



The Barons
of
Dunbar

Bartholomew E. Baginall

A C K N O W L E D G E M E N T S

C O N T E N T S.

Page No.

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Dedicated to our ancestors, George and Martha Bagnall
and their family.

I N T R O D U C T I O N

BAGNALL FAMILY TREE
as relating to N.Z. Branch.

As long as I can remember, I have known about Prince Edward Island. At first, I didn't know where it was, but I knew my Grandfather had come from there. We were brought up on the story of the "Paheka", and knew about the Darrachs, who had also come on the ship. As we grew older, we wondered about the name "Paheka". How did the ship, built in Canada, come to have a Maori name? I still don't know. Most likely because it was built for a Mr. Thomas Williams, to be used in the New Zealand trade.

As children, all of us used to be taken to visit great-aunts and uncles, but the one place that we all knew was 2 Tweed Street, Herne Bay. Whichever branch of the family we belonged to, we were taken frequently to see Auntie Polly (the only living New Zealand-born child of George and Martha Bagnall), and Aunt Margaret, to whom we are indebted for writing her memoirs for us. Sometimes at Auntie Polly and Uncle Alf's, we would meet other cousins, occasionally we would see one of their twin sons, Gresham or Lemuel, and almost always Elma and Phyllis would be there, serving afternoon tea. We knew the large two-storeyed house so well. In November, 1983, I took a Prince Edward Island Bagnall/Stevenson cousin, Dorothy Macdonald, and her husband, to see the house. It is now the home of the Missionary Sisters of the Society of Mary, who are having it restored to what it was in Auntie Polly's day, with its spacious rooms and comfortable furniture. The upstairs verandah has been closed in, but apart from that the beautiful old home is looking very much as we knew it.

Since we have been grown up, we have at times met cousins of whom we had not previously heard. Just one question was needed to find out if we were from the same Bagnall family. "Did your people come from Prince Edward Island?" Our family would always know the answer to that!

I am writing this book with a 2-fold purpose: 1. To bring Aunt Margaret's Memoirs up to date. She wrote her story for us descendants of George and Martha Bagnall "to however many generations removed", and I, too, am writing mine for the family. I have been thrilled to be able to make contact with every branch of the family, and I have tried to put every member of the family into the book, down to the baby born in 1984! I have endeavoured to make it as accurate as possible, so that through this book, we cousins shall come to know one another, even though in some cases, it may not be possible to meet.

2. From a genealogical standpoint. My friend, Mrs. Ngaire Ockwell, who started me off on genealogy, said she has written her family stories so that they will last for 200 years! How much easier it will be for future genealogists if we have the work fully done up to 1984! Indeed, how much easier it was for me because Aunt Margaret had told the story back to Samuel Bagnall and John Stevenson!

I have by no means put in all the material I have - that would make an impossibly large book. But I hope that my work here will encourage other family members to write their story down in more detail to be handed on to their children and grandchildren, and perhaps have it put in a depository, such as the Auckland Museum Library, or other Archives, so that it will not be lost, as so much of our past material has been. And, most important, to write names, dates, and any other relevant information on all family photos! What a puzzle it has been, trying to name the 100-year old photos in our grand-parents' albums!

Dorothy E. Bagnall
Dorothy Chadwick Bagnall

Samuel Bagnall m. Elizabeth Whitehouse
c 1745-1810 1748-1837

1. Elizabeth m. William Rind -1770-1790
2. Samuel m. Charlotte Simpson -1771-1837
3. Charlotte - unmarried - c 1777 d, aged 72
- *4. Jane m. Thomas Rhodes Haszard -1781-1839
5. George m. Sophia Malcolm -1783-1855
6. James Douglas m. Ann Matilda Gardiner -1785-1855
7. Sarah m. William Bremner -1786-1813
- *8. Richard m. Elizabeth Ann Cantelo -1789-1857 (only P.E.I.-born Bagnall)

*Jane m. Thos. Haszard

1. James Douglas m. Sarah Sophia Gardiner -1797-1875
2. Elizabeth - unmarried -1799-
3. Thos. Rhodes Jnr. - unmarried - 1801-
4. George -1803-1824
5. Charlotte Joanna m. Robert Irving - 1807-1890
6. William Jones m. Louisa Hayden - 1808-1879 (to N.Z.)
7. Charles m. Mary Ann Longworth - 1812-1862 (to N.Z.)

*Richard m. Elizabeth Cantelo

1. Sophia Elizabeth m. Andrew Clark -1814-1890
2. William James Howard m. Jane Stevenson - 1815-1886
3. George Samuel Whitehouse m. Martha Stevenson -1818-1899
4. Mary Susannah Dix m. David Clark - 1820-1890
5. Richard B. m. Matilda Baker -1823-1894
6. Edwin Cantelo m. Christiana Anderson -1826-1865
7. John Sims m. Margaret Ross -1828-1902

Charles Stevenson m. Margaret Anderson

John Stevenson m. Margaret Nisbet -c 1799-1862

1. Charles m. Mary Jane Orr -1801-1890 (children born in Paisley, Scot.)
2. Catherine m. James Dickson -1804-1877
3. John m. Elizabeth Houston -1805-1891
4. Andrew m. Margaret Houston -1807-1895
5. William m. Grace Houston -1810-1900
6. Margaret m. James Houston -1812-1890
7. George m. Mary Jane Proctor -1815-1913
8. Jane m. William Bagnall -1816-1872
9. Janet m. Henry Simpson -1819-1880
10. Robert m. Adelaide Craswell -1821-1903 (1st P.E.I.-born Stevenson)
11. Martha m. George S.W. Bagnall -1824-1907
12. Agnes m. Samuel North -1826-

George Samuel Whitehouse Bagnall m. Martha Stevenson

Ancestors of the N.Z. family - came to N.Z. on "Paheka".

AUNT MARGARET'S MEMOIRS.

CHAPTER I.

"I was born, praise to the gods, in Prince Edward Island, that colourful little land of ruby and emerald and sapphire. Compressed by an inviolate sea, it floats on the waves of the blue Gulf, a green seclusion and haunt of peace". Lucy Maud Montgomery, in an article "The Alpine Path", written many years ago in "Every Woman's World".

So could have written George and Martha Bagnall (née Stevenson) and their seven sons and two daughters who made the long journey from their home in Prince Edward Island, Canada, to their new home in New Zealand. Their descendants today can go to see their distant cousins on the other side of the world in less than 48 hours, a far cry from the five months spent on the small 173-ton brig on that first journey.

The story of the New Zealand Bagnalls begins with the arrival of the "Pakeha" one hundred and twenty years ago. But the story of their Prince Edward Island ancestors goes back to Samuel Bagnall and his wife, Elizabeth (née Whitehouse) and to John Stevenson and his wife, Margaret (née Nisbet). George Bagnall's grandparents, Samuel and Elizabeth Bagnall, left their home in Staffordshire, England, for the United States of America in the mid 1700's, while Martha's parents, John and Margaret Stevenson, went from Paisley, Scotland, in 1820, to start a new life in Prince Edward Island. Samuel and John, with their families, had many difficulties to overcome as they settled in a new land. George and Martha likewise had many problems and sorrows, but as with their forbears, they had the faith and determination to overcome all these difficulties, and prospered in their new home, in many ways helping in the development of the young country.

One of George and Martha's daughters, Margaret Ann Bagnall, remembered the journey across the ocean, and remembered the stories she had been told by her ancestors. She was often asked to write down the story, and later in her life she did just this. It has been typed and retyped, and gives such a wonderful picture of their life in Prince Edward Island, of their long sea journey and of the family's pioneer life in New Zealand, that I am going to start this book with "Aunt Margaret's Memoirs", without which the present day family would have known very little of their background.

Aunt Margaret's Memoirs.

by Margaret Ann Bagnall, 1936.

