



Issued by the New Zealand Founders Society, P.O. Box 1775, Wellington C.I.

## The President Reflects . . .

With the formation of a Trust to administer the Historic Places Act, the Founders Society is in a strong position through its representative, active past president, Mr. Duff Daysh, to press for the preservation of meritorious historical buildings throughout New Zealand. The Society must strive to channel into useful directions the wealth of aimless public goodwill towards historic relics.

It is something of a shock to witness all too frequently the suddenness and apparent casualness with which these reminders of the past are eliminated.

We can all attest to public curiosity and to some extent public interest when a proposal comes up to destroy these monuments to the times of our courageous pioneers.

While we must bear in mind, if we are realistic, that our history is not so long and our oldest architecture, sentimentally and academically, is not comparable with that of much older countries, yet we must fight apathy and public indifference to the fate of historic buildings whose disappearance would cause widespread regret in years to come.

Not in every case need buildings be bought to ensure their retention. Public-spirited owners can be convinced of the need to treat them with care, under the guidance and encouragement of various organisations, including the Founders Society.

The choice is not between progress and historic relics. With care and thought we can often have both.

R. D. GREENWOOD.

## Crusading Spirit Must Live

Here is a bright piece written by Mr. J. L. Hay, a prominent citizen of Christchurch:—

"No nation can ever remain in a static position and achieve greatness. Eliminate struggle, discipline and creative effort from our personal and national life, and inevitably we sow the seeds of national decadence.

"There is a tendency among some sections of our young people today to take all that has been so lavishly handed to them and give little in return. Such an attitude is unworthy of the traditions to which we are heir.

"We must at all costs keep alive the crusading spirit of those who settled and developed this country. We must discover in the important unfinished tasks confronting us, involving all phases of our social and economic life, the moral equivalent of the struggle and hardship which were the lot of our forefathers."

### New Senior Subscription, £1

Members are reminded that the annual subscription for seniors and associates from 1 January, 1956, will be £1. The new life subscription is £15/15/-.

## New Year Resolution for All Members

No doubt, casualties are numerous among New Year resolutions, because plenty of persons promise themselves to do more than they are really willing to perform. However, there is one resolution which members of the Founders Society can make and keep without spending a great deal of time and energy. They can decide to help in increasing the society's strength for national welfare. One very important way is in building up membership. Surely the majority of present members have each a relative or friend eligible for membership. A little thought about the self-sacrificing spirit of the sturdy pioneers should prompt their descendants to do something worthy of splendid examples.

### Outstanding Subscriptions, £42

Astonishing forgetfulness is shown by some members of the Founders Society in non-payment of the small subscription. The amount owing for the years 1953 and 1954 exceeds £42.

Laggards are again reminded that if their subscriptions are not brought up to date the Dominion Council will be obliged to strike out their names from the register.



A Letter of Edward G. Wakefield

Adelphi Nov: 24<sup>th</sup> - 1837

My dear Sir

I have received your letter of the 24<sup>th</sup>, after several newspapers for which I am much obliged. The Book sells well, & is making a most favorable impression. The engraving will be out next week (I have put you down for a copy) & the Panorama will certainly be exhibited by Christmas.

Yours very truly

E. G. Wakefield.

This letter was written in London by Wakefield to E. B. Hopper, one of the pioneers of Wellington. The original is in the Turnbull Library, Wellington. The book (by Wakefield and John Ward) explained the purposes of the New Zealand Association for colonisation of this country.



# Romance of Early Canterbury

In a delightful little book, "My Early Days," Ellen Shephard Tripp (Mrs. C. G. Tripp, of Orari Gorge, Canterbury), who died in 1916, gives some very interesting glimpses of the pioneering days in Canterbury.

Mrs. Tripp, the third daughter of the Rev. Henry John Chitty Harper (who was eventually the first Bishop of Christchurch), was born in 1834 at Willowbrook, near Eton. At that time her father was Chaplain of Eton College.

"We lived in Eton until 1840, when my father was given the living of Stratfield Mortimer, in Berkshire," Mrs. Tripp wrote. "There was a good roomy vicarage, which enabled him to take pupils—very necessary, as at that time we were eleven in family, and by the year 1847 there were nine sons and six daughters.

