



NZ Founders Society HB
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BULLETIN

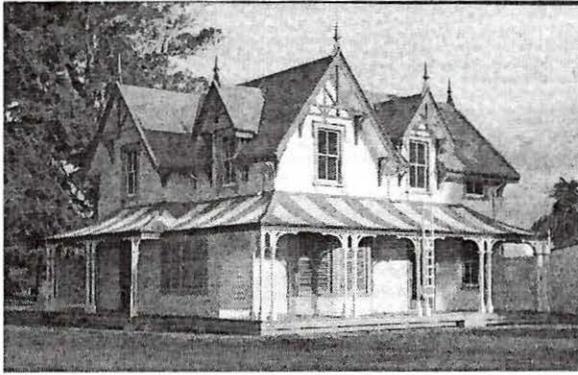
NEW ZEALAND FOUNDERS SOCIETY



Wairarapa 1942 earthquake
NUMBER 82 – REPORT FOR YEAR
2010

Pages 31 - 40 contain financial statements and Reports

A Long-term vision for Hawke's Bay
(Material submitted by Hawkes Bay Branch)



Hastings District Council soon will make *Stoneycroft* available to proponents of a digital archive.

The two storied colonial house in the 'Victorian carpenter Gothic' style is a relatively unaltered example of an early runholder's 'town house' and representative of the lifestyle of early Hawkes Bay landed families. The original shingle roof was replaced with corrugated iron after the 1931 earthquake but the house escaped unscathed with no major damage. Over its 130 year life it has only had five owners, the last living there for nearly five decades securing the home's future by signing a heritage covenant with the NZ Historic Places Trust to ensure future owners would be bound to protect it.

"This project will bring together the knowledge, thoughts and experiences of companies, private individuals and institutions across the province "



THE 24th JUNE 1942 EARTHQUAKE 7.2 ON THE REICHTER SCALE

Contributed by Ian Renall, Wairarapa Branch

We four brothers were living with our mother and paternal grandparents at Woodlands Road, Parkvale, at the time and it was an experience I wouldn't wish on anyone. The family home was part two-storey and had two large double brick chimneys.

Following the 8.15 pm shake, we were all feeling very nervous, so our mother put us all together with her in her large double bed - 3 at the top and two at the bottom. We had just settled a little when all hell broke loose. The two double chimneys collapsed and the one in our room slid down the iron roofing and over onto the garden. Mum called out "*put your heads under your pillow*", which we did. The other chimney fell onto the back porch and some of the bricks fell against the back door, which we could not open because it opened out. The eldest brother was sent out the front door to clear them away.

There is an excellent book written by Jan McLaren called "A Night of Terror" which describes the quake but of course it is mostly written about Masterton.

I thought you might enjoy the following articles, especially about Carterton, which were written the day after, and published in the local newspaper.

**IN CARTERTON - DAMAGE IN ALL PARTS OF TOWN
- MANY BUILDINGS WRECKED - EPS UNITS &
SOLDIERS ON DUTY**

The most severe earthquake for many years was experienced in Carterton and district last night when three very heavy shakes occurred. The first at 8.16 o'clock rocked buildings in an alarming manner. Many people were in the picture theatre when the first shake occurred but though alarmed they kept their seats. Residents in private homes made a hurried exit to safety. At 11.20 pm the worst shake of all occurred. Private homes as well as business places suffered severely. Chimneys are down in all directions and scarcely a home or business building has escaped. Plate glass windows in the business area crashed into the footpaths and the damage is enormous.

The Post and Telegraph Office was badly damaged, the parapet on the eastern side of the structure crashing through the residential part of the building. The Postmaster, his wife and son who slept in the upstairs part of the building made a safe exit although Mr Pankhurst received a cut on a finger from a flying brick. The WFCA is very badly damaged and the building is said to be unsafe. The western wall of the P & A Society brick building collapsed.

At the Brick and Tile Company's works in Rutland Road, a brick wall collapsed but the large chimney stacks remain standing. Mr C. Wong's shop opposite the Post Office was seriously damaged. The proprietor, his wife and five children, who were sleeping in an upstairs room, had a

narrow escape from serious injury. A large number of bricks dislodged from Krahagen's Building, crashed through the roof and just missed the whole family. Mr Wong received a slight cut on the forehead from a piece of brick. The whole of the EPS units were quickly on duty and remained so till well after midnight, when squads of military police with lanterns took charge and remained on duty throughout the night. At 1.10 am a further sharp shake occurred and slight ones continued at intervals till after 3 o'clock. The electric light failed and most places were in darkness, except for the use of torches and candles. So un-nerved were the people that most of them did not retire to rest and remained out of doors until daylight.

