John Henry Townshend [238]



Two views of Glandore Harbour





Shorecliffe



The Cork Examiner.

November 1, 1847

STATE OF THE COUNTRY.

THE Skibbereen Workhouse, built for 800, is shut-- holding 1340 paupers within its walls-- and incapable of building any more. The beggary of that vast and deplorable district must look elsewhere. It will increase four-fold in a few months-- and where shall it look? Unless Pestilence shall diminish the occupants of the Skibbereen Workhouse, the besieging paupers cannot get a meal of stirabout out of it. These last therefore must look to the *death* of their fellow-creatures as something to their benefit. It is an awful thing to force on the mob a disrespect for *life.* Who knows where it may end?

. . . The Rev. Mr. HARRINGTON of Beerhaven, has informed us of the miserable and ominous state of the people there. As in Skibbereen the Workhouse accommodation is stretched to near its utmost-- and must soon cease. In Bantry and Killarney the story is the same. The Boards of Guardians are in a state of apprehension all over the country, particularly the coast country. We pronounce again and again-- and those that have ears to hear let them hear! -- that the winter of 1847-8 will be worse than that of 1846-7. To what is this country to be driven?

Transcription of John Henry's letter to John FitzHenry Townshend [250] about Ballintona

C. Townsend
January 31st 1850

How are you my dear John FH and all at 27 Hatch Street. I was half way to your metropolis in the beginning of this month but having lost my heart before I set off my courage failed and I turned back. I should have written to you before but when a man is on the eve of marriage his thoughts are confined to only one subject and after the knot is tied it takes at least a month to rally.

You have had a letter from Richard (1) on the subject of Ballintona. I have had one also and am much pleased from what he says to think the property is likely to continue in the Royal House of Townsend for some time longer. He wishes to know how the purchase money will be disposed of. I am of opinion after John Limerick (2), E Warren (*Elizabeth Townsend [244]*) and H Somerville (3) (Phil's sister) are paid there will be none left, but should there be any it will come to me to the amount of £400. You are already aware that there was £2,500 settled on the younger children of my father's first marriage, that sum I presume must be paid off before any subsequent encumbrances are liquidated and then would follow the money settled on the property in 1819. My father has paid of the following sums out of the £2,500 which was settled on the property in 1790

To Harriet (my sister) *Henrietta Townsend [242]*	£800
To JHT	£400

Leaving still due £1,300.

Settled by my father's will on E Warren	£800
Paid to Morris (John Limerick's claim)	£550
Paid to Morris (H Somerville's claim)	£150
	£1,500

Interest due on the above	£180
Expenses say	£150
	£1,830

Until that sum is paid I presume the settlement of 1819 settling five hundred pounds more on the property can't hold good. In E Warren's marriage settlement she has £800 settled on her by my father and further confirmed by his will. John Limerick has a mortgage for his £550 signed by your father and Phil Somerville giving him further security (as Richard's trustees) on Dunbeacon should Ballintona be proved insufficient. All this looks (?) against me as the value of Ballintona at present is not more than about £1,500. H Somerville has a bond and I believe a mortgage. I have had no advice and unless your opinion is clearly given in my favour shall go to no expense. Richard Large has copies of my father's and Richard's marriage settlement with the will of the former. Possibly you may have recently heard from them on the subject. Under any circumstances supposing Ballintona to only sell for £1,600 (its full value) I do not think that I can come in for anything unless to the prejudice of EW.

Mary joins me in best love to all your chicks. JHT

(1) This is most probably Richard Large, solicitor, of 35 South Terrace, Cork – husband of Elizabeth Mellifont Somerville daughter of Henrietta Townshend [242], who married Philip Somerville, and niece of JHT.

(2) Mentioned several times by Thomas Somerville, son of Henrietta Townsend [242] in letters written from Clontaff to his Uncle Richard Mellifont Townshend [236] in March and May 1883 about rents.

(3) The only H Somerville shown in BIFR is Harriet who never married.

