

New Zealand

Founders

BULLETIN



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How Historic Is Wakefield House?

In no sense wishing to reduce our very real sentimental ties with the grand old house which served the Founders Society well as our National Headquarters it is sensible to set out the known facts and in any way possible set the record straight for today's members and those who will follow us. A study of our minutes has produced the following details of ownership up to the time in mid-1949 when the Society achieved its first national home and, at the same time, saved the building from becoming progressively and somewhat anonymously deteriorated as merely the Wakefield Flats of 90 The Terrace. . . .

THE FREEHOLD

6.10.1853 The property was purchased by Edward Gibbon Wakefield under Crown Grant 871.

20.11.1861 E. G. Wakefield transferred to his sister-in-law Angela Wakefield, widow of his brother Daniel Wakefield.

"For divers good causes and considerations him thereunto moving and in consideration of the sum of five shillings."

30.11.1874 Under will of Angela Wakefield transferred to her son, Charles Marcus Wakefield.

11.5.1902 Charles died and left property to his widow, Annette Sophia Wakefield.

12.10.1928 Annette died and left to her son, Charles William Wakefield.

10.11.1937 Charles died and after death of his wife and sister, property left to nephew, Edward Roger Wakefield

3.6.1944 Edward died and left property to his sister, Mary Priscilla Williams the present owner who received the freehold title from The Westminster Bank Ltd. on 25.2.48.

THE LEASEHOLD

11.3.1865 Mrs Angela Wakefield leased the property to Archibald Paisley Stuart, 21 years from 26.2.65. Annual Rental £20.

Lease provided: "Lessor shall within the space of three years from 26.2.65 build upon the said parcel of land a substantial wooden messuage or dwelling house of the value not less than £300, the same to be built with good and substantial materials of every sort and description and in a workmanlike manner."

11.7.1873 Stuart assigned lease to Charles Robert Kenneth Ferguson, Lieutenant in Her Majesty's 79th Regiment, for a consideration of £550.

26.2.1882 Leased to Herbert Pearson Rawson, Dentist, 21 years. Annual Rental £50.

26.2.1893 New lease to Rawson, 21 years. Annual Rental £65.

26.1.1914 Leased to Emma Louisa Morrison. 42 years. On death of Mrs Morrison in 1939 lease was transmitted to her sons John and Richard Henry Morrison as her executors.

9.7.1940 Lease transferred to James Auld and Patrick Gleeson. On his death, Auld's share was transmitted to The Guardian Trust & Executors Co. of N.Z. Ltd.

In April 1947, lease 112493, which had been current since 1914 was surrendered.

A new lease, 24370, the present lease, was issued to The Guardian Trust and Gleeson. 21 years from 26.2.1946. Annual Rental £208.

THE PRESENT LEASE

In 1946 The Guardian Trust and Patrick Gleeson purchased, with the approval of

The Land Sales Court, from the then owners of the freehold, The Westminster Bank Ltd. ". . . the whole of the buildings erections and improvements standing upon the land for the sum of £1,845." and leased the land for a term of 21 years from 26.2.46 at a rental of £208 per annum—the present lease, with the right of perpetual renewals for 21 year periods.

In July 1940 when Auld & Gleeson purchased the lease from Morrison, the lease was a terminating lease. Price: £6,160 (Goodwill £4,500. Furniture £1,660.)

This lease was surrendered when the present lease was obtained and Auld & Gleeson purchased the improvements.

Lease No. 24370. Dated 28.2.1947. Regd. 29.4.1947.

Westminster Bank Ltd. to Guardian Trust & Gleeson.

Transfer No. 319607. Dated 16.6.1949. Regd. 7.7.1949.

To N.Z. Founders Society.

Mortgaged to Wellington Trust Loan & Investment Co. Ltd. 7.7.49. Discharged 21.10.54 and 18.8.49.

Mortgaged to A.N.Z. Bank Ltd. 10.5.55. No. 340671.

Description of Land: Pt Town Sec. 466 DP 3185. CT 233/40. Area 2 r. 1.2 p.

Clauses in Present Lease.

Clause 3: "That the lessees will maintain in good and tenatable order and condition buildings upon the said lands to a value of not less than £500 and will at all times during the term keep the said buildings insured to the full insurable value thereof against damage or destruction by fire."

Clause 6: "That the lessee will name the main building on the said land "Wakefield" in memory of Edward Gibbon Wakefield the original owner of the said land."

The Lease includes the following provision for valuing rental for next term of 21 years. "In ascertaining such new rental the valuers shall not take into consideration the value of any buildings or improvements then existing upon the said demised premises but they shall value the full and improved ground rental of the said premises that ought to be payable during the said new term."

The Lease includes a right of renewal and the following words provide for a perpetual right of renewal.

". . . and with under and subject to the like covenants provisos agreements declarations and provisions as are contained in the present memorandum of lease including the present covenant for renewal and all pro-

visions ancillary or in relation thereto." There is no compensation for improvements. (Note: A new Leasehold amount originally amounting to \$5,000 was negotiated at the expiry of the above lease.)

THE PURCHASE OF WAKEFIELD HOUSE BY THE NEW ZEALAND FOUNDERS SOCIETY INCORPORATED

1. Offer made 18.3.1948:
Subject to consent of the Land Sales Court.

"The whole of the buildings erections and improvements together with all the vendors right under lease No. 24370—for £10,000."

"All furniture and effects for £1,500."

Subject to Lessor's Consent.

2. Offer accepted 5.4.1948:
By the Guardian Trust & Executors Co. of N.Z. Ltd. for Trustees Estate James Auld, Dec'd and Patrick Gleeson.

3. Land Sales Court Hearing: 12.8.48 and 24.11.48.

4. Land Sales Court Order No. 48/969. 30.11.48.

"Consent granted conditionally upon the total consideration being reduced to £10,000 inclusive of chattels valued at £1,200."

This price of £10,000 was made up of:

Lessee's interest	800
Improvements	7,600
Chattels	1,200
Special circumstances (Historical value)	400
	£10,000

5. Vendors appealed against Land Sales Court decision:

"Because the lease has a special value for the Founders Society and because a lease of 21 years with a perpetual right of renewal has a far greater value than the value allowed."

6. The appeal was heard by Land Valuation Court: On 1.3.49, 18.3.49 and 20.5.49.

The Appeal Court increased the price to £10,500 and the Vendors eventually accepted.

Settlement was made on 30th June, 1949.

HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PHOTOS



Angela Wakefield, wife of Daniel Wakefield.



Miss Alice Wakefield, who nursed Edward Gibbon Wakefield in his last few weeks as guest at 90 The Terrace.

WAKEFIELD HOUSE—COSTS AND VALUATIONS

The total cost in 1949 was made up as follows:

Buildings	7,600	
Historical Value	400	
Additional allowed by Appeal		
Court	500	
Proportion of costs	60	
	—	8,560
Furniture and Fittings	1,200	
Proportion of costs	84	
	—	1,284
Cost of Lease	800	
Proportion of costs	56	
	—	856
Total	£10,700	

The above are as entered in financial books of the Society on 30.6.49 and the item "Cost of Lease" still appears in the balance sheet.

Government Valuation: 1724/233:	30.11.59
Improvements	10,250
Unimproved	12,575
	—
Capital Value	£22,825
Death Duty Valuation	12.2.45
Improvements	7,600
Unimproved	5,940
	—
	£13,540

The Lessee's interest was fixed at £4,540.

The lease was then a terminating lease with no compensation for improvements.

For the past several years successive Founders executives and councillors have agonised over making the decision to have

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TRIBUTE TO OUR IMMEDIATE PAST PRESIDENT — Hon. Life Member ALF DIAMOND

He was a scrupulously good man—a specially family-oriented man—totally committed, steadfast and loyal to all that Founders hold dear. Compassionately sensitive, almost to a fault, to the spoken touch of all who came his way, he was above all forthright and straightforward in all he undertook to accomplish—and there was much accomplished in his 57 years of life be it for church, cultural and historical affairs or the community at large.

We were privileged to share some part of that life-pattern and were proud of him knowing too that his family and forebears would have shared this pride—what more may a man ask of his life?

To Inez Diamond, who before, during and after his 3-year term as our Dominion President always so cheerfully lent her musical talent to many a Founders function and to the Diamond Family, we say thank you for Alf.

COLONIAL ERA RECALLED BY OLD LAST

Early days of European settlement in the Hokianga have been recalled by the recent discovery of a shoemaker's last at the Auchinvole farm at Oue, near Rawene.

The last, with an old axe head and several handmade bottles, was found partly buried in the ground by Mr Andrew Auchinvole, in the area where a Mr Nathan Pickering was believed to have lived from the early 1830s until some time in the 1840s.

Nathan Pickering was a shoemaker during those years, possibly rowing across the mouth of the Omanaia to Rawene or Herds Point as it was then known.

Signed Treaty

A great-grandson, Mr John Pickering, at present living at Ngaruawahia, said that Nathan Pickering married a daughter of the chief Moengaherehere whose signature appeared on the Treaty of Waitangi among those of the signing.

Mr John Pickering said he has documents signed by his great-grandfather in 1833.

The Auchinvole family have in their possession a map of the farm property drawn in 1899 by W. C. C. Spencer and R. Neumann.

The family has been interested in the

early history of their property and have been intrigued to note that approximately 500 acres had been originally purchased for the sum of 1 double-barrel gun, 1 frock coat, 1 vest, 1 shirt, 2 great-coats and a cloak.

Trees Mark Spot

The area was then known as Pengongo and evidently Nathan Pickering owned an area of some 30 acres and there are still old fruit trees marking the spot where he lived and apparently conducted his business.

The point now often known as Omamari had connections with the Poynton family and Bishop Pompallier is understood to have first stayed there before journeying to Toto Point further up the harbour.

Today the area is a dairy and cattle farm and the Auchinvole family have established cottage industries with pottery, spinning and weaving all of a sufficiently high quality to attract people from many parts of New Zealand to inspect the work.

Recently the family began the intricate but attractive Egyptian style weaving which has caused keen interest among spinners and weavers' groups in the north.

—N.Z. Herald, May, 1972.

Three Extracts From Blue Book of New Zealand for 1845-46

1. The capture by assault of a fortress of such extraordinary strength and defended by so brave and determined an enemy, is of itself sufficient to prove the intrepidity and gallantry displayed by all concerned, whether Seamen, Marines, Troops of the line, Artillery of the East India Company's service, and the Volunteer Pioneers, and it will be a most pleasing part of his duty to bring such conduct to the notice of His Excellency the Governor of New Zealand, and through him to that of Her Majesty and His Grace the Commander-in-Chief.

The fact is that the last two miles of the road to the Ruapekapeka consists merely of a narrow path, winding through the most intricate forests, which are rendered still more difficult from the hilly nature of the country. Indeed the position occupied by the fortress might from natural obstacles, be almost regarded as impregnable, and I have no doubt it is considered so by the rebels.

As our troops can only pass along these paths in single file, we have been

compelled, with great labor, to cut roads through the woods by the sailors. However there never was a finer force in the field, nor do I believe that British sailors and soldiers ever worked better or more cheerfully. The mixed nature of the force is a great advantage, as it creates emulation, and, notwithstanding all the difficulties attending this service, I am satisfied we will soon give a good account of the rebels.

(Signed) G. Grey.

2. A party of 50 men from each stockade—one under Captain Denny, and one under Ensign Wynyard, were pushed up rapidly, and together with the friendly natives gained the inside of the stockades before they were perceived by the enemy, who at the time were sheltering themselves from the fire of our guns on a sloping piece of ground in one of their outworks. Our parties had scarcely gained the inside when they were noticed by the enemy, and a fire of musketry instantly poured in upon them. The stockades, however, now became our protection and strong reinforcements being brought up from the camp possession of the place was secured in spite of all the efforts of the enemy to drive us back, and he was obliged to retreat and shelter himself in a wood opposite the east face of the pa, where the trees being extremely large, and forming complete breastworks, many of them having been cut down previously, and evidently purposely placed in a defensive position, he was able to maintain a heavy fire against us for a considerable time, until a doorway in the face having been broken open, the seamen and

troops rushed out and dislodged him from his position. He, however, still continued to keep up a fire from the woods, but more with a view to cover his retreat and enable him to carry away his wounded men, than with any expectation of renewing the contest. The attack commenced about 10 a.m. and all firing had ceased about 2 p.m. The extraordinary strength of the place, particularly in its interior defences, far exceeded any idea I could have formed of it. Every hut was a complete fortress of itself, being strongly stockaded all round with heavy timber sunk deep in the ground, and placed close to each other, few of them being less than one foot in diameter, and many considerably more, besides having a strong embankment thrown up behind them. Each hut had also a deep excavation close to it, forming a complete bomb-proof, and sufficiently large to contain several people, where at night they were completely sheltered from shot and shell.