## In the Duke of Wellington's Garden

"Mortimer was a pretty home in a good neighbourhood. The parish joined Stratfield-Saye, the Duke of Wellington's estate. We constantly saw the famous Duke, and he sometimes let us go into his garden and eat the strawberries. I remember once, when we were children, we were waiting at Mortimer Railway Station to see Queen Victoria's train pass—the Duke amongst the crowd—and when my small sister Sarah (afterwards Mrs. Percy Cox) cried with the cold he came and rubbed her hands to warm them, which, of course, much impressed the rest of us."

## A Trudge over the Port Hills

In 1854 two of Mrs. Tripp's brothers went to New Zealand with their father's old school friend, Bishop Selwyn. Bishop Harper, Mrs. Harper, and ten of the children followed in 1856. They landed at Lyttelton on 23 December, and left for Christchurch on Christmas Eve. Mrs. Harper and the youngest girl rode together on a horse, and the others walked over the hill to Heathcote Valley, where vehicles awaited them. Bishop Harper, Bishop Selwyn, and others pushed and pulled a hand-cart on which bedding and other articles were stacked. The walking girls carried bundles containing bonnets and finery which they were to wear next day. The first home for the Harpers was a small cottage in Cambridge Terrace, by the Avon River.

## Marshalled for Christmas Day

"On Christmas Day we were ready early, in our best clothes," the chronicle goes on. "I remember my sister Rosa and myself wearing buff-coloured dresses with three flounces, and little black silk capes, and close-fitting straw bonnets trimmed with forget-me-nots. We assembled at Mrs. Jacobs's, and from there Bishop Selwyn marshalled us in pairs to St. Michael's. We were followed by the Bishop and clergy, who were to inaugurate my father. All the countryside had come to Christchurch for the ceremony—Charles Tripp and Barton Acland all the eighty miles from Mount Peel. The former, my future husband, noticed me coming into church holding a small brother's hand (Walter, afterwards Dean of Christchurch), who behaved very badly!

"After the service and lunch we were very tired and hot, so went and sat among the flax (8 ft. high) on the banks of the river, and were much amused at the way the people of Christchurch came and stared at us, new arrivals being a great novelty.

## A Tight Squeeze

"Our house was very small, and when visitors came to see my father some of us had to go out to the

hospitable neighbours to make room. Three of us slept in an attic bedroom which we reached by a step-ladder. On beams over the beds our saddles hung, and on top of them our ball-dresses, pinned up in sheets.

## Two Years "Full of Fun"

"Christchurch was a delightful settlement, and we were fortunate in having such friends as the Gressons, Barkers, Bowens, Wilsons, Westenras, Studholmes, Fitzgeralds, and many other charming people. The two years I lived there were full of fun, and we young people enjoyed life thoroughly—picnics, riding parties, and, every fortnight, dances, either in the Royal Hotel or in private houses. We often walked through the mud wearing our brothers' top-boots, and to the first dance at Halswell (Mr. John Bealey's) we went in a bullock-dray.

## An Old-time Trousseau

"Mary (a sister) had become engaged some months before me, which gave time to send to England for her things, but my trousseau was a very simple affair; my father, going to Wellington about that time, bought me three dresses—a white muslin with pink sprays on it, a black and white striped thin silk with blue silk flounces, and a brown barege, unmade. A riding habit was made in Christchurch, and I had one pair of boots and one pair of shoes. Everything else I made myself—rather different to the trousseau of a girl of the present day—and I know I had to buy boots a few months after my marriage, the rough country walking soon wearing out anything but the strongest.

"Our wedding-day was 23 September, 1858. My wedding-gown of white silk and the bridesmaids' white tarleton and little straw bonnets trimmed with ribbon were all bought at Miss Skillikorn's general stores, also the wedding-ring. Though my future husband had a large property, ready money was not plentiful, and he had always said he had to borrow £8 for wedding-expenses, and I only had 8s. of my own.

"I had to come down the step-ladder from our bedroom backwards in my wedding finery, and Mary's room downstairs was so small that she stood on her bed to be dressed. We walked to St. Michael's, and both couples returned from church together in a new omnibus, the only other vehicle being a hansom cab without wheels, so not much use. Old Mrs. Westenra made us pretty little bouquets of white primroses, these and a bunch of gorse being the only flowers to be had.

## Honeymoon at Akaroa

"We went to Akaroa for our honeymoon, riding the first day to Sumner, and staying there until the 25th, then to Lyttelton, and by a little steamer to Pigeon Bay. We walked to the Head of the Bay, where we stayed the night, spending most of the day eating delicious oysters off the rocks. From there we started for Akaroa, but lost our way in the bush, not reaching our destination until 8 p.m., a number of people having come some way to search for us.