Transcription of letters from John Henry to Donald McLean 1844 – 1864

Donald McLean Esq [1]
Taranaki
New Plymouth

Auckland
September 19th 1844

My dear McLean

I was very much pleased to get your letter (short as it was) yesterday and its script convinced me tho' I had some <u>little</u> doubts on my mind previous to getting it that you had forgotten one old friend as on my coming to town a few days after your departure my <u>first</u> step was to ask M'Donald if he had a note from you for me and on his saying no, I felt <u>only for an instant</u> that you were at least thoughtless. I know you were marched off on a short notice and that after arranging your affairs you had little time to think of anything else. Do not be surprised if Topi (Toby) his wahine [2] and child and myself pay you a visit. I have little inducement to go to NSW without the thing <u>that makes the man go</u> and added to that though a fellow from Europe can easily get a <u>cheap</u> passage to Botany Bay, from here it is not quite so easy. Are there any respectable merchants in Taranaki through whose agents in London I could safely draw or who would remit <u>honestly</u> they being paid in London some cash to my credit. Give me a full and satisfactory answer to my question. I may as well wear a year out in New Zealand as NSW which it would take before my money comes out but as I am a proud fellow I should not like to bother you for that period without making you some reparation for the penance you would endure by my society. 'Tis time that want of a fair wind, storms or calms would not ruffle my <u>amiable</u> temper as it used formerly when ploughing the seas in old Kissound & Maroro, still we or I am not quite so angelic as not to have the <u>Devil break out sometimes</u>. Mr xxxx's timber just turned out as you said, it was a <u>good mile</u> from the beach and only six little trees. I went back to Maniti(?) got a few thousand shingles and a damn good starving to boot. McLeod and Mootonow are deplorable – the duty off tobacco has certainly hurt the old ass and losses reflect mismanagement with gifts for women have left the poor old man but badly off. My heart pities

him but his honesty and old foul tongue will ever have him as he is. Cash, so far as silver and copper are in question have retired in toto from public view here, there are now nothing but debentures in circulation issued by all shopkeepers and publicans even to the amount of three pence. Upon my soul I have not a word of news to tell you (assuming you have seen the Auckland papers) therefore you must excuse me for not giving you any. Write the next note to New Plymouth for me to take in case Toby fails to go with letters of introduction to the chiefs on the way. I am rejoiced you are in a house of your own, a hotel is neither respectable or hospitable. Every thing and body here are as you left no deaths, births or marriages. Now you know I am an uncertain fellow and possibly my next letter may be from Japan or China but you write and do all I ask you and let me know if you would wish for Topi.

God Bless you is the fervent desire of your old friend. JH Townsend

I have your coat tabooed (?) safely. You should have had it when I last saw you had I known you were going so soon away.

(1) McLean, Donald (Sir), 1820-1877. Administrator, runholder, politician and provincial superintendent. Crown Protector of Aborigines, Native Land Purchase Commissioner and Minister of Native Affairs. Appointed KCMG in 1874. Father of Sir Robert Donald Douglas McLean (1852-1929). (See DNZB 1990, Vol 1, 1769-1869, p255-258).

(2) Maori for 'woman'.

Donald McLean Esq
Protector of Aborigines
Taranaki, New Zealand

Adelaide
South Australia
14th February 1845

My dear McLean

If you have not heard previous to the receipt of this that I have left New Zealand, no doubt you will be surprised to get an epistle from me dated from here, but as I am a roving blade my next may possibly be from Canton or 'God knows where'. I had not two hours to make up my mind as to whether I should go to Sydney or Hobart Town the day I left Auckland, but a letter from my nephew [1] (who had been a middy on board the Diductive (?) a 50 gun ship) who had left her in Tahiti had induced me to go to H Town and when I got there the young rascal was off to the Admiral to Ceylon on the East India station – curse all nephews. Well old fellow how are you getting on and how do you and the Tangata Maories, not a word about the wahines, agree. I was on the point of going down to Taranaki to see you and, flighty as I always am, here am I now in South Australia. You'll see me again I think in New Zealand and if I do not go myself I shall most undoubtedly, immediately I hear from home, send to M'Donald or Doctor Davis (I am indebted to them both) a draft on the Australasian Bank in Sydney, enough to pay every fraction I was obliged to leave unpaid in New Zealand. Tell no one of my intentions and many who now doubtless think me an unprincipled fellow, or in plain words a damned rogue will have cause to alter their opinions. I drew on home from H Town, through the branch of the Australasian Bank there, and as there is a branch xxxx I am here, my next letters will bring me the needful. Now for myself. I had no money when I landed and was glad to take anything. I am now on a sheep establishment forty pounds a year. Everything I want except (bakky) tobacco – an old horse with only three good legs and he will soon have one less, a good deal of knocking about, no women, wit or wine and 13000 head of sheep to look after. The men you are aware are all free in this colony some of them I assure you very free indeed. Except a few emigrants they have mostly come from Sydney and Hobart Town. As they are answerable for their sheep they are more careful than the men in the other colonies but they are truly great scoundrels. We had a fearful passage from Auckland to H Town 31 days on eighteen days allowance was by no means agreeable but thank God that I have weathered that and worse. I need not tell you how happy I shall be to hear from you and that I shall expect a long letter. I saw when in Hobart Town some of old McLeod's former

acquaintances. The story of his being £2000 short in managing the branch of the bank at Campbell town is true. I pity the poor old fellow, but by Jove when men do dishonest things they must suffer for it. You have every cause to feel thankful that you got out of the Mootonow partnership. Let me know if a fellow taking trade to Taranaki (blankets, prints etc) could do any good with it. Also if he could rent a small farm (say 30 acres) if it would pay. Don't fail to write, direct Adelaide, South Australia. I have a thousand things to tell you & questions to ask but the policemen waits & can wait no longer so must conclude by telling you I am and always shall remain your sincere friend
JH Townsend - Tho' this is dated from Adelaide it is written 100 miles up the country.