"My mother, born Feb. 11th, 1824, was the fifth daughter of John and Margaret Stevenson, whose family consisted of six sons and six daughters. My father, born June 4th, 1818, was the second son of Richard Bagnall of Hazel Grove, Prince Edward Island, whose family consisted of four sons and two daughters. My father used to tell me about his grandfather, Samuel Bagnall of Derbyshire and Stafford, England, who went to America some time in the middle of the 18th century. He grew tobacco, in Virginia, I think, but anyway, he became very wealthy and when his second daughter married Mr. Tom (I think) Haszard, her dowry was her weight in golden sovereigns! Samuel Bagnall and his family at this time were living in New York, in a beautiful home, and when the trouble with England over taxation occurred, he felt that though the tax was an injustice, he could not fight against his King and country, nor could he take arms against the Colonists who were, he felt,

justified to a certain extent, in their rebellion. He, for this loyalty to England, was put in prison, and the lovely home where Mrs. Bagnall and her children were living, was attacked by the Indians, who were allies of the rebels, and burned with everything in it. The terrified lady was being brutally treated by the savages, one of which had her hair in his hand and his scalping knife raised to scalp her, when some British soldiers came to her help and saved her and her children. They were sent to Nova Scotia for refuge, but Samuel Bagnall had to pay several thousand pounds as ransom before he was freed to join his wife and family in Nova Scotia. From there they crossed to Prince Edward Island later, where the only recognition he received from the British Government, was a grant of land in Hazel Grove on condition that he made provision for travellers: in fact, a half-way house between Summerside and Charlottetown. This was done and for many years the Bagnalls kept this place and were highly respected all over the country. I think my Great-Grandfather stayed in Charlottetown, and that it was Richard, his youngest son, who went to Hazel Grove, for Samuel Bagnall is buried in Charlottetown Cemetery, and his will speaks of him as "of Charlottetown, P.E. Island". There were four sons - Samuel, George, James, and Richard; and four daughters - Elizabeth (married Mr. Rind), Jane (married Mr. Haszard), Charlotte (never married) and Sarah, who married Mr. Bremner.

My father used to tell us of his Aunt Charlotte, who remembered the terrible times which followed the outbreak of war and of the narrow escape of her mother from the brutal Indians; also of his Aunt Jane being given her weight in gold as dowry. I never heard of either of the other of his married aunts receiving such a dowry, or in fact, any; so I suppose they were married after coming to P.E.I., when there would be very little money, I imagine; although, in his will, (Samuel Bagnall) dated April 2nd, 1810, eight days before his death on the 10th he must have had considerable property, for he left legacies to his children, amounting to about £3000. His wife, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Whitehouse, was left all the residue after debts and the fore-going legacies were paid. This seems as if he had prospered in P.E. Island. The will was witnessed by three persons, one of whom was Elizabeth Cantelo. This must have been either the mother or some relative of Elizabeth Cantelo whom Richard, Samuel's youngest son, married, and who was my father's mother. His father, Mr. Cantelo, was a silver-smith, and much of the silver table ware etc. of solid silver, which is yet in use in the Bagnall homes on P.E. Island, was made by him. I have a pair of sugar tongs of his make, which was given to me by the daughters of Andrew Clark, who had been given it by their mother, my father's sister, Sophie. She and her sister Mary both were married to Clarks, and lived in Cavendish. Aunt Mary's husband was David.

There was a solid silver pap bowl * which goes to the oldest daughter right down, so of course, it has long since passed out of the Bagnall family, and I don't know who has it now, nor does it matter, for this story is of the Bagnalls more particularly. I only mention the silver to show that the family had evidently prospered on P.E.I., and that they had been used to good things, or would not have bothered to get solid silver, but been satisfied with steel or plated articles. When the New York home was burned, all papers were lost, consequently Samuel left no papers to show when or where he was born or married. This became of consequence only in the seventies of the nineteenth century, when the "Next of Kin Gazette" was sent to my father, asking could he apply for £3,000,000 which had been thrown into chancery owing to there being no heirs to inherit. The Gazette was asking for heirs of Samuel Bagnall who left Staffordshire, England, for America, on a date in 1700. This date I don't remember, but it could

* Dorothy Bagnall saw this silver pap bowl in 1982 at the home of Will and Mildred Johnstone, Prince Edward Island.

have been the one on which Great-Grandfather left. My father and brothers of course, could not claim, for they were descendants of the youngest son of Samuel, and there being no papers, even the oldest son's descendants could do nothing. We all believe the Samuel Bagnall referred to was our Great-Grandparent, but there was no definite proof and it had to go at that.

My father and mother met when they were very young. His father sent him to New Glasgow (where the Stevensons had settled some time after landing from Scotland in 1820) to attend to some business with Mr. John Stevenson. He was shown into a room, perhaps the kitchen, where my mother was having her curls brushed by her grandmother, Mrs. Nisbet. At this time my mother would be about 7 years of age and Father six years older. She was wriggling and wouldn't keep still, and her grandmother said, "Be still, lassie, or I gie ye to that laddie", little thinking that ten years later "that laddie" would take the lassie for keeps. They were married when they were 17 and 23 years respectively in the year 1841, a double wedding, Mother's brother, George, being married on the same day. They both went to live in my father's house built on the opposite side of the mill and each owned farm land on their side of the river as well. There was also a general store on my father's property and run for the firm by Father. Uncle William was a sportsman and lover of horses, Father also a good judge of horses, though not a racing man, but a conservative in politics and a member of the Legislative Council. His interests were divided between the church, his home and business and the good government of his country.

As the years passed on the two families grew larger and increased in importance. Uncle William had married Jane Stevenson, my mother's elder sister (several years before my parents were married) and their family consisted of eight daughters and two sons. My parents had five sons before they had a daughter, and when a girl was born in 1853, there was great joy in the family. The five sons - Lemuel John, born 1849, William Henry, born 1845, Albert Edward, born 1847, George Edwin, born 1849, Richard Wellington, born 1851 - were at this time aged respectively 10, 8, 6, 4 and 2. My father being a member of the Legislative Council, took the prefix Hon. to his name by courtesy, and it described his character. He and Mother were very hospitable, and at their home entertained all classes, even the highest; for many evenings were spent there by the leaders of society, including even the governor and his lady. The custom at that time was to take wine in quantity, and men thought it no disgrace to take too much occasionally. My father was not fond of it and never took more than he could stand with dignity, but many of his friends drank too much, which shocked my mother very greatly, and she grew to hate the idea of a drunken man. Sir Dominic Daly was Governor at this time, and he was very fond of his glass.

One night when Lemuel was 10 and Willie 8, there was a party of ladies and gentlemen from Charlottetown being entertained, Sir Dominic and Lady Daly among them. The boys were allowed to stay up a little while and enjoy the fun, and when it came time to send them to bed, Mother was about to give each of them a glass of wine and some cake, but as she held the decanter in her hand, she was suddenly stopped by the thought, "This will be the first taste of wine these boys have had; should they become drunkards and I had given them the first glass, could I ever forgive myself?" She did not fill the glasses with wine but gave them instead some black currant juice and sent them to bed. That night when the guests had gone, Mother told Father how she had felt about the wine for the boys, and how she had acted. Moreover she went on to say that, since the boys went to bed her mind had been busy with the matter and she had come to the conclusion that, if she could not give to her own boys intoxicating drinks, how could she give it to other mother's sons, who were her guests? This was a poser for Father. He said he didn't disagree with her about the boys, but surely she couldn't be

thinking of denying wine, or other liquors, to the men who were always used to drinking it. What about Sir Dominic Daly? Well, it was no use! She could not any more use it as a beverage or give it to her guests, and even if Sir Dominic came, he must take what she gave him, or stay away!! At that time the temperance movement was in its earliest infancy, and Mother must have needed a brave heart, and strong convictions of being right, to enable her to carry out her resolve, but she was strong enough to do it, and the next time Sir Dominic came to have luncheon and fish for trout in the river, my mother told him just how she felt. The Governor naturally was surprised, but he said, "Mrs. Bagnall, you are one of the bravest women it has ever been my pleasure to meet. I honour you for the stand you have taken, and whenever I have the pleasure of being your guest, I shall be glad to partake of such refreshment as you provide". Then, filling a glass with water, he continued, "Gentlemen, charge your glasses with the pure drink the Almighty has provided and drink with me the health of the bravest woman in our Realm". Thus was she justified in her stand, and though a few of the less exalted of those who visited the home felt offended when no wines or strong drink were forthcoming, and did not care to come so often, Sir Dominic and Lady Daly were very frequent visitors and would suggest to my father that they would "like to visit your little Paradise, Mr. Bagnall".

