Ah! Those good old times, when first I came to New Zealand, we shall never see their like again.

***Maning, F.E.,** History of the war in the north of New Zealand against the chief Heke. 1862.*
***[Maning, F.E.],** Old New Zealand; A tale of the good old times. 1863.*
***Maning, F.E.,** Old New Zealand and the history of the war in New Zealand. 1876.*

You should always be wary of 'characters'. Inevitably long-winded, a bit overbearing, rather wrapped up in themselves, they can also be unreliable and a titch tiresome in their writings. All this applies to Frederick Maning. Tall, strong, honed by the bush and farming in Van Diemen's Land, delighting in wrestling[1], Maning is almost the caricature of the haranguer, the bluff, loquacious, storyteller, with talk larded with facts, tale and events interwoven into an engaging narrative. But amongst the talk there is an acute eye, a deep understanding of Māori and colonial issues, and a man who gained respect and position amongst the Māori and in the early colonial administration. There was something about his physical presence that drew attention, one description of him during the 1845 war as *'a tall wiry man of splendid physique',* his hair falling *'from his head in ringlets*'.[2]

Frederick Maning (1812-1883) was born in Dublin, and in 1824, his father with family of wife and three sons, emigrated to Van Diemen's land and took up farming.[3] In 1833, Frederick, now out on his own and aged 21, boarded the brig *Mary and Elizabeth* and landed at the Hokianga on June 30 1833, wrestled with the young Māori who failed to carry him safely to shore, and settled in the area, becoming one of some 70 such Irishmen.[4] He immediately became close with local Māori, being given land by Te Wharepapa of the Te Ihutai hapū. This seems to have been at the expense of other settlers, including Edward Markham, who described him as 'a double faced sneaking thief',[5] and he seems to have loaded his reputation further by fathering a child by a Māori woman in 1834, all contributing to his image as the 'Pakeha Māori' that he claimed and celebrated through his subsequent life.[6] He kept a store, and carried out business in partnership with Thomas Herbert Kerry, probably the unnamed storekeeper who met him on the boat at his arrival and with whom he initially stayed.

He sold his land and went back to Hobart in 1837, but was back in the Hokianga in 1839, when he purchased about 200 acres of land at Onoke at the mouth of the Whirinaki river, from the chief Hauraki of the Ngāpuhi Te Hikutu hapū at Rawara. He married Hauraki's sister Moengaroa, and they eventually had four children. Moengaroa died in 1847, and her brother before her, killed in Heke's war in 1845. Over the next few years, Maning attempted

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[1] **Scholefield, J**., Op. cit. Vol 2, p. 50.
[2] **Webster, J.** Reminiscences of an old settler in Australia and New Zealand. Christchurch, Whitcombe & Tombs, 1908.
[3] **Nicholson, J.,** White chief : the colourful life and times of Judge F.E. Maning of the Hokianga. Auckland, Penguin, 2006.
[4] **Anderson, J**., The lure of New Zealand book collecting. Auckland, Whitcombe and Tombs, 1936. pp. 59-76.
[5] **Markham, E.** New Zealand, or recollections of it. ed. E.H. McCormick. Government printer, Wellington, NZ. 1963. p.32
[6] **David Colquhoun.** 'Maning, Frederick Edward', Dictionary of New Zealand Biography, first published in 1990. Te Ara - the Encyclopedia of New Zealand, https://teara.govt.nz/en/biographies/1m9/maning-frederick-edward (accessed 5 May 2023)

to develop a business, frustrated by the failure of the Hokianga to become a major trading centre. He entered the timber trade in partnership with his brothers in Hobart, until retiring from the business in the early 1860s.

Maning at first spoke out against the Treaty, directly to Hobson at the signing when Hobson sailed into the Hokianga to collect signatures[7]. His attitude had some ambiguity, partly from a belief that English laws could not be forced upon Māori, and partly because of his concerns over possible restrictions in trade and land speculation, along with a dislike of the missionaries.[8] Nevertheless, he did take part in translation at the Treaty signing .[9] He was closely involved in Heke's war, with an understanding far more authentic than that of most of his contemporaries. He started writing his account of the war in 1845, but it wasn't published until 1862, and a year later, after being encouraged by R J Creighton of the *Southern Cross*[10], his account of his early days, and Māori life, was also released, authored under the pseudonym 'Old Pakeha', a label he revelled in.

Maning, F.E., *History of the war in the north of New Zealand against the chief Heke. In the year 1845. As told by an old chief of the Ngapuhi tribe. Faithfully translated by a "Pakeha Maori". Auckland, George Chapman, [1862]. [2]. 52 pp. Bagnall 3339, Hocken 219.*

[Maning, F.E.] *Old New Zealand; A tale of the good old times. By a Pakeha Maori. Auckland. Creighton & Scales. 1863. xiv, 239 pp. Original purple cloth boards. 1st Auckland edition. Bagnall 3343, Hocken 224*

[Maning, F.E.] *Old New Zealand: being incidents of native customs and character in the old times. By a Pakeha Maori. London: Smith, Elder and Co., 65, Cornhill. M.DCCC.LXIII [1863]. viii, 216 pp, Embossed original brown cloth boards. 1st London edition. Bagnall 3345; Hocken 224.*

[Maning, F.E.] *Old New Zealand; A tale of the good old times; and a history of the war in the North against the chief Heke, in 1845. Told by an old chief of the Ngaphu tribe. By a Pakeha Maori. With an Introduction by the Earl of Pembroke. London, Richard Bentley & Son, 1876. xxiv, [ii], 278, [1] pp. Original grey decorated cloth. Bagnall 3346, Hocken 224. Re-issued in 1884 (Bagnall 3347).*

Maning's two main works were published in a number of editions and configurations, discussed and summarised at length by Johannes Anderson.[11] The *History* was published by George Chapman in Auckland as an undated pamphlet in brown paper covers with the title repeated on the front cover. The printers are Creighton, Scales and Tothill, Shortland Street, Auckland, and by tracing the preceding arrangement of printers' names associated with Creighton and the *Southern Cross*, the Bishop of Waiapu, Herbert Williams, in his non-ecclesiastical leisure, also a bibliographer and lexicographer, was able to determine that the

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[7] **Anderson, J**., op. cit. p. 60.
[8] **David Colquhoun**. op. cit.
[9] **Scholefield, J**, ,op. cit.
[10] Robert Creighton (1835-1893) founded the Auckland paper the *Southern Cross* in 1861. He was a war correspondent in the Waikato War, and went on to a career journalism and politics, including founding the *Auckland Star*, and later editing the *New Zealand Herald*. He introduced Ligurian bees into New Zealand from California. (See Scholefield, Vol. 1, p. 183.)
[11] **Anderson, J.,** op. cit. pp. 59-76.

pamphlet was published between December 1861 and October 1862. It is very rare. A second edition, bound in red cloth and expanded to 113 pages was published in 1864, printed by Creighton and Scales (Tothill having disappeared). Maning's *History* was republished in the same volume as the reissue of *Old New Zealand*, in the edition of 1876 and in later re-issues.