(1) This is Richard Townsend [254] who would have been 16 at the time and who was the son of JHT's brother Jonas Morris Townsend [237] who emigrated to Australia in 1828. Very little is known about Richard before 1880 when he married. Within the family it was thought that he was a magistrate with little inclination for work who sponged off his family in anticipation of his inheritance.

Castletownshend
Near Skibbereen
September 15th 1852

My dear Donald,

After a lapse of over seven years you will be surprised and I hope pleased to hear from an old friend who will always feel happy in hearing of your welfare. After many toils and struggles after leaving New Zealand I located myself in South Australia where I had some success in mining shares. In that country I had the pleasure of hearing from you and hope ere long I shall have the like gratification in my native land. I returned home five years since [1], and was married [2] as respectably as my family entitled me. I belong to leading and influential persons in this country, a secret that I believe I never told you before. I am one of the County Magistrates [3] but that is to me no honour as all my predecessors held a like office. I am not certain tho' addressing you whether you are in existence or not, or whether a series of changes might have induced you to give up office and New Zealand also. I wrote to you a few days since a letter of introduction in favour of a Mr Mague, a barrister, and I assure you a highly respectable person. Should he meet you I hope you will do all in your power to introduce him to the most respectable people you know. If this ever reaches you, direct your answer as I date, and after giving me a history of yourself, will you make some mention of any old friends. I read poor Kennedy's [4] death in one of our papers. How goes on the Maories, never forgetting the wahines, I mean those I knew. Faithfully yours

JHT - Had I any certainty of this reaching you I would write more.

(1) 1847. When his father died in 1847, though the will was never proved, it appears that John inherited one half of the Dunbeacon estate and this could be the reason why he returned to Ireland; the other half of the estate passed to his brother Richard Mellifont Townsend [236].

(2) Married 20 December 1849 to Mary Herbert (b. ca 1813 d.12 April 1893?) who was his second cousin and the grand daughter of Rev Arthur Herbert of The Currans.

(3) Thom's Irish Almanac and Official Directory for the Year 1862 shows "Townsend, John Henry, Dunbeacon, Ballydehob" as a Magistrate.

(4) Probably James Kennedy who wrote from Auckland in 1844 to Donald McLean and mentions' Townsend' in his letter.

