

James K. Baxter

reading his

OWN VERSE!

Two neat 7-inch records in a jacket that contains the texts of two of the poems that are not easily available.

Altogether Jim reads thirteen poems—mostly his own—from a recording made in about 1958.

The name of the set is *Barney Flanagan and other Poems, read by James K. Baxter* and it will be available from bookshops as well as record dealers. The price is not yet decided (this notice is written before the costs can be added up), but it might be as low as \$3.00.

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Elaine Locky



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The sun rises over the graves of the Maoris,
red from the high country to grey Young Nick's Head.
From this point of place of strangled history
there are no easy answers!

The sun, I cannot look at: God's eye, perhaps,
or the breast of that woman; that
white pill that never quite leaves the mind?

Here in Ward Ten
mental disturbance rattles like snooker balls—
the radio goes on endlessly; our minds ache
for that far off shore-line
where our dead cells might someday enter
& shine like shells in the sun . . .
I wake up
& am greeted by the *Weka*
doing her rounds.

PETER OLD's third collection of poems *Freeway* (Caveman) is due for publication next year. Earlier Caveman volumes were *The Snow & the Glass Window* and *Lady Moss Revived*. At present working on a novel and a play.

BILL MANHIRE

On Originality

POETS—I want to follow them all,
out of the forest into the city
or out of the city into the forest.

The first one I throttle.
I remove his dagger
and tape it to my ankle in a shop doorway.
Then I step into the street
picking my nails.

I have a drink with a man
who loves young women.
Each line is a fresh corpse.

There is a girl with whom we make friends.
As he bends over her body
to remove the clothing
I slip the blade between his ribs.

Humming a little, I take his gun.
I knot his scarf carelessly at my neck.

I trail the next one into the country.
On the bank of a river I drill
a clean hole in his forehead.
Moved by poetry
I seal his wallet in a plain envelope
and mail it to the widow.

I pocket his gun.
This is progress.
For instance, it is nearly dawn.

Now I slide a gun into the gun
and go out looking.

It is a difficult world.
Each word is another bruise.

This is my nest of weapons.
This is my lyrical foliage.

BILL MANHIRE lives in Wellington. His book of poems, *The Elaboration* (Square & Circle), was published last year.

ELSIE LOCKE

Grandfather's Irish Riot

I SET out to track my Irish grandfather from a handful of clues in family tradition, and found him amidst a dozen intriguing stories some of which have an oddly contemporary ring. There he was, George Farrelly, playing a small but revealing role in a riot which has been called, in folklore, the Battle of Addison's Flat, 1868. In exploring the contemporary records I uncovered a real life conflict which was less spectacular but more illuminating than the rampant versions of folklore.

Today the place is no more than a point on a road some eight miles from Westport, and almost as bare of people as it was in 1867 when a black American named Addison discovered gold in a landscape of pakihi, scrub and a belt of good-sized timber along the creek. Within a year the town of Addison's was 2,000 strong, with shops and shanties, bootmakers and billiard-rooms along the Skibereen Road, although 'situated in a perfect morass, where nothing but the greed of gold would induce any rational man to settle'.¹

The rush to Addison's was well primed with Irishmen from Australia, where their independent spirit was a strong element at the Eureka Stockade, a pitched battle over human rights which took the lives of twenty-two miners and five troopers. During the quarter-century after the potato famine of 1845, half the population of Ireland went overseas. They carried with them the sorrows and dissensions of their small island, and expanded their patriotic fervour with each thousand miles of ocean.

George Farrelly was of the minority, an Orangeman. I think there was an element of ancestor-worship towards somebody said to have crossed the Boyne with William of Orange himself. To George's mind, the heavy hand that lay upon Ireland was not that of England, but of the Pope.