(Signed) H. Despard,

Acting Colonel on the staff,
Commanding the Troops.

3. Having been a personal witness of the great gallantry and indefatigable exertions displayed by yourself, and by the officers, non-commissioned officers and men under your command, not only in the final assault upon the pa, but throughout the whole of the recent harrassing and difficult operations, I am the better able to estimate the difficulties which were so nobly overcome, and I will not fail fully to report for Her

Majesty's information the highly honourable manner in which Her Majesty's Military and Naval Forces exerted themselves to gain a victory which must produce the most beneficial results for this portion of Her Majesty's Dominions.

—From Governor Grey to Col. Despard, 13/1/46.

(Contributed by L. Wynyard (Branch President, Auckland).)

Young Founders

Young Founders in Auckland invite members. They have drawn up a map* outlining the historic areas and sites from Silverdale to Kaukapakapa. They assist senior members with afternoon meetings and plan to print a brochure next year setting out the places of special interest as a first step toward having proper signs erected to denote historic sites.

This active group under the leadership of R. Tattersfield is busy raising funds by selling bottles, newspapers and comics. Copies of the Auckland Young Founders Newsletter are sent regularly to our National Secretary (Mrs Anderson) where they may be seen upon request. Anyone from a Founders family residing in the Auckland provincial area is cordially invited to write direct to R. Tattersfield, 97 Mt. Albert Road, Mt. Albert, Auckland 3.

(*A redrawn copy of the map sent and historic details given with it, will appear in the next issue of the Bulletin.)

FOUNDER'S DAY SERVICE

(Morning, Sunday, 9 April, 1972)

—Rev. W. T. Woods (St. Andrews, New Plymouth).

It is with a sense of very real pleasure that members of St. Andrew's welcomes members of the Founder's Society to our service this morning. I must confess, however, that since your Branch President, Mr Nichols contacted me a few weeks ago about this service I have been concerned about the subject of my sermon this morning. On such an occasion and at such a service what does one say?

I have been comforted by the cynical Frenchman who once remarked: "Everything has already been said that can be said, but as no one ever listens one can safely say it again."

I believe that at this service we should certainly look at the past and in the words of the Bible consider the rock from which we are hewn. It has become fashionable among some people in the last few years to decry the past but I think it was Lord Cobham, a former Governor General of N.Z., who said that a people without a past have no future.

Each one of us owes a great deal to the past and today is certainly an occasion not only to remember it but to honour it. To remember the arrival of the first ship "William Bryan" weighing just 312 tons with 48 settlers on board who landed on 31 March 1841 and who began the work of making this province what it is today and to remember the example and influence of the Church in those far off days and the fact that the Church was established in Taranaki before the first settlers arrived. On 14 January 1841 a mission station was established by the Wesleyan Missionary Society under the ministry of the Rev. Mr Creed.

To remember also and pay a special tribute to the pioneering women because without their loyalty and courage N.Z. could never have been built at all. Their life was hard, uncomfortable and dangerous. The cornerstone of every nation is the Home. As the home is so is the nation. As a woman is so is the home.

It is not for me to make you a speech on the history of your own province, which you know so much better than I, but it is certainly one of which you can be justly proud. Light reaches us long after a star is dead, but we can still steer by it. The old pioneers and their ladies are long dead but we can still steer by their example. Yes—the past is there and we honour and remember the past for what it means today.

Then I believe that for a service such as this allows us the opportunity of looking and thinking about the future. And I find it fascinating to realise that the children who are now at Sunday School will enter the 21st Century in the prime years of their life. Already they are part of what the Americans call the earth-rise generation. Many of them will possibly follow Neil Armstrong to the moon and beyond.

From the new frontiers of space they will look back on the rising earth with a new perspective and will see a world with double its present population. They will see a world with dozens of cities with a population of more than 20 million people each.

And these people will be mobile. It won't take them 4½ months to travel from England as it did the "William Bryan"—or even two days as at present. Already there are on the drawing boards hypersonic transports capable of travelling at more than 7,000 miles per hour. When these planes are in the air the major population centres of the world will be within two hours of one another.

We are told that by the 21st Century automatic language translation will enable instant communication between peoples of different cultures and languages. We are also told that the 21st Century will be the day of multiple organ transplants or genetic control of life and that bacterial and viral diseases will virtually be a thing of the past. So it will be an age of increased longevity until man may again live to be 150 years or older.

If we find that hard to believe—who could have believed the changes we have seen since we were at school?

The fact that today man can now travel to and from the moon almost without comment.

The fact that medical knowledge has doubled in the last 10 years are just two indications of the road we have travelled. But as fascinating as the future promises to be isn't it still true that we are more concerned with the present than we are concerned with life here and now. And isn't it true that not all changes have been for the better. In fact we live in a deeply disturbed world—disturbed politically, socially, racially and economically and nothing is more significant than the way that science and technology has outstripped man's ability to handle what he now knows.

The fear of the Lord has given place to the fear of the bomb. And I think of the description found in Isaiah 17.12 "Ah the thunder of many peoples, they thunder like the thunder of the sea. Ah, the roar of the nations, they roar like the roar of many waters." Isn't this an apt description of the world in which we live.

A world of change and confusion. And because we live in such a world it is all the more necessary for us to place our faith not in the myth of man's inevitable progress but in the reality and certainty of God.

Do you remember the words of Isaiah the prophet to his troubled people in the Old Testament? "Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord, Jehovah is everlasting strength."

Isn't this something that we all need today? The assurance, the confidence that the God who created us is still the same. He is the eternal, unchangeable God who still loves and is concerned for his people. The alpha and omega—the beginning and the end "Eternal, unchangeable God. The God of the past, present and future."

There is nothing new in this thought—Listen to the words of the Psalmist in Psalm 46.

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore we will not fear though the earth should change, though the mountains shake in the heart of the sea; though the waters roar and foam, though the mountains tremble with its tumult." There has always been change and uncertainty in human history and the only certainty in this changeable world is the unchangeableness of God.

The Psalm continues:

"Be still and know that I am God. I am exalted among the nations. I am exalted in the earth. The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge." And perhaps the most important thing we can do at this Founders Day Service is to be still and know that God is God . . . to be still and know his present. The Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge.

The one unchanging, unifying feature of our province is Mount Egmont from which Taranaki got its name—Tara—peak, Naki—without vegetation. It is something solid, permanent, steadying. Something which can be seen throughout the whole area.

For us, living in a frightenly changing world the unchangeableness of God is like a great mountain peak. God doesn't change. His truth doesn't change. His love doesn't change. His laws don't change.

What strength there are in words like these—God destined to show the unchangeable character of his purpose. We have this promise as a sure and steadfast anchor of the soul. We need this word of assurance. "We need to realise that our hope is in God, not man and that while we may see change and decay on every hand, there is one who never changes. That spiritual reality, that spiritual truth are just as important—in fact more so than anything else.

This was the faith of our fathers. This is the glory and hope of the gospel. This is our help for the present and our confidence for the future.

Wakefield House . . . *continued*

rise on the present historic site—the second Wakefield—a building every bit as proud in its day as the present one. And of the accelerating costs of maintenance, skyrocketing rates have developed, especially over recent years and with the associated multiplying of the leasehold dues, there has been nothing else able to be done but free the facts of life in the true pioneer tradition—choose between an end to the Society or rebirth—regeneration from struggling to unrealisticity; uphold an uneconomic building or put the truly historic offer (the site) now a markedly valuable piece of present day real estate to work for a new future for the Founders, a handsome equity ownership in a tall new Wakefield House, an edifice that would do honour to all our aspirations, past,

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GREY'S GIFT TO MAORI DICTIONARY

August 10, 1872 (Auckland)

The original MSS from Sir George Grey's "Mythology and Traditions of the New Zealanders" . . . with his notes, etc., have, we learn, been sent to Mr Colenso by the Committee of the Wellington Athenaeum (to which institution they were presented by Sir George Grey himself) with a view of enabling him to obtain materials for the completion of the Maori Lexicon, which it would not be easy, or perhaps possible, to obtain otherwise.

Several of the songs and chants contained in these MSS are written in a language quite different from the modern Maori, a language which we believe now only exists as a living one in the memories of a certain very limited number of old priests. It will shortly be extinct altogether.

It would be a matter of much interest and importance . . . to obtain literal translations of these songs, etc., while that is still possible. This semi-extinct language may yet afford a means of obtaining full and distinct knowledge in regard to the origin of the Maoris. Dr Thompson . . . argue from its similarity to the languages of one of the races of Southern India, that in that portion of the Asiatic continent the cradle of the race must be looked for.

present and future. Needless to say, as the founders, we chose not to stand in the way of progress and in so doing have chosen a course that will soon enough place our Society in that financial position best calculated to ultimately find our best dreams of supporting campaigns to preserve truly worthy historical examples of our pioneer past, its development through some 130 years and in concert with our branches find town-planning bursaries and similar forward-looking schemes designed to regail momentum which sets no limitation upon pursuing the implementation of our Founders Creed which says: We pledge ourselves to foster, promote and inculcate in rising generations that hardy will and spirit of enterprise, responsibility, work and faith so abundantly possessed by the actual founders, which has been so important a factor in the life and progress of New Zealand.

President On The Spot (4)

The summer that had not been much of a summer was already over and the rains of autumn well and truly establishing themselves as I sped North from Wellington through the Manawatu and the Rangitikei toward an overnight stay with Wanganui Branch President Hugh Ross. It was mid-evening by the time I made Hugh's verandahed house on the Wanganui River and he made me right welcome . . . a meal made mellow with a well-conceived selection of wines, the best of company, a joint handcarved by mine host with conversation and curios vying for one's undivided attention but happily, blissfully never quite getting it.

Good Founder friends and a brief encounter with my colleague Stan Northcote-Bade, up unexpectedly in Wanganui about his book and en route to a combined historical association meeting in Hamilton. What a grand evening that turned out to be as night became morning. I also met for the first time the two rare photos-cum-visiting-cards depicting the two Wakefield ladies adorning this edition of the Bulletin.

Guests departed—we three and sleep took over the house for a short time only for Stanley needed an early start for the Waikato. Later in the morning we formed cavalcade with Wanganui members and drove through the handsome Taranaki countryside until we reached the Park commemorating the last stand by Von Tempky's men near the seemingly eternal flare of Kapuni oil. Immediate Past President of the Wanganui Branch, Hon. Life Member Flora Spurdle was my guide and companion and this couldn't have been better—how we chatted and literally learned from it all. . . .

Te Ngutu-o-te-Manu Pa Site

All too soon our picnic and excursion present and into the past was over with Hugh Ross, as ever, right on top of his subject. (I hope he'll let me reprint the gist of his talk in a future issue.) And the time came for me to leave for New Plymouth.

Sunday was a kind day in New Plymouth, where by the good offices of Taranaki Branch President G. W. Nicholls I was to participate in their annual Founders Day celebrations for a second time. After Mrs Nicholls' fine fare and hospitable evening the day dawned pleasantly—so innocent it seemed of the previous day's less kindly effort and Egmont threw aside its wintry blanket for a time. . . .

St Andrew's in the centre of New

Plymouth was this year's chosen place. The church looked so much a part of a Founders Celebration and the large number present felt and knew it was just the right setting. It was again a real honour to read the lesson, an experience which never fails to move one even if it be only the reader who is moved. (The full text of the excellent sermon is published elsewhere in this issue.)

