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founders



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PRESIDENT DON HARPER SPEAKS FOR THE SOCIETY

BOOK LAUNCHING — A FOUNDERS MILESTONE

It gives me great pleasure on behalf of the New Zealand Founders Society to join in the launching of this publication by Patricia Sarginson.

May I spend a few moments in telling you of the Founders Society especially as many of our members are descended from the women who came here in the early days to settle in a strange land. Have any of you wondered what it was like on a small ship, in cramped quarters with all of your family in a space about as big as a small bedroom. If you can you will realise what we owe to our Pioneer Women.

Our Society covers New Zealanders living anywhere in New Zealand or overseas, who are descendants of persons of all races arriving or dwelling in New Zealand before 1840 or who arrived in any of the six original provinces of New Zealand in the first ten years after the founding of the official settlement of the province, or who came to certain specified settlements in other areas, e.g. Waipu, Albertlanders etc., and our creed is:-

"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."

It must be with pride and respect that we remember our forebears who accepted the challenge to undertake long sea voyages to this country, not knowing the conditions they were coming to. But all were resolutely determined to build a new and better country than the one they had decided to leave.

The great wave of European settlers broke in earnest upon these shores in 1840 and continued rolling until the 1880's. Strangely, thereafter immigration slowed down and has never been of great significance since. You can say that indigenous New Zealanders of European descent are all descendants of 19th Century settlers. Of course there is no hard and fast demarkation date. Nevertheless, it is from this group of our population that our National temperament and characteristics have evolved and our distinctive accent developed.

Their pioneering spirit has built a wonderful country, which has brought people from many countries together, not forgetting our Maori people. The blending of the races has produced in this country a race of people who can proudly claim to be New Zealanders, - one race - one people.

We who are the descendants of our pioneer families and share the comfort of living in this lovely country, must never forget the courage and faith our illustrious forebears had in coming to a new country few knew much about. History records their heart aches and the sadnesses they experienced and how the great courage and faith they had, was to overcome their worries and develop a new life for them.

They have left us a heritage, and we all must continue to contribute our share for the betterment of our society and of New Zealand.

Our Society is grateful for the assistance given freely by the staff of the Turnbull Library - we need them for the researches we have to do on tracing our forebears.

It was this consideration and especially the perseverance of Mrs Norrish, that led us to sponsor this publication. It's contents, are of great interest to the Founders and more particularly, in today's world, it shows how much we owe to the pioneer women who braved untold hardship to establish a country in which we should all be proud.

In today's environment it is also important for the place women are making for themselves. Tonight we have three persons, examples of what they have accomplished, Hon. Mrs Hercus - in politics, Mrs Norrish - for the Turnbull Library and Patricia Sarginson as a researcher and writer.

Some help in this sponsorship has been given by a member of our Society and also by one of our Branches. We are grateful for this assistance.

May we place our appreciation for the honour done to the Founders by suggesting us as Sponsors to a publication that is in line with our ideals and beliefs.

We congratulate the Turnbull Library on its work and approaches to such publications and our special congratulations to Patricia Sarginson on her researches and the completion of a work that will be of great lasting value to this country.

OUR COVER

Shows the illustration used on the dust-jacket of the Society's first major joint publishing venture: "Victoria's Furthest Daughters".

(See back cover)

FRANCOIS NORRICH SPEAKS FOR TURNBULL LIBRARY

Your Excellencies, Other Distinguished Guests, Ladies and Gentlemen,

It is my pleasant duty to welcome the Minister of Women's Affairs, Hon. Mrs Ann Hercus, who will launch "Victoria's Furthest Daughters", the members of The New Zealand Founders Society and especially Mr Harper, the National President, Mrs Olsen, the National Deputy President and Mrs Anderson, the National Secretary. Also as I am on the Turnbull Marae may I extend traditional greetings to the Immediate Past President of the Founders, Gerald Bridge, and his wife Gwenda, who due to the courtesy of one of Victoria's Furthest Daughters, our families can claim kinship.

To come together with the Founders seemed to us such a natural alliance - the Founders, with their interest in honouring our founding fathers and mothers, and the Turnbull, with it's interest in making the expertise of it's staff available to all, and it's recognition of the growing importance of Women's studies in the community.

The Library's programme to publish important paintings, drawings and photographs, and manuscripts, in its collection is well known to most of you. A high proportion of those present tonight will be owners of Turnbull Library prints and a number will have used the Library for their research. The other part of the publishing programme is designed to make the knowledge of the staff available to the general public, and a significant element is the completion and publication of bibliographies and indexes.

These activities, of research and publication are not normally associated with libraries in this country. But these are the activities which are the life blood of a research library like the Turnbull, and its volume of this work and its services make it a unique institution in N.Z.

Research and Publication is the most effective way that a research library has of sharing its collection with the public. By so doing, it allows NZ's most valuable heritage collection to be preserved and safeguarded so that succeeding generations of New Zealanders have the right of researching into their history.

The value of this publication to research workers, because it brings together so much information in one place, is very great. It will save researchers many hundreds, even thousands of hours, in searching, and it will improve their work by drawing to their attention so much that would otherwise be missed.

The effort and sacrifices of the staff go well beyond any monetary reward but it is marked by this very important publication. It is another example within the National Library when planning activities in the new building (in which of course the Turnbull Library will be housed) that provision needs to be made and resources provided so that this kind of work is given the recognition it deserves.

The constantly growing demand for the Turnbull services and indeed the services of the whole National Library from information commerce and industry, including individuals trying to create their own work opportunities for educational activities and schools to historical research, all indicate the need for increasing support from Government and the Community.

Apart from the many people who contributed to this publication, I would like to add my thanks to - Hugh Price, who conceived the design and supplied the typographical and business skills; Tony Ralls of the staff, who co-ordinated the whole business, and most of all to Pat Sarginson, the compiler, who added another landmark in the study of the contribution women have made to our Society.

HISTORICAL PHOTO RESEARCHER - WILLIAM MAIN - WINS OUR ANNUAL STUDY GRANT

The Award continues to be the Society's major contribution to its New Zealand heritage and we can feel satisfied that we are doing something tangible towards research into the history of our country.

The 1983 Award went to Mr William Main for his proposed book on the history of New Zealand Photography. This when published should be of interest, not only to modern readers, but researchers also into early New Zealand life.

The applications are usually of a very high standard and the Selection Committee endeavours to choose a researcher and subject which not only fits the criteria of the Award, but which will be of an on going benefit for historians. The Society is fortunate to have a Selection Panel of the highest quality in their knowledge of research needed and the Society is grateful to them for the time expended on our behalf.

The Award continues to be advertised in the four main New Zealand Dailies, the Listener and in the New Zealand University Grants manual, two and a half months before the closure of applications on 31st August, which should give applicants sufficient time for preparation.

It will be seen from the Annual Accounts the Award is in good financial health and every endeavour is made to get the best interest in capital available. The Society is conscious that in the not too distant future it may be possible with a greater accumulation of capital to increase the amount of the Annual Award to make it more attractive financially.

- Hilary Olsen, Convenor, Study Grant Committee



HAZEL SNOW'S

WHAKAPAPA RESEARCH (Part 1)

(Oral History recorded on the spot by Ewen Hay-Mackenzie
and transcribed by your Editor.)

SPECIAL REPRINT OF
PART 1

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Transcribing from a tape-recording to produce written text is not easy, especially where names in another language are concerned. New writing techniques also need to be experimented with to hope to convey and preserve the spirit and delivery animation of an address along with the mood and audience response of the occasion. When Hazel Snow visited Wellington from Napier, she called to say how "thrilled" she was with our effort published as an instalment in the last Bulletin: "It really made me feel I was present again," she said. In her gentle, forgiving, gracious way she then pointed out several mis-spellings of names dear to her and her family. Founders Bulletin would be failing both in courtesy and in its aim to publish accurate documentation if it did not correct and republish. Recently your Editor was able to sit down together with Hazel Snow, at her daughter's Lower Hutt home, while on a visit to Wellington and, after a subsequent toll call from Napier and a double check on her notes there, we now believe that Parts 1 and 2 (with Part 3 to come) of this important historical record will stand the test of time.*

Standing positively dwarfed by the size of her multi-generationed Whakapapa Chart (Family Tree), Hazel Snow addressed a large audience at the A.G.M. of New Zealand Founders Society at Wakefield House, Wellington. The following extracts, (transcribed by your Editor direct from a tape-recording made at the time by Hon. Life & Council Member, Mr Ewen Hay-Mackenzie), can not hope to do full justice to the authority, dignity and her special style of delivery but will whet the reader's appetite for more ...