The premises receiving most damage were those of the WFCA, Keltie and Co., Stubbs & Co. and Lyndon Aplins Chemist shops. At Ward's grocery store, the whole of the shelf contents were strewn on the floor and bottles and crockery broken. There is not a business building in the whole shopping area that has not been damaged.

It was not until 9 o'clock the next day that the whole of Carterton electric power circuit was in working order.

The front door of the Post Office has been closed but business is being dealt with in the letterbox lobby.

Business is at a standstill and shop assistants and the public are to be seen in the streets discussing the situation. At the time of writing, it is impossible to estimate the damage but it must run into thousands of pounds.

The school has been closed as a result of the earthquake. A fire at Ward's shop was narrowly averted. The Soldiers'

Memorial in the park was damaged, the granite column being broken from its base and thrown onto the grass. There is not a brick building in Carterton which has not been damaged.



Thirty two Bay of Plenty members welcomed **Michael and Suzanna Norris** to our Whakatane meeting held at the Ohope Charter Club on Sunday July 25th at 11 am. We were delighted that they were able to travel from Whanganui to Mt Maunganui and to Ohope for the interesting talk by Teina Jordan a former archivist at the Whakatane Museum. We were pleased to hear a little of Michael's vision for Founders in the future and of his past family history. It will be interesting for him to gain an insight into the various

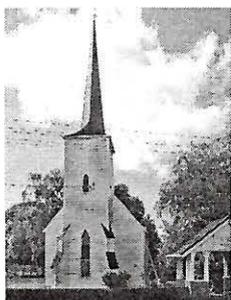
branches and the manner in which they conduct their meetings. Personally I felt it was of great benefit to me to get to know Michael and Suzanna and many of the members realised the commitment they have both made to making the Founders Society work -by travelling such a long way. Many many thanks.

Jo Wake, President Hawkes Bay Branch



Profile of Susanna Norris:

My family of Montgomerie were old settlers in the hinterland of Wanganui and farmed on the Parapara Road. My sister and I were war babies and led a very unsettled life while our father was away serving in the Air Force. [He served in both World Wars] I was educated at the local school and then sent to board at Marsden School in Wellington. After I trained as a teacher in Wellington I was overseas for two years, teaching in London. I shifted north to Auckland in the mid sixties and didn't return to Wanganui till 1999. In 1973 I gained my Library certificate as a change from teaching! After I married Mike I settled on the orchard at Kumeu and we have one son, Hew. Since then I have worked on the orchard, as a librarian and also as a teacher. While we were living further north at KeriKeri in the nineties we



were involved with the Bay of Islands Mission Heritage Trust and learned a lot about the fascinating history of the far north.

Since coming to Wanganui we joined Founders in about 2001 and have served on the local committee. I am also part of the St Mary's Upokongaro Church Trust which has been set

up to save this historic church. I was also part of the committee set up to write the history of the notorious Parapara Road and record the wonderful efforts of our pioneering ancestors. My family was up there 100 years. I am also involved with church committees, U3A and the River City Probus Club. The National Library holds copies of the three small books that I researched and wrote about my pioneering family.

Both my great grand parents, Montgomeries and Masons, on my father's side arrived in Otago from Glasgow in 1862, but would not have met till settled out of Wanganui in the 1890s

(Editor: Susanna was appointed to the Executive at the last AGM of the Founders Society)



CHARLES ROOKING CARTER

Contributed by Ian Renall, Wairarapa Branch

When Charles Rooking Carter, Founder and Benefactor of Carterton and his wife Jean, arrived in Wellington on the ship "Eden" on 28th November 1850, they brought with them Jean's 12 year old brother, James Robieson. Jean was in the later stages of pregnancy with their only child, Janet Carolyn. The voyage was terrible and took two months longer than planned. They were short of food and water and lost their direction a few times.

Baby Jane Caroline Carter was born in Wellington in January 1851, just after Charles and Jane arrived. James stayed close to the Carters and together with Mr Dakin,

they became farm managers responsible for the North Run, Middle Run and Home Run (Parkvale), all near the place that was to be named Carterton.

