

CHARLES HENRY MARTIN NEWSPAPER ARTICLES ABOUT MOUTERE

Appendix M1
(Weblink SP Appendix M1)

Alexander Turnbull Library Wellington

*Reference 96/11 "The Colonist" newspaper Nelson Thursday June 1st 1876 page 4
"The Early Days of Nelson;" The Moutere Thirty Years Ago and Now:*

The Trials and Experiences of Early Settlers [By C H M.]

Above thirty years have passed away since the first adventurers slowly wound their way up the Moutere Hills, with hearts as heavy as the burdens on their backs, shoes already worn off their feet, and the dresses of the fair sex torn into tatters.

When at last reaching the top of the range (which was named by us "Der Gelbenberg," i.e. Yellow Hill), from whence a good view could be obtained of the surrounding country, nothing could be seen but one vast wilderness, whether looking over the Waimea Plain, or down the long Moutere Valley, the centre of which was our destination. The sea seemed to be the only object of hope left, over which we might again escape from this wild and inhospitable region.

The heart-sickening feelings which here crept over us with greater force were however, only the slight fore-shadowing of the miseries and hardships, which were in store for us. Hope had already received a severe shock on our first landing. The news of the Wairau massacre reached Nelson a few days after our arrival, and our march from Nelson up to this point had not implanted in us better courage, for some of us lost the track and got in the Richmond swamp, where we had to remain till nearly daylight, and this, too on a sharp frosty night.

Towards morning we got to a toi-toi house, the only dwelling which the Richmond village could boast of here we obtained shelter, and a fire was kindled to thaw our frozen limbs and dry our clothes. It took some time before this task was accomplished, as the wood was green, and the fireplace too small for the number seeking the warm blaze of the fire. Pining now, however, for our dear Vater-land, and the happy homes left behind, was of no use; the die had long since been cast, and onward must go the march up hill, down dale, through fern, flax, and swamp. Across some of the largest swamps saplings had been thrown, which required the skill of Blondin to pass over, but some lost their balance and over they fell into the mire. The long line of forest, with only a narrow track cut seemed at times almost to defy our progress, and as such as warn us of the result if we insisted upon the attempt of subduing its wild state.

The Upper Moutere where the German Village is now located, is the spot where the English first made a stand for a short time. Our destination lay about three or four miles lower down the valley, although in those days it appeared more like three times that length. However, this journey, like all others in life, at last came to an end, just as the shades of evening were closing over we arrived at the spot, which would have been far better adapted, if such an association as the Acclimatisation Society had then existed, to have sent spawn for the breeding of trout, than for the human species to multiply. This, of course, was as yet hidden from our view, but we were destined not to be long before getting a taste of the inclement weather, which was to assist in our destruction and drive us away from here again.

As I have already indicated, shoeless, in tatters, worn-out, and limbs stiff from the long and rough journey, we sat down and quietly partook of the meal which had been prepared for us and which our exhausted state was much in need of. Having supplied the cravings of nature, we retired to the hut, which had been built by the advance party. The bed was made on the

ground with fern and manuka, and with the assistance of a few bed-clothes, which we had carried on our backs, our night's quarters, as we thought were established, and although made with this scanty material I do not recollect getting a bed so soft and soothing to the feelings as this made by us and reposed on in the Moutere Valley. This happy state of mind and comfortable feeling, which we now enjoyed, were a contrast from the despairing and weary state of our minds on the late journey. But comfortable and reconciled to our fate as we now appeared to be, it was not to be many hours duration. It had evidently been raining on the back ranges during the day, and the effect of this we were to feel.

Having laid about three hours, complaints were made by a younger member of the party that he felt so wet underneath, the others having, perhaps, a little more bedding (fern) below them, had not as yet felt it; they were very much annoyed at being thus disturbed, and told the youth to be quite and lie still, and although this harsh command had the effect of stopping his voice, it could not stop the water's progress, and before many more minutes had passed, the whole of us were supplied with extra under material, and we happened to have been sound asleep, which the exhausted state of our frames prevented, we should have also been supplied with additional covering. At last, becoming acquainted with the real state of affairs, we called out for help, which speedily came to remove us. On our way to our helper's hut, we had to wade a foot deep in water. Here a bedstead had been erected, three feet high, on this we all crowded, and, thus huddled together, spent the first night in our new home in the Moutere Valley.

