

THE KIWI

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THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE NEW ZEALAND SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN

Affiliated to BRITISH PHILATELIC ASSOCIATION and PHILATELIC CONGRESS OF GREAT BRITAIN

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WHOLE No. 74.

The September meeting will be held at the Shaftesbury Hotel, Monmouth Street, London on Wednesday, 29th at 6.15 p.m. and the subject will be the "First and Second Side Face Issues" including the issues with advertisements on the backs of the stamps, conducted by Mr. Campbell Paterson.

AMENDMENTS TO MEMBERSHIP LIST No.16. 5/65.

NEW MEMBERS.

F.R. Ribbens	23, Orchard Way, Reigate, Surrey.
Col. A. Murray	"Greenhill", Rownhams, Southampton.
E.G. Ward	Flat B, 7, Blurton Rd., Clapton, London, E.5.
M.C. Stanley	P.O. Box 9, Wellington, New Zealand.
S.J. Fairweather	131, Thornlaw Road, West Norwood, London, S.E.27.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

D.N. Davidge	208, Valley Road, Pudsey, Yorkshire.
Sgt. T. Grassie	36, Anson Place, R.A.F. Kenley, Surrey.
J.D. Hepworth	100, Lloyds Avenue, Scunthorpe, Linca.

DECEASED MEMBER.

V.H. Baker of Auckland, New Zealand.

ANNUAL AUCTION

Members are reminded that our Annual Auction will take place on 'KIWI' Day, Saturday, 27th November. All members should make immediate preparations on the following lines:-

- (1) Sort out the items that you wish to include in the Sale.
- (2) Write a description of the Lot and fix your Reserve.
- (3) Send the details that you have prepared together with the Reserve figure to W.H. Young, 23, Angel Close, Edmonton, London, N. 18.
- (4) It is unnecessary to forward the Lots to Mr. Young at the present stage.

The details of your Lots should be in Mr. Young's hands not later than Tuesday, 26th October. All such Lots will be given publicity in the November issue of 'Kiwi' thereby providing the opportunity for all our Members to make bids by post if they so desire. Although we do accept Lots and details later than the date quoted above, 'Kiwi' publicity cannot be given to them, and this may be to your disadvantage. The Society depends a great deal upon commission earned at the Auction, and also on the sales of Lots which are given to the Society, and we therefore ask for your full support. It is recommended that no Lot should have a possible selling value less than 5/-.

OUR LAST MEETING.

At the meeting held on July 28th the Members considered "Unusual Items from New Zealand" under the leadership of Noel Turner. Over 100 sheets of material were on show. Interesting and instructive discussions followed, resulting in the solution of many problems. The range was wide, covering as it did, all groups and issues from Pre-stamp material down to items of 1965.

The Leader was well supported. Mr. Hilton of Leicester sent a group of sheets by post comprising enlarged photographs of the original artists drawings for the definitive issue. Many of the issued stamps are for values not shown in the drawings but each illustration is of a design used in the set. Some 25 additional sheets from the same source covered a wide variety of most interesting subjects, from a Chalon with a paper fold, a first day Penny Universal card right down to the original photograph of the lamb shown in the 1957 set. Limitations of space prevent a full description of all the sheets in this exhibit, which was much appreciated and admired.

John Evans produced a dozen sheets of Chalon material and drew our attention to the "Unusual" features. His description of his own show should appear elsewhere in this issue of "The Kiwi".

Warrenne Young and David Burton made smaller but equally useful contributions to the evening, including "per-fins" and Exhibition Labels from the former, and articles "Made in New Zealand" from the latter.

These shows by Members were followed by some 70 sheets put up by the Leader.

It is hoped in a later issue of "Kiwi" to give a description of some of the more 'Unusual' items displayed by Noel Turner. A number of factors have led to delay in the preparation of the statement. Apologies are offered to our Members for the omission.