"We had a delightful week amongst the lovely scenery and such nice people who entertained us with picnics, etc. I always remember Wainui as a very beautiful spot. On 2 October we arrived back in Christchurch.

## The Young Couple's First Home

"Our home (at Orari) was a little newly built cottage, consisting of a small sitting-room, a bedroom,



a lean-to behind divided into kitchen and servant's room, and two small verandah rooms, 8 ft. by 7 ft. each. Mr. Tripp had purchased six chairs from a ship, and as most people only had boxes to sit on in their houses we thought we were very grand.

"We also had a piano which was one of the first to be brought to Canterbury, and must have been a good one as it is still in use (in 1915) after many vicissitudes. In 1867 we were moving house, and

## F. Thatcher, Designer of Historic Churches

An interesting article by Mr. Roger Gibb, president of the Society for the Preservation of the Cathedral Church of St. Paul (Wellington), is a reminder that people in several districts have cause to be grateful for the talent of Frederick Thatcher in the designing of churches.

Mr. Gibb mentions that young Mr. Thatcher arrived in the ship "Himalaya" at New Plymouth in 1843. He had been trained as an architect, but came out to take up land and establish himself as a farmer. He settled at New Plymouth and began with a plan to grow wheat.

Here he met two other settlers, William Bolland and Henry Govett, who had come out with other members of their family in their barque Union, of 250 tons, and had first settled at Tamaki, near Auckland. Both these men were graduates of Oxford University, and both came under Bishop Selwyn's influence and took holy orders.

Bolland became the first vicar of St. Mary's, New Plymouth, and, when he died—a young man of 27—in May, 1847, his cousin Govett succeeded as the next vicar.

Thatcher drew the plans of the first portion of the stone church, the foundation stone of which was laid by Captain King on 25 March, 1845. As at that time there were only 1080 people in the settlement, the cost worked out at about £1 per head.

Thatcher saw a great deal of the Bollands. He was married to Caroline, sister of Mrs. Bolland, in 1848, in the new church.

From February, 1845, till March, 1846, he was superintendent of works or, as we would call it today, Government architect. Probably most of that time was spent in Auckland.

From March, 1846, to September, 1848, he was assistant secretary to Sir George Grey. During that time he came under the influence of the good Bishop, and decided to enter the priesthood. He resigned his secretaryship—greatly to Grey's regret—and entered St. John's College. He removed from Waimate to Tamaki in 1846, where he remained until 1853, the year of his ordination as priest.

During this period he designed several of the so-called Selwyn churches. The little chapel at St. John's College and All Saints' at Howick were both designed in 1847. The chapel went up for £330, and All Saints' for £147. The latter church was prefabricated at St. John's, and was taken out to Howick in the missionary cutters "Undine" and "Marian." Much of the timber was carried up the beach by Selwyn himself.

Among other Thatcher churches of this period was St. Stephen's, Point Resolution, Parnell, built in stone in 1843, destroyed in 1847, and rebuilt in wood in 1857. This little building is of great historical significance, for in May and June of that year it had a conference to frame the constitution of the Church of England in the Province of New Zealand.

There were also the chapel originally attached to Bishops court, Parnell, Auckland; St. Thomas's

when crossing the Orari River the dray broke down, and the piano had to remain on the shingle-bed for six weeks, covered with a tarpaulin, as the stream rose too high for it to be brought over. Another time, after a fire, it was on a verandah for six winter months, with blankets over it. Years after it travelled to Richmond, in the Mackenzie Country; since then to Silverton; and now is in Timaru, used by my grandchildren; so its life has been a useful one."

stone church built in 1843 for £335, abandoned in 1864, and pulled down recently; and St. Peter's, Onehunga, probably done with the collaboration of the Rev. A. G. Purchas, architect, who had a hand in several of the Selwyn churches.

Thatcher also acted as architect for the colonial hospitals at New Plymouth and Auckland; for old St. Paul's at Nelson; old St. Matthew's and St. Barnabas' at Auckland; and—of course—for the Cathedral Church of St. Paul in Wellington, his largest and most important ecclesiastical work, and his only cathedral.

Thatcher drew the plans in 1864 when incumbent of old St. Paul's, then in Parliament Grounds, but the strain of combining architecture with his clerical duties proved too much for him. His health collapsed, and he resigned in the same year. St. Paul's was consecrated by Bishop Abraham in June, 1866.

Thatcher joined Selwyn at Lichfield in 1868. He died at Tamworth in 1890, having lived through 25 years of the colony's most momentous and stormy years.