"... We are all born with geneality in our blood and we must preserve our ancestral identity so that we know who we are ... I'll start off by telling you that this chart dates from circa 1625 - 1650. The people at the top of the tree - (we owe much to our elders for not many of us today have the gift to recite right back) - tell of the very first people they could relate to and come right down - generation by generation - just as we might remember saying our two-times table at school. Some of it was put into the Maori Land Court about 1866 and from there on it's been alright but I find that there are (extra) challenges all the way down because I can only get so far and sometimes there can be a confusion of same or nearly the same names - for instance, don't confuse this man - Te Whiti-O-Rongomai Katua, one of the leaders of his time - with Te Whiti-O-Rongomai Parehaka because Parehaka was this man's great-grandson - (pointing to the chart) ...

... This Te Whiti lived in Taranaki and was a great leader and true warrior who lived according to the culture and order of the day - which surprised a lot of our white brethren when they arrived - we have descended down from him - this one, Honiana Te Puni (well-known to Wellingtonians) - he is buried out near the Petone Esplanade ... lived to a great age ... then down on to a lady, Mere Ruru Te Hikanui - sister called, Rawinia, and those two sisters married two men who came to New Zealand in 1826 - John Love, whaler and trader, and the other one was Dicky Barrett - everyone knows Barrett's Reef - Barrett's Hotel. These two were partners in commerce and their work-brother in Jack Love was my ancestor, from him we got the name Love. They were in Taranaki when the Waikato came and tried to clear Taranaki of all its Inhabitants and its paha and they did kill ... They came to one pah which was the last one. Fortunately, it was the one that Dicky Barrett and Jacky Love and several of their crew members were and they had many muskets with three cannon. Yes, they were more or less well provided for the Waikato people didn't have very much in the way of European artillery or anything like that so they repulsed the Waikato. At one stage (though) these European men were very frightened because the Maori was so easy-going ... they were sent up on platforms to watch out for the enemy and they'd be like this (miming sleep) - quite, you know, casual about it. The white men were very worried; some of them did not want to fight (under those circumstances) and some of those Maori went out and well, (shrug) met their death that night because it was sort of the Maori style of doing things you know and they had their own way of doing things ... Nevertheless the impact of the whiteman's firearms was still unknown by the Maori at that time - used to man-to-man fighting - the Maori really did not know or understand that it really was death (clapping hands together) if you met one of those bullets ... all very frightening and confusing for everyone on both sides you see but they did the best they could ..."

"... at one stage the ship "Currency Lass" called into New Plymouth and was out in the roadstead and Jacky Love swam out to the ship to warn the Captain not to come ashore because the Maoris that can be seen on the beach walking up and down were not the Taranaki Maori people, but that they were Waikato waiting for the ship to come so they could get the muskets - and that would have been a different story. Jacky Love managed to get back unseen to the shore again and well, that pah was the only pah to survive the Waikato people who were in fact really superior in numbers but it was just that they

didn't have the right weapons at the time ..."

"... in time too, the Taranaki people decided that it wasn't really safe to stay there so they all got together and had many meetings and talks deciding to make up a heke - a migration party. The Taranaki people migrated down in about 1832 from Taranaki to Waikanae and they had very many hardships on the way ..."

"... It was Wintertime - the frost was on the ground ... they had to march almost single file ... they had to fight. They came to Wanganui and the people there were having a bit of a problem with the Waikato and Nga Puhī and others ... the Te Atiawa people - the ones from Taranaki had to stay and fight. They couldn't by-pass because they would be just picked off one by one. Each party had to have half of the warriors leading and then the people and then half of the warriors in the rear ... the people in the middle of the migrating party had some strong men to help them along making them walk even if they were tired and young ones ... then the old people died and sick people died and children were of course actually being born on the trip ... it took them three (Wintry) months all told to get from Taranaki to Waikanae. Having to walk every step of the way - often short of food ... I've often thought that the South African Boers' trek was much easier - the Maori did not have wagons or guns - the Taranaki people just walked and walked with their children, the sick and the aged - they had no animals and they had to fight for their lives - to move in fear day and night, hungry and cold and wet through ..."

"... There were three hekes altogether before the Taranaki people became well established down in the Waikanae area with Wellington the place where we finished up ... Te Puni's pah was established at Petone - right where the cemetery is now. There was another old man, his nickname was Taringa Kuri - which meant "dog's ears". He was out at Waiwhetu, round about where the bridge is at Whites Line East at Seaview. There was old Ngatata - he was my great-great-grandfather - and his pah was down at Pipitea Pah, you know, where the Government Centre is developing - roughly where the Government Printing Office is (and where the old Hotel Cecil was before the Eastbourne Bus Terminal and the first Ngati Poneke Clubroom was ... how places change!) His son was Wi Taka Ngatata (the man I've already written about in the Founders Bulletin). He had a pah at the top of Woodward Street on The Terrace - practically where we are right now in Wakefield House and this pah was called Kumutoto - I won't tell you what it meant - (there must be another meaning!) - but I won't tell you what I know about it (laughter) - And there they all settled and lived and died ..."

"... Now the thing that I really do like about this family tree is that there is a mixture of Maori and Pakeha (pointing to chart). Really, right from the beginning in Wellington when the Europeans first came. This is what they all eventually found out, there was great friendship and understanding between the Maori and Pakeha .. sure, sometimes both of them were 'done' - some of them grabbed a lot of land and got it for virtually nothing; some of them found they had bought some land and the Maoris had sold it to someone else as well - all those kinds of things went on, but when you come to think of it, it was all very, very wonderful, - the mixture of the two races which, once they'd settled down together found a new relationship which should have lasted."

"It isn't in existence today, but there are many people who - for instance, let me tell you - I sold my house in the Hutt ten years ago ... but I wouldn't go back to that house and say: Listen, that house is now worth \$50,000 more than I sold it for. You've cheated me and I want the money! (understanding laughter). There! You've got my point! This is something - an attitude - that shouldn't exist ..."

"... but we must listen to these young people. We have to listen to them for they too, are going to be our elders and our leaders in the times ahead. We don't have to agree with them ..."

PART TWO

"... Now this is what I find when doing genealogy - I get hooked on it and I'm sure quite a lot of you are pretty much the same ... fascinating! I don't care to have just a mere list of names and dates - no, I want to know: "What were they like? What did they do? What were their weaknesses and their strengths? Were they greedy people? Were they simple, ordinary people? Were they ambitious?" - (Yes, we've got a few of those in Maoriland, don't think those kind are only Europeans!) I've got some great rascals (in my tree) and I could talk about those, too ... human nature is the same the world over. We all have our little ways that don't suit other people and we look at people and listen to them and think: "Well I didn't go for his ideas or her views on that particular subject. But that doesn't mean to say that there isn't (or can't be) a deeper, greater friendship (possibly) below all this when we can (still) feel at home with each other ... and this is what I believe to be the thing with the Founders (Society). It doesn't matter what our people did - I know people who've done their genealogy and find they are descended from the convicts in Australia and they're proud of it! You know if we all had heroes and wonderful people in our lineage wouldn't it be dull? (laughter). I believe so! It's the rascals that bring these things (trees) alive and I love finding out about them. I write a lot (about them) but not for publication - perhaps that's just as well - I'd be up for slander or something - whatever ... (laughter).

But I must say that I really get the feeling when doing this sort of thing that we are all ordinary people and it doesn't matter how exalted we are or not, we're all human beings and part of the wonderful family that's on Earth.

(Pointing to chart) There are many people on this (Whakapapa) Chart that you would find of

small importance ... but ...

