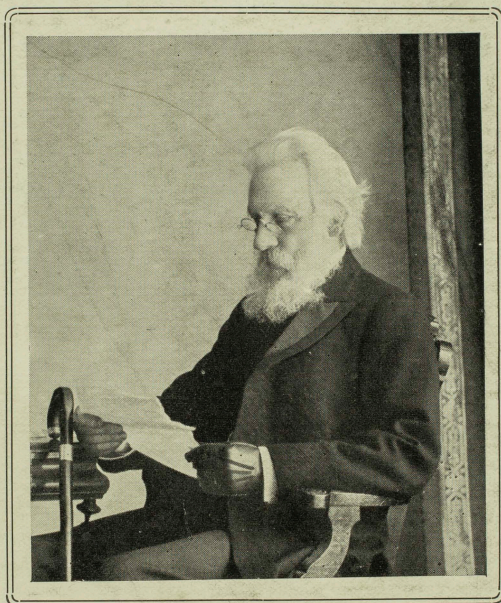


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CORNWALL PARK

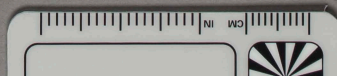
(MAUNGAKIEKIE)



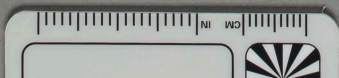
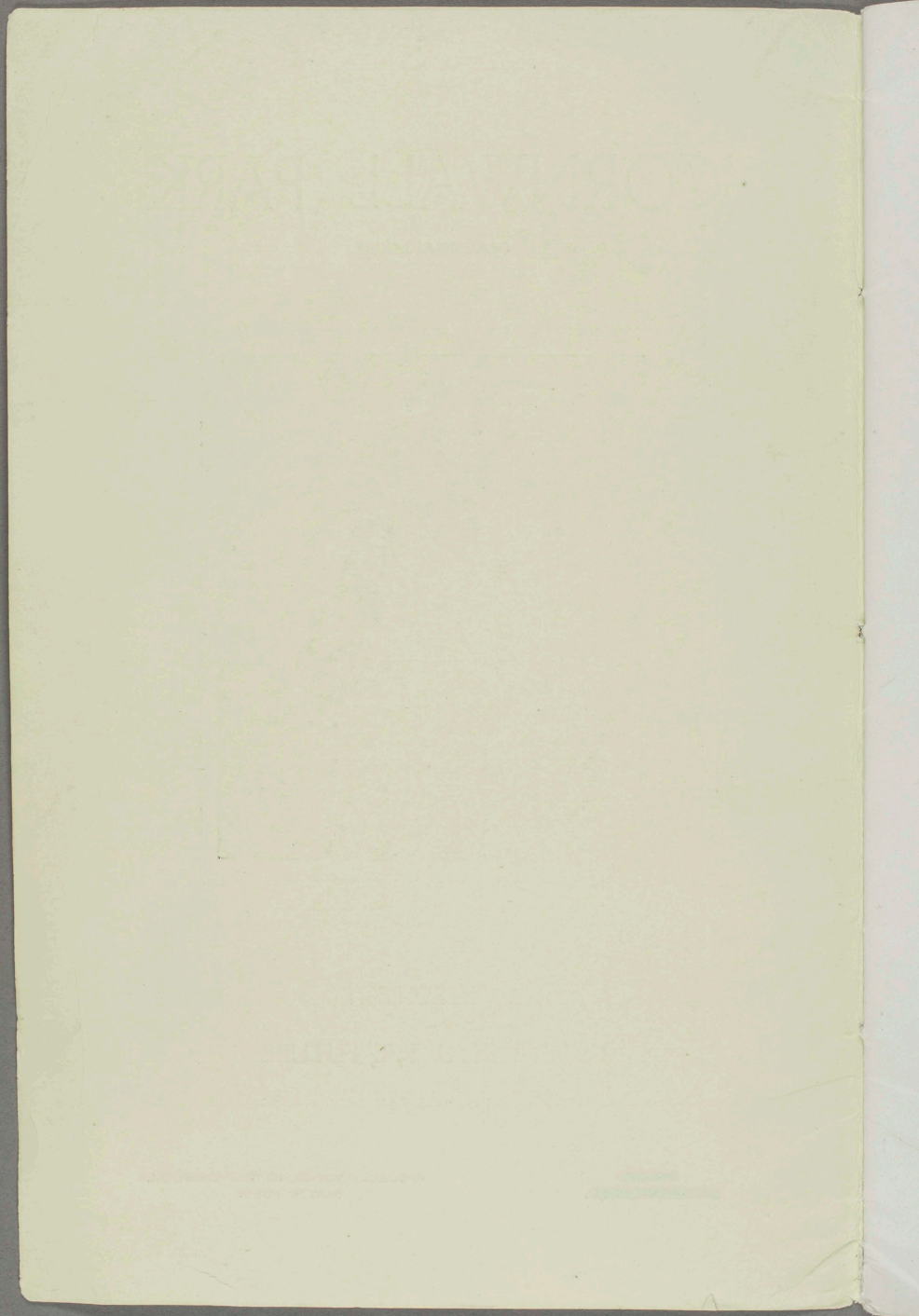
SIR JOHN LOGAN CAMPBELL

