

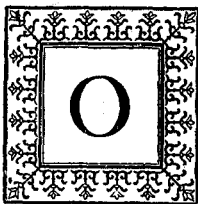
Cattle wading a New Zealand stream.

# The Newness of New Zealand

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

Author of "Songs Out of Doors," "The Unknown Quantity," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLARK, ROTORUA, N. Z.



**O**LD ULYSSES (so Dante reported an interview in Hades) was not content with peaceful retirement in his island Ithaca. He wanted to have one more new adventure before he ended the voyage of life. Tennyson makes him say:

"I cannot rest from travel: . . . my purpose holds

To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths  
Of all the western stars."

It was just this feeling that came over me in the quiet book-room of Avalon in the early winter of 1925. So I did what even Ulysses never dared: I took a daughter in each hand and sailed away to New Zealand.

Why this choice? For three reasons. First, it is really a very far country, just about at the opposite side of the globe—

summer is there while winter is here. Second, it is politically the newest and most experimental civilized nation in the world. Third, it claims to have superlative trout fishing, and I confess to being an inveterate angler and therefore, according to President Coolidge, only a boy—thank God.

You get your first real sense of the remoteness of New Zealand when you take ship from San Francisco and roll through the Pacific for nearly three weeks.

It is a big, beautiful, lonely ocean—blue as the stone called *lapis lazuli*, bare as the primal world. You meet no ships. The mysterious "radio" brings you jazz tunes and bedtime stories from Los Angeles. Flying fish—silver arrows—skitter from wave to wave. A whale sends up his spouting signal from the horizon. Dances on deck give a chance for youth to show its unfailing verve and to demonstrate the ungainly modern steps. The junior officers of the ship *Maunganui* prove that

they are good fellows as well as good seamen. The humid heat of the doldrums makes you "speak disrespectfully of the equator" and bless the man who put an electric fan in your cabin.

Then, suddenly, you come to Tahiti, sticking up out of the illimitable blue—green mountains, mangoes, palm groves, bananas, all enveloped in a moist languor which makes effort seem like folly. Papeete, the capital of the islands, is a moth-eaten paradise. There are live people there, of course, like the intelligent and courteous French manager of the principal store and the young American who is energetically reviving a copra plantation. But most of the inhabitants, native and relapsed, seem to wander in a state of moral and mental deliquescence—softening away. The South Sea islands have their charm, no doubt, but it is a kind of dope. The natives stand it better than the whites.

Next you touch at Raratonga, in the Cook Islands—virid mountain crests, valley jungles, red-roofed houses and stores, no harbor but an open roadway swept by long billows on which the cargo lighters dance like corks. The native king comes off—a good-looking brown gentleman—and invites you to tea at his palace in the afternoon. But the rollers increase in height; the steamship company does not wish to take risks with its passengers; so the ship's doctor, *douce* and clever old gentleman, conveniently discovers a case of possible measles in the steerage, the ship is put in quarantine, nobody can go ashore. Thus ends your chance of seeing Raratonga and taking tea with native royalty.

Eighteen hundred miles from here runs the course, across the tropic of Capricorn, into the southern hemisphere—a new world, where all your notions of climate are reversed.

New Zealand is in sight. You enter the harbor of Wellington. The bare, bold, grassy hills of golden brown rise around you like the hills of San Francisco Bay. You feel that you have reached a real country—not a refuge of pipe dreams.

But when you settle down into the plushy comfort of the Royal Oak Hotel you feel that you are still in the Old World. This is exactly like a mid-Vic-