Floods did not trouble us again for a time at least nit in a way to stop progress. Day by day made us more reconciled, and accustomed to the new order of things. Dwellings of much larger dimensions were now erected on high piles. Land was cleared of its native growth-flax, manuka, toi, and bush-and at the end of a few months, patches of land had been brought under cultivation. The different kinds of seeds and vegetables, which were planted, seemed to thrive well. Thus portions of the time were occupied with these needful works, and the other in making a road through the bush, to connect us with the English village and the landing place, the latter eleven miles from here. Ditches had to be cut in forming the roads and as rapidly as this work went on connecting the different valleys, much to our comfort, so assuredly it led to our complete destruction. Bright as things appeared now to be, and a prospect for the future the cancer which first took root on our landing was eating deeper into our hearts, and no wonder for hardships and troubles were our constant companions. The great uncertainty of boats arriving at the landing place with provisions, causing us at times to be thrown into great distress. Sometimes day after day was spent in travelling to the beach, seeking the arrival of boats with provisions, but all in vain. To allay the cravings of hunger, sow-thistles and aniseed were boiled and eaten and when at last provisions had come to hand, it took so much to satisfy our wants that we were soon thrown into the same miserable state again. After receiving a few of these sever lessons, a small quantity of flour was kept in reserve for extreme occasions; with this a thin gruel was made, and mixed with the thistles, and thus made the dish less nauseous. The numerous employment's on the spot to establish ourselves, and the regular time allotted per week in road-making, the great distance everything has to be carried, and the many fruitless journeys made for provisions, took up so much of our time that the moonlight nights were taken advantage of in clearing and digging land. Owing to this the greater portion of our goods, not absolutely necessary, were obliged to be left behind scattered about in different places-Nelson, and in huts in the Waimea-as carrying boxes for so many miles was out of the question altogether. We had nothing to store the few things in we had with us, and so the bed was made use of for more purpose than one for instance, keeping our clothes in, This place of safety did not, however, protect them from the rats, which were as numerous as the sand-flies, and as destructive as they were plentiful, and gnawed the very things we were sleeping in. Indeed they would even bite our fingers while sleeping, if a particle of paste

remained on the hand. It may be asked by some of my readers, "Why did the cooks' go to bed with flour gloves on? One moment's thought will soon explain the cause of this happening at times. Just imagine being several days without food, save only such as I have stated thistles-and when at last provisions did come to hand, it was often late at night, so our exhausted state and the lateness of the hour that the cooking had to be performed, will, I think make it plain that sufficient care could not at all times be taken to attend to the toilet. These vermin would at times run up the rafters of the roof, and bite the flax off which the provisions were hanging underneath. They would often come into the house in a drove.

The time had now arrived when we were about to reap the reward, which our planting and sowing entitled us to, and we were now supplied with all kinds of vegetables-peas, potatoes, cabbages & c. Goats and pigs were also added to our stock. The road connecting us with the English village and landing place was also completed, which enabled us to do the journey in far less time, and also take larger nags (loads), and were now able to direct our attention to our goods scattered about in different places. But to our great sorrow nearly everything was either stolen, or rotten from lying about so long in damp places. Thus in the course of a few months we lost all our effects, and were almost nude, and another bitter pang was added to the many already inflicted.

(to be continued)

Alexander Turnbull Library Wellington

Reference 96/11 "The Colonist" newspaper Nelson Saturday Jun 3rd 1876 Page 4

"The Early Days of Nelson;" The Moutere Thirty Years Ago and Now:

The Trials and Experiences of Early Settlers [By C H M].

The autumn being very dry, and the great enemy (hunger) driven out of the field for a time, gave us courage, and active progress was made in extending our cultivation's. Even "ornamental" fences were erected by some, and patches of wheat sown, but when the wet season set in, it soon changed our bright hope into bitter despair. We were about to experience what road making and ditch cutting were to do for us, in addition to better communication.