MEETING 28th JULY 1965
UNUSUAL PHILATELIC MATERIAL.

Mr. John Evans of East Sheen showed the following:-

1. Re-entries on Chalon Heads on SG 8 1d Row 11 No.3.
on SG 43 6d Row 17 No.10.
on SG 127 1d Row 11 No.3
and on SG 127 1d Row 19 No.3.

These were regarded as unusual in the sense that many re-entries or re-touches on modern stamps had been shown at recent meetings.

2. "Overlaps" on SG 13 6d Richardson Printing 1859-61. These were regarded as unusual because Mr. Evans could not recollect that these had ever been shewn before. He explained that the foolscap paper when opened out was not large enough to cover the whole of the plate as a double sheet covered 15 horizontal rows only. The other 5 rows had to be carefully overlapped to cover the whole plate. Where the "join" did not coincide exactly with the gutter between the impressions copies were produced in which a portion of the top or bottom of the impression was missing. One copy of each variety was shewn.

3. SG 120 4d Yellow 16 copies, a certified copy of the 4d Orange Yellow SG 121, and 4d Yellow Orange SG 139 five unused and two used copies. Mr. Evans referred to an article in "N.Z. Stamp Collector" of August 1963 by Mr. Marcel Stanley who has recently become a member and pointed out that whereas SG 120 as printed in yellow a shade which varies in intensity, the article lists prominent shades of SG 120 as pale lemon, lemon yellow, ochre-yellow, deep ochre-yellow, gold and bright yellow. This variety was regarded as unusual. There appeared to be a shade in bright yellow from a copy dated 20th December 1866, this shade being described by reference to SG 139 yellow-orange as not so intense in the N.Z. Handbook Volume 1 Page 79. A dated copy 17th October 1867 and another of 6th December 1867 were also shewn both in a pale yellow shade when compared with the copy dated 20th December 1866. Two other copies both on a dated piece (14th May 1869) were in the group shewn but these had a flat appearance and might be described as gold if by reference to "old gold" in the drapery world in relation to fabrics.

"Ochre" is described in Routledge's Dictionary of 1912 as a "variety of fine clay containing iron; the common colours are yellow and red". The word is derived

Unusual Philatelic Material (contd)

from the Greek OKHROS pale, especially pale yellow. Volume I Page 79 however says that the 4d occasionally occurs in a dull tone which has been described as ochre, " but this shade is probably due to atmospheric conditions and this resembles the colour changing of the 1d" which is a brown shade, see page 80, due to sulphur impregnated atmosphere of thermal resorts such as ROTORUA and HANMER.

As the 4d value with star watermark was not required in large quantities, 436800 copies were printed in 1865, and 84000 on 1871, the dated copies of 1866, 1867, and 1869 were obviously from the 1865 printing which could easily have been of different shades having regard to the mixing of the ink from time to time during the printing. Mr. Evans thought this must have been the case because it has always been accepted that the yellow was a shade varying in intensity according to Volume I.

It was thought that Mr. Stanley might like to set out further descriptions of the shades since he and others were trying to find out what varying in intensity means and of course dated copies would assist in the grouping of the shades.

Mr. Evans tells me that after the meeting Mr. Warrene Young wrote to him saying that according to H. J. Knowles (Stamp News Vol. IX p. 23) 1320 sheets (31,600 stamps) were printed in Orange - a further complication, and that the earliest known dated copy was 17th October 1866.

4. 1871 2d Vermilion SG 134 A unused retouched Row 20 No. 7 and block of 4 unused 2d Vermilion no watermark SG 138, Rows 1 and 2 Nos. 11 and 12. This was a clear example to show the distinction of the major re-touch on Row 20 No. 7 and the plate wear on Row 1 No. 12, which was not retouched.
5. Pair 1d imperf SG 35 Postmarked "Province of Auckland" No. 2 datestamp with date 26th September 1864. This at present is the earliest known date of use of Waterstamp No. 2.