A RETROSPECT
AND
GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE

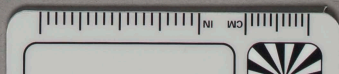
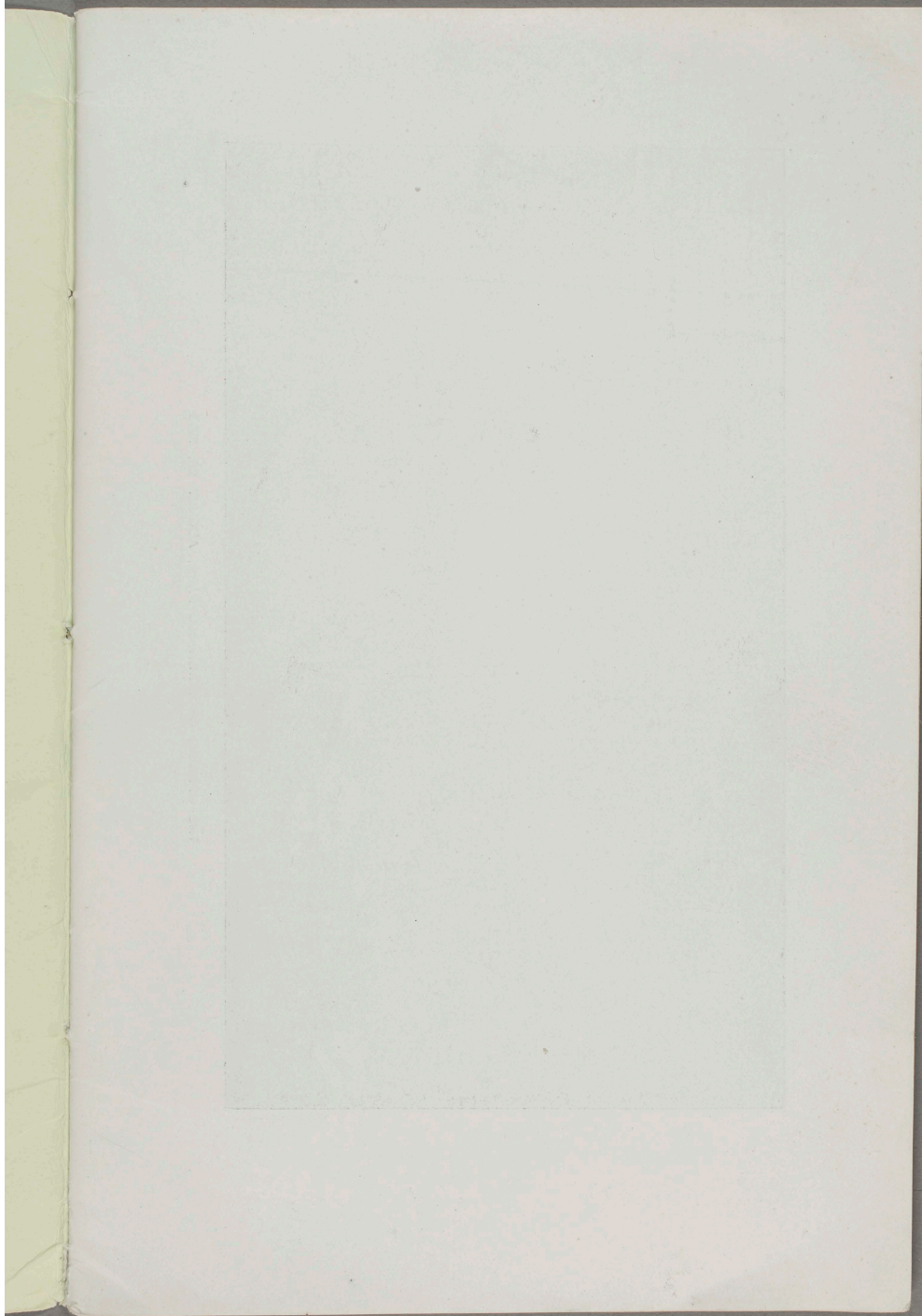
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THE OPENING OF CORNWALL PARK, AUGUST 26, 1903

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CORNWALL PARK

(MAUNGAKIEKIE)