A banquet followed in the comfortable lounge of the Senior Citizens Rooms. Friendly faces, informality and good humour were built in to the courses in that special way that Founders have of letting it be so. That special something that has everyone feeling they belong together without question through the common bond of a pioneering past. Founders medallions for distinguished service to the Society were later to be presented to Taranaki Branch stalwarts, Robert Guthrie Jamieson, J.P., and Victor Caddy Davies, O.B.E., J.P., along with a special citation parchment for the work done during lifetime by Leslie Moncrieffe Nutt, J.P. (deceased). This latter testimony was received on behalf of the Branch by President Nicholls. (Let it be noted here too, that sad though it was, there was also something of happiness that this presentation was able to be made before the death, all too short a time later, of Branch founder and Past-President, Mr Jamieson.)

Before returning to Wellington Gus and I re-visited Tikorangi where there stood out in the late afternoon sunshine the monument of a silver-plated single furrow plough erected by the Tikorangi Young Farmers Club to honour their pioneer forebears. (See last issue for a picture and full account.) Then too, we made time to visit the grave of Dicky Barrett. Its broken, skewwhiff palings standing out like a sore finger in a paddock close to the Port which is passed daily by hundreds of citizens (and in summer by thousands of holiday-makers) who, since there is no signboard blamed for the the grave's neglect.

I left that place saddened at the scant regard accorded one of our more colourful pioneers—a man who from the very beginning had made no bones about regarding all races as one—a man who, from that altogether helpful position, so eased the earliest N.Z. Company settlement of both Wellington and New Plymouth. Fellow Founders, where do we go from here?

From The Branches

WHANGANUI

(The review by "K.M." which follows is from the Wanganui Herald, 21 July 1972.)

The readings included extracts from Helen Hewett's "Looking Back", and E. J. Wakefield's "Adventures in New Zealand", reminiscences of Emma Walker, letters by Jessie Campbell, Martha King and John Nixon, as well as newspaper reports on such controversial issues as naming of Bulls, and the levying of a bath tax for the provision of public bath houses in the town.

Supper followed the performances and in the supper room was a cabinet displaying items relating to those persons mentioned in the readings—a portrait of Sir William Fox and reproductions of some of his watercolours, photo-copies of Martha King's drawings of early Wanganui, and copies of "Looking Back" and "Adventures in New Zealand".

"LETTERS BY CANDLELIGHT"

(Contributed)

"Letters by Candlelight", an evening arranged by the Wanganui Founders' Society and the Friends of the Alexander Library, proved to be a delightful excursion into the past.

Unconsciously we all, it seems, try to resist the pressures upon us to become more efficient and more automated, and going back like this to a more leisurely time is one way of doing it. The large Davis Theatre audience certainly enjoyed their escape.

The programme, produced by Jean Bauld, was particularly well-balanced, the latter-readings being interspersed with songs and piano music of the old days. These enhanced the atmosphere of Victorian New Zealand already created by the shawls, the graceful skirts, and the throat-clinging collars of the women-folk.

The narrator was Dorothy Marks and the readers Jennifer Nixon, Hilary Wooding, Rosamund Brownlie, Noreen Horsley, Robin Oliver, Neil Corballis, Brian Deighton and Hugh Ross.

The pianist was Thea Collier and the singers Rosamund Brownlie and Noreen Horsley.

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The letters, the earliest written about 1840, drew varied reactions—now sympathy, now amazement, now laughter—but whatever the reaction, it was obvious that both readers and audience were really captured by the spirit of the past.

Since all the letters were either concerned with Wanganui, or written by Wanganui settlers, this added to the interest. The two societies responsible are to be warmly congratulated.

The script was prepared by Esther Harris and Tom Barrett.

A happy blend of the light and the serious, it must have entailed a great deal of work and preparation—as did the performance itself with its readers, singers and pianist—K.M.

WAIRARAPA

About forty members and friends visited Norsewood, which was simply bursting at the seams, to view in pageant the progress of its sturdy pioneer people over the brief period of 100 years. They were all there; the towering Vikings, all Olsen descendants; the team of patient bullocks pulling their wagon; the pack horses; an early settler's hut, its moss grown shingle roof still intact; the school children performing their folk dances in native costume; many adults wearing the exquisite raiment of a past age and to crown the proceedings, His Excellency, Mr A. Jakobsen, the Norwegian Ambassador to New Zealand and his party, the ladies proudly wearing their native dress.

Later the Founder's party visited the Folk Museum which is well worth a visit for itself alone. Even those of us who could not boast a drop of Norse blood were filled with a sense of pride and destiny.

On 26 August a pot luck tea was held followed by a viewing of and commentary on Mr Kemp Goodin's beautiful slides of his and Mrs Goodin's Northland trip. We find these informal gatherings very popular.

Without doubt the lion's share of the credit, especially for the Norsewood trip, must go to Mrs Eccles for her boundless enthusiasm and tireless effort.

—Contributed by Irene Ball.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR . . .

To the Editor,
N.Z. Founders' Society Bulletin.
Sir,

In the June number of the Bulletin there is given the text of the Hon. D. Riddiford's address at the Waitangi Day function, and I was rather disturbed to see the Treaty of Waitangi described as the real starting point of New Zealand history. This points up the apparently incurable Pakeha habit of counting New Zealand's history from the start of colonisation, whereas the actual history of the country goes back many centuries to the Polynesian immigrations, even if we don't know exactly when they began. Or if the early Polynesian period is thought to be too legendary, surely the doings of the explorers, the whalers and traders and the missionaries, and their contact with the Maori people are all part of New Zealand history. It would be better to call the Treaty a "milestone"—marking the end of one era and the beginning of another—rather than a "starting-point".

In Mr. H. Ross's very interesting editorial on "Maoritanga" in the same issue there is a paragraph about missionaries and their lands which is not quite accurate. The only missionary who could be said to have bought a "vast tract" was the Rev. Richard Taylor, who bought 50,000 acres in order to prevent a war between two tribes who both claimed it, but this was disallowed later, and the actual grant allowed him was only 1,704 acres. The trouble was that many of the missionaries had families, and wanted to make provision for them, and at that time there seemed no way for the sons to earn a living except by going on the land, so the missionaries mostly bought land for their families, though some did for themselves.

There was no "Royal Commission" appointed by Sir George Grey in 1846. All land purchases made prior to the Treaty of Waitangi—whether made by settlers, missionaries or speculators from Sydney—had to be reviewed by the Government and were usually much reduced. It was by commissioners under Hobson and FitzRoy that the total of the missionaries' purchases was cut down by about two-thirds.

Grey's attack on the missionaries, especially on Henry Williams, came in 1847, but he could not dispossess them, because by that time their claims had been made legal. Misleading information sent by Grey to the British Government and to the Church Missionary Society caused the Society to dismiss Henry Williams in 1849, but some years later the Society "saw the error of its ways", as Canon H. T. Purchas put it, and Williams was reinstated in 1854, a course recommended by Grey himself, who had changed his mind, and by Bishop Selwyn, who had at first supported Grey in his objections.

There is an account of the whole business in "The story of the English Church in New Zealand", by H. T. Purchas, published in 1914. The book can now be found only in libraries with special collections of New Zealand.

Alice Woodhouse

26 Bright Crescent,
Napier.

(Ed Note: Miss Woodhouse, of the H.B. Art Gallery and Museum, well-known broadcaster, author of "The Naming of Napier" and many other publications, is a Dominion Vice-President of our Society.)

4 Rodney Street,
Wanganui,
August 8, 1972.

Dear Sir,

It is such a glorious spring day and the garden is full of scent and colour. The daphne has never bloomed so well and the Magnolia "Campbelli" must have thousands of great pink blooms. Even the daily task of sweeping up the petals is a pleasure.

I really took up my pen to say congratulations on the June Bulletin, full of items for the past and the present. We are not combining with the Historical Society any longer. Our smaller magazine was a real link for so many of our members who are unable to join in meetings or outings, so the personal touch is needed.

Mr. Barrett compiled a delightful "Letters by Candlelight" evening recently, all old Wanganui material. The producer was Jean Bould, and several members of the "Friends of the Library" took part. You can imagine that Hugh R. could not squeeze himself into any of the garments offering! but everyone else was in genuine attire. (Something has gone wrong; I can't spell any more, so excuse.)

I remember many of the wise things you said on the way to the Von Tempsky site and some I try to use myself.

If possible, I will come to the annual meeting. Haere ra.

Flora Spurdle

1 Bruce Road,
Auckland 10.

Dear Sir,

As a committee member of the N.Z. Society of Genealogists Inc., I have recently sighted copies of your "Bulletin", which was being presented to our Society library.

In No. 47/June 1972, among New Members of Founders is listed:

Mrs. V. M. Tunnicliffe, Wanganui, with her membership confirmed through ancestor William EYLES.

I have a similar ancestry through the parents of William—Daniel EYLES and his wife Jane (Primmer)—and have been researching the EYLES Hampshire background and now am drafting information on the descendants of these two pioneers in New Zealand. The segment of William EYLES and his wife Amelia (Thorn) is one on which I have little recorded. I should therefore be pleased if you are able to put me in touch with Mrs. Tunnicliffe either by sending me her address or by sending her this letter so that she could write to me.

I would be glad to share with her what I have found out about the family.

Yours sincerely,

MRS. A. L. MOSSONG

Dear Mr. Buick Constable,

May I, on behalf of those who visited Wakefield House last week, thank you, Mrs. Anderson and Mr Tankersley for the wonderful welcome you gave us. Everyone was most enthusiastic about the marvellous day we had—our visit to Wakefield House being quite one of the highlights; and here may I also congratulate the caterer on the way she coped with the extra visitors.

The visit to Turnbull Library was not long enough by days and many of us will repeat it.

The sad look at Bolton Street Cemetery answered the recurrent question in our minds.

Page Eleven

No, our ancestors' graves are no more, only a fringe of neglected, overgrown, holy ground remains. We need look no more.

Silently we walked down the hill and sat in warmth in Broadcasting House till the 2 o'clock tour. Luckily, Doreen was on the air and our spirits rose to smiling point when she announced the visit of Founders from Masterton.

Going past new St. Paul's—what a vast place it is going to be—we arrived at old St. Paul's, and there we struck oil. Betty Plant happened to be there and she obviously loved every inch of the wonderful old building, and by the time she had spent the rest of the afternoon guiding us round, so did we. Some of us intend to return for the festival of choirs to be held in mid-December. She also spoke of perhaps holding a Son et Lumiere—probably the first in New Zealand. What a wonderful idea! I saw one at Holy Trinity Church, Stratford-on-Avon in aid of its restoration fund. The story of Shakespeare's family and town was narrated by the recorded voices of Laurence Olivier and other members of the Royal Shakespeare Company, with different coloured floodlighting picking out, in turn, appropriate items in the furnishings and decorations of the church.

St. Paul's would lend itself in a wonderful way, taking in the history of New Zealand and the coming of the early settlers to Wellington. It would be right up the Founders' street. The Wakefields could live again—and Bolton Street!

Thank you once more.

Yours sincerely,

PHYLLIS ECCLES

6 Hacker St.,
Masterton.

60 Reservoir Street,
Putaruru.

March 8, 1972.

Dear Mr. Buick-Constable,

This is to let you know that the first Waitangi Day celebration by this Branch was a great success. Approximately 50 members and friends, including two Maori couples from Rotorua, Mr. B. C. Adam, our after-luncheon speaker, and his wife, enjoyed the Smorgasbord luncheon with barbecued meat and all the extras; perfect weather and delightful surroundings.

A report of Mr. Adams's talk is included with this letter, cut from the "Whakatane Beacon", was voted by all present a most successful first Waitangi Day celebration by this Branch.

Kind regards,

DORNA NEWBERRY,
Secretary, Bay of Plenty Branch.

EARLY SETTLERS RETRACED BY FOUNDERS

"The early settlement" of New Zealand was the topic of the talk given to the Bay of Plenty Founders Society by Mr B. Adam, at the society's quarterly meeting held on 6 February at Hamurana.

More than 50 people were present at the meeting.

Mr Adam traced the first settlement attempt in 1825, when a gang of convicts and runaway sailors landed in New Zealand. This attempt was unsuccessful and did a lot of harm, he said.

In 1826 Captain Herd, accompanied by Barrett, came up the coast from Wellington and purchased Waiheke Island but only stayed a few months.

