

Wanganui - Saturday Dec<sup>r</sup> 28<sup>th</sup> 1901

Williams to the Bay of Islands in 1823, the first to arrive in New Zealand. It has survived all the vicissitudes of war and hurried flights during Hori Kēkē's Wars, and is now spending a quiet old age on the hall platform of Wanganui Museum. There is a good collection of War relics brought by returned troopers, and some odds and ends of the past that I have never seen in any other collection. For instance, a London watchman's rattle of last century, a model of Anne Hathaway's cottage, and one of Shakespeare's house - the first link of the first Atlantic cable - a piece of our own cable broken in Cook's Straits, some heavy silver framed spectacles of the eighteenth century, and pocket scales used for weighing the grommets and halpinnas then in use. There is a fine painting of Major Kemp who wears the sword of honour presented to him by the Queen. There are some important petitions, original documents, relating to the Province, one praying for a change of name from Petre to the native and original name of Wanganui. Also the treaty of Waitangi, with English translation.

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This afternoon we climbed up the 212 steps to Flagstaff Hill, where you get a lovely view of the town, suburbs, river, estuary and ocean beyond. Wanganui is indeed prettily situated, the river taking wide curves, and there are hills and trees everywhere. A fine landscape lay stretched before us from Arorua on the right to the estuary on the left with the sea just beyond glistening in the sunshine. This place is a surprise to us both in many ways, being more flourishing and important than we had expected. The footpaths in most of the streets are planted with shady trees, good shops and buildings abound, and in the evening the streets were full of well dressed prosperous looking people.

Sunday 29<sup>th</sup> - Hastings. Went to Christchurch in morning, while I wrote up journal and cards. After dinner we went by bus to Arorua to see the Montimers. Found them quite comfortable in two rooms, had some tea, then they walked back with us on the opposite side of the river, crossing the Arorua railway bridge, and re-crossing at Wanganui. Saw the Aotea