Jean did not like it here in New Zealand, which is not surprising, and did not stay any longer than was absolutely necessary and in 1863 the three of them went back to England to live. Early in 1870, Jane became ill with Scarlet Fever and died, leaving the Carters childless.

In April 1862, when James was 25, he married my Great-Great-Grandfather's eldest daughter, Eliza Percy Renall. The wedding took place on the top floor of the family flour

mill in Bridge Street, now Queen Street, Masterton.



The happy couple went to live and farm Carters North Run, now Cavelands

at Te Whiti, east of Masterton.

They had a large family, and when Jane Carter died, Charles and Jean wrote to James and Eliza to ask if they might give them one of their children to adopt and raise. James and Eliza agreed and so their eldest daughter, Maude Elizabeth Lane Robieson was put on the ship "*Sumatra*" late in 1870 when she was five years old and sent off to England to be brought up by Uncle Charles and Aunt Jean. They raised her as their loved daughter and referred to her as "my wife's niece" or "our adopted daughter". We have never been able to find any confirmation of this adoption and she always retained her Robieson name.

Maude trained as a nurse and became a very caring and attentive niece or stepdaughter. She eventually returned to New Zealand and in 1924, aged 59, she married Albert Stace a widower who worked at the Government Printing Office. Maude died in 1936 and is buried in Karori Cemetery, Wellington.

Sadly in 1886 when Eliza was only 42 and having her 14th child, she became very ill and died along with her newborn son. James was a bridge builder and away from home at the time. The family buried both of them on top of a small hill a few hundred yards from the house and planted a group of macrocarpa trees on the site which are still there today. In 1927 the family had Eliza and the baby both reburied in the Robieson family plot in the Masterton Cemetery.

The Cavellands house was originally two storied but was seriously damaged in the 1942 earthquake (obviously not built by Renall Bros!) When it was restored they reduced it to a single storey. The present owners, Mr and Mrs Cranswick, have added to it and keep it in excellent condition. A couple of years ago they allowed us to have a family gathering there. Close to the house is the original 2-storey stables and store building, a challenge for someone to restore! Some of Charles Rooking Carter's possessions can still be traced, some are in the Wairarapa, some in the Alexander Turnbull Library and some in the Carter Observatory. I have some of his cutlery set and one of his books.

When I visited the Carter Observatory I saw on the CEO's desk, the leather-cased Charles Rooking Carter telescope being used as a paperweight.

Jean Carter died in September 1895 in London, England, and early in 1896 Charles returned to New Zealand and made his home in Wellington where he died on 22nd July 1896.

(Editor: Carter's Observatory name commemorates Charles Rooking Carter, who gifted £2,240 from his estate to the Royal Society of New Zealand to establish an astronomical observatory in Wellington for the benefit of the people of New Zealand. Parliament established the Carter Observatory in 1937 and it opened its doors in 1941.



WAIRARAPA FOUNDERS MID-WINTER LUNCHEON

Fifty-nine members of the Wairarapa Branch of the New Zealand Founders Society travelled to Greytown in June 2010 for the annual Robert Miller Memorial Luncheon. This was held in the lovely boutique White Swan Hotel in the Main Street of Greytown.

Originally the hotel building started life as the NZ Railways Administration Block in Woburn. It was relocated to Greytown via the Rimutaka Ranges in six pieces in December 2002. During the journey one piece skewed off its transporter and blocked the main route between Wellington and Wairarapa for eight hours!

Now pieced back together and restored, the hotel is renowned for its beautifully themed suites and studios. The name "White Swan" was inspired by the elegant Crown Lynn White Swan vases.



After a pleasant meal the members were entertained by local Returned Serviceman, Mel Stevens, who told us of his Air Force training in Canada and England. His role was Wireless Operator and Observer on the Sunderland Flying Boats. He rose through the ranks and was commissioned to the 490 Squadron where he spent six months in Freetown, Sierra Leone, flying on U-Boat convoy and submarine patrols. Mel Stevens has written a book entitled "This is My Life" copies of which were available for purchase. A most interesting day out.

Anne Woodley,
Wairarapa Branch



LINDOP FAMILY

Adele Pentony-Graham. Wairarapa Branch

For some years now, I have been researching this name in Carterton, as Walter and his wife and family came out on the *Lusitania* in 1880s.