They then moved on to the Bay of Islands. This effort was also a failure. They lost £20,000.

Baron de Thierry met Hongi and Kendall in London. The baron gave Kendall £1,100 to buy property in N.Z. for him.

He understood 40,000 acres was purchased but no title was obtained or the land not bought at all.

The Maoris later gave de Thierry 300 acres as a gesture of goodwill.

Mr Adam mentioned that his grandfather came to Dunedin in 1848 and became an agent, bringing out over 4,000 immigrants of Scots descent, who almost without exception, turned out good citizens.

He also traced the rigors of life in Scotland in those days, when food was short and children went to work at 10 years of age.

Education was available at one penny a week, discipline was harsh.

His grandfather, when he landed in Dunedin, built a house on $\frac{1}{4}$ acre section with the help of Maori labour at 3/- per day.

They just cut the tops off the trees and used the trunks for studs, if much out of line a post was put in to straighten the sides, nothing was plumb, but he said no one could see four sides at once.

This gentleman later became the superintendent of Otago.

—Whakatane Beacon.

N.Z. Society of Genealogists Inc.,
P.O. Box 8795,
Symonds Street,
Auckland 1.

Dear Mr. Buick-Constable,

Some recent copies of your "Bulletin" have been donated to our library and because of the similar interests of your members and ours and our desire to develop and maintain friendly links with kindred societies, we submit herewith an outline of the objects of our Society and the assistance it can offer to those undertaking genealogical research.

We do not undertake to engage or supply professional genealogical research, only to aid and educate the amateur researching his ancestry or delineating lines of descent from pioneer ancestors.

The editor of our magazine, *The N.Z. Genealogist*, would be prepared to receive and publish a similar outline of the aims and conditions of membership of the N.Z. Founders' Society Inc. Her address is: Editor, N.Z. Genealogist, Mrs. L. Marshall, 10 The Esplanade, Campbells Bay, Auckland 10.

Yours faithfully,

C. P. MAIN,
(Mrs. C. P. Main),
Hon. Secretary.

—Hugh Ross (Branch President)

THE VISIT OF THE WANGANUI BRANCH TO RATANA

It is obvious that the Founders have a very special duty toward the well-being of New Zealand, and that is in our relationship to our elder brethren the Maori people.

All of us are born New Zealanders and most have been brought up in close touch with them and went to school with Maoris.

It is at the same time not right that we should in any way aid the destruction of the Maori way of thought: that circumstances have destroyed his material way of life makes it all the more important that we preserve the treasures of his spiritual outlook. So we must look toward Kotahitanga (one people) while we ourselves absorb and appreciate the serenity and the calm beauty of his love of all things God has created.

They were sacred to him and he lived with them as fellow beings, whether they

were man, bird, tree or fish, or any other form of Creation. Despite wild bouts of war and foray, which along with many students of history I do not believe were so frequent as we are apt to imagine, his great glory was his harmony with his environment.

We are apt to destroy whatever obstructs our desires, but the old Maori let all things live. I have seen this as a surveyor on the virgin Taupo Plains where the original Maori tracks wound round every tree, and toi-toi or flax bush, rather than edstroy it.

We have done just the opposite and we have but to look about us to see the destruction we have wrought.

With this in view I approached the Elders of Ratana Village.

Some Founders may not know that this is a flourishing purely Maori community around the great temple built in 1927. It is fourteen miles south of Wanganui.

Ratana originally was not a place but a man, who received a Divine Inspiration about the year 1916. By 1920 he had begun his great mission of faith-healing which led to the gathering of a community of several thousand people on his ancestral land during the 1920's, and from which grew the hamlet which is such a model of neatness today.

That he did cure the maimed I can witness, for as a boy I lived but a little over a mile away. An old man had a withered arm, and living not far away, my father persuaded him to go to Ratana. The arm was part-paralysed in that though he could, say, hold a box of matches at waist level, he could not raise a light to his pipe. When he returned from one visit to T. W. Ratana I personally saw him raise the arm straight above his head.

From this inspiration first grew the following and in his preachings Ratana evolved a way of religious thinking and the foundations of his Church. This is a purely Maori Church and its concepts are purely Maori in origin. As Christian mission teaching destroyed and obliterated

LETTERS TO EDITOR (cont'd)

The New Zealand Society of Genealogists Inc. was founded in 1967 as an Auckland hobby group but rapidly grew to be an incorporated society in 1968 and now has a membership of over 450 throughout New Zealand. Our objects are to promote and encourage the study of genealogy, family history and allied subjects and bring together the people who share these interests.

Where possible, groups of members meet together and there are now ten of these groups meeting throughout New Zealand. Here members meet for instruction and help in their family researches. The Executive Committee of the Society is located in Auckland and has the usual President and two Vice-Presidents, Secretary and Treasurer with also Editor of the official publication, *The New Zealand Genealogist*, an Archivist, a Cemetery Inscriptions Archivist, a Librarian, and a Groups' Liaison correspondent.

The N.Z. Genealogist is published ten issues per year with helpful articles, stories, addresses and members' queries. In 1971 the Society published a Register of Members' Research, and an addition to this publication is planned for 1973. Booklets available (reprints from the magazine) are "How to Compile a N.Z. Pedigree"; "How to Chart a Family Tree"; and "How to Transcribe Cemetery Inscriptions". Some sheets of Family Wheel, Record of Ancestry, Family Enquiry and a blank for an Ancestors Portrait Chart are also available through the Society.

The N.Z. Society of Genealogists Inc. is a non-political, non-sectarian, non-profitmaking organisation which would be of interest to Founders' Society members. Membership applications should be made to the Hon. Secretary, P.O. Box 8795, Symonds Street, Auckland. The annual subscription is \$3.00. Members paying this subscription receive the *N.Z. Genealogist* free by post. The current year's magazines are supplied irrespective of the month of joining.

ated the ancient theosophy of the Maori there was left a gap where charlatans were free to step in. The ancient teaching had always been esoteric so that the great bulk of the people were left with a shadowy comprehension of Christianity and without any firm knowledge of the faiths of their ancestors. In this uncertain atmosphere the false wizards and impostors made devils holiday claiming knowledge of mystic power this way and that and some gained a troublesome following of those who had discarded Christianity through distrust of all things Pakeha.

These impostors caused much mischief and suffering by leading foolish people along their aimless paths.

This spiritual void T. W. Ratana successfully filled and gave Maori people crying in a wilderness of falsehoods, a firm vision in which to travel the road of life.

Now there are approximately one hundred families living in the settlement; it is a model community of a high standard; it is run entirely by the Maori People themselves and though there are certain Pakeha advisers they do not pontificate.

So it was to this community of modern-thinking Maoris that I had the honour and the pleasure of taking my own people of the Founders Society in Wanganui. Having worked in Ratana myself it was a situation exactly similar to introducing two old friends who were aware of each other but had not met.

Mrs Hura the President of the Ratana Movement, the National Secretary Mr Aperahama, Mr Joseph Butler J.P. and Mr J. N. Taiaroa were gathered on the steps of Mr T. W. Ratana's spacious old homestead, we previously being met and led onto the Marae by Mr W. S. Andrews who acted as guide and mentor to our party numbering just over fifty.

Mr Butler welcomed us followed by Mr Aperahama. I returned, followed by Mr R. Hilary Glasgow J.P. of Turakina. The both of us had known T. W. Ratana as school-children at Turakina.

We were then taken to the Temple in the grounds of which Mrs Spurdle, our well known ex-President, assisted by Mr T. Barrett, our Vice President of many years standing, planted a pohutukawa tree to commemorate our visit.

Mr Andrews then took us into the Church and sat us down while he described the symbolism of the paintings upon the walls. Many questions were asked and discussed and I could feel the mutual warming of the two peoples.

Then to afternoon tea in the new and airy dining room recently built on to the "Manuao" the huge sleeping quarters to house 5,000 guests. With truly Polynesian capacity for communal living the people of Ratana are quite capable of feeding this multitude and giving them a-plenty, well-cooked.

This cooking is done in a highly original fashion with its roots deep in Polynesian custom—it is in fact a modern version of the hangi. But this is of vast proportions to cope with the numbers.

Right across one wall of the kitchen are a row of steel doors each five feet or more high and about a yard wide. Each has a sealing edge and heavy screw-fastenings to close them tight. The food is placed in wire baskets on steel shelves in each cabinet. Then from a steam boiler big enough to drive a ship the taps are turned on and the whole is cooked in steam as Maori food has been turned out for centuries.

Maori mechanics, Maori engineers, Maori welders designed and constructed the whole complex.

After eating we were conducted through the Treasure House or Museum. This is the only edifice in Ratana which bows to traditional Maori usage in that it is built in the form of a whare-puni or meeting house and has a carved front.

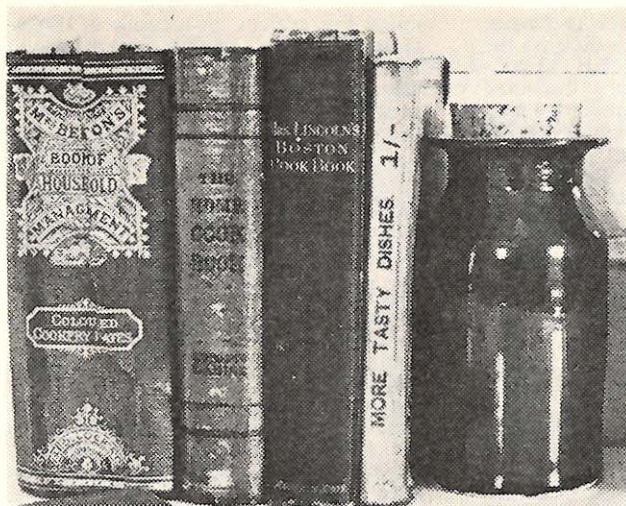
Inside are housed the relics of those who were cured by Ratana. They are of two types.

Sometimes Ratana would look deep into a person's eyes and see that they worshipped some heirloom or some talisman more than they worshipped God. He would point this out and tell the sufferer that nothing could be done for him or her until this worldly thing was removed from the way to God. Consequently the Museum is full of a rich profusion of valuable heirlooms. But these are lying beside an equal profusion of sticks, crutches, wheel chairs and all variety of supports for the crippled, in hundreds. They came to Ratana on them; he healed them and they cast them aside and walked away. If this was not Truth they could not have left them behind.

And so Ratana Pa or Village sails on like a ship upon a heaving sea of hills leading the largest following of any purely Maori religion.

And I know of a truth that Ratana supports Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II.

Have no doubts these are a great people and all are one of "us".



BOOK REVIEWS



FASCINATING LOOK AT COLONIAL LIFE

Humour, pathos, fine writing and blunt description are only part of a fascinating portrayal of early New Zealand times and life in "I Take Up My Pen", an early colonial scrapbook.

Collected with taste by Cecil and Celia Manson, the book will provide New Zealanders who cherish their birthright with hours of enjoyment. Mayoral fisticuffs, magnificent eloquence, bitter personal attacks, and genuine tragedy all play their part in a rich and memorable collection.

Among the writers listed are our first premier, a poet and eloquent writer of great depth of feeling, James Edward Fitzgerald; Samuel Butler, whose "Erewhon" was based on his Canterbury station experiences; Alfred Domett, the founder of the General Assembly Library; Sir George Grey, our most famous Governor, the Taupo chief and New Zealand benefactor, Te Heu Heu; Dicky Barrett, our first pilot; Bishop Selwyn, who had Te Rauparaha helping him with his famous Otaki Church; and many others.

Ideal Gift

The small paperback, printed by Pigeon Press, appears an ideal gift for expatriate New Zealanders. Those still at home will gain a deeper appreciation of their antecedents from reading it. They will also find that though today we are severely hampered by much more stringent libel laws, basic feelings remain very much the same—though I should say we have lost much of our forebears' ability to convey these feelings exactly with succinct prose.—JSG.

LORD DURHAM: A Biography of John George Lambton, First Earl of Durham. Chester W. New. London, Dawsons of Pall Mall, 1968. Pp. xiv, 612. Reprint of 1929 edition.

