

A TANGLED WEB

By

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2012

Centre for Creative Writing

A creative work and exegesis submitted to AUT University in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Creative Writing.

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Attestation of Authorship

“I hereby declare that this submission is my own work and that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, it contains no material previously published or written by another person (except where explicitly defined in the acknowledgements), nor any material which to a substantial extent has been submitted for the award of any other degree or diploma of a university or other institution of higher learning.”

Signed:

Acknowledgments

Writing can be a very solitary activity requiring hours of concentration and application but nevertheless would be impossible without the support and encouragement of many people, colleagues, friends, tutors, fellow students, Kitchen descendants and even random strangers with whom you might happen to discuss your work. My thanks to my journalism colleagues, Greg Treadwell, Alan Lee, Lyn Barnes et al, who sighed resignedly when I announced I intended to embark on yet another postgraduate project, but nevertheless bolstered me up when I looked like fading and had faith I would complete the work. Friends such as Jan Jenson, Kath Mills and Rosemary Brewer, likewise have been patient and interested as I spent the year worrying about various facets of the writing. Their enthusiasm for the story I was telling ensured I completed the task and they always managed to divert me when pessimism and lethargy set in. Our three tutors, Mike Johnson, Stephanie Johnson and James George were inspiring and helpful through the year; I just needed another 12 months to absorb all their teachings. Mike in particular was very patient and forbearing as I struggled to complete the work in time. My fellow students in the master class were also an inspiration, especially those in my small group, Dyana Wells, Sheri O'Neill and Sammy-Rose Scapens. I enjoyed our irregular meetings to discuss progress and offer different ways at looking at problems that had arisen. My biggest thanks, however, go to Tony Kitchen of Melbourne, a direct descendant of William's uncle, John Ambrose Kitchen, and one of the proprietors of the very successful Australian company J. Kitchen & Sons. Tony and I have worked closely to piece together the Kitchen family history. We had two very successful meetings at his home last December where we discovered photographs of the Wellington Kitchens, a family group with William and his two step-brothers, and photographs of William's two sons, Arthur and Edward as toddlers. Despite William being considered the black sheep of the Kitchen family, Tony has been happy to have his story told in all its successes and scandals. My final thanks go to those unknown people I met at various times during the year, often on buses, who listened kindly to my enthusiastic rambles about the story I was telling

Abstract

A Tangled Web is the story of 19th century radical New Zealand journalist, William Kitchen. Told as a fictionalised biography, the work follows his life from leaving Wellington as a 22-year-old for Otago until his death at 34 in Sydney. Showing early writing promise he became a journalist on working-class newspapers in Dunedin rising to become editor of *The Globe*. He won prizes for his short stories and was instrumental in establishing one of the country's first literary journals. Kitchen was deeply involved in the burgeoning of working-class consciousness of the late 1800s and was an outspoken supporter of the Maritime Strike of 1890 and the first labour candidates contesting the election that year. His fervent socialism was treated with derision by conservative papers but he fought injustice as he perceived it, even if it meant taking on Truby King, head of the Seacliff Lunatic Asylum. His willingness to carry a fight, however, meant he alienated many conventional Dunedinites. When a suspicious fire burnt down *The Globe* offices, although uninvolved, Kitchen decided to leave New Zealand, his wife and children, and head to the Australian colonies. Landing first in Sydney, he applied for but failed to get the editorship of the *Australian Workman*. The working-classes here were also turning to the ballot box and Kitchen went to Melbourne and worked with prominent members of the labour movement leading up to the 1891 election. When journalistic work was unavailable Kitchen took to the stage under a pseudonym and it was during this time he met and then later married Lottie Hannam, an actress and palmist. Disguising himself and using another assumed name, he and Lottie travelled to New Zealand, visiting the southern provinces, but not before he inserted a notice in the papers saying Kitchen had died in Tasmania. He acted as Lottie's manager, as she toured as Madame Aramanda. Despite his disguise he was recognised and finally conceded he was William Kitchen. Chased by the police he was captured boarding a ship at Bluff and taken to Wellington to face charges. These charges were dismissed and instead his first wife filed for divorce on the grounds of bigamy and adultery. Kitchen returned to Sydney and two years later remarried Lottie. He became embroiled in a lengthy legal dispute with John Norton, the editor of *Truth*, when Norton published an article labelling him a wife deserter and bigamist. Kitchen sued Norton for libel but two trials in 1897 saw hung juries. The case was eventually dropped, although Kitchen did win two contempt of court cases against Norton. Overcome by the effects of the trials and a serious stage accident suffered by Lottie, Kitchen took his own life in December 1897.

Exegesis

'O what a tangled web we weave, when first we practise to deceive.'

(Walter Scott, *Marmion*, Canto vi, Stanza 17)

In the 1980s Stephen Oates (1986) theorised there were three types of biography – pure or literary biography, where the author narrates a life story that engages the heart and the mind – a critical study, where the author “analyses with appropriate detachment and scepticism” and finally, a scholarly chronicle which is a straightforward recounting of facts, where the narrative voice tends to be dry and detached but informative (Oates, 1986, p. ix). In the 21st century, I believe a fourth variant can be introduced – the fictionalised biography, a genre that freely invents scenes and conversations but is based on the life story of a historical person. The author uses their names and the names of those with whom he or she interacts. It is not a *roman à clef*, a novel in which real people and actual events figure under disguise. I call my work a fictionalised biography, as it is based on the life story of a real person, William Freeman Kitchen, but I have imagined scenes and conversations with the people he is known to have come in contact with. All the characters are historic figures except for some very minor individuals. Since Oates devised his theory of three types of biography, however, others have continued to try to refine the terms but to little avail. Definitions prove to be difficult to pin down, but some are downright incorrect, as evidenced by the following scathing definition from the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. Fictionalised biography, it says,

...often depends almost entirely upon secondary sources and cursory research. Its authors, well represented on the paperback shelves, have created a hybrid form designed to mate the appeal of the novel with a vague claim to authenticity. (Kendall)

I take exception to Kendall's claim the research is cursory and that as a novel the fictionalised biography “makes vague claims to authenticity”. My research was exhaustive, and as painstaking and thorough as any historians, almost to the point where it has possibly interfered with the flow of the narrative. The events and actions depicted in my work are as authentic as I could make them, even if based on secondary sources. In fact, that is possibly the only way to write a biography of a lesser but nonetheless

interesting historical figure who is dead and about whom there is very little primary material. This view is supported by Ina Schabert (1982):

Contrary to a widespread notion, painstaking research concerning the facts of a life and fidelity to the facts are not qualities which necessarily distinguish non-fictional biography from the modern fictional form. Most of the novelists insist on a scrupulous scholarship as an essential stage of preparation. (Schabert, 1982, p. 3)

The historical novel is a popular genre, and within that a growing sub-genre is that of the fictionalised biography, with Philippa Gregory currently its leading exponent. She, however, generally writes about famous kings and queens. My interest is in the authors who focus on less significant historical figures. There have been several recent New Zealand precedents to illustrate my point, *The Captive Wife*, by Fiona Kidman (2005), *Rangatira*, by Paula Morris (2011) and *The Larnachs*, by Owen Marshall (2011). All are stories about interesting, but not historically significant New Zealand figures and all have been fictionalised. Marshall, however, says in a frontispiece to his story about Connie and Douglas Larnach, that his work is neither a biography nor a history. “It is a novel: the imaginative interpretation of a situation experienced by real people.” His is an illustration of the shifting terminology this genre creates. Another recent book is *Caleb’s Crossing*, by Geraldine Brooks (2011). This is a story about the first Native American graduate of Harvard University, told through the voice of a fictional character, Berthia Mayfield. Again, the author’s note makes it plain that this is a work of imagination, and that the character of Caleb as portrayed in the novel is, “in every way, a work of fiction” (p. ix). Without exception, all four authors mentioned placed a waiver or explanation at the front of their books to indicate theirs is a work of fiction based on real events and people, but with some fictional elements. Most supply evidence of the historical research their works are based on. Where does my work sit in relation to these books? Fictionalised biography seems to be an apposite description. There is a lot of history in my book but Kitchen’s relation to it is imagined.

Much time could be spent discussing definitions, but what is clear is that more and more the lines are becoming indistinct between fact and fiction. As biographer Adam Hamilton (2008) says, the very frontier between biography (non-fiction) and the novel (fiction) has become blurry – it “has been attacked, crossed, moved and then re-crossed” (p. 17). Guy Vanderhaeghe (2005) puts it very clearly, that feeling of standing on a blurred line. He says the historical novelist “is placed in the awkward position of

deciding where to offer her or her allegiance, to history or to the novel”. This is a dilemma I don’t think I have resolved for myself.

The people most disturbed about this trend are historians. Kate Grenville, the Australian doyenne of southern hemisphere fictionalised biography, has suffered the ire of local historians with her works, in particular her saga *The Secret River* (2005), about an Englishman transported to Australia for theft. Not long after it was published two Australian historians claimed Grenville saw her book as a work of history. Historians became incensed, says Kate Mitchell (2010), because Grenville seemed to elevate fiction as a mode of historical understanding above academic history. Grenville absolutely refutes this. At no time did she ever make the claim to be writing any kind of history, she says on her webpage.

It was important to me that the incidents and characters were solidly based on history, but as a novelist I drew on the historical sources loosely, as a starting-point for the work of the imagination. This bears no relationship at all to claiming that my novel is “a work of history”. (Grenville, 2005)

I liked in particular her work, *The Lieutenant* (2008) which she described in her author’s note as “a work of fiction” but “inspired by recorded events”, in particular a young lieutenant, William Dawes, who while in Australia in the 18th century, compiled a record of the language of the indigenous people of the Sydney area (p. 305). Grenville is quite clear that while she made use of historical sources, she “departed from them in various ways. This is a novel; it should not be mistaken for history” (p. 307).

The discussions and disputes raised by this blurring of lines between “fact” and “fiction” do raise the significant issues of accuracy, truth and authenticity in historical writings.

The ensuing debates about the relative merits of fiction and history for representing historical truth most authentically proved so prolonged, public, and energetic that this issue was dubbed the “new front of [Australia’s] history wars”. (Mitchell, 2010, in Kohlke, M. & Gutleben, C., p. 254)

Hamilton (2008) says the search for verifiable truth is “the very wellspring of the biographical endeavour” (p. 64) and I see no reason why that should not also apply to the biographer who is fictionalising her work. I also agree with Hamilton that “the key

to fulfilment as a biographer is to proceed always with honesty and intellectual humility” (p. 67).

Writers and readers of fictionalised biographies have largely ignored the concerns of the historians. The genre sells like hot cakes. Romano Carlin (2001), when discussing this “war” between novelists and historians, declares that among novelists a predictable view dominates. “Art may do what it wishes, when it wishes, so long as it gets the big picture right. The novelist’s vision and voice trumps getting the small stuff right” (p. 13). He concludes with his own admonition to historical novelists.

We may retell their stories badly or well. We may embellish them or get them wrong. But we should not do so blithely, just as we should not scrawl slogans on other people's houses, or stride into their living rooms to replace the furniture. (Carlin, 2001, p. 13)

However, I can sympathise to a certain extent with the concerns of the historians. It is becoming increasingly difficult to find publishers for academic histories. Two Australian historians had become so concerned they wrote a helpful book “*How to write history that people want to read*” (2009). It does not seem to have changed anything. At a conference in Melbourne last November, media historians were told by publishers just how difficult it still was to get academic works published. Perhaps the reason fictionalised history is so popular is that it is written in a more accessible manner. The audience, after all, is queen.

All biographers would surely agree, however, that it would be impossible to write about a person “without reference to the historical structures in which the milieux of their everyday life are organised” (Wright Mills, 1959, p. 158).

We have come to know that every individual lives, from one generation to the next, in some society; that he lives out a biography, and that he lives it out within some historical sequence. By the fact of his living he contributes, however minutely, to the shaping of that society and to the course of its history, even as he is made by society and by its historical push and shove. (Wright Mills, 1959, p.6)

As far as Kitchen’s life is concerned he lived at a very significant period in New Zealand’s (and Australian’s) history. The birth of the labour movement, the establishment of universal franchise, and the election of a social reforming government were historic events and pivotal to the life of every citizen. Kitchen was closely involved in the gestation of these movements and played his part in seeing them

eventuate. Some of the individuals with whom he came in contact, became, or already were, significant figures in both New Zealand and Australia. Alf Hanlon and Charles Skerrett, became prominent colonial lawyers, and Stout, Seddon, Bracken, Mills, Hutchison, Fenwick and others are well-known to any student of New Zealand history. In Australia, many of Kitchen's acquaintances there went on to become household names, mostly in politics. John Norton is a name known on both sides of the Tasman. To remind myself of this historic period, I returned to the acknowledged masters of this time period – Belich, King, Condliffe, Morrell, Oliver, for example. As well, I did extensive genealogical research, obtaining birth, death and marriage certificates for the major characters in the novel.

Having attempted an academic history previously and knowing the difficulties entailed in getting published, I decided to take a more creative approach and try writing a fictionalised account of a person's life. This raises the whole question of how one selects a person to write a biography on, fictionalised or otherwise, and this is an issue I have addressed in previous research (Oosterman, 2012). John Garraty (1957) lists several possibilities. Frequently, he says, the subject chooses the biographer – as in a son writing of his famous father (p. 133). Many biographies are the result of mutual interest – a specialist in a field decides to expand his knowledge and ends up writing a biography. Intense historical study frequently results in the “discovery” of an obscure but significant individual, leading the scholar to bring the “new” figure before the eyes of the world through a biography (pp. 136-137). Other biographies are written with an eye to the market (p. 137) and others are produced to order – a writer is commissioned to write an “official” biography, for example. My work falls into the “intense historical study” category. I discovered Kitchen's story as I was researching Malcolm Ross, the country's first official war correspondent in World War I. Why did I think his life would make a good fictionalised novel instead of a “straight” biography? There were several reasons, not the least being the only information I initially found on him was through the country's newspapers. I did not have enough material to support a comprehensive, scholarly biography. But his story was such a strange one, such a contradictory and eventually dramatic one, I believed it was worthy of telling, so the decision was made to fictionalise it. I also wanted to stretch my writing into another genre, to discover whether I could be a creative writer. I think the jury may still be out on that question!

The press reports were so biased and so negative I wished to discover if there was a different person behind those accounts. Kitchen was a radical socialist and journalist, and as such, in his day, was, if not a pariah, at least a person who stood outside the norms of the then conservative, colonial society of New Zealand. As Patrick Day (1990) says, New Zealand newspapers at the time were to be seen as expressing the perspective of the New Zealand ruling class (p. 237). Kitchen opposed the ruling class as a fervent socialist, and as a result, the conservative newspapers hammered him from the start of his career as a journalist and they continued that right up to his death in 1897. Reporters might provide the “first rough draft of history” as *Washington Post*’s Phil Graham said in 1963, but that draft can often turn out to be something else entirely, even in the 1800s, and draws attention to the fluidity and changing nature of so-called “facts”. Many of Kitchen’s socialist views about workers, the franchise, the ownership of important assets and so on, against which most of the 19th century newspapers inveighed stridently, were to become commonplace and accepted notions in later years.

Part of my desire was to get behind the bias and try to find the “figure under the carpet”. Biographer Leon Edel (1979) says the biographer must learn to know the mask:

...and in doing this he will have won half the battle. The other half is the real battle, the most difficult part of the task – his search for what I call the figure under the carpet, the evidence in the reverse of the tapestry, the life-myth of a given mask. (Edel, 1979, p. 19)

Virginia Woolf called it “catching the phantom”, but added that “few catch the phantom; most have to be content with a scrap of her dress or a wisp of her hair” (quoted in Monk, 2007, p.14).

The scandal of Kitchen’s desertion of Annie and “marriage” to Lottie titillated the New Zealand colonial public as it would also do if enacted today, but maybe not for as long as it did the colonial audience. This was compounded by Kitchen announcing his own death and returning to New Zealand in disguise. One might ask why this all became a national *cause célèbre*? Ari Adut (2008) has some answers. He says on the one hand, scandals are a heavily moral phenomenon with the public reaction to them one of indignation. On the other hand, he says, scandals are “profane matters”. “Highly contagious, they risk polluting all those with whom they come into contact” (pp. 288-289). Kitchen’s wife desertion, alleged bigamy (he was never convicted of this crime) and subterfuge became a national scandal and the public reaction as expressed in the

newspapers was indignation. This was then reflected in the public discussion that arose in the colony's press about the whole institution of marriage and divorce and the laws governing them. It was a very early moral panic, as later theorised by Stanley Cohen (1972) in *Folk Devils and Moral Panics*. Kitchen's behaviour certainly was seen as a threat to 19th century New Zealand societal values. Another reason why Kitchen's doings became of national interest and did not remain simply an Otago story was because of the United Press Association, the national press agency established in 1879. The association became the sole distributor of news around the country and this ensured what Day calls "a profound similarity among all newspapers" (p. 238). It meant that stories emanating from Dunedin, such as those about Kitchen, were bound to spread around the whole colony, which they did. In my research I found many of the same Kitchen stories appearing all over New Zealand. This was one of the reasons I decided to add relevant texts taken from the country's newspapers to provide another dimension to the daily episode I was writing. It opens a window into the press coverage of the day and in many cases highlights the negative and prejudicial picture painted by some in the journalistic profession. As leaders of public opinion, the 19th century New Zealand press were very influential. The final letter from Kitchen's friend, David Burn, was a compassionate eulogy to a clever but troubled man and a telling counterpoint to the often venomous tirades against Kitchen encountered in, for example, the *Tuapeka Times*.

It's clear I also have biases and I should admit to them. All the advice to biographers and historians is to respect one's subject and to be aware of one's own biases (Rampolla, 2004, p. 54). The tussle I had relating to another research subject, Malcolm Ross, the country's first official war correspondent, "made me aware of my own preferences, predilections and prejudices, and demonstrated how much more intrigued and beguiled I was with the maverick, the eccentric and the outsider" (Oosterman, 2012) – none of which Ross was. Kitchen is a much more complex and fascinating individual in my opinion. However, the ironic thing about both men is that they were both excoriated by the press of their respective days – the one for being a conservative, political toady to the Massey Government – and the other for being the complete opposite. It is clear early New Zealand had very narrow parameters about what was acceptable behaviour, and some, like poet C. K. Stead, (2000) would say nothing has changed. New Zealanders, he claimed, "get an agreement, a consensus about where we are and what's right to say about it and anybody who challenges that is not welcome.

You don't stand up in the dinghy". Kitchen certainly stood up in the dinghy and gave it a fair old rocking. I admired him for his early championing of the working-classes in both New Zealand and the Australian colonies and for being prepared to take on the powerful in the cause of justice and fairness. I am puzzled by his decision to return to New Zealand, and Otago in particular, in disguise. I agree with many of the press comments showing equal bewilderment.

Did I come to love my subject as Richard Holmes (1995), the biographer of poets Shelley and Coleridge, claims you must if one is to produce a successful biography? He says a biographer must consciously identify with her subject in "a kind of love affair". "If you are not in love with them you will not follow them – not very far anyway" (pp. 66-67). Many biographers agree with Holmes, and Hamilton speaks for them:

For some, mutual respect will be enough for the partnership to prosper; but for most of us, genuine love and affection, on both sides, are a prerequisite – and this is as true in biography as in real life. (Hamilton, 2008, p. 44)

I had done enough research on Kitchen to be totally intrigued by his story and determined to uncover a man who I felt had been harshly treated by the press of his day. Did I love him? I certainly felt a considerable amount of compassion for the man and respect for someone prepared to stand up for his convictions in a climate that did not welcome them. I wanted to give a more even-handed and fair account of his life. It was something of a mission to try to recover his reputation or at least to depict him as a human being, subject to the triumphs and frailties all people experience or suffer from. Everybody has an interesting story to tell, as Holmes acknowledges:

Once known in any detail and any scope, every life is something extraordinary, full of particular drama and tension and surprise, often containing unimagined degrees of suffering or heroism and invariably touching extreme moments of triumph and despair, though frequently unexpressed. (Holmes, 1995, p. 208)

Hamilton and Garraty would also concur with these sentiments. Hamilton says you can tell ordinary people's lives, as well as extraordinary ones (p. 19) and Garraty says something similar when he notes that the subject of a biography does not have to be "great", but cautions that one should "steer clear of the *deservedly* forgotten figures of history" (p. 140). "The intrinsic life of any human being is so interesting," he says, "that if it can be simply and sympathetically put into words it will be legitimately interesting to other men (sic)". That was my aim with *A Tangled Web*.

So from all the archival oddments I discovered about Kitchen, I had to try to construct his life and in so doing had to manage two “closely entwined strands” – the creation of the fictional relationship between myself as the biographer and Kitchen, as Holmes suggests, but firstly, the gathering of the factual material and its assembly in chronological order. This part was very rewarding – finding relevant information and inserting it into the appropriate slot in the chronology. In this endeavour I was assisted generously by a descendant of the wider Kitchen family in Melbourne, Tony Kitchen. This research was on two levels. The first general level was researching and ordering the information about Kitchen, Annie and Lottie, and this was done well before I thought to write a creative work about them. The second stage occurred during the writing process when I was addressing particular scenes where I had to conduct further research around the time and place the scene was set. This is what took up much of my writing time in the past year. I **was** sweating the small stuff, despite Carlin suggesting this was less important than “getting the big picture right”. I wanted all of it to be right, or as right as possible. As a small example, when Kitchen was in Melbourne visiting his cousin Willie, or Jumbo as his family called him, he decided to walk back to the city, which meant he had to cross the Yarra River. I needed to discover which bridge he would have used, as there are now many bridges across that river. This may seem pedantic, and part of me believes this scrupulous search for the authenticity of factual information hampered my creative expression. It certainly took me down many blind, but often extremely compelling and interesting, alleys!

Having gathered all the relevant material together, the next part was assembling it into a believable narrative. This was less easy. Hamilton talks about the five essentials of biographical design – lifeline, plot, truth seeking, selection and the narrative or story-telling technique (p.108-114). The first four were accomplished with relative delight, the narrative or story-telling technique proved to be the most difficult. I decided to write the story in an episodic manner, based around crucial dates in Kitchen’s life and concluding each daily entry with a relevant, original, newspaper report. The point of view is William’s, Annie’s and Lottie’s. I did not use any dramatic irony where the author and reader know what’s going on but not the characters. The readers know only what the characters know, unless they are conversant with the era being written about. I do not pretend to understand William’s motives for what he did and am still puzzled about some of his actions, and leave it up to the reader to imagine what they might have been and what that says about his personality and character. I also chose to write in the

present tense which I feel gives immediacy to each daily scene. That was quite a difficult task as I often found myself incorrectly falling into the past tense. I used that tense when the characters were remembering past events, but the main tense was the present. This was quite an odd decision for me, as generally I do not like reading works that use the present tense. In the beginning I used the past tense but very quickly decided the present tense was better suited to my work.

In this respect my rendering of the story could be called “reportage”, a term which is often used in a pejorative sense. For example, the review of *Rangatira* in the *NZ Herald*, called Morris’s treatment of her subject, Paratene, “reportage”. Margie Thomson, (2011) the Auckland reviewer, says there was a “blind spot” at the core of the book. “Part of the problem lies in the chosen method of storytelling,’ she says, “–it’s reportage – and so Paratene too often stands, frustratingly, just out of sight, reporting.” So what does “reportage” actually mean? I have not been able to find a definition, other than, “the act or process of reporting news”. Does it mean, writing like a journalist? I have an excellent response from Wright Mills to that, if this is what reportage means in its pejorative sense.

In many academic circles today anyone who tries to write in a widely intelligible way is liable to be condemned as a “mere literary man” or, worse still “a mere journalist”. Perhaps you have already learned that these phrases, as commonly used, only indicate the spurious reference; superficial because readable. (Wright Mills, 1959, p. 218)

John Hartsock (2009) considers the definition of reportage and demonstrates the difficulties in trying to arrive at an acceptable terminology. If “reportage” is more than “the act or process of reporting news” what could it be? Is it, as Tom Wolfe said, journalism that reads like a novel, or as Pedro Rosa Mendes says, reportage literature is “an engagement with reality with a novelist’s eye and a journalist’s discipline”? (quoted in Hartsock, p. 114). Perhaps I do write like a journalist. I was one for many years and it is hard to shake off those years of journalistic discipline, to the adherence to accuracy, balance and fairness. I no more wanted to “beat up” this story, as I never wanted to “beat up” any of my journalism. Several people, on being told I was writing an historical novel, asked if there were going to be lots of juicy bits in it. That was the furthest thing from my mind. I intended to be faithful to my goal of presenting the information as truthfully as I could and if that attracted the epithet of “reportage” then so be it. That is not to say improvements cannot be made, I hasten to say.

A final issue to be addressed when writing a biography of any sort is an ethical one. Should one use the correct names for the historical figures or should they be changed? Should one obtain permission before writing about real people? When the subjects of the story are long dead I do not believe there is such an ethical issue involved. All three main characters died a long time ago, as have Kitchen's children. In the case of the three main characters, most of the information is in the public domain and could be discovered as I have discovered it. As far as William's descendants are concerned, they are supportive of this work and have been particularly helpful with information about the Kitchen family. Any biographer is intruding on a life. It is inescapable. But in contrast to the "first draft of history" of the 19th century newspaper reports about William, as a biographer I have tried not to judge, but to lay out his life as accurately and disinterestedly as possible considering the information available. As a result, I believe, provided a much fairer and balanced account of his life.

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A TANGLED WEB: THE
EXTRAORDINARY LIFE OF WILLIAM
FREEMAN KITCHEN

BY
ALLISON OOSTERMAN

WELLINGTON

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1885.