A PRINCELY GIFT TO THE
PEOPLE OF NEW ZEALAND

BY

SIR JOHN LOGAN CAMPBELL

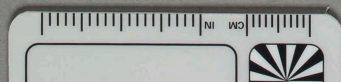
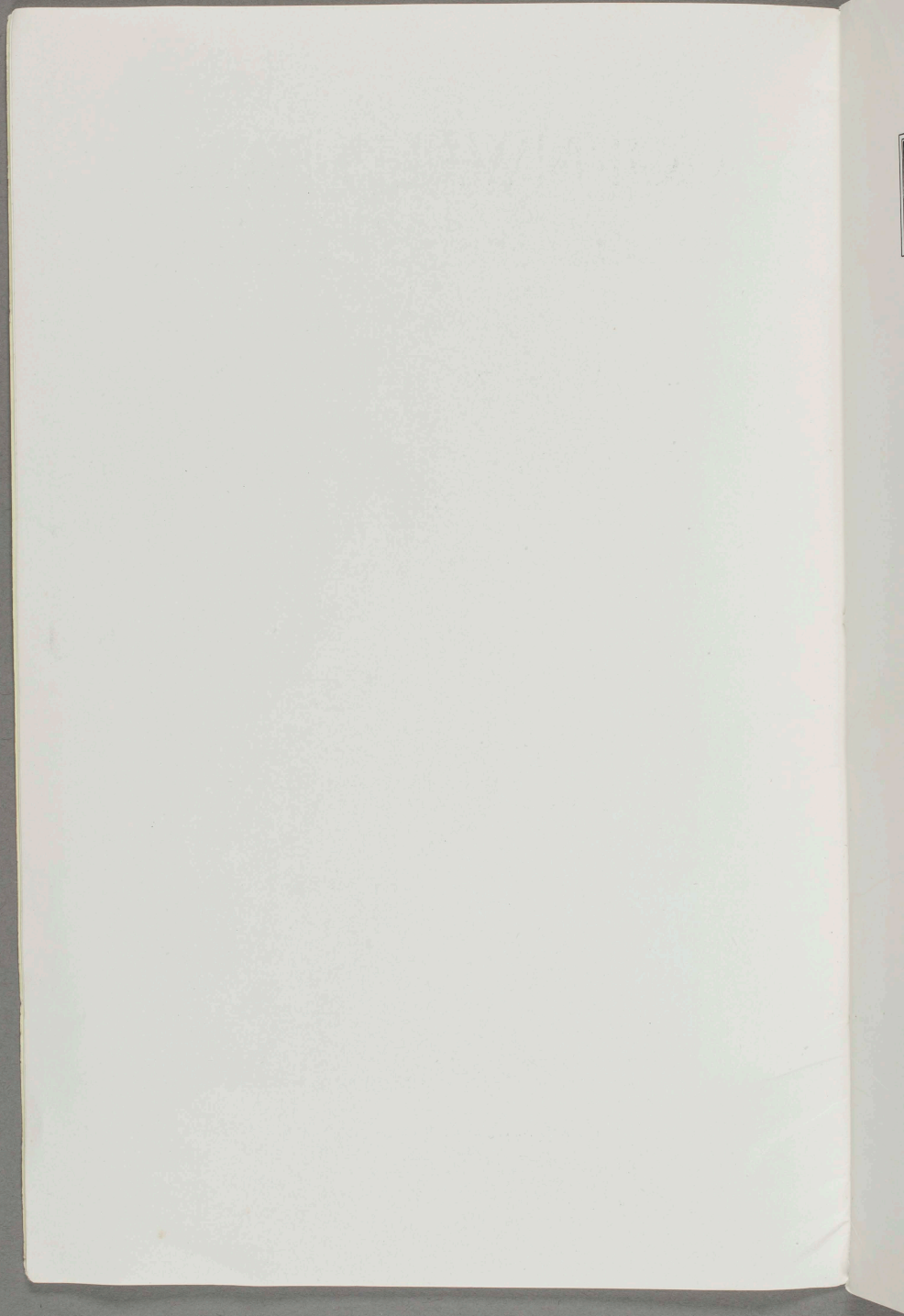


A RETROSPECT
AND
GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE

By "RATA"

The Brett Printing and Publishing Company, Ltd.
Auckland, N.Z.

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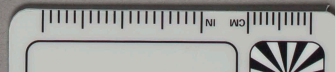




The Nineteenth Century

ONE chill November morning in the year 1817, far from the busy hum of cities, and close to the Highland border, stood a grim feudal mansion, a relic of troublous times, when the inhabitants relied rather on solid stone walls and a strong right arm than on any protection afforded by the law or its guardians. Not that the world had at this period grown more peaceful, or that right was not still a question of might; for in place of tribal and family feuds that had rendered the life and property of each individual insecure, wars were now waged between nations, and threatened the prosperity and even the very existence of whole peoples. Cattle thieves and raiding Highlanders were almost things of the past, but Europe was just recovering from the terror caused by the arch-robber, Napoleon Buonaparte, who carried out his raiding campaigns on a gigantic scale, and nearly succeeded in ruining the British nation by his iniquitous Continental System.

There was hardly a family in Scotland that did not mourn a son who had laid down his life in defence of his Fatherland,



and the family of Campbell, which had tenanted the old baronial castle of Kilbryde for hundreds of years—a castle famous in history as the abode, in her young days, of Mary Queen of Scots, and where may still be seen tapestry, the work of this unhappy queen's own fair hands—was no exception. But this cold winter day was notable in the Campbell annals as one that marked Nature's unfailing method of filling up the gaps made by battle and disease.