Although forty years have elapsed, our view of Lord Durham corresponds very closely to the portrait drawn by Chester New in his celebrated biography, published in 1929 and now usefully reissued. History is no longer regarded as the story of great men, and the search for empire-builders, national heroes, or founding fathers has ceased to provide a major inspiration of serious historical inquiry. Nevertheless, Durham remains an attractive figure, incongruously combining aristocratic pride and mildly radical opinions, and his reputation as co-author of the Reform Bill of 1832 and composer of the famous report continues to flourish. There are in fact remarkably few points at which modern scholarship has challenged the basic outlines and conclusions traced by New in his admirable study of Durham's public career.

The passage of time and changing historical fashions, however, have exposed certain limitations in the biography. In a discussion of British politics, New's judgment is clouded by an uncritical acceptance of the Whig tradition and by a penchant for reading history backwards. Few British historians would now describe the Reform Act as "the greatest revolution in English political history" (p. 71), and none would claim that, suddenly in 1832, the "basis of government was changed once and for all from aristocracy to democracy" (p. 109). Nor can New's

charge of British indifference to empire be any longer sustained, though the traditional orthodoxy still has its disciples amongst contemporary Canadian historians. Englishmen of that day and age were not universally apathetic or hostile to colonies, and no responsible minister was blind to the importance of the empire for reasons of commerce, emigration, strategy, and prestige. References to economy and opposition to overseas commitments expressed in debates on imperial affairs were part of the political rhetoric of the period and must not be taken at their face value. Moreover, like many imperial historians of his generation, New makes a selective use of material drawn from a limited range of sources to prove his preconceived view of British indifference to empire and to enhance Durham's importance and originality. It is factually untrue to claim that all the parliamentary radicals advocated the separation of Canada from the empire in 1837-8 (p. 318), when Charles Buller explicitly denied this charge in the House of Commons; or to assert that Durham was the first, and at that time the only, statesman to predict or hope for a permanent connection between the colonies and Britain (pp. 352, 416), when this view was forcefully stated in parliament, to cite three random examples, by Huskisson in 1828 and by Gladstone and Peel in 1838.

New's account of the Durham mission to Canada, and the subsequent report has not been substantially modified by later writers, but given contemporary preoccupations, historians of today might place greater emphasis on Durham's strong anti-French sentiments. Indeed, some recent critics have inaccurately described his views as "racist", a description that cannot possibly be reconciled with his advocacy of assimilation in Canada, Durham was in fact a cultural chauvinist, believing in the superiority and eventual predominance of English institutions and traditions, but he did not suddenly

adopt this outlook as a result of discussions with the English merchants of Lower Canada in 1838, and such an attitude was common amongst Englishmen of his day.

While no one will deny the significance of Durham and his report in the gradual transformation of a dependent empire into a commonwealth of autonomous nations, the modern reader will be struck by New's pietistic treatment of his subject. Our sober, detached appraisal of Durham's career has little in common with the emotional, patriotic involvement evinced by writers of a former generation when the British empire was in its heyday, and when the development of dominion status enabled Canada to "give to the world the finest and most effective blending of nationalism and imperialism" (p. 446). It now seems unpardonable exaggeration to claim that the report "is one of the few events of world-history of which one can say that this is the beginning of something absolutely new under the sun" (p. 495). But for New, Durham "had conceived a great imperial dream, revolutionary in its character, epoch-making in its scope" (p. 490). He thereby rendered Canada "the service that stands peerless in Imperial history"; he "wrought his miracles for the ages to come" (p. 473), for "genius had touched the fabric of Empire" (p. 515). Such emotive phraseology and simplistic judgments grate on the modern ear. Nevertheless, historical fashions change and the solid scholarship of New's study outweighs the occasional flights of self-indulgent fancy. While the book lacks the compelling warmth and vivid personal detail, as well as the literary elegance, that sometimes convert the "life-and-times" genre into an absorbing biography, New's account is unlikely to be surpassed as the definitive study of Durham's public career.

(Peter Burroughs, Dalhousie University, Nova Scotia, Canada.)

THE VOYAGE OF THE TRITON

By Nora Buttle

Published by the Wesley Historical Society, New Zealand. (35 cents.)

Triton was purchased from funds collected to mark the Centenary of British Methodism in 1839, £3,000 was used to purchase the vessel of 119 tons, a further £3,000 to outfit her for the voyage to New Zealand. The mission-

aries were the Reverends Thos. Buddle, John Skivington and Henry Turton, all married men and three single men, Gideon Smales (later to build his own church at Smales Mountain, Auckland), John Aldred and George Buttle. In

command was Captain John Beatty, also a Methodist, plus an entire Methodist crew. Hackney coaches brought everyone to Bristol for embarkation. Shortly after departure two of the three lifeboats were lost in a storm so they continued the journey relying mainly on their faith in God. The courage of people in those days leaving on long journeys across hazardous seas in tiny ships leaves one rather breathless.

By the time Madeira was reached on 23 October, the Centenary of Methodism had arrived. It was marked by devotions, the crew men being specially remembered by an issue of goose and plum pudding for dinner—a nice break in the deadly sea voyage diet. A typical day on Triton was prayers at 8 a.m., followed by breakfast of strong coffee, and hot rolls, unpeeled potatoes, ship's biscuits and salt pork.

Exercise came next, a deck stroll taken singly, because the deck was so tiny. Study periods for the missionaries were next on the programme, needlework for the women, plus reading and letters home. Lunch at noon, called Tiffin time, dinner at 1.30 for some, 3 p.m. for others, for the simple reason the saloon would not hold the entire company at one sitting. At 5 p.m. more prayers, supper at 7 p.m. and at 10 p.m., lights out.

Religious services were held daily, the ship's binnacle the pulpit, the hen coops the pews. Most days the poultry clucked, quacked and pecked the legs of the worshippers during services.

Landfall was made at Madeira and Table in January, two months out from Bristol. This time was apparently a very pleasant interlude of the long sea voyage.

The courage and endurance of these people is amazing to us today. Everyone suffered from seasickness, crewmen as well as passengers. The "cures" were legion but none worked. By the time the vessel sailed into Hobart, Tasmania, sea-board life with all its horrors and few pleasures had become part of normal

living. The entire company fell in love with Hobart—it was so English! All those thousands of miles and discomforts to discover that fact.

By early May Triton was 100 miles off the New Zealand coast. After the most shocking storm of the whole voyage and more seasickness on the Tasman crossing, the ship at last crossed the bar at Hokianga, very nearly being wrecked in the process as the flagmaster on shore was drunk and did not do his job. Triton was the first ship ever to venture in to port up the river and across the sandbars on an ebb tide. By 10 p.m. however, 7 May 1840, after the most terrifying experience of the whole trip, they were able to let go the anchor safely off Newark Mission Station.

Triton sailed for six years round the New Zealand coast and the Pacific Islands on missionary voyages. Looking at the picture of her facing the frontispiece of this booklet one has the feeling that despite those billowing sails, the White Ensign flying briskly at the mast-head and the missionary flag with its inscription "God is with us", one would scarcely care to go beyond Kawau Island in her today.

The subject matter for this little booklet was taken from the journals and diaries of the Reverends Thos. Buddle, John Aldred and George Buttle and from other Methodist literature held at the Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington. It would be of particular use to historians interested in the arrival of Methodism in New Zealand and to most readers seeking information on life and conditions suffered on a sea voyage to New Zealand in the early colonising days. As you will see, it has surprising little touches of humour in its account of daily life on the voyage.

—Contributed by M. W. Clarke (Auck. Branch).

(Permission to reprint granted by the "Journal of the Auckland Historical Society".)

FAREWELL TO THE OLD LAND

(From: "The Great Migration", by Edwin C. Guillet,
University Press of Toronto, 1967)

"The bark is o'er the lonely seas,
Which bears me from the land I love;
Her sails swell gently to the breeze,
And all is calm, around, above.

Not so this restless heart of mine—
Its hopes are clouded still by fate;

Its morning sun hath ceased to shine,
And left is dark and desolate.'

"An Adieu to Scotland" by J.F.E.,
"Coburg Star", January 2, 1833.

("Nothing," wrote Robert Louis Steven-

son upon emigration, "is more agreeable to picture and more pathetic to behold. The abstract idea, as conceived at home, is hopeful and adventurous. . . . This picture is found on trial to consist mostly of embellishments. The more I saw of my fellow-passengers, the less I was tempted to the lyric note. Comparatively few of the men were below thirty; many were married, and encumbered with families; not a few were already up in years; and this itself was out of tune with my imaginations, for the ideal emigrant should certainly be young. Again, I thought he should offer to the eye some bold type of humanity, with bluff or hawk-like features, and the stamp of an eager and pushing disposition. Now those around me were for the most part quiet, orderly, obedient citizens, family men broken by adversity, elderly youths who had failed to place themselves in life, and people who had seen better days. Mildness was the prevailing character; mild mirth and mild endurance. In a word, I was not taking part in an impetuous and conquering sally, such as swept over Mexico or Siberia, but found myself, like Marmion, "In the lost battle, borne down by the flying'.")

"The prospect of happiness and independence," wrote a cabin passenger, Mrs William Radcliff, upon setting sail, "qualified every sentiment of regret, and reconciled me to the painful alternative we had chosen." Another writer asserted that the steerage of many a vessel consisted almost entirely of "tall, pale, lean fellows, with ignorance strongly expressed on their vacant countenances, which betrayed no regret at leaving their native country." The Rev. William Bell observed that as Scotland faded from view, "some appeared lively and cheerful—some thoughtful and serious—while a few, by the tears which they shed, showed that they were not leaving their country and their friends without a struggle." Similar feelings are expressed in the diary of a member of the Tripp family, who left London on the "John Stamp" for Fitzroy Township, Upper Canada, in 1835. Relatives and friends accompanied them to the docks, and the diarist recorded that "when we came opposite Woolwich we went on deck to take a last farewell of our deserted home and the friends we had left behind."

Sometimes, too, these "sorrowing friends left behind, as they sobbed a last farewell, would rather have seen the departing ones going to their graves."

"Many and deep," wrote a cultured

Irishman as he left his home in the great "ship fever" year, "are the wounds that the sensitive heart inflicts upon its possessor as he journeys through life's pilgrimage; but on few occasions are they so acutely felt as when one is about to part from those who formed a portion of his existence. . . . But as the skilful surgeon tears off the bandage which the hand of affection gently withdraws from the wound—thereby unconsciously inflicting greater pain; so it is better not to linger upon the affecting scene, but rush suddenly away." . . . "I think it was inconsiderate of our worthy sea-captain," wrote another, "to direct his course so near the pleasant coasts of Hampshire, Dorset and Devon, that, as we left our native isle, we could see the slow wain and the gay chariot journeying on the high-roads—the country-seats and farmsteads surrounded by luxuriant crops in large chequers of yellow, green and white. Lovely did they look, and hard to leave. A wistful, regretful expression was strong in every face on board; and when the night closed in, dark, raw and showery, a young emigrant leaped into the sea and was lost."

Until the 1820's vessels usually rode at anchor—sometimes five miles from shore, where the sails would quickly fill out in the breeze. Emigrants came on board in the ship's boats, or in hired harbour craft. With the development of steam navigation, however, tugs were used to tow sailing-vessels out to sea into the wind. At Liverpool cabin passengers frequently remained on shore until the vessel had been towed down the Mersey, and then went aboard.

These emigrants sailed from Loch Broom for Pictou, Nova Scotia, on the barque *Frances Ann* in 1817, reaching port after a very rough trip. Their minister and leader, the Rev. Norman McLeod, decided to remove to the Ohio region, via the Gulf of Mexico followers set sail in 1820; but the ship ran into a storm at the start and was driven into the harbour of St. Ann's, Nova Scotia, where its Scottish passengers decided to commence pioneer life anew. About 1847 the eyes of Mr. McLeod and many of his colony were turned towards Australia, but it was 1851 before two vessels had been constructed and provisioned; whereupon one ship set out, reaching Adelaide, South Australia after "a delightful voyage" of 164 days. Not satisfied with Adelaide, they proceeded to Melbourne; and still in search of the ideal they sent scouts by a whaler to Auckland, New Zealand, whither the whole shipload—and the other which had meanwhile come from Nova Scotia—arrived early in 1853, settling on the Waipu tract. Reinforced by several additional emigrations, including 66 persons on the diminutive brigantine *Spray*, of 99 tons, the "Waipu Highlanders," as they are still called, formed a distinctive settlement. This epic of colonization is described by A. J. Clark in *The Scottish-Canadian Pilgrims of the Fifties*, Ontario Historical Society *Papers and Records*, XXVI, 5-15.