E. & O. E.

G. E. C. Pratt.

AIR LETTER CARDS.

AMENDMENT TO LAST PAGE OF JULY KIWI.

Further to the note on the last page of the last issue the Post Office have recently explained that the reason for continued issue of unstamped Air Letter Cards is that otherwise it would be necessary to hold stocks of ALC of five different values. Apart from the rate to U.K. and Australia three others would be needed.

G.E.C. Pratt.

THE THINGS OUR MEMBERS DO!

Rodney Baguley of Warrington, who is one of our Members, is at present engaged in doing under-water exploration for the Government Research Ship, 'Cyclops'. He has now made himself World famous with a record skin dive of over 500 ft. which has been duly noted in the World Press.

B.B.C. Television recently ran a programme on Skin Diving Operations at 215 ft. and this depth was described as quite exceptional. The Bulletin of the Postal History Society adds the comment that Rodney must be a Superman! We would like to add our congratulations.

Noel Turner.

Sydney. Apr. 21. 1842. Address: Auckland. (contd)

I take every opportunity of bathing, and I am now laid up with some very sore cuts in my foot, which I got in bathing the other day. We arrived here on the 14th Thursday, and our arrival was announced in the Sydney Herald in flaming characters. I of course was put down as Mr. Nichall. The Bishop has taken such a beautiful house in Farm Cove near Mr. Jones. It reminds me very much of Mr. Fletchers that is on the outside. There is a beautiful collonade but it is not furnished at all. We have brought up some cabin furniture and manage to do very well. We call it the barracks. We are rather a large party. Butt & Evans & Fisher and myself belong to the party. The Bishop and Mrs. Selwyn are staying at the Bishop of Australias. Mrs. Martin is staying at another house, so we are all about the place. The grounds of the house extend all the way down to the water, so it is very convenient for boats. I am improving my swimming every day. The Bishop is so kind to me he treats me just like his own son. I like him and Mrs. S. very much they are both so kind to me. When we were on board the Tomatin Mrs. Selwyn used to call to me off the poop, if I happened to be on the quarterdeck to get things for her, if all the others were there, and once or twice she sent the steward to call me to help her down the ladder. Mrs. Martin always calls me her page. I like her so much. She is so very ladylike and so very kind. Perhaps I may be in the lasses good graces because I am the youngest, but I hope it is because they find that I try to make myself useful and agreeable to everybody. The Bishop very often calls me to him and has a long yarn as the sailors say. The other day he told me pretty plainly what I should have to do. He said that for a period of two years we should be in a state of probation and then for the remaining three or four we should be a sort of lay assistants, to take charge of a certain district, say a few houses, under the direction of a minister, who would make a certain circuit to administer the sacraments and do such things as an unordained person could not do. He, the Bishop would give us a licence to read prayers and perform certain parts of the service. Then when we were at a proper age he would ordain us and put us if trustworthy into such preferments as he should think fit. At a certain period before ordination he would just put us on the Society's books and thus relieve all our friends from all expense on our part. Everything would depend on ourselves. Since we arrived at Sydney we have certainly begun to work in style. In moving we have had to do much harder work than the servants, rowing boats to and from the ship, carrying heavy luggage up the hill, setting up bedsteads etc. all of which things I like very well.

Sydney. Apr. 21. 1842. (contd)