Maning can never relate an event or tell a tale in a straightforward manner. Here in the *History* he contrives to present an account of Heke's war as told by a Ngapuhi chief, supposedly translated by his friend the 'Pakeha Maori', Maning himself. As Bagnall says, he '*successfully sustains the illusion to the end*', apart from the '*banality of the conclusion*'. The part fictional nature of the account is signalled in the Preface: '*This little tale is an endeavour to call back some shadows from the past: a picture of things which have left no record but this imperfect sketch. The old settlers of New Zealand - my fellow pioneers - will, I hope, recognize the likeness. To those who have more recently sought these shores, I hope it may be interesting. To all it is respectfully presented.*'

He starts with the fanciful last words of the dying Hongi, giving a warning '*if ever there should land on this shore a people who wear red garments, who do no work, who neither buy or sell, and who always have arms in their hands, then be aware that these are a people called soldiers, a dangerous people, whose only occupation is war. When you see them, make war against them*.'[12] Then there is an account of the Treaty from a Māori viewpoint, showing up the confusion and mixed perceptions and expectations, the account aligned with Maning's own criticisms. He leads us through the increasing realisation of what Māori was losing, and the breaking of promises, and by this time the rather child-like way he is writing, through the voice of the chief, is beginning to grate a titch, and feels a little patronising. Heke cuts down the flagpole: '*we had less tobacco and fewer blankets, and other European goods, than formerly, and we saw that the first Governor had not spoken the truth, for he told us we should have a great deal more. The hearts of the Maori were sad, and our old Pakeha friends looked melancholy, because so few ships came to bring them goods to trade with. At last we began to think the flagstaff must have something to do with it, and so Heke went and cut it down*.' [13] He actually does Heke a disservice here, things were not that simple. And so the conflict begins: '*So Heke sent runners to all the divisions of the Ngapuhi, saying, "Come, stand at my back: the red garment is on the shore. Let us fight for our country. Remember the last words of Hongi Ika--Kei hea koutou kia toa.".'*[14] Maning takes us through the events, maintaining his style: '*Well, you Pakeha are a noble-minded people; it was very generous of you to give up Kororareka to be plundered and burnt for utu for the Maori.'*[15]

Once Maning gets into gear, the narration is lively, entertaining and often astute. But Bagnall is right in highlighting the banal conclusion. Maning can't resist getting his own concerns around land ownership in at the end. '*Since the above was written I am sorry to say that my old friend has departed this life. He was, with his brother, shot dead some years ago in a scuffle about a piece of land. In justice to the memory of my old and respected friend I am bound to say, that, according to the very best native authorities, his title to the land was perfectly clear and good*.' Right down to the last lines, '*The only safe maxim I can give on native tenure, after all my study, is as follows: --Every native who is in actual possession of land, must be held to have a good*

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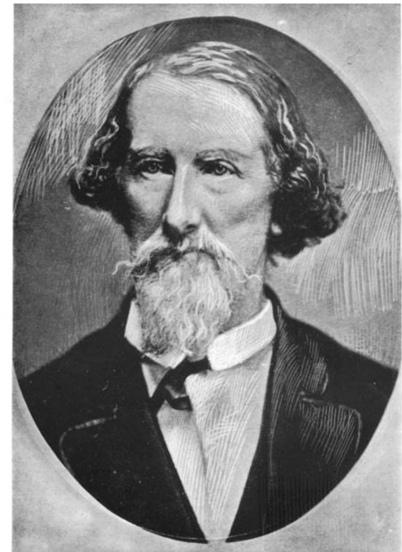
[12] **Maning, F.E.,** History of the war in the north of New Zealand against the chief Heke. In the year 1845. As told by an old chief of the Ngapuhi tribe. Faithfully translated by a "Pakeha Maori". Auckland, George Chapman, [1862]. p. 1.
[13] Ibid., p. 6.
[14] Ibid., p. 8.
[15] Ibid., p. 10.

title till some one else shows a better, by kicking him off the premises.'[16] There are numerous footnotes, well worth reading, and show Maning in his more serious, authoritative vein.

The two *Old New Zealand* books of 1863 are the first edition (Bagnall 3343), and the reissue published in London in the same year (Bagnall 3345, Anderson's '3rd edition') with the different title page. There was a second New Zealand edition published in Auckland in the same year (1863), with 'second edition' on the title page, and the date in Roman numerals. The text is identical, with page 239 wrongly numbered 329. There are no illustrations, in any of his books, but who needs them when you have an illustrative pen such as Maning's.

He starts off in his preface, almost as though getting in ahead of criticisms to come: '...*it may be necessary to state, that the descriptions of Maori life and manners of past times found in these sketches owe nothing to fiction...*'. He feels that more recent Māori contact with English settlers has brought a change in their manners and customs, and so its worth recording what they were like in prior times. Thus all through the book, intertwined with recording events on his arrival and during the subsequent northern disturbances (well they weren't his doing, however he launched himself straight into Māori life and conflict), there is a commentary on Māori life, personalities, and the engagement between settler and Māori parties and people.



JUDGE MANING
Author of 'Old New Zealand." From a Photograph in the Grey Collection, Auckland Public Library

For some reason he is coy about giving any specific facts about the date of his arrival, and the place, the reasons, names of any of the people he meets, and the ship. Given it is some 30 years since the events, it all seems unnecessary. He is equally coy about landing, The first two chapters of the book, announcing his arrival and anchorage, is full of talk, thoughts, accounts of later events, including the tale of a Māori friend who ate a worthless European captive for breakfast. And although it takes two chapters, he finally leaves the ship, in this case on the shoulders of a young Māori man, but it is all a bit much and they slip and fall, his hat sails off, which seems to attract Māori on the shore more than does Maning and his companion floundering in the sea. But they eventually arrive on the beach, and Maning and his young Māori transport, the latter wanting to save face after having failed to keep Maning dry, immediately get involved in a wrestling match surrounded by cheering locals. It must have been one of the more exciting settler arrivals of the time

Maning is then taken into the care of the unnamed store keeper (probably Thomas Kerry) who had come on board and met him. Amidst the continuing waffle, there is a good story of Maning, already engaging with Māori, helping the local iwi (Ngapuhi) to strengthen their pa in the face of a threat from a warring party, antagonistic to this local tribe, returning from the south. They prepare for a fight, but in the end, with much challenging and speeches, all want peace, and some 60 odd pigs are slaughtered.

The flavour of the man, especially his ability to make fun of himself, is particularly shown in his appearance to prove his land title before newly-appointed Land Commissioners. '...*I made a very unwilling appearance at the court, and explained and defended*

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[16] Ibid., p. 52.

my title to the land in an oration of four hours' and a half duration: and which, though I was much out of practise, I flatter myself was a good specimen of English rhetoric, and .....which was listened to by the court with the greatest patience. When I concluded, and having been asked "if I had any more to say?" I saw the commissioner beginning to count my words, which had been all written I suppose in short hand, and having ascertained how many thousand I had spoken, he handed me a bill, in which I was charged by the word, for every word I had spoken, at the rate of one farthing and one twentieth per word.......For my part I have never recovered the shock. I have since that time become taciturn, and adopted a Spartan brevity when forced to speak....',[17] the latter however, not apparent in his subsequent writing.

Maning writes at some length on land ownership, something that led in later years to his appointment as a Judge of the Māori Land Court, and also of the customs which affected his own progress through the settler life. '*There were in the old times, two great institutions, which reigned with iron rod in Maori land – the Tapu and the Muru*.'[18] He is astute in seeing that muru, or what settlers might call robbery or plunder, was more of a feature of Māori 'law', equivalent to an obligation to pay damages for offences to person and property. The extent of this was remarkable: '*In fact, for then thousand different causes, a man might be robbed; and I can really imagine a case for which a man for scratching his own head might be legally robbed.*'[19] You get the feeling that he might have been thinking of some part other than his head.