Annie Kitchen is a perfectly ordinary young gentlewoman. She is 22 and five months pregnant, or, as a good Cornish lass, she's more likely to say humdhan. That is, if one even talked about such things in polite society. Colonial dress means the pregnancy is hidden behind voluminous petticoats that try to disguise any suggestion of the swollen belly beneath. Annie is standing in her drawing room, as the weak morning sun shines fitfully through the windows and the faint aroma of beeswax and candle grease permeates the air. The furnishings in the room, which are numerous and of superior make and quality, have numbered tickets attached to them – the dining table, the sofa, the sideboard, pictures, mirrors, fenders and irons, curtain poles and even the coal vases. Annie, petite, with delicate complexion, pale blue eyes and fine blonde hair drawn into a neat chignon at the nape of her neck contemplates the tickets with a frown. She isn't interested in the fighting in the Soudan, the unrest in Burmah and Bulgaria and the massacre in New Guinea – all of which have been in the news this week. They mean nothing to her. She has her own internal war to face right here in Wellington. Her safe, comfortable world is being overturned and she doesn't really know why. The door to the drawing room swings open abruptly and William, her husband, strides into the room flourishing a long black cloak, a top hat and an ebony cane. His eyebrows are accentuated with stage paint and his reddish hair is dusted with talc. He strikes a theatrical pose and declaims:

'Begone, dull care. I am the great Frederic Maccabe – the most original, the most brilliant, the most humorous impersonator the world has ever known!' In his free hand he waves a programme from a Maccabe performance at the Theatre Royal that they had attended two years before.

'William, we don't have time for this – it's not the time for jok ...

'I know, I know,' he interrupts, 'but I just remembered what fun that evening was and how much I enjoyed it. You did too, you know. It was the same when that female impersonator Georgie whatever her name was, came to the Athenaeum last year.' He twirls around the room.

'Yes, yes. I know you love performing but now's not the time,' says Annie, as she urges him out the door. He saunters off swishing the cane, narrowly avoiding knocking

over a pretty vase, number 42, on an occasional table, 43, in the hallway, and disappears into another room. Annie soon hears him murmuring a dance hall tune under his breath.

‘Let me introduce a fellah, Lardy dah, Lardy dah.

A fellah who’s a swell, ah, Lardy dah.’

‘Annie, Annie, I’ve found those books I won in Form 2.’ He rushes out into the hallway again, waving two slim volumes. He opens the first page of *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, and there in careful penmanship is an inscription: ‘Wellington College, 1878, Form II Prize, William Freeman Kitchen’ and in *Around the World in Eighty Days*, the same, except it’s a prize for mathematics.

‘Those two books are definitely going with me to Belfast,’ he says, patting the covers and walking back down the hall and adding them to *Progress and Poverty*, *Capital*, *A New View of Society* and a book of William Morris’s poems.

‘Belfast,’ says Annie under her breath. ‘Where on earth is Belfast? All I know it’s not in Ireland.’ She shakes her head as she wanders around the drawing room touching the Austrian chairs, William’s telescope, the majolica dessert service – a gift from her brother George and his wife. A fine German piano stands in the far corner, brackets still holding the remnants of candles, the Kitchen company’s best, of course. Annie strokes the keys and taps out a few sombre notes as she holds back the tears. This is her instrument, given as a wedding present by her parents. Many a sing-song has been conducted around it with friends and family. But her piano-playing days seem over. It’s unlikely she’ll ever again perform Viviani at a church function. Some unfinished crewel work lies on the ottoman. A wedding photo sits on the mantelpiece – it doesn’t have a ticket on it. There’s William and her, posing smiling against the artificial backdrop of the photographer’s studio. Some call William “diminutive” but he’s such a lively character, the fact he’s a small man is often forgotten. Annie herself displays a quiet, refined elegance in counterpoint to her husband’s flamboyance. Made with material specially bought by her parents from England, her wedding gown was ivory white satin with a short train covered in silk orange blossoms. William had opted for an extremely high collar with a white silk scarf, a black morning coat, striped trousers and elevated boots. They are a good contrast. But William is such a creature of opposites – one minute in full flight with enthusiastic schemes and the next withdrawn and bitter about the perfidy of friends, their ingratitude and the injustice of it all. Not that Annie is happy about their circumstances. She’s devastated but trying to make the best of things.

Perhaps Belfast will be a good step for him. About what it means for her, Annie isn't so sure.

Most of their possessions are going under the auctioneer's hammer today – leaving almost nothing to show for nearly seven months of marriage. At two o'clock the bidding starts and by the end of the afternoon the couple will be left with the bare essentials with which to start a new life. And as far as she can tell, it's all because William has said or done something which has seen most of his friends desert him. In a fit of pique, he's decided they should move away from Wellington and start afresh in Canterbury. Annie is puzzled about exactly what's happened but William won't discuss it with her. She thinks it might have been his strong political views that have got him into trouble. Socialism is not a popular topic among the people she knows. Perhaps it's the same among William's friends. She's not really sure. But she wonders. William appears at times quite bitter and disillusioned over the matter. She hopes it won't be long before his naturally lively nature reasserts itself. But leaving Wellington is going to be a wrench. The thought of a sea voyage, however short, is something she fears. Leaving her family – her brothers and sisters, but especially her father and mother, who have always been so loving and supportive, is going to be so hard. And they're leaving on Friday, Friday the 13th. If ever there was an ill omen, this is it, she thinks despairingly.

Unlike his wife, William, also 22, **is** interested in the unrest in Burmah, the Soudan and Bulgaria and whatever else is going on in the world, in particular any news about working conditions and the rights of workers. He's pored over the resolutions of the first Trades and Labour Congress held in Dunedin in January and found himself in accord with many of them.

Anything that helps the working man better himself is to be applauded. He's very aware of the harsh times they're facing now. You just have to visit Te Aro to see what life is like for them and their families. His father employs nearly 100 men in his soap and candle making business and a dirty, smelly job it is too. He wishes his father would take a leaf out of Robert Owen's book and do more for his men. But his father won't listen to his ideas. William has spent time in the Adelaide Rd factory, in particular preparing for the Industrial Exhibition, just finished, where he'd been largely responsible for the stearine fountain which had been the talk of the show. William

smiles as he thinks of just how popular his creation had been. The crowds had thronged so thickly around that it had been necessary to have a constable and four assistants in attendance to prevent the pressure breaking down the railings. William had designed the exhibit and chiselled the moulds and casts for the statues. It had helped to win his father's company first prize in the raw and manufactured products class. Be that as it may, he cannot imagine himself overseeing the huge vats of boiling tallow in the factory, nor for that matter, living anywhere near the works – the smell on occasions is so noxious it makes him gag. He pities the neighbours who live close by and have to put up with such a nuisance.

He nods grimly to himself. He knows he hasn't escaped that smell entirely. Annie doesn't know, but in Belfast he's going to have to work at the local soap works at least until he gets his writing career underway. Nobody understands why he wants to be a journalist. But at least his father has given him a letter of introduction to the Belfast owner, James Watt, who's promised him a job until he finds his feet as a scribbler. The money from the sale of the furniture and effects should be enough to sustain the couple for a year at least. He'll show those carping, erstwhile friends of his he can make a go of his new career. He's lucky to have the support and encouragement of one friend at least – and an influential one at that. George Fisher, newly elected to Parliament last year, has been uniformly kind and helpful since William chose the writer's path. But he's warned the young man that this career is beset with many cares and anxieties, but is one that can lead on to distinction, if not to fortune. And he should know. Mr Fisher has himself been a journalist before taking up the mantle of politician. As for his other fair-weather friends, he doesn't need them. He hasn't told Annie exactly what he'd done that had turned people against him but as far as he's concerned, he takes nothing back of what he said at the Young Men's Christian Association meeting a month or so ago. His father and his Uncle Theo, who had been the Baptist representatives on the founding committee for the association, would probably have been unimpressed with his outburst. What had irked many of the well-to-do young men at that meeting was his speech about being one's brother's keeper and caring for those less fortunate. In a time of depression, he'd said, it behoved those who were comfortably off, such as most of those present, to realise just how fortunate they were and it was time they started exercising their Christian principles. The beggars on the St, the destitute children, deserted wives, the homeless families, those in "sweated" industries and those without jobs all deserved

sympathy; but not just sympathy, action. That's why he'd decided to be a journalist he told his audience, so he could honour his principles and make a difference by giving a voice to such people. Of course, most in the audience believed journalism to be a deplorable profession, full of men of questionable character who delighted in scurrilous attacks on the unsuspecting, and who are prone to drunkenness and moral turpitude. If his friends didn't like what they'd heard and lamented his intentions, as far as he's concerned he's better off without them. But it still hurts. William gives himself a mental shake and returns to the task at hand – packing for Belfast.

'I should get on with sorting out what to take on the boat,' he mutters. 'The auctioneer will be here soon and I've hardly done anything to get ready for the move.' He thinks about Annie. She's bewildered about his decision to move to Christchurch and is really going to miss her family, especially now she's with child. Between them they'll manage. Annie isn't a spendthrift. She's demonstrated that clearly in the short time they've been married. She's careful and wise with money and sensible about any purchases. Annie has loved their home and its contents and is finding it hard to give them up, especially the piano and other wedding gifts. These are all qualities he loves about her but it's just a pity he enjoys change and she doesn't.

TUESDAY, 10th NOVEMBER,
At 2 o'clock.

First-class Household Furniture, Furnishings, and Effects, only in use six months and as good as new.

F FRANCIS SIDEY & CO. have received instructions from W. Freeman Kitchen, Esq., who is leaving for Christchurch, to sell by auction at his residence, Donald M'Lean-street, Newtown—

The whole of his valuable furniture and effects, consisting of—

Drawingroom suite, piano (by Ascherberg), Brussels carpets, mirrors, occasional tables, ebonized mirror brackets, valuable pictures, fenders and irons, curtain poles, coal vases, telescope dining table, sofa, Austrian chairs, marble and mirror sideboard, linoleum, E.P. ware, superior majolica dessert service, glass and china ware, bedroom suite in English oak, wardrobe, marble top chest of drawers, Duchesse tables, cheval glass, black and gold French bedstead, spring mattresses, &c.; hall furniture complete; books, cages, kitchen and washhouse furniture and utensils, garden tools, rocking horse; pure golden Hamburg fowls, &c., &c.

The above are really superior, and will be sold without reserve. About two minutes' walk from tram at Newtown. See flag.

Friday, November 13, 1885.

A bitter southerly wind skirls around the passengers as they huddle together on Queen's Wharf waiting to board the *Hawea*, one of the flagship steamers of the Union Steamship Company. While the ship can carry almost 90 people, today the complement only includes nine for the cabin, among them Annie and William, and eight for steerage. Annie is surrounded by her family – brothers, sisters, sister-in-law and her parents who have travelled down from Feilding to farewell their eldest daughter. Annie clings to her mother, shivering and fighting to keep back the tears, but failing.

'There, there, hen,' says her father, his Glaswegian accent still obvious even after years spent in Cornwall.

'Stop yer squalling now or ye'll ruin your mother's new gown.'

'Tush, George. Leave the cheel alone,' says her mother, taking off her gloves and dabbing at her daughter's cheeks with a fine muslin handkerchief. She retains her Cornish accent but in times of stress it becomes even more pronounced.

'There dearest, no need to cry. William will look after you and we'll try to visit if we can.'

'Yes, where is that young apty cock, her husband,' bellows Mr Crichton, looking round the wharf at the other passengers. William stands some distance away, talking to his father and stepmother. Leo, his eight-year-old half-brother, is busy chasing seagulls. Philip, the five-year-old, clings shyly to his mother's hand.

'Now William, are you absolutely sure about this decision to move to Christchurch?' asks his father. 'It's not too late to change your mind. There'll always be a place for you in the company.'

'I made up my mind a long time ago Father,' says William. 'We'll be fine.'

'Just don't start trying to change everything when you get to Belfast,' says his father. 'They won't thank you for interfering in the running of their business.' William looks affronted.

'I can't just turn my back if I see injustices at work, Father. I'll have to speak out about it.'

'Change takes time, son,' says Mr Kitchen, 'whatever your socialist friends might say.'

William shrugged and looked around the wharf. When it is clear no new figures have appeared, his shoulders slump.

‘It was too much to expect any friends would turn up to farewell us,’ he says and buries his fists in his trouser pockets. Leo rushes up, barely containing his excitement.

‘Did you know the ship has run aground two or three times?’ he asks. ‘That sailor was telling me stories about her.’ He points to one of the seamen who is lowering the gangway ready for departure. Annie blanches when she hears. She is already feeling unwell. The thought of being seasick just adds to her misery. Could an unlucky Friday produce any more misfortune? William supports her weight as she sags in his arms.

‘Here, I’ll see if we can go on board now,’ he says, handing her to his father. He marches over to the sailor and after a brief conversation beckons the families nearer.

‘We can board now. No point in dragging our goodbyes out any longer.’ Annie’s family surges forward, hugging, kissing and crying over her. When they drew back, all the Crichtons are wiping their eyes. William, meanwhile, is shaking hands with his father, slapping Leo on the back and nodding to his stepmother and Philip. The adults step back silently, but Leo hangs off William’s arm and won’t let go.

‘Come on, Leo. I have to go. Be a good boy and I might send you something from Christchurch when I get there.’ Leo finally releases him and William farewells the Crichtons while Annie does the same to his parents. With their baggage on board all that is left is for the young couple to board the ship. William helps Annie up the gangway and they stand at the railings until the *Hawea* gets underway and heads out into the winds and choppy seas of Cook Strait.

Annie lies on a bunk in one of the ship’s cabins. She fights to control her nausea and panic at leaving Wellington and all she is comfortable and familiar with. So much has happened in her life. Yet another move is almost unbearable. Cornwall and the little house in Redruth seem a distant memory. Her parents had prospered there with their drapers shop, well enough to hire three assistants; and that despite how poor most people were in the town. She’d never understood why her parents sold everything to move to New Zealand, a distant place she’d scarcely heard of. The family had come out on the *Chile* when Annie was 16. Unlike the jousting she was getting in the Cook Strait, the trip south had been remarkably free of incident. The weather had been fine, the winds had been light, no dangerous icebergs had been sighted, and there’d been no sickness or accidents of any kind during the long voyage. It had helped that the *Chile* was a superior sort of ship, she muses, surveying the dingy cabin she’s currently resting in. The saloon had been spacious and elegant and the state-rooms had been furnished

with the greatest comfort. The cabins were lofty, large, well lit and had all the convenience of an ocean-going ship. The piano in the ladies' private cabin had been a godsend. She had whiled away many a long hour on it, entertaining the other women and her sisters and brothers. There hadn't been too many passengers either, just 25 in all, and in the hold was a selection of cloth and other drapery goods which her parents intended to use to establish themselves in Wellington. The shop in Molesworth St had done well before the family had moved to Feilding. In that town, however, things hadn't gone so well lately. Her father had been bankrupted earlier in the year, much to the family's chagrin. He'd put a brave face on things but the depressed economic times had taken their toll on his business like they had on many others. He seemed to be managing to pay his creditors, which was a blessing.

Roused from her reverie, Annie hears footsteps and then her husband's voice asking if she's well. Entering the cabin he moves over to where Annie's lay and takes her hand, which is cold and clammy.

'How are you feeling, dear girl?' he asks, sitting beside her on the bed. 'The journey won't take too long and then we'll be on dry land again.'

'I've just been thinking about the last ship I was on and wondering how I ended up on another one, going to another place I've never heard of,' she says. 'I'm frightened, William. Where are we going to live? We haven't any furniture at all now and you haven't got a job. The money from the auction won't last very long, even if we're careful.' William makes soothing noises as he strokes her hand.

'Annie, Annie, have some faith in your husband. I've a letter for the manager of the soap works in Belfast and I'm sure they'll provide us with a house to live in. It mightn't be as nice as the one in Newton but we can live simply and well, all the same, I'm sure.' Annie tosses restlessly and refuses to be consoled.

'But there're so many people without work or housing. Why would we be so lucky and they not? And what about the baby? It's due in March. Who will look after me? Will there be a midwife or even a doctor in Belfast?' She starts crying in great gulps, her hair straggling in lank locks down her face and her hands wringing together in distress. William holds her as she sobs out her fear and confusion. Eventually she calms and William leaves to see if he can bring her a warming drink to soothe her battered spirits.

William climbs up to the deck to see who he can ask about a drink for his wife. He sees Captain Hansby, who waves him over. The brisk wind in the strait threatens to blow off his hat, so clutching it with one hand he manages to cross to the waiting mariner.

‘So how are you enjoying the trip so far, Mr Kitchen?’

‘Well it’s a sight better than some of the voyages I’ve been on,’ says William.

‘My wife was recalling the trip her family made out from England and that sounded much easier than the passages I’ve made.’

‘Oh, what were those?’

‘Well, the first one, of course, was when we came out from London to Melbourne on the *Yorkshire* in ’77. I was only 14 and my brother but a baby, but it was as exciting as a young lad could possibly want.’ Captain Hansby smiles. He’s seen many a young boy captured by the lure of the sea.

‘It wasn’t a peaceful voyage then?’

‘If you call someone going mad with an axe, threatening the crew and the passengers then jumping into the sea, then no, it was not a peaceful trip,’ says William. ‘And when we arrived in Melbourne we heard that on one of the *Yorkshire*’s trips, a young boy, who died on board, was eaten by a shark after he’d been buried at sea.’ He shudders.

‘Well, there’s not much chance of that on the *Hawea*,’ says the captain. ‘You might see some dolphins, though. They love following the ship across the strait.’ William peers over the side, hoping to see a friendly dolphin snout. Nothing.

‘I suppose the other voyage was the one across the Tasman?’ says Captain Hansby.

‘Yes, and that was quite a trip too. Not so long but definitely a rough one. We saw bigger beasts than dolphins. We nearly rammed a huge whale not long after we cleared the harbour into Bass Strait.’

‘Well, you might see some whales on the coast when we near Kaikoura,’ says the captain, ‘but we won’t be ramming any of them. Not while I’m in charge of this ship.’

William tips his hat to the ship’s master and strolls off towards the bow. He sits on a hatch and leans back against the mast, being careful not to disturb the cable that lies on the deck in immaculate coils. He thinks about Annie and her family and the trip they made from England. They are such a close-knit group. It’s clear they all care a lot for each other. Rather different from his own family. It pains William to think about his childhood and he does it rarely. His mother, older than his father by a decade, had lost one baby, Arthur, in infancy before he’d been born. His mother died of some lingering

illness when he was 11. It was not long before he discovered he had a new half-brother, his father had remarried and they were all on their way back to Victoria. It had all been very confusing for a young lad and he had never quite forgiven his father for remarrying so soon, and after Leo had been born. That had caused some talk in the district. Not that it was Leo's fault. He quite liked the little beggar. But he was never quite comfortable around his father and even less so around his step-mother. It just seemed a betrayal to him. Rather like that of his so-called Wellington friends, he thinks, stabbing his hand on the hatch where he sat out of the wind.

DEPARTURES.

November 12 — Stella, ss, 156 tons, Gray, for Soames Island, Peucarrow, Brothers, Tory Channel, French Pass, Nelson, and Farewell Spit lighthouses

November 12—Kennedy, ss, 188 tons, Furneaux, for Nelson and West Coast ports

November 13—Stormbird, ss, 187 tons, Chambers for Wanganni. Passengers— Mrs Levett, Mr Shepherd, and 2 steerage

November 13—St. Kilda, ss, 17½ tons, Scoones, for Greymouth. Passengers — Misses Mandell (4), Dr Langdon, and 4 steerage

November 13 —Hawa, ss, 162 tons, Hansby, for Lyttelton. Passengers: Cabin — Miss Lunn, Mesdames Kitchen, Medhurst and Duncan, Messrs Fisher, Stemger, Kitchen, M'Pherson, Anderson, and 8 steerage

BELFAST

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1885.

A fierce wind spirals down from the surrounding hills and threatens to blow Annie's petticoats up around her knees as she struggles down the *Hawea's* gangway at Lyttelton. Clutching her bonnet with one hand she steps onto the wharf almost tripping on the rough surface before turning to see where William is. He's farewelling the captain, pausing long enough to raise his hat and say a few words of thanks. The deck hands are busy swinging the couple's belongings over the side in a net and as the wind tugs at the ropes, the baggage twists wildly and crashes to the wharf so close to Annie she gasps. She hopes nothing has broken. The wedding photos are there, tucked in among the linen and the clothing, which is all they possess now. They're going to have to buy most of the basic necessities when they reach Belfast.

'Now what do we do?' she asks William, as he comes down the gangway looking round at the activity on the wharf.

'We catch the train to Christchurch, then probably a carriage or coach to Belfast,' says William. His eyes continue to rove around the harbour until they stop at a castle-like building on the brow of a hill overlooking the port.

'Look at that, Annie. I wonder what that is.' He asks a passing deck hand.

'That's the time ball station,' says the hand. 'That ball at the top drops from the mast to signal the time to the ships in the harbour.'

'Interesting,' says William, hoping to see the event before they catch the train. He hustles Annie over to the station and buys two tickets into Christchurch. They don't have long to wait and soon they're chugging through the rail tunnel and out onto the Canterbury plains. The Christchurch cathedral is clearly visible, even from a distance, the land is so flat and treeless. William's head moves from side to side as he points out various scenes to Annie. She allows that Canterbury seems very fine and starts to feel much more cheerful about their prospects. The houses look substantial and well-cared for, as do the gardens and the people she sees appear prosperous and content. Perhaps this move is not going to be as difficult as she's imagined. At the central railway station the couple disembark and William goes off to get transport for the next stage of their journey – the nine miles out to Belfast. There is a railway station there but no train today. Annie is beginning to wilt. It's early afternoon and if they are to take a carriage it will probably be a further three hours before they reach their destination. The wind,

now coming from the North West, is hot and dry and blows debris in swirls around the Sts. William finally appears with a dust-covered carter leading a pair of horses pulling not a coach or a carriage but an open wagon.

‘I’m sorry Annie, but this was all I could manage to find,’ he says. ‘Mr Wilson is going out to Belfast and has agreed to take us and our things. If you sit beside him I can go in the back with the bags.’ He helps Annie up beside the carter and then assists in loading their belongings into the wagon. With a ‘Yip, Yip’ to the horses, Mr Wilson releases the brake and the wagon lurches forward nearly unseating Annie, who is perched uncomfortably beside him.

‘Hold on missus,’ he says, as he cracks the whip over the backs of his horses. Then begins the longest and most miserable journey Annie has ever experienced. They wend their way across the plains, jolting over rough roads stirred up by the wind – a very different experience from riding in a hansom cab around the Sts of Wellington. She hangs on grimly to the side of the wagon. After an hour she’s fallen silent, no longer willing to make conversation with the taciturn carter and unable to talk to William who is lying behind her, snug among the baggage. The houses don’t look so prosperous the further out from Christchurch they travel. There are fewer of them, dotted sparsely among the paddocks of rye, potatoes, oats and onions. She is also rather perturbed at the number of ragged looking men with swags on their backs walking along the side of the roads in the same direction as Mr Wilson’s wagon. The men’s faces look pinched and grey, what you can see of them, as they trudge, head down, slowly northward. She breaks the silence.

‘Who are those men?’ she asks Mr Wilson.

‘Them?’ says the carter, spitting over the side of the wagon. ‘Those good-for-nothing parasites are swaggers. They go tramping round the roads looking for hand-outs. Probably haven’t done a decent day’s work in their lives.’ Annie thinks that sounds a bit harsh, but it worries her that so many seem to be heading for Belfast where her husband will be trying to look for work. The wagon finally pulls up at the Bridge Hotel, or Seven Mile Peg Hotel as the locals call it, on the North Road, where William says they’ll be staying until he’s got his job and some more permanent accommodation arranged. He hands his wife down from the wagon and assists her into the hotel, setting her down on a chair before attending to the baggage, paying Mr Wilson and organising a room. Annie sits, staring dully at the peeling wallpaper on the hotel walls. Her whole body

aches. Her corset feels too tight, and her gown is filthy from the dusty roads. Her throat is parched and her head is throbbing.

‘Please let this day end,’ she whispers, as she waits in the hallway.

William has rather enjoyed the trip down to Lyttelton and then on to Christchurch and beyond. While he’s grateful the bone-shaking drive from Christchurch in the wagon is over, he’s found the day’s experiences novel but also worrying. He’s concerned about the number of men on the road. The fall in wool prices has knocked the country hard; farmers, factory owners, shopkeepers, but the hardest hit has been the workingman – so many have lost their jobs because of the ‘slump’, and here is the concrete evidence on the road to Belfast. He’ll think about that later. Now he has to book Annie and him a bed for a night or two at the hotel then he’ll be off in the morning to call on Mr Watt at the soap works. Annie can rest up and recover, ready to settle into their new home. He swings the baggage down from the wagon with the help of the carter and hefts it through the doors of the hotel.

‘Would you happen to be going on to Belfast in the morning?’ he asks Mr Wilson. The carter scratches his head for a minute then nods.

‘Aye, I could call for you around 8 o’clock,’ he says, pocketing the pennies William passes over for their fare.

‘But I’d wear different clothes tomorrow if I were you,’ he adds gesturing at William’s brown pin-striped trousers, high-necked shirt, waistcoat, frock coat and brown derby.

‘What’s wrong with my clothes?’ says William, looking down at his apparel and frowning at his scuffed and dirty boots.

‘You’ll be a bit high falutin’ for us if you keep wearing that sort of clobber,’ jokes the carter. ‘We’re pretty humble folk around here, mainly farmers and them that work in the factories. No side here. I’d get some ordinary stuff from Mr Brown, if I were you. Then you won’t look such a masher from the city.’ He walks away chuckling to himself. William huffs indignantly.