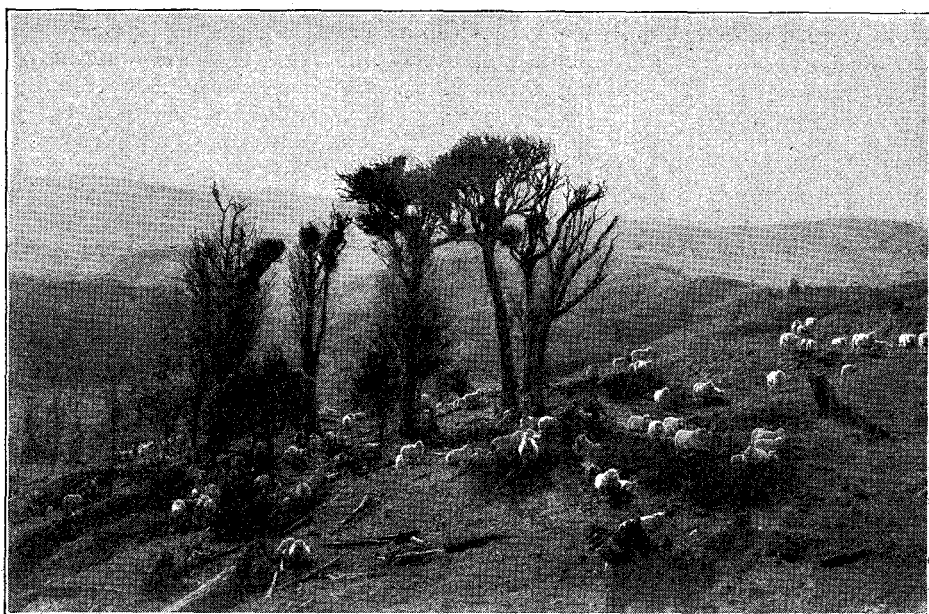
torian inn at Winchester or Coventry—quiet almost to the point of suppression—the same old sentimental and sporting lithographs on the walls—the same primitive washing arrangements in the bedrooms—the same respectable and mutually mistrustful Britishers moving into and out of the dining-room and lingering vacuously in the lounge over the cups of alleged coffee. It is not exactly gay, but it's very homelike and "couthy." And every now and then a Scotchman or an Irishman blows into the smoke-room to liven things up.

Now is a good time to review what we have read in the books about New Zealand, and to get an outline of the country and its short, eventful history, and to meet and talk with the people who can help us to understand its newness.

First of all, we must realize that this country is not a part of Australia, not even an annex. Wellington is separated by twelve hundred miles of deep and rough sea from Sydney, the capital of New South Wales. The difference between the lands and the peoples is no less wide—and navigable.

New Zealand is a little continent by itself, composed of two large islands and a small one, divided by narrow straits, and stretching from southwest to northeast over a thousand miles from end to end. This streak of land is comparatively slim; on either side the sea is never more than sixty miles away. The total area is about one hundred thousand square miles—more than Great Britain, less than the State of California, of which, by the way, it reminds one strongly in many respects. Both began civic life in the eighteenth century. Both were boosted by the discovery of gold. Both are fresh-air, outspoken countries and people. California has four million inhabitants; New Zealand about one million three hundred thousand. Yet in that antipodal country, so remote and so distinctly British, I never could get away from the home feeling of California—and I did not want to.

The first white man to see these islands (1642) was a roving Dutch sea captain, Abel Tasman, from Hoorn, now one of the "dead cities" of the Zuyder Zee. His discovery was named after a flat Dutch



God must have had sheep in His mind when He created this country.—Page 590.

province, Zealand, to which it has not the remotest resemblance. New Zealand, within its long, narrow area, embraces the most extraordinary variety of soil and landscape: snowy Alps and glaciers, volcanoes and geysers, fertile plains and upland pastures, broad lakes and rushing rivers, semitropical forests and northern fiords.

Tasman, apparently, did not dare to land in this wonderful country, because it was inhabited by the Maoris, a particularly fierce and cannibalistic people. Over a hundred years later along came that bold British mariner, Captain Cook. He got ashore with difficulty, got off again safely, and came back on two later voyages. He brought pigs, goats, chickens, and geese to a hungry land, in which the only original mammals (except humans) were rats and bats. It looks as if Cook liked the Maoris and wanted to cure their insatiable appetite for human flesh. He escaped from their bill-of-fare only to fall a victim to the primitive impulses of "the noble savage" in Hawaii.