There was ground for common cause between Protestants and Catholics, but not between the Orange and the Green. By its own claim and definition, the Orange Order was the standing bulwark within Ireland of a foreign power, England; and it hardly missed a chance to throw in the teeth of the Irish the reminder, that theirs was a captive nation. Many of the Catholic patriots were quite ready to believe that its secret rituals included the oath: 'I, . . ., do swear that I will be true to King and Governor, and that I will exterminate the Catholics of Ireland as far as lies in my power.'²

In Dublin, in 1864, Protestants marched with Catholics to lay the foundation stone for a memorial to Dan O'Connell; but in Belfast an effigy of O'Connell was burned in a counter-demonstration, and the ashes were placed in a real coffin with Roman candles set off from its lid. There followed a month of disturbances in which seven persons died and one hundred and fifty were seriously injured. Newspapers travelled slowly, but eventually there were echoes in small donnybrooks at Okarito, Ahaura and other points west.

Still, the goldfields were a cosmopolitan community where a man's opinions were less important than his team work, and arguments within limits could be a welcome spice to the tedium of labour and of long wet evenings. An Orangeman was harmless enough in the absence of any organized Lodge. George Farrelly, small of stature and amiable of temperament, was sure to find some Catholic patriots in any combination of mates. After Addison's Flat had yielded its surface gold (including some beautifully grained nuggets which afterwards adorned our grandmother), the mining was a complicated business of tunnels, water-races, water-wheels, pumps, sluices and winding gear, worked by parties of seven to a dozen men. When

sunset brought its radiance to the west, the metal being strained upon the miners' plush would shine like sheets of solid gold. This was the place where, says legend, the diggers thought nothing of using a pound note to light a pipe from the roaring fire in the hotel. A solitary case of showing off would be enough to launch a tale like that. To win the gold meant work as well as luck, and nobody wanted to interrupt the making of fortunes, not until the explosive powder was mixed at a distance of 13,000 miles.

The Fenians—the Irish Republican Brotherhood—were the first organization to seek the total separation of Ireland from England, forerunners of the I.R.A. Rejecting that such an aim could be won by peaceful persuasion, it adopted a secret military style which cut off any hope of winning mass support and restricted its action to sabotage and terrorism. In 1867, ten years after its foundation, the Brotherhood rose up to attack the military barracks, cut telegraph wires and set fire to buildings. Its forces were too small and the timing ill-chosen. The English rulers quickly took matters in hand while the Fenians moved the battleground to England, finding a workable base in Manchester where one tenth of the workmen were Irish.

The police were ready for trouble. Two Fenian officers who had learned their soldiering trade in the American civil war were picked up on a vagrancy charge. Their comrades planned a rescue operation. The prison van was intercepted as it emerged from under a railway arch, the lock was shot off, and the released prisoners were passed from one friendly pair of hands to another until safely aboard a ship for New York. Unluckily, when the shot was fired the rescuers could not know that one of the police, Sergeant Brett, was directly behind the lock inside the van. Was his death an accident? Was it murder?

English people were shocked and frightened at this evidence of dangerous Fenians in their midst. In an atmosphere of panic, twenty-six men were tried before a special commission with the Attorney-General as prosecutor. Seven were convicted of riot and assault, and five more of murder. The visible injustice inside and outside the courtroom stirred a wide wave of protest not confined to the patriot Irish, but including such diverse campaigners as the radical John Bright, the revolutionary socialists Marx and Engels, and the civil rights champion John Stuart Mill.

Of the five who were condemned, two were set free. One was a citizen of America whose Government saw the guilty verdict as political rather than criminal, and pressed so hard that the English authorities sought out a mitigating circumstance: he was not carrying arms at the time. The other proved to be nowhere near the scene of battle. It was a case of mistaken identity.

But if one man was wrongly identified, who could be sure of the other three? About Allen, who was said to have fired the fatal shot, the evidence was confusing. And what credence could be given to eye-witnesses who contradicted one another about the possession of firearms, and whose estimates of persons present varied from twenty to sixty? The protest campaign and the legal defence contended that the sergeant's death was accidental, but

they won no further victories. Feelings ran high when the Manchester Martyrs—William Philip Allen, Michael O'Brien and Michael Larkin—were publicly hanged on 23 November 1867, and disposed of in quicklime in unconsecrated ground, without the blessing of a proper Christian burial.

