fuller's run. The country was fine rolling downs or low ridges, clothed with a luxuriant growth of snow-grass, and well watered."

The following description of a journey in 1859 to Tuapeka, &c., is given by Robert Grigor:—

"The first place in 1858 where I worked on Inch Clutha was at Mr. Anderson's, and afterwards for Messrs. Davey and Bowler, who had taken up a run that year near what is now called Evan's Flat, Tuapeka. At Mr. Bowler's request I accompanied him to Tuapeka in the end of 1858, after which I made a good many trips from Inch Clutha to Tuapeka and the Beaumont—a journey which was considered at that time rather an arduous undertaking.

"In 1858 the country was practically unstocked and the natural grasses of the whole country were unused.

"In starting from Inch Clutha I generally loaded up the sledge the night before and got the four bullocks handy for the morning. Crossing the Island very early in the morning, I unyoked the bullocks, and, with the assistance of Mr. Willocks and family, swam them over at the stern of the boat, and at a little yard on the other side yoked up again and proceeded along the bank of the river to near where the railway bridge is now, where I took to the ridges, and so had leading country to the Waitahuna. There were no tracks, all the traffic had made no impression on the grass, and there was not a house or a hut all up by Hillend and across Mount Stuart.

"The first landmark was a long manuka pole showing the way down to Pillans' station on the river, and another pole showing the way down to Maitland's, now Begg's. Coming from a large city (Edinburgh), I felt the utter want of any person to speak to on that lonely journey. Towards evening I got up to Mount Stuart, but, having only a sledge, I could not unyoke the bullocks, so tying myself on to the sledge I spent the night as best I could in snatches of sleep, while the bullocks fed or lay down in their yokes all night. Along the route were scattered pretty plentifully charred totara logs, and at long inter-

vals a moa bone lay ready for anyone to pick up. Where the ground was ferny, pigs could be seen now and again, but no sheep or cattle, the few that were on the runs being herded close to the stations. In the morning a thick mist lay all around, and I had to wait a good while for it to clear before I could get my bearings for a fresh start. Going down Mount Stuart towards the Waitahuna were the first known marks, as, the soil being washed away, the bare reefs appeared, and I knew I was on the proper route. When near the Waitahuna I was startled by hearing a whistle, and by and by through the burnt scrub appeared a big boy all tattered and torn. He told me he had been sent up by Mr. Cargill of Dunedin to herd 300 sheep. I asked him where his hut was, and he said he had only a tent which was about a mile away. His name was Teddy Goodall, and he said his father lived at Caversham.

"The next time I met 'Teddy' was at Gabriel's Gully in 1861, about a month after the rush, and he was 'doing it brown' in a billiard-room tent. He had three large rings on his fingers, and a tall felt hat, and he informed me that he was beyond the reach of woe and intended to have a good time. I heard afterwards that that time was short and sweet, like 'a donkey's gallop.' I got across the Waitahuna all right, and in a mile or two I passed Peter Robertson's hut to the right. Peter was shepherd to Mr. Cargill then, and afterwards settled in Lawrence, where he became a prominent citizen. Shortly after this the darkness came on, and I had to depend on the bullocks taking me to the station. I crossed the Tuapeka (below what afterwards became the richest diggings in New Zealand) and went up a branch of the Tuapeka to what Mr. Bowler had called Bellamy Station. There was some talk of gold even then (1859), for a native of India, called 'Black Peter,' who helped to thatch the hut, had found specks of gold at the back, and it was from information supplied by him that Gabriel Read ultimately, by following up the creek, discovered Gabriel's Gully. It took two long days to come from Inch Clutha to Tuapeka, and on arrival at the station, after turning out the bullocks, I was glad to lie down and rest. That same year I made a journey with bullocks to the Beaumont Station, then owned by Anderson and Fraser, for whom Mr. Alec Armstrong of Hillend was shepherd. But this is another story. This as it happened was my last

trip with bullocks, as I went on the survey afterwards with Mr. Robert Gillies, and was appointed Surveyor in January of 1861. I was sent to Oamaru, where I surveyed several blocks near the present town before the rush to Gabriel's (June, 1861). My men all deserted me then, and terminated my work in that district for some time."

The Maoris would often question the settlers about things. One called Joshua, or Orahua, questioned Robert Christie about a tunnel, asking whether white men could make a road through a hill. "Could we drive through bullocks and sledge?" "Yes." "Could drive big team all same Jim Smith, Toko?" "Yes," said he. "You —— liar, Bob!" retorted Joshua. Some years afterwards Joshua inspected the Port Chalmers line, saw, and said to some other Maoris: "Bob not such big liar after all; he very small one."

Once when at Puerua Robert Christie went to a store and hotel, and while there a woman came in looking for her husband, and asked if he were there. The landlord replied, "I'm sure you are tired, madam; come and have a glass of wine." He passed the whisky, saying her husband was all right, but he would not let him go home the previous night, as it was too wet. The result was that husband and wife went home arm in arm, singing "We won't go home till morning." On another occasion two brothers, Bob and John, were broke and dead thirsty. Bob pretended to take a fit in front of the store, and the landlord revived him with a glass of brandy. Bob got outside of it in one gulp, and then John taxed him with being mean, but Bob said, "D—— you; go and take a fit yourself!"

Being engaged to go to Clydevale, Alexander Petrie walked from the Taieri, and was to have been met at the top of Lovell's Flat at 12 o'clock on a certain day by a man named Shand, who was at Invercargill. On arriving at the place no one was there, but Petrie waited about till 3 o'clock. He then tossed a coin to see what he would do, go back or ahead. It turned "Go ahead," and ahead he went for a while. The track was good until he came to a pole, with a piece of tin on top, which directed to two tracks—one left, the other right. He knew the right was his track, but it was not well defined, but he went on until he came to the Waitahuna River. Here there was no track at all, and he knew he had lost his way. Backwards and forwards, up and down he went until it got dark, when he sat down, tired out and very hungry.

It was wet, and he was soaked to the skin. In the morning he saw the Clutha River, and knew that there was a ferry near. He saw a big rock, which he mistook for a house, and was sadly disappointed. A little further on he saw what he took to be another rock, but it turned out to be Maitland's house. Maitland was milking cows, and he took Petrie in and gave him breakfast. He then sent his shepherd to show the way. Petrie's feet were terribly blistered, and he was about done up. Shand did not turn up for three days.

Three men, Petrie, Bagrie, and W. Ford, saw two men drowned while crossing the Molyneux at Clutha Ferry. These men were, in company with James MacDowell, crossing a horse, which they had got over, but which, instead of going up the bank, turned back into the river, and they started after it. Petrie's party coo-eed to them not to go to the punt rope, but they took no notice and kept on. The boat struck the rope, and was lifted straight on end. The men caught the rope, but one held on no time. The others tried to cross holding the rope, but one soon became exhausted and sank. The other, MacDowell, managed to get off his trousers, and then swam ashore. He had at first tried to get his leg over the rope, but had failed.