Wellington has the last building designed by Frederick Thatcher, creator of the charming Selwyn churches, possibly the most delightful ecclesiastical buildings yet designed in this country.

## Delightful Founders Ball

Probably the most spectacular ball in Wellington this year was the New Zealand Founders Society's in the Majestic Cabaret on 23 September.

Large pale pink, silvered fans, trails and garlands of pink paper roses, and bowls of tree tulips and spring blossom in foyer and ballroom made a charming setting. In the foyer large glittering letters spanned the years from 1840 to 1955, centred by the word "Founders."

A cavalcade of fashion, in which young models displayed fashions that ranged from the 1840 pantalette to the modern jeans, was an appropriate floor show. Youngest model was four-year-old Heather King, who wore an authentic period costume of 1840.

Those who took part in the floor show, all pupils of Mrs. J. J. Delahunt, were Diana Strathmore, Susan Hilton, Karien Ormond, Lorraine Hepburn, Heather King, and Robyn Gaustad.

The parents of the children made the costumes. Mrs. R. D. Greenwood, wife of the president, made a presentation to the six child models at the conclusion of the parade.

Mrs. H. O. Pittendrigh was the originator of the parade. A minuet arranged by Miss Leigh Brewer was danced by Miss Lorraine Hepburn and Miss Heather King.

Flowers were presented by one of the young dancers to Mrs. Robert Hendrickson, wife of the American Ambassador, and to Mrs. R. D. Greenwood.

Mrs. C. G. Healey was convener of the Decorations Committee.



# Highway Through Storyland

Much stirring nation-making history (well told by the late James Cowan, a distinguished bright writer) was made along the Great South Road out of Auckland. Here is some of his narrative:—

At Otahuhu the historic interest begins. Here there were a big stockade and a camp in the years of the Waikato War. Thousands of militia-men had their first taste of active service in the village cantonment and in escort duty along the Great South Road.

A few miles further on, at Papatoetoe, there was a large field-work built by the Auckland First-Class Militia. At Papakura there were two or three camps. A redoubt was built, and the little Presbyterian Church was loopholed for defence.

From Papakura onward to the Pokeno ranges and thence to the Waikato the strategic highway cut by the troops in 1861-3 traversed dense forest, clothing a beautiful undulating country, where the olden bush, in which war-parties lay in ambush or skirmished with the soldiers, has given place to hundreds of comfortable houses and farms. The soil is a rich volcanic loam with a reddish hue.

The most hazardous section of the Great South Road in 1863 was that between Drury and Pokeno. At several points along this portion of the forest route ambuscades were laid by bands of Kingites. Convoys and working parties were attacked.

Sheppard's Bush, the scene of one of the first attacks on a military convoy, is a short distance south of the present township of Ramarama, four miles south of Drury. The site of the Sheppard's Bush Redoubt, garrisoned by Imperial soldiers in 1863, is in this township, on a gentle rise on the west side of the road, near the post office and store.

Martin's Clearing, on the main road (about 1½ miles south of Ramarama) is now a farm, on the flat just before the foot of the Bombay hill is reached. Here on 17 July, 1863, a convoy of six carts, escorted by fifty soldiers of the 2nd Battalion, 18th Regiment, under Major Turner and Captain Ring, was heavily fired upon from the bush on both sides of the road. The rearguard, cut off from the main body, drove a party of the Maoris back by a gallant bayonet charge and regained the rest of the column. The fight continued until reinforcements arrived. In this affair five soldiers were killed and eleven were wounded.

Just above Martin's Clearing is Baird's hill, where there was a small clearing in 1863. This is on the steep northern slope of the Bombay range. There was a British post here in 1863. The site is that of the present Bombay Presbyterian Church and burying ground, a few hundred yards northward of the village post office.

The beautiful Bombay hill, a great green dome of fruitful land covered with small farms and diversified with clumps of native bush, is the olden "Williamson's Clearing." This oasis in the wilderness of bush in the early Sixties was one of a series of grassed clearings extending over the gently sloping country towards Pukekohe East. There was a distance of about half a mile between the Baird's Hill bush farm and the spot at Williamson's Clearing where a detachment of soldiers and a number of men engaged in bushfelling on the side of the road was surprised by a Maori war-party on 25 August, 1863. The work in hand was the widening of the road clearing in order to lessen the risk of ambuscade.