I have put this story in so that her grandchildren may know the kind of woman, this, my dear mother, was. My father was very proud to tell the story and many times I have heard it from his lips. I think it will be well now to turn back, and give you what I know of my mother's people.

John Stevenson, her father, was born in Scotland in the Kyles of Bute. His parents were fairly well to do and he was sent to Edinburgh University, to study, and was a paying guest in the house of Mrs. Nisbet, a widow with one son and one daughter who were wards in Chancery. The daughter was only a little girl when Grandfather lived with them. Mrs. Nisbet was a Baptist and when she found that her guest was a Christian, she asked him to read the daily chapter and lead them in prayers. As time went on she used to discuss the chapters with him; with the result that her reading of the word "Baptism" and "Immersion" set Grandfather searching the scriptures to see whether she were right; and soon he was convinced that adult immersion was the only valid baptism, and he was immersed. He had, of course, discussed the matter with his father, a Presbyterian, but could not get his consent, so, with a sad heart he did what he felt was his duty. His father was so angry that he refused to pay for his education any longer. So he had perforce to give it up without taking his degree. He started to work in a Paisley Shawl factory and earned his living. When Margaret Nisbet was 16, he and she were married. My mother told me the first time her mother had a meal out of the nursery was on her wedding day. She was a beautiful girl and became a woman of character. When they had a family of five sons and four daughters, they with a family of Houstons (the father of a silk merchant) and many others left Scotland and went to P.E. Island. At that time there was plenty of land to be had in its primeval state and soon these Scottish folk had prosperous farms.

P. Edward Island is situated in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and is often called the Garden of the Gulf. They settled first at Ramisco on the Coast, but later took up land in New Glasgow, as they named it, and the river running through the settlement they called Clyde. Mrs. Nisbet and her son accompanied the Stevensons into the new land and they all prospered and lived in happiness together. Grandfather Stevenson, who was a distant cousin of R.L. Stevenson, as soon as possible started services in his barn, where the seats were formed by laying planks across barrels and blocks of wood. Here he used to preach to all who came, and as it was the only religious service in the little village, all sects attended. Naturally all did not agree with his teachings on baptism, and one old man used to get up and shout

* at Kilmalcolm, Renfrewshire.

"It'll no do, John !" then sit down so heavily on the plank that he disturbed those sitting near, but he was the first person to be immersed by Grandfather, and was a most loyal member of the church there established, which is still a vigorous church today, called the Church of Christ, New Glasgow. At this time (1848) my grandfather did not know there were any others in the world who were worshipping in the same way as he and his family, but a man from up Tyrone, P.E. Island, came to New Glasgow, and hearing Grandfather preach, told him there was a Mr. Crawford in the neighbourhood from which he came - Tyrone, P.E. Island - who was also preaching the doctrine of "no creed but the Bible" and "no name but Christ's". This caused Grandfather to start off with the intention of seeing and talking with Mr. Crawford. The distance was great but he walked it, and these two godly men had a wonderful time together. Mr. Crawford had been for years in correspondence with Alexander Campbell of United States and was subscribing to his monthly paper "The Millennium Harbinger". He gave Grandfather a bundle of these papers to carry back with him, quite a heavy load, but treasure indeed to the man who trudged back to New Glasgow. The news of large numbers in United States and England who were of like faith with them, was encouragement and delight to the little church in New Glasgow, and several new names were added to the list of subscribers to the Millennium Harbinger. This was the kind of maternal Grandfather. We have just cause to rejoice and be thankful for our ancestors who were all Godfearing Christians. There were, in 1821, 12 children in John and Margaret Stevenson's family, a son and two daughters having been born in New Glasgow. My sister Agnes, in 1826. All these six sons and six daughters grew up and married, and when John Stevenson died of typhoid fever in 1861, he had 132 grandchildren. His wife had passed away several years before. Mrs. Nisbet and her son and daughter had been receiving sums of money all the years since her husband's death, and when at last, just before Grandmother Stevenson's death, the case was settled, there was just £5 for each of the wards left, out of many thousands which had been eaten up by Chancery Court expenses. Moral - Keep out of Chancery !!

Before my digression into the history of the Stevensons, I had not to the birth of a daughter to my father and mother. She was born in June 18th 1853, and was named Margaret Ann. She was a very beautiful child and very intelligent and my parents' happiness was complete. In August, 1855, another daughter was born, Elizabeth Antelope (Bessie) - and when little Margaret Ann saw her sister, she rejoiced and used to wait upon her mother and baby sister wonderfully sweetly. On July 2nd just after her 4th birthday, this beautiful little girl died of spasmodic croup, and this almost killed the mother, but with her strong sense of duty she pulled herself together and cared on to bless her husband and family by her wonderful love and care for their bodily and spiritual needs. In August of that year (1857) my mother and father went for a trip to St. John and St. Andrews, N.B., where they visited two brothers of John Stevenson's and their families. She often spoke to me of the fact that there were Robert Louis Stevenson these cousins, and that she felt sure that the Robert Louis Stevenson those writings were so popular, was a connection of her own. This has proved to be the case by G. Nelson Steven, a great-grandson of John Stevenson, who has been compiling a history of the Stevenson family, and while in California, I was told by cousins that the great (L.L.S. Himseliff found out the relationship.)

The following October 1st another son, Horatio Nelson, was born, and two years later, on July 28th 1859, I was born and named Margaret Ann for the little girl who died. About this time my father got the idea of coming to New Zealand. He had been for years wondering what he would do with his boys, there being so much land taken up all over

the Island of Prince Edward (1,000,000 acres in all) and most of it under intense cultivation, that Father could see no way to settle his sons near him, and he feared they might (as so many of their neighbours and relatives were doing), go off to the United States and settle there. My mother had pleaded with him to stay where they were so long as her father lived, as she could not bear to part from him, and when in 1859, Charles and Robert Hazard (two grandsons of Thom and Jane (Bagnall) Hazard) with others, among whom were Mr. Douglas Morpeth and family, G.N. Owen and family, and William Hazard and family (not related to us though a cousin of Charles and Robert) sailed for New Zealand on the ship "Prince Edward", Father was keenly disappointed that he could not join them. Mother promised that if these friends sent back favourable reports she would consider going after them into exile.

In 1861 another son was born and was called Charles Louis (Loos) for one of the writers in the Millennium Harbinger, whose writings pleased my parents greatly. This was the seventh son and my father was determined to go to a country where there was plenty of room. Mother asked him why not buy out Uncle William's share of the business and farms? So Father said to Uncle William, "You have 8 girls and only two sons, while I have seven sons and only two girls now. Your girls will get married and there will be more property than your share can manage. I will give you so many thousand pounds for your share and you can go to some place where you can bring up your girls and boys in comfort on P.E. Island, and I will have enough between the three mills, the store and the two farms for my sons to live in comfort, and I shall not have my sons scattered over the United States as so many of our friends' families are".

Uncle William said, "No!" The place was worth several thousands more than my father's offer. In 1860 word had come from those who sailed on the "Prince Edward" that New Zealand was a marvellously beautiful country and land was being given by the Government to every person who paid his own passage - 20 acres to every adult over 20, and 10 acres to every child over three, was, I think, the offer.