Then followed a long era of riot and confusion in the history of New Zealand. The Maori tribes continued to slaughter and devour one another, varying their diet with white meat when obtainable.

White traders, sealers and whalers, came in and taught the noble savage new tricks and diseases. Christian missionaries, led by Samuel Marsden (1814), bravely tackled their job of bringing to the Maoris the only real cure for human depravity. Settlers, some drawn by the richness of the new land, some driven by the necessity of getting away from their old country, began to trickle in, and then to flow in, until the white people far outnumbered the brown. But the hostility between the two races was not allayed, and from time to time it blazed out in massacre and atrocity.

In 1840 New Zealand became a British crown colony, and the famous *Treaty of Waitangi* was signed by Lieutenant-Governor Hobson, an English naval captain, and five hundred and twelve of the native chiefs. By this wondrous-wise document, which was backed by the growing influence of the Christian missionaries of all creeds, and by the sober sense of the most intelligent of the native chiefs, three things were accomplished:

1. The Maoris accepted the sovereignty and claimed the protection of Queen Victoria.
2. The queen recognized their title to all their tribal lands, forests, fisheries, and



other possessions, reserving to the government only the right of pre-emption in case the native owners wished to sell at a price agreed upon.

3. The natives of New Zealand were guaranteed all the rights and privileges of British subjects.

This was an eminently fair state paper—almost an ideal transaction between brown aborigines and white settlers. But there were two little hidden springs of trouble in it. The first was the question of native land-titles. You see, the Maoris (a race with many noble qualities and one detestable appetite) were terrific militarists; they believed in the right of conquest. The man who won the fight owned the land and the goods; the tribal and family wars were intermittent but incessant; the question was: Who had licked whom? Did reconquest confer a valid title? Who owned the real estate—the man who sat on it or the legitimate heirs of the man whose bare bones were buried in it?

The second source of difficulty was the question of price. Did the party of the first part have the authority to offer and the money to pay the said price? Did the party of the second part freely accept it after due consideration, or was he tricked or bulldozed into it? Was it a

fair bargain, after all? Questions like these have been known to raise quarrels even between Professed Pacifists. There are three unfailing causes of strife and contention among men: land, women, and the formulas of religion.

I believe that the great majority of the British and the Maoris were sincere in the Treaty of Waitangi, and have tried to live up to it, according to their lights. There were long and bloody years to wade through before the two races stood on the firm ground of mutual understanding and lasting peace. But the Maori Land Courts have done good work under tangled conditions. The rights of the natives, so far as they could be discerned, have been protected.

To-day, for example, you buy a government license to fish in all the waters of New Zealand. But when you follow a stream that flows through Maori land, you must pay a fee to the native owner. This is inconsistent but fair.

The Maoris have four representatives in the Dominion Parliament, among its best debaters and speakers. The Minister of Health in the present government is an accomplished man—Sir Maui Pomare—whose name tells his blood, of which he is proud. I have seen a good many countries, including every State of our own



An old-time bas bringing out wool from the back lots.

Union. But nowhere, except possibly in the Hawaiian Islands, have I seen a native or a dark-skinned race as fairly, humanly, and wisely treated as the Maoris are in New Zealand. The question of racial intermixture is another story. I have had no experience which would qualify me to pass an opinion on it. The Maoris are certainly not dying out. Some say they have increased in number during the last fifty years.

There were three main streams of white immigration into New Zealand. First, the New Zealand Company, a commercial organization with highly idealistic principles, like the Pilgrim Fathers of New England. This company settled *Wellington*, now the capital. Second, the Church of England Colony, who settled the province of Canterbury, and *Christchurch*—names which are significant. Third, the Scotch colonists who came to Otago, in the South Island, and named their capital *Dunedin*, after Edinburgh. *Auckland*, the largest city, and the first capital, was the natural child of trade. The colony, which had long had representative government, was raised to the status of a "Dominion" in 1907.

A shrewd Yorkshireman whom I met in Wellington gave me his view of the different cities. "*Dunedin*," said he, "is worth twenty-six shillings in the pound. *Christchurch* and *Wellington* are worth

twenty shillings. *Auckland* is worth twelve and sixpence."