The soldiers (40th Regiment) numbered twenty-

five. They had piled their rifles and were busy with their axes, when a volley was poured into them from the forest, and two men fell dead. A party of Maoris charged out of the bush and seized 23 stands of arms, and the ammunition holders, and vanished into the bush with a loss of only two men.

The Bombay public hall (2½ miles from Ramarama) now stands near the spot where this Maori raid was made. A branch road runs from this place due west to Pukekohe town, about seven miles.

The next historic spot southward along the old military road is the site of the Razorback Redoubt, on the northernmost spur of the Pokeno Ranges, a ridge called Kakaramaea, meaning red-coloured earth, ochre-tinged. This is ascended just after crossing Wai-Korowhiti creek. It was a high picturesquely placed post. Part of the western parapets is now cut through by the road where it passes over the crown of the ridge. The Maoris sometimes sniped at the garrison of the Razorback.

From this point the road dips and ascends and then runs for several miles along the central ridge of the Pokeno Ranges, to which the name Razorback applies as far as the northern crest, where it descends by a steep incline to the plain on which the Queen's Redoubt was built as the field base for General Cameron's troops.

Pokeno township and the old military cemetery lie on the foot of the range. In the burying ground there is a pyramidal cairn surrounded by a sculptured stack of piled arms, the old long Enfield rifles, carved in stone. The monument bears the names of soldiers of the 14th, 18th, 40th and 65th reinforcements, the Forest Rangers and the Transport Corps who fell in the Waikato Wars.

A quarter of a mile south of the cemetery is the Queen's Redoubt, a massive earthwork enclosing about two acres of ground, impinging on the east side of the road (left hand travelling south).

This redoubt was the largest built by the Imperial troops in New Zealand. Great quantities of military stores were accumulated here for the Waikato campaign, and several thousand troops were encamped in and around the redoubt. From this field work to the Mangatawhiri River—the old frontier line—the distance is two miles and to Mercer 3½ miles. The Mangatawhiri is a slow, deep river discharging through a swampy flat into the Waikato at Te Iaroa. This was once a trading station known as Havelock.

A short distance below the river are the township and railway station of Mercer. This place, named after Captain Mercer of the Royal Artillery, who fell at Rangiriri in November, 1863, was formerly called Point Russell.

The old military road made a detour inland here for about two miles, crossing the ridge of hills which forms the southern horn of the Koheroa crescent, and descended to the southern side of the ridge at Te Teoteo, an old Maori fortification on a bluff above the Whangamarino stream. A redoubt, in which two Armstrong guns were mounted, was constructed at Te Teoteo, immediately above a bridge, on casks fixed across the Whangamarino here. At this point the Great South Road now crosses the stream, thence skirting the right bank of the Waikato southward.

In labouring for our own country we labour for humanity.—Mazzini.

All habits gather by unseen degrees,  
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.