A settler named Wilson was great on improvements. He was quite amused at seeing eight or ten bullocks in a waggon, and said he could make three do as much with a dray. He bought six from Smith, of Greenfield, and took them to Dunedin, where he engaged three men to teach them to lead; but it was a great job, and they frightened the Dunedin people nearly out of their wits. He had two drays built with springs and broad tyres. His three men were Fowler, Butler, and West. One trip the drays capsized several times, but they managed to get to Maitland's. Butler was a somnambulist, and one night after they were all in bed he got up and seized West by the head, crying "Whoa! Whoa!" West yelled, "Let I go! Let I go! I am not a bullock!" On one of the others getting a light, Butler said, "Now, perhaps you'll help me up with this bullock." He thought the dray had capsized, and so was attempting to get the bullocks up.

The men were once camped on an island opposite Clydevale cutting posts. They had no cooking utensils or meat, only tea and sugar, and had to cross to the station to cook their food. One night their boat sank,

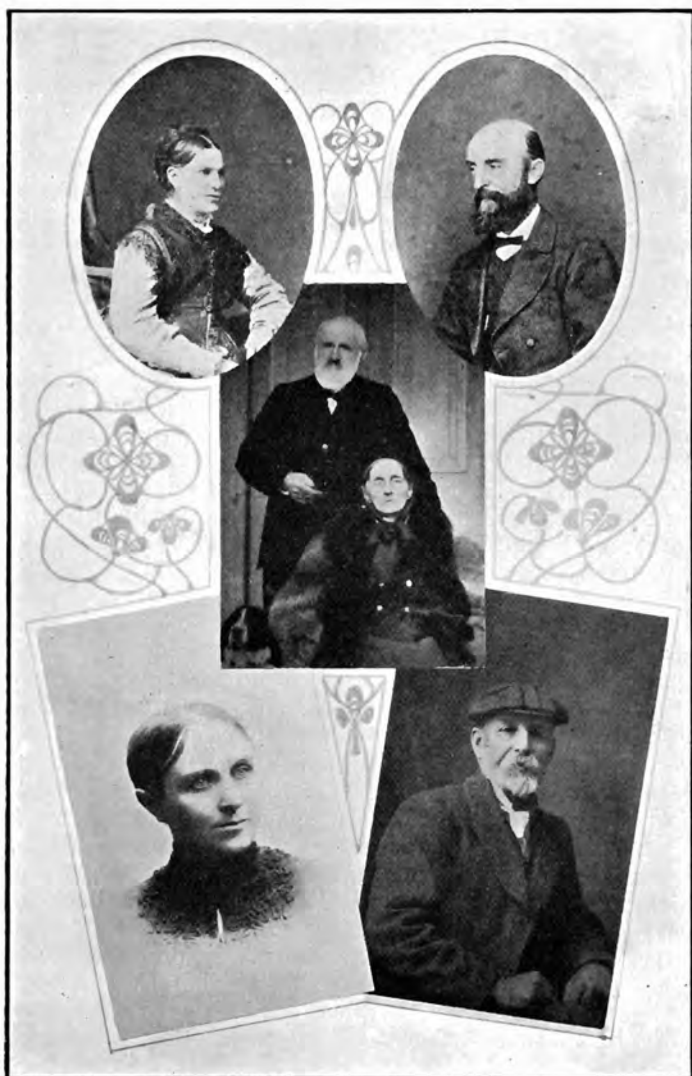
and they were stranded for a week. They knew where the Maoris had set their eel-pots, and, finding one baited with pieces of a woodhen, they caught as many eels as they could carry, and lived for three days on them; the other three days they had nothing. On the first day Petrie broke his axe-handle, and made one from a black pine sapling. Being green, it bent in all directions, but ultimately he got into the way of using it, and with it he cut 1,000 posts. When the job was finished he gave it to Wilson.

The Nicols, father and son, took a contract to build a bridge and an accommodation house at the Mataura River. Not having seen the place, they had to trust to the particulars given by the Government Department, and their estimates were made up from the information supplied, a good deal of which was misleading. Mr. Nicol, senr., engaged men and a bullock driver, and, having secured a pair of first-class bullocks and sledge, set out from Dunedin for Mataura. Walter Nicol had now his first experience as a bullock-puncher, as the others of the party left him in charge. The road was only a track in many places, and in others there was hardly anything to guide the plucky new-chum driver. Nothing daunted, he set off, and after five days reached Caldervale, Kaihiku, then occupied by Alex. McNeil, where the others joined him, and the bullocks were handed over to their proper driver. The first day's trip had been as far as Saddle Hill; the next to Taieri Ferry; the third to Mathieson's, at Toko; the fourth to Balclutha, and the fifth to Kaihiku. After leaving this place they managed, by taking a long day, to reach Trumble's place at Otaraia, but received a very surly welcome, neither food nor lodging being at first forthcoming. Ultimately they persuaded Trumble to give them food, and they lodged in the stockyard among the calf-pens. The seventh night found them at their destination—the Bush—about two miles below the present Mataura township, where there was a Maori settlement. Work then began. All the timber had to be cut in the bush and taken to the bridge site, a distance of about two miles. Soon a difficulty presented itself. The bridge had one span of fifty-two feet, and they could find only one tree in the bush which would square the size required. They had to go to Steel's bush, Edendale, for the other, and this entailed a great deal of extra labour. The bridge was a foot and horse bridge, six feet wide, and the spans

were to rest on two flat rocks, almost in mid-stream. It was found that the plans were here far astray, the proposed bridge being found to be twenty feet short, and some time was wasted in getting authority from Dunedin for the increased length. Provisions ran short, and the bullock team was sent to Invercargill for flour. It was away a fortnight, and then brought only one bag. The men were in a sad plight. Rich, a station-owner near, was away from home, and his foreman refused to sell them any meat, and if it had not been for the Maoris they would have starved. These Maoris gave them a few potatoes, and they managed to get some wild pigs. On Rich's return he soon had a bullock killed, and they were in clover. They then shifted camp to the bridge site, and were ready to start, when a flood came, and showed them that something would have to be done to prevent the bridge when built from being swept away, as the water rose right over the rocks where it was supposed to rest. The authorities were communicated with, and instructions sent to drill holes in the rocks and put in bolts, which were fixed by having melted lead poured in. After the work was completed, the river rose again, and the water flowed over the bottom of the bridge. Some time afterwards the bridge was swept away—just when Southland separated from Otago—and this accident made the separation complete. The accommodation-house was soon completed, and the party returned to Dunedin.