New Zealand was lucky in having among her early leaders some really big men. Sir George Grey, scholar, soldier, broad-minded democrat and generous

aristocrat; Sir Julius Vogel, bold borrower for the state; John Ballance, mild and rational laborite; Richard Seddon, a miner's boy, "King Dick," idol of the people; Sir Robert Stout, adventurous conservative, from the Shetland Islands; William Massey, a farmer's boy, born in Ireland, who was chosen prime minister in 1912, and held the leadership until his universally lamented death this year.

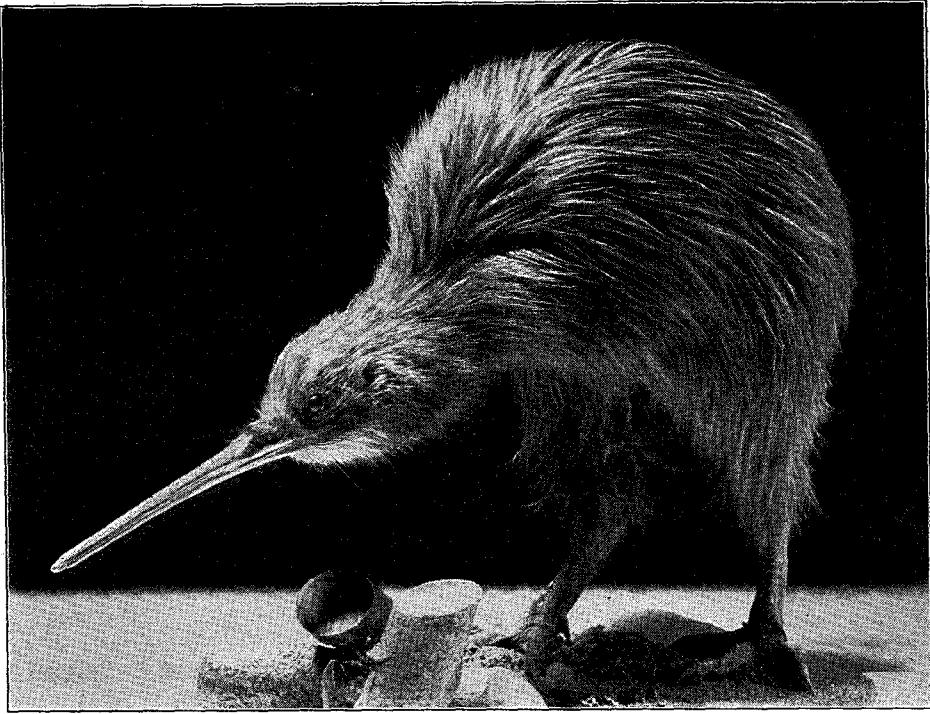
It is very hard for a stranger, a brief visitor, to form an opinion of the political status of such a new country as this. Is it radical, communistic? Certainly not. Is it capi-

talistic? Certainly not, unless you recognize the fact that the state can only borrow money from the people who have saved it. Is it going to the bad because of its socialistic legislation? Certainly not, because it is guided by the hard-headed British common sense, and safeguarded by the British passion for finding fault.

The only dubious effects of all the new laws, so far as I could see, were these: the government has to pay a little over 5 per cent for the money that it borrows in London and elsewhere: the individual



Kea, sheep-killing New Zealand parrot.



Kiwi, wingless New Zealand bird.

man has a slight tendency to rely on the state for those things which he should, and in the end must, do for himself.

The first man I talked with in New Zealand was a rosy representative of the *Dominion* newspaper. He came to interview me, but I interviewed him. "What's wrong?" I asked. "The trouble," said he, "is that we have three parties: the Reform Party (now in office), which does not believe in reformation; the Liberal Party, which detests liberality; and the Labor Party, which abhors work." It sounded to me like home.