As Founders you already know of my forebear Wi Taka Ngatata (see page 8, Vol. 20, No 56 of Founders Bulletin for 1981/82). I want to add that he was a very far-seeing man. He wanted to embrace the European Christianity and way of life but still keep his own opinions of the pakeha." (Nevertheless) he wanted his people to assimilate the good things of and about the people who were coming in to our country ... he wanted us to keep to the law ... (Wi Taka was one of the chiefs who sold Wellington - one of the sixteen who signed the deed of the sale of the land). (Pointing to chart) And he did embrace Christianity. When he was baptised he said "Now I have to give my wives away. I have to be a Christian." Being a Rangitira (chief) he couldn't get by without his several wives (for) it was part of his position (mana). Who would respect him (as a Christian) when he had two wives or respect him (as a Rangitira) if he (only) had one (wife)?

(Pointing to Chart) You see, in Maori society the Rangitira (chief) had to have wives. Mostly they were political types of marriages and by that I mean a union between two tribes. This kind of thing happened many times ... a union between two tribes - perhaps they'd been at war - this often happened in the middle of a war - one story I know about that, is that when they were at (inter-tribal) war, one side was starving and desperately wanted water and the others were (simply) waiting for them to die, someone, the young son of the enemy chief it was, took some water up to the old chief. The chief had his drink and happened to see that his daughter was looking into the eyes of the other young chief and the two older men, who were chiefs, said: "What's the use of carrying on this fighting - obviously we'd be better off if our children got married" - and that was the end of it! (Hazel points to a section on the Whakapapa) That actually happened in the tribal story of this family here on the chart.

In my family story Wi Taka Ngatata had a daughter who married my grandfather who was a Love. My father was the youngest of that particular family. Now, about that time my father had just about become a full-blooded Maori because of (subsequent) marriages of Maoris to Maoris. By this fact or series of unions he'd just about become a full Maori but, he spoilt it! But I shouldn't say that should I? (Laughter), but, if you like, he upset the appellation by marrying a pakeha woman ... and here I am and so we reverted back - I call myself part-of-each.

As for my four children and my mokopuna (grandchildren) - my husband was from the Cook Islands - and so they are part Maori, part Scottish - on my mother's side they're part Polish, part-German (amusement) - on my husband's side there's a little bit of British, and so they're really cosmopolitan. Let's face it, most families are these days - a smidgeon of **everything!** (Laughter)

I'm happy with my life anyway. In spite of the world becoming what it is becoming these days, there's always that (little) inner circle which affects everyone of us and that is our relationships between one human being to the other ... That's a very, very important thing - and the Founders seem to be doing it - because we honour our ancestors - we don't **worship** them but they **were** wonderful - if it wasn't for them where would we be?

To a question about whether her ancestor Jacky Love might have assumed that name, Hazel Snow replied: "Um - yes, I think it's his real name - actually his name was (once) given to me as John Agar. He had five children - three sons and two daughters. One daughter died but his three sons married - and his daughter. **They** had big families and so on down - and we're still having big families! (Laughter) I know that he is mentioned as John Agar in "Shipwrecks of NZ" - when his schooner was wrecked. I made enquiries at the Latterday Saints' Archives at Takapuna in Auckland - asking them to send me any dates of birth and places of birth of any John Agar Love. They sent me back a print-out - not one John Agar but of John Love there are 283 all born in Scotland - I don't know where to go from there! (At this point the recording is very indistinct - **Hazel had moved away from the microphone!**)

Question: May I ask when Taranaki Maoris came down - did they aim for Waikanae or did they, when they got there decide that it was where they would stay?

H.S.: No. They knew they were going to Waikanae. Yes - there were other people who'd come there on earlier hekes. There were three altogether and they had more or less settled there and were quite friendly with the Ngati-toa. When this particular heke had come down in the 1830's, yes they were there and they planned to go to Waikanae. When I came down that way the other day - looking out there where they stopped at various coastal beaches - where they gathered for the final entry to Waikanae where they were expected by their own people and Ngati-Raukawa.

And, (in answer to an indistinct question) they spread out in various ways. They had to. It's just normal. It's like Thorndon for instance, becoming too crowded and so (eventually) most people got moved out to Porirua. They just **had** to move; they just **had** to spread and they had to make their presence felt which was quite the thing in those days. No talk of money - just land and either conquer other people or go there with their permission ... mostly they went there to take what they wanted.

Perhaps through marriages which they had made - and they had made some connections - yes, they did spread out from Waikanae.

Now, I would like to tell you more about the rest of the story (indicating the Whakapapa displayed above and around her). I'll try to make it short - I sometimes get carried away. Now this story ... is a true one. It takes in three generations of people. It starts here in Wellington Harbour. I thought it would be appropriate for tonight. I'm a Wellingtonian myself.

In the 1820's there were people living here who had possession of the Harbour and they were the tribe of Ngati-Ira who had come down from around about Waimarama in Southern Hawkes Bay and the reason they came down was because there was so much pressure by the big tribe of Ngati-Kahungunu - there you are - they were spreading too! I don't know how long it took them ... but they were not exactly pushed out by the Hawkes Bay - East Coast Maoris as we know them today - it's just that they were too numerous (so) they had to move for their own comfort.

So they were here (in Wellington). The Chief of that time was a man called Wanake and his wife, even greater in rank than him - Tamai-Rangi. Having been here had spread out to Porirua way and also on the eastern side of the Harbour. At that time, Te Atiawa of Taranaki with their sub-tribes were all sort of coming down the coast.

On the other side of the Harbour were some of the Ngati-Kahungunu but they also included some of the Ngati-Ira who had stayed behind but who had finally followed some of their tribe down. They all had to be very watchful these people, one of the Ikainga (village) and Tamai-Rangi was on the hill which overlooked the Straits (Cook Strait) and could see anything that was coming in the (Wellington) Heads ... I'm not sure where that kainga (village) was but there was an old, old Pah up on the top of the hills behind Lyall Bay ... but it might have been Sinclair Heads (area) - somewhere around there overlooking the channel - but anyway, Wellington was their territory and they lived there.

In time, Te Rauparaha had his eye on this area - so did my people - so did the people on the eastern-side of the harbour and eventually after sundry happenings there was a big, big battle right here at the Harbour ...

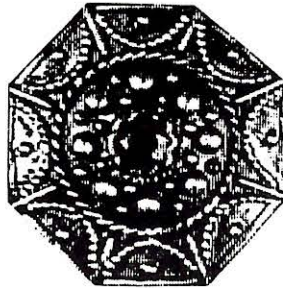
(to be continued)

(In Louis Ward's "Early Wellington" biographical note on Jacky Love (page 350) he is called John Agar Love, owner and Commander of a whaling boat named "TOHORA" (The Whaler) in the late 30's - However, in Sydney it was believed to be registered as "The Adventurer" - Editor.)

The little-known early migration of *Bohemians to New Zealand

(*Bohemia is found today in Czecholavakia)

-Extracts from "Homeland News" - a newsletter for NZ Members of the Eghalanda Association



1863

June 29th, 1863 -- This date is probably the one that most folk associate with the founding of Puhio in 1863. Certainly it is the date of arrival of the pioneers within the Puhio Valley but it is not the actual arrival date of the first group in N.Z. Their ship the WAR SPIRIT came into the Auckland Harbour in the early evening of June 27th and anchored in the stream off North Head. On the morning of June 28th the disembarkation of the passengers began.

There are, however, two earlier dates that must be linked to the pioneer foundation. On 22nd March, 1860, Captain Martin Krippner with his family, his brother Hans, and friends Joseph and Margaret Pankratz, Elizabeth Turnwald, Martin, Dorothy and Joseph Scheidler arrived at Auckland on the LORD BURLEIGH. In due course, Captain Krippner began a correspondence urging relatives and friends to come to NZ. As a consequence of his enthusiasm, the first group of settlers came in 1863.

Even so, the first date that opens the Bohemia-Puhoi in connection is that of 1859 when the brother of Emily Longdill (Martin Krippner's wife) arrived in Auckland. It was the correspondence between Pynson Longdill, ex-merchant of London, and his sister Emily, in Auckland, that raised the interest in NZ. At that time Eghalanders from the same village as the pioneers who came to NZ, were setting out for America. It is interesting to speculate that if it had not been for the Longdill interest, it is possible that the first pioneers might have gone to America rather than to NZ.

It was in the late afternoon towards dusk that the pioneers had their first sight of Puhoi. That date was June 29th, the Feast Day of Saints Peter and Paul.