Mr. George Begg thus describes a trip he and his brother made to the diggings from East Clutha:—

"My brother Alick and I (whose ages then were 17 and 15 years) were sent up to Gabriel's Gully with timber for sluice-boxes—sent on spec. In all we had 500 feet. Alick had four bullocks and I two harness bullocks in drays. As it was mid-winter, the roads were in a fearful state. We left home, and went by way of East Clutha School. We had to put on the bridge before we got to the School, from which we went behind Mercer's (Frank Ledingham's place), then down one of Simpson's ridges to the Water Hole. We got stuck there; had to unload, get out, and re-load. Next we got to a gully on the east side of Simpson's gate, where we again got stuck; unloaded, got out, re-loaded, and reached the gully on the west side of the gate, where we had the same performance to go through. We went up past where P. Grant now lives, and forded the Puerua. The cutting was very narrow,



MR. AND MRS. ALEX. GRIGOR (1858—"*Three Bells*").

MR. AND MRS. JAMES PATERSON (1858—"*Jura*").

MR. AND MRS. ROBERT GRIGOR
1858—"*Three Bells.*" 1863—"*Star of Tasmania.*"

so we kept on the flat opposite where W. Murdoch now lives. We followed the ridges up as far as Sheddan's, crossing the Waitepeka about Lawson's, on the bridge. From Sheddan's we went down what is now Shaw's track, down a ridge, crossed a creek where Kakapuaka Railway Station now is, up the spur by Te Houka, and thence to Balclutha, where we had a terrible job to get the bullocks on to the punt. We had them on and off ever so many times before we got across. We then went up by way of Willocks's, and got as far as Mount Stuart, where we camped. The ground was covered with snow. We had no tents, no cover, so we slung our hammocks under the axle of one of the drays, but it was a cold show. I think we walked about all night to try to keep ourselves warm. As we were pitching the camp a man named Robinson, with a dray and three horses, came up. He was a fellow-passenger of ours from Home, and had come from Invercargill to Gabriel's, but was returning to Balclutha. He asked if he could camp with us. Alick gave him half a pannikin of whisky, and said yes. We had tea, and he had some more whisky, then he just tipped up his dray and slept on the ground, as he had sold his tent in the morning. He was half covered with snow, but he seemed to sleep fine.

"In the morning, as it was snowing heavily, and Robinson had left on his road to Clutha, Alick said he thought I had better try to overtake him and go home, and he would look after things. I set off after Robinson, and was just about up to him, when Alick overtook me, and said it looked as if it was going to take up, and I had better go back. We had a horse with us on our trip, so we rode and tied back to camp. We got on fairly well until we reached Waitahuna River, which was partly in flood. Alick went first, and had got about halfway across when his team stopped, and he had to get into the river and work the bullocks through. The water was up past his waist. That night we took off some of the boards, laid some on the ground, and built some up alongside the wheel. It was a bit more comfortable, but there was not enough room below the axle to swing our hammocks. In due course we arrived at the end of our journey, but we found we had struck a bad market. A. J. Burns had, from his mill at Mosgiel, sent out two loads of timber, and had flooded the market. Some of our crowd wanted to sell the timber by the board,

but W. Crouthers would not hear of it. Crouthers was a terrible man to growl, and nobody could do anything to please him. While digging at Gabriel's Gully, he and Sutherland shifted the pegs every chance they could get, until the crowd came and stopped them. He was an old Australian digger, who drank all he made. He often said to father he was going to save his money, and go home to the Channel Islands. When he left, father gave him £20 to buy a 5ft. saw. The saw cost £16, and with the balance he bought Yankee axes and sent them out. That was the last we heard of him. Crouthers would not hear of the crowd selling the timber by the board, so we sold it to John Barr's man (Jack) for £30. He sold it shortly after for £90, so he had all the profit and we had all the work.

"On our way back we camped at Waitahuna, and Alick said, 'You unyoke, and I shall go over to these other lots and see if I can get the billy boiled.' Coming back, he said it was McKay, of Waihola, and we were to go and stay with him. We had a hut and plenty of straw, and I can tell you we slept sound. It was the only night we were warm. We then came down to Mr. W. Smith's, at Stirling. It was father's intention to send up timber by the steamer for us, and we were to return to Gabriel's; but when we got to Stirling there was no timber for us, so Alick rode home and sent me back word to come home with the teams, the reason being that there was no timber. All the settlers had sent down wheat to be ground, so our teams were required to cart the flour etc., from the mill to the steamer, but that work did not take long. On my way back from Gabriel's Gully I returned by way of Lawson's Bridge, and going down the hill from Woodburn by way of Veitch's, as it was dark, I capsized the dray in the gully; so I unyoked and made for C. and J. Perkins, with whom I stayed all night. I think it took us fully two weeks to make the trip."

Up to this date (1862) the greatest sensation of the time, outside of the discovery of gold, was the Molyneux murder, which took place about the middle of 1862. Thos. Blatch was police constable at Clutha Ferry at the time, and from him the following particulars are gleaned.

A man named Fratson lived near the Clutha Ferry, in a hut close to the bush, between where the two bridges now are, but rather nearer the railway bridge. He was reckoned to be a Yorkshire man, and had come from

Adelaide. He was very much disliked, and so was desirous of getting back to Adelaide. One day the constable (T. Blatch) had occasion to go to Kaitangata, and after crossing the river met a man named Leary coming towards Clutha. Nothing was said by Leary at the time, but on Blatch coming home he found a note had been left for him by Leary, who explained that a man named Andrew Wilson, who had been working for him in a livery stable in Dunedin, and who had come to Clutha to look at the land two or three weeks before, was missing. He had been in Wharepa, and had stayed a night at different settlers' houses—one at Mr. John Hogg's house at Hop Field Farm, and some at other places. The note also stated that he (Wilson) had been seen in company with a man Fratson, formerly mentioned. Leary stated he would inform the police in Dunedin, and asked Blatch to make inquiries. From inquiries made, it was ascertained that Wilson, in company with Fratson, had been seen going towards the latter's hut by Mr. and Mrs. Hope and Mrs. Blatch. Mrs. Hope stated that she had met Mrs. Fratson in the evening, and she said she was going to the store for some things, as they had a visitor. Shortly after this (some days) Fratson stated his intention of going away, but Woods, who kept the hotel in Balclutha, offered him work if he would stop, Woods wanting the services of Mrs. Fratson, who was much liked by everybody in the place. Fratson stayed a week or so, but ultimately left for Dunedin, from which a vessel was to sail for Adelaide.