Four of the most interesting men whom I met in Wellington were Sir Robert Stout, chief justice, last survivor of the old days when the newness of New Zealand began; Sir John Fíndlay, ex-minister, able lawyer, and eloquent orator; Doctor Begg, long-time bishop of St. John's Presbyterian Church; and Charles Wilson, parliamentary librarian and upholder of the beacon of *belles-lettres*. From these men, and others, like Mr. Gunsaulus, our American consul-general, and Mr. Webbe, secretary of the English-Speaking Union,

I tried to get light on the real state of affairs. I also talked with fellow-travellers all along the road, and drew as much information out of them as possible—real facts, you know, not theories.

For at least forty years New Zealand has been the foremost social-experiment station of the world.

Woman suffrage, old-age pensions, labor laws, power to break up large land holdings, state control of industries, government loans to settlers and home-builders, state conciliation and arbitration of labor disputes, legislation for the commonwealth as superior to the individual—in all these things New Zealand has led the way. She had a good chance by reason of her remoteness, limited territory, and unity of British race.

What I wanted to observe and consider was the practical working out of these experiments in state socialism. Frankly, I could not see that they had made any radical change in the fabric of human life. The industrious people were prosperous and happy. The idlers and incompetents suffered and growled. The rich were



neither bloated nor ostentatious. The poor ("always with us," according to the Scripture) were dissatisfied, but did not seem depressed or oppressed.

We walked and motored all through and around Wellington. The streets of the lower town were full of pedestrians strolling under the wooden arcades (which seemed to speak of a showery climate). The shops looked well-stocked, especially the tea-rooms. The signs were familiarly English: "mercier and draper," "haberdasher," "chemist," "hairdresser and tobacconist," "fishmonger," and so on. There was a fine book-shop—Whitcomb & Tombs—which would do any American city proud, both in the range of books carried and the intelligent civility of the management. The parks and public gardens were full of brilliant flowers and handsome trees from all parts of the world—pine and palm growing side by side. The Turnbull Library held a wonderful collection of rare first editions, gathered by a Wellington merchant, and left to the city. The Parliament Library, where Charles Wilson beamed, was full of real books as well as state records and local histories; and the bright attractiveness of the well-kept rooms seemed to hint that the lawmakers of the new country liked to do a quiet bit of reading now and then.

There are three newspapers in the city—good ones—*The Times*, *The Dominion*, and *The Evening Post*, all unmistakably more English than American in type. They give a great deal of space to sporting news and events. This is an out-door country, and the New Zealanders are desperate bettors on horse-races—almost as much given to this curious form of gambling as the Australians. Most of the bettors know little about horses; but, after all, horse-racing is a handsomer sport than cock-fighting or bull-baiting.

The open, grassy amber-colored hills around Wellington (and around the other cities too) are sprinkled with red-roofed houses, mostly of the "bungalow" type, set in blooming flower gardens. We saw no palaces and hardly any hovels. In the towns there seemed to be no real "slums." It looked like a country in which the good things of life are fairly well distributed, and every man who is willing to work can earn a living and a home ("be it ever so humble"), and raise a family of his own.

The real passion for these things will always save a nation from the insanity of communism.

"How does the government railway system work?" I asked a clever country doctor from a little town on the west coast. "Not too well," he answered. "You can't get time-tables. The trains are usually late. The whole business is clogged with red tape." (Then he gave me some extraordinary illustrations of stupid regulation and inefficiency.) My own impression is that under private ownership a man knows that he has a *job*, and must work to hold it; under government ownership he thinks he has an *office* which depends on politics. If a station master in New Zealand is promoted for efficient service, all the other railway employees have a right to protest before a certain tribunal and to be heard at full length. Imagine!

"How does woman suffrage work?" I asked a charming lady, daughter of an Italian sea captain, married to a big New Zealand farmer. "Well," she answered, "we vote, of course, because if we don't we lose our suffrage. But I can't see that 'votes for women' have had any particular effect—except in the matter of hygienic and sanitary laws, where we ought to know a little more than the men. Don't you think so? Women are less sentimental and more practical than men. They have to be."