‘I suppose Mr Brown is the local draper,’ he thinks. ‘I should be able to get something suitable there, if I have to.’ He walks inside to see about getting a room for a night or two. He’s quite confident they won’t be staying here long. Annie is slumped in the chair where he’d left her. She looks worn out, poor darling. She’s weathered the trip without complaining but it’s clear she’s near the end of her tether. Someone has brought her a cup of tea and a biscuit but that hasn’t lifted her spirits much.

‘Annie, I’ll just go and get us a room then you can have a wash and a rest before dinner,’ he says.

‘That would be nice, William,’ she says, staring at her dress and pulling at the high neck of her gown as if it was choking her. William disappears down the gloomy hallway to find the proprietor then reappears almost immediately with mine host who leads them up the staircase to a large, airy room.

‘There we go Mrs Kitchen, Mr Kitchen. You can have the room for as long as you like,’ he says.

‘Oh, we don’t expect to stay longer than a day or two,’ says William hastily. ‘I’ve got a job at the soap works and I’m told they have a house for us.’

‘Is that right?’ says the hotelier. ‘Didn’t know there were any spare houses, what with so many people looking for jobs. But you know best. Just let me know when you want to leave. Your good wife looks as if she could do with a few days of good rest.’ He leaves the couple to the ordering of their possessions.

‘That doesn’t sound very promising,’ says Annie, looking at William. ‘You said we’d have a house and you’d have a job. I hope we haven’t come this far to be on a wild goose chase.’ She collapses on the bed, sinking into the soft mattress and down-filled pillows with a relieved sigh.

‘I’m sure it’ll be fine,’ says William. ‘I’ve got the letter for Mr Watt. He knows we’re coming. Just you wait and see. All will be well. In a few days we’ll be in our own home and you can start thinking about the baby.’ William knows one of the first things he’s going to buy, after the groceries and other household goods they need, is several pens and some note books for his writing. He can’t wait to start – he’s got so many ideas whirling round in his head, especially after seeing so many swaggers on the road. He sees himself working during the day and then writing at night with a break on Sunday, perhaps, for some socialising in the district. He looks forward to that. Perhaps there’ll be some evening entertainments which they can take part in. He has some fine recitations up his sleeve for just such occasions. Maybe Annie can play the piano like she used to at the church socials. Unpacking some clothes for the morning, he tries to find something that is plain and unremarkable. It appears he’ll have to take Mr Wilson’s advice after all and see what this Mr Brown has in his shop.

the general heading of produce; and the allied, though much more extensive manufactures of soap and candles were admirably represented. The New Zealand Provision and Produce Company not only showed the varieties of soap manufactured at their Belfast works, but also the various ingredients used, and the modes of moulding, cutting and stamping. They claim that since the rebuilding of their works in May, 1879, they have "introduced such improvements that they are now able to turn out soap at a much less cost than was possible under the old system of manufacture;" that the importation of foreign soap has so been stopped, and large quantities are now exported. Messrs J. Kitchen and Sons may claim that the candles made by them are in every respect equal to those of the best English makers; they are entitled to warm commendation for the tasteful arrangement of their show case. Messrs T. Hancock and

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1885.

William is up early, washed, shaved, beard trimmed, dressed in his plainest clothes and breakfasted by the time the carter arrives at the hotel at 8 o'clock. He leaves Annie still abed but orders breakfast sent up to her. This time he sits up front with the carter and questions him about Belfast, the inhabitants and the businesses that made up the town.

'So this Mr Brown. Is he the local draper?' asks William. The carter laughs and claps William on the back so heartily his passenger nearly falls off the wagon.

'Lord love yer, mate. He's the draper, the grocer, the ironmonger, the Post Office, you name it, he's it! It's the only shop in Belfast.' The carter grins at the gaping William. 'What did you think you were coming to? This is a settlement built around all the works, freezing, tanning, manure, soap. There's nothing fancy here.'

'But what do people do for other things?' asks William. 'You know, furniture, the doctor, the chemist, books?'

'Papanui's the nearest,' says the carter, 'and that's about four miles from Belfast, and then it would be Christchurch itself.'

'The farmers look prosperous,' William says. 'They seem to be growing lots of fruits and vegetables.'

'Yes, we're not short of those,' says Mr Wilson. 'Apples, cucumbers, potatoes, rye, onions. They all grow well here. It's an interesting lot of people in this district,' he adds.

‘On the one hand you’ve got the farmers and merchants and then you’ve got all them working men – the labourers, engineers, carpenters, butchers, wool sorters, fellmongers and such like who work in the factories.’

William wonders where he and Annie are going to fit into this community. They might both come from merchant families, but that won’t count for much here, and anyway he no longer feels much affinity for the wealthy classes. He’s pretty sure his new job is going to be a lowly one. Beggars can’t be choosers. If he wants to be a writer, he’ll have to learn to make do with what he has. After about 30 minutes of the horses plodding down the dusty road a familiar odour pervades the air. That smells like the soap works, he thinks, but what is that other noxious stench mingled in with it? It smells like rotten meat and the ditches along the side of the road seem to be cesspools of filth with flies everywhere. His heart sinks. He looks at the carter, who is watching him with a wry look on his face.

‘It ain’t no picnic living here,’ he says. ‘In the summer the smell can get so bad people are made sick by it. They have to keep the windows shut even in the hottest weather.’ The carter seems to take a grim pleasure in telling his passenger this bad news. ‘But that’s why those works are all out here well away from everybody. It’s just poor suckers like me and you that have to put up with it.’ Silence reigns on the wagon for several minutes as William digests what the carter’s told him. This is going to be very hard on Annie. He hopes the house they’re given is not going to be too near any of these factories. It isn’t long before the large buildings that made up the various works come into view and soon the wagon draws up at the entrance to the New Zealand Provision and Produce Company – the soap-making business he expects to work for while he makes his way as a writer.

‘I take the road to Belfast every morning,’ Mr Wilson says. ‘If you need a ride, be outside the hotel at 8 o’clock.’ William thanks the carter, who wishes him luck, shakes the reins at his horses and drives off.

Straightening his clothes and his back, William takes a deep breath, feels for the letter of introduction in his breast pocket, and walks briskly up the steps and into the front office of the building.

‘Mr Kitchen from Wellington for Mr Watt,’ he says to the office boy. ‘He should be expecting me.’

‘Yes, sir. Please take a seat and I’ll tell him you’re here.’ William chooses to stand and wanders over to the wall to look at the faded photographs that hang there. There’s a picture of the founder of the company, Mr Mein, who’d established the first soap works in Canterbury in Lincoln Rd before moving it out to Belfast. There’s a framed copy of a newspaper article about the fire that’d burnt the factory to the ground six years ago. This must be the new building then. William starts to read the article but there’s a cough behind him. He turns.

‘William Kitchen, I presume? I’m James Watt. Welcome to Belfast.’ The two men shake hands and the factory owner ushers William into his office.

‘Take a seat. Take a seat,’ says Mr Watt. ‘I’ve been expecting you. Your father wrote me some weeks ago and said you would be arriving about now. So what can I do for you young man?’

‘Well, I was hoping you could give me a job, Mr Watt,’ says William. He hands over his letter of introduction.

‘Hmm, I see you were a cadet at the Justice Department for a while and that you’ve worked for your father,’ says Mr Watt. ‘So you should know plenty about the soap making business, eh?’

‘Yes, sir. I’ve done mainly clerical work and I did some stearine sculpting for the exhibition in Wellington.’

‘Not much call for that here,’ laughs Mr Watt. ‘Well, it’s hard times at present, as I’m sure you know, and there isn’t much I can offer you that calls for your particular skills. I’ve got a junior clerk’s position I’m trying to fill. Would you take that? Otherwise it’d have to be the factory floor.’ He looks questioningly at William. William definitely doesn’t want to work in the factory and he’s had his fill of clerking after his time at the Justice Department. But he does need a job, and he remembers the swaggers on the road to Belfast.

‘I’ll take the clerk’s job, thank you Mr Watt.’ William needs to ask what his salary will be. He’s calculated he and Annie need at least £2 a week to live comfortably – and that will be supplemented with the proceeds from the sale of their belongings.

‘I’m sorry, William,’ says Mr Watt. ‘The pay is low because of the depression. Times have been tough for us all in Belfast. It’s £1.10 a week.’ William tries to hide his dismay and Mr Watt smiles sympathetically. ‘I understand you’re married,’ he says. ‘I’m sorry I can’t offer you more, but you know how the economy has been over the last few years.’ William nods then braces himself for the next question.

‘Sir, I understood there might be a house we could rent in Belfast?’ He looks at Mr Watt, increasingly concerned about his and Annie’s future in the town. The soap works owner hesitates.

‘My wife’s with child,’ blurts William desperately. ‘I thought we’d be able to rent a place here.’

‘I’ll see what I can do,’ says Mr Watt. ‘Where are you staying at the moment?’

‘At the Seven Mile Peg,’ says William.

‘Well, you’ll probably have to stay there for a while until I can see if there’s a house free. We’ve got a few company houses and I know a family is moving out but not for a week or two. Can you wait that long?’

‘Yes, yes,’ says William gratefully. ‘So when should I start work?’

‘You can start straight away. Come in tomorrow and I’ll get the senior clerk to show you the ropes.’

‘Thank you very much sir.’ William shakes hands with his new employer and leaves, already worrying about what he’s going to tell Annie about the morning’s events. Thank goodness Mr Wilson has offered him a ride in in the morning. He can’t really afford to buy a horse, although the hotel might have one. He’ll have to ask. Perhaps he can walk back to the hotel after work if he can’t get a ride. William starts feeling happier. He has a job. It looks as if they’ll have a house to live in, albeit in a few weeks’ time. He looks around for Mr Brown’s shop. He’ll see what that has to offer and then maybe he’ll take Annie to Papanui if she’s feeling up to it.

After William leaves in the morning Annie has a leisurely lie in and enjoys her very first breakfast in bed. Struggling into her gown with all its buttons and petticoats is something she’s going to leave as late as possible. Her pregnancy makes dressing difficult. It’s tiring enough donning her under garments, let alone the dress itself without help. Lying back in the bed she enjoys the peace after the hectic pace of the previous days. She feels slightly guilty at this unusual freedom. Usually she would be up, have prepared William’s breakfast and then been about her daily chores. This is delightful decadence. Her conscience finally pricks her into action and she gets up and laboriously manages to dress. She wonders how long they’ll have to stay at the hotel. Part of her is sceptical about finding a house so easily when so many men are looking for work. She decides to unpack and hang the clothes up to keep them fresh and uncrushed. The manchester can stay packed away, but she’ll check on the wedding photos. Her heart

beats faster when she hears the crunch of glass as she peels away the linens. That crash at the wharf at Lyttelton has indeed shattered both the frames and the glass. Dismayed, she cleans up the shards, hoping the superstitions about broken mirrors don't apply to other objects.

Our Oxford correspondent writes :—
 Canterbury people are, I am told, given to grumbling, but I must say they sometimes stand a lot of unpleasantness before they speak out. I have occasion to travel in the north train now and again, and I am astonished that the constant travellers by it have not complained of the abominable stench that comes from the manure works at Belfast. I hardly ever pass them without being made feel very uncomfortable for some time afterwards. *Apropos* of this, the other day a woman was travelling in the train, her destination being Belfast. She did not happen to show the guard her ticket until she passed the station, and while speaking to the guard about it, expressed a wonder that she did not notice passing the station. He expressed a greater wonder that she did not smell it.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1885

Today promises to be fine and windless, for which Annie is very grateful. That means a day free from the horrible odours of the factories, which are all closed for Christmas. The windows can stay open all day. Not that that makes the house any more agreeable. It's a building stripped of any pretensions. There's scrim on the walls, not wallpaper. The floorboards are exposed as there're no carpets. What furniture there is, is decrepit and barely useable. The chairs are rickety, the sofa has lost most of its stuffing and their marital bed with its straw-filled palliasse, is scratchy and lumpy. In the parlour, where William does his writing, there's an old, scarred desk with a lamp and a bookcase where he's put the bag full of books he's brought down from Wellington. The kitchen boasts a wood-burning range which coughs geriatrically and belches smoke into the room if the wind happens to blow in the wrong direction. There're faded and ripped curtains on most windows. The lavatory is outside in a dilapidated lean-to along with the tubs, mangle and copper. At least today Annie doesn't have to do any washing but she does have to face the fight with the stove if she's to provide her and William with a festive

meal. She's decided to cook a typical Cornish dish, squab pie, mainly because she'd had no trouble buying mutton chops and bones for the stock. Onions are grown locally. The apples had been a bit harder but Mr Brown had some sweet old Cox's Orange which had kept well over the winter. Along with the currants, brown sugar and spices, she's sure this will be a tasty, if modest, dish to celebrate the day. As a treat she's also making some Cornish splits, which should be delicious if served with treacle. Annie is proud she's managed to save up for this meal. A penny saved here and a penny there had meant she could buy the ingredients. William should enjoy it. They've been finding it very hard to live on his income after being so used to having whatever they wanted in Wellington. Annie knows she's a good manager. What she can't get used to is the smell from the factories. Every morning she prays the wind will blow away from the house. As her pregnancy progresses she finds the stench leaves her feeling increasingly ill.

As she mulls over her Christmas menu William strides in from the bedroom holding Annie's bonnet.

'Here you are, Annie. Put that on and we'd better be off if we want to get a seat for the service.'

'Don't rush me, William. I need to set the stove so I can start cooking the meal as soon as we get home from church.' She sets the fire, hangs up the apron she's put on to protect her clothes and washes her hands.

'Now, I'm ready. I'll have my bonnet now. But where are my gloves?' She goes into the bedroom to find them as William taps his foot. They set off on foot for the Christmas day service at the local church, not a Baptist one, but that doesn't matter to the Kitchens. It's more important to acknowledge the day than worry about which denomination is holding the service. Although they haven't been in Belfast long they recognise the school teacher, Mr Morgan. And there's Mr Longman and his wife. He's the manager of the meat works but also a leading light in the district. William's keen to get to know him better. He's got some liberal views which William is eager to quiz him about. Mr Dunnage, the senior clerk at William's factory, nods to his junior as he walks up to the church with his wife. Tinsmith and blacksmith, cooper and wheelwright, butcher and wool sorter, all gather to hear the Rev Hoare from Papanui preach the Christmas morning sermon. Plenty of farmers also fill the pews. The minister has chosen the verse from Acts 'I have shown you in every way, by labouring like this, that you must support the weak.' William nods to himself in agreement, as he listens. He

hopes his writing will do just that – give support to those who need it. After the service the congregation lingers, thanking Mr Hoare and offering good wishes to each other. William has been hoping someone might ask them to dinner but no invitations are forthcoming. He wanders off to talk to the Longmans.

Annie is just pleased to be out of the house and exchanges happy pleasantries with the other young women. On her mentioning she does crewel work the women are keen to see her demonstrate her needlework. She's too embarrassed to invite them home and there's an awkward pause until someone suggests another meeting place. Annie blushes an unbecoming red. How she hates the circumstances of her new life. But it seems she might have found some like-minded souls and that promises to lighten the dark days. She has a question for them.

'Please, can anyone tell me if there's a midwife or doctor in Belfast? My baby is due in early March and I'm worried about the birth.'

'Old Mrs Pratchett delivers babies,' says one of the women, 'and the only doctor is in Papanui. You'll have to hope you won't need him.' Seeing Annie's concern another woman pats her on the arm.

'You look a strong, healthy woman. I'm sure you'll be fine.'

'But the smells from the factories are making me really ill,' says Annie. 'I don't know how you stand it.'

'We haven't much choice,' says another young woman, Mary Tyler, a small child hanging to her skirts.

'My man has only just found a job at the manure works after looking for weeks and us with no money coming in. I'm just glad I've got a roof over my head and the children have food on the table.' The other women nod. Most are wives of the workingmen from the factories and the exigencies of transient work are etched on their careworn faces. They're curious about the young woman dressed in fine clothes but who lives in a factory house with a husband, who's obviously educated, doing such a menial job as junior clerk. Annie doesn't feel like explaining. She can't really explain it herself.

William appears at her side, doffs his hat to the women, wishes them a merry Christmas, takes his wife's arm and begins the walk back to the house. He's looking forward to the Christmas dinner, but he's also inspired by his talk with Mr Longman to get writing. In particular he'd been very impressed when he heard it had been Mr

Longman who'd pushed for the workers' library at the meat plant, and also championed the establishment of one for Belfast itself. He'd told William he could use the library any time he wanted. William is itching to get to his desk and start writing. He begins writing his article in his head.

'William,' says Annie crossly. 'You haven't heard a word I've been saying.'

'Sorry Annie, just thinking about your Christmas dinner,' he says, feeling slightly guilty about the lie. He determines to concentrate on Annie and her chatter about the service. Once home he's glad to escape to his desk while she prepares the meal and he jots down ideas that have come to him during the morning.

'Dinner's ready,' calls Annie from the kitchen an hour later. William doesn't hear her.

'Really, William,' says Annie, standing at the door. 'I've been calling and calling. Whatever have you been doing?'

'Sorry, Annie,' he apologises again. 'I'm coming now.' He puts away his notes.

A public meeting, called by the promoters of the Belfast library and reading room, was held at the Freezing Works on Monday evening, for the purpose of electing a Committee of Management. A statement of funds collected was submitted, and considered fairly successful. The incoming Committee were balloted for, with the following result:—Messrs Cresswell, Longman, Brown, Fern, Sargent, Nicholls, Morgan, Blake, and Hall. Mr R. Cresswell was appointed Treasurer and Mr J. Longman Secretary. A vote of thanks was passed to the Loan and Mercantile Agency Company for their gift of land, to the promoters, and to the Chairman.

FRIDAY, MARCH 12, 1886

Friday morning dawns gloomy and overcast, with lowering clouds and a mild nor' wester blowing enough to flap the clothing on the line as Annie pegs it out. William has gone to work as usual with Mr Wilson and all Annie has pledged herself to do this morning is the washing and then she's going to rest. She's been experiencing occasional pains throughout the morning and wonders if today is finally to be the day. The baby's due but she needs to get this particular chore out of the way before it's born. It had been an effort to stoke the copper and even more of an effort to have to stretch up to the line

to hang out the clothes. She'll be glad to deliver this baby – it's been a long nine uncertain months and she isn't sure that even when it's born all her difficulties will be over. Just the previous evening they'd talked about their time at Belfast, regretting the decision that had brought them to the town. William hates the monotonous and mechanical nature of his work. They both find their impoverished life difficult and are sad neither of their families have visited. Not that they really want them to see the state in which they now live. For William apathy has set in. He hasn't written a word for weeks. He's written a few sketches and the occasional newspaper article or review but none has brought in much in the way of income. He still has to rely on the pittance he gets as a junior clerk. This is not what he had imagined when he made the decision to move from Wellington.

Annie pegs out another sheet and feels a sharp twinge as she reaches for the line. Another pain shoots through her. She gasps and clutches her swollen belly and looks around wildly. She needs to get inside or call someone. She lumbers unsteadily to her front door, steps out and looks round for help. She doubles up again as another pain hits her.

'You all right, Mum?' asks a voice. It's one of the swaggers, old Tom Hitchens, who regularly calls in to the house for a crust and some dripping.

'I think the baby's coming,' gasps Annie. 'Can you get Mrs Pratchett and maybe Mary Tyler for me? Please hurry.' Tom hobbles off towards the Tyler house, shouting loud enough to alert all the neighbours. One sets off for the factory to tell William and two women head for Annie, hustling her inside and into the bedroom. Mary Tyler arrives and stokes up the fire and puts a big pan of water on to boil. The other women get Annie out of her dress and petticoats and help her onto the bed. The pains are now coming quite regularly.

'Where's Mrs Pratchett,' cries Annie. 'She said she'd be here when I needed her.'

'It's alright, Annie,' soothes Mary. 'Someone's gone to fetch her. She'll be here in a minute.' She wipes Annie's face with a warm cloth and helps to get her more comfortable. The other two women warm up some blankets by the fire and prepare clothing for the baby. William has already made a crib from some old packing cases – primitive but strong enough to hold a baby. To distract Annie, Mary talks to her in a quiet, gentle voice.

'Annie, have you thought of a name for your babe?

‘If it’s a girl, we thought we might name her after William’s mother,’ says Annie, breathing fast through another pain. ‘Alice Rose, but if it’s a boy we’ll call him Arthur, after William’s dead baby brother, and Freeman after William’s grandmother, and William himself, of course.’

‘Where is she? Where is she?’ calls a voice and Mrs Pratchett bustles into the room, dishevelled and panting from the rush to reach the house.

‘Just a minute while I wash my hands,’ she says, ‘and I’ll be right with you.’ She scrubs her hands in a bowl of hot water then hurries over to the woman labouring on the bed.

‘Well now,’ she says. ‘Let’s have a look at you.’ She examines Annie, palpating her belly and then putting her ear to it.

‘Looks as if the baby has turned,’ she says happily. ‘Shouldn’t be too long now. You’re healthy and strong; we’ll have a babe in your arms in no time.’ Annie isn’t sure. The pain is overwhelming but she doesn’t want to scream, it seems so unladylike. As another contraction rips through her she mewls in agony. Time passes and the women talk quietly among themselves as their neighbour pants and gasps upon the bed.

William set off in the morning as usual with Mr Wilson, who’s a vast reservoir of opinions and prejudices about his fellow man. While happy to give William a ride each morning he drives straight past the swaggers on the road.

‘Why don’t you give them a ride?’ asks William. ‘It’s not really their fault they have no jobs, especially when the country is in the grip of a depression.’

‘Bah! If they tidied themselves up and tried to look a bit more presentable, they’d get a job,’ says Mr Wilson.

‘How many times do you see in the news the fires that have been caused by swaggers? And they drink too much and get into fights. I’ve no time for them at all.’ William is disheartened by the carter’s attitude. Somebody’s making plenty of money out of the hard times and it certainly isn’t the swaggers.

‘There but for the grace of God go I,’ he thinks. ‘If I hadn’t had the good fortune to have been born into the middle-class and had a good education I might be walking these roads with a swag on my back.’

He takes his discussion with Mr Wilson no further. He doesn’t want to offend him with his views and lose his daily ride. Farewelling Mr Wilson at the entrance to the soap

works, William heads reluctantly to his desk. Not only is he disillusioned with the attitudes of people to swaggers, he's become disheartened with the monotony of his job as junior clerk. He'd had enough of clerking after his initiation at the Justice Department in Wellington when he left school. His father had been very proud of his pass in the national civil service exam. Of the 36 who passed he was the only Wellington candidate who had. But how mind-numbingly tedious the Justice Department job had turned out to be. His task as a junior was to handle memoranda that came from other departments. All he had to do was receive them, number them, initial them and then pass them up the chain to the head record clerk. William was for ever getting into trouble for day-dreaming, writing ideas on departmental paper when he shouldn't and for trying to introduce new and better methods of speeding up the process. He hadn't lasted long in that job and it looks as if he isn't going to last much longer at it in Belfast.

'William, have you finished those memoranda yet,' calls the head clerk. He sits up with a start, having fallen into a melancholy trance thinking of the past and seeing it repeating here in Belfast. Nothing ever happens here. The big excitement in the last few weeks has been the arrival of the new refrigerator for the freezing works. The only other news in town is when a load of frozen carcasses is ready for loading at Lyttelton. What makes life bearable for William are his long talks with Mr Longman and the occasional evenings of entertainment held in the town hall. There's one coming up in a couple of weeks in aid of the North Road Sunday school. He and Mr Dunnage and Mr Morgan have agreed to provide readings and recitations. That promises to be an evening to remember. He initials another memorandum and places it on the pile for his senior to action.

'William, William,' cries the office boy. 'Your wife's having the baby.'

'You'd better get over there,' says the head clerk. 'You can take the rest of the day off, but I expect to see you at work tomorrow.' William rushes out the door and heads down the road on foot. There's no Mr Wilson around at this hour. He strides quickly, anxiety about Annie worming its way into his head.

'She hasn't been feeling very well. The smell has become too much for her, so what's it going to be like for the baby?' He finally reaches the house and stumbles in the door, gasping.

‘Where’s my wife? Is she alright? Has she had the baby yet?’ One of the women goes out to assure him his wife’s fine and no baby yet. She makes him a cup of tea and tries to keep him calm. Meanwhile back in the bedroom the birthing progresses.

‘That’s the girl, keep pushing,’ says Mrs Pratchett to Annie. ‘Not long now. Ahhhh. I can see the head. Try not to push for a moment Annie.’ Annie tries to hold back but the pressure is too great and screaming, she pushes as hard as she can. Her two neighbours hold her up as she expels the baby and then collapses back on the bed.

‘That’s it. That’s it,’ says the midwife. ‘Relax now while we cut the cord and get the little chap breathing properly.’ Annie hears a thin wailing and tries to see what’s happening.

In the kitchen William paces and looks ready to burst through the door when he hears the baby cry.

‘It’s a fine wee lad,’ says Mrs Pratchett to the new mother. ‘I’ll have him to you in a minute. We just have to clean him up and then he’s all yours.’ The midwife hands the baby to Mary Tyler then turns and attends to her charge, cleaning away the afterbirth, washing Annie and changing her into a clean shift. Mary hands Arthur, now wrapped in a warm blanket, to an exhausted Annie, who looks down at her new son with a mixture of trepidation and delight.

‘He looks like his father,’ she says. ‘And look at that hair, and his nose and his tiny little toes.’ She surreptitiously counts his fingers and toes to make sure all are as they should be.