It was no coincidence then that when the church was built in 1881 that it was named for these two saints of the arrival day for on the voyage out to NZ, the ship when in mid-Atlantic, passed close to the rocky islets of Saints Peter and Paul on April 6th. The Equator was crossed the next day. Then on May 20th in the great Southern Ocean, the voyagers were a short distance from the Island of St. Paul.

1984 was the 121st celebration of the first landing in Puhoi by the pioneers. It was also the year in which the first group of Eghalanders came to Puhoi from their new homeland in Germany. In 1865 the second group of settlers sailed from London in November - in 1985 we are planning to send the second group of Puhoi descendants to Stuttgart in Germany for the Eghalanda Folk Festival. These are interesting coincidences. And here's another one !! June 29th weekend is always well celebrated in Puhoi and our great Sunday afternoon gathering at the Hall (this year on July 21st) almost coincides with a "get-together" in Stuttgart when the "Twenty-one" Travellers will be holding a Saturday afternoon session of pictures and recordings of their NZ trip in February.

PUHOI GOES HOLLYWOOD

The rain is pouring down at the moment but the construction gang are hard at it building a replica of a large pub not unlike the Puhoi one. That is happening on the eastern side of the Hall and at the same time on the western side there is gradually appearing a copy of the old store and behind that a wharf and shed has been erected. And just to confuse the old-timers and the visitors, a small bay-windowed villa has been placed in the paddock between the old Presbytery and the Church.

For those who don't know, the reason for all this is that a film is being made in Puhoi. It is not a film of Puhoi but of a country area on the Wanganui, and Puhoi happens to be closer to Auckland and therefore more economical for the film company.

The story is based on the life of Sylvia Ashton-Warner who with her husband taught in country schools before and after World War II. After her husband's death she worked in the States making a name for herself in educational method and philosophy. She returned to NZ and died only a few weeks ago. (Mid-1984)

The shooting of the film is scheduled to begin on July 1st, so if you are planning to attend the June 29th celebration on that Sunday afternoon you may see something of the activities.

PRESERVATION OF FLOWERS

The following method of drying specimens of flowers, is given by Mr W.S. Coleman, in the 'Pharmaceutical Journal': - 'As the season for collecting plants is approaching, may I be permitted to give the particulars of the process I have adopted in drying specimens for the Hortus Siccus, especially the more delicate and succulent ones, for which I have found it peculiarly adapted, as it combines the greatest equality of pressure with despatch in drying. My method is as follows:— *The apparatus required is very simple, consisting of a few canvass or linen bags, of such size that, when laid out, they will rather more than cover a sheet of demy paper, a quantity of clean sand, an old saucepan, or other convenient vessel, to heat it in, and a few quires of blotting paper. Having provided these, first put a sufficient quantity of sand in the saucepan, over the fire, and, while this is heating, take a quire of blotting-paper, on which arrange the plants, covering them with two or three sheets of blotting-paper. When the sand is sufficiently heated, and uniformly so (which may be promoted by stirring it with a stick), pour into one of the bags enough to fill it to one-third. The mouth of the bag being closed, by tying or folding back, it is then to be laid carefully over the plants arranged between the paper, and the sand contained in it to be spread out by the hand, and pressed with a board, so as to form a flat uniform surface. This process may be repeated - several layers of paper, plants, and sand-bags being laid on one another. If this is done, no extra weight will be required - the smallest and most delicate plants being placed in the uppermost layers; but if the subject be large and thick, a board and weight will be generally necessary. Unless they are very thick and succulent, in which case they may require a second application of hot sand, the plants will generally be found quite dry within twenty-four hours, and often much sooner. This is one advantage; as, by this rapid dessication, the colour is preserved in the greatest perfection - i.e., if the temperature be well regulated. The second, and perhaps of more importance as regards the botanical value of the specimen, is, that the sand, by adapting itself to the inequalities of the object under pressure, prevents any crushing of the stems, receptacle, &c. ; while the parts of the leaves in juxtaposition with a hard, thick stem, which, by the ordinary method, escape any pressure, and consequently shrivel up, are all equally flattened. I am not aware that this method has been adopted at all generally, never having seen it made use of elsewhere, not mentioned among the numerous published instructions for preserving plants, which is my motive for this communication.'*

(—Extract from 19th Cent. volume found in the attic of the original Wakefield House, The Terrace, Wgtn)

A STORY FROM THE PAST

Theresia Cossill sends this story of the first Pankratz family shortly after arrival in Puhoi. It was sent to her by a relative in Germany.

"... A very little story of the first weeks of the Pankratz family in NZ. I can tell you this because my grandmother told it to me. In the first letter they received, her uncle told them that he was working at cutting some trees in the forest. He had a little rest and was sitting and eating his bread.

There came a Maori with his weapons out of the forest and watched him. Pankratz was afraid that the Maori would attack him. As he could not speak with him, he showed him his bread and invited him by gesture to sit down. The Maori did so. Then he disappeared into the forest. Pankratz was happy. After a fortnight he was again working in the same place and once more the Maori came. Pankratz was again fearing, but this time the Maori offered him a little basket containing honey from the bees. No speaking had they, but each understood the courtesy of kindness."

Just a little poem about my great-great-grandmother, Jane Carran, and her families.

A great many people could be interested in it so I am submitting it for publication for your Bulletin.

*Our story starts with Daniel and Jane,
Two names the families still retain,
After long weeks at sea, on board the Clydesee,
On the shores of Kororareka they landed,
Just before N.Z. raised the standard.
1839 was early days for people with Scottish*

ways.

*At Maharangi they made their home
on land the descendants still own,
And every oldest son today,
bears the name of Daniel Carran.
History says that Captain Daniel, perished,
Sailing tall ships through harbour entrance.*

*Widow Jane, very brave, took family back
to whence she came, 'tis said from Isle of Man,
But did return on Jane Clifford, to Maharangi,
where he and Daniel had put in such an effort.*

*At later date Jane married again,
A widower named Mr Jamieson,
So a second family was started,
with descendants of today all related,
and a little place near Maharangi named Jamieson Bay.
To all of us who claim, as our ancestor, "Jane",
Down six or seven generations,
Thank you Lord, for dear Jane.*

E.J. Mitchell,
Greenhithe Rd,
R.D.1
Greenhithe
AUCKLAND.

OUR FURTHEST SOUTH BRANCH

CANTERBURY BRANCH

At our Branch Committee Meeting held in the first week after the Annual General Meeting of 1983, our members showed great interest in the promoting of Founders with souvenir teaspoons, teatowels and posters. They hope to hear more of these suggestions.

In September we had arranged guided tours of our two Cathedrals. The Anglican Cathedral in the Square and the Catholic Cathedral in Barbadoes Street. Unfortunately the date and time clashed with the Rugby Test Match and we were caught up in heavy traffic and hundreds of people on foot, all heading for Lancaster Park. Only 2 members arrived on the Cathedral steps, so we abandoned the tour for that day.

In October we visited the Hurunui Hotel, situated 40 miles from Christchurch on the Hamner Springs Highway. A landmark of early North Canterbury it is one of the few hotels which has run continuously since 1860. We had dinner in the newly-restored dining room and were given a talk and a historical tour of the building by a local resident.

We then drove to nearby Harwarden Museum. A local farmer, who held the Museum key also owned a 1925 Daimler. He very generously offered our party turns of being driven in the Daimler to a very large homestead, 3 miles down the road. This homestead had a very exciting history of lavish parties and balls given in honour of a Governor General of by-gone days, who frequently holidayed there.

In November a small group of five attended the Wellington Christmas Luncheon. We were warmly welcomed and enjoyed an interesting talk by the Mayor of Lower Hutt - Sir John Kennedy-Good. We thank Wellington hosts and hostesses for a lovely party.

Auto Lodge was the venue for Canterbury's Christmas Tea and two presentations were made -

1. to Mrs Cottier for her eightieth birthday, and
2. to Mr & Mrs Pruden who celebrated their Golden Wedding.