"How does the plan of government conciliation and compulsory arbitration of labor disputes work?" I asked the Highest Legal Authority. "Upon the whole," he said, "it has done considerable good. It has not produced either the ruin which its enemies predicted or the Utopia which its friends promised." (At that moment most of the New Zealand ports were tied up by strikes of the water-side workers.) "The trouble just now comes not from the employers, who have generally accepted the awards of the court as fair, but from the unregistered labor unions, who have no legal responsibilities, and who 'want what they want when they want it.'"

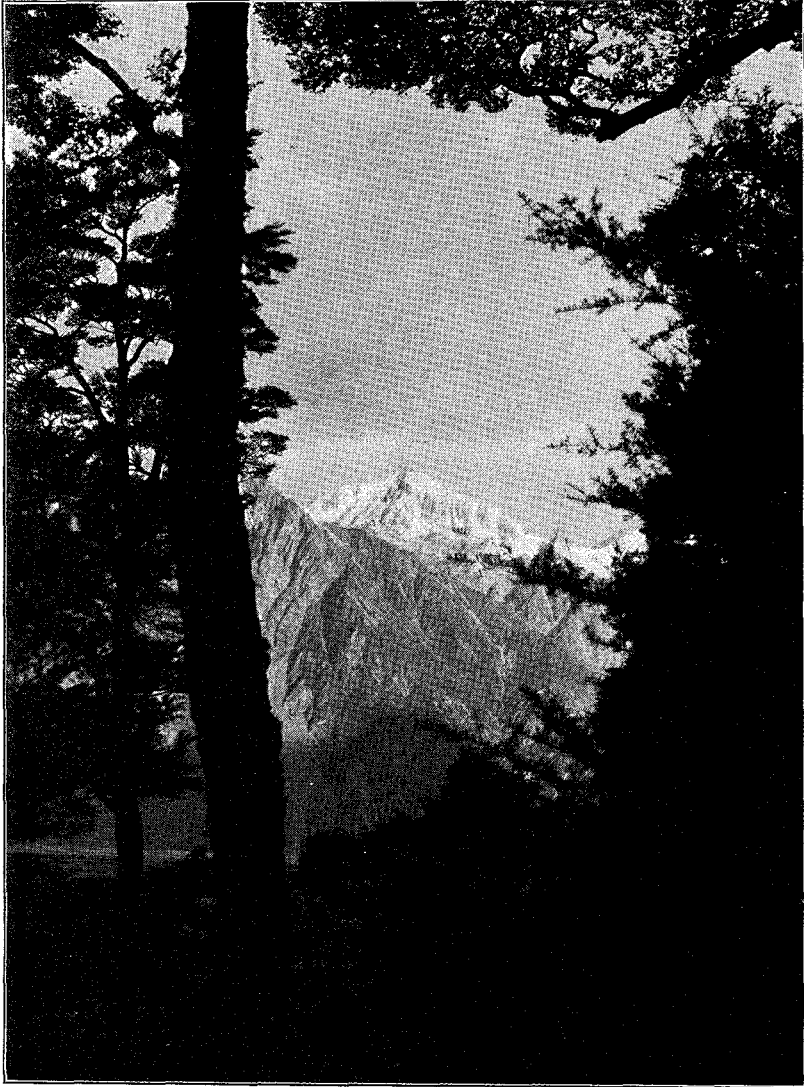
The newness of New Zealand doesn't get us far away from the oldness of human nature, after all. Man is a fighting animal, with pacific desires and heavenward aspirations. His upward progress

depends on what Christ taught: fair play, love, and immortal hope.

Now let us go out into the open air of New Zealand.

Christchurch, the northern city of the

The plain of Canterbury, where the Anglican colony made its first settlements, is a broad, level, fertile region. Here they found in great abundance the wild New Zealand flax, which was one of the



View from Hermitage, Mount Cook.

South Island, is an inland cathedral town. Lyttleton, the port, five miles away, has one of the most picturesque harbors in the world. Look down from the hill above Governor's Bay, and you will be entranced. The harbor of Auckland is less bold but broader. You get a wonderful view of it from the hill behind the city.

first staples of export from the new colony.