The driving rain and chilly blasts beat against the grim grey walls unnoticed by those within; such sounds were of too frequent occurrence in this bleak country to attract much attention at any time, and were quite unheeded this dull winter morning, for the usual staid decorum of a Scottish household was disturbed by the wailing cry of a new-born infant. The father's natural pride in the birth of a man-child was somewhat chastened by the consciousness that there was now another mouth to feed. To the mother, as she quieted her babe with a soothing lullaby and soft terms of endearment, its cry sounded sweeter than any music, and brought nothing but pleasure.

The birth of John Logan Campbell, though an event of the first importance to that happy mother, was probably little noticed by the busy world outside. True, he came of a remarkable race that had given to the world heroes of both the sword and the pen. But it is a prolific race this Clan Campbell, that has carried, and is still destined to carry, the fame of Scotland's sons to the uttermost parts of the earth.

More than one scion of this famous house had measured swords with the Corsican usurper in the great Peninsular wars. Young Captain Campbell, renowned thirty years later as the intrepid Sir Colin of Indian Mutiny fame, was at this time quartered with his regiment at Gibraltar. This same year gave to the world an authoress of no mean repute, Henrietta Campbell; and Thomas Campbell, the eminent poet, had already captivated the world with his imperishable description of Hohenlinden, a battle that he witnessed so closely as to see the Hussars wiping their blood-stained sabres across the horses' manes.

Who, unless he saw with the mother's prejudiced eyes, could have detected the germs of success in this piling infant, or guessed that the weak limbs swathed in flannel and incapable of bearing their owner's weight, were destined to tread an unknown land, and that the tiny hand, wandering aimlessly over the mother's breast, would, in years to come, guide the birth and control the destiny of the fairest city beneath the Southern Cross?

* * * * *

On this same day of November, indeed, at the same hour that saw the birth of the weak, helpless infant, as recorded



KILBRYDE CASTLE

above, in a remote Pacific island, a man, drawing near the close of a long life, sat upon a hill contemplating a landscape in strange contrast with the bleak Highlands of North Britain. Instead of pale sunbeams struggling through banks of ragged clouds from the east, there shone a crimson radiance from the western sky. In place of leafless trees, through which the wind sighed mournfully; bleak hills that only appeared above the snow-drifts on the more exposed ridges; open moors carpeted with sodden grass and withered heather; bare fields of

ploughed land, hard as iron in winter's frigid grip; highways, where an occasional wayfarer wrapped his plaid more closely round him to keep out the biting cold as he struggled against the chilly blasts; substantial farm-houses with slated roofs, surrounded by cow-house, stable, and corn-stack; warmly thatched cottages, and steepled church—in place of these evidences of civilisation and a hard, rigorous climate, his eyes rested upon a summer land, its primeval beauty warmly tinted by the setting sun.

From the shoulders of this volcanic mountain, crowned by a rude stockade surrounding a solitary totara tree that distinguishes this peak from many similar hills that rise at no great distance, he obtained an extensive view of hill and dale, island and sea, sloping hillsides covered with a dense growth of small trees, pukapuka, mahoe, tipau, rewarewa, titoki, ti (cabbage tree), and the glossy-leaved karaka; billowy hills clothed in russet fern, or the sweetly-scented manuka with its star-like blossoms; deep gullies filled with the bright green raupo and white-plumed toi-toi; and, on all sides, peeping through the evergreen foliage, the graceful feathery tree ferns, korau and ponga.

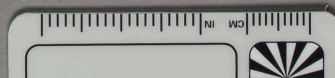
Everywhere are signs of barbarism and primitive man. The houses, mere huts built of sticks thatched with rushes, occupy every available hill-top, and are protected by close palisading, ditch and earthen rampart. The people, dressed in mats, bare-headed and bare-footed, their faces tattooed in a barbarous manner unknown to Europe, are engaged in cultivating small patches of kumara (sweet potato), fashioning weapons of war or the chase, and other rude pursuits of an uncivilised race. A long, low canoe, propelled by paddles, crosses a wide arm of the sea from a distant headland, ruddy with glowing sunbeams; the crew, timing their strokes to a plaintive boat-song that tells of a successful day's fishing, drive the curiously carved craft over the dancing waves. A string of women, each laden with a basket of shellfish or fagot of sticks, advances along one of the winding native footpaths.

Old Te Tuperiri, the famous Ngaoho rangatira, seated under the solitary totara tree, looked round upon this fair

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TREE-FERNS



prospect, but his expressive countenance did not indicate the pleasure which so beautiful a scene might be expected to produce. The deeply tattooed features wore a look of regret. On every side were signs that the neighbourhood had at one time been more thickly inhabited. Many of the pas that crowned every eminence were empty and falling into ruin. Kumara fields and gardens were uncultivated, and now grew a rank crop of weeds. The lovely stretch of blue water at his feet, save for the solitary canoe and a few seabirds, was untenanted. The time had been when on every side could be seen blue columns of smoke arising from innumerable kaingas, the fields populous with busy workers who filled the air with the labourer's song, and the bays, deeply indenting the isthmus on north, south, east, and west, dotted with canoes.

Nor was war unknown in this distant Pacific island. Like Europe, Maoriland had passed through a period of bloodshed and devastation surpassing even the terrible destruction of Napoleon Buonaparte. In this antipodean land, quarter to the vanquished was unknown, and the victor was not satisfied until his enemy was slain to the last man, woman, and child.