And then he talks of tapu. '*Earth, air, fire, water goods and chattels, growing crops, men, women, and children, - everything absolutely was subject to its influence, and a more perplexing puzzle to new pakehas who were continually from ignorance infringing some of its rules, could not be well imagined*.'[20] Maning experienced it himself in different ways, noting that it is also a '*great preserver of property*', and '*I have often in the good old times been tabooed in the most diabolical and dignified manner*,...'[21] . He goes on with many anecdotes and then into much on the priesthood, tohunga, and the spiritual life of Māori. There is a long account of the death of his old chief, his rangatira, with its mixture of lurid and touching writing, including the chief's last words '*How sweet is man's flesh*.'

Maning's last couple of pages are quite personal. He first concludes a long discussion on mana, including an inevitable anecdote. '*I once had a tame pig, which, before heavy rain, would always cut extraordinary capers and squeak like mad. Every pakeha said he was "weather-wise"; but all the Maori said it was a "poaka whai mana", a pig possessed of mana; it had more than natural powers and could foretell rain*.' Also regarding mana, he was partly wrong on one thing: '*When the law of England is the law of New Zealand, and the Queen's writ will run, then both the Queen and the law will have great mana; but I don't think either will ever happen, and so neither will have any mana of consequence*.'[22]

And so he ends, lamenting the modern youth of the day, as we all do, '*The other day I saw a young chap on a good horse; he had a black hat and polished Wellingtons; his hat was cocked knowingly to one side; he was jogging along, with one hand jingling the money in the pocket; and I*

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[17] **[Maning, F.E.]** Old New Zealand; A tale of the good old times. by a pakeha Maori. Auckland. Creighton & Scales. 1863. pp. 76-84.
[18] Ibid.,, pp. 105-116.
[19] Ibid., p. 107.
[20] Ibid., p. 119.
[21] Ibid., p. 128
[22] Ibid., p. 228.

might never see another war dance, if the hardened villain was not whistling "Pop goes the weasel"! What will all this end in.'[23]

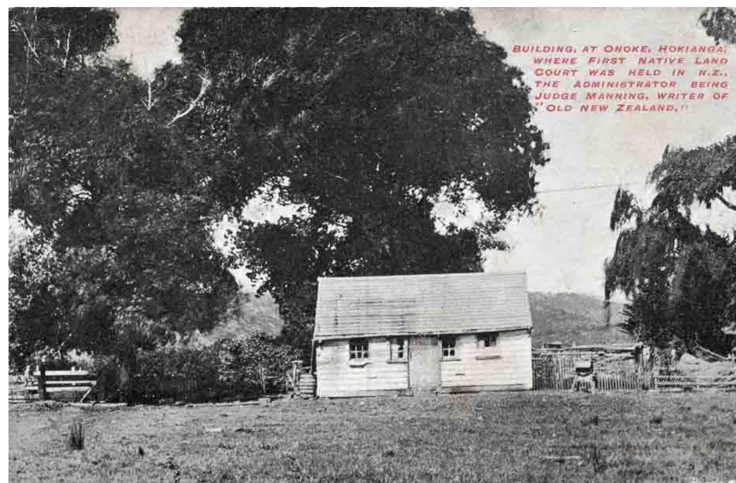
Frederick Maning's House at Onoke on the Kaipara Harbour, at the time when he was a Māori Land Court Judge. Photograph by David Munday, c. 1870. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, New Zealand. /records/23122263

The book was translated into Danish and German, the former uniquely by an ex-prime minster of Denmark, Bishop Monrad, who, finding Denmark a little uncomfortable after losing a war with Germany in 1864, emigrated with his family in 1865. He stayed until 1869 and took the time to translate and eventually publish a slightly condensed version in 1870.[24] The German edition, by Dr August W. Peters, was from the Danish version, and you wonder whether the inimitable humour and gusto of Maning survived.

Old New Zealand apparently almost never survived. Maning, after the initial Auckland publication, gathered all available copies and is said to have burned them on the shores of the Hokianga. There are a couple of stories associated with this, one that he became unhappy with it , and in Hocken's words (cited in Anderson) '*he deemed it proper for respectability and for his children's sake to obliterate every glimpse of those old times*,...'. The other was the he was irate with Julius Vogel, editor of the *Southern Cross* who printed it, for printing an unauthorised 1000 copies, and so tried to destroy them. The story is confusing since it seems more likely, with Vogel succeeding Creighton as *Southern Cross* editor, and Creighton being Maning's friend who encouraged him to write the work, that the edition concerned was the London one. There is a record of Maning's solicitor writing to Smith Elder in London to cease printing. Whatever the truth of the mix of stories, the early editions are lucky to have survived. The longevity and popularity of the book is more due to the Earl of Pembroke who visited New Zealand in 1871 and befriended Maning, and hence the 1876 edition with the good earl's name prominent.[25] It seems fitting that Maning's books had as interesting a history as their author.

[23] Ibid., p. 229.
[24] **Anderson, J.**, op. cit. pp. 62-63.
[25] Ibid., pp. 70-71.

Maning wrote no other substantial work, though Anderson provides a bibliography of some 22 items, including different editions and translations, and a work on Māori traditions of 1882, and Bagnall less generous at 14. His knowledge of Māori, particularly of customs such as mana, along with something of an obsession with land, resulted in his appointment as a judge of the Native Land Court in 1865, and his courthouse on the Hokianga survived into the 20th C. His probity was commented on by Rusden '*In toiling through musty tomes, it sends a pleasure to the heart to find that amongst those who did not strive to overreach the Maoris was the man who best knew, and could most easily have traded upon, their ignorance of the significance of the parchments they were induced to sign*.'[26] By this time, however, Maning, seemed to have less sympathy for Māori, and in his private papers could write quite outrageously against them.[27] The Land Court was not always the friend of Māori, its doings largely ensuring that so-called 'waste' lands would come into settler ownership, and stripping Māori of indigenous right.



Maning's courthouse at Onoke, where the first Native Land Court hearing is likely to have been held. https://nzhistory.govt.nz/media/photo/judge-mannings-courthouse, (Ministry for Culture and Heritage), updated 19-Sep-2014

Maning retired in 1876, though occasionally appears in court hearings after that. He became estranged from his children in later life, and then in 1882, he injured his chin and when this turned malignant he sailed to England for treatment, which was unsuccessful and he died there. Following his wishes, his body was returned to New Zealand and is buried in Symond's St cemetery in Auckland. You wish you had known him.

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[26] **Rusden, G.W.**, History of New Zealand. In three volumes. London: Chapman and Hall, Limited, Melbourne and Sydney: George Robertson. 1883. Vol. 1. p. 323.

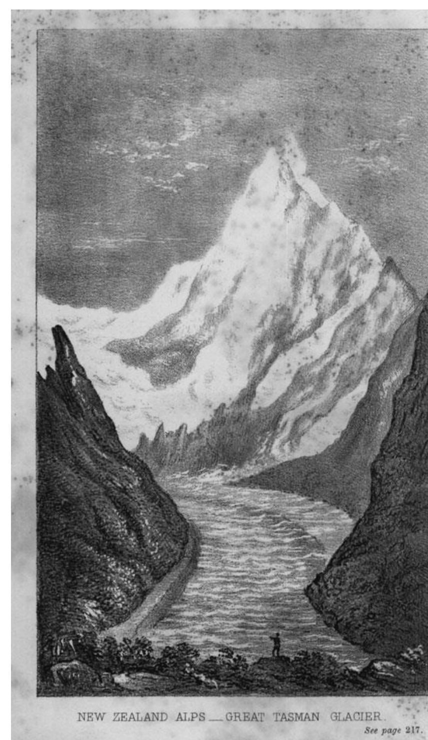
[27] **Nicholson, J.,** White chief : the colourful life and times of Judge F.E. Maning of the Hokianga. Auckland, Penguin, 2006.