'The boys who smashed the van' became heroes in at least six popular ballads. Wherever rallies and processions were banned, which meant most of the English cities, the mourners gathered at the nearest cemetery wearing green ribbons and black crepe. Twelve thousand marchers in Cork were preceded by an empty bier drawn by four horses in black trappings. In Dublin, three hearses led a great demonstration. In New York, thousands walked in mourning 'for the fate of those three good Irishmen'; and in Melbourne the orators denounced the rulers of England as committing an outrage on justice and decency. Over and over again, the Manchester Martyrs were symbolically buried with the deep respect of multitudes and the reverent prayers of their own religion.³

The news lost none of its heat on the two-months' journey to New Zealand. Overseas papers went hand to hand, and wherever the Irish were concentrated the sense of solidarity went deep. They too must fall in behind those processions of mourning and protest.

Charleston was the first New Zealand town to demonstrate. On 16 February 1868 a thousand marched to the beat of a muffled drum, bearing aloft a black banner inscribed with the names of the martyrs in green ribbons, and another showing Erin as a woman in chains with the legend: 'Tis treason to love her, and death to defend. God save Ireland!' They passed through the town and circled the cemetery where the Rev. Father Hallan blessed the banner and led the prayers.

This peaceful protest was reported in Hokitika's battling Irish newspaper, *The Celt*, and helped to stimulate the misunderstood and misrepresented 'Fenian affair' of Westland. The bush telegraph carried the news to nearby Addison's Flat where early in March, the bar-room of the Daniel O'Connell Hotel was crowded to suffocation and these resolutions were passed:

That this meeting deeply sympathises with the relatives of the deceased patriots, Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, and most emphatically condemns the vindictive action of the English Government in executing them for a political offence.

That steps be taken to collect funds for the support of the widows and orphans of the Irish patriots who took an active part in the late movement for the freedom of their country.

That a funeral procession be formed on the 17th inst to honour the memory of the brave patriots who were executed at Manchester.⁴

The solid citizens of Westport read this news in their papers with a thrill of fear that reflected the sensation in Manchester when the prison van was ambushed. There was an outpost of only 1500 people who mostly clung for safety to a belief in the rightness of the Queen, Government and Empire. The cemetery to be visited was their own, and rumour said it would be

desecrated by the burial of an empty coffin.

In Addison's Flat the bar-room orators had been saying nothing very new, but the arguments became more bitter. George Farrelly, among others, objected to the loss of working time while half the party went off on this wrong-headed jaunt, to which they retorted that in any case no Catholic would work on St Patrick's Day. One in particular, Big Jim Sharkey, became more belligerent as the day came nearer.

The procession left Addison's Flat with a count of 546 persons led by women and children decked out in green. It took nearly four hours to negotiate the muddy bridle track and the Buller River where small boats ferried the people across in gala fashion. Accordions and fiddles played the Dead March and other funereal airs; and in Westport, with some local increase in their numbers, the demonstrators entered the new Catholic chapel where the choir sang a part of Mozart's Twelfth Mass. After dinner they reassembled and with banners flying, walked the length of the town and all round the cemetery to a platform erected outside the fence. There was no symbolic coffin. The demonstrators took care to be dignified and not to give offence, but when it came to the speeches they could say what they liked. John Clune and Dr Donovan were eloquent about the wrongs of Ireland, while the most passionate orator for the rights of man was one Williams, of Welsh descent, being a grandson of Zephaniah Williams, transported to Tasmania for Charlist activities.

Where was the borderline between fair criticism and seditious slander? The Westport champions of Queen Victoria were in a mood to be shocked. They were quickly on his doorstep when their top man, the goldfields commissioner T. A. S. Kynnersley, returned from a visit to Greymouth.

Sneyd Kynnersley was twenty-nine, a Royal Navy man who had suffered illness and chosen New Zealand for its healthy reputation. He carried a cool head above all the currents and cross-currents. No inflammatory speeches, no panic reactions were going to throw him off balance. Donovan and Williams were stump orators, he said, who might very well speak in another vein tomorrow; and he did not consider the Government of New Zealand to be in serious danger from either of them.⁵ The deputation went home grumbling. The demonstrators had already settled down, having made their protest and their tribute to the martyrs. The gold was assuming its proper priority, and this was everyone's business—when within a week of St Patrick's Day there arrived another shattering piece of news.

Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, second son of Queen Victoria, was making the first royal tour of the Australasian colonies. In Sydney a man whipped out a revolver and shot the Prince in the back. He was seized by the angry crowd and revealed as an Irishman, Henry James O'Farrell. Naturally he was assumed to be in league with the Fenians. He had been a mental patient, but he was also reported to have said that twelve conspirators had drawn lots as to which of them should wield the revolver; and that they did not see themselves as assassins but considered their action 'in the

same way as they regarded the execution of the three Irishmen at Manchester'.⁶ The injuries were not serious and the Prince (who also interceded, unsuccessfully, for the life of O'Farrell) was eager to continue his journey to New Zealand. He was over-ruled by the master of his ship, H.M.S. *Galatea*, on medical advice plus the information that the Fenians were rampant on the goldfields.⁷

New Zealand reacted with a positive orgy of patriotic sentiment expressed in gatherings, town after town, as big and enthusiastic as any that might have welcomed the Prince.

The *Westport Times* enjoyed the revelation of instant truth.

The dastardly attempt in Sydney to assassinate H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh (which attempt, thank God, has been futile) has shown that the secret brotherhood of Fenians has long been bonded in the colonies, and was only awaiting some favourable moment to follow out its cowardly and treasonable practices.⁸

The response of loyal men was to form a force of Volunteers, as other towns had done when alarmed at possible fighting with the Maoris. By virtue of his position it was proper to invite Commissioner Kynnersley to address the inaugural meeting. He astounded those willing warriors by telling them bluntly whom they were *not* to fight.

We are living in a free country, where no distinctions of party, race or creed whatever are taken notice of as they are in the old country, and any attempt to engender party feeling should be discountenanced. . . . By a free country I mean a country in which a man may think, act or do as he pleases, so long as he respects the law; and if people are not allowed to hold meetings and wear what coloured ribbons or clothes they think fit, it ceases to be a free country. . . . Whatever country we come from we are now New Zealanders.⁹

Wise words, but not well taken in a town that revelled in gossip and rumour. The clamour was loud enough to echo booming through the diggings at Addison's Flat, where the Irishmen could hardly accept with calm tranquility their classification as ruffians who, but for the 1200 miles of ocean in between, would be standing in the dock beside O'Farrell. This was rather much for even an Orangeman to stomach.

After all, a man knows his own workmates. When the rumours reached the claim where George Farrelly and Jim Sharkey were labouring, George willingly agreed that the Westport shopkeepers were a skittery, timorous, heavy-footed lot, without the wit of the Irish which (religion and politics apart) they both took pride in. The more reason, said George, why Addison's Flat should be seen at the demonstration of loyalty to the Throne for which a public holiday was called on 2 April. If there was not a single brogue to be heard among the cheering, wouldn't they all be saying in Westport that their accusations were true? Jim Sharkey rejected this argument with fury. What! Show a face in Westport? Could any trueborn Irishman



Dan Maloney's claim near Dirty Mary's Creek, Addison's Flat, 1870.—Alexander Turnbull Library.

show as much as a whisker in a crowd that branded honest hard-working men as murderers? No! This was a depth to which no son of Ireland, Protestant though he may be, could possibly sink.

The desperate George fought with his own dilemmas while stinging words went raging across the mud and gravel. Four other Irishmen on the claim were siding with Jim and their logic was hard to refute. But George had openly maintained his allegiance to the Orange Order and there are times when a man feels he must stand up and be counted, whatever his doubts about the wisdom of the chosen course of action. George had only to hint at this problem and Jim went too far, asserting that all George wanted was to flaunt his bit of orange rag like a scarecrow to hide his black Protestant soul, which was cast out from the bosom of the only true Church which bound together all men who had love in their hearts for the suffering people of Ireland. The insult clinched the issue. George leapt to the defence of his principles and no common ground was left.

Early on the morning of 2 April, the loyal procession from Addison's Flat formed up with a count of 169. The women had worked overtime to create a huge and handsome British Standard, and a crown of flowers and foliage. German miners carried a model boat named the *Prince Alfred*. Splashes of orange colour were visible but not to the champions of the Green who deliberately kept away. Off went the marchers with the crown held high and all voices raised in the singing of 'Rule Britannia' and 'Hearts of Oak'.