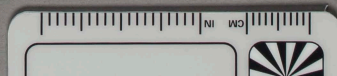
Possibly the grim old warrior's regrets were keener for remembering the leading part he had taken in by-gone years. It was he who had marched with the Ngatiwhatua from the far north, and, after conquering the Kaipara, dared to brave Kiwi, the renowned chief of Maungakiekie (One Tree Hill), and to invade the fertile isthmus dominated by this famous pa. A craftily-feigned retreat had drawn the over-confident Kiwi into dangerous ground; then Te Tuperiri and the Ngatiwhatua, suddenly facing round, overthrew their pursuers, 3,000 of whom perished. The great Kiwi himself fell under Te Waha-akiaki's greenstone mere (club).

Ah! those were stirring times, to be followed by forty years of peace and plenty, during which two generations of young warriors grew up under Te Tuperiri's fostering care. The Tamaki Isthmus ("Tamaki Makarau"—"Tamaki of a hundred lovers") smiled green with fields of kumaras and taro; but this very prosperity brought on its ruin. The fame of Tamaki, Remuera, Maungawhau (Mount Eden), Maungarei (Mount

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A MAORI RANGATIRA (CHIEF)





THE TIKI, A FAMILY HEIRLOOM

Wellington), and Owairaka (Mount Albert), where the kumaras were larger and more prolific than in the hungry north, reached the fighting tribe of Ngati-poa, on the Thames, and they coveted the fruitful land.

Tē Tuperiri, bent and stiff with advancing years, could not lead his warriors as of yore against the enemy, and he saw fortress after fortress fall to the Ngati-poa's assault, the defenders butchered and eaten (for these ferocious islanders were cannibals), and the fruitful, teeming land left desolate. But none could dislodge the stubborn old lion of Maungakiekie from his stronghold. He was left with a remnant of his once numerous tribe, the sole tenants of the war-ravished land.

Even the once populous slopes of Maungakiekie were now



MAORI WHARE (HUT)

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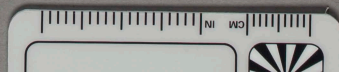
only partially cultivated, and many of the outlying pas, perched on lower spurs, were falling into decay; but Te Totara-i-ahua, the "tiki" or citadel, remained like its hoary old chief, a lingering monument of former greatness. The stout palisading surrounding this culminating stronghold was formed of posts and poles, varying in size from a few inches to nearly two feet in diameter, set upright and as close as possible, the lower ends held firm by being sunk into the ground; at intervals of two and five feet above which, lines of horizontal poles were firmly lashed with flax or toro-toro. A rough, unfinished appearance was given to the whole structure from the varying sizes of the posts, and because they were not trimmed even along the top. Some of the larger tree-trunks had their summits shaped like gigantic mushrooms, and a few were decorated with grotesque images, often of life size, painted red, and supposed to represent deceased warriors. The diabolical head, set neckless on the misshapen body, the huge green eyes fashioned from the iridescent pawa shell, the protruding, pointed tongue, monstrous, grinning mouth, and grotesque arms and legs, were more calculated to inspire fear, and imparted to the whole structure a horrid aspect of grotesque savagery. This, however, was old Te Tuperiri's home, and his dim eyes filled as each grinning figure recalled an old friend and comrade. Alas! his mana (prestige) was departing.



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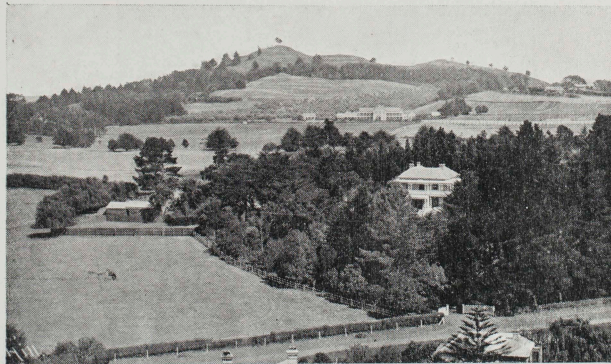
MAORI HEAD-POST



The Twentieth Century

A century has nearly passed, and Maungakiekie is again populous with a thronging multitude. Although the depth of winter, it is a breezy, bright New Zealand day, the atmosphere clear and limpid, the sky of a deeper, purer blue, and the grass a brighter emerald than is met with in the British Isles at this, their midsummer.

Presently the air is rent with a great shout, such as has often waked the echoes round the base of this ancient Maori stronghold. Had the shade of old Te Tuperiri revisited this, his last home on earth, he might have thought it announced the ferocious charge of armed warriors thirsting for their brother's



ONE TREE HILL (MAUNGAKIEKIE)



THE OPENING OF CORNWALL PARK, AUGUST 26, 1903

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blood. But there is no hoarse, savage ring about this outcry. It betokens rather triumph, as of a war party heralding its return from some successful foray, an impression that is partly confirmed by the answering cry from the hill-top. The present scene would have puzzled old Te Tuperiri. Where are the karaka groves, the flax bushes, the feathery-topped manuka? That stunted tree, of a dark shade of green that he has never seen, is not the sacred totara tree, planted to commemorate the birth of Koroki, the great Ngatiwa chief; a tree that had formed a landmark for the whole district, the first sight of which had often gladdened his heart when returning from some distant raid, and under whose shade he was fond of reposing. The glades in front are carpeted with a tender green turf such as his feet never trod, and the same clothes the hill slopes that in his day were hidden under a russet-brown mantle of fern.