A vocabulary so dry, barren, and jejune

Heywood, BA, *A vacation tour of the Antipodes. 1863.*

We know very little about Benjamin Heywood, but one thing we do know is that he suffered from '*untoward absorption of the juices of his system*.' He was very dry. He was also accused of being *jejune*, that is, naïve or simplistic. Well, if the Australian reviewer wanted 'jejune', then he should have read some of the more precious prose of F E Maning.

Benjamin Arthur Heywood has remained elusive, so we only have his book to go by. There was a Heywood banking family in Manchester, with a couple of Benjamin Arthur Heywoods in it, including the founder, but nothing fits with this author. There is also a record of a B A Heywood (1835-1904) who was admitted to Cambridge aged 19 in 1854, and Heywood, on his title page, indicated he graduated with an MA from Trinity College Cambridge. According to Ellis, he was an English schoolmaster, but no source for that is given[28].



New Zealand Alps – Great Tasman Glacier. Heywood, 1863, frontispiece.

Whoever he was, and whatever he did after returning to England, he wouldn't have been encouraged to write more. Hocken (223), equally dry, says that his book was '*A scamper through both islands; of little interest*', and an Australian reviewer enjoys himself at Heywood's expense: *'Mr Heywood says he was recommended to take the trip for the benefit of his health. We can readily believe him. He does not tell us what his complaint was, but if we might venture to speculate on it, we should at once say, in lay dialect, that he was suffering from some untoward absorption of the juices of his system. At any rate, we never had the pleasure of making literary acquaintance with a mind in which Bacon calls 'moisture' was less apparent. ......It is not often that a man could pass through the curious civilisation and the magnificent scenery that Mr Heywood must have encountered in Australia and New Zealand, with a vocabulary so dry, barren, and jejune.'*[29]

Heywood, as with quite a few other Englishmen, embarked on a voyage for health reasons, taking a '*long vacation*', and departed from Liverpool on the Black Ball Clipper the *Lightwing*[30] on April 12, 1861. He arrived in Melbourne on August 28 and spent the next 4 months travelling in Victoria, Tasmania, Queensland and New South Wales. On December 17 he embarked from Sydney on the steamer the *Prince Alfred* and sailed off to New Zealand. Heywood arrived on December 24 and was in Nelson for Christmas day. He spent the next six months travelling in New Zealand, sailing back to Sydney on the 15th of July, 1862. By the 15th October, he landed back in England, having sailed via what was by now the preferred route, through Suez. In March the next year he is writing his preface and his travel book was published by that excessively named firm Longman, Green, Longman, Roberts & Green in the same year.

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[28] **Ellis, D. & E.,** op. cit. pp. 168-169.

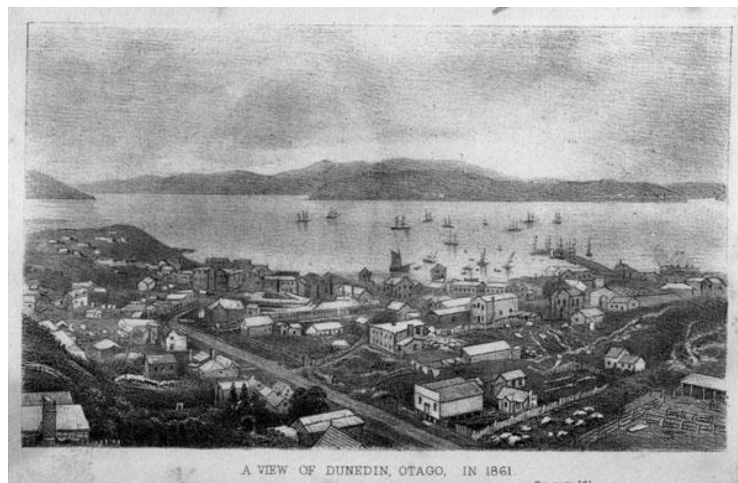
[29] The Argus (Melbourne). Mon 6 Jul, 1863, p. 5

[30] The Liverpool Black Ball Line owned by James Baines & Co, based in Liverpool, running cargo and passenger services between England and Australia.

Heywood, BA *A vacation tour of the Antipodes, through Victoria, Tasmania, New South Wales, Queensland, and New Zealand, in 1861-1862. London: Longman, Green, Longman, Roberts & Green. 1863.. viii, 251 pp, folding map in front cover pocket, 2 other folding maps, 7 plates. Bagnall 2589, Hocken 223.*

My copy is the first edition, re-cased with original red embossed boards, and a bit grubby, as are most. The folding map is in a pocket in the front cover. Bought from Bethune's in 1994, and doesn't really seem worth an upgrade.

The book has 9 plates, three of Australia including of Parliament House in Melbourne, Sydney University, and at the end, when Heywood had retuned to Australia on the way home, an engraving of Mr Landsborough, the Australian Explorer, standing with two aboriginal men.[31] There is no good reason for including this engraving, other than that Heywood happened to mention some Australian explorers on the facing page (p. 264). The other five plates are of New Zealand, liberally taken from different sources available to Longmans. The frontispiece is of '*The New Zealand Alps – The Great Tasman Glacier*' and there is a pencil note 'Haast' with it. This is an engraving from an original drawing by Julius von Haast, from his 1861-1862 explorations of the Southern Alps regions.[32] Another Haast drawing of the Great Godley Glacier is on p. 217. These drawings, Heywood tells us in his preface, were taken from sketches first published in the *Australian Mail*, '*a very well-conducted illustrated paper, printed at Melbourne.*' There is an engraving of '*A View of Dunedin, Otago, in 1861'* which clearly shows the city buildings and ships at anchor, and appears to have been taken from a drawing, but the source has not yet been identified. A view of Gabriel's Gulley in the Otago goldfields is taken from a photograph by an unknown photographer[33], and one of '*The Pah of the late Te Whero Whero*' from the watercolour by George French Angas.



A View of Dunedin, Otago, in 1861. Heywood, 1863, p. 141.

[31] The fellow characters are Jemmy and Jack Fisherman, and the original is a photograph taken in 1862. The engraving was done by James Widdowfield Barfoot, who with his brother James Richard were mainly known for puzzles and board games.
[32] https://art-newzealand.com/8-glaciers/ (accessed 21 June 2023).
[33] Alexander Turnbull Library/records/23185473.

There are three maps; two smaller folding ones in the text are copies of ancient maps of Australia, exceeding the coverage of that early history in the text, and not of concern to us here. The large folding map, is in two halves, the left side is of the Eastern half of Australia by the cartographer J Bartholomew[34]. Heywood tells us that this is from '*Messrs. Philip and Son's Tourist Series, and contains the latest discoveries*.' The right hand side shows New Zealand, drawn by W Hughes[35], and has a key showing the territory of 15 Māori tribes, with insets of Auckland, the volcanoes prominent, and the country around Dunedin with the eastern part of the gold fields. This latter map is from A S Thomson's History.[36]

We don't have much on Heywood, but here is a picture of exporting 'waler' horses, which were on Heywood's ship sailing to NZ, the horses destined for China. Most were later exported to India. In the earlier days, they were loaded with slings. 'The new mode of shipping horses to India.' - ramps were safer and faster than slings - wood engraving, 1880. State Library of Victoria. https://walers.blogspot.com/2016/07/buying-walers-australian-horse-traders.html

Heywood tells us that he is taking a long vacation for '*a thorough change of air, for the benefit of my health*', joining a growing list of young men who think that a voyage to the ends of the earth will be just the thing, and in most cases it seems to have worked. He acknowledges other writers whose work he has used, and starts the book with an historical sketch, which was immediately a little out of date, and by this time, not necessary, there being many histories of varying sorts published on both Australia and New Zealand. In his Preface, he adds a postscript correcting some inaccuracies on the early discovery of Australia, following the recent publication edited by R Major for the Hakluyt Society[37].