In the year 1861 Mother's father died, and at last she felt she could yield to the pleadings of her loved husband, so they began to get ready. First of all, the property must be got rid of. Uncle William was ready to give Father the price he had offered and which he had considered too little. Father took the offer and after two years of preparation, the bargain was concluded and Father sold everything to Uncle William. I never heard how many thousands was the price, but several thousands were to be sent after us, as Uncle could not find sufficient cash to pay it all at once. What a time of stress that year (1863) must have been for all the adults in the family! Parting with all they had known and every friend and relation except the immediate family was a terrible strain on them. Then Lemuel had fallen in love with Miss Wallace, sister of Mrs. Crawford, whose husband was preacher for the Church at New Glasgow. Mr. Donald Crawford, a nephew of the Mr. Crawford Grandfather had travelled to Tyrone to visit in 1828 was one of the finest men ever born. A splendid preacher and a man of the highest integrity. He and his wife were very attached to my parents and they to them. Mr. Crawford took up the work when Grandfather had to lay it down owing to the infirmities of age. Miss Sarah Wallace came visiting her sister, and Lemuel and she grew so fond of each other that the thought of parting was not to be borne. Lemuel was 19 on December 19th 1863, and the brig in which the family was to sail, was timed to leave Charlottetown early in December. What was to be done? Miss Wallace's father would not allow her to go with the family unless she was married to Lemuel, and Lemuel declared his intention of staying behind if Sarah were not going too. Of course he had nothing but what his father gave him, and she had not much money, so they must come with

the family if they were to live in any comfort. Of course Father and Mother gave in and the two were married in October, and sailed with the rest of the family on "The Pakeha", a brig of 173 tons built at Rustico, Prince Edward Island, to take the party which consisted of my parents and their seven sons and two daughters and their daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. John Darrach and four sons and two daughters, Mr. and Mrs. David Ross and three boys and one girl, several single men, and Captain Alexander Campbell, Mr. Robinson 1st Officer, Mr. Roderick McLeod 2nd Officer, and a competent crew. I leave to your imagination the feelings of all leaving for ever all their loved and loving relatives and friends. The boat sailed on December 9th from Charlottetown, but we were all on board on the 7th. This was the wedding day of my parents and Uncle George and Aunt Mary Stevenson. They had been married on the same day, December 7th 1841, and lived together in my father's house for two years. Then Grandfather Stevenson found himself and his wife without any of their family and a large house and farm to run, and asked his son George to come home and look after them and inherit the property, all the others being married and provided for. Uncle George and Aunt Mary had always had dinner with my parents on the wedding day anniversaries either at our house or theirs, and this was the last time it would be possible, so they came on board and celebrated the day. A sad one for all.

As winter was advancing and Charlottetown harbour would soon be frozen over, the boat was taken out to what was known as "Three Hivers" and all the last stages of taking on stores and cargo completed there. The boat did not sail finally until the 23rd December, and that night my mother sat watching the land gradually fade as the evening closed in. She was saying, as tears streamed down her cheeks, "Shades of evening close not over us, leave our lonely barque awhile, Morn also shall not restore us Yonder dim and distant isle." Ah, brave, sad heart, how hard it must have been to tear herself from these six brothers and five sisters and also from Father's sisters and brothers and hundreds of friends. Little did we children think of the sadness of our elders. I can remember the snow on the wharf as we stood on deck that morning of December 9th. Other memories of the old home are clear but not important. I also remember going in to Capetown and having Table Mountain pointed out. Nelson, who was two years older than I, has told me that it was just at dinner time that we arrived, and the steward had served pea-soup, of which Nelson had only had a few spoonfuls when the cry from the deck "Come and see Table Mountain" caused him to leave his plate of soup and run up on deck to look at the sight. When he returned to his dinner a few minutes later, the steward had removed his plate and he never finished that plate of pea-soup. He assured me that he had always regretted losing that lovely plate of pea-soup. Childish memories!

My parents told me we had a very uneventful voyage in that tiny brig until we got to Capetown in March, 1864. There were several tons of potatoes which had been brought by the owners of the boat hoping to make money on them at Capetown, where they were scarce, but the Health authorities had gone bad and no sooner were they unloaded than the potatoes came down and insisted on them being reloaded and taken out and dumped in the sea. This was done and the boat was lying out in the Bay ready to sail, the Captain being ashore getting articles of food to augment the ship's scanty fare. While my mother and we young ones were on board waiting their return, a large barque broke away from her anchorage, and was blown by a strong wind towards our tiny brig. My mother was watching her, and became alarmed by the course she seemed to be taking, which was right on us. Mother went to Mr. McLeod who was officer in charge in the Captain's absence and said, "That boat is coming right down on us". "Oh, no, she'll pass us, Mrs. Bagnall".

But my mother was unsatisfied and again she pleaded with him to do something. He only laughed, but when he looked again he saw that she was drifting, out of control, dragging her anchor, and was indeed coming straight on the "Pakeha". He had only time to snatch an axe and chop the bow anchor hawser when the barque was on us. The "Pakeha", being free at the bow, gave to the impact, and the monster tore away the bowsprit and part of the stem, but did no further damage. Had my mother not called his attention to the barque and insisted, she would have struck us down and sunk us. Mother said our ship seemed like a mouse compared to an elephant, so small was she and so large the barque. The damage took three weeks to repair, but of course the barque had to pay for it. This three weeks' delay prevented our arriving in April as was anticipated, and we met our first bad weather just off the coast of Australia. I was very alarmed and was sure we would be buried each time the waves came, but the boat rose over them every time. She must have been a wonderfully seaworthy little brig, for the storm was a very bad one. Our Captain was a fine navigator too. He was the father of Mrs. J.J. Craig of Auckland, and for years he sailed J.J. Craig's vessels.

We reached Auckland on May 24th, but owing to adverse winds, had to wait until the 26th to come into the harbour. The owners of the boat were not very considerate of the passengers, and they were forced to land on the 27th in spite of there being no houses to be had. Owing to the Waikato War being on, everyone in the Waikato who possibly could, had brought their women and children into Auckland. Food and rent were very dear, and although our men folk searched all day, they could find no house into which they could get their goods and selves, except a new "barracks" which had just been completed for the accommodation of immigrants. This was gall and wormwood to our people who were not classed as immigrants, having paid their own passages. Still, there was nothing else offering and in they had to go. I'm not sure how many days they stayed there, but I know it didn't worry us little ones. We were happy in our new experiences. I remember going up a very muddy street - Shortland Street - holding my brother George's hand. I was wearing rubbers (galoshes) over my little shoes, and I lost one of the rubbers in the mud. George went back to look for it, but the mud had it for keeps. Such a tiny thing in such a sea of mud was gone for ever. Mother was very brave, but when they got to the barracks and saw everything, and everybody strange, she said to my father, "Oh, George, if only I could see Tom McQuigan, I would feel more at home!" (Tom McQuigan was the boy who fed the pigs and did the odd jobs about the house at home). Mr. Owen and the other P.E. Islanders were trying to find a house for us, and at last one Sunday night after church, Mr. and Mrs. Owen came to tell Father there was a house in Wellesley Street West to let, and it would be kept for him until 9 o'clock on Monday morning. This was Wellesley House, at that time down at the Bay end of Wellesley Street. It has since been moved to the top next door to "The Lions". Needless to say Father was there betimes and the house was taken. Mr. and Mrs. Darrach and their family being unable to get one for themselves, shared Wellesley House with us until they moved to Matakana where Mr. Darrach and my father leased land from Mr. James Buchanan on the shore and started to build ships. The land given by the Government was near Matakoko and so far from any school or settlement that it was quite out of the question to settle there. Lemuel got a position in a Bank, and the rest of the older boys went to Matakana with Father, and built a home for Mr. Darrach and then one for us. The Darrachs' moved away to their about August, I think, but our house was not ready till nearly Christmas. I don't remember moving down to Matakana, though I had my fifth birthday in July. Evidently the small cutter "Glance" which took us and our goods to Matakana did not impress me, after the "big" ship "Pakeha" in which I had travelled. Ahem!

Father and Mr. Darrach were busy with the help of their sons, building the "Black Hawk" which was the first ship Father had ever helped to build. Mr. Darrach was a master of the trade. The boat, I can't say her tonnage, was sold and another put on the stocks called "White Swan", which after launching, was called "Excelstor".

Another daughter was born to my parents and also one to the Darrachs, and Lemuel and Sarah who were still in Auckland, left the Bank and started business in a small grocery store. Here their first child was born, May Ewelina. Thus my mother was a grandmother at 41. The store didn't prosper, so they had to give it up and came and joined the rest of the family at Matakana, where a small house was built near ours. Those two houses were elastic surely. Ours contained four rooms; it was a storey and a half and all upstairs was one room where all the boys slept; the lower storey was divided into three. The large one was the kitchen, dining room and parlour all in one, and the others our parents' bedroom, and Bessie's and mine. Both bedrooms opened into the large room. There was a stove which must have been a large one for on it Mother cooked meals for a large family.