Blatch reported to the police in Dunedin that the last heard or seen of Wilson was in Fratson's company, and that the latter had left for Dunedin with the intention of sailing for Adelaide. On receipt of this report, Detective Tuckwell was sent to the vessel to see if Fratson was on board, and finding him there he arrested him. On being brought before the Court, Fratson was remanded for three weeks. Leary offered a reward of £20 for information about Wilson, and the search was eagerly prosecuted. Blatch searched everywhere, but no trace was found. Detective Tuckwell came out to Clutha on the Saturday, and in company with Blatch searched the whole place, but again the search was a failure. Blatch said he was sure Wilson had been murdered and the body put in the river, but Tuckwell laughed at the idea. After seeing all the places, he came to the same opinion, saying, "I believe with you the man is in the river; I wonder if we could

get a drag and boat." "Yes," was the reply, and they got grappling irons and a boat from Woods, and dragged the river on Sunday afternoon, but with no result.

Tuckwell stayed till Monday or Tuesday, and then returned to Dunedin. After he had left someone found a new felt hat with a cut in the back of it, and gave it to a swagger who was passing and had no hat. Blatch sent a messenger after Tuckwell to tell him about it, and Tuckwell got the hat from the man at Toko. When Tuckwell was leaving he said: "I have never been beaten before, but this time I am fairly beaten." Said Blatch: "I'll find him yet." "You may," was the reply, "but there is little chance." Blatch searched and made inquiries for about a week, during which time the river was getting lower and clearer than it had ever been before. This was about the time of the Dunstan rush, and the weather was very frosty, so frosty that even the water taken into the houses at night was frozen solid in the morning. One day after dinner Blatch was looking up the river, and he could see the bottom quite distinctly, the pebbles on the bottom standing out prominently. Speaking to a man named John Finn, he suggested that they should go and look for the body, as there was a good chance to find it and so secure the reward. Getting a boat, they dropped down with the current, watching up the river very carefully. Suddenly Finn said: "What's that lying there? It looks like a blue shirt." "Where?" said Blatch. Finn pointed out the place, and they pulled over. In a minute Blatch saw it was a body and told Finn, but he said "No." "Pull nearer," said Blatch, and Finn cried out: "Yes, by Heavens, it's a dead man." The body was lying under a log which was lying at an angle with the bank. The water being quite still, there was a deep hole at the place, and a slight stream flowing over the log had kept the body from rising. They then pulled ashore and left the boat, but Finn began to run up the road. Blatch called him back, and told him to make no fuss. They then told Woods, from whom they got a sheet, ropes, and other articles, and lifted the body into the boat which they pulled to the jetty. As the news had quickly spread, there was a crowd awaiting them. Blatch wrote a report, and, getting a horse from Woods, he sent Finn to Toko, whence a constable was sent to Dunedin, where he arrived at three in the morning. He was just in time, as next day, if no further evidence was got, Fratson was to have been released.

Next day, along with David Thomas, son of Woods' partner, Blatch set out about the same time of day as before to search the bed of the river. They took with them a garden rake, with which Blatch picked up off the bottom three razors, near the middle of the river nearly opposite the spot where the body was found, only a little lower down. The third day they picked up an axe. When they returned there was a crowd at the jetty, and someone called out: "Got anything?" "Yes," was the reply, "we got an axe." Fratson had borrowed an axe from one of Woods' men, and when going away he said he had returned it, leaving it on the woodheap. The man had never found it, and, as he had a mark on it, he could swear that the axe found was the one Fratson had borrowed. The axe and razors had blood marks on them, and had human hair attached to them. A curious thing about the river was that during these three days it remained clear and low, but next day it was much discoloured and had risen. Making further search, Blatch says: "I found a rope which had been taken from the punt. It was tied in two loops and had blood marks on it. Beside it was a manuka pole about ten feet long, and it, too, had blood marks. It seemed as if the rope had been used to put round the body and the stick put through the loops so that two people could carry it. Another long stick found had apparently been used to push the body out into the stream, as opposite Fratson's hut the river bank was steep but clear of bush. A little further up there were some trees, through which there was a track, and on this track I found a bunch of human hair. I then carefully searched the hut, and noticed that the fireplace was heaped up with sand, as if there had been a big fire and sand had been put on top of it. In front of the hearth I noticed the ground was soft, and I removed the soft stuff, leaves and twigs of trees. This left a hole from two feet six inches to three feet in diameter, and about eighteen inches deep. The ground round was solid, and the bottom and sides of the hole were stained a dark brown colour. The bed was opposite the fireplace, and I found the walls blood-splashed. I here note a curious thing. One day before the news of the disappearance of Wilson spread, I had occasion to go along the road near Fratson's hut for my horse, and almost in front of the hut I noticed a pool of blood and thought some animal had been gored. After getting the horse I saw Mrs. Fratson looking about the

place where I afterwards found the hair. Some days after my discoveries, Mr. St. John Branigan, Detective Tuckwell, with Fratson in charge, and a doctor arrived to hold an inquest. Rich, son-in-law of Major Richardson, was coroner, and some of the witnesses were the man who owned the axe, Hope and his wife, a man who worked for John Barr at Te Houka, and the wife of a settler at the Four Mile Creek. Several times while giving his evidence the doctor broke off to say that he had never seen a body so terribly mutilated. There were three large cuts at the back of the neck, a cut over the right eye, another down the centre of the face, cutting forehead, nose and chin in half, and the face had been battered in with the back of the axe. The verdict was wilful murder against Fratson, who was committed for trial. At the trial Fratson was condemned to be hung, but, partly owing to the nature of Tuckwell's evidence, and partly to a petition which was got up stating that Fratson was the first to be condemned in Otago, the sentence was commuted to penal servitude. Fratson was a most dangerous prisoner, and the warders stated that when he was working above anyone in the cuttings he would drop a pick or other article on the men below as quick as lightning, so he had to be kept inside for fear he would kill the warders or other prisoners.

"When the verdict at the trial was given Fratson roared like a bull: 'That damn Tuckwell has sworn my life away.' His wife was not arrested, but I was sent by Branigan to see her to the place she stopped at in Port Chalmers. I may here say that Fratson was a giant in strength—a strong, burly Yorkshireman—but a fearful coward. Once Woods sent him to try to get a drink at Barr's store, where they sold grog at 6d. a glass, whereas in the hotel it was 1s., but he was so detested that they would not give it to him. The other men hated him like poison, and I have seen one give him a slap in the face, but Fratson took no notice of it. Every new Governor that came to New Zealand was petitioned by Fratson for release, and at last he gained his point. He came out to Hillend, but Hope was so scared that he wrote to the police who took Fratson to Dunedin and shipped him to South America."