‘Shouldn’t we let William in now?’ she asks. Mrs Pratchett checks to see that Annie is decent and all signs of the birth cleared away.

‘Mr Kitchen, you can come in and see your wife and son,’ she calls. William enters the room determined that things will have to improve now he’s got a child.

The total births in the above boroughs amounted to 433 against 529 in August, a decrease of 96. The deaths in September were 159, a decrease of 41 on the number for August. Of the total deaths, males contributed 84; females, 75. Fifty of the deaths were of children under 5 years of age, being 31.45 per cent. of the whole number; 30 of these were under 1 year of age. In the four principal boroughs of Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, and Dunedin, the births in September were 225 against 284 in August, a decrease of 59. The deaths in September were 98, against 122 in August, a decrease of 24. The decrease in the total mortality at the chief towns is found chiefly at Auckland and Dunedin. In Auckland

FRIDAY MAY 7, 1886

Barely two months old, Arthur is not a happy baby. The day before he'd been wrenched from his routine as his parents said a glad farewell to Belfast and caught the train into Christchurch. To mark the occasion the young couple don their best Wellington clothes. Out come the waistcoat, the derby and the frock coat, for William, and her best day dress, for Annie. They are on their way to a more salubrious destination – Dunedin. No more rank smells, no more memoranda, no more irritating wind. Little Arthur knows nothing of his parents' motives. He's miserable and he lets everyone know it. His sobs and hiccups accompany their early breakfast at Mrs Vizer's accommodation in Madras St and the ride to the railway station where they are to catch the South Express at 8am. Annie is anxious at yet another change even though she detested Belfast. Arthur picks up her anxiety and refuses to be comforted, even though his mother jiggles him and sings softly in an effort to calm him. Her heart sinks when she sees the crowds thronging the station to see the passengers off.

'William, I'll wait here while you get the tickets and maybe some refreshments for the journey,' says Annie. 'It's going to be a long trip. I can't get through the people with Arthur and the luggage. Perhaps you can get a porter or someone to help us.'

'Exactly what I was thinking,' says William and he elbows his way through the crowd to the ticket office. People ebb and flow along the platform, admiring the sleek black locomotive and the shiny carriages. The fireman shovels coal into the firebox and the engine hisses and moans as it gets up a head of steam. Guards start shepherding

passengers into the carriages and she begins to panic. William is nowhere to be seen. The baby starts wailing again. She stands marooned on the platform surrounded by luggage.

‘Here missus, let me help,’ says a gravelly voice behind her, and one of the guards picks up two of the bags and heads off to the guards van. He comes back for the rest of the luggage and by the time he has it loaded William has reappeared with the tickets and some sustenance for the long journey. About 230 miles and around 11 hours of travelling, says the guard.

He stands and talks with the couple for a moment, telling them of the railway and some of the exciting events surrounding it, some of them rather too gruesome for Annie’s taste. Like the young newsboy who fell to his death while passing from one carriage to another and the guardsman who stood up on a carriage and got swept away when the train went through a tunnel. A whistle blows and the train belches out a great cloud of steam.

‘Time to get aboard,’ says their helpful guard. He hands Annie up the carriage steps and directs her to the correct seats. She has a wicker-basket for Arthur, who has sobbed himself into an exhausted sleep, and she places it on the unoccupied seat opposite. William settles beside her and clasps her hand briefly, smiling in anticipation of this new adventure. Annie leans back against the seat and closes her eyes but is jerked upright as the train lurches into motion, with a piercing blast on its whistle. Arthur wakes up with a start and begins crying again. Sighing, his mother picks him up and holds him close until he falls back asleep. She kisses his soft little cheek and lays him carefully back into his basket.

The train is well steamed up now and is chugging along the tracks at a respectable if rather leisurely pace. The guard had told them that because of the numerous gradients and curves high speeds are discouraged. The mesmeric sound of the wheels on the track and the faint swaying of the carriage slowly lull Annie into a light doze. She’s learned since Arthur was born to take a rest every opportunity he affords her. William can’t sleep. There’s too much to see but even he, after several hours, nods off. They are allowed a 30-minute break at Timaru and at Studholme junction, which is almost halfway between Christchurch and Dunedin, the passengers are again allowed out to stretch their legs and watch the northbound train thunder past. William leaves Annie to walk along the platform and watch the locomotive take on water – a seemingly endless

stream disappearing into the vast tank. The guardsman blows his whistle and the passengers scurry back to their seats for the second half of the journey. Their last quick stop is at Oamaru – just 10 minutes and then it's onwards south until the train roars into the magnificent Dunedin railway station at 7.45pm. William has booked the family into a small private hotel in High St until he can find something more permanent. He's been scanning the pages of the *Otago Daily Times* for something suitable and has a meeting with an agent on Monday to look at houses. The ones he's seen so far have all been fairly central and cost too much for his purse –10/- to 18/- a week. They're going to have to move further out, to working-class suburbs like South Dunedin. Then he's going to have to find some manner of employment. He is **not** going to ask for a job at McLeods, now amalgamated with his father's soap and candle business.

The Railway Department have decided to issue cheap excursion tickets for Oamaru on Saturday by the express train, available for return by a train which leaves Oamaru at 5.40 p.m. The fares are 7s 6d first class and 5s second class. A number of changes have been made in the running of some of the ordinary trains during the Easter holidays, and the Dunedin and Port Chalmers goods sheds will be closed on Good Friday and Easter Monday.

DUNEDIN

MONDAY MAY 10, 1886

Having found a house in Surrey St, South Dunedin, William sets off in the afternoon to call on the city's newspapers to see if he can get a job as a reporter. He decides to start with the biggest paper, the *Otago Daily Times*, on the corner of Dowling and Burlington Sts. As he's waiting at the counter to be served, two young men burst through the doors, and seeing him standing there, head towards him.

'Hello,' says one, in an unmistakably Scottish accent. 'Can we help?'

'Come on Malcolm,' says the other, 'you'll be late for that meeting and I'll miss the tram to the town hall.'

'I'm Malcolm Ross, and this impatient fellow is Horace Bastings. We're both junior reporters on the *Daily Times*.'

'I'm William Freeman Kitchen and I was hoping to get a job here,' says William. Both men frown.

'We're lucky to be here,' says Bastings. 'Things have been bad over the last couple of years. The printers have already had their wages knocked back. We're just hoping ours won't be. I doubt whether you'll get a job here'

'Don't be such a pessimist, Horace,' says Ross. 'Why don't you go up and see the editor,' he smiles at William. 'He'll know what's what.' Bastings tugs at Ross's sleeve.

'We've got to go,' he hisses.

'You'll need a good shorthand speed if you do want a job here,' calls Ross as he and Bastings dash out the door. William is worried. He doesn't have any shorthand, just his own brand of truncated writing. He hopes that'll be enough to convince the editor. It isn't. Richard Twopeny is kind enough but with the straitened times there's no room on the daily for any more reporters and especially none for men without shorthand. William heads for the offices of the *Evening Star*, a brisk walk away on the corner of Princes and Stafford Sts. His meeting with George Bell, the editor, is even less satisfactory and William leaves the premises quite disheartened. But he's one more call to make – to the *Evening Herald*. He knows this is a paper committed to 'promoting the prosperity and happiness of all' and that it's owned by Thomas Bracken, who's made a name for himself as a journalist and poet. *God defend New Zealand*, is one of the country's most popular songs. Mr Bracken is available.

‘I am a great admirer of yourself and your writings,’ William introduces himself to the paper’s manager. ‘I’ve lately come from Wellington via Canterbury and I’m looking for work as a reporter.’

‘Have you done any writing, Mr Kitchen?’

‘Only the occasional sketch and article, but I am really willing and keen to do more,’ says William.

‘What about shorthand?’ William is crestfallen as he indicates he has no shorthand.

‘Well, there’re no openings on the *Herald* currently, but we’ll look at anything you care to send us. Perhaps in the future we may have something,’ says Mr Bracken. ‘In the meantime, I’d start learning shorthand. The best reporters have speeds of at least 150 words a minute. Wood’s Academy offers evening lessons. And why don’t you have a look at the *Forbury News*? I hear they’re looking for an editor.’ William is cheered. He’s not been rejected outright. He sets off to a bookstore to get a Pitmans manual before heading back to the hotel. He’ll seek out the owners of the *Forbury News* tomorrow. The *News* had been in the papers a few years back when the owner was found dead on his doorstep one night by his wife only a few months after he’d started the paper. It’s a working-man’s rag too, which suits William no end. Back at the hotel William recounts the day’s events to Annie.

‘Can we afford to stay in this hotel until next week?’ asks Annie, who looks drawn and pale. She hasn’t recovered well from the birth of Arthur and the six months in Belfast. She feels weak and listless, almost too tired to care for her baby son, who thankfully, has become an uncomplaining and placid child. William puts his arm around her and hugs her.

‘Why don’t you go and lie down. All will be well in Dunedin. You’ll see.’ He steers her towards the bedroom, where Arthur is asleep in his basket. He kisses Annie and leaves for the hotel lounge where he’s going to look through his writings to see if there’s anything he can send to the *Herald*. He’s started several short stories but perhaps a more suitable article might be on Henry George as applied to New Zealand. George had noted in his book, which William owns, that as societies develop, wealth is accumulated by land owners and monopolists, and this wealth, which is largely unearned, is the main cause of poverty. Certainly, Otago has some very large run holders who are resistant to having their properties divided up. There are many people who’d like to own some land on which to make a living, but are prevented by these wealthy land owners. William starts making notes. He recalls the scandal from a few

years back, where run holders held on to their multiple land leases by using dummy owners, who were often the run holder's own staff. But he's got to think of other ways to make some money besides writing. Perhaps he could sell some of the Kitchen soap and candles here in Dunedin as a backstop. He starts composing a letter to his father.

The necessity for retrenchment has been made manifest to the conductors of most businesses in the Southern part of the Colony during the past twelve months; and newspaper proprietors, like others, have experienced the unpleasantness of a very much contracted revenue. At least four of the leading newspapers of the South Island have found it imperative to reduce salaries and wages wherever practicable; but beyond a weekly deduction of 5 per cent. from the substantial wages earned by the compositors employed by the Daily Times and Witness Company, which was given effect to a few months since, reductions in the salaries and wages paid by the company have not been made. Recently, however, the managing director, having in view the almost certain continuance of a very depressed state of trade for a considerable time to come, deemed it his duty to intimate to the compositors and the majority of the other servants of the company that a reduction in the wages, approximating as nearly as possible to 10 per cent. in the case of the compositors (including the previous reduction), should be made. It should here be explained that the

MONDAY MAY 31, 1886

Men jostle and push their way through the massive folding doors of the Queen's Theatre, fighting to gain a good vantage point from which to view the proceedings. There's a palpable hum in the air as the audience settles in stalls, circle, boxes, the pit – anywhere, as there's no charge today. William, dressed down today in his Belfast clothes, is among the throng drawn to the public meeting called by the Typographical Association to tell the town why it's declared a strike at the *Daily Times*. As the editor of the *Forbury News* William has a vital interest in the matter, and he forces his way through the crowds to reach a table set aside for members of the press. He greets his colleagues – Edward Fricker, of the *Daily Times*, with young Bastings in tow, Tom Walker, from the *Star* and Thomas Bracken himself, from the *Herald*.

‘Good day, gentleman, I hope I may join you?’ The other men nod, and move over to allow their younger colleague room at the table. He arranges his notepad and pencils and looks around at the crowd. The dignitaries are slowly filing onto the stage.

‘Who are they?’ he whispers to Bastings, who’s sitting next to him.

‘Well, that’s William Hutchison,’ says Bastings pointing to a tall, erect man with a head and beard of shaggy hair taking a seat on the stage. He’s probably going to be standing for Dunedin Central at the next election. And so’s he,’ adds Bastings, pointing discreetly at Bracken. The young men’s whisperings are interrupted by one of the men on the stage.

‘Mr Walker, the president of the Typographical Association,’ says Bastings behind a hand.

‘This is the first public meeting of its kind held in Dunedin,’ begins the president. ‘The first result of the meeting will be to secure your sympathies in the cause of the *Daily Times* strike, and to make trade unionism become stronger in the city of Dunedin.’ He pauses as the audience indicates its approval with a prolonged bout of cheering and clapping.

‘What we want in this country is not any increase in the hours of labour, but a reduction in the hours of labour and no reduction in our salaries and then we’ll become a more prosperous people.’ Loud applause sounds again around the auditorium. William glances about at the clapping men, then bends down to his notepad and writes hurriedly. Mr Walker sketches the various stages of the dispute with the *Daily Times*, including the use by the paper of non-union compositors, ‘rats’ as he calls them, while the others are on strike. William scribbles away as Mr Walker talks about capital and labour and the equitable distribution of wealth.

‘The world is rapidly awakening to the fact that it’s not just or wise that one man should be clothed in purple and fine linen, and that 99 should be content to feed upon the crumbs that fall from his table,’ he says. ‘I’m not an alarmist; but I have few convictions stronger than this: that unless the holders of capital and accumulated wealth of all kinds make timely and large concessions to labour, those concessions will be wrung from them in social tumult and upheaval that will surely bode them no good.’ William sees a few heads nodding sagely at this remark. He also notices that Fricker and the other journalists are writing without stopping, in what is clearly shorthand. He’s astonished at the speed with which they cover the page. Every word is being recorded.

Mr Hutchison now takes the stage and speaks in a more conciliatory manner, acknowledging both sides in the dispute.

‘The managing director of the *Otago Daily Times* has said that one of the conditions under which alone any of the employees can be re-instated is that they should cut their connection with their Society, and cease to have anything to do with their fellows who have banded themselves together for their protection. Now with very great deference to that gentleman, for whom I have a very great respect, I have no hesitation in saying that any such condition is perfectly unreasonable.’ Loud applause greets this statement.

‘Who’s he talking about?’ asks William of Bastings.

‘George Fenwick’s the big boss at the *Times*.’

‘Well, he won’t be very pleased with that comment, will he?’ says William.

Mr Hutchison then puts a resolution: ‘That the meeting is of opinion that the existence of trades’ unions is necessary as a safeguard to the artisan class, and is to the interest and benefit of society generally.’ It is approved unanimously. There is more to come. Mr Hodge, a Freethinker and Protectionist, speaks in support of the composers from the *Daily Times* who have refused to accept a lower rate of pay than that ruling elsewhere in the city. Mr Thorn, the president of last year’s Trades and Labour Congress, calls on labour and capital to unite.

‘It’s an erroneous impression for capitalists to think that they can do without labour. The Typographical Association has striven to reconcile both the factors in the dispute.’ The final resolution put to the crowd, which is accepted unanimously, is that a morning paper promoting the interests of the working-class be established. As the crowd flows out onto Princes St, men smile in jubilation and some even throw their caps in the air. William files out with the other journalists. He feels like throwing his hat in the air too, but restrains himself. He has lots of copy for the next issue of his paper. But it’s going to take some time to decipher his notes.

‘Bastings, will you introduce me to some of the speakers, please. I’d like to check a few things before I go.’

‘Of course, old chap. Happy to help,’ says Bastings and steers his new friend towards the group of speakers standing in the theatre doorway.

THE recent strike of compositors on the 'Daily Times' has borne fruit in the appearance of a new journal, the 'Daily News,' No. 1 of which was published yesterday. It contains several editorials which explain the reason and object of its existence. The new venture presents a satisfactory appearance, and will no doubt receive a share of public support. It describes itself as "the printers' venture—all their own," and the Editor says it is a noble venture, and has especial claims for support.

KAITANGATA

THURSDAY NOVEMBER 18, 1886

William had decided on Tuesday that he should travel down to Kaitangata to talk to the coal miners who've been on strike there since October. As the most significant action by workingmen since William has come to Otago, William wants to see for himself what the issues are and provide an antidote to the biased coverage offered by other papers such as the *Daily Times* and the *Tuapeka Times*. He'd travelled down by train yesterday and is now on his way to talk to some of the people involved in the strike. He's been careful to dress circumspectly so he doesn't stand out as a middle-class interloper. His jacket and trousers are rough earthen-coloured tweed and he wears a cloth cap.

'It's not a strike, as the papers are all saying and it's not about pay, either,' says the first miner he meets in the St. 'It's a lockout. The company won't employ union men.'

'How did that happen?'

'Well, about four months ago we formed a union,' says the miner, 'but two men refused to join after saying they would. They're still working and we can't.'

'How many of you are there, not able to work, I mean?' asks William.

'About 130 or so,' says the miner. 'We've been without work for four weeks now and it's starting to hurt. You know, they're still paying relief to the families of the 34 men who died in the mine explosion seven years ago.' There's a sudden commotion in the St – lots of shouting and also the sound of a band playing the 'Rogues March'. It's coming from the railway station.

'I've got to go. Maybe I'll see you later,' says the miner, as he joins the crowd, pushing his way to the front and proceeding to jeer and catcall at a well-dressed man as he walks up the St. William strolls along behind the crowd of about 200 men and women to see what the fuss is about.

'What's going on?' asks William of a burly young man, clearly a miner, as coal dust is impressed into every bit of visible skin. The miner looks William up and down and notes the clean, white hands holding the pencil.

'From the bluidy paper, are ye?' he grumbles amiably. 'That's the mine manager, Mr Watson. The men are very angry and want to let him know.' He hurries after the crowd with William tagging along as the manager walks up the St to the mine office with men and women hurling abuse at him.

‘You ought to be ashamed of yourself coming here and telling lies,’ shouts William’s first confidant as the mine manager hurries past. Another man is carrying an effigy of Mr Watson with the slogan “Big Liar”.

The manager enters an office and as he fails to put in a further appearance some of the crowd go back to the station and get on the train, clearly in the hopes of accompanying Mr Watson wherever he intends going next. They have a long and fruitless wait. The train moves off but Mr Watson isn’t aboard; he’s decided to take a trap to Stirling instead to avoid the mob. Some of the miners invite William to join them in a buggy with the intent of pursuing the manager. A mad chase follows. Miners in buggies, traps, gigs and dogcarts race along the road after the trap hooting and hollering and blowing trumpets. The din is deafening. Mr Watson outpaces everyone, his horses are fresher. The buggy William is riding in sways dangerously as it rounds corners at speed. He holds on, knuckles white. Their prey reaches the Stirling Hotel and dashes inside as the fleet of miners rounds the corner into the main St. Pulling the winded horses to a walk, the men jostle about in the road. Waiting for them is a posse of constables who move into the crowd of men and haul away three of the miners.

‘Who’s that?’ asks William, pointing to one of the arrested men.

‘That’s the president of the Miners’ Association, John Coutts,’ he’s told. He’s the man William first talked to when he arrived in town. Before heading back to Balclutha to catch the train home, William manages to buttonhole the secretary of the association, Boyd Bennie. He’s been mining all his life and was actually a schoolmate of Mr Watson’s back in Scotland.

‘I’ve been at the Kaitangata mine for seven years now,’ he says.

‘What’s going to happen to the men if the company doesn’t come to some agreement?’ asks William.

‘Many men’ll have to leave the district if it’s not settled soon, but they’ll stand it out as long as they can,’ says Mr Bennie. ‘Already there’s talk that if the men don’t give up the union and go back to work the company’s going to evict the men from their cottages.’

‘It must be pretty tense in the town between the union miners and the non-union men.’ ‘You’re right there,’ says Mr Bennie. ‘One man’s been fined for throwing rotten eggs at the striking miners, but then, they haven’t been lily white either.’

‘Oh, how’s that?’

‘Somebody burned down the house of one of the non-union miners. That’s not something I personally approve of, and if they find the person responsible, I for one won’t be supporting him.’

‘Well, I must away and catch my train back to Dunedin,’ says William, ‘but I’ll be following proceedings closely in my paper until they’re concluded.’

‘You do that,’ says Mr Bennie. ‘It’s hard to get a fair hearing in some papers.’

Back in Surrey St, William finds Annie prostrate. A lingering illness has dogged her since the birth of Arthur and no remedies seem to have any effect. She’s pregnant again, and the doctor has warned her that unless she rests, there will not be a second child. The family is lucky that with William’s job plus the side-line of selling some grocery products they can afford to pay someone to help cook and clean and look after baby Arthur.

‘I must get this story written up for the paper,’ says William apologetically to his wife. She sighs.

‘I know you have to William. I just wish you’d slow down for just a minute and tell me about your trip.’

‘Haven’t got time, Annie. Deadline’s tomorrow. But after that I’ll have time to talk. I can tell you about the short story I’m writing.’

‘That’s nice, dear. I’ll look forward to that.’ Annie leans back on the chaise and closes her eyes.

[BY TELEGRAPH.]
[UNITED PRESS ASSOCIATION.]
DUNEDIN, 24th November.
Three of the miners on strike at Kaitangata, named Coutts, M’Minn, and M’Vic, were charged to-day with various illegal acts, calculated to provoke a breach of the peace. The case arose out of the recent demonstration against the manager. Coutts was fined £1 and costs, and ordered to find sureties to keep the peace for six months, and the other two men were fined similar amounts. The fines were paid.

DUNEDIN

SUNDAY JANUARY 9, 1887

Today is William's 24th birthday and Annie struggles out of bed early, even though it's a Sunday and she's not well enough to go to church, but she wants to make an effort to acknowledge the day in a special manner. Their servant Agnes has the day off and so Annie must make any last minute birthday preparations herself. Fortunately Agnes has readied most of the food and all Annie has to do is set it out on the table. The couple have invited friends to call round after church for a meal and despite her pain and lassitude Annie is looking forward to using the fine linen and the one or two pieces of fine china she still possesses and dressing in one of her never-before-worn gowns from her trousseau. William, always happy to either dress up to the nines in his best clothes, or down, if for work, dons his best shirt and waistcoat for the occasion. He'll go to church down in Oxford St and be back in time to welcome their guests for the midday meal. With all made ready Annie gladly retreats to the chaise, Arthur playing quietly beside her with his teddy bear. She reads a letter from her mother. Her younger sister, Harriet, has gone Home to England for five years. Annie feels a pang. She's unlikely ever to return to her homeland but she's glad for Harriet. The letter is full of other important news, not the least being that her father is selling his business in Feilding and the family is moving to Ashhurst. And William, her clever architect brother, is getting married in just over two weeks' time – to a lovely lass, her mother says, called Margaret Moon Sandeman. Annie would love to be in Feilding for the wedding but knows it's impossible. She hasn't seen any of her family since she and William left Wellington.

She tries not to dwell on that but she's had plenty of time to consider her situation with the time she's forced to spend lying on her chaise. The monotony has been leavened somewhat with William reading his stories aloud to her as he writes them. So far he's written a short story about an episode in the early life of Te Whiti –the Maori prophet. It's a rousing little tale, she thinks. The story is well timed. Te Whiti has just been released from prison after serving three months in gaol. William wants to enter *Epuni Eurera* into a short story competition and he's also in the middle of a much longer story which is a little more adventurous and of which he's very proud. Annie cautiously offers comments when asked. It's a strange, dark tale and Annie's not certain she likes it so far. William started writing it when they were in Belfast, and she feels he's picked up

some of the gloom and despondency they were experiencing there and transferred it into the story. The main character, Count Lezza, seems a very sombre and mysterious man and she's not sure she likes him much but she's keen to see how the tale progresses. William has a very lively reading voice and she enjoys listening to him. So does little Arthur, almost 10 months old and starting to show an interest in conversations. His favourites are the Mother Goose nursery rhymes – Jack and Jill, Little Bo Peep, Humpty Dumpty – in fact most of them. And he squeals with delight if someone will play *Ride a cock horse* on their knees with him. It's usually Agnes, a very kind and accommodating young woman who has taken over the running of the household and the care of Arthur while his mother is ill. He loves her dearly and she's never too busy to stop her chores and play with her young charge.

There's the sound of footsteps and then the clump of feet on the polished floorboards and William enters, eyes bright and cheeks flushed with the brisk walk from the church.

'People are on their way,' says William. 'What can I do to help?'

'I think we'll just let people help themselves,' says Annie. 'I'm sure the women will see nobody goes hungry.' Soon the front parlour is nicely crowded with about a dozen friends the couple has made since journeying to Dunedin. After the meal there's time for some music and singing. Annie once more has a piano, albeit an old battered one sourced from a second-hand shop. William recites one of his favourite poems. As he completes his rendition, Annie steps forward and presents him with his birthday present – a copy of Tennyson's latest book. This is the signal for his friends to present their gifts. They offer their congratulations, also, for the success of the first issue of the *Otago Workman*, out on the Sts for a penny. The *Forbury News* has been bought by Samuel Lister, a Scottish printer living in South Dunedin, and republished as the *Otago Workman*. Mr Lister and William have been working diligently over December to bring out the first edition of the weekly by the New Year. William is very impressed with Lister who's seen how the working-classes are underrepresented in the local press and aims to even things up. William can't wait to get his teeth into some meaty working-class issues. So far the paper seems to have struck the right note, although some of the more conservative papers have ridiculed it, as was expected.

'Mind you,' thinks William, 'I thought we were doing quite a good job of writing for the working-man with the *Forbury News*.'

The party breaks up and the guests leave well-satisfied with the young couple's hospitality.

William puts an arm around his wife.

'I'm glad we made the decision to come to Otago.'

'So am I,' agrees Annie who is quietly pleased with the success of their first soiree. Although exhausted, she's happy and looks forward to more such events once she gets better or has the baby, whichever comes first.

'I wish we'd come straight here, instead of going to Belfast, says William. 'I really feel as if I can make my mark in this city.' He wanders off to the study to prepare for work in the morning. It's the 'silly season' for newspapers and there's not much news for him to get his teeth into. The Kaitangata strike is still on but the trades' union meeting called in Dunedin to discuss the issue and show support for the miners hadn't attracted many people. He's just read that the Australian Miners' Association has forwarded a second donation of £200 to their Otago colleagues to go with the £100 they sent earlier. William thinks he might work up an article asking why the New Zealand unions aren't showing the same level of support for their confrères.