FIRST PLOUGH TO TURN KERIKERI SOIL RETURNING IN STYLE!

The distinction of being the cradle of agriculture in New Zealand has been achieved by Kerikeri and the first plough ever to turn kiwi soil is going home there.

On his third visit to the Bay of Islands in 1820 the Rev Samuel Marsden brought the plough with him, together with a team of 12 oxen from New South Wales.

That plough has been for many years in the Auckland Museum but is going back to Kerikeri where it will be on permanent loan to the Society for the Preservation of the Kerikeri Stone Store Area which has been formed to preserve as a national historic park—the foreshore of the Kerikeri Inlet—containing the country's two oldest buildings, the mission station and the stone store.

The plough will be housed in the stone store and was "unveiled" at a ceremony attended by heads of the museum and the society.

At the mission station on May 3, 1820, the Rev John Butler made the first furrow in New Zealand with the plough. He and others waxed lyrical over the possibilities it opened up. The land there had been in fern, but hard slogging with hand tools, helped by Maoris under their guidance, the missionaries succeeded in cultivating a good range of imported fruit and vegetables and gleaned some of the possibilities of the land.

"I trust that this day will be remembered with gratitude and its anniversary kept by ages yet unborn. Each heart rejoiced in this auspicious day and said: 'May God speed the plough!'" Butler said.

The Church Missionary Society's 1821 report which lists the variety grown at Kerikeri reads like a produce card catalogue:

"Wheat, oats, barley, peas, horse and kitchen beans, taro, hops, turnips, carrots, radishes, cabbages, potatoes, lettuces, red beet, onions, broccolo, endive, asparagus, cresses, onions, shallots, celery, rock and water melons, pumpkins, cucumber, parsley, vines, strawberries, raspberries, orange, lemon, apple, pear, peach, apricot, quince, almond and plum trees, pepper and spearmint, sage, rice, marigolds, lilies, roses, pinks, sweetwilliams, rosemary, featherfew, lavender, dutch clover, meadow, feschu, rib and sweet scented vernal grasses."

The Society for the Preservation of the Stone Store Area which has purchased the old mission land to hand over to the public as a national historic park still has a \$23,000 mortgage at nine percent which it is aiming to pay off by "selling" the land to the public at \$2 a square yard.

YOUNG FOUNDERS INITIATE A COLONIAL MUSEUM FOR WELLINGTON

No doubt envious of colonial villages and museums elsewhere in New Zealand about 40 representatives of historical societies, the Wellington City Council, jaycees and interested citizens attended a meeting at Wakefield House to discuss the colonial museum which has been proposed for Wellington.

A committee was established to get the project under way. Guest speakers at the meeting which was called by the Young Founders' Group, included Mr L. Beere, of the regional council of the Historic Places Trust, Wellington architect, Cr M. Fowler, Mr Martin Hill and Dr A. Tennent.

Dr Tennent offered his family's old home on The Terrace as a possible museum, and a house in Nairn Street has been offered. Two other properties are also under consideration.

Cr Fowler said it was important that the house finally chosen was accessible to the public and tourists, but still in a suitable atmosphere and environment.

A number of pieces donated to the museum were on display and offers were made of more furnishings.

A letter was received from a 92-year-old supporter of the scheme from Dannevirke, who encouraged the group, offering to send some pieces for the museum and enclosing a donation of \$50.

Those elected to the committee represent a variety of historical societies. They are: Mrs A. K. Urlich, Mr and Mrs J. Burns, Miss J. Urlich, Mrs A. Erwin, Mr and Mrs C. Hill, Mrs E. Burger, Mrs J. Jottinger, Mr M. Hill, Mr C. Fearnley, Mrs J. Siers, Cr David Shand and Mrs A. O'Connor.

“THE LAST GEM”

Researched and Arrived at by Lindsay M. Buick-Constable and first presented by way of a costumed play-reading before Members and Friends of The N.Z. Founders Society at The Lounge, Barrett's Hotel, Lambton Quay, Wellington, Saturday, April 15, 1972.

Preamble:

(From the N.Z. Gazette and Wellington Spectator, Port Nicholson, Monday, April 19, 1841, Supplement Edition.)

PUBLIC DINNER

At Barrett's Hotel, to commemorate the Islands of New Zealand being rendered independent of New South Wales

A dinner for the above object took place on Thursday last, at Barrett's Hotel, to which a large party of gentlemen sat down. Col. Wakefield, J.P., officiated as President; R. D. Hanson, Esq., J.P., and Geo. Hunter, Esq., J.P., Vice-Presidents. Col. Wakefield was supported on the right by the Rev. Mr Davy, Dr Evans, J.P., and W. Guyton, Esq.; on the left by the Rev. J. McFarlane, — McDonald, Esq., and James Smith, Esq (Union Bank). In the body of the room we observed Captain Smith, R.A., Surveyor-General, H. St. Hill, Esq., J.P., George Duppa, Esq., W. Johnston, Esq., M.D.; Major Baker and Durie; W. V. Brewer, R. R. Strang and — Brandon, Esq., S. Revans, Esq.; Captains Rhodes Santry, and Sinclair; Messrs Waitt, Ludlam, James Smith, Tysler, Hillier, McHattie Wallace, R. Brown, &c. &c. &c.

In the mother country, on similar occasions for rejoicing, we have frequently had the pleasure of seeing the festive board graced by the presence of “the fairer portion of nature's handy work.”—when beaming eyes and graceful forms would make e'en “mute marble eloquent.” We, however, were doomed to be disappointed in this respect; but were gratified in a different manner—by the pleasing sight which met our view in the form of a fine bust of the inflexible and patriotic author of the greater system of modern or ancient colonization—E. G. Wakefield, Esq. The bust was mounted on a pedestal immediately facing the gallant Colonel; and the tribute to his services, paid in so delicate and feeling a manner, must have been highly gratifying to him.

Those taking part in 1972 included:

Byron Buick-Constable (assisted by Stanley Northcote-Bade), Alf Diamond, Cameron Hill, Rev. Tankersley, John Warnes, John Burns, with the part of

the President, Col. Wm. Wakefield being taken by Lindsay Buick-Constable.

Narrator: The cloth being removed, and grace said by the Rev. Mr Davy—

The President rose, and entered into a brief history of the colonization of New Zealand down to the present time, when Her Majesty had commanded them to be no longer dependent on New South Wales. Gratitude alone, therefore, if not the usual custom, would prompt them to toast “the Queen.” 3 times 3, “and one cheer more.” Colonel Wakefield giving the “hips”.

The President again rose, and hoping that the little lady might not be the last of her family, gave the health of “the Princess Royal.” 3 times 3. Major Baker giving the “hips”.

The President said, that the next toast was so intimately connected with the two last, that he should have great pleasure in proposing the health of “His Royal Highness Prince Albert.” 3 times 3. Captain Smith giving the “hips”.

“The Queen Dowager, and rest of the Royal Family,” was then given from the Chair, amid cheers.

The President said that, supported as he was, he could not do better than give “the Church”, 3 times 3.

The Rev. Mr McFarlane rose to return thanks.

The Rev. Mr McFarlane: May I say that I consider it one of the most important steps in the colonization of these Islands, that from the outset, a Minister of the Gospel has been sent from the Church of Scotland to guide the people in the path of the truth.

If I have not read history wrong, at no distant period, she is destined to wipe away the dark and foul blot which has stained her history.

The informations which I have received from the Church of Scotland authorise me to state that she takes a warm interest in the prosperity of these Islands and hoped to still further promote their welfare.

The occasion of our being met around the festive board this day is an auspicious one it is to properly commemorate the waving of the banner of Britain—(that banner which for a thousand years has braved the battle and the breeze)—in freedom over these magnificent Islands.

Long may it continue to wave and give to us all those special blessings which were enjoyed in our fatherland.

Finally, may I say, with all sincerity, and on behalf of the Church, of which I happen to be the humble representative, I thank you sirs for the honour you have conferred by toast upon it. . . . (CHEERS.)

Narrator: The Rev. Mr Davy, in a few words, also responded to the toast.

Col. Wm. Wakefield rose to his feet:

Col. Wakefield said that they had hitherto laboured under the disadvantage of being dependent on New South Wales. The warm interest which His Excellency Sir George Gipps had always manifested to this settlement, called forth their gratitude; but considering the distance at which they were situated from that Government, it was but an act of justice to New Zealand, that a separation should take place. He believed, without taking any particular merit to his employers—the Directors of the New Zealand Company—it was to their judgment that they owed the steps which had led to this happy result. Col. W. then read an extract from one of the despatches, setting forth the principles and measures to be introduced for the Government of New Zealand, and concluded by giving the health of "Lord John Russell, and Her Majesty's Ministers." 3 times 3, loud cheers, and "one cheer more". (ALL)

Narrator: Mr George Hunter, J.P., rose to propose a Toast to Governor Hobson:

George Hunter, Esq., J.P.: "Let me recharge a bumper—Mr President, Gentlemen—I truly feel a great responsibility in rising to propose a toast and to address you on the occasion of the recognition of these Islands by the British Government. Really, I feel most moved. . . .

Permit me to say that from the very first we have maintained an independent position—and we now form a portion of that very great empire which outvies all Greek or Roman fame. Gentlemen, we have been told that Great Britain is the lever of the world—is not the trident of Neptune the sceptre of the world? Gentlemen, we have lived up to this

moment and for this moment without surrendering the honour of our country and I hope that those around me on this day would bequeath before us—have so honestly maintained.

Oh there can be no doubt that we, the Colonists of this country, have struggled against great difficulties—and have surmounted them! (CHEERS)

And so it has pleased Her Majesty to declare these Island independent Colonies.

As you may know Gentlemen—for myself I confess a sneaking kindness for the Whigs and I for one do not think that Lord John Russell—a descendant of that Russell who fought and died for liberty—would desert us. . . . (CHEERS)

I am happy indeed therefore to say that circumstances have so resulted in the Independence of our Land—and we are not disappointed.

Fellow Colonists—Lord John Russell, carrying out the wise intentions of a wise Government has said that the Islands of New Zealand—the last gems in the British Crown—should be independent—and Captain Hobson having been appointed the representative of Her Majesty—I propose as a Toast: "His Excellency Captain Hobson and the Independent Islands of New Zealand"—three times three—ALL.

Narrator: The Rev. Mr Davy, in a neat speech, gave the health of "Mrs Hobson and the ladies of New Zealand."

George Hunter, Esq., on behalf of the ladies, acknowledged the toast.

S. Revans, Esq., proposed the "memory of the deceased Council and the healths of Dr Evans and Mr Hanson, the authors of the Constitution under which it had its legal existence."

Dr G. S. Evans, J.P., returned thanks.

Dr G. S. Evans, J.P.: Mr President—Col. Wakefield, Sir—Gentlemen—I wish to thank you for the honour accorded the efforts of my colleagues and I in respect to our Company Constitution which has in so short a time served us well but which now must be superseded by our newly-granted independence and all the necessary laws that that may bring. . . .

No, this occasion is no time for saying more about the effectiveness or otherwise of our own Constitution or dwelling upon the annals of the most short-lived republic that ever existed—"let's just say that, we have, literally and in fact, "sat by its cradle, followed its hearse. . . ."