The Bishop intends to have a ship in New Zealand, at first he will only have the use of a small schooner, and will take us with him. He said he was glad I liked the sea, for we should most likely have plenty of it. I certainly do enjoy the sea most thoroughly.. There is something so delightful in the motion. I was not the least tired of our four months voyage or anxious to arrive at Sydney. The house we are in is a very fine one but there are some slight inconveniences, e.g. there is no roof on the house, and all the rooms in the house but two are swimming with water, but that is nothing, as everyone who has been to sea is used to have his bed wet through every night. The mate of the Tomatin was very badly off, his bed was a regular mop, from the scuttle not being fast. I remember one day his saying; "Now if my dear mother were to see me here, she would say, now Henry come out of that damp bed, my dear boy, what a foolish thing to do". Very few people know what the hardships of a merchant seaman's life are. A mate has only four hours sleep one night and eight the next, that is to say, tonight for instance he keeps watch from 8 to 12, sleeps from 12 to 4, watch again from 4 to 8. Next night he sleeps from 8 to 12, watch from 12 to 4 etc. Then he is liable to be called out of his warm bed at any hour, to go up the mast, in the pitch dark night, with the rain pouring down in torrents, and the sea splashing all over the deck, to reef topsails, if he is chief mate he has a great deal of responsibility, but has rather the advantage of the men, in not being obliged to go up aloft, if second mate he has to be up first and last down, in the most dangerous place of all, the weather earing.. In variable weather when the wind is foul he may be called up to 'bout ship, and brace the yards about, with the rain wetting him through, and what no sealskin or tarpauling coat will keep out, whenever he holds up his arms to pull a rope, the wet runs down his sleeves.. The men may lie down on deck, and they snooze away their four hours very comfortably, but the officer has to keep awake and watch every movement of the ship. And yet there is an indescribable pleasure in a sailor's life. What a pity it is that such a fine set of men should be so lost to all sense of religion, and so utterly thoughtless as most of them are. They are brave and generous and often grateful, but they seem to have no principle, no steadiness. In their peculiar way they are honest. I have known a sailor break into a wine locker and steal wine without showing the least shame at being discovered, but the same man afterwards found a gold ring that he might safely have kept and got a good sum for but which from pure motives of honesty he returned to the owner. But I am running on about sailors and I have quite forgotten to say that I had a misfortune

Sydney. Apr. 21. 1842. (contd).

with my first letter. I should have sent it the day after we arrived. We have morning prayers here at 9 every day for those who, like some, attend here; others go to the Church, where they have prayers every morning. On board ship, beside the Chappel prayers in the morning, we had service every Wednesday and Friday through Lent and every day in Passion Week. One sailor was grumbling at the parson having prayers so often, when another stopped him and said, "Never mind, Jack, its all along of them prayers we have'nt had any reefing topsails, you'd better have some buttons sown on your jacket for there be a fine storm brewin' agin they be leavin' us". But what strikes me that he is very much like Abraham Jenkins' story in the Vicar of Wakefield about annoying this story was in Lizzy's letter. You must excuse the repetition. Now, my own dear good Mamma, I must bid you adieu. I don't know whether you are all well and happy. Some dreadful misfortune may be happening. But we are all in God's Hands, His gracious providence will protect you. Remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Wheatly, Mr. and Mrs. Penny, Mr. and Mrs. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, dear Grandmamma and Mrs. Green when you write. Remember me to all my old friends at the Den. Dearest love to Marge and Liz and a thousand kisses for my own dear Henry when he comes back. Be sure and not forget to remember me to Mr. George and Mr. Clive.

Your own affectionate

William.

Sydney. 7th May 1842.

My own dear Mamma,

The "Cairo" which was to have taken our letters to England put back two or three days ago with her top foremast and bowsprit carried away, so I suppose all my letters will go together. In this letter I will just take a slight review of the principal incidents of the voyage. You know already that we left Plymouth on the 26th, after spending Christmas Day on board. I did not leave the ship once after going on board to sleep the first night, and I think if I could have gone on shore any day during the voyage, I should have returned on board quite satisfied to stay there in the evening. There is something so quiet in a ship, the motion is so beautiful, and the very feeling of being on the sea is

Sydney. 7th May, 1842 (contd).