Walter was Carterton's early Pharmacist, one of their daughters married Edward McPartland, son of George and Ann *nee* Sullivan McPartland also of the area.

George McPartland sailed out on the *Indian Queen* with his first wife, but by 1864 he was listed as a Widower, - no one could find the grave of his wife, but, through searching, I believe she is buried down at the old Mount



Street Cemetery in Wellington. George married Ann Sullivan who came out from Co. Mayo to join her brother who was already in Carterton (Three Mile Bush as was first called), Married Ann at St Peter and St Paul Church, Lower Hutt, June 30th. 1864. She was only 26, George 48. Ann had sailed from Gravesend 1863 on the *Bride* arriving Wellington 5 months later. She met Catherine Cashan on board, also coming to meet up with family here in New Zealand, - her brother was Matthew.

Now looking at records, Cashan, McPartland, Lindop are in the wider family.. also Rains, Sullivan who were also in the area.

Last year, I couldn't believe my luck, a friend contacted me saying a photograph album was up for auction in Lower Hutt, had Rains and Sullivan names in it, I said, please sit at auction and bid for Carterton, imagine my delight a few days later, she telephoned, I have the album... I was highly delighted, it dates back to 1880s, the fashions.. I have since put it on CD and posted to as many of the family that I know of, here in NZ and Australia..

Another wonderful surprise is an email from a Lindop back in the home country, on the side that stayed in England, wonderful, she and her elderly father (90s) thinking of flying out to meet family! There were some Lindop family members living in South Island, brothers to Walter of Carterton.

Descendants of George and Ann Mc Partland nee Sullivan are:

William & Emily Catherine Rains.

Isabella & Thomas Carter.

Annie Eliza, sadly died unmarried 1885.

John Herbert & Louisa Campin

Edward Henry & Sicilia Josepha Lindop (she died of influenza in 1918, leaving the children to be farmed out to family in Carterton) buried in unmarked grave at Karori.

Catherine sadly died young, unmarried.

Now with Thomas Carter, this is a very interesting family, I have the book on this Carter family as I helped a descendant with the research, - one of the family patented how to print silk on both sides at Merton Abbey before leaving England for New Zealand.

For Walter Lindop, I have some wonderful glass bottles with W. J. Lindop on, his son Arthur also became a chemist in Carterton, so there are W.J. Lindop & Son bottles as well.. I also have photographs for the family to share with others - please get in touch. Walter Lindop's father, James was Mayor of Walsall. In 1884, I have a photograph of him wearing the Mayoral Chain.

All my work, is for Carterton. The Album which I have in my care, originated from William and Emily McPartland side of the family, and found, to my horror, in Wellington Tip, so if anyone isn't interested in family heirlooms, please contact your nearest Archive or Museum, who will gladly give anything a home, I have been asked by all the family so far, please keep it for Carterton.

Since 2000, I have been researching the old settlers buried at Clareville Cemetery, its so so interesting, and the descendants I meet are absolutely wonderful in sharing their knowledge with me. I call myself a Taphophile, lover of headstones!!!

PentonyGraham@xtra.co.nz



THE TARANAKI REFUGEES

In the 1850s Edwin Hodder travelled to Nelson from England to seek his fortune in the goldfields in the Collingwood area. His expectations were not met and he moved to Richmond where another family member was the storekeeper. On arriving in Nelson he had noticed the "the Taranaki Buildings, erected by the Nelson Government for the reception of a large number of unfortunate refugees who are located there"

Hodder did some teaching at the Richmond School where he awarded a book prize for attainment to my grandfather, Joseph Sheat. He wanted to find out more about the Taranaki situation and travelled there. This is described in the following chapter of the book that he wrote in 1862 on his return to England "Memories Of Life In New Zealand" .Hodder became a prolific author and is best known for his 2 Volume biography of the 7th Earl of Shaftesbury., the great social reformer.

Bill Sheat

SURROUNDED as I was in Nelson with the Taranaki refugees, it was impossible not to have my sympathies largely called forth with regard to their sorely trying misfortunes. Every person had his or her tale to tell, all more or less harrowing. My next-door neighbours were an old man and woman, who had lost their son, a fine, manly young fellow, recently married. He was shot and tomahawked by the natives, when outside the trenches, seeking to render relief to the passengers in a vessel which was wrecked near the town of Taranaki. A few doors off was a widow lady, with four daughters; her husband had been murdered in endeavouring to reclaim some of the property he had been obliged to leave in his house when the natives first drove them from their homes. All around were families who, upon the alarm of the natives rising to invade the town, had escaped from their dwellings in the outlying district, and gone to the garrison for

protection, taking with them only such few articles of clothing as they could carry in their hands.