The Addison's Flat contingent were the darlings of the day. Members of

Westport's *ad hoc* committee for the demonstration crossed the Buller in their ardour to welcome them, and they were specially thanked from the platform with deafening cheers to follow. They were openly contrasted with the marchers of St Patrick's Day who were 'part and parcel of O'Farrell's gang',¹⁰ and only Mr Kynnersley had the courage to say, from the chair, that 'we must not be led away onto any blind or indiscriminating hatred against the faction of which O'Farrell was a member'.¹¹ There is always an exuberance in a crowd so united in its sense of righteousness, reinforced by music, prayers, songs, speechmaking and cheering. The visitors were delighted when a brief thunderstorm made the long tramp home appear unwise, and they were persuaded to stay overnight and enjoy the bonfire on the beach. The heady feeling of lofty zeal remained with them when next morning they set out upon the homeward track.

A very different sort of reception committee took shape as soon as the marchers were spied from the Skibereen Road. In bright daylight it was seen that the British standard had, intentionally or otherwise, a base of a subdued orange colour; and in the forefront were two women on horses—and one of the horses was white. A white horse! The spiritual descendant surely of that obnoxious animal which carried William of Orange across the Boyne! As they came near, the marchers were singing:

The Army and Navy for ever,
Three cheers for the red white and blue.

Or were they? At least some of the voices were in parody:

Ireland is conquered for ever,
Down with the green, up with the blue.

This accumulation of insults was too much to be borne. The reins of the horses were seized, the women riders dragged to the ground. The standard and the crown were ripped and trampled and bitten to pieces. Orange rags and ribbons went into the mud, women fled and children scattered as the stones began to fly.¹²

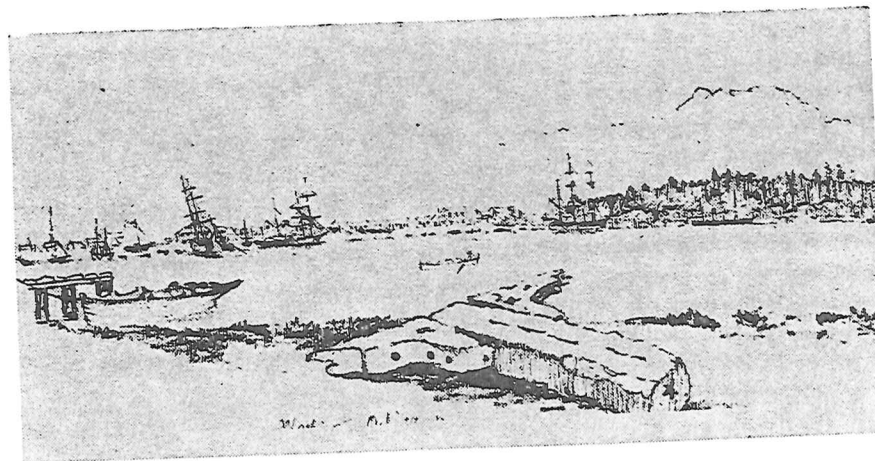
Jim Sharkey and his mates were on the attack when someone cried, 'There he is, Jim!'

He was George with his small frame visible in an eddy amidst the crowd, tousled and robbed of his Orange emblem and looking about him for some means of defence.

Jim advanced with roaring voice.

'Stand back there boys! George is mine. Leave him to me!'

The hatred of mates is as potent as the hatred of brothers. No one would deny Jim the pleasures of retribution. The crowd fell back as Jim stormed on and raised his arms to indicate he would tear this pint-sized Orangeman to pieces. He seized George by the shoulders and lifted him bodily into the air, brought him flat to the ground and then picked him up by his middle to use as a battering ram to the edge of the ring. George was struggling but winded.



Westport, October 1867, a sketch by John Wallis Barnicoat.—Turnbull/Mr J. J. G. Barnicoat.



T. A. S. Kynnersley (1840-74).
— Tyree Collection, Nelson Provincial Museum.

'Into the creek!' shouted Jim.