After the first historical chapter, Heywood is sailing to Australia, and gives a glimpse of life on board. He is one of only 20 in the chief cabin with about 400 passengers in all, not dissimilar to the distribution in a modern Dreamliner. Its not too bad a trip: *'...our voyage was pleasant enough, as we had a great variety of employments and amusements. At one time a school was held for the steerage children; whilst at others there was dancing, boxing and playing at rope quoits, chess, draughts, or cards. In the Northern Tropics we had foot-races and leaping matches. There were also concerts, and in the long Winter evenings south of the Cape of Good Hope, lectures and public readings in the saloon*.'[38] The next two chapters cover his time in Victoria, Tasmania, New South Wales and Queensland, and he laments, in his preface, not being able to go to South Australia.

Heywood is in New Zealand in time for Christmas, 1861. His ship-board companions on the InterColonial Company steamer *Prince Alfred* included 81 horses, and he notes that

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[34] John Bartholomew FRGS (1831–1893), from a family of Scottish cartographers

[35] William Hughes, FRGS (1818-1876), a prominent London geographer.

[36] **Thomson, A.S.** The story of New Zealand: Past and present – Savage and civilised. In 2 Volumes. London: John Murray, 1859.

[37] **Major, R.H.** (ed), Early Voyages to Terra Australis, now called Australia: A Collection of Documents, and Extracts from early Manuscript Maps, illustrative of the History of Discovery on the Coasts of that vast Island, from the Beginning of the Sixteenth Century to the Time of Captain Cook. London, Hakluyt Society, 1859.

[38] **Heywood, BA** A vacation tour of the Antipodes, through Victoria, Tasmania, New South Wales, Queensland, and New Zealand, in 1861-1862. London: Longman, Green, Longman, Roberts & Green. 1863. pp. 30-31.

there was a trade of horses from Australia to China, where such horses were known as 'walers', derived from New South Wales. And here we are with current controversies over live shipments of cattle and sheep from New Zealand to China. But the passage was calm and he was able to read A S Thomson's *New Zealand History*, which he cribs for the first of his pages on New Zealand.[39] Incidentally, the *Prince Alfred* had a dicey past, there being a report in 1860 of when the ship was a day out from Sydney enroute to Nelson it encountered a storm: '*But the crack vessel of the Inter-Colonial Company, subsidised by the Colony and carrying its mails, charged also with the important duty of facilitating passenger traffic between Australia and New Zealand, is in such a cranky state as to be compelled to hurry back to shelter for fear of foundering*!'[40] Horses were strangled and battered to death, cargo lost, the mainmast rolled, and Heywood would have been pleased he had a calm voyage a couple of years later.

He landed in Nelson and wasn't much impressed by his hotel: '*As the Intercolonial Company charged for each meal during detention at ports, we had no inducement to stay in the vessel. Some of us accordingly went to the Waketu Hotel, as being the best in the town; and in this case bad indeed was the best*.'[41] He stayed with his steamer, visiting Wellington: '*It was night when we entered Cook's Straits, and from the high sea running we rolled fearfully. Fortunately our eighty-one horses had by this time got their sea legs. This narrow sea is very subject to gales and heavy weather.*', and then on to Port Cooper (Lyttleton) where they dropped off 41 of their horses, and then Otago, landing on New Year's Day, 1862. Heywood visits the gold diggings and we get something of a picture of the man. He's a bit proper, and the Australians certainly picked up the dryness: '*then I called at one of the tents to make my inquiries, I was invited in; several young men were there, who immediately placed spirits on the table, and kindly insisted that we should reciprocate healths. Hating spirits, I begged to be allowed to drink to their prosperity and happiness with the refreshing beverage tea, some of which also was on the table. It rather surprised me to meet with a tentful of such very respectable young men of the working classes as these seemed to be*.'[42] And on his return, it seems he can't get away from the spirits: '*I left next morning for Dunedin by the coach at 7.30. A low intoxicated woman was my only companion for five miles; and her shrieks and cries, as her heavy head bumped about against the supports of the roof, whilst we proceeded in our jolting and jumping course, were any thing but pleasant*.'[761]

Heywood's steamer, with the young man wrapped in his '*warm Hobart town opossum-rug*' returns to Lyttleton, and then for 70 shillings boards a brig, with accommodation superior to that on his steamer, and sails for Hawkes Bay. He visits Napier, and has an eye for humour: '*The nearest bush to the town is about eight or ten miles off, across the Ngararuro river, and belongs to the Aborigines. The Native Lands Commissioner was most anxious to purchase it for the Europeans, and asked Hapuku, a warlike chief, who was part owner of it, what he would sell it for? "£1,000,000," was the reply. "Can you count a million?" said the Commissioner. "Can you count those trees?" was the rejoinder,.....*'[43] Heywood attends a large hui and eats goose, pork and potatoes with a knife and fork, utensils, he notes, not available on his brig, attends the Māori church at Te Aute, and eventually returns to Nelson, where the fruit was ripe and he could '*testify to the goodness of Nelson apples*', something that can still be said 170 years later. His travels continue on the 27th of February, sailing up the west coast, with Bishop Selwyn on board, and dropping off some of the Taranaki refugees who were returning to New

[39] **Thomson, A.S.** The story of New Zealand: Past and present – Savage and civilised. In 2 Volumes. London: John Murray, 1859.
[40] Marlborough Press, Volume I, Issue 11, 16 March 1860, Page 4, originally in the Lyttleton Times.
[41] **Heywood, BA**, op. cit. p. 149.
[42] Ibid., pp. 164-165.
[43] Ibid., p. 172.

Plymouth now that the war was concluded. The voyage continues to the Manukau, crossing the bar, where if they foundered, it appears that the ladies would have had little chance: '*Two men were lashed to the wheel, the skylights and ports were shut, all ladies sent below, and the gentlemen mounted on the bridge*.' He gives a rather prosaic description of Auckland and not long after is back in Taranaki, providing an excuse for a lengthy number of pages on the history the province and the war. Back in Nelson, on the 6th March he records the news of the death of the Prince Consort who had died in the preceding December. Heywood spent the next months visiting Wellington and Canterbury, more extensively, quoting liberally from Haast and others in providing a contemporary picture of the colony getting into its straps. He left for Sydney on July 15, via Bluff and Melbourne, and travels around Victoria and New South Eales until sailing for England on the 22nd of August, presumably with his health much restored, though there seems to have been little wrong with it. He reached England on October 15. The book ends with the regulatory chapter on emigration, concluding: '*To send out a single and unprotected female in a mixed ship, is an actual sin. The chances are strongly in favour of her ruin*.' We know nothing more about Benjamin Heywood.

THE WRECK OF H.M.S. ORPHEUS ON MANUKAU BAR, NEW ZEALAND.

Wreck of the Orpheus on the Manukau Bar, with the loss of 189 lives, a year after Heywood's uneventful crossing.