Again the shout, repeated thrice in an unmistakably British cheer, and beyond the screen of strange trees a crowd of men and women come into view; but these are not Te Tuperiri's people! The flax mat is nowhere to be seen; all are clothed in strange pakeha garments. Their eager white faces turn towards a platform upon which stand two rangatiras, not the warrior rangatiras known to him, with deeply tattooed faces, their persons decked with native ornaments—the tiki, a valued heirloom of greenstone, hung round the neck, the tooth of a tiger shark suspended from a slit in the ear, or the huia feather stuck jauntily in the long hair. These are rangatiras of a wholly different mould—men remarkable for turning Nature's bounties to man's profit, not his destruction; for overcoming difficulties and introducing arts and improvements whereby their fellows might live in comfort and happiness; princes of peace, not lords of war.

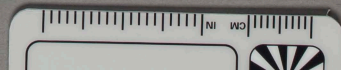
The younger figure is that of a man in the prime of life; a native of New Zealand. Though born since old Te Tuperiri's day, he has already attained the honourable distinction of guiding the councils of his native land, and appears to-day as chief magistrate and chosen representative of his fellow-townsmen in the beautiful city overlooked by Maungakiekie.

Old Te Tuperiri had lived beyond man's allotted span, a

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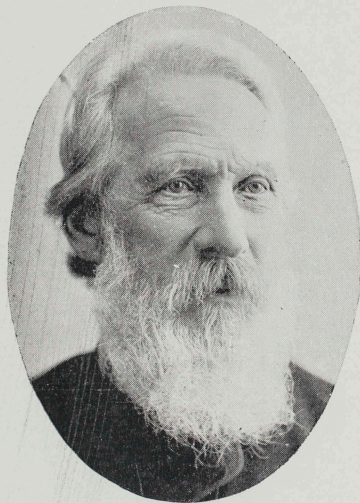
THE HONOURABLE EDWIN MITCHELSON



busy, stirring life, throughout most of which his energies were directed to the destruction of his enemies rather than the welfare of his own people; and for a heritage—What did he leave them?

The deadly animosity of neighbouring tribes, and a desolate, war-devastated land.

The elder of the two pakeha rangatiras is likewise one who has passed man's allotted span, and his hair is white as snow,



SIR JOHN LOGAN CAMPBELL

for it was the advent of this son of Scotia into the world in another hemisphere, nearly a hundred years ago, that we described above. His, too, had been a busy, stirring life; but, unlike Te Tuperiri, his talents had been entirely devoted to peaceful pursuits—to making two blades of grass grow in the place of one, to securing to every man the reward of his industry, and to civilising this savage, beautiful land.

For heritage to *his* people, what?

The undying gratitude of a whole community, and an

ardent desire to follow in his footsteps. In place of a battle-chipped mere and crumbling fortress, a wide domain, where his people and their unborn descendants may enjoy God's blessings of hill and dale, pure air and lovely scenery, until the end of time; green swards that shall echo with the laughter of happy children; recreation grounds, where youths and girls may develop their young limbs in games and peaceful contests; retired nooks shaded by whispering fern and palm, where young men and maidens may tell each other the old, old story, older than Maungakiekie itself, heedless of the twittering birds



VIEW IN CORNWALL PARK

and the tui's amorous song; breezy slopes, where the tired worker and weary matron may restore their jaded energies, or brighten the dull routine of their busy life with a sight of smiling Nature, the melodious song of blackbird and thrush, and the contemplation of their little ones at play; shady avenues, where the philosopher or student may commune with Nature, undisturbed by the noise and bustle of the adjacent city; sunny hill-tops, where the aged may quicken the failing pulse of life in the warm sunbeams, and whence they can survey the prosperous, teeming land around, recall bygone days, and point to their youthful companions many a thriving hamlet and

busy scene of industry, that in their young days were wastes of scrub and fern.

This was the noble heritage that Sir John Logan Campbell presented to the cheering assembly, representatives of the people of New Zealand, accompanying the princely gift with simple, eloquent words, "My heart goes out to you all in loving and grateful thanks."

This people of Maoriland, what manner of men and women are they? Do they inherit the indomitable energy, high sense of justice, and love of freedom that distinguish the island race whence they are sprung? Surely that, and more. These dwellers below the Southern Cross are of greater stature and cleaner build. Deformed and stunted children, the result of drudgery, overcrowding, and poverty, are as scarce as beggars or deaths from starvation. Justice is administered as impartially as in the Old Country, for here everyone is treated as an equal, and none are debarred by birth from the attainment of any post of honour, or from admission to any social circle. The demeanour of the men, though less staid and decorous, is brighter and more alert than that of their ancestors, not the dreadful alertness of the Maoris of Te Tuperiri's day, when the inhabitants lived under continual apprehension of being destroyed by each other, which induced in them such habitual vigilance that no man dared be without his weapons or off his guard for a single moment, but an intelligent alertness which showed that this virile young nation could look on the bright side of life and enjoy the beauties of this sunny land.