'William,' calls Annie. 'My family are selling up and moving to Ashhurst. I think Father is going to set up a shop there.'

'That's a coincidence,' says William. 'My father's just retired from managing his company and says he's going to set up a shop in Manners St. I guess our fathers just can't let go.'

(PER UNITED PRESS ASSOCIATION.)
WELLINGTON, January 4,
Te Whiti was released from gaol to-day, and was met by some half-dozen natives. He intends to make a short stay at the Hutt, and then go on to Parihaka. The fine of £100 imposed on Te Whiti in addition to his imprisonment will not be enforced so long as his behaviour is good.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1887

A screaming Arthur clutches Annie's skirts as she tries to pacify little Edward, born in May, so she can ready herself for the final night of the Majeroni season at the Princess Theatre. William is dressed and pacing in the parlour fuming at the delay.

‘Come on, Annie. Where’s Agnes? I thought she was to be here to look after the boys?’

‘I’m here, Mr Kitchen,’ says Agnes, arriving in the room shedding gloves and reaching out for the baby at the same time. ‘There there, poppet,’ she croons to Edward as she attempts to peel Arthur from his mother’s gown. He throws himself to the ground and drums his heels.

‘Mama no go! Mama no go!’

‘Let’s go now,’ demands William, ‘before it gets even worse.’ He leads his wife firmly out the door to the cab waiting at the gate. Nerves jangling from the conflicting demands of one man and two small boys, Annie sinks back into the seat and tries to gather her scattered self back into some semblance of order. She can barely remember what it is they’re going to tonight. All she knows is it’s the final night of this particular season and it’s a benefit for one of the actors who’s a native of Dunedin and used to play rugby for the province. William turns to her.

‘I’ve been saving up for tonight to give you some very good news. It’s a night for celebration for us too,’ he says. ‘You know how pleased I was that my story you called “Quite nice” was published in the *Evening Herald*?’

‘Yes, but I **did** say it was “Very nice” once you’d finished it,’ says Annie. William waves away her comment.

‘I never had the faintest intention of getting that published but friends pushed me to it. But you know that story about Te Whiti? Well, it’s just won first prize in a competition by the *Weekly Press* and it’s being published for Christmas.’

‘Oh, William, that is such good news. I did like that story, even though it has a sad ending.’

The cab driver taps on the roof.

‘We’re here,’ he calls. The couple get out and walk up the steps and into the cavernous interior of the Princess Theatre. William spies Malcolm Ross, the reporter from the *Daily Times*.

‘Did Harry Jewett play with you in the Otago team?’ he asks Ross, who himself has played a few games for the side.

‘No, a bit before my time,’ says Ross, ‘but I thought I’d come along seeing it’s the last night and the benefit’s for Harry. By the way, I enjoyed *He dugged a pit*. ‘Don’t know whether I agree with the Protectionist views in it though.’

‘Yes, well, I really wrote that to amuse and interest Annie last year when she was so ill,’ says William, looking up at his taller companion, ‘but I’m glad you like it. In fact, I’ve got another one coming out in the *Weekly Press* next week. You might enjoy that too. It’s about Te Whiti.’

‘I’ll look out for it. By the way, there could be a job going at the *Herald*,’ says Ross. ‘Pity about poor old Bracken going bankrupt.’

‘Hmm, didn’t Hasting, the secretary of the Financial Reform Association, buy his shares in the paper?’ asks William. ‘Wonder what’ll happen to it? It seems to be on pretty shaky financial grounds. Don’t know whether it would be safe to get a job there.’ Ross shrugs and moves off to find his seat.

William and Annie find their places and survey the audience. There seems to be a good turnout for this final performance by the Merjonis.

‘I hope this is as good as *East Lynne*,’ whispers Annie as the curtain rises. She loves Mrs Wood’s book, performed as a play last year throughout the country by George Darrell’s dramatic company. William thinks the story is a bit too sickly for his taste, but does admire the heroine for disguising herself as a governess, Madame Vane, and returning to her former home in an effort to see her children.

‘You know the author’s dead, don’t you Annie?’ he asks his wife. ‘She died in February.’

‘Oh no, really? I missed that.’

William settles in to enjoy himself and to forget the last few busy months writing about the woes of the working-classes, from shearers to seamen, and appearing in court as a witness in an arson case. The Kaitangata miners’ strike had provided good copy for William’s paper and when that was over he was presented with more grist to his paperly mill when the colony’s shearers decided to unite. William had travelled up to Waimate to talk to the executives of the newly formed New Zealand branch of the Federated Shearers’ Union of Australasia and found it already had a membership of at least 2500. James Slattery, the secretary of the new branch, had told William the union was warmly desired by shearers and the flood of applications to join had been phenomenal. William had followed the debate over how much the shearers thought they should be paid and the visit of George Spence from Australia to help with the establishment of further branches around the country. As William expected, the big run holders weren’t happy with the idea of a shearers’ union. Several had resolved not to hire shearers who

belonged to the union and even debated bringing in men from South Africa to do the work. Needless to say the conservative papers of the province stood behind the run holders. Another issue starting to fill the pages of the *Otago Workman* and which William can see will continue to do so, is the dispute of the seamen and the Northern Steamship Company, which has cut the men's overtime payments. He's met the new secretary of the Federated Seamen's Union, John Millar, and sees a man who'll not back down in a fight with the employers. He's had a novel way of dealing with the Auckland dispute. Instead of taking the seamen out on strike, the union set up a shipping company of its own, the Jubilee Steam Ship Company, operating two ships and undercutting its opposition. Millar is a man to watch.

The court case William had been called on to be a witness for involved a man who was eventually convicted of arson and sentenced to seven years penal servitude. William had sold the man the kerosene he'd used to start the fire in his house in Forbury, not far from the Kitchens' own home. Annie and William had seen the flames which had almost completely destroyed the house. The case brought back painful memories for William about the time he'd been charged with unlawfully distributing leaflets without an imprint while canvassing votes for his father on the Insurance Board. This was not long before he left Wellington for Belfast. The repercussions from the case had been one of the reasons he'd left the capital. While the magistrate had eventually dismissed the charge, the Wellington papers had made much of it, probably because of the prominent position his father held in the city.

'I was made a scapegoat,' muses William, replaying the whole humiliating incident again in his mind. 'But it wasn't my fault. The *New Zealand Times* was responsible for the mistake. I got all the publicity and had my reputation damaged. It was too late for the *Times* to come in later and apologise.'

'Are you alright, William?' asks Annie, watching his face instead of the stage.

'Nothing. I'm fine. Doesn't Signora Majeroni look charming in that costume?' Diverted at last from his melancholic musings, William pays attention to the play unfolding before him.

'That's something I must explore now I'm in Dunedin,' he whispers to his wife. 'I'm sure there must be an amateur dramatic company looking for some new blood.' Annie smiles to herself. It doesn't take much to divert William from the dismals.

A MISGUIDED CANVASSER.

William Freeman Kitchen was charged with having, on the 23rd December last, dispersed certain printed papers to which the name and abode of the printer were not attached. Mr. W. T. L. Travers appeared for the defendant. It appeared from the evidence of Chief Detective Browne that the plaintiff, while canvassing for votes to secure the return of his father on the Insurance Board, came to him (the detective) and, placing a printed paper (of which he had several) in his hand, solicited a vote. Mr. Browne not being an insurer could not promise a vote, but noticing there was no imprint to the paper consulted his superior, and was instructed to summon Mr. Kitchen under the provisions of the Act relating to printers and publishers. The Magistrate remarked that a detective office was a very dangerous place for the canvasser to go under the circumstances. Mr. Travers argued that Mr. Kitchen had no intention to commit a breach of the law, and, as a matter of fact, there could be no "dispersion" where only one printed paper was concerned. His Worship did not consider the offence a serious one, and dismissed the information. Chief Detective Browne said he intended to lay an information against the printer.

WEDNESDAY FEBRUARY 15, 1888

Annie and William stand on the Rattray St wharf trying to shelter from the wind as they wait for permission to board the *Kakanui*. William holds almost two-year-old Arthur by the hand while Annie manages baby Edward, 10 months. Milling about on the wharf are nearly 100 other people, mostly families, many with children like the Kitchens. That is not the only thing they have in common – they are all in the grocery trade and this is their annual picnic.

‘How long do you think we’ll have to wait?’ asks Annie. ‘I’d like to get the children on board and settled before the ship is too full.’

‘Shouldn’t be too long now,’ says William. ‘They’re about to let down the gangway.’ The crowd of people surge forward, all hoping for a seat, and the Kitchens are swept up in the wave and finally deposited in the aft of the steamer beside a cheery-looking couple with three children.

‘Haven’t seen you on the picnic before,’ says the man, introducing himself as a grocer from Caversham.

‘Well, no,’ says William. ‘I was selling a few groceries last year, but was mainly a reporter but I’m a full-time grocer now.’

‘What happened to the reporting?’ asks the man. William frowns and steals a glance at Annie who is chatting to the wife.

‘I was laid off,’ he says. ‘I did some writing but not enough to keep the family, so I decided I might as well be a real grocer. We moved into Isaiah Jackson’s grocery in Hillside Rd.’

‘Not a bad position,’ says his colleague, ‘but times are hard.’

‘Yes, that’s why I’m trying to keep up my writing. I really want to be a reporter, not a grocer,’ says William.

A piercing call from the horn sounds around the harbour and with a good deal of laughter from the crowd on board, the band strikes up a tune and the *Kakanui* slides away from the wharf and sets a course for Quarantine Island. Many of the women who’ve made the trip before have tied down their bonnets with muslin scarves. The less knowledgeable are forced to keep one hand on their headgear as a strong wind buffets the ship. Annie is in two minds about this excursion.

‘Why’re we going to an island that’s used for people with diseases?’ she asks the grocer’s wife. ‘Won’t we catch something?’

‘I’m sure it’s safe,’ says the woman. ‘It’s not used so much now, and nobody’s got ill that I know of, who’s visited the place.’

‘I don’t know much about it at all,’ says Annie, ‘except for those stories about the horse Tom. Arthur loves me telling him about the escapades he gets up to.’

‘Oh, the Willie Dougall letters in the *Daily Times*? But I think old Tom must have left the island because there haven’t been any stories about him since December. I think he must’ve been sold, or he’s died.’

At the island, seamen help the women and children disembark and before long the *Kakanui* is heading off to Port Chalmers to collect another load of picnickers. The first group straggles up the hill, looking for a good spot to lay down a blanket and set out the food. William lies back in the grass and sighs. While the picnic is a pleasant interlude, he’d much rather be doing what he really loves – reporting. He’d been angry and hurt when Mr Lister told him he couldn’t afford his services on the *Otago Workman* any longer. There were no jobs on any of the papers, despite what Ross had told him. It was

just sheer good luck he'd been able to take up the grocery in Hillside. His story writing doesn't bring in enough money to support Annie and the boys. He peers at his wife from beneath the brim of his hat. She looks happy at the moment. The fresh air is putting a bloom in her cheeks. She hadn't been happy at having to make yet another shift into yet another house. She's a good mother to the boys but she's taken a while to make friends in Dunedin.

'Look William,' calls Annie. 'The *Kakanui* can't get to the wharf to let the other passengers off.' He raises up on to his elbows and looks towards the wharf.

'It must be too shallow and the wind seems to be stopping her berthing,' he says. The couple watch for an hour as the ship tries to land its passengers. Some of them eventually transfer to a launch, and now lighter, the *Kakanui* is able to set her bows up to the wharf and release the remainder of the picnickers. It isn't long before the excited cries of children and encouraging shouts from adults signal the start of the sports organised for the day. Toys and lollies are doled out to the winners of the various races, some people dance to the brass band hired for the day and others join in a game of *Kiss-in-the-ring*. Many, like the Kitchens, just stroll about admiring this picnickers' paradise. The only drawback is the strong wind, which makes matters a little uncomfortable. Annie finds the island cemetery with its 50 or more wooden headboards a desolate sight. More than half the inscriptions are for children who've died of typhoid, scarlet fever, diphtheria, measles and other diseases. She hugs her boys tightly and prays no such ill luck befalls them.

Shortly after 1 o'clock the *Kakanui* sounds its horn for those who want to return to the city and carrying two tired little boys the couple descend the hill and board the ship. Despite the wind they agree the day has been a very agreeable one. William secretly hopes next year he won't be a grocer but a reporter again. He hasn't given up on seeing his work in print. There's so much happening and he intends to keep writing and sending off his articles. Someone must publish them. He'd gone along to the Seamen's Union annual meeting last week at the Wharf Hotel and written it up and sent it off to some of the smaller Otago papers. And there's lots more coming up – the Leith ward election for the Council being one. He agrees with Henry Fish, it's not right that a member of the press should stand for office. As the editor of the *Star*, Mark Cohen could never be impartial. He'd also like to go and hear Mrs Sheppard talking at the

Women's Christian Temperance Union meeting about women's suffrage. Annie doesn't agree with it. She thinks temperance is fine but giving women the vote – no.

To return to the suffrage question. It is admitted by all candid persons that there never, probably, was a time when men said, "These women may become too powerful. We must see to it, and keep them down." Nevertheless, women are down. They have no share in the making of laws which closely affect themselves. Their natural tastes are continually thwarted, their faculties repressed, their wrongs unredressed. A faulty and unfair social system exists. It began in the right of the strong; custom and fashion uphold it, superstition pretends to see a Divine hand in it. It is sad to see men and women thus disobeying the golden rule.

MONDAY DECEMBER 17, 1888

William is a happy man. He's finally where he's always wanted to be – a staff member on a proper paper. In this case, the *Evening Herald* has finally offered him a full time job after being bought by new owners in October. Not only that but a regular salary has meant the family has finally shifted from the Flat and into Russell St, just up the hill from the city centre and on the fringe of the Town Belt. The family's moved up in the world and he's delighted. Not so Annie. Yes, she's very pleased her husband has a settled job and they don't have to sell groceries any more, but another shift within such a short period has worn her nerves to shreds. She'd just been getting to know some more ladies through the Sixpenny Clothing Club which had started up a branch in South Dunedin. Her offer of help had been welcomed but she'd been really shocked at the level of poverty in the area. The demand for used clothing, especially boots, had staggered her. By the time those demands had been met by the club there'd been little left to provide for bedding and other essentials, despite the hard work of all the club's supporters to raise more money. When she'd told William about the hardship she'd seen he'd not been at all surprised.

'I know there's real poverty,' he'd said, 'despite what the papers might have you believe and despite all the arguments about what's caused it. Now you know what I've

been writing about.’ Annie had been appalled. She’d thought she’d been in dire straits but it was nothing compared to what she’d seen in the last year in Dunedin.

She’s so thankful for William’s job at the *Herald* although it means very long working hours. Sometimes he barely gets to sleep and he’s up again and off to work. Today’s no exception. He’s off to cover yet another meeting about the Exhibition proposed for next year, about which everyone is bickering. There’s a public meeting tonight when all will be revealed.

‘I’m off , Annie,’ he calls, as he picks up his hat at the door. ‘I’ll be late again. The meeting probably won’t be finished until 9 o’clock and then it’ll take me several hours to write it up. Don’t wait up.’ He’s off out the door before Annie has time to reply. On his way to the office he picks up the mail. There’s a letter from Christchurch. He’s won another short story competition with one of his tales, *Okewai Brown*. William can barely contain his excitement and does a little dance to the astonishment of an elderly woman passing him in the St. He doffs his cap to her with a smile and continues reading. The story will be published at Christmas. Very appropriate, as it’s a Christmas tale – a blood-curdling story about a ghost based in the civil service in Wellington. He’d used his experiences as a cadet in the Justice Department to give flavour to the story but, of course, there’d been no ghosts! This win has decided him. He’s going to publish his three works into a little book. When he gets to the office, the place is in an uproar.

‘What’s happening?’ he asks.

‘Haven’t you heard?’ says a colleague. ‘Professor Brown from the university’s gone missing in Fiordland somewhere and a search party’s being organised to try to find him.’

‘Who’s organising the search? Are we going?’

‘No, not us,’ says his fellow reporter. ‘The *Times* is sending Malcolm Ross. He’s a reporter but also a great bushman, so if anyone can find him, Ross should be able to.’ William is envious but resigned. He’s no knowledge of the bush and would probably get lost himself if sent.

‘So what else have we got today, besides the meeting tonight?’ he asks.

‘Well, I’m going to see if I can get some stories on sweating in Dunedin,’ says the reporter.

‘We can’t let the *Daily Times* get all the glory for bringing this system to everybody’s attention.’

‘Good idea,’ says William. ‘Talk to a few tailors. I’m sure you’ll find they work for very little. I’ve heard some trouser makers only get about 2d a pair. I’ll do a follow-up on the Belfast freezing works fire and what it means to the workers who’ll be out of a job till the works are rebuilt.’

‘Excellent,’ says his colleague. ‘You’ve lived and worked there so it’s right up your St.’

‘There’ll be at least 80 men out of work,’ says William, ‘but the carpenters will have jobs when they rebuild. But the fire’ll have an impact on the other works as well. The soap works will be badly affected. Perhaps I should go up there tomorrow and talk to a few people.’

‘Well, you’ll need to get that Exhibition story written first and then you can catch the early train to Belfast in the morning,’ says the reporter. William nods. Another long night and day ahead. He’ll have to find some time to tell Annie. But in the meantime, he has to prepare for the meeting tonight at the Princess Theatre. It’s going to be a big turnout as the Premier’s coming along with a clutch of Ministers and Members of the House of Representatives, not to mention the Exhibition committee members. Ever since the editor of the *Times*, Mr Twopeny, mooted the Exhibition earlier in the year the province has been in a ferment of anticipation. Most are hoping it’ll become a New Zealand-wide event to mark the first 50 years of the colony but that has to be agreed to by the rest of the country. Some think it’s too early with the depression so stark in everyone’s minds. Others see it as a beacon of hope after so many years of desperate times. The other big debate locally is where to hold it. Some want it in the middle of town – others on the fringes. All that should be decided tonight. William knows his father’s old company will be interested in it, having successfully exhibited Kitchen products at such shows both here and overseas. Even more so, now Kitchen’s has just bought out the Burnside Soap and Candle Works in Dunedin.

THE proposal which has been so ably sketched out by Mr Twopeny — whose experience in Exhibitions renders him an admirably qualified adviser—for the holding of an intercolonial, and, in some respects, an international Exhibition at Dunedin, has been taken up with an enthusiasm and practical business-like energy by the people of that city which do them infinite credit, and which augur well for the success of the enterprise. Already more than the amount of the Guarantee Fund originally asked for (£10,000) has been subscribed, and its increase to the sum of £15,000 appears to be a certainty. The Government, whose assistance has been invoked, have responded with pleasing cordiality, and from an advertisement which appears in the Christchurch papers we learn that a memorandum of agreement has been drawn up as between the Executive Commissioners for the New Zealand Exhibition of 1889-90 and the Government of the colony, in which the latter undertake to give the Exhibition their countenance and assistance in the

THURSDAY MAY 9, 1889

The papers around the country have been full of the evils of the sweating system sparked off by the investigation in England over the terrible working conditions of the poor in London's East End. It wasn't been long before the colony's eyes turned to its own working conditions, first in Dunedin and then in the other main cities. For the past six months the country's newspapers have tried to outdo each other in bringing some abuse of working conditions to the public's notice. William and the *Evening Herald* have contributed their fair share of horror stories, in particular the exploitation of women in the clothing trade. In fact just last night he'd attended a public meeting called to consider the sweating system. The meeting agreed to demand the Government hold a commission of enquiry into sweating throughout the colony and come up with a report on how to deal with the problem. As well, it was determined that efforts be made to form a union of tailoresses, shirt machinists, finishers and pressers, to be called the Tailoresses Union of New Zealand. While it may be called the Tailoresses Union, William doubts that'll mean a woman will head it, much as he'd like to see it. The meeting also discussed whether there should be a minimum wage for warehousemen, which William strongly believes in, but not just for warehousemen, but for all workers. Nobody could agree on this, despite some strong arguments for it.

In his spare moments, which are few, from reporting such meetings William has been involved in two new ventures – one purely personal and the other which he hopes will appeal to the literary-minded of the colony – a monthly magazine. The first is the realisation of his dream of publishing a book of his own writings. He's compiled his three published stories into a small book, called after the longest of his offerings *He who digged a pit*. Selling for a 1/-, the book is receiving some very positive reviews, one of which he's reading to Annie, as they sit in their drawing room after dinner. This is a rare moment of togetherness for the couple. Annie hardly sees William at home; he is so busy working all hours of the day and night. She half believes journalism is a sweated industry. But as William appears in his element she hasn't the heart to complain. She's sad for the two boys, though. They scarcely ever see their father. She looks wryly at their wedding photo, now reframed, and sitting once again on the family mantelpiece. She had never foreseen the turns their marriage would take, but tonight she's determined to enjoy their time together.

'This volume, recently issued, is one of the best contributions yet made to New Zealandian prose literature,' says William, reading from the *North Otago Times*.

'Listen to this, Annie. "*He who digged a pit*, a tale of very high merit, and one that will outlive its author; for the characters are drawn so firmly, and coloured with such art, that they start from the painter's canvas and remain with us living, breathing, human beings."

'That's wonderful, William. What else does he say?' William tries to look modest but can't help beaming.

'He knows what Dr Johnson calls 'the delicacies of phrase and all the colours of words', and does not waste himself in floridness, but paints his picture with a few swift, powerful strokes," he reads. 'And this is what the *Canterbury Star* reviewer says: "For those who are fond of a quaint plot, well told, and with some very thrilling incidents, we recommend *He who digged a pit*. Some really graphic descriptions of scenery and smart character sketches help to increase the pleasure given by the little story."

'Oh, well done, William,' says Annie. 'All your hard work has paid off.'

'Well, I'm very grateful for Mr Fisher for endorsing the book.'

'Why did you call yourself William Freeman, though?' asks Annie. 'That seems rather strange.'

‘I don’t know really, but a lot of writers use nom de plumes, so I thought I would too.’

‘Now what’s this about a monthly magazine?’ asks Annie. ‘I know you had a meeting last month, but you’ve been very secretive about what’s happening.’

‘Yes,’ says William, ‘we did have a meeting a few weeks ago about publishing a magazine of literary material and we’ve formed a company to do just that.’

‘Who’s ‘we’? and where’re you going to get the money to publish a magazine?’

‘I’m going to be the editor,’ says William, and John White, the solicitor, will be the chairman, William Reynolds, the publisher and Charles Watson the business manager. You’ve probably heard of Mr White. He’s one of the men who went on the expedition with Professor Brown who went missing in Fiordland.’

‘But what about the money?’

‘At the meeting the cost was fully subscribed,’ says William. ‘There should be no trouble about money. The backing is sound.’

‘Have you got a name for this magazine and who’s going to write for it, besides you?’ asks Annie.

‘It’s going to be called *Zealandia* and the first issue’s coming out in July, so I have a lot of work to do before then to find contributors, who must all be New Zealanders. So far I’ve got Malcolm Ross and Tom Bracken and Rev Waddell to write something and I’m hoping Mr Reeves might contribute as well.’

‘It all sounds very exciting William. I hope it goes well. ‘How much will it cost?’

‘We thought 6d to start with, or 7/- for a year’s subscription. It really is something very new for the colony. I’m modelling it on Dickens and the best of British literature and any profits are going to be shared amongst the contributors.’

We offer to the first number of this new magazine a cordial welcome. It is a praiseworthy effort to provide a medium for publication to writers who are essentially of the soil. The magazines of Britain and America are so numerous, varied, excellent, and cheap that it is only by appealing to New Zealand sympathies that any magazine published in this colony can hope to live. On looking through the first number of "Zealandia" we find that this has been kept steadily before the editor and contributors. This being so, it gives us real pleasure to be able to say that from a literary point of view the contents of the magazine are very creditable to the colony. The *menu* is varied. The number opens with a *rondo* from the pen of Mr Sydney T. Sharpley. This *bon voyage* is graceful and musical, and makes a pretty prelude to the number. In a page of paragraphs entitled "Arrow Heads" the editor tells us that he desires to model "Zealandia" on the lines which he believes Dickens would have chosen in the circumstances. We did not, by the way, know that there was any prevalent tendency "to look down upon Shakespeare," as the editor would seem to indicate in his "Arrow Heads."

SUNDAY DECEMBER 29, 1889

This afternoon, at 3 o'clock, a matinee performance of Wirth Brothers Circus will take place in a very large tent erected near the Harbour Board office. Annie and William are taking their two little boys to the event which has already attracted nearly 7,000 people in the two days it's been in town. Arthur, nearly four, is so excited he finds it hard to stand still.

'Mama, Papa, will there be lions and elephants?' he asks. William shakes his head.

'There'll be acrobats and clowns,' he says, 'but the only animals will be horses.' Arthur starts wailing.

'I wanna see the lions,' he sobs, 'like in the books.' Little Edward, who doesn't really understand what's happening, starts crying too. Annie and William calm the boys down and lead them off to the turnstile where queues are already forming. Once the show starts the boys are enraptured, laughing along with all the other children at the antics of the clowns, gasping at the acrobats and applauding the marvellous talents of the bareback riders. Even their parents are amazed at the expertise of the circus performers and clap especially loudly when a young girl jumps her horse through hoops of fire and

another artist leaps from the ground to stand on the back of a galloping horse. It is a tired but happy family than wends its way home after the show.