The road making and consequent ditch cutting had extended to the Upper Moutere (English village), thus taking in all the valleys on the route, but it only reached a few chains below us, where the bush joins the hills on the east side, thus the water for several miles above us came down in great force, and all lodged in our valley. By every rain we were now flooded, and the little ditches were very quickly changed into small rivers, destroying the roads, and bridges, which had taken so much of our time and hard toil to erect. Speaking of toil, indeed! We called it "Sclavenarbeit" (slaves' work), for most of us were utterly unfit for this kind of labour. Some had enjoyed all the comforts and ease which good circumstances in life and large cities provide. Many bitter lamentations were given vent to when being up to the middle in a swamp, carrying loads of provisions, or standing, axe in hand, looking at the huge tree before them, which they had already spent a whole day in trying to "hack" down, but they were likely to spend several more before the task was accomplished; a task which a good axeman could perform in quarter the time. One often would see such sorry faces, and hear such pitiful expressions when looking at their blistered hands wiping the weary brow of its great drops of perspiration, or trying to straighten the back when slaving away in the ditches; and what made matters still worse, and constantly galled the wounded feelings, was that the Germans got for their contract work only half the price which the English received. I never yet could comprehend the time of reasoning which could pay one class double what the other was getting; it was so contrary to the "Englishman's love of fair play," unless it was on the same principle that the London boatman proposed to 'eave 'alf a brick at Dr

Livingstone. The great explorer was stung by his country-man's rude proposal, for says he, "I had travelled for many months in Africa amongst the heathens, but wherever I went I had the hand of friendship held out to me, but no sooner had I landed in my own native country, a half a brick was to be thrown at me, because they thought I was a 'stranger.' Whatever the motive was to inflict such a monstrous cruel wrong on us I do not know, but am sorry to say that it was so, and many wrathful German expressions were given vent to on this account, and it made the already heavy burdens still heavier to bear.

As floods were our constant visitor different means were resorted to, to lessen the inconvenience therefrom. Some built floating chimneys, to prevent the fire from being extinguished, and thus have a ray of light thrown into sad gloom which the deep rushing waters below, the dark threatening clouds above, and our sorrowful hearts spread around us during the slow passing and wretched hours of the night. That the precaution of making floating fireplaces was highly necessary was soon seen by the mud chimneys tumbling down from the effects of water so frequently standing around them. Others whose dwellings stood out on the plain, and were therefore not protected by the surrounding forest were obliged to anchor tubs outside with lights in, to enable them to see the trees coming down the plain, and, with a long pole in hand, stood in the door-way guiding the floating timber off the house. When these long and weary nights had passed away, a general visiting took place, to ascertain whether anyone had come to harm by the overflow, and what extent of damage was done to the plantations. The floods came now so frequently that the land was scarcely ever dry, although as yet the rains had been of a mild nature. We wondered what the end of this deplorable work would be, dreading the future, and quite at a loss to know what to do. Rumours now and then came to hand that the Maoris' were daily expected in Nelson to butcher us all. Of course we were doubtful whether this terrible news was true, and well for us that there was room for doubt, as it kept us more at ease. I do believe, considering our weak state, brought on by these constant trials, and the desolate and defenceless condition we were in the real state of affairs in Nelson at this time. As it was the remembrance of the terrible Wairau massacre often made us tremble. To give the reader some idea as to the truth of this alarming statements we heard, I will for a moment go out of my course and give the following account furnished me by an old settler, and one of the little band of volunteers who protect Nelson in these dark days from attack of the savages. The people in town had been in an excited state for a long time owing to the constant dread of the natives coming. Constables were posted on the different mountains watching the movements of the Maoris', and there was not a slightest doubt that the enemy were also closely watching our proceedings. At last the storm, which had so long hung over Nelson, was about to burst. The late Mr Francis Jolly came hastening to town with the alarming news that Paramata with his tribe was near the farm, had danced the war dance, and had burnt one of the settler's huts. A meeting was quickly convened, with the object of getting up a force. About 90 volunteers were at once enrolled, and by next morning others had joined, and a body about 130 strong started for Wakapuaka to meet the foe, but on arriving at the farm the enemy had retreated. The force then marched to Happy Valley, to the boundary line between the English and natives (still remaining to this day). The Rev Ray and his lady, in the meantime, had proceeded to the Pah to see Paramata to endeavour to pacify him. This brave lady was left behind as a hostage for the safety of the two natives whom Paramata sent with Rev gentleman to hear what the leaders of this; little army had to say. The Hon W Fox, I believe, was one of the leaders who informed the natives that if they again crossed the native boundary, or molested the settlers, no quarter would be shown them. The enemy, finding we were prepared and ready to meet them returned to their Pah, and thus the great danger once more parsed over. The dreaded foe having disappeared, a general attack was made on the beer, and bread, and cheese which had come up in the rear, and thus with light hearts, and a good meal in their inner pouches, the volunteers cheerfully marched back to town. On their way homewards they made a halt at the spot now known as Martin's Quarry, but at that time