A number of people had been drowned in the Clutha and some of the bodies were never found. A man named Costello had been drowned before Blatch came to the

Clutha, but after his arrival, along with Andrew MacNeil and two others, he took the body out of the river after it had been in for eight weeks. Another man had been drowned at the same time, but his body was never got. Blatch says: "I was told that these two had tried to cross the river above the punt in a boat when it was in flood, but were swept down, and the boat was upset by the punt rope and the men drowned. Two men found the body hanging in the branches of a tree opposite MacNeil's house, and we had to take it out by firelight. We had to saw the branches off and get a sheet under the body, which fell to pieces when touched. It took us to nearly daylight to finish. There was an inquest, and the funeral took place on the reserve the same day."

A report of a double murder at Switzers reached Blatch at Clutha. Two brothers, named Tibbetts, had a station at Switzers, which they sold to a man named Switzer, who was a bootmaker in Dunedin, and from whom the place gets its name. Tibbetts Bros. haa another run near the former, and their horses always went back to the old run. The shepherds hunted them home with dogs, and one morning one of the Tibbetts found his favourite mare with her leg broken. He said the shepherds had done it, and he would shoot the lot. Taking a double-barrelled gun, he walked to Switzers, where he arrived in the evening. He went to the hut, but the men had heard that he was coming, and they all cleared out. A woman with a child walked several miles to another station. The men hid in the scrub, from which they watched Tibbetts go into the hut, where he lit a fire and had his tea. About dark he went outside and called, "Aren't you coming in? You'll have to come some time." He stayed all night, and had his breakfast in the morning. It was a frosty night, and the hidden men had nothing on but shirt and trousers. After breakfast he went away up a gully, and one man, a German, who was cook, saw him going, but, being shortsighted, could not see him far. He thought he had gone, and started for the hut. Tibbetts turned and saw him. When he got near the poor fellow saw him and ran for the scrub, but Tibbetts shot him dead. He then turned away, and had some more breakfast with some men who were making a road near. One asked, "Been shooting?" "Oh, not much," said he; "only shot an old German affair." Some settlers then sent a mounted messenger to Blatch, but he had not gone far

when another messenger overtook him and told him that Tibbetts the murderer had been shot by his brother. On Blatch's arrival, he found that Sergeant Morton, who was on his way from the Lakes, had heard of the murder, and had gone to Tibbetts' house. He found the brother there, and they went to Switzers to look for the murderer, but did not succeed in finding him. They returned home, and in a little while saw him coming across the river. They saw him looking at the horses' tracks, and carefully scanning the place. There was a calico door to the hut, so they put the table against it, and cut loopholes to peer through. When he came near, the brother told him to lay down his arms and come into the hut. "Who is with you?" was the reply. "Oh, nobody that will hurt you. Lay down your gun." "What for?" "Because you have shot one man, and I don't want you to have any more shooting." "Yes, you ——, and I'll shoot you, too," was the reply. He fired at the door, but, finding from the sound that there was something solid against it, he aimed his gun again. The sergeant said, "Now's our time; fire, or he'll shoot us." The brother fired, and shot him dead. He then tried to shoot himself, but Morton, after a sharp struggle, managed to get his revolver, which went off in the tussle, and he was wounded in the hand. Blatch went for Rich, and an inquest was held, when in the one case a verdict of murder was brought in against the dead Tibbetts, and in the other one of justifiable homicide.

One, Davie Miller, seeing James Shiels' application for land at South Molyneux, came to him and said, "I see, James, you are applying for land in South Molyneux; never buy land there, as I saw a man planting potatoes there, and the place was so hilly that he had to tie a flax rope round his waist and the other end round a tree to keep him from rolling to the bottom. He had to peg the potatoes into the ground to keep them from rolling away until he could cover them with soil."

It was in the old Provincial days, and in Johnnie McNeil's time. Some men were engaged repairing the Port road from the ferry to Port Molyneux. It had been formed previous to this, but there was a number of bad places, such as culverts and swampy pieces of ground that required attending to, and they were sent out to do the work. They pitched their tents amongst the flax-bushes, near the turn of the road where Hogg's bridge now stands,

and not far from the bit of rising ground where George Earp afterwards built his hut, and made his home and garden.

One day, while working on a part of the road near the Waitepeka Creek, not far from the spot where the Somervilles erected a flourmill and store, and not long after David Whytock had built the hotel at Puerua, who should come riding along the road but Mr. Watson, the manager of the adjoining Waitepeka Station—"Clever Watson," as he was pleased to style himself. "Good day, men," says he, quite pleasantly. "Good day, Mr. Watson," they answered.

"That's a fine straw stack you have over there, Mr. Watson," the road boss remarked, pointing to a straw stack in the adjoining paddock.

"Yes," says Watson, "it is."

"I wish we had it here," says the boss.

"Why, what for?" asked Watson.

"We'd bundle it up and place it on this bad piece of road," explained the boss; "it would help it a lot."

"Have as much as you wish," said Watson, as he rode away; "I don't mind if it makes the road passable and fit for traffic."

They soon had that stack bundled up, carried over, and placed in position on the road, and a very good part of the road it afterwards proved to be.

Next morning Watson happened along. "Hullo!" he said, "where's my straw stack?"

"Didn't you tell us yesterday we could have it for the road?" says the boss with a cheerful grin.

"Yes," says Watson, "but I didn't mean you to take the lot. Ah, well, never mind," he said with a smile, "perhaps it will be more useful on the road than where it was, and you've made a good job of that too," and away he rode and left them to their work.

"Clever Watson" was a very good sort of a chap, but he happened to fall out with a neighbour named Donald Sutherland, "Big Donal'," as he was usually called.

It appears that the boundary fence between them, like many another boundary fence before and since, was in bad order, and stock were trespassing. At any rate, "Clever Watson" went the length of summoning "Big Donal'."

The case came off in the Ferry, and "Big Donal'" won. Donald was in the men's tent that evening, giving them the details of the case, when they heard hoof-beats coming down the road, and the voice of someone speaking as they thought to a friend. Out they went to see who was coming, and who was it but "Clever Watson" coming riding home from the Ferry, and talking to himself about the case he had lost that day. He looked up, and saw "Big Donal'" and the rest at the tents, and came riding over.

"Ah! 'Big Donal',' " he said, as he rode up; "you've beat 'Clever Watson' to-day. Never mind," he said, as he offered his hand to Donal', "shake hands; I bear no grudge about it."

Big Duffy, a man who had travelled and seen a good deal of the world, said afterwards to one of his mates: "Well, mate, I reckon I've seen something wonderful to-day. To see two men who had a bitter lawsuit in the morning meet again at night, shake hands and become friends is something wonderful to me."

The following incident in connection with Mr. G. Polson, of Wharepa, after whom Polson's Bridge is named, occurred many years ago. It happened on the Main South Road, long before the construction of the Southern Trunk railway line:—

"Those were great days; those were the days when 'Caulker' and 'Te Kook' flourished. These are simply nick-names, but they will serve their turn. They were carpenters, and had pitched their camp on the tussocky slopes at the foot of Popotunoa's bush-clad hill. Plenty of work was offering then, and they spent their days earning good money, and many of their nights in high jinks and rollicking sprees, drinking enough whisky and beer on such festive occasions, quite sufficient to 'stagger humanity.' "

But that is not the yarn.

