

Forty-three years ago—  
OUR BIRTH—on Saturday, Jan. 11, 1851  
DAY, —less than a month after  
1851—1894, the arrival of the “first  
four ships,” the *Lyttelton*

*Times* made its appearance among the  
founders of Canterbury. Those were the  
days of small things. The population of  
the district consisted of a mere handful  
of settlers. There were not more than a  
hundred European habitations in the  
whole district, and a local newspaper  
appeared no doubt to many of the early  
pioneers as the wildest of wild under-  
takings. But Canterbury has grown  
and the *Times* has grown with it; and  
as we turn over to-day the time-  
stained pages which passed through the  
primitive press nearly half a century ago,  
we feel that we have no cause to be  
ashamed of our first number. From its  
title page, with its conspicuous “Vol. I,  
No. 1.” (we reach Vol. LXXXI, No.  
10,243, to-day), to the imprint which  
proclaimed that the paper would be  
printed and published every Saturday,  
it reflected the bold spirit of  
enterprise which possessed the people it  
sought to represent. Its leading article  
setting out the objects and intentions of  
the paper expresses the aspirations we  
entertain in 1894, and if we may judge  
from the favour we have received from the  
people of the growing settlement, we have  
not failed entirely in the great task that  
was committed to us by our founders.  
“Although our newspaper was not,  
of course, undertaken without the  
promise of support from most of the lead-  
ing, and influential colonists,” wrote our  
first sanguine editor, “we anticipate that  
support no longer than our journal shall be  
worthy to receive it, and we recognise no  
allegiance to the Council of Colonists, or  
to any set or coterie whatever. Still less  
can we be accused of submitting to any  
influence from the Government of New  
Zealand. Our object will be to advocate  
the public interests of the colony by every  
means in our power, wholly independent  
of any bodies or individuals by whose  
conduct the public weal may be  
affected. For the opinions which  
we may have to express, we are  
ourselves solely responsible; but our  
anxious wish is that the *Lyttelton Times*  
should be the organ of the settlement and  
of the settlers in the most extended sense,  
and that it may be conducted in such a  
manner as to be so regarded by our fellow-  
colonists.” That is our “charter” to-  
day, just as much as it was our “charter”  
forty-three years ago, and we can look  
back with the warmest satisfaction upon  
our close identification with the settlement  
of New Zealand, and upon the growth of  
the sympathy and support we have re-  
ceived from the people of the colony.

Much history has been  
EARLY made during the life of the  
ADVERTISING *Lyttelton Times*, and the  
world is moving faster now  
than it moved in 1851, but it will be  
interesting to many of our readers to  
glance for a moment at the first  
number of the oldest newspaper in  
the South Island. They will find  
something to amuse, a little, perhaps, to  
adden, and a great deal, we think, to  
instruct. In the first place, if they com-  
mence on the title page of the paper now  
lying before us, they will discover that the  
Labour Bureau is not altogether a new  
idea, evolved in the fertile brain  
of Mr W. P. Reeves. The third  
advertisement in the paper is a  
“public notice,” signed by Mr W. G.  
Brittan, inviting “any person in want of  
any description of servant or labourer”  
to enter his name and address in a book  
kept at the Land Office for that purpose.  
When the would-be employer had adopted  
this course he was “to receive information  
of what servants and labourers” were in  
search of employment. The invitation  
was, we are told, largely accepted, but  
labour was “scarce, and wages very high.”  
“Carpenters,” wrote the astonished com-  
menter just arrived from England, “get  
as much as a shilling an hour; but  
this is partly owing to the fact that

all the labour brought out in the ships  
is not yet in the market, the people  
being occupied in making their own  
houses.” Another advertisement, in-  
serted by “John Robert Godley, agent,”  
illustrates the small beginnings of our  
public works. It announces that “pick-  
axes and shovels are required for the  
public works of the Canterbury Associa-  
tion,” and asks the fortunate possessors of  
these useful implements who may be  
willing to exchange them for cash to  
“apply at the Accountant’s Office, in  
Lyttelton.” In a third advertisement  
“E. Jerningham Wakefield,” who pro-  
fesses to have thoroughly inspected the  
various portions of Canterbury, undertakes

the selection of town or rural allot-  
ments “for those persons who may  
not have leisure to form an  
opinion for that purpose by means of per-  
sonal observation.” Other advertisements  
offer to “receive sheep on thirds,” to  
“supply fruit trees direct from Wellin-  
gton,” to sell “several milch cows well used  
to the climate and food of New Zealand,”  
and to “make arrangements for the  
carriage of luggage, &c., from Lyttelton  
to Sumner, Christchurch and all parts of  
the plain.” The advertisements, how-  
ever, were not a conspicuous feature of  
the new paper. They occupied only three  
and a half columns, while twenty and a  
half columns were devoted to general  
reading matter—a proportion which would  
not, we venture to think, be acceptable to  
the newspaper proprietor of the present  
day. *Lyttelton Times*