so delightful, that I feel quite happy and contented. In due time we arrived off the Lizard point, or as it is called, made it; the Bishop, the Captain and I were the only people in the poop that watched the last dip, at least I was on the poop watching it, and stayed up after it had disappeared, but I was much too uncomfortable to keep my eyes fixed on it, as it seemed to rise and fall on the heavy swell. I believe I held out against sea-sickness nearly as long as anybody, but it came at last, and for a day and a half I was very wretched, but I was one of the first to get over it, and then I did so enjoy the easy heaving of the deep blue sea. The Bay of Biscay was soon passed over though there was a heavy sea all the time, we had a fine breeze and fair weather. On New Year's Day we had service in the cuddy. The next day, Sunday, we had service on the quarter deck. The capstan was rigged as a reading desk, with the English ensign as a cloth, flags were bent from the mainmast to the shrouds, with benches and chairs for us to sit on, covered with flags. It was very nice, the Bishop preached such a beautiful sermon. I remember one passage very well. He said that the prayers of our friends in England were accompanying us, that now we were spending our first Sunday, as they had prayed, not in storm or tempest, but with a calm unruffled sea, gliding safely and steadily over the ..., but I don't remember well enough to hazard any further quotation. The Bishop has such a beautiful manner, and he is so eloquent, and seems to feel all he says that his sermons make great impression. Service was not once put off on account of the weather during the whole voyage, we always had a bright sky, and a calm sea, on a Sunday. On Monday, the 3rd, we began regular lectures. New Zealand class for an hour, 2 chapters of the G Test, Hebrew, and in the afternoon mathematics. The latter we left off when the hot weather began. On the 3rd we made Porto Santo, and Madiera. Oh, how lovely land looks at sea. First of all you see a sort of cloud on the horizon, then you distinguish the tiny outline and as you approach it gradually you discern bays and slopes, and if you are near enough, you have the balmy breeze from off the shore. Oh, I shall never forget that lovely sunset. The sun went down so magnificently behind Madeira, leaving the island with all its hills and hollows in light and shade, as if set in a sort of rosy gold on the horizon. Some of the party were quite melancholy on leaving it behind. I did not care. I certainly never saw such a beautiful sight, but it was not home, and I felt no wish to be there. It was a splendid sight sailing out of Plymouth harbour, and I felt sorry to see the sunny hills, and white cliffs of dear fading away in the distance. But Plymouth had only been a common seaport town to me, and I was merry and happy at leaving it, and anything but meloncholy.

Sydney. 7th May 1842 (contd).

I never feel any fear for myself when the seas have been rough and we have been rolling and pitching, with the sea coming over the decks and the rigging clattering and the orders for taking in sail ringing in my ears. I have gone up aloft with a light heart and sat on the crosstrees watching the magnificent waves and thought if any accident should have happened to dear Papa, or if any of you were ill and I have almost forgotten all about myself. When the "Vixen" ran foul of us, there were a great many pale faces, but I felt quite at my ease, but when it was all over I thought at once that the Penitentiary might perhaps be on fire or one of you might have been run over by an omnibus or taken ill. But I have got into a very melancholy train of thought, I don't know whether it is from that sort of feeling by which sailors are actuated in a storm when Jack is said to hitch up his trousers, and I wonder how the poor wretches on shore get on with the tiles and slates flying about their heads, but I know for myself that when we have had rough weather with the vessel straining as if they would go over the side, I have never felt the slightest wish to be anywhere else, though if a large dog had attacked me I should have been very much frightened. Apropos des chiens, the dogs here in Sydney are the most horrible creatures, there are immense numbers of them, mostly a species of bloodhound, with a cross of the bulldog, and about the size of a large Newfoundland. They are quiet enough in the town, but every house a little way out of it has one or two dogs and at night they are very awkward customers. In coming into Sydney harbour the pilot very clumsily ran us aground and I have heard today that the ship is to be hove down, that is, she must be taken to a bay here, run ashore, and every single thing taken out of her, so that we shall be delayed here for some few weeks longer. The Bishop has bought quite a splendid whale boat, 27 feet long, with five oars and a steer oar. I am to be one of the regular crew; I am to be No. 2. I am out on the water all day now. We have hired a boat, as we live close to the water, and are out some distance from the ship, and by dint of constant practice, I am fast learning to row. We have such beautiful bathing at sea. Mr. Cotton, Mr. Reay, Evans, Butt and I used to go out in one of the boats when it was calm and bathe in the deep blue sea. Oh, it was so delightful. Mr. Cotton and Evans were two of the best swimmers and divers at Eton and I believe the Bishop was about the best. One day we had a very providential escape. The Captain said we were out of the latitude of sharks, it was on the 22nd February, Lat 32, Long 5, so we took the boat out to bathe for the first time. The Bishop and the Captain were with us, making some experiments about the currents. Cotton, Evans and Farmer were in the first lot to bathe, they stayed in rather longer than the