Fathers had tales to tell of farms destroyed, houses burned, and cattle stolen, for which years of arduous toil had been expended, in order to establish their children comfortably, and where they might spend in peace the remainder of their days. Mothers had griefs to detail of household comforts, which had been gained little by little through years of frugality, all left to be plundered by the ruthless enemy. Wives who had husbands in active service at the war were full of care and anxiety, fearing that the next news might tell of an engagement in which their last earthly support and comfort was destroyed. Parents were in hourly suspense for their sons, who were exposed to dangers of many kinds; and every one had friends or relatives for whom they were distressed and anxious.

A hard sight, too, was it to see the number of people in mourning for those who had already lost their lives in the different encounters with the natives which had taken place. There were Rachels "weeping for their children, and would not be comforted because they were not /" and Davids mourning, "O Absalom, my son ! my son !"

When the steamers from the seat of war were signaled in Blind Bay, it was a melancholy sight to watch the distressed countenances of those whose interests were so intimately connected with any intelligence that might be brought; numbers from the outlying districts of Nelson would hasten down to the town, and when the steamer came slowly into the harbour, hundreds of beating and almost bursting hearts were waiting to be told the news. Perhaps the intelligence would be hurriedly given, "Another engagement; four Europeans killed, six wounded;" and that must have been a hard-hearted man or woman who could

look on unmoved, as the tears started simultaneously to the eyes of those unhappy people, and they questioned among themselves, "Is my son, or is my husband, one?" or breathed a prayer, "God grant my George is not among the number 1" The newspapers were every week full of war news, and the untiring topic of conversation was Taranaki. Knowing, as I did, so many of the refugees, and their unfortunate histories, I shared in the curiosity which would naturally be felt under these circumstances to visit the place where such stirring events had happened, and hear the opinions of settlers and soldiers there as to the policy and conduct of the war. I started, therefore, one day in November, 1860, by the mail steamer, "Prince Alfred," for Taranaki. We anchored in the roadstead late on a dark night, when no view could be obtained; and as I had been told by my Taranaki friends that, to see Mount Egmont and the surrounding scenery in its full beauty it must be viewed at sunrise, I made a compact with my eyes not to strain them in uselessly endeavouring to get a glimpse that night, but to wait patiently until morning. I was amply rewarded for my self-denial. The glorious sight that burst upon my vision, when I went on deck the next morning, I shall never forget! There lay stretched before me the "Garden of New Zealand," the combination of all that is lovely and majestic in Nature; there rose Mount Egmont, "the snow crested Apollo of mountains," eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, glistening in the rays of the rising sun. On the edge of the beach was the town, with its neat and homely houses, stores, churches, and chapels; along the coast lay the principal agricultural and pastoral lands of the province; and, far away, stretched a densely-wooded semi-circle of hills, terminating in the Sugar-loaf Rocks, which stood out alone in the sea. All looked calm and peaceful; the birds were making the

bush ring with their glad songs; the bright sunlight was dancing upon the little granite church on the hill, and other places of worship and public buildings; and the rustic scene of simple village life was enhanced in beauty by the majestic Mount Egmont, wearing its crown of eternal snow, and standing isolated in its elevation, towering alone to heaven. Who would have thought, to look upon that quiet, rural scene, with God's sunshine smiling down upon it, and the face of nature lighted up with a smile in return, that the horrors of war had made it a desolation; that those churches and chapels were the refuges of homeless settlers; that every house was filled with soldiery; and that, even then, the sentinels were upon the watch, guarding it from the approach of enemies? Who would have thought, as they gazed upon the town still slumbering in the early morning, that restless nights had been passed by hundreds of men with aching hearts, separated from homes, wives, and families, with earthly prospects blighted and all their brightest hopes faded; that many a house there was filled with mourners, who had lost friends or relatives either by the murderous hands of the natives, or in the terrible heat and conflict of battle? Taranaki, the garden of New Zealand, reminded me that morning of Eden when man had sinned, and the curse had fallen upon it. At eight o'clock the passengers were allowed to go ashore. I hailed a boat, and, in company with several friends, went to see and hear all that was to be seen and heard in Taranaki in one day, the time allotted to us for our visit. The great drawback to Taranaki is the absence of any harbour, the only shipping place being an open and not over good roadstead. We were anchored about a mile-and-a-half off the beach, and the wind, which had been blowing for two days previously, had caused the sea to run so high that our short journey occupied a full hour to accomplish. At a