The circus has arrived in Dunedin only a month after the opening of the New Zealand and South Seas Exhibition and there has been some doubt the city could cater for the large crowds expected at both events. There's been no reason to worry so far, despite some hoteliers complaining the expected crowds haven't turned up and they're losing money. They blame it on reports that accommodation is scarce which is deterring visitors. William can't see how that's true. The exhibition is already proving a huge success with numbers far exceeding what was expected. William should know. He's the London *Times* correspondent for the exhibition and has been sending off reams of words about the event. Numbers as large as 10,000 visitors a day have been recorded already and there are four months of the exhibition still to run. William is just one of the many reporters sent to cover the show from around the colony and from abroad. He met many of them at the press supper organised a couple of Saturdays ago at Wood's Private Hotel. It was a rare chance to have a break from the constant reporting –there was no paper to put out the following day.

It's been a busy year all round for William. He's into the sixth issue of *Zealandia* and it seems to be well received by the New Zealand public. He's enjoying the chance to speak with his own voice in *Arrow Heads*, whether it's about the ills of child labour, the need to establish a national art gallery or encouraging everyone to read Walter Besant's book, *The revolt of man* or Edward Bellamy's book *Looking backward*. He's even found time to write another short tale for the Christmas edition, *Led by a child*. There had been early criticism of the cover and the typography (hideous said one critic) and William has tried to address that in later issues. He's got to know many of his contributors quite well, among them David Burn, who penned an excellent vignette on Ibsen for the September issue. He recalls his first meeting with Burn – an earnest and learned young teacher at Waitaki Boys High, who writes poetry and music and the occasional articles for the *Daily Times*. William had travelled up to Oamaru to discuss a contribution from Burn and been invited to stay for tea. It turned out Burn was a keen cyclist who thought nothing of riding for miles just for the fun of it. William is surprised he has the stamina for such distances, Burn being a vegetarian. William found him to have similar socialist views as well as some others he thinks rather fascinating. Burn

and his wife Alice are followers of the Rational Dress Movement which advocates less restrictive clothing, especially for women. The two men have formed a solid friendship.

Another man with whom William is forming a close friendship is John Millar, the fiery secretary of the Federated Seamen's Union. He's followed Millar's progress in Dunedin and was not surprised at him becoming the secretary of the new Tailoresses Union in July. He saw Millar's hand in the aims of the union, which are to counteract influences that may be working against its members' interests; to initiate reforms and sweep away abuses; and to generally watch over and guard the interests of its members "whenever they may be assailed". William feels it's a pity a tailoress is not the secretary of her own union and he's argued that with Millar but to no avail. The whole issue of sweating seems to have focussed on the clothing trade in particular, but William has seen it in other industries and he's firmly behind the commission of enquiry into the unwholesome practice. It's certainly kept Dunedin in a ferment for months. William finds it hard to keep up with Millar. He'd been privy to the plans for a Maritime Council that had been kept from the rest of the country and which was launched to everyone's surprise in October. First of all, the wharf labourers from all over the colony met in Dunedin and formed the Federated Wharf Labourers of New Zealand with up to 2000 members. Before the ink was dry on that constitution another meeting was held to form the Maritime Council with Millar as its secretary. This body consists of Seamen's Union, Denniston and Brunner Coal Miners' Union, Auckland, Wellington, Lyttelton and Dunedin Wharf Labourers' Union, and the Westport and Greymouth Labour Unions, representing about 8000 men. Other unions are expected to join. William and Millar had chuckled over the *Daily Times*' belated report of the meetings. That paper had been clearly miffed at failing to catch on to what was happening. The formation of the new bodies had come as a complete surprise to that paper's reporters. A powerful and influential organisation has arisen. It should have a considerable input into any commission of enquiry into the sweating system, if it ever gets off the ground.

[THE PRESS ASSOCIATION.]

DUNEDIN, JUNE 10.

Four hundred and thirty-two names have been given in by tailoresses and other workers to the Tailoresses' Society to be formed as the outcome of the meeting re sweating. In one large factory to-day, most of the employees gave in their names. The proprietors at once posted up a notice intimating that all those who joined would have to leave the firm's employ at once. It is said that this course was adopted owing to a personal objection to one of the Committee; and some curiosity is felt as to whether, now that person has resigned, the notice will be withdrawn. Most of the large contractors and warehousemen are giving the movement hearty support.

SATURDAY APRIL 19, 1890

William is exhausted and sits at the breakfast table in Russell St too tired to notice the glorious day being heralded through the kitchen window. As Annie bustles about preparing something substantial for her husband to sustain him through a long day at work, William quickly scans the *Daily Times* for any news items he can use for the *Herald*.

'I see someone's blaming the typhoid outbreak on the Chinese vegetable growers,' says William, picking up a spoon to eat the bowl of porridge Annie has just put before him.

'I thought everyone was blaming the dairymen and the milk vendors for that,' says Annie. 'What with the influenza outbreak and now the typhoid, I really worry about the boys...and you,' she says, looking worriedly at the haggard face of her husband.

'Don't be concerned about me,' says William. 'We're lucky the influenza struck in the summer. It would have been much worse if it'd been in the winter like in Europe. At least nobody's died here – well, that I know, anyway.'

'What about the son of the chief Post Office clerk? He's just died of typhoid,' says Annie, clearing away William's bowl and pouring him a cup of strong tea. 'He wasn't much younger than you, either.' William shrugs, gets his hat and cane, kisses Annie and heads out the door, then hesitates, tapping the cane on the floor as he thinks.

‘Annie, do you and the boys want to go to the closing ceremony for the Exhibition tonight? It’s at 8 o’clock. The boys should enjoy it, especially the fireworks afterwards in the gardens.’

‘They’d be bored with the ceremony. Why don’t the boys and I watch the fireworks from the house? We’ll have a good view and anyway, you’ll be busy working and won’t be able to come with us.’ William nods and strides out the door, his mind already on his schedule for the day.

As he heads towards the office he thinks about the last few months. He’d spent nearly three weeks since February 10 sitting in on parts of the Sweating Commission hearings and nearly every night writing up the day’s proceedings. There’d been many a good story for the *Herald* to carry but it had been so time consuming and his shorthand isn’t as fast as it might be. Nothing like *Star* reporter Don Cameron who has something like 200 words a minute. As well, William has been writing stories about the Exhibition, both for his paper but also for the *London Times*. He doesn’t want to worry Annie, but he’s not feeling very well. He’s had to give up some of his extra work, like writing for some of the little regional papers. There’s just so much happening. There’re all the unions and branches of unions springing up all over the colony, from miners, drapers, storemen and saddlers to tramwaymen, carters and ironworkers just to name some of them. Many workers are going in and out of strikes and nearly all of them at one time or another are having their annual conferences, most often in Dunedin. The small team of *Herald* reporters has to cover them all. A lot of this work is falling on William’s shoulders.

Although the closing ceremony is not due to begin until 8 o’clock William decides to head down to the Concert Hall on the corner of Cumberland and Gordon Sts before the crowds turn up. He’s in time to see about 400 Volunteers marching in full dress with side arms from the Garrison Hall to the Exhibition site. It’s a splendid sight. The lucky men are then dismissed to take their last promenade around the Exhibition with their friends. William has seen everything he wants to see at the show but decides to take one last look at the Kitchen exhibition at the Wellington Court. The display occupies two bays with a great array of candles, soaps, oils and essences. William wants to see the life-size figure in stearine of Captain Cook, which is supported on each side by an immense stearine candle, from the top of which a gas jet burns. It’s very effective, he

thinks, but not as good as his sculpting efforts at the Wellington Exhibition five years ago. As it's nearing 8 o'clock William wends his way through the crowds back to the Concert Hall and finds himself a seat. The place is packed –at a pinch it can hold 1600 people. That point has clearly been reached. Outside thousands of people crowd the displays. The Garrison band keeps the public entertained until the formal part of the ceremony begins when the president, Mr Roberts reads out a congratulatory telegram from the Governor, Lord Onslow.

'The fact that the number who passed through the turnstile exceeded the population of the whole colony, speaks volumes for the way in which the people of Otago have supported the enterprise,' says the telegram. More speeches follow, the band plays national anthems for various countries that have participated in the Exhibition. Much applause greets the announcement that as a memorial to the Exhibition, a Workmen's College is planned for Otago.

By half -past 9 William has heard enough and manages to exit the hall to find a good vantage point to view the fireworks being held in the Exhibition gardens. He arrives just after the electric lights are turned off and he stumbles over the flower beds before finding a suitable spot. The crowd is so dense it's hard to see anything except the rockets and then finally the girandole wheels and Roman candles. The display lasts for nearly three quarters of an hour and William hopes Annie and the boys are getting a good view. The last burst of colour resolves into the words *God Save the Queen*. When the lights go back on, it's to discover that all the flower gardens have been trampled beyond recognition. The huge crowds start streaming out through the turnstiles and William lets himself be drawn out with them; he walks slowly towards the office, exhilarated, but thankful it's all over. He wishes the buildings could remain but he's heard they're to be offered up for sale some time in May. There's a sudden commotion a little behind him. He turns. A water cart has knocked over a woman exiting the Exhibition and a crowd has gathered. He hopes she's not badly hurt.

THE LAST DAY OF ALL.

The scene in front of the exhibition in the evening will not readily be forgotten. All day long there had been a constant stream of visitors to the great show, but after 6 o'clock it seemed as if the whole of Dunedin had turned out. On the crowds came, gradually increasing in volume, for about two hours. They dallied not on the road; they stayed not to see the paltry peep shows by the way, declining to listen to the voice of the charmer. What a time the stile-keepers had! Never was there such a crush in the building before. It was not until nearly 8.30 that the crowd showed signs of slackening. In the building locomotion was sometimes almost impossible, and people had simply to allow themselves to be carried by the crowd hither and thither.

Long before 10 o'clock the exit began. The departure of 18,000 odd people from the building was not, however, a performance that could be accomplished in a few minutes. For half an hour and more there was an uninterrupted tide of men, women, and children passing out of the main door, many of them casting longing, lingering looks behind, and there then appeared to be no signs of a thinning of the mass. On it still flowed till past 11 o'clock, but about 20 minutes after that hour the exhibition was fairly emptied of its visitors—only a few loiterers remaining, and these were not long in following the others, especially after the main lights were extinguished. One of the last things that was heard in the building was the playing of a verse of "God save the Queen" as a solo upon a cornet, and about half-past 11 o'clock the doors of the exhibition were finally closed upon the public.

TUESDAY MAY 13, 1890

Reporters at the *Evening Herald* are busy rejoicing at not having to write up yet another paragraph on the Exhibition which came to a successful close three weeks ago. There's an air of levity and relief that the event is over after four and a half months and more than 625,000 visitors through the turnstiles. William, now the sub-editor of the paper, is particularly delighted at the show's conclusion.

'The only trouble,' William tells *Herald* owner Stephen Brown, 'is that I've spent so much time writing about the Exhibition I haven't been devoting enough attention to *Zealandia*.'

'That's going all right, though, isn't it?'

‘No, the June issue will be the final one,’ William says. ‘Not just because I haven’t spent enough time on it but because we didn’t have enough capital and not enough advertising support.’

‘You probably didn’t spend enough time promoting it either. And you probably shouldn’t have increased the size of the paper in May. It’s a pity because it promised great things.’ There’s suddenly a commotion at the front office.

‘Where’s that dastard Freeman Kitchen?’ demands a loud voice. William looks puzzled then knowing and heads towards the front. There a tall and furious visiting reporter for the *Evening Star*, Walter Leslie, scuffles with *Herald* staff as he tries to get to William.

‘I’m going to knock your head in,’ he screams at William, waving a large cane in one hand and a piece of paper in the other.

‘Apologise for your infamous comments about me, you swine,’ shouts Leslie. I want a written apology or you’ll suffer the consequences.’ William is aware that this particular gentleman has taken umbrage at some veiled comments in the *Dunstan Times* that he’s decided William has written about him.

‘I didn’t write the damned comments, man. I **was** acting as a correspondent to the *Dunstan Times*, but about two months or more ago I received doctor’s orders to do absolutely no night work. So I gave the work to someone else.’

‘Hogwash,’ snorts an angry Leslie. ‘It was you, you canting coward,’ and he struggles to get near his enemy.

‘It’s not hogwash,’ growls William. ‘That piece you’re so upset about was a piece of humorous gossip and I didn’t write it! The man who **did**, didn’t know who it referred to and neither did I. If you have nothing but idle words for me I wish to have nothing to say to you.’ He turns away.

‘I don’t believe you,’ shouts Leslie and tries to punch William in the face but misses because William sees it in time and raises an arm to block the blow. Instantly Leslie changes his cane from his left to his right hand and raises it as if to strike at William’s head. William pulls a revolver out of his pocket and points it at Leslie.

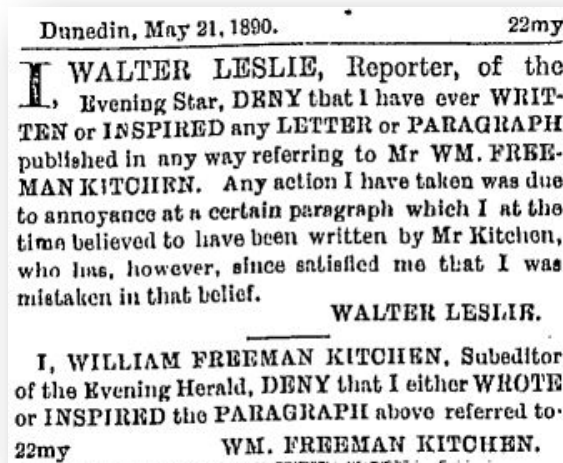
‘Drop your bludgeon,’ shouts William.

‘William, please don’t shoot,’ begs the *Herald* accountant.

‘The revolver’s empty,’ whispers William. ‘I can’t hurt him. Go and get his stick.’ Leslie gives up his stick and after a short while leaves the office.

‘I knew something was going to happen,’ says William to the bystanders. ‘I was at the performance of *Macbeth* last Friday and I got a message from Leslie asking me to come out and be killed.’ His colleagues look horrified.

‘During the next day I was warned from three different sources that Leslie had sworn to kill me and break every bone in my body and so forth. That’s why I had the revolver. To be forewarned is to be forearmed.’



WEDNESDAY JUNE 25, 1890

The beginning of winter has been quite mild, but William always carries his umbrella because he knows the weather can change in an instant. He twirls it first to the left and then to the right as he walks, head down, to the office, narrowly missing impaling a pedestrian as he does so.

‘That’s a dangerous weapon you’ve got there, William,’ says a voice. It’s Rev Waddell, minister of St Andrews Church and just the person William wanted to see today.

‘I’m sorry Mr Waddell, I didn’t see you. Lost in thought, you know. Thinking of the Sweating Commission and wondering what your views are on its report.’

‘I’ll come along with you to your office,’ says Mr Waddell, ‘and then we can speak a little more privately.’ While he and William had been talking, several people had greeted the minister, and he being the gentleman he is, had paused from his discussion

with William to address them. The two men, both of a similar slight physique, head to the *Herald* office.

‘The commissioners didn’t believe there was sweating in New Zealand,’ says William. ‘Weren’t they listening to the stories from Dunedin?’

‘In my view, my colleagues were wrong. No, it mightn’t be as bad as in London, but it does exist here if only in a limited way,’ says Mr Waddell, who was one of the commissioners and was the person, in fact, who had brought the evils of sweating to the colony’s notice. William nods. He knows that the minister had dissented from the report along with two of the other commissioners.

‘I suppose it all comes down to how you define sweating, and it doesn’t seem as if the commissioners ever actually stated what its definition was,’ he says. Mr Waddell nods emphatically.

‘That’s just it, they never did. In my view sweating consists of overcrowding and insanitary working conditions, long and irregular hours and falling prices and low rates of pay. And they were all on display at the hearings.’

‘The report did make some good suggestions for improvement, though, didn’t you think?’ asks William. ‘Improving the Factory Act is a good start.’

‘It just didn’t go far enough,’ says Mr Waddell. ‘I’m extremely disappointed with the outcome. I don’t think this is the last we’ll hear from working people and with an election year, it behoves the politicians to take note.’ As William thanks the minister for his time, Mr Waddell pats William on the arm and commiserates with him over the demise of *Zealandia*.

He had reviewed *He digged a pit* in the very first issue of the magazine as well as writing a piece that ‘out Georged Henry George’, as one critic wrote. That controversial author had passed through Auckland in January, promising to return for a lecture series but other commitments had eventually intervened.

‘Have you seen last week’s edition of the *Tuapeka Times*?’ calls a colleague after he returns to his desk in the newsroom.

‘No, what bee’s buzzing round in its bonnet this time?’ asks William. ‘I suppose it’s their Dunedin correspondent up to his usual spurious balderdash.’

‘You’d better have a read. It concerns us.’ William reads the column indicated and snorts furiously at yet another jaundiced diatribe from the anonymous columnist.

‘I’d like to know just who in Dunedin writes this column,’ says William. ‘He’s accusing us of all sorts of misdemeanours against the *Star*. He’s just upset that we’ve been accepted as a workingman’s paper by some of the unions when he clearly thinks the *Star* is a better paper to do that. ‘Blatant frothy demagogues’ are we? ‘Trading on the prejudices or ignorance of the masses’ are we? What a canard and how insulting to those so-called masses!’ William whacks his umbrella on his desk then storms up and down the room.

‘Whoever he is, he’s running scared. Working people are starting to realise there’s strength in unity and he clearly doesn’t like his comfortable existence ruffled in any way at all.’

‘Calm down William,’ says his colleague. ‘Our situation isn’t that strong. You know things are financially stretched here. I don’t know how long we’re going to be able to continue. Three daily papers in one town is cutthroat, and I think it might be our throat that’s cut!’

‘We can’t give up,’ says William passionately. ‘Things are really heating up and we need to be here to cover them. I think we’re making a difference. Look at all the unions sprouting up like grass seed after a spring rain. I get really good responses when I go and talk to the various trades about unionism.’

‘I know William, you’re doing a lot, just don’t be surprised if the *Herald* folds.’

‘I won’t let it, and if it does, I’ll start another paper,’ says William. ‘And look what’s just happened to the *Workman*. The police tried to seize its presses. Somebody doesn’t like outspoken journalists standing up for the rights of workers. We could be next!’ He returns to his desk and drums his fingers on it. He has some sympathy for Samuel Lister, his previous employer and the owner of the *Workman*. Having failed to seize his presses because he was able to produce his registration, the police are now charging him with publishing material without an imprint. William remembers his own brush with the law a few years ago in Wellington on the very same subject and he wonders who’s behind this attempt to discredit the editor. William contemplates his next move. What should he write about next? There’s the seamen’s dispute over in Sydney that looks to be building and he sees the typographers at Lyttelton are having no luck with resolving their difficulties with Whitcombe and Tombs. The company’s refused arbitration and things seem to be at a deadlock. Perhaps he should call on John Millar and get the latest news from him. It looks as if the Maritime Council is going to try to play a part in resolving the dispute.

A meeting of the members of the Tramways Employes' Union was held at midnight on Saturday; the president, Mr R. Slater, being in the chair. All the employes who had not previously joined the union came forward and gave in their names as members, a few being fined in small amounts. It was resolved to raise the entrance fee to 10s after the 1st July, and reduce the weekly fee of all in receipt of less than £1 per week to 3d. The cases of drivers on a suburban line working 17 hours per day and of conductors working long hours for 18s per week were considered, but no decision was arrived at. It was resolved to strike a levy of 1s in the pound of one week's wage to send to Wellington in aid of the tramway employes out on strike there. It was also intimated that further contributions would be sent if necessary. After some discussion with regard to the haulage contractors, it was resolved that as no communication from them was before the meeting, no action should be taken till next meeting, as there was no desire to act precipitately. The reading of the letter received from the manager of the Tramway Company, recognising the union and accepting its rules, was heartily applauded. By request Mr W. F. Kitchen gave a short address on "Unionism."

THURSDAY AUGUST 27, 1890

Today John Millar is calling out the seamen and firemen belonging to the Union Steam Ship Company's steamers *Brunner* and *Banks Peninsula*, both of which are lying at the Dunedin wharves. He's instructed them to give 24 hours' notice of their intention to leave work. The 24 hours' notice given by the crew of the *Wairarapa* expired at midday yesterday, and a good many people had assembled on the wharf at that hour to see the departure of the men from the vessel. William was among them. The number of spectators had increased gradually until two or three hundred people were present by midday. A few of the cooks, stewards, and engineers—none of these branches of labour being involved in the dispute — were gathered in a knot beside the gangway, and several citizens, attracted by their own curiosity to the scene, were also on board the boat. A few minutes after 12, two men — the first to leave the ship— ambled down the gangway with their kits in their hands and walked away. Some ragged cheers were

raised on their behalf by some of their sympathisers. Others groaned. This seems to be the common response if spectators don't like something. William remembers John Coutts being charged with 'groaning' during the Kaitangata strike. Shortly after the two men left, a luggage van drew up alongside the *Wairarapa*, and was filled with swags and boxes of the 14 able seamen, 10 firemen, and six trimmers who were withdrawing their labour. William had recorded the scene and talked to some of the men, most of whom were determined their course of action was the right one.

'We're showing our support for the Sydney seamen,' said one of the trimmers.

'It won't be long and the cooks and stewards will follow us,' said one seaman, 'and the same with the engineers.'

'And if the Steamship Company tries to use non-union men, then the officers will strike,' added a fireman. Sure enough that is exactly what happens at 4pm today. In the meantime other unions held meetings overnight and most gave their support to the Maritime Council's decision.

It's been only 10 days since the Council released its manifesto regarding Whitcombe and Tombs, worked on diligently by Millar, William and others. Then it was stated that a general strike would not take place. Circumstances meant this was not to be and as predicted by many, the strike has finally come to pass, so too has the predicted failure of William's newspaper, the *Evening Herald*. Mr Brown had called the staff together last week to announce the demise of the paper after a long struggle to keep it afloat.

'We've endeavoured to give the working man a voice,' Mr Brown said, 'but the time has come to lay the paper to rest. I can no longer keep it going. It's bankrupted me. We're losing nearly £40 a month.'

'What about our jobs?' William asked. 'When's the last issue?'

'I'll be announcing the closure of the paper next week,' Mr Brown told his staff and walked to his office and shut the door.

'I bet the last straw was having to obey the union rules and dismiss the seven boys,' said one of the reporters. They looked at each other. William grasped the initiative.

'Why don't we carry on the paper? We'd have the support of the *Herald* subscribers and I know the unions would support us.' The other reporters looked interested and frightened in equal measure.

'I'll sound out a few people and see what I can arrange,' William told his colleagues. He'd talked to prospective backers, including those who'd been behind the publication

of *Zealandia*, Reynolds and Watson. They're ready to back the new venture and act again as publisher and manager respectively. Now all William has to do is convince his fellow reporters to continue under a new name. They seem receptive and William has managed to persuade Mr Brown to change the masthead of the *Herald* slightly to presage the new paper and preserve its rights in the Press Association. So on August 30 the paper will bear the title "*Evening Herald*, shortly to be known as the *Globe*". William had earlier discussed with John Millar the possibility of establishing a labour paper run on co-operative principles. They'd got down to details such as a name, number of pages and a weekly print run but nothing had eventuated. *The Globe* will have to take up the mantle of what the country's press are increasingly calling 'the labour party'.

In the evening William spends a rare moment with his wife and children. He's seen less and less of them as the labour agitation has grown. In an hour or two he must sit at his desk and write about the progress of the Whitcombe and Tombs dispute which still lingers on, but in the meantime he tries to focus on his wife and two boys. He's startled at how much Arthur, now four and a half, and Edward, three, have grown. He barely knows them he's been so engrossed in his own affairs. Annie has had the raising of them and she seems to have managed remarkably well. He's saddened at the distance that's grown between them. She's been uncomplaining but William knows she's unhappy with the direction his life has taken. He tries to think of something that might interest her that is nothing to do with strikes, newspapers or unions. She speaks first.

'William, people are saying some very nasty things about you. I can't believe what they are saying.'

'I understand it must be hard for you, being my wife, but I'm not going to change my views just because a few people don't like them,' he says.

'A few? A lot!' says Annie. 'I'm finding it hard to defend you when people start saying these things. I don't really understand everything that you're doing but it's very upsetting when I hear people talking about you in such an insulting way. And I'm afraid the boys will hear.' William is nonplussed. He's never given much thought about the impact his actions might have on his family and he doesn't know how he can mitigate the effects.

‘I’m sorry you’re bearing the brunt of these unkind remarks,’ says William, ‘but you’ll just have to walk away when you hear them. I’m used to them now and the people who make those comments have no idea of the importance of what I’m doing.’

‘I’ll try, but it’s hard,’ says Annie. ‘Sometimes I don’t even want to leave the house in case I meet someone who wants to tell me they hate what you’re doing.’ William doesn’t know how to reassure her. He just knows he has to continue doing what he thinks is right. It’s exhilarating being at the centre of momentous events and feeling you are making a difference to people’s lives.

[The Herald during its life time had a most chequered career. It was ushered into existence some fourteen years ago, and was the bantling of the companionship and literary staff of the Otago Daily Times, who received their quietus on that journal when Messrs. G. M. Reed and G. Fenwick—the former proprietors of the Otago Guardian—became the purchasers of the Times. The Times’ old hands formed a company to start the Herald as a morning paper, and amongst those on the directory of the undertaking were Messrs. G. M’Lean, and W. Downie Stewart. For the first year the venture was fairly successful, and the shares sold freely. This happy condition of affairs, however, did not, unfortunately, last very long. Dividends became smaller by degrees and beautifully less. Editor succeeded editor, but no change effected any good, and at length the journal passed into the hands of the employes, who, for some time, carried it on under the co-operative principle. About seven years ago the Herald was turned into an evening paper, but the change did not prove beneficial to its health, and it lingered till it has ceased to exist through inanition. Mr. S. N. Brown, previously proprietor of the Cromwell Argus, was the last owner of the paper. The decease of the Herald after a gallant struggle, during which considerable capital has been sacrificed, shows that in the largest city of the colony there is not room for a third daily newspaper, and that it is an almost hopeless task to assail the position of an established journal while it continues to be well conducted, as the Dunedin Star is.]

TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 30, 1890

William sits at his desk in the *Globe* newsroom with his head in his hands. He doesn’t want to be in Dunedin when one of the most important meetings of his reporting career starts tomorrow in Wellington and he can’t be there. He groans as he reads the Press

Association reports indicating that most of the union representatives will be present for the conference called by the Government to resolve the national strike. However, of the employers, none save the Union Steamship Company managing director George Mclean has agreed to attend.

‘What ails you William?’ asks Joe Moss, William’s chief reporter.

‘We should be at that Wellington meeting,’ says William. ‘We can’t rely on other reporters to give a fair coverage of what’s said. If only our finances were better, we could have sent someone, even if it wasn’t me. This was a chance for the *Globe* to really make its mark.’

‘But what’s the point of the conference if the employers aren’t there?’ asks another reporter, William Thomas. ‘Seems a waste of time to me otherwise!’ His editor shakes his head. Moss tries to sound encouraging.

‘We seem to have got off to a pretty good start, though, William,’ he says. ‘We’ve been getting plenty of advertisements and the circulation has increased.’

‘Yes, that’s pleasing, but we still have to be very careful,’ says William. ‘The workingmen are reading it, but if we want them to keep reading we have to cover these important meetings.’

‘Up ‘til now, we have,’ says Oliver Mawinney, the junior reporter, who’s been listening in to the conversation. ‘Just look at what’s been happening in the last few weeks. We’ve been working day and night to cover all the happenings here in Otago, let alone anywhere else.’ William sighs.

‘You’re right, of course,’ he says, recalling just how busy they had all been since the *Globe* was born. One of the first things had been the creditors meeting for the *Herald* owner Stephen Brown. William had been shocked at just how bad the finances of the paper had become. He didn’t want to see the *Globe* follow in its predecessor’s footsteps. He’d done his best to set the paper up properly by dispensing with boy labour, engaging others at full rates and getting the sanction of the Typographical Society to his modified arrangements.

‘How could anyone forget that to-do outside Donald Reid’s,’ says Mawinney, breaking into William’s introspection. ‘We did a good job of reporting that.’ William nods. There’d been a lot of excitement in Dunedin that day with people scurrying around town and down at the wharves when anything new appeared to be happening. Shortly after 9 o’clock, a large crowd had collected at the stores of Donald Reid’s, from which some grain was being sent to the *Te Anau*. Mainly farmers and their hands from

the Taieri district had been doing the carting. As two of the drays were rounding the corner of Cumberland and Rattray Sts, the tailboards were unshipped and a few bags of grain thrown out onto the roadway. Stones were also thrown by some of the crowd, and four or five men were hit, none, however being seriously injured. At the time there were only a couple of policemen in the immediate locality, the rest of the force being down at the wharf to see what was going on at the *Te Anau*. Others were immediately brought on the scene, and had no difficulty in keeping order. The Mayor, John Roberts, spoke to the crowd, now numbering around 100, and warned that he would read the Riot Act if order wasn't maintained. Many blamed the unions for the disturbance. While William hadn't been present during this fracas –he'd sent young Mawinney to see what it was about –he'd gone with John Millar to the wharves. Millar, along with the Mayor, had walked the whole length of the wharf before midday, and during their progress up and down Millar not only advised every man belonging to his union whom he met to be neutral, and pointed out the necessity of assisting the police. In fact, he called for seamen to be sworn in as special constables to help in keeping the peace. In the afternoon, the carting of grain, which had been stopped after the earlier row, was resumed. Not much opposition was offered, the only thing being a temporary stoppage caused by a dray or drays getting across the road, though whether by accident or design, William couldn't tell. An immense crowd had followed the carts to the steamer, and during the unloading a good deal of shouting and banter were indulged in but there had been no other disturbance to report. On William's return to town things assumed a very rowdy shape, because of an arrest being made by a number of constables who were marching in the rear of the carts. Several attempts were made to rescue the offender, the constables having a rough time of it, but the efforts of the crowd were unsuccessful, and the prisoner, was lodged in safe quarters in Maclaggan St, whither the crowd followed. The carts then left for the Taieri, and were escorted past Caversham by mounted special constables, who were hooted by a few of the crowd as they returned. Shortly afterwards a man was arrested at the corner of Rattray and Princes Sts, where he had been behaving in a very rowdy manner. Again a large crowd collected, and followed the police to the station, but peace was maintained.

That was not the end of it for William that day. He'd also attended the meeting in the City Hall that evening, called jointly by the Trades and Labour Council and the Maritime Council. Sir Robert Stout had outlined the history of the seamen's dispute and

blamed everything on the Union Steamship Company. John Millar gave the views of the Seamen's Union and the Maritime Council. There were many speakers and all were in agreement with the need to set up a defence fund and support the Council's actions. William himself had proposed a motion that had been accepted by the large crowd. He'd moved that the unionists of Dunedin had no sympathy with any of the disturbances that had arisen during the present dispute.

'The few remarks I have to make are all summed up in one word, and that word is 'moderation', he said. 'I disclaim the connection of the unionists with any of the acts of violence of today, and declare that such small disturbances as do occur should be repressed in the interests of unionism. I trust that every unionist will lend his assistance in the preservation of order.' He hadn't been prepared to let the Mayor and the specials get away with taking some blame for what had happened.

'I feel bound to say, however, that the disturbances were distinctly and shamefully provoked by the unwarranted interference of footballers, permanent artillery, and special constables,' he told the crowd. William added that if the unionists of Dunedin were to have confidence in the Mayor's impartiality to deal with the question, he should be free from the charge of threatening to read the Riot Act to ordinary citizens. At that, the Mayor had been quick to lay the responsibility for the actions of the specials on the city's Police Inspector. William's motion had been seconded by Henry Rodda, secretary of the Bootmakers' Union.

'In my opinion, if the labour party is united—and I believe it is—it will win the day, because it is in a righteous cause, and right must win,' said Rodda. The motion was carried unanimously. The meeting continued with many speakers and lasted well into the night. By the time the meeting closed William's head was bursting with information which had then to be turned into copy for the next day's edition of the *Globe*. And that had been the pattern of events ever since—all sorts of meetings and events to cover regarding the strike but also all the other daily news of interest as well. When the labour conference had been proposed by the Government two weeks ago William had high hopes of being able to attend but it was not to be. Circumstances had not permitted it. Instead his small team of reporters had devoted time to the upcoming election, when the seamen, but not women, would be able to vote for the first time. Despite the best efforts of Sir John Hall, the House of Representatives had knocked back his clause in the Franchise Bill that would have allowed women to vote in the election this year. William had sent William Thomas off to the meeting of the Women's Christian Temperance

Union in the YWCA Rooms where about 100 women discussed the failure of the female franchise and resolved to support candidates in the coming election who accepted the value of giving women the vote. On Saturday evening William himself had caught wind of a meeting of the executive officers of nearly every union in town and had waited outside the Trades Hall to see what had arisen, seeing as the press had been banned from attending. He'd waited in the cold for three hours before being able to talk to David Pinkerton, the president of the Trades and Labour Council.

'We were discussing the election,' Pinkerton told William. 'We wanted to see who might be the best men to represent our interests in the new Parliament.'

'So how did it go?' asked William.

'It was a very lively meeting,' said Pinkerton. 'It was agreed to send out the names of suitable candidates for Dunedin City, Dunedin Suburbs, and the Peninsula to all unions in and around the town.'

'Then what?'

'The unions will be asked to choose from these the ones they consider suitable for the districts named, and to send in the result to the Council as soon as possible,' said Pinkerton. 'The council will then convene a meeting of the executive officers to further consider the matter.'

'What about Sir Robert? Will he stand again? And what about you?' asked William. Pinkerton smiled and refused to be drawn, but William bet his hat that he would stand as he was a shrewd but unassuming man who went quietly about the business of creating a strong labour movement in Dunedin. Other names being bandied about are William Earnshaw, Henry Fish, William Hutchison and Walter Carncross –all labour stalwarts. William has started developing the *Globe's* policy regarding the election and has already called for the abolition of the Legislative Council and the imposition of a land tax to break up the large land holdings to allow workingmen to buy land at a reasonable price. He's working up some other ideas which he'll reveal over the coming weeks leading up to the election. There's no doubt in his mind that many labour candidates will be standing in Otago if not elsewhere in the colony. In the meantime he will be following the proceedings of the Wellington conference with great interest.

THE LABOUR ORGAN.

You will have heard that the Dunedin *Evening Herald* has changed hands, and is now the Unionist organ and has become the *Globe*. The working men have resolved to patronise it, and its advertisements show that it is going ahead wonderfully. All the shops whose trade is at all dependent on the patronage of the working man are advertising. In one week its circulation increased by a thousand, and if the new proprietary can manage to give a good paper its success is assured.

TUESDAY OCTOBER 28, 1890

Last night it started raining after dinner at 7 o'clock and continued with a heavy downpour for almost two hours. The prospects for the Labour Day holiday and sports the next day had not looked promising. But today there is an almost cloudless sky with a moderately stiff breeze blowing – not enough to dim the expectations of those looking forward to the day's demonstration. William's up early. He wants to get to the office and ready his team for the day's work. The first procession is due to start at 10 o'clock and he needs his reporters on the ground to cover the events. He'll get a good view of the processions from his office window but intends to be down at the Caledonian grounds at midday when the sports are scheduled to begin.

'William, you should station yourself at the Triangle near the Garrison Band which is leading the procession,' William tells Thomas, one of his senior reporters, at their morning meeting. 'And you Mawhinney, should position yourself somewhere in the middle of the procession with Griffen towards the end.'

'Are we expecting any trouble?' asks Thomas.

'You never can tell,' says William, 'but I think not. The main issue will be whether the employers acknowledge the day as a holiday as the Mayor requested.' The newly formed Employers' Association had earlier petitioned the Mayor not to declare today a holiday.

'The retail shops and most of the offices are closed,' says Moss the chief reporter. 'Some of the wholesale establishments are opening in the morning, but nearly all are closing at mid-day.'

‘I know the Government offices, with the exception of the post and telegraph offices, are keeping the holiday,’ says William, ‘but the railway workshops remain open. I can’t see why the Government couldn’t have made it a national holiday instead of leaving it up to local mayors to make the decision.’ He looks out the window. ‘You’d better get going, there seems to be a big crowd gathering already.’

William stands at his office window at 10 o’clock waiting for the procession to pass but it’s another half an hour before the Garrison Band finally comes into view leading members of the Seamen’s Union, who look as if they have turned out in large numbers. William gives up counting at 900. All the trades are represented, from the tailors, wharf carters and boot makers, to wharf labourers, cooks and stewards and rope makers, from typographers, butchers and coachbuilders to all branches of the building trades. Many carry colourful banners and there are several floats depicting various occupations. The North East Valley Band and the Caversham Band bring up the middle and rear of the procession which travels from the Triangle up Cumberland St to Albany St, through to George St, and down through Princes St to the Anderson’s Bay Road, and along to the Caledonian grounds. All in all William reckons there must be around 3000 people marching through Dunedin Sts watched by a supportive crowd. The only jarring note is that because the water-cart drivers are taking a holiday, clouds of dust are being raised by the wind and causing some discomfort to everyone.

‘That looks to be a grand turnout,’ says Moss, joining his editor at the window as the last of the procession disappears from view.

‘Yes, a worthy way to celebrate the creation of the Maritime Council a year ago,’ says William. ‘I couldn’t see the point of making Labour Day May 1 like England, Europe and America have. That date doesn’t really mean anything in New Zealand.’

‘But I thought the main reason for a Labour Day here was to commemorate the fight for an eight-hour working day,’ says Moss.

‘Yes, well, Wellington is certainly making a fuss of Samuel Parnell today,’ says William. ‘But I think Dunedin has its own ideas of what it’s celebrating.’ He collects his cane and hat and heads down the stairs and off to the Caledonian grounds where the afternoon’s sporting events are being staged. He finds one of the largest crowds ever at the venue, more than 4000 when he first arrives, which then swells to 10,000 or more. The games start late but nobody seems to mind as there’s plenty of interest, from the roasting of a whole bullock to various games of chance and a switchback railway which

does a roaring business. There are lots of entries for the games and the only thing that casts a dampener on the proceedings is the high wind. The crowd starts to trickle away late in the afternoon until suddenly, just after 5 o'clock, the sound of pipes echoes round the grounds and in march a large number of employees from the railway workshops dressed in their working clothes. They've just come from work, not having been given the day off by the Railway Commissioners. Henry Fish, the member for South Dunedin, stands on a form at the front of the grand stand and addresses the crowd. William manages to worm his way through to the front to hear what he has to say.

'The railway employees have been brought here today to protest against the tyranny of the Railway Commissioners,' says Fish. 'There has been a great demonstration of labour this day; but I need not tell you how a few rich people in Dunedin have endeavoured to crush out the demonstration, so as to prevent the labour party from showing the solidarity of labour.'

He tells the crowd that the railway employees, who have just come to the grounds, would have been there during the whole day had they been allowed to, but they were told that if any man left work he would be discharged for ever. A general groan arises from the spectators.

'I say, give three cheers for the railway employees,' calls Fish.

'Hip, hip, hooray!' shouts the crowd.

'And three groans for the Railway Commissioners and the Government,' calls Mr Fish.

The crowd responds with three deafening groans. As William is leaving the grounds he meets up with Patrick Keogh, who's looking well pleased with himself and clutching a handsome trophy under his arm.

'I saw you running Patrick? Congratulations on your win in the Labour Day handicap,' says William to the man once described as the best three quarter back in Otago rugby. Keogh shrugs.

'I was in good form today,' he says, 'but running two distances with not much time in between wasn't easy.'

'No doubt the £5 will come in handy,' laughs William as he strides off across the fields swishing his cane at the uneven turf scuffed by hundreds of feet. It's been a grand day. He hopes the other reporters have taken plenty of notes to fill tomorrow's paper. He shivers. There's a hint of snow in the air.

LABOUR Day is intended, we suppose, to demonstrate the growing importance of trades unionism. It is unfortunate that the first celebration of Labour Day should come on the heels of a strike in which trades unionism has demonstrated little more than its power for working mischief. This consideration has no doubt inspired the somewhat petty opposition to the holiday displayed by the newly-formed Employers' Associations, an opposition much to be regretted as savouring of vindictiveness. But this feeling, if it exists, will pass away. Trades unionism has a future before it, and may be trusted to learn wisdom from its own early blunders. A wave of fanaticism has been sweeping over the Australasian labour world of late—an impulse transmitted from the commotions of another hemisphere. The working man, without the provocation of any tangible grievance, has suddenly become aggressive and belligerent, evidently believing that by means of unionism he would be able to bring capital to its knees, to capture Parliament, and to settle wages and tariffs by resolution passed in his own Trades Hall. This delusion has been

MONDAY NOVEMBER 10, 1890

All the talk in Dunedin for the last few weeks has been not if, but when the shipping strike will be called off. William has discussed it with his staff and is resigned to its cessation. He has given Millar and the Maritime Council *The Globe's* full support and doesn't regret it for an instant despite the opprobrium he's had heaped on him from several quarters. He's been in constant contact with Millar who's already told the wharf labourers to return to work but hasn't been able to convince the seamen to do the same. They've resolved to stick it out until the seamen in Australia end their strike. The Denniston miners are of a similar frame of mind and are also determined to fight to the bitter end. When the Sydney strike was declared over on Friday William is not surprised to hear that this morning a notice was posted on the office door of the Maritime Council, saying the Council has declared the New Zealand strike over, and members of the Seamen's Unions are at liberty to re-join their ships. The strike has lasted 11 long weeks and William and *The Globe* have expended every effort to counter the negative coverage given to it by the more conservative papers of the province and of the colony. The employers and farmers had joined forces against the labour movement and their combined weight had helped to tip the balance in their favour. It's cost William a lot. His notoriety amongst the city elite means he is often cut dead in the St but that hasn't

worried him overmuch. He's convinced his actions have been in the interests of justice and fairness. It's also cost him a lot of Annie's good will. She's found it very hard to endure the slights she's experienced, especially from women with whom she would normally have found common cause. She's never understood William's passionate espousal of the workers' cause –it's beyond her ken and that has caused many an argument out of the children's hearing. And now William has moved the family again, this time to Roslyn. In City Road, right in the Town Belt and almost next door to the Tramway Stables and Roslyn and Kaikorai Hotel, the house has a superb view to the harbour and the peninsula beyond. But just because the family's living in a better neighbourhood, Annie's not sure she'll be treated any better than when they were in Russell St. She's tired of the constant moving around and never feeling she can put down roots. She misses her family. Letters are no substitute. As she unpacks for the fifth time since leaving the family home she takes out the wedding photo, gazes at it for a few seconds then tucks it back into the trunk under some unused wedding linen.

William has barely taken time to settle his family into their new home, than he's knee deep in coverage of the forthcoming election. Just as he supposed, the labour party has picked some of the candidates he'd foreseen –Pinkerton, Fish and Hutchison are standing for Dunedin. He's hoping they will be the three who'll get the nod. He's sad Robert Stout has pulled out –he's been a staunch if erratic supporter of the workers' movement and James Allen, the conservative candidate and sitting Member of the House, has been a rich source of fodder for *The Globe*. Millar is standing in Port Chalmers, but against his nemesis, James Mills, managing director of the Union Steamship Company. None of the papers are picking success for the labour candidates but William's not so sure. There is a definite feeling around town that if the workers can't win against the employers through striking then perhaps they need to get into Parliament to try to effect change there. When the labour organisations issued their manifesto earlier in the month William had been one of the first newspapers to feature it prominently. He agrees with all the principles, and in fact, has already written in support of some of them, in particular the abolition of the property tax, making the eight-hour day legal, taxation of the unimproved value of land, reform of the Railway Department, introduction of a minimum wage and the creation of a national bank. The Dunedin labour candidates are now on the stump, holding meetings in every suburb and

attracting large crowds and William and his small team of reporters have been at every one.

applause). Then it had been said that if he was not the direct nominee of the labour party; still there had been some connection between him and a gentleman who, he believed, worthily represented the labour party—the editor of the Globe. A few weeks ago there was a paragraph in the paper to the effect that the editor of the Globe had been said by a gentleman, whose name he would not mention, to be playing fast and loose with him (the candidate) while giving him a kind of passive support. He believed that Mr Kitchen, the editor of the Globe, was quite incapable of any such thing. From what he knew during the short time that he had been acquainted with him, he believed that he was quite incapable of acting falsely to the party with whom he had identified himself. Mr Kitchen had no communication with him, and there was no understanding between them. He (the speaker) had no influence with the Globe, and if they did not support him he was very sorry, because if they did so they would be supporting a man who was as good a representative of the labour party as anyone else.—(Applause.) But that was a matter of opinion. Then, again, there were certain re-

FRIDAY DECEMBER 5, 1890

Today is polling day and William is out early to see the city cast its vote in what he expects to be an extraordinary day for the labour party. Most newspaper correspondents are picking a return of the previous Government with a healthy majority. Newspaperman John Ballance is given no chance, but William believes they have underestimated the impact of the labour movement on voters and if Otago is anything to go by, some of the pundits are in for a surprise. William finds the labour party set up as a candidates' office on the western frontage of the City Hall in Dowling St. He walks over to greet the committeemen, but none of the candidates are present as yet. To his amusement, James Allen's committee, in its anxiety to gain an equal advantage, has secured the eastern frontage of the City Hall. The two sets of men stare impotently at each other as a crowd of citizens slowly fills Dowling St, the men to vote at Garrison Hall and the women to support them. William discusses the chances of the various candidates with passers-by.

‘Mr Allen is bound to win,’ says one bowler hatted gentleman. ‘He’s got the experience, not like some of these new chums standing for the first time.’

‘So you don’t think the labour candidates stand a show?’ asks William. Before the man can answer, back comes ‘Down with capital, up with labour’ from a group of workingmen who have heard the question.

‘Pinkerton and Fish will get on, even if Fish is an ornery old codger,’ says one man.

‘And I bet Lanarch is beaten by that William Earnshaw,’ says another. A chorus of ‘Aye! Aye!’ is heard from other members of the gathering crowd. However, Allen is reckoned a formidable opponent by even the labour supporters. Betting on the candidates is as lively as if at the racecourse, with most bets going to Pinkerton, Fish and Allen. Very long odds are being offered against the other candidates. When news came through that Mills has beaten John Millar at Port Chalmers, the betting hardens for Allen securing one of the city seats, to the point it’s expected he’ll lead the polling. William has never seen such excitement on an election day. As the hour for the closing of the poll nears, the curiosity, as well as the numbers of the curious, increase, and by 7 o’clock the whole of Dowling St, from its intersection with Princes St all the way down to the office of the *Otago Daily Times*, presents a sea of faces which has never before been collected in that thoroughfare. A great deal of good natured banter is indulged in while the multitude awaits the results of the city polling, and this is diversified as the cheers or groans of those assembled greet the announcements at the *Daily Times* Office from the suburban and provincial electorates. Soon there’s a murmuring in the crowd.

‘What are they saying?’ asks William of a portly gentleman with a florid complexion standing beside him.

‘They’re saying the three labour candidates have won Dunedin,’ says the man, looking dismayed. ‘Allen hasn’t polled enough. What a disaster.’ William smiles.

‘No, it’s probably the best thing that could have happened to the city, and to the country,’ he says. ‘Now we’ll see some change if more labour candidates get in.’ He doesn’t have long to wait for confirmation of the earlier prediction. About 20 minutes after 9 o’clock the returning officer announces the non-official declaration of the poll. He’s received with tumultuous applause, and many seconds elapse before he can make himself heard. As soon as partial silence is restored amongst the sea of upturned faces, Mr Taylor declares Mr Pinkerton, Mr Fish and Mr Hutchison the winners of the seat in that order. As each name is called an enormous cheer rises from the crowd and when David Pinkerton appears to thank the voters, he can’t speak for several minutes because of the prolonged applause, as is also the case with Henry Fish and William Hutchison.

To William's mind, Fish's final comment says it all, and the crowd seems to think so as well because even louder cheers ring out at his statement.

'I think that these results will teach you the value of union and solidity, and what you have to do in the future to secure representatives who will really represent you.' The reception meted out to the losing candidates is a loud mixture of cheers and groans so that none of them can be heard above the din. William Earnshaw, the deposer of William Larnach, is given the task of thanking the voters and the returning officer and his staff.

'The labour party to-day has proved that it realises the importance of the solidarity of labour,' he says to loud acclaim. 'You have proved to-day that you are determined in the future that the prosperity of New Zealand shall be promoted by those who hail from the ranks of labour, and I hope that in the coming Parliament you will refuse to listen to a hostile press, and that you will judge your candidates through Hansard itself. I trust that those whom you have returned to-day will prove themselves worthy of your confidence. I am glad to say that we are to-day achieving a victory all along the line.' Loud and continued cheering echoes around the Sts from a crowd almost delirious with excitement. William congratulates the labour candidates and heads off to his office to write the day's proceedings up for the next issue of *The Globe*. He is feeling particularly satisfied. In no small way, he believes, he has helped to achieve this outcome.

THERE can be no denying that the Labour Party have scored a great victory in the city and adjoining electorates. And a similar result has occurred in the other principal towns of the colony. Port Chalmers alone forms a marked exception, and it may be hoped that the defeat of Mr Millar marks the sense of many of his own party that his conduct in connection with the strike was highly reprehensible, and the strike itself uncalled for. But for the rest the labour leaders have succeeded in making the working classes in the towns and their neighbourhood believe that the election should be fought as a class contest. That many of the electors seriously think that their interests can be advanced by setting labour against capital, and the employed against the employing class, we can hardly believe. But they have not thought, they have merely felt. Instead of looking to their interests they have been guided by their feelings. Once the working man had got it into his head that the election was to be fought as a class contest, very naturally he stood by his class. The

THURSDAY JANUARY 15, 1891

‘Well done William,’ says a friend slapping him on the back and passing him a sherry as they wander together around the handsome dining room of the Shamrock Hotel marvelling at the large mirrors in gold frames and the carved ceiling with its cut glass chandeliers. More friends came up to congratulate him just before the night’s proceedings are called to order by new Member of the House of Representatives and former brass finisher, William Earnshaw.

‘It’s my happy duty to chair this smoke concert for our good friend, the editor of *The Globe*, William Freeman Kitchen,’ says Earnshaw. ‘We’re here to relax, tell a story or two, have some toasts and generally celebrate the work William has done for the labour party before and during the election.’ The group of around 40 men clap loudly and William looks pleased.

‘But first I should read out the apologies,’ says Earnshaw. These include Robert Stout, the Mayor, John Carroll, David Pinkerton and Henry Fish. ‘Let’s have a toast to these gentlemen.’ The gathered men raise their glasses. As the evening progresses several songs are sung, William is persuaded to render one of his favourite recitations and several men play popular songs on the piano accompanied by some rather raucous singing. After several toasts which leave the guests laughing and in high good humour, Earnshaw calls everyone to order.

‘While Wellington decides who will be the Government, we can celebrate the success of the election here in Dunedin,’ he says. ‘We have to thank William for his active contribution to that success.’ To the cheers of those present Earnshaw presents William with a beautifully illuminated address.