# New Members of Founders Society

Name.	Address.	Ship.	Date.	Ancestor.
Mr. G. R. McInnes	Wellington	"Duke of Roxburgh"	1840	Smith
Mrs. R. G. McInnes	"	"	1840	"
Mrs. V. W. Seator	Lower Hutt	"John Wickliffe"	1848	Bentley
Miss M. J. Scollard	Wellington	"Lady Nugent"	1841	Phelps
Mr. M. R. Hutton	"	"Blundell"	1848	Thomson
		"Mary"	1849	Leith
Miss A. L. Ewing	"	"Berkshire"	1951	Townsend
Mr. B. F. Martin	"	"Bolton"	1840	Lovelock
		"Birman"	1842	Tonks
Miss M. H. Martin	"	"		
Mrs. I. G. Jackson	"	"Lady Clifford"	1840	Bell
Mr. R. L. McGee	Lower Hutt	"Duchess of Argyle"	1842	Barr
		"H.M.S. Rattlesnake"	1837	McGee
		"Blenheim"	1842	Rogers
Mr. F. N. Harrison	"	"Bolton"	1840	Harrison
Mrs. I. M. Henderson	Wellington	"Mary Ann"	1842	McRae
Mr. R. G. Jamieson	New Plymouth	"Phillip Laing"	1848	Winton
Mrs. G. R. Hooker	Wellington	"Lady Nugent"	1850	Bradley
Mrs. H. M. MacAndrew	"	"Larkins"	1849	Guy
Miss M. M. Jack	"	"	1856	Lambert
Mrs. D. C. Martin	"	"Bolton"	1840	Lovelock
		"Birman"	1842	Tonks
Mr. K. P. Martin	"	"		
Mrs. F. W. Guy	Feilding	"Blenheim"	1841	McQuarrie
Mrs. E. M. McCaul	Wellington	"Amelia Thompson"	1841	Bayly
Major-General C. E. Weir	Lower Hutt	"The Blundell"	1848	Weir
Mrs. I. F. Leng-Ward	Shannon	"Oriental"	1841	Knowles
		"Slains Castle"	1841	Richards
Mrs. M. A. Browne	Wellington	"Clifford"	1842	Cook
Miss L. A. G. Smith	"	"Bernicia"	1848	Walker
		"London"	1842	Batchelor
Mrs. E. R. Ensor	"	"Egmont"	1856	Harper
Mrs. G. Taylor	"	"Lalla Rookh"	1849	Dunlop
Mr. A. J. Spiers	Waipukurau	"Prince of Wales"	1842	Hatton
Mr. F. E. Gee	Rotorua	"Sir George Pollock"	1851	Gee
Mr. A. E. Lambert	Te Teko, Bay of Plenty	"	1856	Lambert
Mrs. J. Sisam	Whakatane	"Lady Nugent"	1841	Martin
Mr. R. Ormsby	Te Kuiti	"Herald"	1840	Ormsby
Mr. E. J. Mitchelson	Auckland	"Hannah Watson"	1840	Wilson
		"		Vercoe
Mrs. Z. A. Dent	"	"Westminster"	1843	Brown
Mr. F. G. Williams	"	"	1829	Williams
Mrs. A. F. Holmes	"	"	1843	Hill
		"		Gordon
Mr. R. C. Seabourne	Mt. Maunganui	"Clifford"	1842	Brown
		"Bolton"	1842	Tunncliffe
Mr. C. R. Seabourne	"	"		Norris
Mrs. M. E. Brider	Cambridge	"Governor Macquarrie"	1842	Davis
Mrs. M. B. Bollard	Hamilton	"Catherine Stewart Forbes"	1841	Allen
Mr. B. Seabourne	Te Puke	"Clifford"	1842	Tunncliffe
		"Bolton"	1842	Norris
		"Thomas Harrison"	1842	Win
Mr. R. J. Tunncliffe	Tauranga	"Sir Charles Forbes"	1842	Humphreys
		"Clifford"	1842	Tunncliffe
		"Bolton"	1842	Norris
		"Thomas Harrison"	1842	Win
		"Sir Charles Forbes"	1842	Humphreys
Mrs. M. M. Budd	"	"Randolph"	1850	Moffett
Mr. J. W. Sandford-May	Auckland	"Sophia Pate"	1841	Ryan
Mrs. W. L. Seabourne	Mt. Maunganui	"Clifford"	1842	Tunncliffe
		"Bolton"	1842	Norris
Miss R. C. Seabourne	"	"		
Mrs. L. M. W. Holland	Rotorua	"	1856	Lambert

Experience is not what happens to a man. It is what a man does with what happens to him.—Aldous Huxley.

Never funk trouble. It's Mt. Everest when you fight shy of it—but when you face up to it it's a molehill.—John Buchan.



# World's Worst Christmas "Duff"

One of the most amusing chronicles of voyages of immigrants to New Zealand in the early days is contained in Edwin Hodder's "Memories of New Zealand Life," which he published in 1862, some years after the experiences he describes. He came out to the young settlement of Nelson as a second-class passenger.

The second-class folk, even in those days, were between the devil and the deep blue sea, caught in the cross-fire of cabin passengers who looked down on the second cabin and the steerage passengers who regarded them as conceited upstarts. Even more depressing was the melancholy second cabin itself, in which passengers of good middle-class station, by the light of two miserable oil-lamps, contemplated oil-cloth covered tables, low forms, all-pervading cold and damp, and the complete absence of the steward promised by the company's prospectuses.

Nor was the food very appetising or markedly differentiated from what was issued to the steerage people. They had only a quart of water each per day for drinking or cooking. (They washed in salt water.) Hodder was sadly deceived by the company's assurances that nothing need be taken aboard by any passenger. The ship provided only one plate each for use in the consumption of a variety of dishes. However, Christmas was coming, and every one was waiting impatiently for the noble fare that would accompany this happy season.