Where in the wide world could a brighter picture of smiling Nature be obtained than from Maungakiekie? In the general panorama, land and water alternate so unexpectedly that it is hard to tell which are islands and which the mainland. Indeed, if he did not know to the contrary, the beholder would think that the fair city of Auckland itself stood on an island, for the eye encounters the sheen of water to whichever side it may be turned. Looking north, the attention is arrested by the quaint artificial-looking outline of Rangitoto, the beacon of Auckland, which can be recognised at a glance from any point of the compass. On either hand of its prim, central peaks stretch



RANGITOTO, THE BEACON OF AUCKLAND

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long, scrub-covered slopes, sweeping with a gentle, even gradient right down to the sea. So perfectly is its clear-cut profile duplicated, that if the island could be doubled together like a piece of folded paper, one side would exactly coincide with the other. Beyond, the Great and Little Barrier Islands are prominent, of the same soft blue as the ocean, from which they appear divided by a level stratum of light coloured haze. In the far distance, the Coromandel Peninsula, a lofty mass of rugged hills, rises boldly 3,000 feet into the blue vault of heaven, and stretching away in a westerly direction towards Te Aroha is a continuous line of mountains and hills. The white cliffs of Motutapu are seen just over the eastern foot of Rangitoto, gleaming in the bright sunshine. On the western side, the bluff North Head, like an emerald set in the cerulean blue of the Waitemata, rounding which, white as snow flakes, shine the wing-like sails of an approaching schooner. The Waitemata stretches lake-like between this and Remuera hill, the colour changing every moment under Nature's master hand from deep blue to the iridescent green and purple of a pawa shell. In exact contrast to the emerald jewel which graces the entrance to Auckland Harbour, we have the Orakei basin, a glistening turquoise lake set round with slopes of verdant green.

Facing about to the south, a grander, if sterner, picture arrests the attention. The eye is puzzled to trace each winding inlet of the extensive Manukau Harbour that frets the pretty pastoral land into countless bays and promontories. Dark and sombre, towards the setting sun, rise the bush-clad ranges of Waitakerei, falling away in many a rugged peak to the Manukau passage, in fine contrast with the bold southern headland that gleams so delicate a pink as to give it an almost transparent appearance.

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THE MANUKAU, FROM ONE TREE HILL

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The Twenty-first Century

With inquisitive fingers we lift the curtain that shrouds the future from our eyes, and discover the imaginary picture of what may be expected after the lapse of another hundred years.

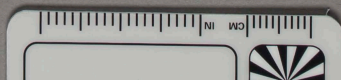
The sun, the sky, the sea are unchanged—they are bright, limpid, and beautiful as of yore. The people who flock all day long to Cornwall Park are fanned by breezes no less soft and fresh than before; the crowd even gayer and more cheerful than that which a century ago witnessed the public bestowal of this priceless heritage. The men are clothed in lighter and more artistic garments, and the women, arrayed in fascinating costumes of gaily coloured and exquisitely soft materials, look like fairies as they flit between the flower beds which reflect on every side the sun's bright beams.

The Cornwall Park is famous throughout the world for its flowers. In no other clime do they grow so luxuriantly or in such variety, glow with such deep, intense colours, or load the air with such sweet perfume. The eye encounters everywhere these dainty decorations of Nature—beds of vivid colours, borders and parterres of rich blooms. Every pillar, balustrade, window-ledge, and cornice of the marble kiosks, art galleries, fountains, and summer-houses that invite the holiday maker to stay his steps a moment for refreshment, or for the enjoyment of sweet music and cool shade, is covered with twining garlands and trailing bouquets, of nasturtium, verbena, rose, geranium, azalea, jessamine, marigold, honeysuckle, lily, and countless blooms from every corner of the world. Under the shady manuka and tree-fern, that fret the sunlight until it covers the

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THE PRIMEVAL FOREST



soft turf with lace-like patterns of glancing gold, and where the air is sweet with Nature's subtle incense, cascades of white clematis arrest the eye with their star-like blossoms.

Umbrageous puriris, towering kauris, tasselled rimus, bosky kawakas, picturesque cabbage trees, cedar-like matais, and dusky meros, recall the days anterior to Te Tuperiri and his famous pa, when the forest reigned supreme, and its leafy monarchs harboured the light-green kiekie in their lofty forks in such quantities as to suggest the name of Maungakiekie to its original discoverers.