His Honour
The Superintendent
Hawke's Bay
Napier, New Zealand

Shorecliffe
Leap
Glandore
July 29th 1853

My Dear old Friend

Your letter of the 28th of last April was really very welcome and your high position coupled with your recollection of past scenes and kind remembrance of myself much enhanced its value. Your career has been prosperous, but not beyond your deserts, and long may you enjoy the results of that ability and attention which has characterised your life. I should have written long since if it were only to thank you for having an eye on my nephews [1] and I now hope that for my sake anything that may give them a push up the ladder will on your part not be omitted. I believe they have had rough times of it and if you can mitigate their hardships my best acknowledgements and I am sure theirs also shall ever be ready and I thought until the receipt of your letter that the far south was the chief scene of your operations. I mean the country bordering on Taranaki. Hawke's Bay I thought was merely an agricultural district and not possessing any land fit for sheep or horned cattle. Indeed until within a very few years I thought the whole of the Northern Island was of the same character from Auckland to the Thames. I was never a mile further south than Coromandel Harbour. I was aware of the country being divided into provinces, and the latter having Superintendents which office I hold to be similar to that of sub governor (within certain districts) but the post that brought your letter also brought me the Hawke's Bay papers which show that, as you justly observe, the office of Superintendent is not to be despised. Your landed property astonished as much as pleased me, but you cannot use the language (or words rather) of Abraham to Lot for you appear to possess the whole land, and as I before said long may you enjoy it. When at the Great National Exhibition last summer in London I passed very many hours in the New Zealand department everyday, thinking it possible someone who had recently arrived from that country might be in attendance. On one occasion I was told a gentleman holding a high office from NZ was in a few minutes before. The description was exceedingly like yourself and you may rest assured I left my card & address with the man in charge and very sincerely hoped it might be you, and on going every day after to enquire, could hear no more of the NZ gentleman. Now looking over some of the productions of the country reminded me of past days and how I was astonished at the various displays. I am pleased you see a likeness in my nephew Richard to me or rather to what I was for old time has made a great change. I could not with conscience give a lock of my hair to a sweetheart, neither would I relish a piece of tough meat, however well I performed my part when it was taken from a Kapu (?) Maori on the banks of the Thames in the days of Auld Langsyne. Otherwise I have occasion to put wig maker & dentist into requisition. I fear this letter will find New Zealand in a disturbed state & the natives should I think be taught to feel the strength of England. The news of the murder of the officers and men of the 57th near Taranaki is very bad, and I trust if we are again compelled to draw the sword that we shant stop to parley, but convince them that their destruction will follow if they persevere. A little well timed severity will in most cases prove a mercy in the end. Great as has been the progress of the country it would be far beyond what it is if confidence could be restored or the laws enforced. In saying all this I am not ignorant of the many good qualities that the natives possess and none would regret more than I should if evil befell them, but their conduct is too bad. I see a few names in the Almanac of persons whose appearance I was familiar with in New Zealand. Auckland the harbour & the country round about I have as vividly before me this moment as if looking on it. I think that I could steer a boat from the Soldier's Point, past Brown's Island and down to xxxx or the Sand Spit Passage, if I were blindfolded. I often see the Auckland papers – Major Nixon an old brother officer of Major Herbert (my brother in law) frequently sends the news. Were I a few years younger it would not be very hard to tempt me out again, for increased expenses, some losses and deficient securities have worked a change in my finances, and a good position and low funds don't agree, but I shall not bore you with my troubles. I am delighted with the amount in the Hawke's Bay Herald of your prorogation of the Council, your dinner and speeches, so much to the purpose and indeed eloquent. I shall DV (*God willing*) write soon again (surely). Except my nephews I suppose many I knew are gone, so I must confine my regards to them and of all things if you should see any of my old friends "The Chiefs" tell them Honi Tontine wishes them well. Believe me most faithfully & sincerely

John H Townsend - If Donald Walsh is alive and that you keep up any acquaintance with, I should be obliged by your letting him know I do hope and trust he and family are well. Poor fellow his lot up to the time I last saw him was a hard one.

(1) This is the first mention of nephew**s** and one can only assume that Richard [254] had been joined by his brother Thomas [255].

Castletownshend
Skibbereen
December 5th 1854

My dear McLean

At the bar of my own conscience I plead guilty to neglect and a portion of what is worse (ingratitude) for not having very long since answered your most welcome letter which came to my hands twelve months ago. Many times have I been promising to write and when about to fulfil the pleasing duty some matter has always occurred to prevent me. I have not only to ask your forgiveness and to hope from the old trials that we have passed through, and the many squalls we have weathered, that I have obtained it. With your domestic bereavement I sincerely sympathise, and would dwell long on the subject but it would only tend to renew that grief which I well know your kind heart deeply felt, and which I trust time has much mitigated. Your promotion under the Government I was prepared for, as your merits entitled you to any advance, but it is not always that talent and unstinting zeal meet their reward, especially in the Colonies. It required no depth of prophetic knowledge to foresee the high position you would acquire, and no man is better pleased to find such is the case than myself. I must now take you back from 11 to 12 years. Does Your Highness recollect the Sand Spit Passage when in days of yore it used to blow hard with its old Chief Koopsangee and Oahy Oahy (?) and her fair daughter Kangee Hall. As well do I remember every niche from thence on to Bookuraako (Gordon's place) as I know the rooms in my house. And I have a vivid recollection of casting anchor with a lasso (?) in a gale of wind off Gordon's when we had rather a sleepless night. Neither do I forget Coromandel Harbour with all its beauties, both natural and living. With a memory so keen do you think my old companion can be forgotten. I could tell every New Zealander from his neighbour that I ever knew, and never forget a face or voice. You told me in your letter you were moving soon to the metropolis, I should like to know if it is improved and how many old friends are living. I read Kennedy's death in the papers long before, also the death of a Doctor Morris. They were both hard lives – the former poor fellow had the best of hearts with the weakest of heads. Have you heard of Donald Walsh, poor fellow always strove to bear up against his many misfortunes. I never thought highly of the Gordons, they always appeared to me to want that frankness which you would look for in men in their position and had an insolent freedom about them also. I came home with a cousin of M'Donald's from Australia, we were brothers on the voyage and exchange letters since but he has gone back to Adelaide. Do you know or do you remember Fraser, he went with me to Adelaide also. I assure you his brother stood high as a lawyer in the North of Ireland, and at the Mess of the 39th Regiment [1] where I was dining a few months ago, the officers all spoke highly of him, and he frequently dined with them in Newry. Of course I mean lawyer Fraser. Poor Hugh I suppose has ere this fallen a victim to the bottle. He had a large family in Adelaide and all drank. As a form, I shall thank you for your hospitable and useful intentions towards Mr Mague. I knew well without you saying so that you would do what was in your power for any gentleman I was interested in. I did not personally know him but his family and connections are highly respectable. Do you know was I beginning life again I would give New Zealand the preference to any country I have seen, and that from me is saying much, who am not a novice and who certainly had trying times and difficulties which I often amuse my friends by recounting. For some months after my return I was shunned by the nursery inmates at friend's houses the children being under the dread if the New Zealander got hungry that fearful consequences would follow. Was I so situated that I could spare time to make a trip out, only to stay a couple of months I would do so, but an only boy and his mother are strong ties. Besides I am a farmer having 90 acres on my own hands which is a large farm in this quarter of the world. Our farm servants have no skill and require closely looking after, but they are honest and cauly (?). The failure of the potato crop has been felt throughout the world, causing different effects in the different counties. We have lost three millions of the population by death and emigration to America. Only think of a population of eight and a half millions losing their chief supply of food in one week for the potato was the only food that four fifths of the people had to rely on. No resources were left, nothing to fall back on but famine and its accompanying horrors. I escaped the first visitation thank God for to witness such misery would have deeply alloyed the pleasure of coming home. There is now a wonderful reaction, all that are disposed to work find employment at double their former wages. In the