Sydney. 7th May 1842 (contd).

Bishop wished them to, and consequently the ship was on us before they were out of the water and so Mr. Reay and I had no time to bathe. Well, we were rather disappointed, of course, but it could not be helped and we consoled ourselves with the hope of going out next day. That very evening an immense shark, ten feet long, was caught. Mr. Cotton, I remember, was looking over the side at the monster and saying that he could hardly call his legs his own. We bathed often after that but we waited until we were pretty sure we were out of the way of shurks, as the sailors call them. It was a most providential escape, for I was very anxious to bathe when we dropped astern of the ship, but as a breeze was springing up and it was getting dark we had no time. But now goodbye, I must leave you for the post is going. You may expect some more letters, for there are several ships in harbour, and we shall stay here most probably a month longer. Remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon and their sons and daughters, to Mr. and Mrs. Miller, and believe me, my dearest Mamma,

Your affectionate son,

William.

Love to Eliza and dear, dear Henry.

Direct via Sydney. December 7th. 1842.

My dearest Mamma,

I have just heard that a ship is expected to sail from the Bay for Sydney tomorrow, so I take this opportunity of writing to you. I am afraid you will think that this letter is short but is it not better to write when you have an opportunity, and send off your thoughts and wishes fresh from your mind than to send a letter down, and leave it mouldering in the post office till some happy home-bound bark touches there. We, that is, Mr. Cotton and I had such a pleasant trip to Hokianga last week. If you look on the map you will see that Hokianga is just opposite to the Bay of Islands, on the Western coast. The Wesleyan mission has its principal station there. It is about 24 miles by land and 18 by water to the principal place on the river. You must know, moreover, that no land may be bought or sold in New Zealand until all the land claims are settled and for that purpose commissioners have been appointed to enquire into and report upon all land

Direct via Sydney. December 7th. 1842.