'Hold him under!' shouted the nearest onlookers. 'Stuff his lying mouth with mud. Send him down river to the sharks!'

The stones began flying again and the crowd were too busy to follow. Why should they? There went one Orangeman being dealt with as he deserved.

Jim turned the corner where huts were scattered about but not a single face appeared at any door. All the same he kept up his curses and threats until he turned again, dragging his burden now, and flung open the door of a hut: his own. With a final heave he flung George on to the dark bunk along the wall and blocked the entrance with his own bulk.

'You stay right there, George,' he said in a voice of compelling calm. 'Mind now what I say, not a murmur out of you till I come and tell you there's an end to the fighting. If you get back out there, who knows but there'll be murder done this day and where will I be? Hanged by my own mates for being in league with the Protestants?'

Those parting words went home as surely as a bolt and padlock. The speechless George, left alone, sat up and stared at the closing door. From the back of it came the placid gaze of a brightly painted Virgin Mary.

Through the noonday sunshine, a fast-running miner named Thomas Naysmith, with a nasty wound at the back of his head, was stumbling along the squelchy track to Westport. Two others followed him across the Buller and, throwing out hasty warnings to the startled onlookers, went straight to the office of Commissioner Kynnersley. Word flew round among the intrepid Volunteers. What a marvellous chance to do their stuff! How fortunate they were prepared to go forth and pacify the scene at Addison's Flat, the moment the Commissioner gave the order!

But, sad disappointment . . . Mr Kynnersley declined the offer. The Volunteers did right to prepare themselves, he said politely, but nothing more must they do until further orders. He himself, with his Inspector of Police, would ride out to investigate. A handful of troopers was enough.

In Addison's Flat the fighting had subsided and the Skibereen Road was filled with excited people not knowing what was likely to happen next. It did not take long for Mr Kynnersley to satisfy himself that the fighting arose from the sharpness of insults, and not from disaffection. Therefore he wrote a note to the Resident Magistrate in Westport to assure him that no extra force was needed.

The enthusiastic courier, happy with something to do after wearying of talk, went galloping down the street. The people scattered and converged again into small huddles. Surely this haste had a sinister meaning!

The Commissioner and the Inspector were rapidly surrounded by a large mob demanding to know if and why the Volunteers were being called in. They had to turn stump orators themselves to beat back the angry questions and assumptions, adding their careful explanations until they reached a level of mutual understanding. In Kynnersley's words:

There was no doubt a certain incongruity about the whole proceeding, for most of those who cheered for law and order were at the same time armed with axes, pick-handles, or large stones, and a few with firearms; but at the same time the general tone of the sentiments expressed was satisfactory to me that there was no opposition to constituted authorities or to the law taking its course, but a decided objection to open insults and

to a general attack on the crowd by the Westport Volunteers.¹³

At the back of his mind must have been the tragedy of Eureka. Less than fourteen years had passed since Commissioner Rede of Ballarat, faced with miners who adopted a military style of self defence, had taken the burning of licences as a personal challenge and thrust his forces into an armed collision. The colony of Victoria was effectively nearer to these men than Wellington and their distrust was primed with memories.

So while in Westport the Resident Magistrate was swearing in 250 special constables, and then stretching every resource to prevent them from heading for Addison's Flat forthwith, the two officials were settling in for the night. While they slept, obstreperous miners broke into the house of Bella Newton, the lady who rode the white horse, to drink her grog and smash her windows and damage some of her possessions. Ambush points were kept along the track in case the pledges proved to be deception and the Volunteers were coming after all. When the *Westport Times* arrived, in due course, and alleged a reign of terror at Addison's, the irate women bought up the lot and set fire to them.

These militant reactions did not greatly trouble the Commissioner. Indeed, as far as the newspapers were concerned, he conceded that so long as they were paid for they were better burnt than read. His real problem was the possibility of unauthorized intervention by volunteers and specials, including miners who came in to offer their services from the Caledonian and German Terraces. An outright war with some six hundred armed men on either side was hardly his idea of keeping the peace. Back in Westport he deflected these local warriors from any collision; but he could not prevent the higher authorities from sending a detachment of forty Armed Constabulary from Hokitika, where they had already been shipped to deal (unnecessarily) with a parallel series of demonstrations.