Then men were hired to help in the shipyard; there was no place for them to sleep and eat but in our house, and often there were eighteen to cook for every day. It was almost impossible to get servant-maids to come so far from town, and with the exception of two maids, one of whom stayed three weeks and the other only two, all the work was done by Mother, with what help Bessie and Wellington, who helped with the heavier work of the house, such as washing and scrubbing, and I who helped with the dish-washing, could give her. When Lemuel and Sarah came to live with us while their house was being built, we must have been a tight fit in that house. Lemuel's was one room on the lower floor and one room on the upper, and there we all lived happily together. We children and four of the Darrachs had to have schooling and this was provided by the daughter of Mr. Day, who managed the hotel at the Landing. Mr. and Mrs. Day were very nice English people, and quite unused to hotel keeping, but did it, and kept a small store in connection with it. People did anything they could to earn a living in those times, as they do today. The Days had a family of six, two sons and four daughters. Fred - a handsome gentlemanly boy of 18; Janie - a clever girl of 13; Flossie - 11, a very pretty girl; John - 8; Emily - 5; Clara - 3, when first we met them. Janie undertook the schooling of her own brother and sisters, the four youngest Darrachs, and us four young Bagnalls. We all adored our teacher, and Nelson aged 7 or 8 was deeply in love with her so he told me years later. At Matakana there were three Bays - "Days", where the wharf or landing was, "Darrachs", where the two first ships were built, and "Bagnalls", which still bears the name though the other two names are not retained. The beach was a lovely sandy one and we children walked to Days every morning to school, returned home to dinner and walked back in the afternoon, then home again. I think the distance would be nearly a mile but we never minded the walk. We were a happy lot of children, caring for nothing so long as we had plenty to eat, and little dreaming of the money worries our parents were having.

After the "Excelstor" was sold in 1866, Mr. Darrach, who had been looking for a better place for ship-building and found it at Mahurangi Heads, moved over there, leaving my father and brothers to continue building on their own shore. Here was built the schooner "Onward", which was launched in 1867. Ship-building had lost its paying qualities since the war in the United States was over, and it was found impossible to sell the "Onward" at a price that would pay for the building. So a Captain and crew were found and she was run for my father for a time between Auckland and other New Zealand ports in both islands. Lemuel and Will were part of her crew. I don't know in what capacity, for all they knew of sailing was what they learned during the six-months'

voyage on the "Pahaka". The Thames Goldfield had been opened in 1867 and Father had caught the gold fever, so, soon after the "Onward" was launched we left our little home at Matakana. (I forgot to mention that we had two cows from which the family was supplied with milk and butter and which were brought up to Auckland and sold). Lemuel and Sarah had a second little daughter born shortly before we left Matakana, and thus our family numbered 15 all told. When we arrived back in Auckland towards 1867, Father left us in a comfortable house in Union Street which had a lovely garden, and he, Will, Albert and George went to Thames to "make their fortune". Alas, they only spent what remained of the money they had brought from P.E. Island, and never got anything but disappointment out of mining. Mother and Sarah lived together in the Union Street house for a year. Wellington and Nelson went to school, one to Mr. Flower's college, the other to a school held in the schoolroom of St. James' Presbyterian Church. We girls went to Mrs. Booker's school in Lincoln Street, Ponsonby. Later Bessie went to Mrs. Holmden's "Superior School", and I went for a while to Mrs. Prime's school and then to Miss Belcher's in Wellington Street. Mary Agnes and Charlie were too young for school. They and Eva, their niece, played together. Early in 1868, Lemuel's second baby died, which unfortunately occurred while her father was away on a cruise in the "Onward" (as far as Norfolk Island that time). Sarah and Eva went in the next trip of the "Onward" as far as Lyttelton. Soon after they returned the "Onward" was sold, and Lemuel and Sarah took a cottage in William Street, and there on November 30th 1868, their first son was born, named Harold Carlton. Father and the boys at Thames were building a house for us, and this one was much larger than the Matakana house. There were two rooms on the ground floor - one was a bedroom, the other a general room as before, and upstairs there were three rooms. The house was on top of a hill called Mt. Pleasant, and the roads, four of them, which led up from Hape Road on the north, Parawai on the south, Shortland on the west, and a road on the east which led to what is now the cemetery up on the higher hill. All the roads were terribly muddy and it was some journey to reach the house at the time we moved into it. In all these moves, and all their attendant discomfort, I cannot recall my mother grumbling, though they must have been terribly worrying and wearying experiences for her, who had been used to every comfort, and two women servants besides a boy (Tom McGuigan) to do all rough chores. It was July 24th 1869 (midwinter) when we went to Thames. Bessie was finishing a quarter's schooling at Mrs. Holmden's, and she stayed behind with Lemuel and Sarah until the end of September. On November 4th 1869 another son was born, named Robert Hammond, but he took a prevailing epidemic of bronchitis and died on January 4th 1870.

Father and the boys were engaged in building a wharf at Tararu in 1870 - a piece of work of which Father said while working at it, that it wouldn't last much longer than it took to build, so unsuitable was the situation, and his words proved to be true, for the first heavy westerly storm caused damage which had to be repaired and very soon it was abandoned. While working there George took typhoid fever, and died on August 17th - another heartbreak for our parents, and we all mourned the loss of this favourite brother, who had always been bright and merry, and kindness itself to us younger children. Our parents must often have wished that they had never left their happy home on P.E. Island, but if so I never heard them say a word which would suggest repining, nor did anyone else so far as I have ever heard. About a fortnight after George's death, while the whole family was sad and mourning for one so dearly loved, Mary Agnes (Pollie) aged 5, sickened with typhoid, evidently caught when she had kissed George in a paroxysm of grief as he lay awaiting burial. The doctor, now conscious that the fever was infectious, insisted that all the rest of the family - Will, Albert, Wellington, Bessie, Nelson, Charlie and I - should be out of the house, and a vacant house being available across the road, we all moved into

it, leaving our parents with the sick child to nurse. Bessie and I, with Nelson and Charlie's help, did the cooking and housework, and for eight weeks we lived with Pollie went through all the dreadful stages of the fever. We children did the messages for our parents and took food etc. to their doorstep, and when the news was good or bad were told through the window. She recovered, and when our parents had thoroughly cleaned and fumigated the house throughout we were allowed to return. We, or rather I, did not understand then under what a strain Mother must have been living, for she never complained, just carried on like the good soldier she was. The boys were working at the wharf at Tararu all this time. Lemuel and Sarah had come to Thames too. He had a coal and firewood yard in Davy Street. He and Sarah used to come and visit us while Pollie was ill, and Sarah would help Bessie, who was only 15, to plan the work. Strange to say, I don't remember much about that time, only the main facts. None of the lesser seem to have impressed me.

Nelson, Charlie and I had not been going to school since coming to Thames, as there was no school near enough for us to walk to over the awful roads. We attended the Baptist Church and Sunday School later, I know, but am not sure whether we had started before this or not. I think not.

Wellington had been employed by Mr. Owen in his wholesale grocery store before we left Auckland and when we came to Thames he was employed by Mr. Shaw, grocer, in Rolleston Street, helping with the book-keeping as well as in the store. Soon after we returned home Nelson and Charlie started school with Mr. McKee in the Church of England school room, and I attended a small girl's school, taught by Miss Sarah Haszard and Miss Bloxam, who gave up after a few months, and then I was sent to a school taught by Miss Annie Boon. She was a wonderfully fine woman, and had a good influence over her girls. She never was cross, but ruled by love.

When first we came to N.Z. it cost 1/6 to send a letter to P.E. Island and about 1869 it was reduced to 1/-. Had we kept the stamps which came from the friends at home at that time, they would be very valuable now, and so would those sent to Canada from here; but no one thought about it, and I remember when in 1879 we left Thames, Mother destroyed great bundles of letters in their envelopes and I'm pretty sure the stamps were on the envelopes. About 1870 the money brought with us was pretty well all gone, and things looked very blue to our brave parents, but it is always darkest just before dawn. Uncle William sent some of the money he owed us for the New Glasgow property, and this was a wonderful help. There was a mine in which Father was a share-holder, of which they offered Father a wonderful price for his fourth share. Mother begged him to sell, but he said "No - if it was worth that to anyone else it was worth that to him", and would not even sell part of his holding. Consequently he lost everything as it turned out no good, and the other three shareholders (it was unlimited liability) filed their schedules and my father paid out to his last penny, then had to work harder than ever to keep his home going.