Waitangi Day Dinner on February 6th was held at Redwood Court Motel as was our Annual General Meeting in May. Twenty-eight members enjoyed a luncheon, then met in the lounge for our meeting. It was very sad to note that four of our most active members were absent, owing to ill health - Mrs Cottier, Mrs Hillgrove (who has since died) and Mr and Mrs Struthers. Mr Struthers declined a further term as President. Our new President for 1984 is Mr Keith Thwaites.

Members voted to leave the Winter months free so we look forward to September when we participate in a South Island Daffodil Festival Parade with other Societies of Historical Interest.



(Above right):

MRS EDITH SPENDER, who is the senior member of the Northland Branch recently turned 95. Unbeknown to her, the members surprised her at the September meeting with a birthday party. There was a very good attendance, some members coming from as far north as Horeke. The sumptuous luncheon was supplied by members and the birthday cake made by Mrs Isobel Carter, who seems to be the official celebration cake maker.

Mrs Spender is a grand-daughter of JAMES REDDY CLENDON, who arrived in New Zealand on the "Deborah" in 1826 and served as the first U.S. Consul in N.Z. He was also a collector of customs at Russell and Hokianga and was a resident Magistrate at Russell in 1852 and at Rawene from 1860 - 1866.

Clendon House at Rawene (a former home of Edith Spender) has been restored by the Historic Places Trust.

The enclosed photograph shows Mrs Spender, the oldest ex-pupil, cutting the cake at the Rawene School's 125th years celebration.

P.S. Would Mrs Spender be our oldest Founder??? If not, who is??

(Above left):

PAUL McDONALD, an associate member of the Northland Branch, whose Nova Scotia ancestors arrived in New Zealand on the "Breadalbane" in 1858.

Paul is a veteran of the First World War, where he served in the Navy.

He was quite a hit with the ladies when the Hawke's Bay Branch visited the North earlier this year.

The Bulletin Editor,

I am enclosing three articles and photos to do with our Branch and hope you will be able to print same in the next Bulletin or following one. We feel we are so far away from everyone at the tip of New Zealand that we had better get ourselves on the map so hope to contribute to the Bulletin more regularly.

All the best,

Yours sincerely,

Miss P. Berry - President (Northland Branch)
39 Tuatara Drive, Kamo, Northland

Three

Notable

Northland

Branch

Members

in the

News #



(Above):

MRS SOPHIA EASTGATE, a member of the Northland Branch, is pictured hoisting the flag she presented (together with the flagpole) in the grounds of Selwyn Park, Maunu, Whangarei, where she is a resident.

Mrs Eastgate has strong links with early New Zealand history. She is a great-grand-daughter of Mr and Mrs James KEMP, who arrived in the Bay of Islands on the "General Gates" in 1819 and were attached to the Kerikeri Mission Station.

The historical Kemp House at Kerikeri was handed over to the Historic Places Trust by the Kemp family descendants in 1974.

Sophia is also a great-grand-daughter of Rev. and Mrs Richard DAVIS, who arrived at the Bay of Islands on the brig "Governor Macquarie" in 1824. Richard Davis worked as a missionary amongst the Maori people of the Bay of Islands region, based principally at Waimate North, the Mission Station he helped to establish in 1831.

"BATTEN DOWN THE HATCH!"

The first part of a two-part complete diary account by George Burnett, a 33-year-old farmer of Ovington, Northumberland, U.K., covering the period October 1st, 1850 until casting anchor in Auckland Harbour, N.Z., some 124 days later on Sunday, February 2nd, 1851.

PART ONE: On Board "Victory", barque of 579 tons, Captain Mullens, at Gravesend, River Thames until Christmas Day, still at sea, December 25, 1850.

October 1st, 1850

Went on board the Victory at Gravesend, great confusion, hope to be more orderly in a few days.

October 2nd

Rose at ½ past, let the dogs out and breakfast at 8 o'clock. Couldn't tell whether it was tea or coffee, we were drinking, boiled sugar and all in the greasy copper. Found some tea leaves in the bottom of the pot. Went on shore, bought one long one and one short brush for clearing our berth, and shoe brushes and blacking. Brimstone for the dogs, fish hooks and lines. Dined on board, beef and potatoes and then washed our own dishes.

Thursday 3rd

Blue Peter at the mast, had anchor up 11.30am. Dinner at 1 o'clock, boiled beef and potatoes, very good. Anchor dropt in Prince's Channel 5.40pm.

Friday 4th

Anchor up 11am - no wind, drifting with the tide, hazy.

Saturday 5th

11am wind still contrary.

Sunday 6th

Tacking all day in the Straits of Dover, wind freshened to a gale.

Monday 7th

Driven back to the Downs from Beechy Head, a young officer on board that knew Mr Cummings in Africa. A scuttle left open by mistake, many of the berths flooded. Mrs Hall, a tawny woman and a fortune teller. Dogs still very frisky, many passengers sick. Three dogs besides mine.

Tuesday 8th

Still in the Downs opposite Walmer (?) Castle. The Duke there ill. Last night a vessel alongside us ran down a schooner, 6 out of 12 men drown. Nearly ran down a steamer ourselves.

Wednesday 9th

Weighed anchor at midnight.

Thursday 10th

4pm off the Isle of Wight, wind fair. 2 linnets and a sparrow on board. Mrs Hall gave us a detailed account of an offer of marriage she had nine months after dear Mr Hall's death, which she refused and which is sorry for when she begins to be sick. Thinks Mr Barker deficient in the upper story.

Friday 11th

Off Gurnsey with a strong breeze. 8pm a sail ahead. Mrs Christie a flap never done trying to impress upon us what a very clever managing woman she is, neglects her own family to attend to other people. Several large porpoises on the bows this morning. The sea running very high, most of the passengers sick, rolling of the ship very troublesome at mealtime. Off Plymouth this morning.

Saturday 12th

Off the Landsend 11am. Took a last look at Old England. We are now fairly clear of the land. Scilly Isles in the distance.

Sunday 13th

Cold this morning, wind fair, Mrs Christie reported to be drunk; she is a great fool. A thrush came on board which the sailors caught in the forecabin.

Monday 14th

Warmer today, a sail in the distance.

Tuesday 15th

Very rough last night. The martingale carried away, the sailors say it is a fresh breeze or a dirty night, or something of that kind. They won't admit to a landsman any more than this however bad the weather may be. A small dark coloured bird tried hard to get upon the rigging but was not able. Mr Crisp thought it was a flying fish. Several swallows in the wake amongst them a small bird with an orange coloured body. The Carpenter tells me it was a hawk, says they caught two of them on the rigging off Madeira last voyage. Dined on biscuit pudding and pea soup. A Mr Moor, one of the cabin passengers, has emerged from the chrysalis state newborn, appears as Captain Campbell; one gentleman was detained by **express** at Gravesend, in plain language the Bailiff. Looked for the swallows in the rigging this evening couldn't see them.

Wednesday 16th

Two sea swallows caught in the whale boat, we are now in blue water. Came on deck before going to bed, one of the sailors out on the martingale trying to harpoon a porpoise. Beautiful moonlight night. Found a crust of leaven (?) bread in my pocket a dry crust, it was a real treat, never could fully appreciate the good things and comforts of home before. Boiled pork for dinner, infamous stuff poisoned with saltpetre. 39-37 N. Went up to the crosstrees a beautiful moonlight night, the heaving of the vessel not so much felt as I expected. Told if we won't pump our own water we may do without it. The skipper is a bully and will be treated as such.

Thursday 17th

Latitude 36.7. Had a snarling morning about the water which had the desired effect. Weather delightful, warm without being hot. About 11am a lot of young dolphins playing about the bows of the ship. 3pm a shoal of old ones never saw anything so beautiful. Their colour bright green blue and yellow, they seem almost transparent, two very long fins like wings from their shoulders.

Friday 18th

Dolphins and porpoises alongside after dark. Mr Stark lost his watch.

Saturday 19th

Rose at 4am had a bath under the pump, very refreshing. The watch found in Mr Stark's own cot, very glad indeed it cast up. Six ships in sight this morning. A rumour that we shall be at Madeira tomorrow evening, hope it may be so. A glorious sunset this evening at 6 o'clock. Yesterday a cry arose that a whale was spouting, proved to be a water spout on a small scale; it is a sight to see it whirling along the surface of the water. Wonder if we shall meet with the "Prince Regent" suppose she is here-about but a miss as good as a mile.