country pauperism has mainly disappeared and as an illustration of what I tell you we have at present in the Skib workhouse (of which I am the Vice Chairman) 128 inmates and in November 1850 we had 1470. The war [2] and influx of gold from Australia with free trade have all done their parts towards our improvement. How the war will terminate, time only can answer, but our losses from cholera and the enemy are fearful. I have many dear friends in the army, indeed there is scarcely a family in the realms that have not friends and relatives now before Sebastopol. You did not say in you letter if the refractory Chiefs about the south were now quiet, or if you were in the neighbourhood at the time when Wakefield & the other persons were killed. Should you at anytime visit Auckland or the neighbourhood let me know if our old friends the Chiefs, from Potiki downwards are alive and well, especially Bookatta (?) of Coromandel. Old Kuiu (?) of Whyahe (?) I suppose is dead, as he was ailing before I left. Give my love to old Tiki Towa (?) of the Thames. You wrote to me when in South Australia by a Mr Todd. I got your letter and strange enough was living at his brother's for some time before, where I used to kororo maori with his servant maid, who had been down in New Zealand with Mrs Todd and family. You shall frequently hear from me in the shape of a newspaper and assuredly I shall be more punctual for the future in writing. With every good wish my dear McLean for your happiness both here and hereafter believe me your most sincerely

John H Townsend - Am I unreasonable in asking you to write soon after you receive this?

(1) Post the 1888 Cardwell reforms The Dorsetshire Regiment

(2) The Crimean War

Dunbeacon
Near Bantry
June 6th 1856

My dear McLean

This is my third time of writing since I had the sincere pleasure of receiving your letter of March '53. My first I have no doubt never reached you. My second possibly may have a reply on its way and to insure your receipt of this I send it by my friend Mr Thomas D. Triphook [1]. He is the son and grandson of near neighbours and friends. His father is the Rector of the Parish I reside in and known to me for forty years. I know him to be good & pious and in all truth I may say he well preaches and closely practises the doctrines of his Divine Exemplar. I take a deep interest in the success of so good a man's son and recommend to you for that counsel and care which I know you so able to bestow and which for me I know you will perform. You will find him a young gentleman whose acquaintance is worth having as he is well educated, industrious and possessing a mind cultivated and well regulated. He can give you more information about myself than the rest of my paper would permit, were I so disposed, but my former letters were so taken up with my past and present memories I apprehend if they ever reach you , that you will consider me one of the most selfish. My friend Mr Triphook was recently married and as I know his wife's family as long and as well as his own. I am sure you will find him quite worthy his choice. Her father is the uncle of her husband. I told you in my former letters that I had not given up my pipe, it is a hard matter to give up an old habit (especially if it is an unprofitable one). But I am more moderate than when we used to cruise in the xxxx and Maroro. Neither am I that flare (flame?) to Somnus or Morpheus [2] (or both) that I was when we were at Coromandel Harbour after having visited Peter Abercrombie [3] in the Bay (?) of More (?). You see my dear fellow I don't forget past days and scenes so there is little fear of my forgetting a person that I valued so highly as yourself. I have got old Hooknose the Chief daily before me. A very faithful likeness was published of him in the Illustrated newspaper. Some artist that was travelling in New Zealand sent his picture along with many others home. I knew the old fellow instantly. I asked you in my last letter if you had seen any of the Auckland people and how they were. I twice wrote to Don Walsh and never got a reply. I read poor Kennedy's death long since. I was sorry but not surprised at it. I suppose New Zealand is as unlike what it was in my day as it can be. You have had a fine and steady emigration to the South and with such numbers and such a class of people you must prosper. I thought at one time the gold in Australia would take off numbers and injure your Colony, but

