

MR ARTHUR SHAND'S JOURNEY THROUGH AUSTRALASIA 1878



JOURNAL ENTRY No. THREE

THE LEGENDRY ARTHUR SHAND ARRIVED IN NZ IN AUGUST 1878 FROM AUSTRALIA IN SEARCH OF OUTLETS FOR GUINNESS & SONS NEW BREW GUINNESS STOUT NOW A POPULAR TIPPLE IN IRELAND.

Having left Dunedin in a hurry on a stolen horse because of a gambling debt he however won at cards in Clyde Central Otago leaving there with a bag of gold nuggets and an 1851 Colt revolver.

He had been saved from robbery by a Dwarf with a 'little fiddle' who now had a gold nugget for his trouble. Arthur then headed up the Buller Gorge to Nelson as he still hadn't found the right place for 'The Little Fiddle' bar. The name now embedded in his mind as being appropriate after it seemed to crop up in his adventures so much.

After seeing a Lindauer painting in a Dunedin pub of the Buller Gorge he now realized why this artist had been transfixed by the place. 'Its firkin stunning!' he thought to himself as he rode the rocky trail beside the wild Buller river, the water cascading over the mountainous boulders, the noise roaring in his ears so much so he didn't hear the four riders closing in from behind. The infamous Burgess Gang known for their ruthless attacks on minors who were heading for the Assays Office in Nelson approached. "Stand and deliver!" Richard Burgess yelled as he pulled alongside Arthur pistol drawn.

Arthur spun around in his saddle with fright pleased he had been to the toilet a few miles back, he fell off the horse, pulled his Colt revolver from his waist band as he fell. When he hit the stony ground the gun went off, the boom resounding up the gorge, panicking all the horses and the gang galloped off yelling at each other. Arthur stood up and fired at the fleeing bushwhackers blowing a saddle bag off one of the rider's horses.

He recovered his horse and picked up the saddle bag he had hit and what he saw next made him burst out with laughter. He pulled from the bag a small case with 'Thomas Perry made in Dublin' written on the battered leather covering.

He opened the case and there before his eyes with a bullet hole through its neck was a 'Little Fiddle!!!' "That firkin does it!" he said outloud "The Little Fiddle it is!"



THE **LITTLE FIDDLE** EST. 2018

IRISH PUB AND EATERY
THE TERRACE
CHRISTCHURCH
THELITTLEFIDDLE.CO.NZ