distance of about two hundred yards from the beach are buoys with ropes attached; and the boatmen, as they come up to them, run these ropes through rings at the head and stern of their boats to pull them to shore. This is not attended with danger, but often with great inconvenience, as it proved in our case. The waves break upon the shore with great force, and the difficulty in landing is to be able, when a wave is coming up, to have all hands to the rope and pull the boat along with the wave, otherwise it will break over the boat, and the consequence is a thorough wet jacket and skin. No sooner is a wave safely pulled over and an impetus given to the boat than another is ready to swamp it, unless at the exact nick of time, and with a hearty long and strong pull together, all hands are ready at their post. Not being used to the service, we had escaped one wave and were congratulating ourselves with some complacency just at the very moment when we should have been ready for the next pull, and to our great discomfiture. the wave broke in the boat and we found ourselves minus our equilibrium, and provided with a copious shower-bath gratis, Fortunately we were not far from the land, and a good muster of strong hardy boatmen were after us, almost as soon as the next wave came up, and on their backs we were conveyed safely to the beach. No sooner were we ashore than a crowd had assembled, for the vessel in which we came had brought the mail from Nelson, and almost every person had relatives or friends there from whom they were anxious to hear. Nor were we long in hearing Taranaki news; the whole place was in an excitement about an engagement which had only very recently taken place—the famous battle of Mahoetahi. Every person had a different version to give, none of which agreed with others, and the last account always the most exaggerated. Some said sixty natives had been killed, others made the number a

hundred and sixty; while some were giving all the credit of the victory to the militia, and others to the volunteers. The first object of interest on landing is the beach itself. It is formed, for many miles, of the finest iron-sand, only requiring skill and capital to convert it into good merchantable iron. *It consists almost wholly of crystals of the magnetic oxide of iron. These crystals are remarkably uniform in size, but their angles and edges are much worn, as though by attrition. They are not contaminated by any sulphuret of iron, but are mixed with a small quantity of a white mineral. Acids resolve this black ironsand into the following constituents:—Magnetic oxide of iron, 93.95 per cent.; white mineral, 5.52; trace of lime and loss, 0.52. The sand has been smelted on the spot and converted into bar iron of good quality, A Company has been formed to turn this substance to commercial account, and there can be no doubt it will prove a great source of wealth to the colony.* * As we walked through the town, its warlike appearance, which had not been seen from the vessel, became manifest. Every other person we met was a soldier; soldiers were standing in groups at the corners of the streets, or in heated and excited manner were talking at every public-house door of the recent victory. Sentinels were parading the streets, and at intervals throughout the whole town sentry boxes were stationed, made of branches of the manuka tree. There were trenches and fortifications all round the town, which seemed to me, unused to the details of war, to be more for show than practical use. From the barracks, which stand in a very commanding position on a hill, cannons were pointed down the streets; and from the church arid other prominent places the

* *from a report on the iron-sand from New Plymouth by J H Gladstone, PhD, FRS*

same formidable fear-inspirers were staring us in the face. The shops in the town were open ; in many of them men in uniform were serving, and notices were exhibited in several windows to the effect that " the premises would be closed at twelve o'clock during parade."

It was the first time any of us had been in the immediate vicinity of war, or witnessed any of its sad realities. It was lamentable to walk through that once flourishing and prosperous town, and see what ravages had been made. Business was at an end, except for articles of daily consumption; the streets were desolate—not a woman or child was to be seen, none but the soldiery, who were all in bustle and confusion. In many of the streets camps were pitched, and every available piece of land was used for building temporary habitations to shelter the number of people who overcrowded the town. We went on the Barrack Hill, and there a fine view was obtained. An old Taranaki settler accompanied us, and pointed out all the objects of interest. In a moment we had explained some of the mystery which had overhung the proceedings of the past few months in the prosecution of the war. People, who had not been to Taranaki, wondered why on earth Colonel Gold and General Pratt did not follow the natives into the Bush, instead of perpetually dilly-dallying until they came out into the open. A glance at the country spoke volumes. Around the town of New Plymouth were the trenches; immediately outside, open agricultural and pastoral lands, with little suburban hamlets; and beyond that the dense bush, in which ten thousand natives might be secreted, and those gazing upon the spot a mile distant be none the wiser.