Suffice to say, too, that what is now past was conceived in a moment of

difficulty and has fully answered its purpose. (CHEERS)

And whilst it may be considered impolite to force theory to the utmost extent, yet let it be remembered that the most eminent people have acknowledged that we the Colonists have acted within the law. It is this legality of action in every thought and deed undertaken in all proceedings throughout the earliest stages of the founding of this Colony that has gained us attention and respect in England—and we are now met to commemorate that result. (CHEERS)

I am quite sure that my learned friend Mr Hanson, in common with myself, joins with me in looking forward to better times, such as when we will have the honour of addressing many of those gathered around me now as—"gentlemen of the jury" or "members of the Council"—or "most potent, grave and reverend signiors". (CHEERS AND LAUGHTER)

And so now let us render "tribute to whom tribute is due"—Gentlemen I refer to he who provided the vision; he who is still in England and yet to come among us—Gentlemen I give you—Edward Gibbon Wakefield." (LOUD CHEERS)

Yes, Edward, what would we have done without his drive and his vision—above all his vision of this settlement. . . . You know, Mr President, as his brother, you will know better than any of us that even when the Directors of our Company almost despaired of success—it was your brother Edward's never flagging zeal and the untiring energy of his master mind that has led us all on to triumph. (CHEERS)

And I put it to you my friends—the remarkable fact that all along there has been no contrepemps—no discordancy between the Directors in London and the settlers in the Colony. (HEAR, HEAR) While this feeling exists, Gentlemen, the Colony, our Colony—simply cannot fail to prosper. (LOUD CHEERS)

Narrator: The learned Dr resumed his seat amid loud cheers.

R. D. Hanson, Esq., J.P., briefly spoke to the toast.

"The Court of Directors of the New Zealand Company" was then drank with 3 times 3.

Col. Wakefield made his reply to that Toast:

Col. Wakefield said he would state, as far as his conviction went, that the Directors were entitled to the thanks of the Colonists—(HEAR). The Company,

in every instance, had anticipated their wants, and, fearful the Colonists might suffer inconveniences, had sent provisions for their use. They had also anticipated their desire for the latest intelligence as to their movements in England, by despatching fast sailing vessels. These acts conspire to show the deep interest which the Directors took in the welfare of their settlement. He felt persuaded he was only uttering the sentiments of his employers, when he said that the Directors, as far as their influence went, would prevent the settlers being defrauded of their rights. Although he (Col. W.) was instructed to afford every assistance to His Excellency Captain Hobson, with which instructions he had always been anxious to comply, he would distinctly state, that if any act of His Excellency had a tendency to militate against the interests of this community, he would offer to it active constitutional resistance—(CHEERS). He thanked the company for the compliment they had paid the Directors, and would take an early opportunity of making them acquainted with it — (CHEERS ALL).

At this point Mr Hunter called for a bumper and rose to address the gathering.

George Hunter, Esq., J.P.: Fellow Colonists—I now have the honour to propose a Toast which everyone will respond to with great cordiality.

Everyone who has observed the events of the last two months must feel that thanks are indeed due to the Company for the vigilance with which they have guarded our welfare. To Col. Wakefield—our President on this great occasion—must be ascribed a great deal of the successes which have followed the Company's exertions.

Col. Wakefield's despatches speak for themselves; they show the Gentleman and the Statesman to the world—and the Company is indeed fortunate in having so able a Representative. (CHEERS)

Gentlemen—Fellow Colonists of an Independent New Zealand—I beg to give you the Toast: "to the Health of Col. Wakefield."—3 times 3—and one cheer more. (ALL)

Narrator: Col. William Wakefield said he had not words to express his thanks for the manner in which his excellent friend had proposed his health, and to the company for having so warmly responded to it. If any poor services of his had met with the approbation of the Colonists, he was amply rewarded. He

could truly say that his existence was bound up with the settlement—that he had made it his home; his only child was on her way here, (CHEERS) He thanked them again, and if any of the inhabitants thought he could render them assistance or advice, it should most readily be accorded to them.

The gallant Colonel during his brief address, spoke with great feeling, and was repeatedly cheered.

R. D. Hanson, Esq., J.P., rose to propose the next toast.

R. D. Hanson, Esq., J.P.: Mr President Gentlemen—I deem it only natural that we should take the present opportunity to show our gratification at the recent news from England. There is indeed something exceedingly agreeable to the feelings in the word “independence”—and I have no doubt that many substantial benefits will eventually result from the independence of this Colony.

This however very much depended upon ourselves and our friends in England. But, whatever might be our prospects for the future, we should not be altogether unmindful of the past. (Hear-hear)

This settlement at present, at any rate, is only independent in name.

Instead of being subject to the Government of Sydney and Sir George Gipps, it is now subject to that of Auckland and to Captain Hobson.

And I cannot but feel that with the past as a guide, very little advantage can be expected from this change.

However, the new powers which we now learn have been given to the Governor of New Zealand might well enlarge his conceptions of his duties, and the settlement might in turn receive from him that share of attention to which it is entitled from its importance.

But whatever in this respect there might be to hope for from the change, nothing I am sure, can obliterate from the minds of our fellow settlers the kind and liberal conduct of Sir George Gipps to this Colony. For I am assured, as I am certain you all are, that so long as New Zealand had remained connected with the Sydney Government, the effort of the Governor have always been directed to promote the prosperity of the Colony and, furthermore, the Governor has remained accessible to suggestions having that object.

It is therefore, only right and proper that in separating forever from our sister Colony, we must express our sense and appreciation of every kindness and consideration with which we have been treated.

I therefore, Gentlemen, beg leave to propose the health of Sir George Gipps—3 times 3 . . . (ALL)

Narrator: You can't keep a good man down—Dr Evans now has the floor.

Dr Evans, J.P.: Sirs, may I venture to trespass on your patience once more—There can be little doubt that various are the considerations which present themselves in our minds on occasions like the present when we meet around the festive board as Colonists and friends with many many thousands of miles behind each one of us and our earliest beginning . . . an occasion when men may be excused for making a declaration of public principles.

Of these principles, my friends, the one most dear to Englishmen is—“the liberty of the press”.

One of the most powerful writers who had been pleased to veil himself in the mantle of mystery—I refer to “Junius”—has said: “Let it be impressed upon your minds, let it be instilled in your children, that the liberty of the press is the palladium of all the civil, political and religious rights of an Englishman.”

In a Colony such as ours, the liberty of the press is more important than anywhere else. It remains the means of calling governors, secretaries and officials down to a state of subordination to public opinion. (CHEERS)

When the fruits of our labours are about to be taken away from us, it is then that the press raises its mighty voice and crushes injustice in its birth. (CHEERS)

It has been our good fortune to have a press in this Colony from the commencement—and judging from efforts which have been made to stifle opinion in another part of the Island, it is our duty to stand by the one we possess. For when we have lost the power to give publicity to our wants and feelings, we have lost the only protection in the Colony itself. Complaints have little weight without being backed by its influence; and if ever we cease to stand by its liberties, from that moment we will date our downfall.

Gentlemen, I call upon you to fill a bumper to the “Independence of the Press”—and and I couple with this toast —“the unfailling health and unfailling good judgement of The Editor (Mr Revans)—of the ‘New Zealand Gazette and Wellington Spectator.’” 3 times 3 (ALL).

Narrator: S. Revans said that after the speech they had listened to with so much attention, it would ill-become him to offer any lengthened remarks. He had

conducted his paper to the best of his abilities, but its success would rest, of course, with his fellow-Colonists. He thanked them sincerely for the manner in which they had received the toast. He would conclude, however, in the American fashion, by doing a little bit of business. It was by begging to inform them that the fourth quarter of the first year had terminated — (great laughter).

We will next hear from Mr R. D. Hanson, J.P.

R. D. Hanson, Esq., J.P.: Mr President, Gentlemen, it is quite clear that from the position in which this settlement is occupied that no other place in the Islands can compete with it.

Frankly I don't care whether the Government chooses to come here or not nothing now will dislodge us (CHEERS)—the natural advantages our harbour and port holds over other sites; the fertility of the surrounding districts; the support upon which we can rely from our friends in England and—I might add—the intelligence and energy of we, the Colonists, leave us nothing to fear from rivalry.

Now that New Zealand is about to enter upon a new course let us announce and make challenge for ourselves and our settlement in seeking the position which we are infallibly destined to occupy—Gentlemen, I would propose as a toast—"The prosperity of Wellington, and may it soon become in law, what it is in fact, the Capital of New Zealand! (CHEERS and 3 times 3 ALL)

Narrator: James Smith, Esq. (Union Bank) in a few concise observations, gave the health of "Captain Smith, Surveyor-General, and his Staff"—(Cheers).

Captain Smith returned thanks, and entered into a description of the trip he had had along the coast, and in the interior, during the last 17 days. The land, generally speaking, was very good; and he anticipated considerable aid in surveying from the roads which were now making. He described the Manawatu as a very fine river, and the land around Rangitoto and Wanganui exceedingly fertile. And now the President rises once more. . . .

Col. Wakefield: I can not allow the opportunity to pass without bearing testimony to the real, activity, and good humour, on all occasions, with which the Surveyor-General carried on his operations. Not a more efficient servant to any Government or Company ever existed; and the arduous nature of his duties—which he never could have

anticipated in London—were executed in a manner highly honourable to him (hear). The impossibility of surveying without roads, had led to much anxious trouble to my own and his part, and I have given directions for the cutting of roads to facilitate the surveys. One, the Porirua road, was under the inspection of Mr McDonald, a gentleman to whom we are all indebted for the valuable Colonists he brought with him, and for the expeditious manner in which he was executing it; I therefore, propose the health of "Mr McDonald and the labourers on the Porirua road."

Narrator: Mr McDonald said no exertions should be wanting on his part to carry out their wishes. The gallant Colonel had referred to the emigrants he had brought out. All he could say was, that he had not lost much time with them, for on the 1 January 1840, he commenced recruiting, and by the 11 February in the following year, they were all actively engaged. They were a sturdy race of men, and would give labour for the many expenses incurred. He thanked them for the honor they had conferred on him, by drinking his health.

S. Revans, Esq., gave "Mr Smith, and the Union Bank of Australia."

James Smith, Esq., returned thanks. The Bank had gone on steadily, and he had formed, he believed, a pretty correct estimate of the wants of the Colony. There could be no doubt as to the stability of the Institution.

The President gave the "Merchants and Shipping Interests of Port Nicholson." 3 times 3.

George Hunter, Esq., acknowledged the toast.

John Wade, Esq., with the permission of the President, would propose "the Agricultural Interest of Port Nicholson." He enumerated several individuals to whom the Colony ought to be thankful for making the experiments they had made. (The toast was drank with 3 times 3.) Mr George Duppa rises somewhat unsteadily to his feet:

George Duppa, Esq.: Mr President, Gentlemen, I thank you on behalf of my brother agriculturists for the honour done by so kind a toast.

At the same time I must state that I must apologise for being so unworthy a representative of the gentlemen of the soil to be called upon to make answer on their behalf—firstly because I do not believe that I am able to return your compliments with becoming grace and secondly because I have not yet had it in my power to prove to my

brother Colonists that I have any particular knowledge of the subject of agriculture, inasmuch I have not yet been fortunate enough to be able to choose any land on which the operations of farming can be carried out to advantage.

This latter fact however rises from circumstances over which I have no control in that, in the first place I have not been fortunate enough to be able to draw on any early choices and secondly, the difficulties that have presented themselves to the surveying staff since their arrival in the Colony have been such as to have rendered it well nigh impossible for a Company, unaided even by the countenance of the Home Government, to have the country opened up much more rapidly than they have done.

However I soon trust to be able to prove that the soil and the climate—that which every English farmer would pray for—(similar to that met with in Italy or the South of France)—could produce two crops in the course of a year off the same piece of ground. Some wheat for instance which was sown by Mr Sinclair in May last, was reaped the following January and at present in his garden there are potatoes sown only about the middle of February which were now fit to come out of the ground.

Soon too it was expected that a new style of farming would be introduced—I refer to Flax. We might soon indeed see large quantities of this valuable production shipped for the mother country—which will be a source of wealth such as none of the sister Colonies could boast of. Our brother Colonist, Mr Earp, was presently erecting a machine to process its leaves.

It has been objected to by many that there is no extent of land in Port Nicholson. I say, let those persons start off up the Porirua Road and take a two day's walk toward Otaki and they would have cause to change their opinions . . . for finer country I have never seen in the course of my life or more suited to agriculture—once cleared.