Lemuel during the 70's was a member of the Auckland Provincial Council representing Thames. Afterwards he was elected to the Thames County Council and was its Chairman for a time. Wellington, years later, was also Chairman of the Thames County Council, and later still Lemuel was a member of the Auckland City Council and Mayor for a term, and Nelson was for some years a city Councillor.

In 1873 Will took typhoid fever and you can imagine what consternation this caused. Again we had to take a house which was vacant quite near, and again Father and Mother alone tackled the dread disease.

Will recovered, thanks to Dr. Fox and the good nursing of our parents. Infection from having visited Miss Bloxam's brother, a fellow member of the Recharite Lodge, had given Will the fever, so we all believed, in spite of the continued statements that it is "not infectious in that way".

Things must have been pretty bad financially just then, but again the money from P.E. Island, the remainder of the purchase money, saved the situation. Island currency was worth less than sterling and consequently the thousands which sounded a lot in P.E. Island were much reduced when changed to English money. 1/6 in P.E. Island was only worth 1/- here. Still, it was welcome and tided over another hard place. I can't be sure of dates here, but it must have been two years after Will had fever that Father and the older "boys", as we always called them, leased the Hauraki Saw-mills, at a certain rental per week or year - I'm not sure which. Anyway, they were doing well and making it pay better than the Hauraki Sawmill Company expected. Father was general overseer, Lemuel was business manager, Will, saw-doctor, Albert, manager of the bush. Nelson did just whatever he could till he learned to do many of the different duties. Wellington had left Mr. Shaw and had joined the firm as store and book-keeper. Thus all was going on merrily when the Hauraki Sawmill Company demanded higher rent for the property. This was, of course, quite wrong, as the contract signed by both parties specified the rent to be paid. Father refused to pay more, so one morning they found everything locked up and an ultimatum posted ... that no admission would be given until a higher rent was paid. Bagnalls were of course upset, but consulted a lawyer, who on seeing the contract, advised them to fight it out in Court. In the meantime something must be done to employ them and bring in money. They took a contract cutting timber for another mill owned by Robert Gibbons. Then land was offering for farming in Nahi and they took up a number of acres. (This was the land on which the Martha Mine was afterwards located), and started to work to build a house there. Also Father thought it might be possible to sell or occupy the land acquired from the Government in Kaipara, so he and Albert went up there to see what the prospects were. They found that it was still too out of the way for a home, but a price could be got for it, especially the forty acres which were in Lemuel's and Sarah's names. As Father had paid their passages he could have claimed it all, but he did nothing of the kind, but insisted that Lemuel sold his own share and took the money while the rest was sold for a lower price, the difference in price being due to the fact that there was a kauri bush on Lemuel's. This sale of land brought in some ready money which was very welcome just then. When the Court case was tried a verdict was given in favour of the Bagnall Bros., and the Company had to pay compensation for loss of profit during the year (I think) in which the mill was held against them. This sum helped to start the Company (Bagnall Bros. & Co.) on a good wicket. They bought an interest in the Hauraki Sawmill Company, and Mr. Owen gave Father a guarantee to any amount he wanted. Such faith had he in Father's integrity, that he put no limit on the amount, saying "Mr. Bagnall, I would back you personally for everything I am worth." My father never had to call upon him for a penny. They met the bills as they became due and Bagnall Bros. & Co. prospered. The reason the firm was not George Bagnall and Sons instead of Bagnall Bros. was that old mine in which he and three others had been the shareholders and to which Father paid all his share and much of the others' shares and for the rest of the liabilities of which he was legally, though not morally, responsible. Had his name appeared in a paying concern, the law could claim for all outstanding accounts - Father not having dodged paying his just share (and a lot more) as the others had done. I explain this because people got the idea that Lemuel was the chief shareholder in the firm, was Bagnall, in fact, and his father and brothers only

partners - that is, those four who first took the contract. Wellington left a portion of his salary in the business until he had an equal share with the others, and when Nelson came of age he was given the same chance as Wellington. While Father lived he was the controlling partner, and his influence was all for good business and careful expenditure, and the Coy. prospered. Lemuel was engaged by the firm to buy up the land surrounding the Company's property; they had gradually bought all the old Hauraki Sawmill Coy's. shares and now wanted to own the land which was Maori land. Father had been urged to call the place Bagnallville or Bagnalltown, but he was against it, and called it Turua, the native name, a Maori name meaning reflection, "twice seen", there being wonderfully clear reflections in the water just there. The Maoris always had a poetical meaning for place names.

The years were rolling round. Bagnall Bros. firm was founded in 1875, and that year saw another trouble attack the family. All those of us who had not before had measles took them and followed by mumps, and before we were through with these small troubles our brave mother was in the clutch of typhoid, and Bessie was soon down with it too. Father had to stay at home to help with the nursing for a trained nurse was at that time unobtainable for love or money. A friend, Mrs. J. P. Jones, valiantly came to the rescue and did what she could for several weeks, but then her own husband took ill, and she had to go home. We got an awful old woman who said she had been trained under Florence Nightingale. If so, I don't think much of that lady's capability, for such an inefficient one could not be found nowadays. While she was with us my father had the misfortune to scald both his feet and thus we had another invalid. Bessie's fever yielded in three weeks and soon she was about again, but Mother was 42 days before the fever abated, and a long, slow convalescence began. I had to get about too soon after a serious time with measles and mumps, and the doctor insisted that I must lay up till better. (This fortunately was before Father got scalded feet) and Pollie, only 10 years old, became the helper. Charlie and she were wonderfully smart, and got great praise from everyone for the way they carried on. They managed to keep things going and meals cooked with the help of Mrs. Jones and Father for a few weeks, though both Charlie and Pollie had measles and mumps at the same time very lightly. It was a different house from the one Mother had kept with Bessie's help before their illness. I forgot to say that before this the house had been finished - three rooms added at the back (a bedroom, a bathroom and kitchen) also a hall between the two first rooms through which a stair-room-parlour taken down. The room on the right of the front door turned into a drawing room, the other a dining room, a verandah was put across the front and the rooms papered. The house was thus very comfortable. How Mother's wonderful constitution must have been tried during the ten weeks of serious illness, for even when the fever left her, it took a month for her to get up enough strength to sit up when lifted into a chair. The awful Mrs. Muster who passed as a nurse only stayed two weeks and glad we were when she left, for she nearly killed Mother by giving her a grilled steak one day. Bessie was better and able to help a bit by this time, and I was quite well again, so we managed between us and the boys to carry on till Father's feet were well and he able to take a hand. We got through this dreadful time at last, very thankful to have both of the invalids spared to us. In July of that year, Mr. Edward Lewis of Nelson, came to Thames as Evangelist to the little Church of Christ that had been established, meeting in the Good Templar's Hall. Mr. Lewis lived with us, and we all became very attached to him. His preaching brought quite a number into the Church, among them Albert, Bessie, Nelson, and myself. I had just passed my sixteenth birthday and Bessie her 20th. I ought to say here that Lemuel and Sarah had both been members of the Church before their marriage.

Will was baptised soon after we arrived in Auckland by Mr. Matthew Green, who was preacher at the Little Cook Street church. Wellington was baptised by H.S. Earle from United States in 1868. The Sunday we four were received into the Church, our mother was taken in a cab to the church for the first time for five months, and it was a wonderful day of joy for us all. Soon after this, Father suggested that I should go to Turua with them for a week and clean up the cottage in which he and the "boys" were sleeping. Pollie wanted to go too, so we both went and had a busy week. We left the house clean and comfortable, and enjoyed the little visit. I found there were thirteen or fourteen young people at Turua who had never been to school, and their parents were anxious to have them taught, so after discussion, it was agreed that I should go up and teach them, living in the cottage with Father, Lemuel, Will and Nelson and Albert sometimes. As there were only three rooms, we were rather crowded. There was a double bed in one room where two of them slept, a sofa in the front room where I slept, and a double bed in the tiny back room where the others slept. Wellington had a bed in a room at the back of the store. We all took our meals at the cook-house, where Tommy Crankshaw reigned supreme. We had our meals after the men had finished and Tommy always saw that we were well fed. I often think now of his lovely bread and curry scones. He was a splendid cook.