they were quite ignorant of the fact that this spot would become famous for its road metal. Here a rock projected, which making a excellent target to try their skill at shooting. Many fired their arms. Some of the guns, however, would not go off, notwithstanding the constant stream of fresh powder supplied to the nipples. At last one of the guns was examined, and behold! It was found that the old custom had been reversed, and the powder was above instead of below the ball. This no doubt was done owing to the great excitement at the time, and the eagerness of this identical person to get into the fray, as he was an old man-o'-war's man, and one of the officers of this army. The same thing occurred at the unfortunate Wairau conflict, but this was through ignorance, as some of the men taken there had hardly ever seen firearms. This attempt of the Maoris' to take the town was the turning point whether Nelson was to be for a time stamped out by the savages, or permanently settled. The prompt measures taken decided the doubtful matter in its favour. It was well known that large numbers of natives were hanging behind to watch this move, and be ready to take the winning tide. At this time a fort was built on the spot where now Christ Church stands, and which was broken down about year 1840.

Nothing can give the reader a more vivid idea of the advance at the settlement than the change which has taken place on the little amount at the head of Trafalgar Street. From a fort for terrified mothers and defenceless children to fly to for refuge from the savage wide attack, and the cannon placed ready to give warning that the bloody fray had commenced, to the now peaceful building with its tolling bell, inviting the happy flock around to partake of the blissful food which is to give them peace on earth and safe retreat to the distant shore. This stronghold will be again mentioned in the course of my journey onwards; at present I must hasten again to flow the poor wanderers on their march up the wild roads.

Often did we pine for the land of our birth, and for those we had left behind. Our friends strongly advised us against coming out here, and after warned us that we should not find "pigeons ready roasted flying about here, and coming to our table when required." Too often did these warnings ring in our ears when a crust of bread had been wanting for days. Of course we did not for a moment expect that one half of the glowing accounts presented to us by the agents of the New Zealand Company at home were true. No, indeed! History had long since told us that the pioneer's life was full of hardship, and we fully expected that some of the promises held out to us would have been faithfully performed, but were most dreadfully deceived; we were treated more like slaves than free subjects who had an honourable, and some of us an independent, position at home. On leaving we of course promised, as all others do on parting with their native land, to write all the particulars as to our progress, but the promise was not fulfilled till years after, and then hardly a word of these trials was mentioned. Our spirits were completely crushed, and we would have rather been forgotten, not only by our friends, but by the world. The truth we could not write, and falsehood we would not.

Of late we had been short of food again, and the loud cry of the children for bread was frequently heard. Children, when seeing rats, having asked their mothers to catch them to eat. Poor mothers often have I seen the tears streaming down their pale checks.

The heavy rains had now fairly set in and floods increased accordingly, and thus matters were getting worse from week to week, till at last a monster flood came, and we were in danger of being drowned. A pig and one goat, which were set at liberty, constituted our whole stock. The men, up to their middle in water, were cutting down large black-birch trees and falling them across one another, so as to erect a scaffold for our retreat if the water should get higher. A raft was also made to rescue those who were living on lower ground, but it was found to be too slight and would not carry its burden. One poor lady was taken on her husband's back, while another person walked behind to be ready to help in case of a

stumble. When this huge flood had gone down we found the whole settlement a complete wreck, fences crops, in fact the soil, everything swept clean away, nothing but the yellow clay left. Shortly after this the New Zealand Company failed, and thus our ruin was completed. The English village had already been deserted by all but one or two families.