Mr. Polson, it seems, was driving his team of horses with a dray-load of provisions along the road, making for a station somewhere down south. He had passed through what is now called Clinton, and was driving along the badly constructed road, keeping a watchful eye on his team and dray. Carefully straddling high ruts here and there, crossing gently over soft and swampy places, he would dodge all the "crab holes and glue-pots" with a dexterity born of long experience.

Everything was going well with him, and he was almost within sight of the famed Wairuna Bush. This bush, pretty though it undoubtedly is at the present day, retains but a shadow of its former glory and beauty. The lordly pines, the giant totaras, the graceful kowhais, and the picturesque broadleaf have long since fallen a prey to axe and saw to satisfy the material needs of the men of the early days. In passing, it may be stated that some of the first houses built in the Wairuna District were constructed with timber carted from Port Molyneux.

Timber could have been obtained at Tapanui, but the road from Port Molyneux was the best for carting on at that time. But to return to Polson and his team. They had climbed a long hill, and were making for Scobie's Hotel and store, which at that time stood close beside the Main Road. This hotel and store have long since disappeared. Scobie afterwards built the first store in Clinton, and conducted a flourishing business there, until financial difficulties overtook him. Polson had passed safely over a bad portion of road, and was taking things easy, when suddenly the team swerved to one side, and ere Polson could bring them back to their bearings, the off wheel passed over a steep bank, and in a second horses, dray, and provisions were at the bottom of a small gully. As it happened, one of a gang of men repairing the road noticed the mishap, and gave the alarm to his mates. A gang of willing workers were soon on the spot, the horses were quickly unyoked, the dray and provisions carried almost bodily on to the road, and everything put to rights, and almost before Polson had realised that he had tipped over an embankment, he was once more wending his way along the road to his destination, which he reached safely without further mishap."

Wild dogs and wild pigs were a source of continual annoyance to the settlers, and constant war was waged against them. The sheep often had to be watched night and day, but in spite of all precautions many were killed and heavy losses sustained by the settlers. The authorities, as well as the settlers, were eager for the extermination of the wild dog, and £5 were at one time given as the price of a wild dog's tail. As for the pigs, although they did considerable damage too, yet the settlers were often dependent on them for the only fresh meat they could get. Hunting parties were often organised, and

the sport proved both enjoyable and exciting, as the following descriptions will show.

Out from the Taieri pigs were very plentiful, and parties of two and three used to go out hunting. One party had several good dogs, which they kept tied, and one good hunting dog to find out the pigs. They often stayed out all night, as they had to keep clear of sheep. When the hunting dog barked, they let loose the other dogs, and had a good set-to with the pigs. Sometimes they killed half-a-dozen boars before they got a good pig. On one occasion the weather became very bad, and the party had to leave everything and get home as best they could. If they had had no blankets they would never have got home.

On another occasion a young pig followed the party home from Whare Bush. Bob Mahone had caught a sucker, which he took with him to the camp. He held its nose over the smoke of the fire until it was stupefied, and then laid it beside him in the bed all night. Next day it followed the men, and when they came to a bad place in the track it would squeal until one of them carried it over. It went with them to Halfway Bush, but turned out a terror. It would come into the house and scare the women out of their wits. One evening Blatch and others went to visit Mahone, and on knocking were answered by the woman, who said she could not open the door as she was in bed, and the pig was inside. At last by means of a chair or two she managed to reach the door and get it open, when the pig cleared out.

Allan Boyd was once out on his run when a boar met him, and Boyd got such a fright that instead of using his gun he climbed a cabbage tree near, leaving his gun leaning against the trunk. After settling himself, he tried to draw his gun up, but it went off and shot him. John MacCrae found him and carried him home, when John Boyd ran to Dunedin for a doctor

Two men, Mahone and Blatch, were engaged by a man named MacDonald to go out to get some pigs for him. They went over the hills to the back of the Silver Peak, and in several days had secured a large number of pigs, which were sent to Breadalbane, North Taieri. They had given up hunting, and had the dogs tied up, preparatory to packing up for departure, when they saw three men—Macgregor, Gibson, and a lad—coming towards them. Blatch was standing near the tent where

one of the dogs was tied. Mahone said, "Good-day, men, have you been hunting wild pigs?" "Yes," was the reply, "and tame ones, too." With that Macgregor fired at the dog in the tent and shot him. Mahone picked up in his arms another dog, which had been lent to them, and saying, "You won't shoot my dog," ran off up a ridge. Macgregor followed, and shot the dog in his arms. On going to Dunedin, the men went to Magistrate Strode, but he would do nothing for them, as he said he must protect the runholders. The place where the foregoing incident took place is called Powder Hill to this day.

Wild pigs were plentiful on Greenfield Station, and were hunted without mercy. On one occasion the sight of a pig chasing a man was experienced. Mr. Alex. Petrie, who was employed on the station, was accustomed to put in pegs to mark places where he thought he could make short cuts, but sometimes found himeslf in such difficult places that he often thought he would have been better to have kept to the ridges, as in his efforts to find short cuts he got into deep gullies, with steep, ferny sides. One day, when following a track, he saw a huge boar, with immensely long ears, coming slowly along the track, and he thought he would give it a fright. Waiting until the animal got within a short-distance of him, he shouted loudly and jumped towards it. To his astonishment and no little dismay, the animal took no notice, further than to advance towards him at a slightly faster speed. As he had no weapon, Petrie thought it was time to go, so off he set running as fast as he could. On reaching some distance ahead, he looked back, and saw Mr. Boar cantering—he had been walking before—smartly after him. He again set off, and, on looking back a second time, saw the boar rooting amongst the fern, he having lost sight of his quarry. Petrie had often hunted pigs, but this was the first time he had experienced the pleasure of being hunted by a pig. On reaching Tokomairiro, however, and relating the story, he found that the boar was well known, as he had stuck up several, among whom was a man named Berney.

On the Kakanui Ranges were cartloads of moa bones, and Petrie thought he might find a live moa, so was continually on the search. One day, when out searching, accompanied by his dogs, he saw on the hillside what he took to be a big grey-coloured rock. The dogs had started some pigs, and had caught one. On looking around,

Sandy saw the supposed rock seemingly moving, and was greatly surprised. Considerably startled at such a sight, he remained gazing until it came toward him, when he saw it was a huge pig, an enormous brute, the largest he had ever seen. To his excited imagination it appeared like a big sow with a litter of young ones.