Sunday 20th

Rose at 6am under the pump again very refreshing breakfasted, wrote home, Madeira in sight. An Osprey settled in the rigging, went up and had a good look at him. The coast of Madeira very bold, some of the headlands reminded me of the rocks of Calderon Snerit at the distance of ten miles, what would they be if we were close to them, saw the whitewashed cottages and green patches they told us were vineyards. One of the sailors caught the Osprey at night, it seemed exhausted.

Monday 21st

Spent nearly the whole day skinning the Osprey and didn't finish it, nothing particular occurs except a scene between Mrs Christie and the Dr. They are getting too common to be much thought of. The Dr unreasonable.

Tuesday 22nd

Finished the Osprey and made a tolerable job of it. An altercation with skipper at the door of the Cuddy.

Wednesday 23rd

The first number of "The Ocean Times" came out this morning some very good things in it. A very good hit at Mr Baxter which he says he will treat with silent contempt as he does the people, he will have a sorry time of it for the remainder of the voyage. Mr Barclay turns out to be a poet, something in Joe Hoagson's style. Flying fish seen today.

Thursday 24th

Bought a filter of one of the passengers for 13/-. The water beginning to be bad. The last few days have been cooler with more wind. An old stocking found in the sugar cask. We have very indifferent cooks, seldom have a pudding lots of flour unused, don't know what they make of the currents and raisens.

Friday 25th

Saw flying fish this morning for the first time, they skim along near the surface of the water. Always thought they made a long rainbow like leap. They have a silvery appearance tail very much forked with a long appendage between the forks. We see them by hundreds, their manner of skimming along convinces me that they actually fly rising and falling like swallows with the waves. Worried with fleas in my bed, blame the cat. Ovingham Fair tomorrow bring many old associations. Lat 21-56 long 23-4.

Saturday 26th

Very warm this morning, contributed my mite to our weekly paper. Mr Crisp a staunch Tory, decidedly the nicest man in the ship. Mr Richmond a Radical and Unitarian and takes too high a standard of human nature, would legislate for the people as they ought to be, not as they are. Saw some birds like hawks. Brought my bed out to air. Mr Curtis says it is an irritation brought on by the heat and not fleas, very glad to think so for there would be very little chance of getting rid of them here. Ovingham Fair today. While I am writing I suppose they are riding the fair pipes playing bringing the whole scene before me. Mrs Hall drunk last night, coming out in her true colours now, have suspected for some time she was no better than she ought to be. Mr Carpenter very ill. Mr Baxter lost a diamond ring 2 pounds reward he has proved himself a great liar before. Mr Richmond got a bucket of sea water tonight that was intended for him, he has made himself obnoxious amongst the men. The dogs quite

well. Punch a universal favourite, Joe not quite so popular. I believe the sailors bear with him for my sake. A pudding today but so sweet as to be almost past eating yet our cooks declare there is no sugar in it, say it must be the water it is boiled in, must be some new or unknown property of sea water in the tropics for the edification of the British Association.

Sunday 27th

Jacky Jacksons day. San Antonio (?) sight 8000 feet high, sat on till 1am without coat or waist-coat, shirt open, moon rose at 12. The evening star very bright 12 inches across. Orion almost immediately overhead.

Monday 28th

A high ground of the Island in sight.

Tuesday 29th Oct 1850

A month today since the ship left St Katherine's dock. A shark alongside this morning. Spoke the "Atlas" (?) from Batavia bound for Falmouth, sent letters Home, Prudoe Castle, Spring Gardens and to Mrs Hurst. This caused a good deal of excitement on board, gave the Germans 3 hearty cheers for Old England, suppose they will have the letters in about a month. Lat 13N Long.(?)

Wednesday 30th

Caught a bonita this morning went out to the end of the flying jib boom, a light brown owl came flying within a few feet of me, thought it rather odd to see such a bird far from land, a shark astern. Mr Curtis got out his tackle but as usual he disappeared, went to the maintop where there is a comfortable seat to look forward. The second number of the "Ocean Times" came out this morning, becalmed and the heat very oppressive.

Thursday 31st.

Things came to a crisis last night, Mrs Christie, Mrs Hall and Miss Allen disgraced themselves. Miss Allen is the girl that reminded me of Agnes, there certainly is a striking likeness as far as outward appearance goes but there the resemblance ends, all three were beastly drunk. I have not seen such a horrible sight before. Mrs Hall a perfect demon in the most devilish sense of the word. Sharks about but cannot catch one they are horrible looking creatures. Becalmed and 13 ships in sight one of them the "Castle Eden" bound for Canterbury settlement with Jackson the new Bishop on board. This ship sailed 10 days before us. The "Tory" of Liverpool within ½ mile of us bound for California about 5 years ago the Master of this ship shot one of his men, and has since been confined in a lunatic asylum. A whale spouting in the distance, heavy showers at intervals. The tarpaulin over the main hatch a perfect riddle the rain pours in upon us. Mullen like a great German boar as he is won't even do anything to make us more comfortable. When it is put over the hatchway the wind sail has to be taken out which you may only suppose makes the place horribly close. The only alternative is to stand on deck in the rain. I would not have mentioned these things now only I wish to impress upon you the necessity of coming in the first cabin where there seems to be every comfort that can be had on board a ship. They are some reading some writing others card playing in a beautiful cabin beautifully lighted and here I am writing among pots, pans, pickle jars, boiled pork and dish cloths by a dingy lamp which gives light to write by and no more and so you must excuse mistakes, and know all. Miss Allen is swarming with lice, as soon as we discovered we put her out of our mess, but I suppose it will be impossible to escape them. I have had what the sailors call the prickly heat and am not quite free from it yet, it is an irruption accompanied with a most intolerable itching and since the discovery above named it is with difficulty I can persuade myself that the beasties are not crawling over me.

Friday 1st November

Still becalmed, the sun rose at the wrong side of the ship. This morning a bird shaped exactly like a robbin, light brown with a yellow tail was caught in the tween decks. No more spirits to be given out without a written order from the Dr, we have an allowance of lime juice which makes a very refreshing drink mixed with water.

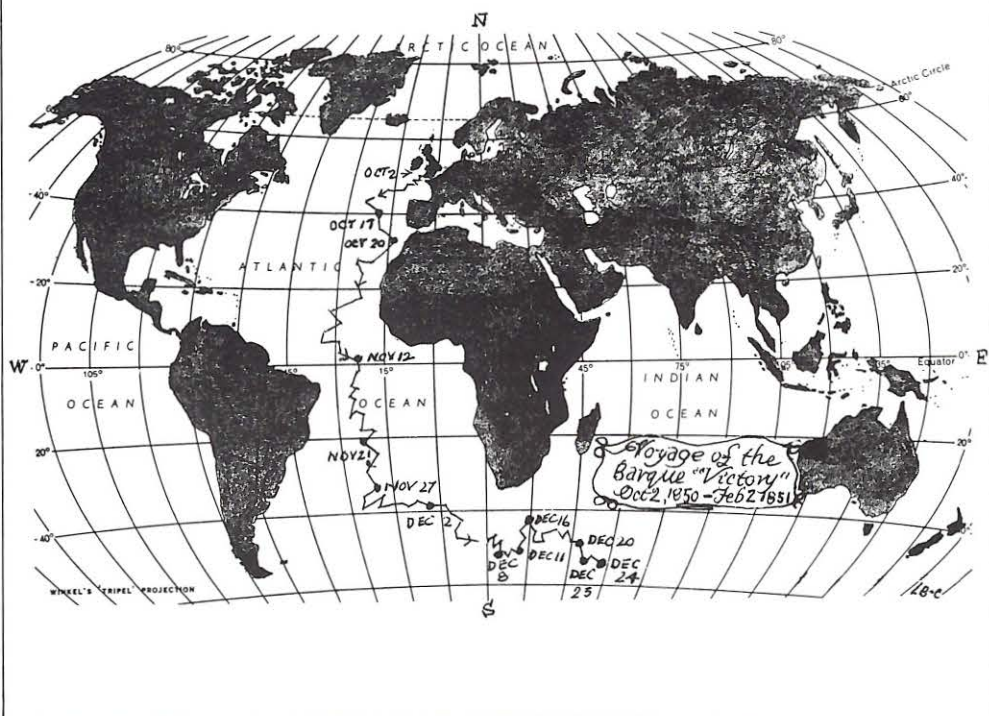
Saturday 2nd

Mr Fennessy and the 3rd Mate overboard this morning in spite of the sharks. This appears to be a piece of foolhardiness. Lat 10 N. weather very squally with heavy showers, we can see them coming along away off and then the skippers voice is heard shouting through his clenched teeth which reminds me of the aulchum (?) cattle we used to buy at Ovingham Fair. "Haul down the main braces, tarpaulin over the main hatch" and then all is hurry skurry, chains rattling and sails flapping, and by the time his orders are executed it is consequently all over, and then it is "Haul up the main brace, tarpaulin off the main hatch" I wouldn't be a sailor for all the gold of California. Only made 15 miles today.