Having now given a short history of our trails and suffering in enduring to establish ourselves in the Moutere, and its complete failure, I will leave this heart-broken wanderer for a time, and enter on the more cheerful task of giving an account of the Moutere at the present day (1876).

(to be continued)

Alexander Turnbull Library Wellington

*Reference 96/11 "The Colonist" newspaper Nelson Saturday June 17 1876 Page 4
"The Early Days of Nelson"*

The change from the old to the new. [By C H M]

*From yonder mountains high,
I mark'd thee send delighted eye,
Far to the south and east where lay,
Extended in succession gay,
Deep waving fields and pasture green,
With gentle slopes and groves between.*

Lady of the Lake.

Yes, when standing on the same Gelbenberg to-day where we rested thirty years ago, and looking around me, seeing that broad plain now changed from a wilderness to one vast field of flourishing farms and happy homes, and not a spot of land but what brings forth fruit for man's wants. Horses, cattle, and sheep grazing in every direction, and amidst all these prosperous scenes the mighty iron horse-teaming along with its heavy burden of passengers, all kinds of farming produce, and timber for the city's wants and for transportation to distant lands. An excellent metal road running through its length and breadth, and that treacherous Waimea river, which has swallowed up so many victims in its onward foaming rush, now spanned by an excellent iron bridge. Yonder, too amidst the surrounding farms are seen the towering steeples-indications that in this earthly strife the Great Ruler over all has not been forgotten; and yon beautiful village of Richmond, with its rising back ground, clustering with costly built villas, now quite a little town, where once stood that lonely toi-toi hut which gave us shelter, when lost in mid-winter in its surrounding swamp. Casting my eyes above I see that wonderful work of man hanging on those long poles-the iron girdle of the world-which conveys with lightning speed messages to our Vaterland, there and back in 48 hours, which formerly took a whole twelvemonth. Now turning to the west and looking down that long Moutere Valley, my heart is not saddened as it was 30 years ago. Ah! No, I am rejoiced to see here too indications of a vast change. That white clump of houses-signs of a village-and the columns of smoke rising amidst the forest indicate than man has established himself in every direction. When all these changes can be grasped at one glance, as they can from the summit of this Gelbenberg, a feeling of doubt comes over me for the moment, whether the matter contained in my last two chapters is not, after all, founded on a dream-the reflection of a fairy tale. But no, those mighty land marks, those snow capped ranges, and the ever blue and heaving sea, which time, the great reveller of truth, and the hand of man have not been to change, show so plainly that it is indeed the same country which 30 years ago came before our view, that the truth forces

itself upon me that the incidents related in my last two chapters are the stern realities of life and no fiction, and that a change has taken place for the better-yes, "A change from the old to the new."

Now I must travel onwards, down this long and gently declining highway, leading to the old haunts, I will take the opportunity of remarking that the road which has been constructed over this belt of hills, the distant of about seven miles up and down, is a great credit to the engineer who has had the laborious work of laying off the line. Every care had been taken, by winding and cutting through the spurs of hills, to secure the ease and comfort of the traveller and his steed, which can trot now, even with a vehicle, with perfect safety to the passengers. But notwithstanding this excellent road, it appeared to me a long and tiresome ride to revel over this range. I think that iron horse steaming up the Waimea plain, and the eagerness of seeing the old spot again where so many hard trails had to be endured was the cause.

On arriving at the Moutere Hotel I found that I had "lingered too long" on the range dwelling on the past and present. Every yard of ground seemed to have a particular attraction for me. I often had to come to this valley for provisions, which had been stored here, and the fear of travelling through the forest alone would often cause my hair to stand on end. I well recollect on several occasions being so thoroughly unnerved when at last reaching here, and when having my burden laced on my back I would not return alone. Bitter were the tears I shed, and earnest my prayers for some kind soul to accompany me back, if not all the way, at least through the forest.