The staff of the little  
THE NEWS OF paper found plenty of  
A YOUNG “copy” for their first  
SETTLEMENT. number. It was necessary,  
as the editor explained, to  
notice the principal events which had  
occurred since the arrival of the first ships,  
and the tiny columns were consequently  
well filled. The voyages of the vessels  
which conveyed the “pilgrim fathers” to  
their new home are noticed at considerable  
length, but we have only space to mention  
details which may be useful for general  
reference. The *Charlotte Jane*, 720 tons,  
commanded by Captain Alexander Law-  
rence, left Plymouth Sound at midnight on  
Saturday, Sept. 7, 1850, and cast anchor  
at Lyttelton at 10 a.m. on Dec. 16, after  
a passage of ninety-nine days from port to  
port. The *Randolph*, 761 tons, Captain Dale,  
left Plymouth a few hours after the  
*Charlotte Jane*, and arrived at Lyttelton  
at 3 p.m. on Dec. 16. The *Sir George*  
*Seymour*, 850 tons, Captain Goodson, left  
Plymouth at 11 a.m. on Sept. 8, and  
reached Lyttelton at 10 a.m. on Dec. 17.  
The *Cressy*, 720 tons, Captain J. D. Bell,  
left Plymouth at midnight on Sept. 8, and  
“on Dec. 27,” to quote the language of our  
chronicler, “came into Port Victoria with  
as good grace as the last in a race can  
show to his competitors.” These records  
are a “twice told tale” to many of our  
readers, but we have been asked for the  
dates of sailing and arrival so often that  
we make no apology for repeating them  
here. When the first ship entered the  
harbour, H.M. sloop of war *Fly*, 18  
guns, was lying at anchor having  
on board his Excellency the Governor  
(Sir George Grey) and Lady Grey, who  
had come down from Auckland to welcome  
the colonists. “Nothing could,” we are  
told by our baby self, “be more opportune  
than this visit of his Excellency, as several  
important matters were at once settled,  
which might otherwise have occasioned  
great inconvenience to the settlers.” Sir  
George immediately appointed Mr J. R.  
Godley Resident Magistrate at Lyttelton,  
and made arrangements for organising an  
efficient police force. All difficulties about  
Customs were set at rest, and the goods of  
the colonists were landed free of duty, upon  
the owners declaring that they were for  
private and personal use only. The  
*Charlotte Jane* discharged her cargo and  
sailed for Sydney in three weeks, and  
the harbour, according to the note  
in our own pages, was “found ex-  
cellent for the safety of shipping.” We  
cannot give any details of the meetings of  
land purchasers, or of the proceedings in

the Police Court, or of the gathering to  
confer with Bishop Selwyn, although if  
his name appeared less familiar we should  
be inclined to mention the Canterbury  
“drunk” that first subscribed the now  
customary “five shillings” to the public  
revenue. We cannot even find room for  
particulars of the first ray of political  
strife—the election of a Council of Land  
Purchasers—and we close the pages that  
reflect our early history with much reluc-  
tance, and with some regret—not unalloyed  
—that advertisers have deprived us of  
the unlimited space we enjoyed in 1851.

A labourer at the Dundee harbour lately  
told his wife, on awakening, a curious  
dream which he had had during the night.  
He dreamt that he saw coming towards  
him, in order, four rats. The first one was  
very fat, and was followed by two lean rats,  
the rear rat being blind. The dreamer  
was greatly perplexed as to what evil  
might follow, as it has long been under-  
stood that to dream of rats denotes coming  
calamity. He appealed to his wife con-  
cerning this, but she, poor woman, could  
not help him. His son, a sharp lad, who  
heard his father his father tell the story,  
volunteered to be interpreter. “The fat  
rat,” said he, “is the man who kept the  
public house that ye gang till sae often,  
and the two lean anes are me and my  
mither, and the blind ane is yerseel,  
ather.” It is not stated whether this  
interpretation was satisfactory to the  
labourer.

WHENCE do we get  
The commonly re-  
“Authenticity of ceived portrait of  
Christ’s Portrait.” Christ, which has  
been accepted so un-