This was a pleasant time for me, and a very much more comfortable time for my men folks, for I kept the place clean and rid of those pests that "jump about in beds" which are not properly attended to. My schoolroom was also my bedroom, so I was pretty busy. I went home with the others on Saturday afternoons and returned with them on Sunday night. Later, we went by row boat to Kohu which was only four miles from Thames. I taught school there until Bessie was about to be married and I was needed at home. I left my scholars able to read more or less well, and took up house work at home while Bessie got ready to be married to Samuel Whitehouse. Bessie was married on Sept. 12, 1876, and we had a party for her. This was the first marriage in the family since coming to New Zealand. A year later, Will was married to Annie Honiss, and when that took place, Bessie had a little daughter six weeks old. Lemuel and Sarah had moved to Turua by this time, with their two children - Eva and Harold, (a little girl, Annie Mabel, had been born in 1871 and died early in 1872 aged 7 months). Then in 1873 a boy, George Elma Claude was born, but he also died when 6 months old. The mill at Turua was making money and all was going happily. Father and Mother had all their living children round them, and it was beautiful to see him among his "boys" - they all looked up to him, and he trusting them as every father should be able to trust his sons.

In 1878, Will's first son was born, on Nov. 15th (I think). He was named George Edward for his two grandfathers. About this time it was decided that Father should build a house in Turua, and Mother and I go there instead of Father and the boys coming down on Saturday night. Charlie had by this time left school and gone to work for the firm at Turua. The house was finished by July 22nd 1879, and on July 24th we left Thames and took up life at Turua, Pollie being left at school and boarding with a neighbour, Mrs. Osborne. She was attending the convent at that time, and was very happy there. She used to come by steamer on Friday evening and return by same on Monday morning when suitable. We had a six-roomed cottage at Turua all on one floor, the first one-storied house Father and Mother had ever lived in. At first it was strange not to have upstairs, and Mother used to say "perhaps it's upstairs" when anything went missing, which would cause a laugh, of course. We were very happy now and our friends told us we were called the "Happy Family", as it was a very unusual sight to see a

father and six sons all engaged in the same business, and all living within a stone's throw. Albert used to come home every Saturday and often for a night during the week. We were a very happy family.

Soon after we moved to Turua, my parents started a morning meeting for worship and partaking of the Lord's Supper, and later preaching in the evening as well, carried on by Lemuel, Nelson, and Samuel Whitehouse (Bessie's husband - they were living about a mile from Turua at this time). So all the living family were together. Our parents came out here for the purpose of keeping their boys near them, and this was accomplished, and so long as my father was living, they were a happy united family. Only five now, alas, for Charlie, the youngest was accidentally killed on June 14, 1883 - aged 21 years. Seldom does anyone accomplish his wish in this life without toil and disappointment, and certainly my parents had lots of both, but there came fulfillment and peace at last. (When my father died on Oct. 4th 1889, all his living sons were at his bedside.) All the sons (5) were married and two daughters. Pollie (who was married in March 1887 to Phillip Weston and went to England for their honeymoon, returning in March 1888, and settling in Melbourne) was the only one of the family who was too far away to reach her father's bedside, and Bessie, whose 5th daughter was born that morning, were the only members of his family who did not see him breathe his last, as quietly as a child goes to sleep. He held Mother's hand as he lay quietly taking a last look upon us all, and said, "I will have four of our children to welcome me." So passed away one of God's gentlemen, who never made an enemy, and of whom, every class of the community said, "Woe unto you when all men speak well of you." For he was never puffed up by his popularity. He was a humble, earnest Christian and truly a follower of the Saviour in whom he trusted.

Mother lived 17 years after his death, died full of years, but wonderfully alert right up to the end. Had it not been for an accident in which her hip was fractured, she would most likely have lived many more years, but she was wonderfully patient through it all, and of her could also be said all that has been said of her loved and loving husband. Truly their children called them "blessed". You, who are the children's children, to however many generations removed, have every reason for gratitude that you are descendants of George Samuel Whitehouse Bagnall and Martha, his wife." (First typed 10.3.37.)



John Stevenson, father of Martha Bagnall



Pap Boat (Infant Feeder)

Made by Mr. Cantelo, SilverSmith.

Certificate of BAPTISM



NAME: GEORGE SAMUEL WHITEHOUSE BAGNALL

Date of Birth: June 4, 1818

Church: St. Paul's Anglican Church

Date of Baptism: January 24, 1819

Place of Baptism: Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island

Parents: William Richard Bagnall, Elizabeth (Cantelo) Bagnall

Godparents: Nova Scotia and P. E. I.

Address: Reverend Theophilus Desbrisay, Rector

I certify that the above information is truly recorded in the Register of Baptisms kept in St. Paul's Anglican Church, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island

Given under my hand

16th day of April 19 83

Michael M. Kelly
Signature Secretary

"FORM 9"

MARRIAGE RECORD NO.

Marriage Certificate
Department of Health
Division of Vital Statistics

Name of Bridegroom: George Bagnall

Name of Bride: Martha Stevenson

Date of Marriage: December 7th 1881

Place of Marriage: P. E. I. In _____ County, P. E. Island

Date of Registration: August 15th 1882

Date of Issue: April 27th 1983

Certified extract from a record of Marriage on file in the office of the Director of Vital Statistics of Prince Edward Island, Canada

B. A. Mulvaney
Director of Vital Statistics

CHAPTER VII.

ELIZABETH CANTELO BAGNALL (Bessie).

Seventh child of George and Martha Bagnall.

Bessie was born in New Glasgow, Prince Edward Island, in August, 1857. Her early life and marriage are chronicled in Aunt Margaret's Memoirs. She was the second wife of Samuel Thomas Whitehouse and Matilda Craddock, who came to New Zealand in the Albertland Settlement, North Auckland, in 1862. His first wife was Annie Isbister, another of the Albertland settlers.

Bessie and Samuel first lived at Mackay Street, Thames, but they had some years at their Turua home - "Poemamo" - I think about a mile along Hauraki Road towards Orongo. The younger children, at least, were all born there. Their final Thames home was 8, Sealey Street, where their nephews and nieces had happy visits when they went across from Turua. Samuel died at his residence on Saturday, June 26th, 1915, after a long illness. Bessie died on February 15th, 1918, at the home of her daughter, Margaret (Mrs. W. Thompson), Ellerton Road, Mt. Eden.

The obituary in the "Local and General" section of the "Thames Star" gives an account of Samuel's activities :

"We record with deep regret the death at his late residence, Sealey Street, yesterday, of Mr. Samuel I. Whitehouse, an old resident of Thames. The late Mr. Whitehouse, who belonged to the order of Rechabites, had been ill for some time, suffering from an internal complaint, and his death at the age of 71, was not unexpected. Deceased was for years Secretary of the Thames Land and Investment Society and conducted business in Albert Street, as a land and estate and insurance agent. He was closely connected with church affairs and was a valued worker of the Baptist and Congregational Churches. He leaves a widow and grown up family and a large circle of friends to mourn his loss. Mrs. Whitehouse is sister of Messrs. R.W., H.N., L.J. and W. Bagnall, of Auckland and Turua."

The children of Bessie and Samuel were :

1. Bessie May Whitehouse, born on 23rd August, 1877, at Mackay Street, Thames. As a child she lived in Thames and Turua, with her adult life spent in Thames and Auckland. She died in a Rest Home in Herne Bay on 12th November, 1963.