The Moutere village has a very pleasing aspect. The Lutheran Church dedicated to St Paul, with its little steeple, and stained windows, has a very neat and modest appearance. The cemetery, of which the church is the centre, denotes, by the many little flowery mounds and tombstones that many a good soldier has fallen in the strife with the wilderness, but although these monuments will crumble to dust like the peaceful slumbers underneath, as time advances, there is another monument which stands in bold relief and which time will not diminish, but increase in size-the advance of the district- and which will ever be a proof that the struggle of the departed have not been in vain, and that generations to come will benefit by their forefathers' earnest and hard battles. The schoolhouse, named Sarau, with an attendance of 65, and with dwelling attached, strikes the traveller that the master (Mr Cook), so highly spoken of, knows that it is not only necessary to cram his pupils with book learning, but also to attend to the important duty of keeping themselves and their belongings neat and clean; this latter duty the master instils into the young mind by the pains he takes casting sunshine around this public institution. The different shades of colour of the building, with numerous well arranged clusters of flower stands, and the exceeding order and cleanliness of everything about the place causes me to pause awhile to enjoy the pleasing sight. The Lutheran Minister's (the Rev Mr Heine) homestead has also a neat and humble aspect. Several stores are also located here, quite in keeping with the other buildings, and abundantly supplied with materials for the comforts and wants of its surrounding inhabitants. When added to this a good metalled road, cultivated fields, and the background of forest, they give the little village a very pretty appearance.

(to be continued)

Alexander Turnbull Library Wellington

Reference 96/11 "The Colonist" newspaper Nelson Saturday June 24 1876 page 4

"The Early Days of Nelson;" The Moutere Thirty Years Ago and Now: The Trials and Experiences of Early Settlers:

The Change from Old to New [By C H M].

At the lower part of the village the road leads to the west to two districts belonging to the Moutere. The first named Neudorf, is thickly populated Captain Dessunats is master of the school which is an attendance of about 60. The other district named Dovedale has also a school, conducted by M Henry Bett.

Now entering on the spot which was formerly thick forest, and where I got many imaginary fright when following the narrow winding path through its dark shade, I found that the appeal to the axeman.

“Woodman spare that tree,”

had not been regarded, and

*“The notes so sweet and wild
Of many a forest bird,”*

are now changed for

*“The farmer’s merry whistle
While geeing his horses
And guiding his plough.”*

I must not, however, longer dwell on the details of improvements made, lest I should weary my readers.

The road, which formerly ran through the flax and bush, is now constructed at the foot of the range, and although at a much less cost than would have been required at the lower level, still the latter would have been most beneficial to the district. It is quite evident that the Moutere must ever labour under great difficulties till a main channel is cut up its whole length, and thus with a trifling more cost built a road seeing that so far the face of the country had been remodelled, all kinds of speculations cross my mind as to the change I should find on the old battle field, but when at last reaching the spot where so many sorrows and so few joys had been experienced, I found to my great surprise that it was still lying in its wild state, and that the foe which had assisted in routing us, had still a strong footing here. Scarcely any trace remained visible of our work 30 years ago. The only part of our work recognisable after a careful examination, was a long straight narrow line of raising ground, the remains of the bank which had been formed when the drain was cut to the end of our valley, and these ended, the road had not been made here, but simply this one drain that I looked for relics of the strong frame work of the church which was erected on the hill, but this also had vanished. While thus pausing here, these lines of the old poet Robert Burns came to my mind and fully expressed my feelings. I will quote them with a slight alteration:-

*“Still o’er these scenes my mem’ry wakes,
And sadly broods with miser care,
Time but th’ impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.”*

But I must proceed on wards for I see the great illuminator is just gliding behind those dark, blue mountains, and I have still some distance to travel and knowledge to gain, before its last rays leave the plain.

I fell in with several parties and made inquiries of them to ascertain whether any trace of our foot marks were known to them, but I found.

*“That short as we live, yet our trails we see,
Have still shorter date and die sooner than we”*

Some had never heard of the settlement, others had some slight knowledge of it, but did not know the spot. These people wondered why I, as a stranger (as they took me to be) asked such uninteresting questions. Little did they think that 30 years ago I assisted to break the first barrier and smooth the road for them to gain a footing many years after.