Now the land has been transformed, transmogrified, "translated" (as Bottom said). It is a beautiful picture of what human industry can do with natural resources. Here are green pastures and still waters, wheat lands and turnip fields,



little farmhouses nestled among the trees and placid villages clustered by the railway or at the junction of the highroads. Flocks of sheep wander in the pastures; herds of cattle graze through the meadows and wade across the valley streams. It is as fair a scene of rural prosperity as ever I saw in my life. Flowers everywhere; nobody in a hurry; all the faces tanned and healthy.

We stopped five days at Temuka, a celebrated angling station, with two fine little rivers flowing through it. But that is another story, reserved for another chapter.

Then we went on to Timaru, a typical British seaside resort—smoky, dusty, dull—with well-tended flower gardens and a flat view of the sea; but nothing more except shops and factories. The principal hotel, the Grosvenor, is a monument of faded Victorian magnificence; food stolid, atmosphere torpid, except when disturbed by the parrot and the three Jap dogs of the testy landlady.

From this "pleasure city" we embarked in a stout motor bus for Mount Cook, the highest point in New Zealand (12,170 feet). A hundred and thirty miles the drive runs, through the heart of the South Island. First we passed through Fairlie, in a farming, dairying district. We saw plenty of fine cattle in the meadows and along the streams, placidly and with apparent cheerfulness fulfilling the function of a good cow as Stevenson describes it:

"The friendly cow all red and white,  
I love with all my heart;  
She gives me cream with all her might,  
To eat with apple-tart."

At Fairlie we enjoyed the tart and the cream, with lamb and fresh butter of an excellence only to be found in New Zealand. Then the road wound on, growing steadily rougher, over Burke's Pass, on to the Mackenzie Plains, an open highland region, named after a bold Scotch "reaver" of the olden time. Here in this lofty, secret native pasture he used to feed his abstracted flocks and herds.

God must have had sheep in His mind when He made this country. Man brought them here, and they have multiplied and flourished abundantly. We saw them everywhere on the golden brown hills. They almost blocked the roads,

going to or coming from the sheep auction at Lake Tekapo, where hundreds of motor cars were parked and the people were picnicking.

When you see these flocks of sheep and herds of cattle you understand that New Zealand is still, like the old Land of Midian, a pastoral country. A touch of reality comes into the government statistics of exports for the last year:

\$55,000,000 worth of wool.

\$45,000,000 worth of frozen meats.

\$50,000,000 worth of butter.

\$30,000,000 worth of cheese.

All this, mark you, is the product of the sheep runs and dairy farms of the newness of New Zealand. The noble savage had none of these things and did not know how to get them. As yet the natural resources of the country have not been more than 10 per cent developed. It can support ten million people as well as a million and a half.

One thing seems to me certain. As the human inhabitants of the world increase in number, they must do one of two things: either they must learn how to bring out and use the hidden riches which God has stored in the earth for their sustenance—and that means knowledge, order, peaceful training; or else they must revert to the primitive method of killing (and perhaps eating) one another—and that means war, barbarism, and "going native."

On the Mackenzie Plains we saw the Kea, one of the most interesting and primitive of the native birds. He is a parrot, but he looks like a degenerate hawk. In his hours of leisure he is said to be playful and amusing. But he has developed a habit of perching on the rumps of sheep, holding on by their wool, tearing a hole in their backs with his sharp bill, devouring their kidneys and other savory and essential organs, and then leaving his victims to die. Some people say this is a slander or an exaggeration. But at all events a price has been put on the Kea's head, and he is listed for suppression, except in the little "Hermitage" reservation, where he is protected as a curiosity.

There is another New Zealand bird, less harmful but still more curious—the Kiwi. He has no wings, an excessively

long bill, and feathers which are like ancient lace. The Maoris use these feathers for cloaks of fashion, the anglers for the dressing of trout flies. We were sorry that we could not catch sight of a Kiwi. His habits are nocturnal; ours, not.