reflection leads me to think the class that left you could well be spared if it included the expines (?) of Sydney and the idlers from the whaling station. In the sincere hope that this letter will find you in health and happiness, believe me my dear McLean Most faithfully yours

John H Townsend - I should write you a much longer letter but from the uncertainty of my last having reached you and letters crossing are disagreeable.

(1) Thomas D Triphook was the son of the Rev John Triphook who was the Rector of Schull, Co Cork, 1847 – 81. Thomas was a geologist and was involved in the Bandon Barytes Mines on the Bandon Estate, Co Cork, in 1854. Barytes or barium sulphate is a heavy white mineral used for paint and papermaking, for which in the 1850s there was a limited market. Authorised provincial surveyor and land agent at Napier in 1856. Employed by South Rakaia Road Board in 1863. Laid out the original town of Bealey.

(2) Somnus was the Roman God of Sleep and Morpheus was the Greek God of Dreams.

(3) Peter Abercrombie wrote to Donald McLean from Great Barrier Island in 1845, Auckland in 1847, and Melbourne in 1858.

Dunbeacon
Near Bantry
April 2nd 1858

My dear McLean

I am very much obliged for the kind attention paid by Mr Strang in your absence to my friend Mr Triphook, and the success that Mr T has met with will induce me to again introduce to your acquaintance and friendship two young gentlemen whose interest and welfare I have much at heart. They will sail in the end of next month for New Zealand and being my nephews will lead me to hope that for our old friendship's sake you who are so very competent to do so will give them that counsel your experience warrants and further their views in what you consider to be their interests. The youngest has been educated in Germany and if he liked could have come into the army, and the eldest has a good knowledge of agriculture and the management of sheep and horned cattle. They are my sister's sons [1] and have been carefully and religiously brought up and I trust with the assistance of God they will not contract any of the bad propensities which were unhappily but too prevalent <u>in my day</u> in New Zealand and Australia. You should have had letter (and duly deserved it) of thanks for the kindness shown & the service rendered to Mr Triphook, but I put off writing in the hope that you might have written to me, and feel things are more important than letters crossing. Your situation I presume enables you to know all the most desirable localities and the best land for settling in, which I am sure you will call my nephew's attention to. I am perfectly ignorant of any of the country south of the Thames, and can give them no advice, but certainly from my knowledge of the Northern Provinces I would not recommend them. What wonderful changes must have taken place within the past ten years, cities have risen up where lived the degraded whaler or, worse still, the runaway convict, and a population new from the mother country and free from Colonial vices have settled. I thought when sailing out of Auckland that the worst wish I could give any man was that he might pass the rest of his life in New Zealand. I seldom read anything of the <u>natives' doings</u> and would indeed be pleased to hear if when you were at the Capital you had seen any of our old friends - the <u>Coromandel</u> Harbour and <u>Thames</u> natives especially. Often do I think of the days we were sailing to Boocororico (?) (Gordons) and the whole line of coast with its little indents with you and myself at the helm or <u>pipe</u>, is as fresh in my memory as if visited yesterday. I shall write more fully by my nephews and believe me to always be your very faithful

John H Townsend

(1) Thomas and Michael Warren. Children of JHT's sister Elizabeth [244] who married 15 December 1835 William Warren of Prospect Villa, Monkstown, Co Cork, 5th son of Thomas Warren MP by his wife Anna Townsend [408] of Whitehall. William died on 2 or 3 February 1855 and Elizabeth died on 4 Nov 1863.