May had one son :

1. Leslie Arnold Moulder, born on 7th April, 1900. Leslie was brought up by George and Hannah Moulder. He attended Northcote District High School, where he matriculated. After leaving school he put his age up and went to France in World War I. On his return to New Zealand he met at the R.S.A., Elizabeth Woods, a Secretary there. On 16th January, 1924, he married Elizabeth, born on 21st August, 1899, daughter of John Woods and Mary Anne Josephine Tivanon, at Holy Trinity Church, Devonport. Leslie was a painter and decorator, though in the depression he had to take any jobs offering. He again enlisted in World War II, and was overseas in the Army

throughout, except for 12 months back home, between his time in Fiji and Egypt. He died on 24th November, 1956, Elizabeth having died on 25th June, 1950. Leslie married a second time; on this occasion Cecilia Eileen McKeachie, at Thames. Leslie and Elizabeth had 5 children, all born in Auckland :



FOUR GENERATIONS

Bessie Whitehouse

Martha Bagnall
Phyllis Yockney

Martha Yockney

The second daughter of Bessie and Samuel was :

2. Martha Irene Whitehouse, born on 23rd February, 1879, at Thames. Martha met her husband, Horace Augustus Yockney, at Turua, where the family were living. Horace had come out from England, via Australia, and found a job at Bagnall's Mills. They were married at Turua on 19th February, 1900. They went to Auckland, living in Onehunga. Horace joined the Kauri Timber Company, and worked there for a time, but became Kauri Town Clerk of Onehunga in 1905. He remained in this post until his retirement in 1940. He died on 9th December, 1947, in Onehunga, and Martha died at Remuera on 6th September, 1963.

7 children (omitted)

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3. William Albert Whitehouse, born on 10th January, 1881, and died on 25th January, 1884, at Thames.
4. George Alan Whitehouse, born on 18th August, 1882, at Thames. George was a favourite brother and playmate of Martha, just three years older. He was educated at Turua School. He went to Auckland to work, and became a keen member of the Westend Rowing Club. However, this strenuous exercise must have strained his heart, and he died suddenly at Thames on 7th September, 1906, at the age of 24.
5. Fanny Aleen Whitehouse, born on 5th November, 1884, and died on 21st May, 1885, at Thames.
6. Elsie Edna Whitehouse, born on 8th June, 1886, at Thames. Elsie Edna married, at Thames Baptist Church, on 22nd August, 1910, William David More, son of John More and Jane Dunckley. Little would she then have realised what an unusual and challenging life this would lead her into. The fact that the three children were born as far apart as Newcastle, New South Wales, Thames, New Zealand and Mildura, South Australia, gives some idea of their travels. Will was a Church of Christ Pastor, for many years a missionary in the Australian Outback. It was not an easy life for the young wife with small children, and Bess Moffatt has many stories of her mother's managing the home without the comforts and conveniences she was used to. In 1920, the family returned to civilisation, going first to Christchurch, then in 1923 Will took up the pastorate of the Church of Christ in Dunedin. Very soon after his arrival, he was asked to conduct the first Children's Hour at Station 4YA, radio then being in its infancy. From then on his name was made. He became "Big Brother Bill" - pastor, broadcaster, writer (he wrote regular nature and other articles for the newspapers - the "Australian Journal", etc. under the name Will D. More), organiser of community singings in the Dunedin Town Hall, and tremendous helper whenever needed, either as an individual, or in organising relief funds, etc. The writer found when in Palmerston that "Big Brother Bill" was indeed a household word in the Otago area - her next door neighbour had, as a child, followed the string from the back door on his 5th birthday, at Bill's behest! In all Will's activities, Edna must have been right behind, or he could not have achieved so much. About 1945, Will, Edna and Bess retired to Timaru, where Edna died on 22nd March, 1962, and Will on 2nd November, 1971.

Children (omitted)

to let all descendants of Hon. George and Martha Bagnall, our ancestors who sailed from Prince Edward Island, Canada, in 1863, know where they fit in. Many thanks, Doff.

(Written by Helen Bremner)

The person who knows the author better than anyone else is her sister, Helen. The above unsolicited story of Dorothy Chadwick Bagnall arrived in the mail one day, and, though it may have some stories better forgotten, I am including it in my book!

E P I L O G U E

Auckland Weekly News, October 12, 1889, page 19.

"Mr. Geo. Bagnall, father of Messrs. Bagnall Bros. of Thames died at 7 p.m. on Friday, October 4th at his residence Turua. The deceased was well-known to many of our readers, having resided at Auckland for several years before he and his family removed to the Thames and Turua, and we feel sure that heartfelt sympathy will be extended to the many members of his family. Mr. Bagnall had attained the good age of 71 years, having been born in Prince Edward Island (Canada) on June 4, 1818. He was descended from a portion of the Staffordshire family of Bagnall, which settled in the United States before the Revolution, but who declined on that occasion to take up arms against the home country. They, with many other families, known in American History as "refugees" removed to Canada. Mr. Bagnall's grandfather went to P.E.I.s., where many of his descendants now reside. In 1864, deceased and his family arrived in Auckland and began the career of a N.Z. Colonist with its varying vicissitudes, but always having in view the object for which he came, the establishing of a home for himself and family. He was a man of great practical skill in colonial affairs, and had taken while in Canada, a very active part in politics. He was for 9 years a Member of the Legislative Council of P.E.I.s., and a J.P. of the colony. He was always proud of the liberal stand which he and his fellow legislators took on three very important questions - free schools, manhood suffrage, and local option. The first was introduced in 1853, the second in 1856, and the third in 1860, and it is doubtful if any other British Legislature can show so advanced a record on these and other subjects as the little Canadian Colony of P.E.I.s.

In this country, Mr. Bagnall did not take any public part in politics, but he always dissented from the borrowing policy and attributed the depression almost wholly to this cause. In his family, he was beloved for his kindness of heart and goodness, and his friends and all who came into contact with him knew his generous disposition as well as his integrity and faithfulness of purpose. During his long life he enjoyed excellent health, scarcely experiencing a day's illness until about two years ago, when his health began to fail. Since that time he has gradually declined until his decease. He bore his illness with the utmost patience, although at times a great sufferer and passed peacefully to his rest. He leaves a widow, and a numerous family of children and grandchildren to mourn him."

George and Martha had courage to travel across the world to a new land still in its infancy. This wanderlust seems to have remained with their descendants, many of whom have had working holidays abroad, or, if that was not possible, holiday trips overseas. Some have followed even closer in their footsteps, by setting up home in a new country - England, Canada or Australia. Since Margaret Bagnall's trip home in

1909, there has been sufficient visiting between Prince Edward Island and New Zealand to keep alive the family relationship. In 1969, I, for the first time, understood the meaning of "Blood is thicker than water", when I met my cousins in Prince Edward Island. I felt just as much at home there with them, as among my family in New Zealand.

At the "Prince Edward"/"Pahaka" Reunion, a member of another family remarked to me what a distinct family likeness there was in the Bagnalls. This is perhaps not surprising when we look at the photos of the brothers and sisters who came out from Prince Edward Island. The Bagnall Brothers were certainly very alike. Indeed, those of us fortunate enough to visit the Island, noted even there the likeness to family members here in New Zealand. Yes, we are alike in looks, and also, we find, in ideas, outlook and values - something that is more important. We are descended from people of character, and perhaps the best way of showing our pride in them and their achievements, is for us to keep up their standards of honesty and integrity. They were God-fearing people, with a firm trust and reliance on their heavenly Father. They would be pleased to know just how many of their descendants have kept this faith in God, and are strong supporters of their church, whether the Church of Christ or Baptist Church of George and Martha and their family, or one of the other denominations of the Christian Church. We are proud of our heritage, and of George and Martha Bagnall and their family from Prince Edward Island. I hope that they would be proud of us, their descendants, 120 years later.

Extract from a letter from Dudley Troughton: "Thanks to you and your relatives and friends for including the people of Turua in your celebrations. Maybe we could have done more - so many on hearing about the day expressed the wish that they could have been present. Mr. Haywood at the County meeting following the day, spoke of his pleasure in being present. As promised to Helen's husband - he pointed out that the name "Bagnall" was not used anywhere in the village - I brought the matter up at the meeting, and I enclose a short article from the "Hauaki Plains Gazette" recording this fact."

(Written to Dorothy Bagnall.)



The Author : Dorothy Chadwick Bagnall

Street Name

A short street in Turua is to be named after one of the early families of the settlement. The short street between Hauraki Road and the Waikou River adjoining the Post Office and Thames Valley Co-op Dairy Company store and being an extension of Piko Road is to be named Bagnall Square.