hesitatingly by succeeding generations of  
great painters, and is to be found reproduced  
in the churches, not of one age, or one sect,  
but throughout Christendom, in the most  
ancient fanes as well as in the most modern  
of suburban churches? Mr Wyke Bay-  
liss, President of the Royal Society of  
British Artists, who lectured on the subject  
before the Richmond Athenaeum the other  
day, expressed the opinion that it was not  
an invention of any painter, however re-  
mote, but that it was the real likeness of a  
real man. Leaving to others to deal with  
the religious side of the question, Mr Bay-  
liss proceeded to argue it out on historical  
and artistic grounds. He first traced back  
the likeness to the time of the Renaissance.  
If ever there was a period in the history of  
art, he said, when men lived who could  
have invented this likeness it was surely  
then. From Giotto, in the thirteenth  
century, to Titian, in the sixteenth, we had  
a roll call of painters that marked the very  
highest level of attainment in religious art  
that the world had seen. But the likeness  
of Christ was not invented by any of these  
men. They found it already existing; they  
recognised in the long-established models  
something greater, truer, more Divine than  
they could themselves create. There were  
simply no painters in the world that could  
have invented it. For 1000 years art had  
been dead, and yet throughout all that time,  
existing in all its splendour, was this living,  
speaking, authoritative likeness of Christ.  
In the reign of Constantine the Christian  
religion was for the first time recognised  
and encouraged by the State, but this  
likeness existed in its integrity before  
Constantine’s time. The evidence of this  
was singularly interesting and cogent. It  
was in the time of Constantine that the  
great schism occurred that divided Chris-  
tendom into the Greek and Latin Churches.  
In Constantinople, Moscow, and St. Peters-  
burg they would find pictures of Christ  
covering the walls of the churches that cor-  
responded precisely with those at Rome,  
Paris, and Madrid, with the exception that  
in the pictures of the Latin Church with  
which they were familiar they would always  
see the hair divided smoothly in an arch  
over the forehead, whereas in the Greek  
pictures there was always a small lock falling  
from the centre of the forehead and detached  
from the rest. This meant that the two  
Churches, fighting, struggling, and excommu-  
nicating as they were, were agreed in this  
one matter of the likeness of Christ. The  
lecturer then went on to trace the likeness  
through the Roman catacombs back to the  
days of the Apostles. Tertullian, who  
lived and wrote about the middle of the  
second century, expressly mentioned the

portraits of our Lord as the Good Shepherd  
on the glass vessels used by the first Chris-  
tians, and he spoke of it as the practice of a  
time long gone by. This brought them to  
the first century, and to the time of the  
contemporaries of Christ and His Apostles,  
and it was quite certain, the lecturer argued,  
that St. John, St. Peter, and St. Paul  
would not have sanctioned the perpetuation  
in the churches of a likeness that they did  
not recognise to be true. Such is Mr Bayliss’s  
contention, supported by a very eloquent  
and interesting train of reasoning. It is  
only fair to point out, however, that other  
authorities declare that previous to Con-  
stantine only symbolical pictures of Christ  
existed, and that the portrait now so  
universally accepted dates only from about  
the close of the fourth century. Nobody,  
however, is able to tell us who was the  
artist who first originated the conception,  
which, in any case, must have had in it  
great elements of truth and beauty to  
become so widely and unhesitatingly adopted  
even by the boldest and ablest artists who  
have ever lived.

#### A TRUE DOG STORY.

Our Ashburton correspondent writes:—  
A remarkable instance of the tenacity of  
canine life has just occurred on Grove  
Farm, Tinwald. On February 10th Mr E.  
Gates lost a valuable and clever-working  
collie dog, Darkie. He was as handsome  
as he was clever, and being a great favourite  
with his owner, Darkie’s loss was made  
known through the columns of the news-  
papers and other sources. On March 10th  
Mr Gates had the threshing machine at  
work, and in coming to the last sheaves of  
one stack the man who was forking got a  
great fright on seeing a black mass of some-  
thing roll over, get up and stagger a  
few yards and roll over again. The  
story of the Christchurch ghost immediately  
occurred to the men working at the  
machine, but they quickly realised they had  
something far more tangible before their  
eyes, for there sure enough was the long-  
lost Darkie, in the flesh, and strange to say  
alive, though terribly dazed and exhausted.  
A little water and other restoratives were  
administered. Mr Gates carried his pet  
collie to a comfortable bed, and yesterday  
morning Darkie rounded up a mob of sheep,  
though he has yet by no means recovered  
from his thirty days’ imprisonment at the  
bottom of a seven yards stack of wheat. On  
seeing Darkie roll out of his tomb Mr Gates  
remembered the dog following him to the  
paddock on the morning of February 10th,  
and also remembered seeing him lie down  
under a stook out of the burning sun. He  
had instructed his men as to the  
building of the stacks and gave no  
further thought to the dog till missing  
him later in the day, and then he never for  
a moment dreamt that the poor dog was  
lying buried in the middle of the stack.  
The stack had been built round the standing  
stook, and before Darkie thought it prudent  
to shift his quarters he must have been com-  
pletely buried, and only escaped with his  
life through the standing sheaves helping to  
ease the heavy and increasing pressure. On  
examining the ground on Monday it was  
seen that other dogs had been scratching  
and burrowing for a yard or so under the  
stack, their sagacity evidently having led  
them to know that a mate was in difficul-  
ties, though their efforts on his behalf were  
fruitless.