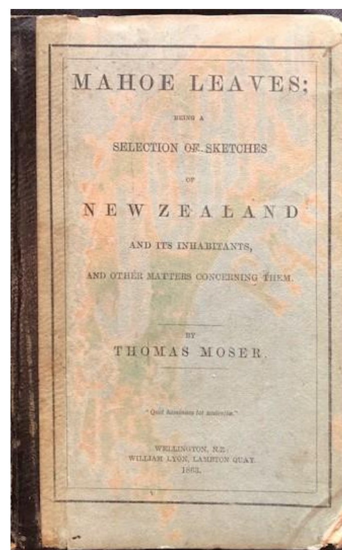
It is the truthfulness of these sketches that constitutes their chief merit

Moser, T. *Mahoe leaves. 1863.*

We know little about the early life of Thomas Moser (1831-1900). He was born in Kendal, and educated at Cambridge, though the education couldn't have been up to much because he sailed for New Zealand in 1851, just 20 years old. Over the next 12 years he appears to have held a military commission and was Private Secretary to Governor Eyre[44]. He must have had some connections, because Eyre, who was Lieutenant Governor of the New Munster Province (the South Island and lower North Island) under the over all Governorship of George Grey, with whom he fell out. Eyre resigned and left New Zealand in 1853, only two years after Moser had arrived. Thus Moser must have been appointed prior to his arrival or just after. One of Moser's predecessors was William Gisborne, who arrived in New Zealand in 1847, and is also recorded as being Eyre's secretary

Moser must have had an early bent for writing, since between October 1862 and January 1863, he contributed articles to the *Wellington Independent*. These were reprinted widely in other newspapers and journals such as the *Southern Cross*. He collected a number of the articles and had them published in the year that he left New Zealand for Australia, where he spent the rest of his life. There is an advertisement for the collection published in the *Wellington Independent* in February 1863.

'These sketches originally contributed to the columns of the Wellington Independent, have almost from their first appearance, achieved a universal popularity, and have been reprinted into many of the leading journals of New Zealand. The picturesque style in which the native character is delineated – the racy humour shown in depicting Maori scenes and incidents – the pungent satire, freely bestowed where the author conceived there were wrongs to be redressed, or abuses to be attacked, all have combined to rendered "Mahoe Leaves", the mostly appreciated series of essays, that for a lengthened period have been submitted to the judgement and criticism of the public. Such being the case, the publishers at the request of a large number of their subscribers, have resolved to collect and reproduce them in the form of a neat volume, and thus secure to their admirers, that continuous and complete perusal which their previous appearance in a tri-weekly journal could scarcely afford. The volume will be in demy 12 mo – price 3s. Orders for copies and applications from parties who wish to act as agents, should be addressed to the publishers Messrs. McKenzie & Muir, Office of the Wellington Independent.'[45]



Moser, T. *Mahoe leaves; being a selection of sketches of New Zealand and its inhabitants, and other matters concerning them. Wellington, N.Z.: William Lyon, Lambton Quay. 1863. [3], 100 pp, 4 p adverts. Bagnall 3644, Hocken 225*.

My copy is in the original blue cloth covers. It was bought at auction in 1993, and is fairly common, usually a bit grubby, and not much regarded these days.

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[44] Death notice, Evening Post, Volume lix, Issue 146, 21 June 1900, p. 4

[45] Wellington Independent Volume xvii, Issue 1831, 17 February 1863, p. 1.

The book has a Latin quotation on the title page: *Quot Hominium, Tot Sententiae* which means that there are as many opinions as there are people. It is from Terence and leaves out the final words '*suus cuique mos*' which adds, 'to each his own way'. For some reason, '*hominium*' or mankind is used instead of the original 'homines' or people, but it doesn't seem important.

The Wellington book trade was alive and well in 1863. At the back of the book are advertisements for two book binders. Charles Bull splits the genders, suggesting that gentlemen might have their London News, Cornhill Magazine, Temple Bar Magazine, Punch and other journals neatly bound, whereas the ladies can have their music and all other works bound likewise. He also announces that he is expecting from London on the *Maria*, '*patent machinery, tools and materials*' for bookbinding. James Bourhill offers the same services, plus account books and advertises himself as a paper ruler, the facility to rule paper for music and other purposes. William Lyon, book seller and stationer, and M'Kenzie & Muir printers, also supply advertisements.

Moser gives no clue regarding the choice of title. Mahoe is also known as whiteywood, because of its pale stem or trunk, its taxonomic name *Melicytus ramiflorus*, 'ramiflorus' descriptive of the inflorescences which emerge directly from branches. The fertilised flowers become attractive purple berries sort after by kereru. It does appear in passing in his first chapter on the *Missionary Influence*, in a description of the bush. In his preface, Moser says that '*not wanting to write in the form of dry, didactic essays*', he invents '*fictitious characters, forming types of classes...whose acts and words serve the purpose of illustrating the author's meaning. "Jeremiah, "Malachi" and "Parnapa" are all thus far, creations of the imagination;...*'. Like Manning who wrote assuming the words of a Māori chief, Moser can't tell a tale in a straightforward manner, but then attributes his success to this very conceit.

Melicytus ramiflorus. The original painting by Sarah Featon published in The Art Album of the New Zealand Flora, in 1889, Plate 7.

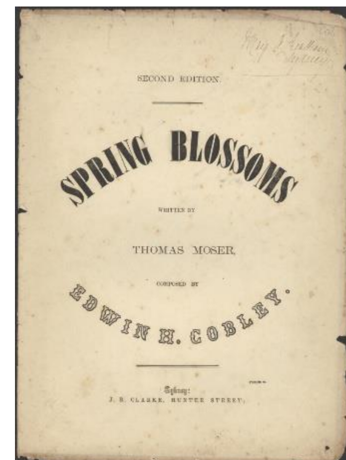
The book comprises ten essays, and as noted, most previously published. For instance the chapter Whakawas ('*Jeremiah is made a magistrate*!') was previously published in the Wellington Independent, reprinted in the *Southern Cross* in 1862.[46] Moser's first essay is on the missionary influence. '*The horrid Missionary Influence becomes a perfect bugbear to me*', but then by the end of a long ramble both through the country and in his writings, he reaches a more reasoned conclusion: '..*remember the class of men from whom the missionary has been selected; who by talents, education, original social position, and comparative isolation for so many years, ...are often placed in positions, and called upon for advice that they are utterly unqualified to give....it by no means follows that the missionaries are exempt from the failings of mankind*.'[47] There follow essays on runanga, huis, makutu (which he calls witchcraft) writings on his

[46] Southern Cross, Volume xviii, Issue 1680, 9 December 1862, p. 4

[47] **Moser, T.** Mahoe leaves; being a selection of sketches of New Zealand and its inhabitants, and other matters concerning them. Wellington, N.Z.: William Lyon, Lambton Quay. 1863. Pp. 1-13.

fictional but probably real characters and ends with a '*Valedictory*'. '*To attempt to solve the difficulty of the native question has not been my subject. I have endeavoured to raise a solemn protest against the mistaken philanthropy, which has been the fruitful source of all the present evils.....I therefore take leave of the public, thanking them kindly for the favourable notice these sketches have received from the colonial press, and trusting that if I ever again take up my pen to follow the subject, it may be in less troublesome times, and in a less troubled country*.'[48] And indeed he did take up his pen in both less troublesome times, and in what arguably was a less troubled country, Australia.

The book was reviewed favourably in the *Southern Cross,* the reviewer also puzzling a little over the title: '*The neat little volume now before us under the above title, is a reprint of certain sketches which appeared in the Wellington Independent newspaper. Our Maori scholarship does not extend to the comprehension of the name " Mahoe Leaves," -which appears to be a judicious mixture of the native and English languages, perhaps with a view of rendering the book useful to both races. In spite, however, of our ignorance regarding the title, we can easily comprehend the contents of the book before us. It is a collection of papers which in a small — sometimes rather too small — space give us a glimpse at the state of the natives when at home. This is in itself a refreshing thing, we admit, even were it done with less talent than is displayed by Mr Moser...........*' It notes how pleasant it is '*to turn from a series of pictures of the perfections of the Maori race, which would lead us to imagine them a species of partially fledged angel, to something which, if not quite as uniformly shaded to a rose colour, is in some measure recognisable as a picture which we can imagine in some way connected with our brown-skinned native friends*.' [49]



A second edition was issued by H I Jones in Wanganui in 1888, which seems very late to decide that the public might want to read this again. A modern reprint was issued by Capper Press in 1974.