Dunbeacon
Bantry
May 29th 1858

My dear McLean

It would have given me sincere pleasure to have heard from you since the arrival of Mr Triphook in New Zealand but the accounts he has written of the kindness of Mr Strang [1] (in your absence) again call for my very sincere thanks, which I beg you to accept in all sincerity. Without the pleasure of Mr Strang's acquaintance I feel doubly obliged to him also for his attention to my friend, who has written to say that the situation that he now fills was obtained through his introduction. My nephews Thomas and Michael Warren are the bearers of this letter, and as they have not had much worldly experience yet, may I hope you won't think me too unreasonable in asking you to give them some of that counsel which you are so very competent to do, and which will be so highly useful to them both. They take a good outfit and small capital, but have not yet come to any decision as to what they will turn their attention to, nor do I think it would be wise they did before seeing the country and getting the opinion of so very respectable and qualified a person as yourself. Tom has a good knowledge of cattle & agriculture and Michael who has been at school in Germany will soon fall into rough work blest with a fine constitution and quiet habits. Indeed they both possess the latter and God grant that they may so continue. I have heard that the southern provinces of the South Island have fine tracts of country for horned cattle and sheep, and that many young men have settled themselves there, but I am perfectly ignorant of its capabilities; indeed it must widely differ from anything I saw in New Zealand if it is like what I have heard it represented. It will give me very great pleasure to hear from you, more especially if in your communication you can give me a good account of your happiness & health. I very often see your name along with all the civil officers of New Zealand in my Almanac, but the roll of years forces me to mount my spectacles when book or pen is in my hands. Very often do I think of my New Zealand life, and it is not more than a month since I gave up an old colonial and bad habit – I mean my pipe. With every good wish believe me most sincerely yours

John H Townsend

(1) Probably Robert Robert Strang (1795 – 1874) who arrived in Wellington on the `Bengal Merchant' in 1840. His daughter, Susan, married Donald McLean in 1851.

Donald McLean Esq
Napier
New Zealand

Shorecliffe,
Glandore
August 29th 1861 [1]

My dear McLean

I fancy that the ship which takes this scrawl will take a reply to your letter of the 30th of April last. I trust both will reach you safely and especially this, for the sake of the young gentleman Mr Henderson Twigg [2] who will hand it to you and whom I not only introduce but recommend to your patronage & counsel. I have not the pleasure of personally knowing him but I know from most respectable friends that his conscientious conduct and high character warrant one in recommending him to you and asking you as an old friend to try and promote his aims and to give him the benefit of that counsel you are so well able to bestow. Having written so lately I have little to say now but shall (for once in my life) keep my word and write the long letter I promised by the next mail – I am truly pleased at the way in which you speak of my nephew and feel confident your good opinion of him will, as long as he retains it, be the forerunner to his prosperity.

Ever faithfully yours

(1) Date deduced. Henderson Twigg, the bearer of the letter arrived in New Zealand in 1862.

(2) Henderson James Twigg. d. 1915. Sheep farmer. Former banker with Bank of Belfast and with farming knowledge gained from managing his fathers' farms in Ireland. He arrived in New Zealand in 1862 and in 1864 he became assistant manager under Alexander McLean (brother of Donald) at Maraekakaho where he was responsible for station accounts. In 1871 he married and left the station. Landowner of Petane Grange, Waihua and Ridgemount stations, Hawke's Bay. Connected with numerous local bodies. He married Elizabeth Mary Torr from Petane Grange. Father of F C Twigg of Glenbook Station. (See `Early stations of Hawke's Bay' by Miriam Macgregor, 1970).

Shorecliffe
Leap
Glandore
November 1st 1863

My dear McLean

I wrote so recently you will perhaps be taken by surprise at hearing from me so soon again, but this is a mere business letter, so in pity towards you shall not inlict you with a long epistle. I greatly fear from the newspaper accounts that New Zealand is in a bad state. I always fought for the Maoris when hearing them condemned but in the present instance I apprehend they are the aggressors and must be made to feel the power as well as the blessings of British rule and as far as forbearance goes I think that they have had a very fair share. A young friend of mine, the son of my cousin [1], is anxious to emigrate and though very young is just the fellow suited for a settler's life, and most clever amongst horses and cattle. His habits are perfectly steady, but he is more of a practical than book learning youth. I shewed his father Mr de Burgh your letter of 30th of last April, and he would be very glad to place him under your wise counsel for a year if you would take him. Of course he would do all and everything you required during his year of probation and at the end of that time he would be sent out some money to work on with, on his own account. The boy's taste lies in horses and cattle although his family on both sides are second to none in respectability I assure you he is as competent and would be as willing to do any of the duties attending bush life as any youth I know. It is for you just to say if you would wish to take the lad on the terms that I have said, and I make no doubt if you do, that the benefits will be reciprocal and that both parties will be pleased. I did not hear from my nephew Richard but I suppose the monotonous life he leads offers no subject to write on. Should you see him would you kindly let him know that the young person I have recommended to you in this letter is Maurice de Burgh, now a fine steady and active lad. It is very kind of you to notice my nephews for I know your position is a very high one and the more honourable as merit placed you in it. I got the papers which gave your closing and opening address to the Provincial Council and one of the Judges of this Country [2] to whom I shewed them, assured me he never heard from the lips or read from the pen of any statesman a more able address. I also showed your letter and only it would have the semblance of a breach of faith would have it published. I think yet I shall do so. If I was certain of a small addition to my present income by going out I think I would leave my bones in New Zealand. May I hope you will write soon and remain as I ever shall yours most truly.