When with Murison, pig hunts were systematically carried out. Good dogs were got—i.e., dogs with short stout legs, probably with some of the bulldog breed about them. Murison and others often wondered how Petrie always got such nice fat pigs, while they could get only a tough old boar or sow. Petrie's method was a most common-sense one, and so simple that it is strange that the same idea did not occur to the others. In some parts of the district were stretches of beds of old lagoons, long dried up and covered with long grass. These places were the favourite haunts of the pigs, and when a mob of them was located, Petrie galloped ahead of his dogs, and after selecting what he considered was a good animal, cut it out of the others with his whip. When the dogs came up and saw the animal he was attacking, they at once tackled it too, and so he always got a good pig. If left to themselves, the dogs usually tackled a big boar, which would stick them up, the others escaping.

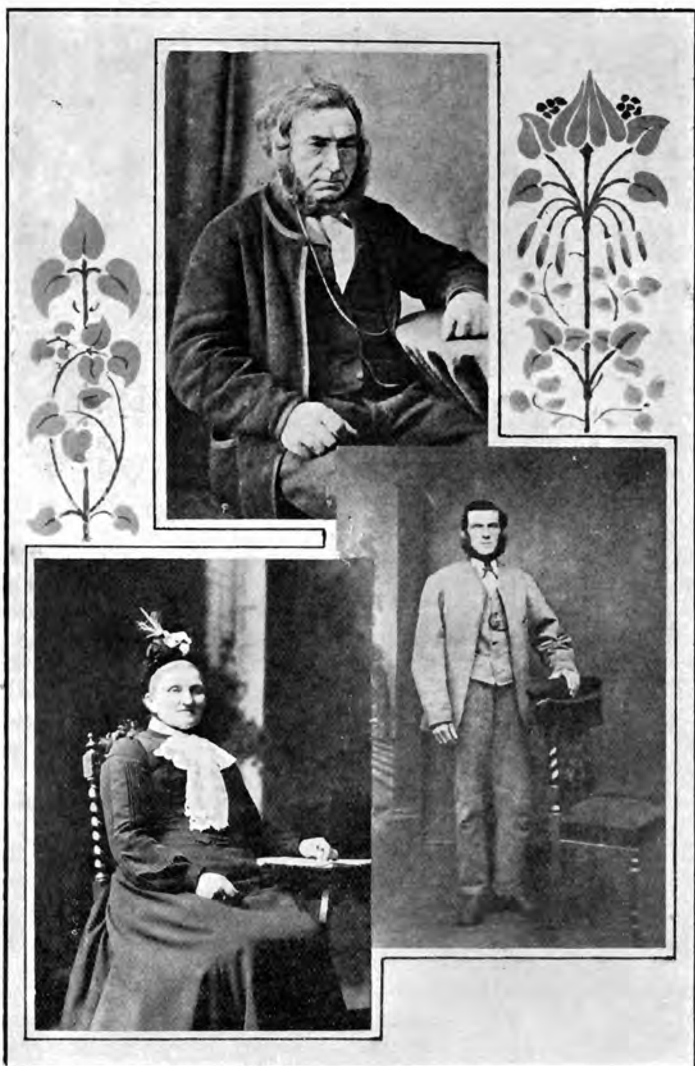
A Mr. Geggie was a good pig-hunter, and being slim and wiry, could make his way through the fern. Pigs were plentiful about Puerua Bush, and the settlers fed their dogs on the boiled skins. One day, when chopping wood, Geggie and Petrie heard their dogs barking loudly, and as they wanted pork, although it was nearly evening, they set off. After travelling some distance they listened, but heard no sound. They then climbed a steep face, covered with high fern, and again heard the dogs, although the sound seemed as far off as ever. Petrie now wished to return, but Geggie said "No, the dogs are quite close." They went on, but finding nothing Petrie lay down and went to sleep. He faintly heard Geggie calling, "Hold him! Hold him!" but took no notice. After a bit he woke up, coo-eed, but got no reply. Thinking that Geggie had gone home, he then went off. On arriving at the house, he found that Geggie had not returned, and Mrs. Geggie wished him to go out after him. Towards morning he did so, taking with him something to eat. On reaching the place where he had lain down to sleep, he saw Geggie coming towards him with a load

of pork. Geggie was a bit surprised when Petrie handed him the bread, and asked where he got it. "Oh," said Petrie, "I always carry some with me." Geggie then stated that he had spent an awful night, and broke his spear. He had slept among the fern in a pig's bed, which he had found empty, but got a great surprise when a big boar made his appearance. He struck at it with his spear, but unfortunately broke it, or rather the boar broke it and disappeared. Petrie's concluding remark was: "By Jove, before I go after pigs again, I'll want to see them first."

A party, consisting of Dalgleish, Berney, Sandy Strachan, and Tom Chalmers, were often out rabbiting, but, one day being too wet, they went pig hunting in the bush. A pig bailed them up, and each rushed for a tree. Strachan managed to get up a fuchsia. Tom Chalmers got up another. Berney tried to scramble up into Strachan's tree, but was greeted with a kick and told, "Be d——! go and get a tree for yourself."

One day Petrie was riding across the Upper Taieri Plain, hands in pockets, for it was a frosty morning, when he heard a yelp, yelp. At first he thought it was the saddle squeaking, but, on hearing it repeated, he made his way to the edge of a terrace, and there he saw about a dozen wild dogs taking the young pigs from a sow. When the sow, which defended her young bravely, would rush at one dog, another would spring in and carry off a young pig. Petrie then shouted, and all the dogs but one cleared off. This one faced him, and he rode at it, flogging it with his whip. He rode over it again and again, and followed until the dog lay down—blown. Taking up his stirrup, he struck at the dog, but the iron rebounded and cut him across the hand. He then dismounted and circled at a safe distance round the dog, gradually reducing the distance until he thought he was near enough, when he sprang and seized its tail. He tried to throw the dog some distance, but the brute was too heavy. At last he put his foot on its neck and thus killed it. To show his mates what he had done single-handed, he cut off the tail as a trophy. In the meantime his horse had got away, and he had to walk to camp.

At night the dogs used to sit in circles and howl for a couple of hours. They would then stop, and when daybreak came they parted, going in packs. It was very difficult to poison these dogs, as they were very suspicious



MR. GEO. MUNRO
1858—"*Palmyra.*"

MR. AND MRS. JOHN CRAWFORD
1858—"*Robert Henderson*" AND "*Palmyra.*"

animals, refusing to touch anything which had any smell of the touch of man about it. The usual plan was to take the entrails of a beast or large pieces of fried liver, tie them to horses' tails, and drag them over the ground, striking off pieces here and there and scattering them with a fork, taking special care not to touch any piece with the hand. The pieces then looked as if they had dropped off themselves, and the dogs ate without scruple. In this way parts were cleared of these brutes, and soon the wild dog became extinct.