Sunday 3rd

No service this morning on account of the weather. Signaling to a homeward bound vessel but crew can make no sense of her, in answer to Captain's request to be reported at Lloyds they said "Very good anchorage on shore after here". They think they must be all drunk on board. No birds to be seen today, but Petrels, which are very like swallows. Think of all at Home tonight. Mr Crisp's little girls come so kindly to say good night, and give me a kiss before they go to bed. They remind me of Florry. I wish all on board were like this family, as it is we are a strange mixture.

**MAP SHOWING THE PROGRESS OF THE "VICTORY"
Up to the end of Part One**



Monday 4th

This has been a most disagreeable day, wet all the morning, tarpaulin like a riddle (?) the place in a wretched state, the skipper as surly as a great German boar, as he is, won't do the least thing to make us more comfortable. Wrote home in a hurry but did not speak the ship as I expected.

Tuesday 5th

Heat 100 in the sun, cooler in the afternoon, very wet at night. The wet pours down the hatch in torrents, the tarpaulin good for nothing. Mr Vagg the mate won't allow that anything can be done. "Like master like man". Lat 7-30.

Wednesday 6th

A bottle-nosed whale under the bows this morning, about 17 feet long. I went out along the bowsprit immediately above him and saw him open a hole on the top of his head and blow his break and the little water which is over it. Wet in the evening, torrents at night. Mr Richmond and I went to request the sullen Mr Mullens to come down and see the conditions we were in. In the first place we spoke to the steward and asked him to tell the **greatman** he was wanted, he said we had better go to the Mate on the poop, and he referred us to the Master who sent a message to say he was engaged, which engagement proved to be some game or other, either draughts or chess, I do not know which, but being determined to give him a hearing we waited within the door of the Cuddy until he finished, he then growls out "What does that man want" and sent the Cabin boy for the Mate. When he came down they retired for a few minutes into one of the berths, and then Mr Vagg went we supposed to execute the orders he had received. Mullens was then returning to his game when we spoke out, he said "I have given orders to the Officer of the Watch". We requested him to come down himself and see the state we were in. He refused to do this, and made some remark about the tarpaulin. We told him it did not turn the rain, he said he considered it sufficient. I told him he had not seen it. All the redress we could get was that he would **BATTEN DOWN THE HATCH**. We then eventually agreed a day of reckoning would arrive which ended the conference.

Thursday 7th

A number of black fins (a species of whale) alongside, a fine morning the breeze has literally "sunk into a perfect calm" 12 noon a gentle wind has sprung up which is pronounced as the S.E. trades, hope it may be so. No sharks seen lately, begin to fear we won't get hold of one. The paper came out this morning a day behind its time.

Friday 8th

A long job at the pump. This morning the water has been gradually gaining upon us since we left. Capt Campbell a distinguished officer was with Sir John Moor in Spain, afterwards with the Duke of Wellington and then in America he published a book "The Army as it Was and as it Is" which displeased the Duke of Wellington, he then retired and was intended to become a director of a joint stock bank which went down, he gave up his whole fortune 30,000 pounds, his wife had fortune independent of her husband and to extort this he was threatened with jail, which was the reason of coming on board this ship under a false name. This is the account they gave of themselves.

Saturday 9th

Made a spice dumpling this morning, my first attempt which proved to be a first-rate article by the old standard rule. The skipper came down today and had the impudence to remark that the deck was in a shamefully dirty state.

Sunday 10th

Still showery, saw a beautiful nautilus, the membrane which acts as a sail is a semi-transparent pink. They go belting over the waves in fair style. The mate very impertinent about the tarpaulin. The old saying verified "Like master like man". They are both tarred with one stick.

Monday 11th

Weighed today 10st 13lb lost 21lbs since leaving home. Caught a small nautilus in a bucket, the shell beautifully delicate, very like a thin crisp of ice.

Tuesday 12th

A quiet day, made an attempt to write Home but found I was (in) a humour to write nothing but disagreeable and gave it up in disgust. Lat 3 N. Long 20 W.

Wednesday 13th

Crossed the line at 10pm. Neptune paid us his accustomed visit attended by his barber. The surly skipper however put an end to the proceedings, much to our disappointment. This has been decidedly the coolest day we have had for some time, once or twice I fancied I felt chilly but I suppose this must have been imagination.

Thursday 14th

We have now a steady breeze and are walking (?) over the water beautifully. Lewis the soldier and one of the men nearly had a fight this morning. Lieut King read the regulations over in the forenoon and ordered Lewis below.

Friday 15th

Mrs Hall and Miss Allen banished by the sailors from the fore-castle. The carpenter is out this morning and looking better than could be expected. A general masquerade and face painting amongst the children last night.

Saturday 16th

Nothing particular today.

Sunday 17th

No service this morning. Mrs Hall drunk last night. She talked for 10 consecutive hours without so much as stopping for half a minute.

Monday 18th

Signaling to a homeward French vessel. A deputation from the passengers waited upon Mrs Hall at her residence No 3 Billingsgate, to remonstrate with her for the disturbance she made on Saturday night. She excused herself by saying it was her son's birthday and she had been thrown off her guard, but she would endeavour to be quieter in future.

Tuesday 19th

Not a single sail in sight today, with the exception of three days after we left the channel we have always had some in sight until today, we shall feel very lonely if this continues.

Wednesday 20th

Still no sail in sight nor birds of any kind, we are quite alone on this wide waste of waters. Mother Carey's chicken attended us very closely for a long time but even they have not been seen for some days. They are beautiful birds, and fly most like a swallow, their colour very much the same only they are white between the wings and the tail. Lat 18.55.

Thursday 21st

Got up at 3 to see the Southern Cross, it is not nearly such a beautiful constellation as Orion which

we have left behind us, this more than anything makes us sensible of the distance we have come. The sun vertical today and yet it is not nearly so hot owing to a fine steady breeze, the Southeast Trade. The calm wet weather off the coast of Africa was dreadful. Whales alongside this morning, they are very ungainly looking animals. Latt 20.12S Long 26.30W.

Friday 22nd

The bulkheads closely planked so that no more bottles can be passed through to the drunken women. The steward to sleep among the spirit stores to keep guard, and he the greatest thief of the lot.

Saturday 23rd

A homeward bound vessel passed last night between 11 and 12. She was not seen until she was close alongside. This does not say much for the watch.

Sunday 24th

Service this morning. Going before the wind with studding sails set, a Cape hen flying in our wake. A sail ahead.

Monday 25th

Two Cape hens an Albatross and a Petrel. I am glad to see the birds again, they relieve the monotony, we have had very little diversion lately. The drunken women have been unusually sober for a very good reason. Two sails in sight. Lat 19.55S Long 21.30W.

Tuesday 26th

Yesterday afternoon we had a rustling breeze and the white waves heaving high. After dark the lightning was splendid, every rope was distinctly shown by each flash and I could recognise the men aloft taking in the sails. There was a beautiful distinct light shone steadily at each mast head like 3 stars. After a while it rained in torrents and as usual poured down upon us as a matter of course. Mr Vagg tried to impress upon us that it was not to be avoided and that it was our own fault, he vexes me more than any man in the ship, when the weather was at the hottest and wettest he would try to persuade us we were very comfortable. Cape and Albatros astern this morning.