At Pukaki our motor bus crossed the foot of another mountain lake. The glacier-fed river foamed out of it white as milk, and therefore hopeless for fly-fishermen. After the sacred rite of "afternoon tea" at the tavern we bumped along up beside the wild, picturesque, desolate, milk-white lake.

At the upper end of it we saw the noble panorama of the New Zealand Alps—not equal to Switzerland, perhaps, as the Tourist Bureau claims, but visibly splendid and snow-crowned. Great records of Alpinist audacity have been made among those glittering peaks.

After a rough ride through river beds we come to "The Hermitage," a big, friendly Alpine inn, where tourists, and a conference of doctors, have gathered to have a good time. Ping-pong, bridge games, and jazz dancing are going on in the main assembly-room. In the smoke-room and the ladies' drawing-room welcome wood fires are burning on the open hearths. Unless you are a spoiled Sybarite you can't help being comfortable here.

The next morning was cold and rainy. But at noon it cleared up. We set out on a climb to Kea Point, three miles away. Here were the great peaks facing us. Snow fields spreading against the sky. Glaciers draping the mountain shoulders. Avalanches dropping their momentary thunders from every side.

Against this the half-tropical bush is creeping up. Palms and ferns and eucalyptus against the snow and ice. Which will conquer in the coming ages? After all, on the answer to this question more than on any human legislation, depends the long future of man on earth.

We humans, if the race is to survive, must not be terrified by Alpine solitudes, nor seduced by tropical islands. We have got to work together if we want to live. And if we want to get and keep the result of our working, we must do our best to eliminate fighting as a racial habit. This was the reflection that came home to me, in face of the glacial splendors of

Mount Cook, after seeing the newness of New Zealand, formerly Maoriland.

P. S.—For readers who have a curiosity about the newest civilized country in the world, and the outpost of progressive legislation, this bibliographical note is added to a brief and imperfect article.

New Zealand has more literature of her own than the American colonies had at a corresponding period of their history. The list of publications by Whitcomb & Tombs (Auckland, Christchurch, Dunedin, and Wellington) proves this statement. Here are nature books, Maori legends, histories, poems, and political treatises. Here are two books of reminiscence by white men who "went native": "Old New Zealand by a Pakeha Maori" (F. E. Maning), and "The Adventures of Kimble Bent," edited by James Cowan. The latter is the story of an irrepressible Maine boy, who deserted from the American army and the British navy to escape from all restraints, only to find that the "taboos" of the barbarian were more oppressive than the rules of the civilized. The festive Kimble was made a slave, forced to marry an ugly one-eyed wife, and to assist (in the French sense) at ghastly cannibal feasts. "Going native" as a way of getting free to do what you please is a delusion.

A very interesting book on present social and political conditions is "Human Australasia," by President Charles F. Thwing of Western Reserve University (the Macmillan Company, 1923). It is well-studied, and carefully and liberally written from personal observation.

The best and most inclusive book on New Zealand is the last edition (beautifully illustrated) of the volume by W. Pember Reeves, a native of the Dominion, and for many years a member of its Parliament. It is called "The Long White Cloud" ("Ao-tea-roa," the Maori name of the land). It is written in admirable English, and is a rich storehouse of knowledge. It is published by George Allen and Unwin, in London. Every one who wishes to understand New Zealand and its picturesque history should read this book—and then go to see the country for himself.

H. v. D.

Another article by Doctor van Dyke, "Angling in the Antipodes," will appear in an early number.

GARTH  
JONES



## The Two Selves

BY ELSA BARKER

Two selves have I that work not for the weal  
Of one another, though they must abide  
In the same house of life. One is the tried  
Indomitable Spirit, made of steel  
Tempered by fire and cold from head to heel.  
The other is the Woman, who is made  
Of softest rose-leaves, wistful and afraid,  
Whose only armor is love's pure appeal.

Water and oil will blend before these two.  
What hidden purpose of the Infinite  
Has to these alien dwellers thus decreed  
One narrow house of life the long years through?  
The rose-leaves rust the steel and weaken it,  
The steel has torn the rose-leaves till they bleed.