Many and varied experiences were met with at Greenfield. Wild dogs were very troublesome, but were ultimately hunted down and thoroughly exterminated. Pigs, too, were plentiful; in fact, the upper part of the station was so infested that on an afternoon the shepherds with dogs, guns, and spears often killed thirty or forty of them, leaving the carcasses to rot. Dogs had been specially brought for running the pigs down, and did the work well. Occasionally some of them were badly ripped up by the boars, but these were the only accidents that occurred. These pigs did more damage to the sheep than did wild dogs, especially in lambing time, as they would follow the ewes till the lambs were dropped, when they would instantly devour them.

On the upper part of the station was a large mob of wild cattle, and Smith determined to secure them. For this purpose new yards with an immensely long lead had to be built at the riverbank. The timber was cut on an island near Clydevale, and had to be boated across the river. This part of the work was very exciting, as the boat was usually loaded almost to the water's edge, and the slightest blunder would have caused an accident. Smith, however, was a splendid boatman, and the work went on safely. He never entered a boat with his boots laced—a piece of advice worth taking nowadays. After the yards were built, all hands turned out and succeeded in yarding a large number of the cattle, and then for several days all was bustle and scurry, branding and doing other work. The calves were taken from the cows, which were milked for a few mornings and then turned out with sticks about their necks. It was thought that they would stop about for the sake of their calves, but many cleared off. Of the escaped cattle some swam the river and got into the Blue Mountains, where their descendants still exist. Their numbers are now small in comparison.

although it took years of hard work to reduce them. Among the stockmen employed on Greenfield were Alex. MacPherson, Davie Peters, Bob Sutherland, and Hugh MacKechnie, but of these MacKechnie is the only one now alive (April, 1909).

Fred Jackman was a keen hunter, and did not mind a bit if he only happened to be in at the death. Once Fred and a few friends were out. He had a bull-dog called "Caesar," a splendid dog, and also a collie. It was a warm day, and the dogs had bailed up and held two pigs, but were getting a bit tired. Fred saw a boar, and without the help of the dogs rushed in and struck at it with his sheath-knife. The boar turned on him, knocked him down, and tore open his knee. He managed to get home somehow, but, although it was only a small wound, he was laid up for a long time.

Sometimes there was keen competition in pig-hunting. The party on one occasion divided. Jack Perry and Alick Begg went one day to get at a pig. George Begg was leading "Caesar," and Fred Jackman was with him. Fred said: "Give me the dog and you go this way, and when I think you are near the pig I will let 'Caesar' go." Begg had just sighted the pig when "Caesar" rushed past, and he had blood running when Alick and Perry arrived. They could not understand how George got there first, but he could beat them all as long as it was an uphill go, but when it was downhill he was lost. On another occasion they went out, Perry and Marcus Begg chasing a pig. Fred held "Caesar" till Begg got away. He got to the pig first, and after sticking him was sitting stride-legs over the body, when Perry came up and ran his spear into it. Begg did not think he saw him at all, as he had to move his leg or Perry would have run the spear clean through it. Sometimes the party took the four bullocks in a sledge and a tent and went back to the Wisp Hill, where they camped for a day or two, when they always had good sport. George Begg remembers coming home one night just about dark; the collie started a pig, which ran down a small gully with long fern, where the pig-dog got a hold of it. George could not see them, but had a fair idea when they were near, so he crawled in on hands and knees, got on the pig's back, and despatched him. A similar incident happened on two other occasions.

One day George Slawson and John Crawford went shooting pigeons. Thinking it was a wild one, they shot a tame pig belonging to one Hall, who used to pit-saw in the bush. When they found their mistake they covered the body carefully over with branches and ran for their lives. Hall hunted high and low for that pig, but never found it, and the hunters never said a word about their action.

Near Port Molyneux there was a pig called Taipo, which in English means "Devil," and which used to make nightly excursions to the Maoris' clearings and rob them of everything it could eat. At last it found Hay's place out, and was there for several nights. One morning another boy and W. Hay, taking a dog which Hay's father had got in Southland, went to their potato patch, and there sure enough was the pig. On seeing them it jumped over the log fence and made into the bush, but the dog got hold of it and held on till Hay arrived, when he hit it across the back with his tomahawk, killing it at one stroke.

Robert Carrick, Alexander Archibald, Andrew Doig, George and William Hay once went out pig-hunting, and had been out all day without having killed a pig. As they were returning home feeling pretty dejected they sat down at the edge of the bush for a smoko. As they were thus sitting, William Hay noticed some pigs which had come out of the bush on the opposite side of the flat. The men followed and managed to kill a sow, but by this time darkness had come on, so they decided to camp in the bush for the night. During the night a south-east mist with rain came on, and, all being new-chums, after spending a miserable night, they went further into the bush instead of coming out. They wandered about all day, and had to again camp in the bush. They were sopping wet and could not light a fire as they had no dry material. The only means of lighting a fire was by flint and steel, with either tinder or match paper, and that being wet, they were forced to go without a fire. They repeated this wandering-about performance for two days, being wet through all the time. As William was a boy and a fairly good climber, he was sent up trees to see if there was any open country about. He climbed trees till the skin was all off his knees, and then Andrew Doig had to take a turn on the lookout. The weather took up on the third day, when Doig discovered open country, now

known as the Ahuriri Flat. The pig had been divided among the four men to carry, but, having no fire, they could not cook any of it, and were all that time without anything to eat. On the third day Mr. Hay, sen., took a piece of cotton and pinned it on Doig's shoulder to dry in the sun, while they were travelling through the Ahuriri. Some of the men got ravenous, and managed to eat a little of the raw pig. The Hays had a try, but could only chew it, and could not force themselves to swallow it. At last, with the piece of cotton that he had pinned on Doig's shoulder and a knife, Mr. Hay managed to light a fire. The first thing to be cooked was the liver, but the smell of it roasting was too much for them, and they took it off the fire and ate it with all the blood in. William says he could not eat liver for a long time after. That day they reached Fuller's place, now Hilly Park, and after staying there all night proceeded to their home on the beach.

One day a man named John MacMillan was out on his round amongst the sheep when he came across a little mob of pigs—about a score—with a great big boar amongst them. He picked the boar out as his prey and set the dogs on him, and after tying his horse on the top of a ridge, he also made after him. When the pig sighted MacMillan he gave up snapping at the dogs and made for him. Mac made for a swamp near at hand, but the pig was too quick and made a snap at his legs, taking the leg clean off his trousers. He then made into the bush, leaving Mac minus one trouser leg.

When at Clydevale, MacMillan was returning home one evening when a bull-dog which he had with him caught a big pig. Mac thought he had killed the pig, when all of a sudden it rose and struck the dog under the jaw, killing it instantly.