Crossing open swards of smooth turf, where the happy voices of children at play mingle with the sweet-toned notes of the tui and koromako (bell bird), past tennis court, croquet lawn, and cricket field, all alive with active contestants, the glory of Cornwall Park is reached, a magnificent avenue of pohutukawa (Christmas tree), that dazzles the eye with a blinding blaze of blossoms. This terminates at the foot of Maungakiekie, which, save for a few clumps of glossy-leaved karakas and cabbage trees, the picturesque, typical tree of New Zealand, is still covered with its emerald-green mantle.

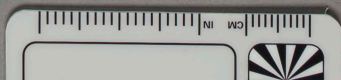
The stunted pines on the summit are gone. In their place is a sturdy young totara. Though the hands that planted it have long since mouldered in the dust, and generations of men have come and gone since the breeze first sang through its aspiring crown, it may be counted as still only in its youth. What is a century in the life of a totara? Its branches now, as of old, shade the Maori pa, or stockade, which has been built in exact semblance of Te Tuperiri's historic fortress; but the massive walls are no longer required to repel savage enemies thirsting for human blood. It is maintained as an object lesson whereby the rising generations may be reminded from what an age of barbarism and dark superstition their grandfathers rescued this smiling land—the gem of the Pacific Ocean.

At no great distance is a spacious building filled with examples of ancient Maori handicraft; and adjoining, by way of contrast, is a magnificent art gallery for the exhibition of pictures by New Zealand artists, whose productions have already attained a world-wide reputation. A land so lovely as to inspire

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TI (CABBAGE TREE)



the savage Maori with such an eye for the beautiful as led him to create the artistic Tauapara, or stern-post, for his war canoes, where wonderful designs are suggested by the unfolding crook of a tree-fern or the convolutions of the twining mange-mange, could not fail to have a like effect on the Anglo-Saxon race which succeeded him, and train the eye from earliest infancy by the contemplation of Nature's masterpieces of form, design, and colour.

Following the steps of an imaginary stranger to the summit, we will join him in a survey of the wonderful panorama. With the exception of Rangitoto, which still retains its austere, barren beauty, the extensive prospect of land and sea shows many changes. In every direction the water is dotted with the white sails of pleasure yachts. Vessels of larger size, culminating in the leviathan ocean liners, arrive and depart daily from all parts of the world, and continually pass between the Waitemata and Manukau Harbours through a spacious canal; but one looks in vain for the grimy pennant that of old polluted the air with clouds of soot and noxious vapour. All are now propelled by stored electricity, the accumulation of the harnessed winds and tides. Similarly with land transit, manufactures, and even the domestic economy of private houses, electricity is the motive power and heat-giving source.

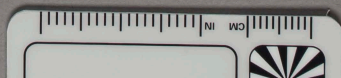
A curl of smoke, except from the fish-curer, a picnicking party, or the fragrant weed, is nowhere to be seen; neither do driving clouds of dust mark the broad, smooth, easily-graded roads shaded by avenues of oak, sycamore, and chestnut, which connect the city with the neighbouring towns and hamlets. Dust, smoke and dirt are unknown, and belong to the dark ages of horse-traction and macadamised roads. All heavy traffic near the towns and the unsightly electric wires are now relegated to steel tubes underground. Travellers speed on noiseless electric cycles and pneumatic-wheeled motor-cars, by highways so straight and level that the passenger may breakfast in Auckland, lunch in Wellington, and dine in Dunedin.

The roads and footpaths, coloured a soft rose, obviate the former blinding glare, and, together with the absence of dust and dirt, save the eyes so much injury that glasses are nearly

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TAUAPARA
(STERN-POST OF CANOE)



unknown. Every cottage and villa stands embowered in gardens, wherein is displayed the owner's taste and choice of flowers and fruit, and for the cultivation of which a working day of five hours gives ample opportunity.

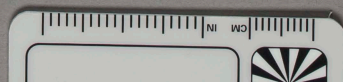
In the beautiful park are large saloons, that can be cooled to any temperature the frequenters may desire, fitted with comfortable benches that are invariably filled by an orderly assembly, which listens entranced to sweet music floating through the air from an invisible source. There are also smaller apartments, where students can listen to all the great masters of classic music and literature without straining the eyes over crabbed print, or having the attention distracted by the sight of labouring musicians. And if mere amusement be desired, a penny in the slot will secure the reading of the latest popular novel to the listener, who can recline comfortably in some rose-covered arbour. Or, if open-air sport be preferred, a park motor-car will conduct to a large open domain, where horse-riding and racing may be enjoyed on specially constructed tracks.

The competition in athletic sports is keener than ever, and though the eating of meat is looked upon with as much horror as cannibalism was regarded a century before, all the old records have been left far behind. The race has not only benefited in their looks by the mingling of Anglo-Saxon and Maori blood, but shows a manly vigour that neither of the original stocks possessed.

The stranger at whose side we have stood in imagination, at length directs his steps towards the pohutukawa avenue, which he follows to the entrance gate, where he pauses for a few moments before a fine marble statue to see what manner of man he was who bestowed this princely gift on the people of New Zealand, more especially the citizens of Auckland, and a grateful exclamation escapes his lips as he reads the name, "Sir John Logan Campbell."

◆ ◆ THE END ◆ ◆

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A MAORI RANGATIRA (CHIEF)