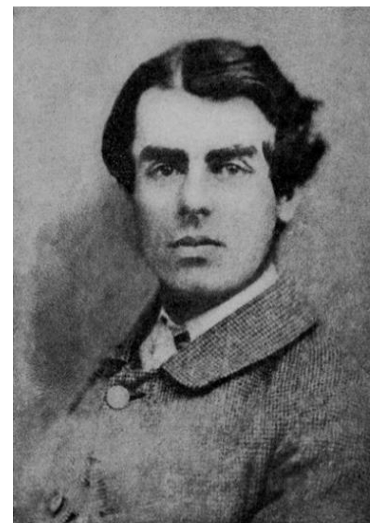
Moser moved to New South Wales in 1863, apparently in bad health, though he managed to live another 37 years. He married a Jane Brown in Morpeth in 1865, had about five children and followed a career in journalism in New South Wales until his death[50]. He pops up as the lyricist of a little book of songs 'Spring Blossoms' in 1874[51], but there is otherwise little record of him.

[48] Ibid., pp. 108-109.
[49] Daily Southern Cross, Volume xix, Issue 1839, 9 June 1863, p. 3
[50] https://www.wikitree.com/wiki/Moser-2402 Accessed 12 July 2023.
[51] Spring Blossoms, words by Thomas Moser, music by Edwin H Cobley, published by J R Clarke, Hunter St Sydney, 1874.

The work is one which ought never to have been published

Butler S. *A first year in Canterbury settlement.1863.*

A considerable number of single young men sailed forth from England in the 1850s and 60s heading for New Zealand and a new life, adventure, to improve their health, and, famously in the case of Samuel Butler, to get away from their families. But few were as lucky as Butler. He booked to sail on the *Burmah*, which left London for New Zealand on 30 August 1859. She was last seen some 14 days west of New Zealand by the immigrant ship the *Regina*, who recorded icebergs in the vicinity. The *Burmah* never arrived. Butler (or whoever wrote the preface) tells us that '*his berth was chosen, and the passage-money paid, when important alterations were made in the arrangements of the vessel, in order to make room for some stock which was being sent out to the Canterbury Settlement. The space left for the accommodation of the passengers being thus curtailed, and the comforts of the voyage seeming likely to be much diminished, the writer was most providentially induced to change his ship, and, a few weeks later, secured a berth in another vessel*.'[52]



Samuel Butler, aged 23, in 1858, about the time he emigrated to New Zealand

Samuel Butler (1835-1902) came from a line of patriarchal bullying. His father Thomas suffered under his own father, Dr Samuel Butler, sometime headmaster of Shrewsbury School and Bishop of Lichfield. Incidentally, the bishop died in office in 1839, and two bishops later was succeeded by New Zealand's George Selwyn, who also died in office. Thomas' son Samuel in turn suffered a rather brutal upbringing, unhappy schooling at Shrewsbury, achieved a first at Cambridge in classics, was sent to an impoverished London parish to prepare for the Anglican priesthood, started to question his faith, and in 1859, escaped the whole miserable existence by emigrating to New Zealand, sailing, safely, on the *Roman Emperor* in September 1859.[53]

He arrived in Lyttleton on January 27, 1860. When the *Roman Emperor* arrived, there seemed to be so many people crowding the decks that the authorities thought the ship carried Government immigrants, and so the Immigration Commissioners and the Police went on board, but the passengers (about 100) were found to be of '*superior class'*. All was well.[54] For the next 4 to 5 years, Butler, after exploring the upper reaches of the Canterbury rivers in earl 1860, established the Mesopotamia sheep station on the upper reaches of the Rangitātā river. The station eventually extended to 55,000 acres, and Buller's name remains with Mt Butler, the Butler Range and the Butler Saddle; it seems that despite an unhappy schooling he did excel in the physical side of

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[52] **Butler S.** A first year in Canterbury settlement. London: Longman, Green, Longman, Roberts and Green. 1863.

[53] There is a large literature on Butler, covering his life, time in New Zealand utopian philosophies, Darwin and evolution, novelist and essayist, father and son antagonism, and much on his principal books, Erewhon and The Way of All Flesh. There is an early biography: Stillman, Clara, Samuel Butler, a Mid-Victorian Modern. New York, The Viking Press, 1933; and numerous biographical entries, e.g. Roger Robinson. 'Butler, Samuel', Dictionary of New Zealand Biography, first published in 1990. Te Ara - the Encyclopedia of New Zealand, https://teara.govt.nz/en/biographies/1b55/butler-samuel (accessed 14 July 2023); Basil Willey, https://www.britannica.com/biography/Samuel-Butler-English-author-1835-1902

[54] https://freepages.rootsweb.com/~nzbound/genealogy/roman_emperor.htm Accessed 17 July 2023.

education with cross-country running and rowing, and this resulted in a reputation for alpine walking and exploration.[55] It was these experiences which were the foundation for his utopian, or rather dystopian, work *Erewhon* (and surely no-one needs to have it explained that it is roughly 'nowhere' backwards), and his account of his first year, published while he was still in Canterbury, in 1863.

***Butler S.** A first year in Canterbury settlement. London: Longman, Green, Longman, Roberts and Green. 1863. x, 162 pp, frontispiece folding map. Bagnall 850, Hocken 222.*

My 1st edition copy is in the original purple embossed cloth boards. It was bought from a bookshop in Auckland in 1997, no longer extant, although the collection of the owner was recently put up for auction. It's not too uncommon.

Butler may be the only well known author who published a scathing review of his own book. It appears that the book was complied by his father in England from Samuel's letters home, with the personal preface consequently an impersonation. Butler disavowed the work, and a scathing, satirical review appeared in the Press in September 1863, discouraging any potential reader, apparently written by Samuel Butler himself. '*Who Mr Butler may be we have not the remotest conception; but we should in a friendly manner advise him henceforward to keep his first impressions in M.S. until they become more matured and better presented to the public*.' The review continues to make a jocular query on whether the well-known Mr Butler of the Rangitātā sheep farm could possibly be the author, and if it was, then we would have expectations of a better work than that presented. '*It is crude and wholly destitute of method, the faults in style are numerous, and there is an abundance of those details which, though interesting enough to the family circle of the writer, and therefore well enough adapted for a M.S. letter, are excruciatingly tedious to the general reader, and ought never to have been allowed to exceed that circle for which they were originally intended.'* [56]The writer likes some passages describing Canterbury, but that's it.

The book has a coloured folding map of New Zealand with New Munster and New Ulster still provided as alternate names for the two islands, For some reason, there is an inset of the southern part of Western Australia. Perhaps it was the only map that Longmans had at hand. If the book is derived from letters, then Butler was a fine letter writer, creating a lively, detailed and engaging picture of the voyage out and his exploratory year in Canterbury. His style is plain, lacking the pomposity of the age, and he can make you laugh. The first two chapters record the voyage, and his eye is keen right from the start. As they were leaving, '*by and by a couple of policemen made their appearance and arrested one of the party, a London cabman, for debt. He had a large family, and a subscription was soon started to pay the sum he owed. Subsequently, a much larger subscription would have been made in order to have him taken away by anybody or anything*.'[57] The long voyage seems to go easily, he completes Gibbon, and Liebig's *Agricultural Chemistry*, learns the concertina and sets up and manages a choir where he becomes acquainted with the '*poorer passengers'*. When the ship is becalmed, they lower a boat, hoist the ladies over the side in a chair, add six bottles of champagne, row out a little way and have a fine old time, presumably not with the poorer

[55] Roger Robinson. 'Butler, Samuel', Dictionary of New Zealand Biography, first published in 1990. Te Ara - the Encyclopedia of New Zealand, https://teara.govt.nz/en/biographies/1b55/butler-samuel (accessed 14 July 2023)
[56] A First Year in Canterbury Settlement. The Press, Volume III, Issue 310, 28 October 1863, p. 2.
[57] **Butler, S**., op cit. p. 2.

passengers. They reach Lyttleton and he goes ashore, searching for letters, but finds they have been posted to a namesake some hundred miles further north. There is no word of the arrival of the *Burmah,* which was never seen again.