Here was a situation to be handled with tact. Kynnersley persuaded those in charge, Captain McDonnell and Inspector Cummins, to leave their A.C. troops in Westport while he escorted these officers to Addison's Flat. There they talked freely with all and sundry, and assured themselves that armed might was superfluous.¹⁴

Exactly one week after the disturbance, Kynnersley secured from a crowded meeting in the Daniel O'Connell Hotel a unanimous expression of respect for the law, and loyalty to the Throne and Government. In response to his repeated appeals for information to be laid against any law-breakers, the prosecutions following the riot were precisely two. One of these cases was dismissed and the other concluded with three weeks in the Westport jail for the secretary of the Celtic Committee.¹⁵

In short, the Irish rebels gave less trouble than the eager royalists. While Mr Kynnersley was proving to Colonel McDonnell that he was wise to take his Armed Constabulary away, a mass meeting in Westport was demanding that these troops should remain. They sent a deputation, only to be told by

the Commissioner that the miners of Addison's were 'a quiet, peaceful, right-minded, inoffensive and honourable body of men', but he would not be answerable if the press and the public continued to indulge in inflammatory speeches and writings. The response was three groans for Kynnersley.¹⁶

The battleground shifted. Mr Kynnersley focused the heat still further on himself with the publication of his report on the disturbances to the Superintendent of Nelson. The paper war continued upwards to the Provincial and Central Governments, with the miners backing up their Commissioner. Charles Broad, Resident Magistrate and Warden at the mushroom town of Brighton, was 'afforded much pleasure to be the medium of communication' when a large deputation told him of 'the high sense they entertain of the judicious manner in which Mr Commissioner Kynnersley acted with reference to the Addison's Flat disturbances'.¹⁷

If this 'judicious manner' included putting the quietest possible interpretation upon disputed events,¹⁸ Mr Kynnersley did not doubt the wisdom of his policy and refused to go back on his own conclusions:

I have no hesitation in saying that some ill-intentioned seditious nonsense spoken by two or three stump orators from Addison's, and some well-intentioned but equally mischievous insulting expressions in reply, used by one or two persons at Westport, followed by a miserable street row, in which all of the wounds received did not require twelve inches of sticking plaster and all the property destroyed would be well paid for with a £10 note—the whole puddle being all the time sedulously stirred by the *Westport Times*, and latterly also by the evening paper, nearly led to a scene of bloodshed which in a few days would have spread from one end of the Coast to the other, and caused a war of races which, although there could be no doubt as to the ultimate result, would in the meantime have desolated these thriving settlements and produced effects of which New Zealand would not have seen the end for years.¹⁹

Within a few months, because of the decline of his health, T. A. S. Kynnersley was setting out his ideas upon goldfields management and at the same time resigning some of his official positions. Six years later he died after making his last request: 'Let me be carried to my grave by six members of the finest body of men God ever united together: the West Coast miners.'²⁰

George Farrelly and Jim Sharkey went back to their claim with the certain knowledge that no evidence or argument would shift the religious and political opinions of the other. They might as well have their fun out of telling the story of what really happened to George, the day of the riot.

Addison's Flat was a good-sized town for many years, but its gold fever peak had already passed. Early in 1872 men began moving off to the Inanahua, where a miner must take shares in a company and settle, for this was reef mining that called for time and money to instal and operate machinery to deal with the quartz.

George Farrelly had a hand in more companies than one, but principally

in the Just-in-Time at Boatman's. Jim Sharkey also turned up in the thriving little town. They established their homes, met each other's wives, and occasionally enlivened the day with the old disputes: King Billy on the one side, St Patrick and the Pope on the other.

The Just-in-Time was in steep, rough country. One day, when they were blasting rock for the access road to the mine, something went wrong. Jim Sharkey, gashed by the falling rock, lay on the ground calling for his mate. But George had taken the greater force of the explosion and was soon to die in the presence of his wife.

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19. Kynnersley's Report, op. cit.
20. P. R. May, *The West Coast Gold Rushes*, 1962, p.272.

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