"When our voyage was about half over, Christmas Day arrived—the grand gala day of the passage," wrote Hodder. "It was to be celebrated by a dinner party; plum puddings were made a week before the event; all the luxuries that could be collected were reserved for the occasion; and innumerable plans were laid for spending the day as much according to old English fashion as circumstances would allow, despite the fact that we were in the tropics. But on Christmas Eve a heavy gale of wind began to blow, and on the morning of the eventful day it had so much increased as to render it unsafe for the ladies to be on deck, and everything was damp and wretched below. The compliments of the season were given and received with a sickly giggle, and nobody had the heart to be merry. The doctor came down to congratulate us, and presented each person with a bottle of some good port he had on board as medical comforts. They all put on their best clothes, and wandered about talking of how they spent last Christmas.

"The great event of the day was to be the dinner party, and at 1 o'clock we were all seated waiting for it to be served up. But at the eleventh hour the cook came down to say that owing to the rough weather the meat pies—which were to constitute the first course—were not done, and that when they were, he feared they would not be fit to eat, as the sea had broken over the deck, swamping the galley and soaking the pastry with salt water.

"This was a sad damper, but we tried to make the best of it, and had the third course first, namely bread and cheese—the former article being esteemed a great luxury after faring so long upon hard biscuits. Then came the pudding—the crowning feature of the banquet; but it came in a peculiar way. Our vessel was an awful roller, and on this day she was reeling. . . . One of the passengers who prided himself on his 'sea legs' was deputed to go and fetch the pudding; a post of honour which he felt to be a flattering distinction. He went; he safely brought it back as far as the hatchway, and then a

heavy sea struck the vessel's side, and the unfortunate pudding came rolling down the ladder, and burst into numerous fragments at our feet! The pieces were collected, scraped, and placed on a dish, and we still magnanimously endeavoured to make fun of the matter; but when we commenced eating it, and discovered that it had been boiled in salt water, and that our week's rations of plums and flour, together with almonds and other luxuries, were all spoilt, human patience could brook it no longer, and we lifted up our voices and howled imprecations on the cook, and 'John Blank,' and everybody and everything."

## Busy Whanganui Branch

The Whanganui Branch of the N.Z. Founders Society, with a very active secretary, Mr. George Walker, continues making an impress on its district in various ways.

At the recent Wanganui Industrial Fair the Branch had a spectacular stand with exhibits of historic interest, including two figures dressed in the fashions of a century ago, books, brochures and pictures. A set of lithographs showed the development of Wanganui from the time when it was a cluster of huts, protected by forts on flanking hills.

A campaign for membership went on during the Fair. This operation was helped by the distribution of a leaflet, which mentioned the main objects of the Founders Society and the qualification for membership. The leaflet also had a plea for support of the proposed Historical Library and Archives for Wanganui. The Branch hopes to have an annexe to the Alexander Library to house the collection, which is steadily growing. Up to the time of the Fair the total of books and pictures was about 100. Since then other gifts have come in, as the result of the exhibition.

The City Council has approved the proposal in principle, and has agreed meanwhile to provide space in the Alexander Library for books and historical material collected by the Branch or given by citizens.

## Spirit of Christmas in Wellington

Sherry, given by Mrs. W. D. Dobson, a member of the Entertainment Committee, and a Christmas cake, given by Mr. J. Miller, manager of Wakefield House, were pleasant extras for the buffet luncheon of 7 December.

At the Christmas cocktail party in Wakefield House on 13 December a big basket under a Christmas tree in the foyer was stacked with parcels brought by members for distribution by the Intellectually Handicapped Children's Society.

The Younger Founders Committee assured two very happy hours for children at a children's party on 10 December.

This committee also organised a merry Christmas party and dance for senior and younger founders at Wakefield House on 16 December.

## OBITUARY

The Dominion Council of the Society regretfully reports the deaths of Mrs. L. J. Nicholls, Silverstream, and Mrs. P. M. Lewis, Masterton.



# Charles Darwin's Christmas in Bay of Islands

H.M.S. "Beagle" was engaged in a long surveying voyage under the command of Captain Robert Fitzroy, afterwards the second Governor of New Zealand, when in 1835 it put in at the Bay of Islands after a sojourn at Tahiti. On board the "Beagle" sailed as naturalist the young Charles Darwin, later to be famous for his "Origin of Species." The "Beagle" arrived on 21 December. Darwin and the other members of the ship's company went visiting ashore and were pleased with the missionaries, but not with the majority of the white population. However, Christmas was in the air.

"Late in the evening (of 23 December)," Darwin wrote, "I went to Mr. Williams's house, where I passed the night. I found there a very large party of children, collected together for Christmas Day, and all sitting round a table at tea. I never saw a more merry group."