One has to admit that the land in the immediate vicinity of Port Nicholson is certainly heavily timbered but the expense of clearing it is made up for by the richness of the soil which contains little other than decayed vegetable matter. Then too, its immediate vicinity to the town will enable persons who cultivate it to send a variety of produce to market such as poultry, eggs, butter, vegetables, etc., which will amply repay for any outlay incurred in the clearing of that land—and Gentlemen—he who

begins first, will have the first market! (LOUD CHEERS ALL).

Narrator: Mr Duppa resumed his seat amid cheers. The tireless Dr Evans takes over the floor after consultation with Col. Wakefield. . . .

Dr G. S. Evans, J.P.: Gentlemen, Gentlemen, I crave your attention again—for I have obtained permission from the President to propose another toast, without which indeed the two preceding ones would be but incomplete.

Gentlemen—we have drunk to the prosperity of the merchants and ship-owners, and the agricultural interests—I am about to call for a bumper to the prosperity of those who produced everything; who were the real pith and substance of every community and without whom nothing in society would flourish or even exist—I refer of course to the working classes. Those valuable men we have brought out from England to Port Nicholson have struggled manfully through difficulties and I make appeal to those present whether these men were not fully employed, well remunerated and perfectly contented.

Indeed there are no longer any symptoms of despondency at the novel circumstances in which they find themselves placed. No indeed—instead they are now subscribing largely to associations for the purpose of purchasing land—and I for one sincerely hope they will speedily become land-owners themselves and employers of others in their turn.

Have you not—Gentlemen—have you not been struck as I have been with the astonishing fact that, since landing here, no man has solicited alms of me—a beggar and a pauper are persons unknown—and furthermore, we have a fertile territory sufficient for the support of millions of people.

Gentlemen—I ask you to speculate upon this—how many ages would it be before the speculations of philosophers, about population pressuring the means of subsistence, will become of the least practical importance to the inhabitants of New Zealand.

Meanwhile—let us nourish up “a bold peasantry” and whilst they acknowledge “The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm” let us also appreciate the higher order of mechanical skill.

I am indeed happy to see individuals of that class present, as they ought to be on such occasions, and will now conclude my remarks by proposing a

Toast to—"the working classes of Port Nicholson".

Narrator: Mr Yates acknowledged the toast.

R. Stokes, Esq., in a neat speech, proposed "the Magistrates of Port Nicholson."

Dr Evans, on behalf of his colleagues, acknowledged the toast.

The President gave "the Settlers from the neighbouring Colonies."

Captain Rhodes (N.S.W.) and Mr R. Brown, Van Deiman's Land (Tasmania) briefly returned thanks.

The President then vacated his seat, and the party broke up at 12 o'clock.

Summer is coming . . .

DRINKS, FRESH, COOL AND OLD-FASHIONED

are equally acceptable in the Northern and Southern Hemispheres.

—Elizabeth Kimball (writing in Toronto "Globe and Mail") says:

Canadian summers were hotter 'way back when, the weatherman tells us; and there was no air-conditioning, nor refrigerators, nor (Can you imagine it?) bottled pop. How on earth, the Pepsi generation must wonder, did their ancestors beat the heat?

But the big old houses of Queen Victoria's day didn't need air conditioning. Their 12-foot ceilings drew the warm air up above people-level; thick walls and shutters, closed before the day grew hot, shut out the heat. Farm-houses near a lake or river had their own ice-houses; and in town the iceman, hefting huge glassy blocks from his wagon, kept the big ice-boxes filled. Out in the summer kitchen or on the back porch ice creams and sherbets were made early in the morning; if one pair of hands grew tired cranking the machine, there were always others to spell out the task.

Cooling drinks were dog-day basics. Homely fruit shrubs and ades and smashes; elegant cups and coolers and punches. Almost every family had a recipe for which it was famous . . . a hand-me-down from home in the Old Country, a souvenir of some long-dead relative's soldiering days beyond the seas, or of planter pioneers in the Colonies.

Every kitchen made its own, and in quantity. In my grandmother's house we children drank several large crocks of

raspberry vinegar dry during the holidays. Ladies, daintily sipping iced mint tea or fruit ade with their cucumber sandwiches and seed cake, could drain several jugsful during an afternoon call. Young birthday party guests revived themselves after croquet or London Bridge with heavy draughts from nursery-strength punch bowls; and grown-ups, sauntering beneath trees abloom with garden party Japanese lanterns, or taking a break after a vigorous set of Lancers, quaffed zestier punches, cups or coolers.

Oh yes, Grandma had ways galore to keep her cool. Sample some of them; you may never go near the pop dispenser again.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR

4 qts. fresh raspberries
1 qt. white vinegar.
Sugar to taste

Pick over and wash berries. Place 2 quarts berries in strone crock or large pottery bowl; pour vinegar over them. Let stand 24 hours; then strain through muslin or thin cloth bag. Place remaining two quarts of berries in crock or vessel, and pour the strained liquid over them. Let stand another 24 hours and strain liquid off through muslin bag. Add sugar to sweeten (the flavour should be somewhat tart, or vinegary). Allow sugar to melt in liquid, then pour into a stone jar (or, if small enough to fit into kettle, leave in original crock). Cover and set in a kettle of boiling water. Keep boiling briskly for one hour. Skim off scum on top, cool till cold and bottle. To serve, allow 1 or 2 table-spoons a glass, and fill glass with ice cold water.

RASPBERRY SHRUB uses exactly the same ingredients. Let vinegar and berries stand for 4 days; strain, and add 1 pint sugar for each pint of juice. Boil and bottle. Keep in a cool place. A jigger of vodka and ice may be added to each glass.

MINT TEA

1 large handful fresh mint
4 heaped tbsps. black tea leaves
4½ c. water
1½ c. sugar
Juice and rinds of 2 lemons or 1 orange

CONCENTRATE: Place mint in 2-qt. container and bruise slightly. Add tea leaves. Boil water and pour over mint and tea. Cover and steep 5 minutes.

TO MAKE ICED TEA: Place 1 cup of concentrate, plus sugar and lemons or orange, in 2½ qt. pitcher. Fill with cold water and add ice cubes.

GINGER BEER

I recall, as a child, my mother's mystification at my brother's sudden indifference to raspberry vinegar . . . until a series of loud explosions led to the discovery of a ginger beer still in our cellar. Fermentation having been speedier than the recipe had indicated, the young brewers had secured the corks of the stone bottles with wire.

1½ oz. ground Jamaica ginger
1½ oz. cream of tartar
1 lb. brown sugar
2 lemons, sliced
4 qts. boiling water
½ pt. yeast (use 1 pkg. dry yeast in 1 pt. of the water, lukewarm)

Mix all ingredients together in a large stone crock or crockery bowl; allow to ferment for 24 hours. When certain all fermentation has ceased, bottle. Brew will be ready for use in 2 weeks.

MILK OF ALMONDS

Mexico, Europe and the Mid-East all claim this delicious milk, but its origins are so ancient that the dispute will likely never be solved.

1 lb. almonds
1 c. sugar
2 qts. boiling water
2 tbsps. almond flavouring.

Blanch almonds in boiling water, and remove skins. Allow to dry thoroughly and pound till fine in mortar, a few at a time, or grind fine in nut grinder or blender. Combine almonds, sugar and water. Bring to boiling point and simmer 20 to 30 minutes. Strain into pitcher and cool. Stir in almond flavouring. Cover and chill thoroughly. Makes 2 quarts. Dilute with water to taste, and serve chilled. Add rum, vodka or brandy if desired.

CRANBERRY COOLER

Truly native to North America, cranberries are features in many recipes our East Coast settlers borrowed from the Indians. Here is a sophisticated descendant of a simpler brew.

12 jiggers white Muscatel
12 jiggers cranberry cocktail

Cool wine and bottled cranberry cocktail. Measure and mix. Pour over ice cubes into tumblers or tall glasses. Serves 6.

Good Neighbours Are Not Noisy

The Treaty of Waitangi did not need a lot of "noise"—all criticism of it could be fixed by being good neighbours, said Mr Bill Kere Kere to the New Zealand Founders' Society as Companion Guest Speaker at the 1972 Waitangi Reception at Wakefield House.

Mr Kere Kere, OBE, is noted for work associated with Maori entertainment for Royal visits and among young Maori people.

To the society's annual commemoration of the treaty, he said it symbolised the understanding and unity of two peoples.

The Maori had had to learn the European arts and crafts as a means of livelihood, and the Maori had done well to grasp the good that the European had.

"We have a long way to go yet, but we have done a pretty good job," he said.

He and his wife had taken what they thought best from both worlds and had found the compromise a good one.

New Zealanders, to a greater extent perhaps than other European people, were colour blind, said the former Minister of Justice (Mr Riddiford).

He said the treaty was a partnership and he hoped its spirit would always remain a binding force uniting the Maori and European peoples.

The two important principles of justice and freedom were the foundation of harmonious relations with all peoples everywhere, said Mr Riddiford.

(Note: The full text of Mr Riddiford's address was published in our previous issue.)

Original Barrett's Hotel Put In Its Proper Place

The original Barrett's Hotel was in Lambton Quay, opposite the new Rutherford House, not, as recently suggested, on the site later occupied by the Hotel Cecil, according to the secretary of the Wellington regional committee of the New Zealand Historic Places Trust (Mr A. A. St. S. M. Murray-Oliver and Turnbull Library).

Mr Murray-Oliver said research in the Alexander Turnbull Library had shown that the original Barrett's Hotel was the second building along Lambton Quay from Molesworth Street.

In a report on April 15, dealing with a play-reading arranged by the president of the New Zealand Founders' Society (Mr Lindsay M. Buick-Constable) to commemorate New Zealand achieving independence 131 years ago it was stated that the original Barrett's Hotel was "at the other end of the beach", about where the Hotel Cecil stood till recently.

Confusion

"Christie's Corner (McKenna's antique shop for many years in more recent times) was, confusingly, Burrett's Corner, Burrett being a printer and stationer next door to Barrett's," said Murray-Oliver.

"The hotel was never the residence of Dr Evans. The pre-fabricated two-storey wooden building had been brought out by Evans to be used as a school. Although a lawyer, he had been headmaster of a school in England.

"Barrett purchased the building and erected it as a hotel. While it was still unfinished a public meeting was held there on August 19, 1840—although it was not opened on completion until October 24—with the most brilliant social function Wellington had seen to that date. For the next decade Barrett's Hotel was the heart of the social and political life of Wellington.

"The hotel replaced Barrett's raupothatched grog shop, said to have been the first European building put up in Wellington, which stood just to the south of Molesworth Street, where there is now a lawn below Parliament grounds.

"That building then enjoyed a more respectable career as a post office, and as New Zealand's first public library. Congregational church services were also held in it by Jonas Woodward (after whom the street is named), the first

pastor. Ironically, he was a colleague of Sir William Fox in founding the temperance movement.

"As early as February 18, 1841, Barrett sold his hotel to U. Hunt, who retained the founder's name. Barrett opened a store and hotel in New Plymouth on March 1. Hunt, in turn, sold to Richard Suisted, who added a large wing at the right of the building, with a classical pediment, as shown in the well-known Brees engraving. There was a billiard-room on the ground floor and the Freemasons' Hall above.

"It is not true, as is popularly believed, that Barrett's was moved to its present site in 1855 because the original building had been damaged by earthquake in that year. In 1851 the upper floor of the new wing was fitted up as a Council Chamber for Sir George Grey (twice Governor and later Premier) and the ground floor was used as offices for the General Government until 1853.

"For the next two years this was the meeting-place of the Wellington Provincial Council, the first Provincial Government Building, on the site of the present General Assembly Library, being built in 1856. The original pre-fabricated building was being used as the Supreme Court, the Bank of Issue, and Registrar's Office.

"The modern trend towards converting former hotels into Government offices thus commenced as early as 1851, and in 1852 the licence was transferred to an existing two-storeyed building with an elegant balcony besides Plimmer's Steps, where the present Barrett's replaced it.

"The 1855 earthquake destroyed only Suisted's wing of the original hotel. The initial prefabricated building remained undamaged, and was used by the Government Printer for many years, lithographic work being carried out there until it burned down on October 8, 1890."

—Evening Post, 24/4/72.

Dominion Secretary-Treasurer: Mrs. D. Anderson, Wakefield House,

Bulletin Editor: Lindsay Buick-Constable.