Our Taranaki friend pointed out the beautiful district of Omata, where not long since the flourishing little village of the same name stood, but which has since been totally destroyed by the

enemy; the Waitara, the scene of so many disasters; the well garrisoned Bell Block stockade, and all the other localities which have been rendered notable by reason of the events which have happened during the present war; and as he recalled the different districts, the incidents associated with them came afresh before his mind's eye, and he gave us many harrowing details of the perils in which he and his fellow-settlers had been placed. A big tear stood in his eye as he pointed out a charred and ruined heap, which was all that remained of a home for which he had anxiously and perseveringly toiled through long and weary years. At twelve o'clock we perceived a procession making its way up the Barrack Hill to the terrace where we were standing. It was General Pratt and his suite, who were going the rounds of the trenches, and were inspecting the troops, all of whom had been summoned to attend parade that day. I was very anxious to see him,—the man upon whom so much depended, of whom so much had been written and spoken, and who was looked upon by many as the man who could save Taranaki, and by others as the man who would signally fail in his measures, and multiply troubles upon the doomed province. I was very much disappointed in his appearance. He looked every inch a General, but one whose day had gone by; his hair was white, head bent, and face furrowed with the marks of time. This did not look to me to be the man who would "put an end to the war within two months!" however dashing and determined a man he might have been in younger days, I thought that Major Nelson, who was walking by his side, a resolute, brave, and active soldier—who with little pretension has done much—was a far more likely man to bring the war to a close, than the aged General. We then went over the barracks, found some friends in the officers' rooms, and were shown some of the trophies of the war. Rifles bent and

broken, swords shattered, guns and weapons captured from the natives, and the Maori flag which was taken at the memorable battle of Waireka. The devices on the flag were "M.N." (Maori nation), Mount Egmont (Taranaki), the Sugar-loaf Rock, and figures of the sun and a heart on a red ground. The explanation given by the natives of the meaning of these symbols is, that their land and the land of their ancestors extends from Taranaki to the Sugar-loaf Rock, that the eye of God is fixed upon it, and it is determined in the heart of the Maori nation to possess it. We went also to the hospital, where one or two wounded natives and more Europeans were lying, and two of our brave countrymen lay dead, killed in the recent engagement.

As I have stated, the steamer in which we travelled only allowed us one day at Taranaki, and we were not sorry our stay could not be prolonged. The place was gloomy; true, the military were in high spirits enough, the martial sounds of drums and bugles were heard in every direction, soldiers were parading, and all was activity, but it was the activity of war, all terminating in distress, disaster, and death. There was little to remind us of the happy homes of peaceful and contented settlers, or the calm and delightful tranquillity of a colonial settlement. There were no sights or objects of interest to view, bespeaking the advancement of art or education; everything proclaimed that "the abomination of desolation was standing where it ought not." The churches and chapels were turned into temporary dwelling-houses; the schools were closed, as nearly all the children had been sent away; the printing-offices were full of business, not in extending and influencing commerce, or in announcing the progress of the colony as formerly, but in issuing proclamations and war-news. The agriculturalist's occupation was gone; men who had gone to their duties, summoned by the lowing cattle or

bleating sheep, now responded to the bugle call, and thought of their waving corn-fields as things that were. We felt no sorrow, therefore, that our stay was short, and we left the shores of Taranaki with a feeling of deep sorrow at our hearts, not merely for the misfortunes of our fellow-settlers, but for the doom of that lovely province.



A Toast.

To the hands of all who laboured,
To the faith of all who saw,
To the love of a thousand mothers,
To the stalwart sons they bore.
To the burning hope persisting
In the strong pioneering breast
That fought the swamp for a wager
And conquered the waste in the test,
To these and a thousand others
Who passed without a sound
We drink this toast to their labours
And their consecrated ground.

*Written by the late Charles Kingsley-Smith of Whakatane &
copied from Whakatane Centenary Souvenir 16 Mar 1940*

N Z Founders Creed

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.

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Thank you all.

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