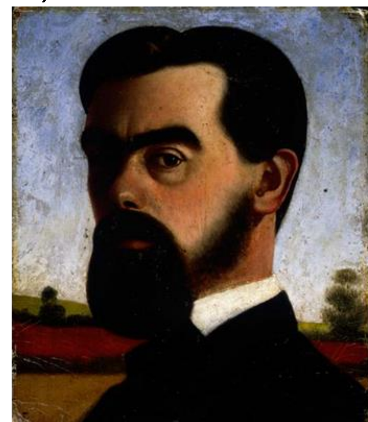
Mesopotamia Station, 1871. Alexander Turnbull Library, Making New Zealand Centennial Collection (PAColl-3060) Reference: MNZ-0386-1/4-F

Butler likes Lyttleton, but is less impressed by the view of the Canterbury plains from the port hills, they need more features. He spends time in Christchurch, and attunes to new expressions: '*When we should say in England "certainly not", it is here "no fear", or "Don't you believe it". ...The word, "Hum", too, without pronouncing the u, is an amusing requisition. I perceived that this stood either for assent or doubt, or wonder, or a general expression of comprehension....in fact, if a man did not want to say anything at all, he said "hum hum". It is a very good expression, and saves much trouble...*'[58] He then spends many pages on the various schemes and economics of sheep farming. Despite all that is written about his antagonism towards his father, he must have been on negotiable terms, since the discussion on sheep farming is brought about by the need to invest money sent out to him. And his father had, as well, initially bankrolled the voyage. Butler then buys a good, rather expensive horse called Doctor and heads north and inland.

Butler made a couple of expeditions into the further reaches of the Rakaia and Waimakariri rivers in search of land for sheep, and in April follows the Rangitātā. He and an unamed companion find a small piece of land which might have been suitable, and they are stunned by the near sight of Mt Cook. He records that '*I am now going to put up a V hut on the country that I took up on the Rangitata, meaning to hibernate there in order to see what the place is like*,' He has his eye on some country around there that he would like to purchase further, and in June '*The V hut is a fait accompli, if so small an undertaking can be spoken of in so dignified a*

[58] Ibid., p. 33.

manner. It consists of a small roof set upon the ground; it is a hut, all roof and no walls.'[59] Butler buys the land, and establishes himself on it, ingtroducing a cat that removes the threat of rats overwhelming them. He continues to describe setting up his property, taking in a dray with six bullocks to carry food and utensil, doors and windows, ploughs and harrows, and the station slowly takes its place. However, it is not all straightforward. '*There was a little hut on my run built by another person, and tenanted by his shepherd.. G---[60]- had an application of 5000 acres in the same block of country as mine*.'[61] The hut was placed just where Butler had intended to put his, and the inevitable row ensued over boundaries and ownership. The only solution was to lodge an application to buy the land from the Government in Christchurch, and so off he rides, only to see behind him at one stage, his rival. '...*I had not gone far, when, happening to turn around, I saw a man on horseback about a quarter of a mile behind me. I knew at once that this was G---- , and letting him come up with me, we rode for some miles together, each of us of course well aware of the other's intentions, but too polite to squabble about them when squabbling was no manner of use*.' The intention was to get your name on the book in the Land Office so have your application heard before anyone else; he wanted to purchase 20 acres of the land surrounding the hut, and so Butler needed to get his name down before his rival. They part company, and Butler knows that neither would be able to get to Christchurch that day, so there was now no undue haste. Then his horse breaks down, threatening the whole affair, but he manages to get another from a friendly station. He calls in at an accommodation house 25 miles from Christchurch and hears that his rival is there, so carries on, and eventually arrives that night. The Office is supposed to open at 10 am, but he turns up, like one of the three little pigs, at 7, to find the door open, and there was the book. *'I opened it with trembling fingers, and saw my adversary's name written in bold handwriting, defying me, as it were, to do my worst*.' His aim then was to write his name immediately after 10 am, and then claim that his rival's entry was invalid since it was entered before office hours. But then '*Running my eye through the list of names, to my great surprise I saw my own among them. It has been entered by my solicitor...;*[782], and so his application preceded that of his rival, all was made clear to the Commissioner of Waste Lands, and he was able to make his purchase. A few weeks after he bought out G---- entirely.



Butler took up painting on his return to England, and made several self-portraits in oils, this was done in 1866, 3 years later leaving New Zealand. Alexander Turnbull Library Reference: G-546

He concludes the book with more descriptions of the station, of the plants, animals and insects, of which he has no high opinion '*Summing up then, the whole of the vegetable and animal productions of this settlement, I think that it is not too much to say that they are decidedly inferior in beauty and interest to those of the old world*.'[62]His final chapter is written directly to young men who might want to follow him in emigrating and establishing a run. At this time he wasn't able to tell them that in his four years, he had doubled his capital, to £8000, when he sold.

Butler left New Zealand, apparently rather abruptly, on June 15 1864. He had taken an active part in Christchurch cultural life, and began his writing career, including some

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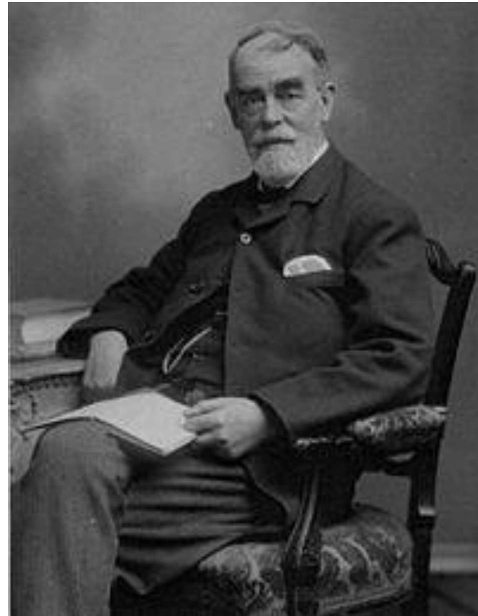
[59] Ibid., p. 73.

[60] The rival squatter is given as J H Caton in Roger Robinson op. cit.

[61] Ibid., pp. 114 -120.

[62] Ibid., p. 142.

satirical pieces on Darwin's *Origin of the Species*, providing some of the material for his dystopia *Erewhon*. He made good friends, and regretted leaving them, and his rather complicated life from then on involved intense male, probably sexual, relationships, along with a refused proposal of marriage to Mary Brittan in Canterbury (she later married William Rolleston).[63] He left also with the core of material for *Erewhon*, which was published in 1872. He wrote and painted for the rest of his life, and his masterpiece, *The Way of All Flesh,* that autobiographical classic of the road to personal independence, was published in 1903, a year after his death. In the book, Butler's alter ego Ernest Pontifex comes out of prison on the 30th September 1859 and starts a new life, the same date that Samuel Butler sailed for New Zealand.



[63] Roger Robinson op. cit.