JHT - de Burgh is able to break in and ride a horse with any man.

(1) Maurice, the son of JHT's cousin Louisa Townsend [249] who married 1 May 1844, as his first wife, John Hamilton Hussy de Burgh (d. May 1887) of Drumkeen House and Kilfinnan Castle, near Glandore, Co Cork.

(2) Another of JHT's cousins. Judge John FitzHenry Townsend [250], Judge of the High Court of The Admiralty in Ireland.

Dunbeacon
Bantry
June 15th 1864

My dear McLean

Your letter of March last gave me much pleasure and had a rapid voyage as it reached its destination the end of last month. Many thanks for it and the agreeable account you give of how you govern in New Zealand, and the changes (for the better) that have taken place in that fast rising country. It appears to me that population is now your only want and that the addition of two young gentlemen who will hand you this scrawl, the Messrs Otway [1] will not only augment your numbers but will be no small acquisition to the locality they settle in. I have the pleasure of knowing their father, mother and sisters and place them place them in the foremost rank of those I value and respect. I feel sure that your counsel will aid them, and your influence and position be exerted for their benefit. The family are most respectable. Their father is a Queen's Counsel and Judge of the Co(unty) Antrim. I enclose you some testimonials of the eldest brother who takes his wife and their children with him. The youngest was in the 24th Regt and sold out with the assent (?) of his brother officers. Their intentions are to embark in ships. I shall soon write again, and with my best wishes and thanks for your attention to my nephews and the hope that you will do likewise for the others.

JHT

(1) This would appear to be Caesar Hastings Otway and a brother who arrived in Auckland in 1864 on the `Surat'. Their father wrote to Donald McLean about them in 1865 from Dublin. Caesar was living in Napier in 1865.

Extracts from Samuel Lewis' Topographical Dictionary 1837

GLANDORE, a small but rising village, in the parish of KILFAUGHNABEG, Western Division of the barony of EAST CARBERY, county of CORK, and province of MUNSTER, 3 miles (S. W.) from Rosscarbery; containing about 200 inhabitants. This seems to have been a place of some importance at an early period, as appears from the erection of the castles of Glandore and Kilfinnan; for many years it continued in a very impoverished state, but it has again become a place of considerable note through the spirited exertions of its present proprietor, J. Redmond Barry, Esq., who has within the last few years expended upwards of £10,000 in various improvements. It is situated on the eastern side of Glandore harbour, which affords secure anchorage to vessels of large size; and is navigable to Leap, a village on the Cork and Skibbereen mail road. The scenery at the entrance of the harbour is extremely picturesque, and is remarkable as having formed the subject, of a Latin poem, called "Carberiae Rupes," written by Dean Swift, who spent some time in the neighbourhood. A pier has been recently constructed near the village, which affords protection to about 20 fishing yawls of three tons each; fish of every kind is abundant in the bay. Many elegant houses and a comfortable hotel have been erected, and from the beauty of its situation and the salubrity of the climate, the village has become a favourite place of residence, and much frequented during the bathing season; baths have been erected and every accommodation afforded for the convenience of visitors. The principal residences are Glandore Castle, the seat of P. Morris, Esq.; Glandore House, of J. Redmond Barry, Esq.; Glandore Cottage, of JFH. Townsend ***(John FitzHenry Townsend* [250])***, Esq.; Glandore Lodge, of R. Adams, Esq.; Stone Hall, of Major T. Allen; Westview House, of Major Edw. Allen; Chateau Maria, of F. Allen, Esq.; Kilfinnan Castle, of T. Raneland, Esq.; Prospect House, of John Morris, Esq.; Glenville, of Capt. E. Hart; Union Cottage, of Mrs. Donovan; and Cliff Cottage, of the Rev. Mr. Walker. A temporary church and the R. C. chapel for the parish of Kilfaughnabeg are in the village. A school-house capable of containing 600 children has been lately erected by Mr. Barry, with the aid of the National Board of Education; the boys receive instruction in agriculture and trades from competent teachers, and a model farm and carpenters' workshop are connected with it. The management of the girls' school reflects the highest credit on Miss Adams, the acting patroness, who most benevolently devotes her time to its superintendence: an infants' school has also been established.

* *John Henry's first cousin.*

Biography of Donald McLean