claims throughout the Island. One of them had been up at Waimate, a very nice gentlemanly man, Major Richmond, in the 96th at present, formerly in the 11th Foot. Having finished his business here he was going up to Hokianga and Mr. Cotton went with him for the trip and took me too. The police magistrate of Hokianga, who has also been in the army, accompanied us. He and the Major had horses, Mr. Cotton and I were on foot; they pressed us most earnestly to ride, but we declined as they were not accoutred for walking. At least they persuaded us to mount, but I soon got down again and gave up my horse, it was so cold and wet. I think it was the most rainy day we have had in New Zealand. It was all very well as long as we were walking, but sitting in the boat for two and a half hours in our wet clothes was anything but comfortable, however we are old sailors now and don't care for those slight inconveniences. We stayed there the next day and returned on the morrow by a different road. One of the men in the boat was a German. I asked him what part of Germany he came from. I found out that he was born near Hamburg and I was the first who told him the disagreeable news that half Hamburg is burnt down. On our way back we passed through the grounds of Baron de Thierry and had a bit of conversation with the old gentleman himself. You must have seen his name in some of the books on New Zealand. He is a very gentlemanly man but bears a very bad character. I have just had a very hard ride. Tom Williams and I went yesterday to his brothers' farm to bring the Bishop's Montgomeryshire cow to Waimate, as he has been picking up there lately. We slept there last night and were going on to bring the cow over today, when poor Tom received a very severe cut in the leg from his brother who was mowing. I do not know how it was done, for they are both good mowers. I had to mount and gallop off to Waimate, about seven miles for Mr. Butt, the doctor. There is a brother of Mr. Butt's here just now, a clergyman. He came by the Medusa, but he is not to be compared to his brother in utility or anything else, except that he is not quite so disagreeable in his manners. But nevertheless he is not so much liked as the doctor. I bathe every day regularly, there is a large mill dam near here. I was at Pakaraka yesterday and consequently I had no bathe, which is quite uncomfortable when one is used to it. How are Mr. Clive and Mr. Gregson? and Mr. and Mrs. Penny, and Mr. and Mrs. Miller? and all my friends. This has been a very selfish letter for I have said all about myself, and nothing about anybody else, but do you do the same and that is all I want. Many many kisses to Liz and Madge and Henry. Oh, may we all meet once more, I hope that happy time is not too far distant. How is Martha and how is Mr. Clive's little baby?

Love to all dear dears. Love to Papa, post waits.

Goodbye. Your affectionate son.

William

Waimate. February 1843. Shrove Tuesday.

My dearest Mamma,

I received your dear letter last Monday. Oh, you do not know how glad I am to receive letters from home. Whenever we hear our dogs bark in the evening, all prick up our ears and whenever any come out we all run, in breathless expectation. I have had only three since I left England. Fisher has had about 10 from England and Mr. Cotton many more, also Mrs. Selwyn. Your last letter was dated August 13 and my last Feb. 9, I think. This one I hope will reach you soon. It goes by Boston, which I believe is the quickest way. You may, safely, I think, direct Waimate for a year or two longer, as the Bishop seems to have taken up his residence here for some time. I hear that I am to be the third master here at the school. Hitherto it has been conducted in a rather indifferent manner, but now the Bishop has taken it into his own hands, I mean the school for the sons of Missionaries. But more of this in my next. This is most wretched weather. Heavier rain than any of us have ever seen in England. It has rained without an intermission since last Saturday. Happily our house is pretty weather-tight. The Bishop has already begun to make improvements. An old outhouse has been fitted up as a carpenter's shop, a great deal of ground has been dug up for planting trees round the house, walks have been cut, fences made, the house painted, etc. Mr. Dudley's house is not finished, the weather has been so rainy for the past few days, but the greater part of it is completed. The Bishop began to make a difference between me and Mr. Fisher almost as soon as he came home. If he wants anything done in the house or any small arrangements in the Church, he tells me; if there is anything to be done out of doors, he tells me, to tell Fisher. Hitherto there has been no difference in our occupations and duties, now there is, e.g. "Mr. Fisher, will you take Robert with you and work at a fence along there". The other day it was, "Mr. Fisher will you go over to Pakaraka and choose a couple of cows". "Mr. Nihill, will you take one of these copies and correct it or arrange these trays of type", or "Mr. Nihill, will you see that the benches are moved out and some placed all alone, and the church swept by tomorrow morning", etc. Last Saturday we had a native confirmation. About 350 were confirmed. There have been great quantities of natives here all last week, so the Bishop is making a register of them.

(Ed. The Waimate is situated a few miles west of Wangaroa, where the Treaty of Waitangi was signed. It was a Church Missionary Society Settlement, where Bishop Selwyn built the first missionary college in N.Z. - St. John's College and where they set up their own printing press. When runners were started to carry mail between Hokianga on the west coast to Korooriki - the change over to runners took place at the Waimate. The postal charge for this was 1/- per letter, a total of 24 miles.

A.A. HARD -
Hon. "Kiwi" Editor.