Wednesday 27th Lat 31.35 S Long 21 W

All but becalmed again. The "Trent" bound for Ceylon came so close to us that the two skippers (who are acquaintances) had a chat without the aid of a speaking trumpet. They had an immense pig in the long boat, she reared herself with her forefeet over the side of the boat and stared at us with astonishment. The Capt. said she was the only passenger he had on board.

Thursday 28th

The "Trent" to windward, we are now on the othertack steering for Tristan-d-Acunhu and expect to be there soon. Mrs Crisp was within an ace of falling down the main hatch, little Hector did fall down yesterday and fell on the chain cable. I expected his neck was broken.

Friday 29th

Yesterday afternoon we spent in the mizzen chains fishing for Albatros. This morning we caught a bird 7 feet from tip to tip. The sailors call it a Molamawk. The "Trent" not to be seen this morning. The skipper looked a right jolly fellow as he sat on the sails "puffing his mild havana" and doffed his beaver most politely when the ladies turned the glass upon him.

Saturday 30th

Lots of whale, birds Cape hens, Albatros, Petrels, Black Nelly's today.

Sunday 1st December

Service this morning, seats arranged about the Cuddy door for warmth. Last Sunday we sat on the poop in our shirt sleeves. The dogs are well and now that the hot weather is over I hope there is not fear of them. Cape pigeons seen this evening for the first time. The carpenter better, has been at work most of the week. De Pledge poorly. An American whaler hove in sight about mid-day. In the evening she sent a boat off to us with 6 men on a sort of begging visit. The skipper gave them a basket of potatoes and some newspapers. They are from Long Island and have been out 5 months and killed 3 fish one of them on Saturday (yesterday). The name of the ship is the "Leander".

Monday 2nd

The Skipper and the 3rd Mate had a terrible row about the water which is running short, Curtis is dismissed from his office and Fred ? appointed in his place. A number of whales about the ship - passengers amusing themselves with shooting bullets into the poor brutes which they do not deign to notice in the least. Hector fell down the main hatch again today, he evidently is not born to be killed. Latt 38.10S Long 16.5 W.

Tuesday 3rd

Tristan d' Acunhu abandoned, sorry for it wasn't supposed - The skipper has been in the Devil's own humour since he gave away the potatoes. White bellied porpoises playing about the bows, a rumour abroad that we are to call at Hobart Town.

(-continued on page 33)



1840: "Blenheim's" shipload of Highlanders and Paisley weavers established . . .

THE "SCOTS" VILLAGE OF KAIWHARAWHARA

In this interesting address given at Wakefield House, Wellington, to the well-attended Founders Christmas Luncheon, Mr. Ian Cameron, President of the Wairarapa Branch of the Society, a prominent sheep-farmer and Clan expert, roamed in the gloaming over a wide area of pioneering times.

Today we meet as a group of descendants of those great people who came to this country to found a new colony. They came to lay a foundation that would enable their descendants to progress and prosper.

Perhaps we could pause a moment and give some consideration to the deep thought they must have given the matter of moving from their friends and homes to start a new life in an unknown country. The sadness of farewells to friends, most of whom they would not see again.

Amongst this group of Pioneers were people from all callings in life, some were professional people, some were trained for trades. Many were to prepare for a new way of life. As an instance my own forbears, who were Highland people were agriculturists; but my Great Grandfather had two of his sons educated as schoolmasters, one to the weaving trade and two to farming.

My Great Grandfather was our Chief's (Lochiel) Lieutenant and had some 30,000 acres of land in the West Highlands, on which he and some number of Clanspeople lived. The property in Clan war times was not of much personal value, but was more important to provide a living for those who would be called to arms whenever the Clan went to war or on Clan raids. He was responsible to raise the first 300 fighting men for the Clan, on such occasions.

With a lasting Peace declared between Scotland and England and Clan wars ended, many of the wild Highlanders

with their ardent desire for education and advancement went to trades, to sea, and professional callings. My Great-Grandfather with his wife, five sons and two daughters decided to come to New Zealand; but first he decided that as in this country he would not be able to procure material to make kilts for his family and himself, he should first learn all he could about an industry he knew little of, with the exception that he had a son trained as a weaver. He therefore went and was given training in weaving and setting the tartan—something he was to use once he arrived in New Zealand.

Louis Ward in his book "Early New Zealand" mentions that in December 1840 the "Blenhiem" arrived from Clyde with its shipload of Highlanders and Paisley weavers. They landed at Kaiwharawhara, where a large raupo shelter had been erected by the Company for their accommodation. Here they remained some time until they drifted away—some to the Hutt, some to Porirua, and some went to the Rangitiki district, though a few remained to found the "Scots" village of Kaiwharawhara.

In the little cemetery at Pahautanui it may be seen some of the graves of the "Blenhiem" settlers.

It may be worthy of note that on the Blenhiem, my family were the only cabin class passengers, which accounts for an incorrect statement in de Breits, where it states that the passengers on the "Blenhiem" landed on 2nd January, 1841. Being

cabin class passengers my people landed at Kaiwharawhara on Christmas day, 1840, while most of the other passengers remained on the ship till later

A PRE-FABRICATED HOUSE

Till recently the property on which my forbears built their home remained in the Cameron family. The original house, the timber of which it was built came on the "Blenhiem" with them; but it had long since disappeared.

It is interesting too, that probably the first technical school established in this country, and as well, the foundation of the woollen industry might well have been laid by some of the members of the "Blenhiem" shipload of Highlanders and Paisley weavers. Louis Ward states in his book "Early Wellington." the school founded and run by Mr. Cameron in 1843 at Molesworth and Murphy Streets corner as technical was probably the first technical school established in New Zealand.

In the same book, the following is written. "The pioneer Technical Instructor, Mr. Cameron, with his sons, had a rope walk at the corner of Molesworth and Murphy Streets. He had also a flax-dressing school in 1843, at which children attended from 10 a.m. to 12 and from 2 p.m. to 4. Rewards were offered for improved methods of treatment."

After a time Mr. Cameron conducted a school for adults in the shape of a hotel on the same site. Also in this locality a big Highlandman kept a school in the middle forties. According to Mr. Mac. Morran, he was proud of his Highland descent, and on State occasions donned the kilt.

On one occasion he flourished his dirk and danced and "hocked" until the rafters rang; to the amusement and delight of the boys, except one youth, who was so alarmed at the exhibition of his master in his wild Celtic mood, that he never again attended the school.

EARLY WELLINGTON SCHOOLS

The first elected Wellington Provincial Council was convened on Friday 28th October, 1853, and on the next

sitting day, Monday, Mr. Fitzgerald gave notice of his intention to move for the appointment of a Committee to take evidence with a view to introducing an Education Bill.

As would be expected when the pioneers arrived, they built homes for themselves, then churches and schools occupied their attention and so far as schools are concerned, from 1840 education was catered for. Miss Tilke, who arrived in the "Adelaide" under the care of Mrs. Dr. Evans, has the honor of being the first to open and conduct a regular school in Port Nicholson district. Up till the year 1843 some dozen or more schools were providing facilities for education in Wellington.

In 1867 the Rev. Tuckey, B. A. and Mr. W. S. Hamilton commenced a Grammar and Commercial school—the future Wellington College. School was taken in the little Congregational School room in Woodward Street.

I will not go into the early church or deal with the bible readings taken in the homes of the pioneers, other than to say many families received religious training, in the homes of their parents.

WAIRARAPA HO!

A surveyor of note in the early settlement of Wellington, was one Charles Henry Kettle, who assisted the survey of Port Nicholson, Port and Upper Hutt. He joined the Zealand Company under Captain Smith.

Accompanied by Mr. Alfred and a party he explored a considerable portion of the Rimutaka range in the Wairarapa and Manawatu. His party were my Grandfather's cousin Robert Knox. It was this trek through the Wairarapa that brought destruction to the party also this trip through the Wairarapa that eventually induced my grandfather and his brothers to purchase land in Wairarapa.

In 1846 my grandfather with members of the original party went with Mr. Kettle for the "New Edinburgh". Otago.

(Extract from "The Founders Bulletin" No.35, 1966)

(Bulletin 1976)

"... A true pioneer descendant, Ian visited all over NZ and came over the Rimutaka Hill in all weather conditions and less meetings at the time."