Just as the last rays of light were fading away I reached my destination where I was very agreeably entertained. If the public should feel interested in what I am leaving before them, they have to thank these kind friends and their niece, who is at present ably filling the blank, which the great conqueror has made amidst the two families of late. The week I spent with them (almost strangers to me) gave me such a deep impression of the now happy state of the surrounding neighbourhood to what it was in the olden days-that like a mind long since prepared, only requiring the spark to make its power felt, this spark brought to light. "The early days of Nelson" much sooner than otherwise would have been the case. The wild blast causes ice, but the warm rays melts it and brings forth fruit.

The whole of the Moutere district is about twelve miles wide and sixteen long, the greater portion poor hills. The valley, which lies like a wedge between two wide ranges extending to the rich plain and beautiful village of Motueka, which is open to the sea coast, is about twelve miles long, and from half a mile to a mile wide, containing a population, including its out districts, of about 1000 souls, chiefly Germans settled in the Upper Moutere. The soil is a stiff clay, and poor, with the exception of small patches. It is well supplied with timber, Grain of all kinds grows here, though the average wheat crop us often not more than seven to fifteen bushels. It is well adapted for all kinds of fruit trees.

The chief farms which came to my view were those of Mr C Kelling and Mr Drummond in the Upper Moutere, and Messrs Herrick, Simpson, Guy, and A and W Edwards in the Lower Moutere. The chief person of the settlers have only small farms from 50 to 100 acres, and owing to the nature of the soil require to be industrious and careful to keep the wheels spinning round. Many of the German housewives spin their own wool, and still follow the good old custom of knitting their own stockings.

Of the many who settled here in the year 1843, Mr Hewitson is the only one who stuck to the district. He could tell many strange tales of hardships endured during his long residence. In the Upper Moutere two sawmills are established-Messrs Sixtus and Co's and Mr Hewitson's. Here is also a flourmill, worked both by steam and water, and owned by Mr Drummond. The Lower Moutere has also two sawmills one owned by Messes Bensemman Brothers, the other by Messrs Drummond. Several steam engines for sawing have been removed from the district owing to the little demand for timber at present.

A good road runs through its whole length to the Lower Moutere landing place. Thus every convenience is given to the settlers to ship their timber and produce to Nelson. The scarcity of road metal is very much felt. I was much pleased with the substantial way in which roads, bridges and culverts are constructed. On travelling through Nagtimoti, Pangatotara and other districts, I found the same wise principle carried out, showing that the Road Board has been fortunate in getting a gentleman well adapted for the office of Inspector and General Manager. Hundreds a year are easily wasted in road making if the right man is not at the helm. I had almost forgotten the important matter of postal communication. Mr H Haycock's coach goes through the district on its way from Motueka three times a week to get passengers and mans left by the train at the Richmond station, and the telegraph extends to Motueka. The Upper and Lower Moutere have each a Post Office. Schools are established in every direction and it is not the fault of the rulers of the country, it is population grow up in ignorance, which I am afraid too many are doing, notwithstanding all the advantages held by the state. I say parents do your duties lest your offspring should suffer through your neglect. I see by the papers that one selector of more advanced ideas than his fellows is endeavouring to get music and singing taught in the Government schools. There is one great evil in the district, which is sadly checking the progress of the settlers, namely the great

quality of land lying in its wild state belonging to absentees. This curse is more felt in this district than where a general system of drainage is less needed.

The inhabitants should petition the General Government to compel the absentee to pay a heavy ... for land, which he is keeping for a higher market. This would either compel him to sell, or help to pay the cost of improvement which, as it is, the unfortunate settler has to effect for him. Not till a system of this kind is adopted will this country obtain the thorough drainage so much required. Walking over different sections I found that although we had had a long spell of dry weather, the small river, which runs like a snake through a great portion of the district, was level with the surface and in many places blocked up with timber.

(to be continued)

Unfortunately I have been unable to find any "*to be continued*" further articles written by [C.H.M.] Charles Henry Martin. Whether the newspaper stopped publishing Charles's articles or he just stopped writing articles we will never know.