On Christmas Day the "Beagle" party attended the service at the Paihia Mission Church. Captain Fitzroy was bored by its inordinate length. Here is a comment of Fitzroy:—

"Instead of performing the whole service first in one language, and afterwards in the other, as at

Otaheite, the two entire services were mixed, and the whole extended to such a length that had even the most eloquent divine occupied the pulpit his hearers could scarcely have helped feeling fatigued. Mr. Baker appeared to be more fluent in the language of New Zealand than his own, a fortunate circumstance for the Natives, though not for the English who attend his church."

Neither Fitzroy nor Darwin chronicled any further celebration of Christmas. Darwin, however, paused to reflect on the Christmases he had passed in the course of the "Beagle" voyage. "Our first Christmas was spent at Plymouth (on the eve of sailing)," he wrote; "the second at St. Martin's Cove, near Cape Horn; the third at Port Desire, in Patagonia; the fourth at anchor in a harbour of the Peninsula of Tres Montes; this fifth here; and the next, I trust in Providence, will be in England."

Perhaps it was a very natural lassitude after so prolonged a voyage, rather than the inhospitable treatment he received, which soured young Charles Darwin against this country. The "Beagle" sailed for Australia on 30 December, 1835, so that his opinions were hardly founded on a profound knowledge.

## Samuel Marsden's High Tributes to Maori Race

In "The Letters and Journals of Samuel Marsden" (the famous missionary who arrived from Sydney in the Bay of Islands in 1818) J. R. Elder has quoted Marsden's very favourable opinions of the Maori race. Here is a selection:—

"I do not believe that there is any part of the world, or ever was, a Native in a state of nature superior to the inhabitants of New Zealand in mental endowments and bodily strength, nor anywhere people who would in a shorter period render themselves worthy of being numbered with civilised nations, provided they were favoured with the ordinary means of instruction in these civil arts by which men are gradually refined and polished."

"The New-Zealanders (Maoris) are men of great reflection and observation, and they try to find out the motive for every act which a man does. It is a very common observation with them that the outside of a man may be seen but the inside cannot, and they frequently observe to me, after I have been conversing with any of their countrymen, 'You hear them speak, but you do not know what is in their hearts!' If it should ever please God to give them the knowledge of His grace and love, they will become a very wonderful people. They study human nature with the closest attention, and endeavour to find out

every man's real character from the whole of his conduct. A rude and violent man is very offensive to them. Amongst themselves they live in great peace and harmony. I have not seen either man, woman, or boy struck by one another since I have been in the Island."

"The more I examined into their national character the more I felt interested in their temporal and spiritual welfare. Their minds appeared like a rich soil that had never been cultivated, and only wanted the proper means of improvement to render them fit to rank with civilised nations."

"From my first knowledge of these people, I have always considered them the first and noblest race of heathens known to the civilised world, and have even been persuaded that they only wanted the introduction of the arts of civilisation and the knowledge of the Christian religion to make them a great nation, and am more confirmed in this opinion since I have visited them than I was before, as I found them much more civilised in general than I had previously conceived."

[Maori folk may well smile at Marsden's use of the word "heathen" which was applied by missionaries to non-Christians, without regard to their right to respectability.]

## Spectacular Inauguration

Probably Auckland holds the New Zealand record for the spectacular inauguration of the City Corporation in 1851. The pomp and circumstance of that ceremony were well told by Mr. J. W. Shaw to the Auckland Historical Society some years ago.

"The elected councillors," he said, "were sworn in at the Court-house before the Chief Justice, Sir William Martin, in the presence of the Lieutenant-Governor, Colonel R. H. Wynyard, with the naval, military and civil officers of the Government (which was then based on Auckland), the officers of the 58th Regiment, a numerous assemblage of ladies and a great concourse of burghesses.

"The day was observed as a special public holiday. The names of the Mayor and four aldermen were

announced with a flourish of bugles, the Lieutenant-Governor gave an address, and the ceremony ended with the guard of honour presenting arms while the National Anthem was played and a salute of twelve guns was fired from Fort Britomart. Nothing to equal this had ever happened since in New Zealand."

### New Addresses Required

The Dominion Secretary, P.O. Box 1775, Wellington, will be pleased to receive present addresses of the following members whose previous addresses are given with their names:—

Mrs. J. B. LLund, 10 Ruahine Street, Hataitai, Wellington.

Miss A. J. and Master M. A. McLean, Anzac Avenue, Gisborne.