‘I’m very honoured to receive this address,’ says William, looking round the room at the men gathered there.

‘I believe fervently in the cause we have all espoused and I hope some of the success in the election was in some small way a result of the work of *The Globe*. I will continue to work hard on your behalf and that of all workingmen in Dunedin and the colony.’ The men crowd round and shake his hand and clap him on the shoulder. William is overwhelmed with the outpouring of appreciation. He feels it’s one of his finest hours. He’s only sorry Pinkerton isn’t here. Just a few days ago William was at the Tailoresses’ Union meeting where Harriet Morison presented his friend with a purse of 41 sovereigns for his services as president to that body. William had taken the

opportunity to endorse the general appreciation and reminded those present, nearly 200, that united action was the key to union success.

‘One essential feature in keeping the members together is loyalty to the officers, and you have a body of officers of whom any union might be proud,’ he told the union members, before urging them to show moderation and prudence when trying to effect reforms.

As William made his way home after his evening at the Shamrock, he contrasts this happy occasion with the less than congenial celebration of his 28th birthday on Friday. Annie had prepared a family dinner to which he’d arrived late, by which time the boys were in bed and his wife coldly angry.

‘I don’t want to hear your latest excuse,’ she says, putting away her sons’ and her own dishes and leaving William’s alone on the beautifully decorated table. ‘I’ll leave you to enjoy your birthday without us, as that seems to be what you enjoy the most.’

‘Annie, I’ve said I’m sorry. You know the life of a journalist is a busy one.’

‘And the life of a wife and mother is not?’ asks Annie, close to tears. ‘This is not what I hoped for us when we married. I really don’t know you anymore.’ William looks stricken and guilty.

‘Have you nothing to say?’ asks Annie. William is silent, unable to offer any reassurance. Annie walks out while William stares blindly at his congealing birthday meal.

Although we are now within a fortnight of the Parliamentary session which is to decide the fate of the Ministry and of the country, it is even yet impossible to offer or to obtain any really trustworthy information as to the progress of events, or as to the coming probabilities. Various rumours are freely circulated as to the Ministerial intentions, and I doubt if anything more definitely or authoritatively is known than this:—That the whole question of the course to be taken will be submitted to a meeting of the party immediately before Parliament meets, and that then a decision will be arrived at as to whether Ministers shall resign at once or bring down a Speech from the Throne and take a vote on the question of confidence, which in that case would, of course, be raised by Mr. Balfour. But if the latter course were preferred, the next point would be who should lead, and here would arise a serious difficulty. I am convinced that it is absolutely hopeless to expect Sir H. Atkinson to lead. That is physically impossible. Such being the case, Messrs Bryce and Rolleston are deemed the only feasible alternatives. The latter seems to

SUNDAY MAY 24, 1891

Members of the delegation to greet the Minister of Mines and Works, Richard Seddon, jostle together on the platform as they wait for his four o'clock train to pull into the station. Accompanied by Joseph Ward and Robert Stout, Seddon is arriving from Wellington by the *Kaikoura* at Port Chalmers at about three o'clock. William, standing in the lee of the station out of the wind, surveys the informal group that has gathered to welcome the Minister. There's a fair representation of nearly all the major labour groups in the city, and includes the newly elected Members of the House of Representatives, Pinkerton, Fish, Hutchison, Earnshaw and Dawson.

'I think I'll join you,' says Harriet Morison, secretary of the Tailoresses' Union, pulling her coat around her and stamping her boots on the pavement. 'I hope the train's not late, I'd like to get somewhere warmer.' William looks quizzically at his companion.

'I suppose it was a good idea to wait for Mr Seddon and not go ahead with setting up the National Liberal Association without him? He was quite supportive of the strike and it'd be good to have his backing.'

'Yes, William, it was a good idea to wait,' chimes in David Pinkerton as he rubs his hands together to get them warm. 'I think Seddon's interest has definitely been aroused since he heard Dunedin was setting up a Liberal Association.'

'As usual, the conservative papers are pouring scorn on it,' says William Hutchison, coming to stand alongside him out of the wind.

'You're getting a pasting from them again,' says Pinkerton, looking at William in commiseration. William shrugs. He's learned to ignore the nasty utterances, especially from the Dunedin correspondent of the *Tuapeka Times* who never misses a chance to pillory William's actions. The National Liberal Association is a case in point. Just yesterday the paper called him a 'small-brained, pretentious little man', an 'arrant' coward, a 'fribble' when it discussed the establishment of the association.

'I have a fair idea of who that correspondent is,' says William, 'but of course I can't prove it.' By this time the other members of the informal deputation have joined them out of the wind as they wait for the train bearing Seddon to arrive. Not long after four o'clock it does, and the large, burly figure of the Minister steps down from the carriage followed by Ward and Stout. The deputation hurries over to welcome them. Pinkerton introduces Miss Morison and then William steps forward.

‘On behalf of the committee of the National Liberal Association I extend to you a very hearty welcome to Otago,’ he says. ‘You are not to understand that such an informal reception indicates a lack of cordiality,’ he tells Seddon. ‘Had you arrived in the evening, a public demonstration would have been given, but it couldn’t have been actuated by kindlier feelings than the reception now accorded you by this deputation.’ Seddon smiles at the group shivering in the cold on the platform. William hasn’t finished.

‘We Liberals of Otago have watched the proceeding of your Ministry with the keenest interest and we heartily approve of the strong stand on the side of Liberalism which your Ministry has taken, and we trust it is an earnest of what is to follow.’ William’s colleagues murmur in agreement.

‘You will find that the people of Otago know what they want, and won’t be backward in putting forward their claims,’ William continues. During William’s welcome, Seddon listens intently and nods approvingly. He steps forward to stand beside William, completely dwarfing him, and addresses the deputation, thanking them for meeting him and promising to be at the inaugural meeting of the association, put off until next week so as to allow him to attend.

‘I like the look of some of the articles of your association,’ he says, ‘and while the Government doesn’t commit itself to all 24 of them, it is fully committed to the general principles of Liberalism and to encouraging Liberalism in New Zealand.’ As secretary of the provisional committee of the new organisation, William has had a hand in drawing up those 24 articles Seddon referred to. He’s sure they will get support for most if not all of them at the public meeting. The deputation walks with Seddon off the railway platform towards the cab rank.

‘Until Wednesday then gentlemen and ladies,’ says the Minister, doffing his hat, and climbing ponderously into the cab with Ward and Stout.

‘That went well,’ says William Earnshaw. ‘We’d better get together and go over the programme for Wednesday.’

PLATFORM.—The National Liberal Association is formed to advocate—1. Securing voting power to every adult, and the abolition of all property qualification. 2. That the Government undertake as a State function the employment of all needing work. 3. The State ownership of land, mines, railways, and coastal marine service. 4. The statutory limitation of legal rent and interest. 5. That the State place the best education within the reach of all.

OBJECTS.—Some of the means adopted by the association to carry the above principles into operation shall be the advocacy and support of:—1. Residential qualification only for electors. 2. Female

franchise. 3. State aid for co-operative industrial settlements. 4. Government labour bureaux. 5. The appointment of a Minister of Labour. 6. Extension of municipal functions and an increase generally of local government. 7. Absolute stoppage of the sale of Crown lands. 8. Progressive land and income tax and abolition of property tax. 9. Land succession dues to be paid in land. 10. Land companies to be taxed periodically to an amount equal to the average proceeds of succession dues. 11. Sale tenure of lands to be a lease from the State. 12. Nationalisation of land. 13. Nationalisation of mines. 14. Nationalisation of all railways. 15. Nationalisation of coastal marine services. 16. A legal periodic adjustment of rents. 17. Statutory limitation of the maximum amount of recoverable interest. 18. A State bank of issue. 19. The State to supply educational requisites at cost price. 20. That equal facilities be given for acquiring primary and secondary education. 21. An elective revising committee with limited powers instead of a Legislative Council. 22. An elective Governor. 23. Simplification of the machinery of the Government. 24. Simplification of judicial procedure. X

CHRISTCHURCH

FRIDAY JUNE 7, 1891

The two Williams, Kitchen and Bolt, lean on the taffrail of the *Penguin* as it clears Lyttelton and steams majestically down the harbour, the lights of the port twinkling sharply in the chill night air. Clearing Godley Head, the ship steers northward, making good time for its Wellington destination next morning. Neither man has spoken, both lost in their thoughts, the younger William, Kitchen, excited about the trip to the capital but also worrying about the financial situation he's left behind at *The Globe*. He sighs.

'What's amiss, William?' asks Bolt. 'That was a sigh fit to scare the gulls off their leavings!' William pulls his coat around his shoulders and shivers in the breeze.

'Things are not going well at the paper as you know,' he says. 'Mr Watson is resigning as manager and I seem to be the one who has to take over the running of the business side of things. Being editor is one thing, but trying to manage the finances of the company as well won't be easy. Surely you and the other directors could have found someone more capable of doing the job.' Bolt pats William reassuringly on the shoulder. 'You'll manage. Look at all the things you're doing now. You have your fingers in so many pies – the industrial co-operative you helped set up, the National Liberal Association, and not to mention your theatrical endeavours. What's a little job like managing the finances of a paper going to matter!' William grimaces and hunches his shoulders even further into his coat and watches the wake churning behind the ship, sparkles of phosphorescence tipping the waves.

'My wife wouldn't agree with you,' he says morosely, recalling Annie's dismay when he told her he was going north for two weeks. She'd wanted to come too but the couple couldn't afford it. He'd been able to pay his fare to Wellington himself but not for the whole family. William winces when he thinks of Annie's silent reproaches and the tears of his children.

'How do you think we'll be received in Wellington?' he asks the older man. 'We've had positive responses around Otago, but Wellington might be harder to convince.' Bolt looks pensive for a moment.

'I think we have a sound platform and it will be up to Ballance and Seddon to implement it. While people mightn't accept all our articles, I think most of them will be approved.'

‘We might have a hard time convincing some that the road to prosperity is ensuring the prosperity of everyone, especially those in the cities,’ says William. ‘There’ll be no true welfare if the majority of the people are ridden rough-shod by capitalists and monopolists.’ Bolt nods. He’s been a storeman for years at Bing, Harris and Co and believes strongly in co-operation. He’s taken an active part in the life of Dunedin ever since arriving there nearly 30 years ago. That’s why he’s on the *Penguin* with William, sailing for Wellington. They’re taking the National Liberal Association message to the capital, and hope to establish a branch there. A public meeting has been called for June 22 and in the meantime, the two men, with colleagues in the capital, will be drumming up support for the movement.

‘It will be interesting to see which papers support our cause,’ says William. He’s not sanguine based on reports published about the association so far. But one that has surprised him has been the weekly *Observer*, based in Auckland. The editor of that organ has been fulsome in his praise of every plank, in marked contrast to such papers as William’s nemesis, the *Tuapeka Times*.

‘Most of them are opposed to our ideas, none more so than the rural papers and those in the big cities. It’ll be hard to convince most of them of the worth of our philosophy,’ says William to Bolt, as they prepare to go below to their cabins.

‘I’m expecting the usual diatribe from the *Tuapeka Times*. Its Dunedin correspondent uses vitriol against me every chance he gets and I’m sure he won’t lose the opportunity to do so again while we’re in Wellington.’

Among the distinguished visitors in this city just now is a gentleman named Wm. Freeman Kitchen, editor of the “Globe,” Dunedin. Mr Kitchen’s business here, perhaps you would hardly credit it, is to establish a branch of his famous National Liberal Association, of which we have lately heard so many amusing accounts. He must surely be very hot on the business when he could come all the way from Dunedin, bringing with him the forty odd planks that constitute the platform of the great political gazebo. But it is more probably his journey is a hungering after notoriety, and the desire for recognition which I am told is the very breath of his nostrils. The subscription to the Association, I understand, is a penny a week; and at the rate the little chap is carrying on here, I’m afraid he’ll make short work of their pennies. These, apparently are the kind of people who profit by agitation at the expense of the workingman. Since his arrival here, Mr Kitchen has kept himself very much in evidence, and I understand he boasts openly of having put the Government into office—of having actually written them into power in the “Globe.” They

DUNEDIN

FRIDAY JUNE 26, 1891

William is struggling to come to terms with the financial state of *The Globe's* operation. Today he's sitting in his editor's office overlooking Princes St puzzling over the latest accounts. Charles Watson, the manager, has left and William must try to manage in his place. He's paying £10 a month for the rent of the offices. If he doesn't pay the rent *The Globe* might lose possession of the building, so he's been very careful to ensure that payment is made on time. He could buy the whole concern for £1000 but that's just wishful thinking. He doesn't have such a sum. But that's not the only thing worrying him. He's probably sparked an enquiry into the running of the Seacliff Lunatic Asylum after he'd published criticisms of its management by Truby King. A railway employee, the husband of a patient, had come to him complaining of not being allowed to see his wife when he called and that Dr King had behaved towards him in a threatening and tyrannical manner. William had espoused Thomas Emerson's cause in *The Globe*. But that's not all. He's about to write a telegram to the editor of the *Evening Post* to correct comments made in that paper about him and the Wellington meeting about the National Liberal Association.

'Dear Sir,' he writes. 'My attention has been called to an expression of regret of yours that Mr Bolt and I should have 'used' the reception to Liberal members at the Opera House, on Monday last, for the purposes of 'professional agitation'. William pauses, crushes the paper and hurls it into the waste paper basket beside his desk. He's pressed so hard the ink has splattered across the sheet. He rewrites his first sentence then continues.

'Permit me to point out, that which you could have seen for yourself did you read the papers published in your own city, that Mr Bolt and I were invited by the Committee of Management to move the resolutions which we did move — in my case without a word of comment.' The *Post* had claimed he and Bolt had 'introduced an element of professional agitation into what would have been better preserved as a spontaneous and purely local demonstration'. Williams continues writing.

'Further, the meeting was organised quite as much for the purpose of establishing a political association as for welcoming Liberal members. Finally, neither Mr Bolt nor I receive one penny (not even for travelling expenses) for organising branches of the

Liberal Association.’ He signs and dates the telegram and puts it in the out basket for the office boy to take down to the Post Office. He’s convinced he’ll never win over any of the press and his motives will always be questioned. All he and Bolt had done at the meeting was at the conclusion move that a branch of the association be formed in Wellington with a committee of 10 be appointed to enrol members and draft a platform and constitution. As he rereads what he’s written there’s a knock at the door and the new chief reporter, George Barnes, pokes his head in.

‘Are you free for a moment, William?’ he asks. William nods and gestures to Barnes to take a chair.

‘How are the finances of the paper?’ asks Barnes. ‘The staff are worried about their future with the paper now Mr Watson’s gone.’

‘I am doing my best,’ says William. ‘The situation is certainly rather precarious but I’m sure I can manage to find guarantees so we can continue.’ Barnes looks unconvinced.

‘If the company went into liquidation my position is the one that’s most at risk,’ says William. ‘I’m the largest shareholder and if I had to pay up on my shares I’d probably have to pay up on the other shares I’ve personally guaranteed as well.’

‘Everybody owns shares in the company,’ sneers Barnes. ‘You’re not special.’

‘But I’m also one of the guarantors to the bank for payment of rent for the plant,’ says William, ‘and I’m a joint guarantor for the overdraft at the bank. I’d also lose my job and knowing how many enemies I’ve got doubt I could find another job here.’ Barnes nods.

‘You’re right there!’

‘But I have almost completed negotiations for a further advance of money to tide us over until things improve, so the company’s safe in my view,’ says William.

‘Too late for you, though,’ says Barnes. ‘I have here a resolution by all the staff asking the directors to take steps to remove you as both business manager and editor.’

‘All the staff? Why?’ asks William.

‘Yes, all 23 of them,’ says Barnes. ‘They’ve lost confidence in you as both editor and manager, and they won’t co-operate with you in any arrangements you make for the continuation of the paper.’ William is white by the time Barnes finishes. He stands and walks towards Barnes in his chair.

‘Leave immediately,’ he shouts at his subordinate. ‘I own shares in this paper just like everyone else and I’m doing my utmost to keep the paper afloat. If the directors are

unhappy with my work, they'll tell me. You just want my position. You've been angling for it ever since you came here. Get out!' Barnes beats a hasty retreat before a fuming editor and William slams the door after him. He's shaking with anger and humiliation. His head is pounding and he has to sit down.

'Does nobody see I have their best interests at heart?' he cries to the empty room. He returns to scrutinising the company accounts and begins letters to possible guarantors. That takes him most of the afternoon before he can ready himself for the first monthly meeting of the National Liberal Association being held in the Athenaeum Hall tonight.

He meets the president, Robert Stout, at the entrance and the two men make their way to the stage. It's already been decided that the topic of discussion this evening is to be the proposed abolition of the Legislative Council and Stout is keen to have his say, which he does to the applause of the 150 people present. He describes how the second chamber has been the source of much discussion over the last 50 years and has been shown to be weak and lack influence. William also speaks, stating that the strongest argument in favour of the abolition of the Legislative Council is its utterly demoralising effect on the representatives of the people in the Lower House.

'Again and again our representatives have passed measures that they were totally opposed to, knowing that they would be thrown out in the Upper House,' he says. 'If the members of the House of Representatives knew that there was nobody above it upon which they could throw the responsibility of passing measures, they would do more honest work than they had done in the past.' He suggests a revising committee as proposed by Sir Robert would do good work and this is what the meeting finally agrees to, despite many seeing no need for anything to replace the Legislative Council.

The very first meeting of this Association has demonstrated the farcical character of the whole business. Who are the men who compose it? Sir Robert Stout and his little band of marionettes—puppets every one of them that can be pulled by a string and set a-dancing to amuse and flatter the immeasurable vanity of Sir Robert Stout. Just look at this individual, L. Beer, who goes about cock-crowing and flapping his wings at temperance bun fights, talking about Swiss Referendums, and evolving tin-pot schemes out of his watery brain to pull down and re-cast the constitution. And look also at our gingerbread revolutionist, Mr Freeman Kitchen, and his insufferable rubbish about the people and the aristocrats and the kings. One, knowing no better, and listening to this senseless jargon, would be led to think he was living under Russian rule. I regretted

FRIDAY JULY 31, 1891

Two letters had arrived at the Kitchen house in Roslyn on Wednesday evening –one for Annie and one for William –but they had two contrasting messages, one positive and one negative. The former was from Annie’s family telling her of her architect brother William’s success in winning first prize of £50 for the design of the Wellington Public Library. The latter was a message that ex-magistrate William Simpson, having been appointed an official visitor of the Seacliff Lunatic Asylum, was going to that institution on Thursday to start the enquiry into the allegations made and published in *The Globe*. Annie was elated. William was furious.

‘How can I possibly go tomorrow at such short notice,’ he fumed at his wife, as she smiled happily over her letter. ‘He wants me to be at the train by 11am tomorrow. That’s too short notice and I’ll tell him so! “Suit my convenience” indeed!’ He promptly sat down and dashed off a reply to Simpson.

‘I most certainly decline to enter upon so important an inquiry at 15 hours’ notice,’ he wrote. Annie looked puzzled.

‘But you knew this was coming up, William. Why are you so surprised now?’

‘I was asked by Dr Macgregor on the 21st to formulate specific charges in writing, and was told no inquiry would be granted until this was done. I haven’t formulated the charges yet,’ he said. ‘Macgregor’s precipitate action is extraordinary.’

‘Who’s Macgregor?’ Annie enquired.

‘Oh Annie, don’t you read the papers? He’s the inspector of lunatic asylums. He’s just released his annual report on asylums in the colony.’ Annie frowned.

‘How many asylums do we have –not many surely?’

‘Seven, and Seacliff’s the biggest. It’s got 476 people locked up in it.’ William paced the floor picking up his cane as he circled the room and tapping it furiously on the wooden floorboards.

‘Simpson wants to start the enquiry proper on Saturday and begin examining witnesses and wants to know the names of people I wish to have summoned as witnesses. It’s too soon.’

‘Calm down William. Can’t you do something to put him off?’

‘No, it sounds as if he’s made up his mind and he’s going to go without me,’ said William.

'I don't trust him, either. He was a good magistrate but he's been extremely hostile to *The Globe*. We won't get a fair hearing.' He headed off to his desk to write something on the matter for next day's *Globe*.

Today William is in his office in Princes St wondering whether the enquiry will go ahead or be adjourned until he has formulated the charges as asked for by Dr Macgregor. The office boy knocks on the door and brings in a sheaf of letters. On the top of the pile he recognises Simpson's distinctive handwriting. He rips the missive open and starts reading then throws it down in disgust. Simpson is starting the enquiry tomorrow morning. He's going to take evidence from Emerson, the man who made the original allegations against the asylum and its superintendent, Truby King. William pulls out a sheet of paper and begins another letter to Simpson.

'If I had cause then to fear the bias resulting from your known hostility to *The Globe*, I have ample proof now of your collusion with officers of the department to prevent *The Globe* securing a fair hearing at the inquiry,' he writes. 'A paragraph in the morning paper intimates that you still persist in proceeding with the inquiry tomorrow morning. I have received no notice of this from you, and so presume the paper is in error. If not, before you commit yourself to a course of open defiance of justice and fair dealing, I should advise you to consider the statements made in my articles of last night and tonight, and would once more recommend you to adopt the course of action indicated in my previous letter.' William is at a loss over what to do next to delay the proceedings, except perhaps take steps to lay the matter before Parliament and hope a full and independent inquiry will result. He adds that thought as a postscript to the letter, blots it, puts it in an envelope and calls for the office boy to deliver it to Simpson.

OFFICIAL INQUIRY.
SATURDAY, AUGUST 1.

An official inquiry into certain charges that have been made in connection with the management of the Seacliff Lunatic Asylum was opened on Saturday morning in the board room of the Waste Lands office before Mr W. L. Simpson, who had been appointed to conduct the inquiry. The Inspector-general of Asylums (Dr Macgregor) and the Superintendent of the Seacliff Asylum (Dr F. Truby King) were both present.

Before the proceedings commenced Mr Emerson, who was also present, was asked whether he wished to be represented by a solicitor.

Mr Emerson replied: No; and I protest against this inquiry going on at all to-day, as being a one-sided affair altogether.

Mr Simpson: Very well; I will give you an opportunity of remarking that immediately. As a preamble to opening the inquiry, I may shortly state that I sit here to make an inquiry as an official visitor of the Lunatic Asylum at Seacliff. The Government have seen fit to ask me if I would accept such an office. Reluctantly, I may say, I accepted the office; and they further intimated to me what was the immediate necessity for appointing an official visitor. Certain statements and allegations had appeared in a newspaper in this city, and with the view, I presume, of having them thoroughly sifted they have appointed me, rightly or wrongly, to make this inquiry. I got my appointment, and knowing that the gentleman in charge of the paper took a considerable interest in this matter, his paper having been the channel in which the allegations were made, I wrote to him, on the 29th July, as follows:—

MONDAY AUGUST 3, 1891

Breakfast is a quiet affair at the Kitchen home today, the two boys realising their father is distracted and unlikely to pay them any attention. Annie goes quietly about her duties, wary of arousing William's ire when he is so mired in worries about *The Globe* and the inquiry. William is oblivious of his surroundings and eats his breakfast mechanically before picking up his hat and cane and walking out the door –forgetting to farewell his family who are left sitting at the table angry and confused. He's received another letter from the Government through Dr Macgregor saying the Seacliff inquiry would be adjourned to give him reasonable time to prepare his case. But it wasn't. The inquiry went ahead on Saturday. As he plods down City Road towards his office William goes over in his mind how he might proceed. He's so engrossed in his thoughts he nearly walks into the path of the tram which rings its bell and passengers stare at him perplexed as he stumbles out of the way. It's almost 10 o'clock by the time he gets to his Princes St office. He spends the day hunched over his desk trying to sort out how the paper can continue without going bankrupt.

By 5.30pm he shuffles the paper on his desk and decides he's had enough of worrying and locks the three drawers of his desk. Remembering George Barnes' warnings about leaving the Seacliff papers lying about he'd handed the most important ones over to his lawyer at lunchtime. Satisfied, William leaves the office and heads home to Roslyn for tea. Annie and the boys are unsure of his mood and tiptoe round him fearing to trigger further angry outbursts. William doesn't notice.

'I've got a meeting with the directors of the Co-operative Association at 8 o'clock,' he suddenly tells Annie in the middle of spooning his dessert into his mouth. 'I won't be back until nearly midnight.' She looks mutinous but just nods and continues with her own meal while keeping an eye on Edward and Arthur. The boys follow their father into the parlour after the meal, hoping he might read them a story or two before bedtime.

'Papa, will you read us a story?' asks Arthur. William shakes his head.

'Ask your mother. I have to get ready for a meeting.' Arthur's bottom lip trembles but four-year-old Edward bursts into loud sobs.

'You never read to us anymore, Papa. I don't like you anymore.'

'Go to your mother,' shouts William. 'I haven't got time to listen to your wailing.' He stamps out of the room, glares at Annie and heads for the door. Back at *The Globe* he finds several of the Co-operative Association members already present in his office and

all preparations made for the meeting. The organisation was established in January and is designed to provide cheap and effective distribution of goods to members of the association. It was an idea of the railway employees which had been seized on by members of the labour movement. Eight directors are present including John Millar, Thomas Brickell, Captain Fox and the secretary, Septimus de Leon. The meeting lasts about an hour and a half finishing about half-past nine, or a little later. Captain Fox and William leave first.

'You'll see to all lights,' he calls to de Leon as the pair leave the room. De Leon nods his acceptance. From there William and the captain walk to the Excelsior Hotel where Fox leaves him a few minutes later. William finds his solicitor with others in another room and remains with them until about 11 o'clock before taking the 25 minute walk back to Roslyn. The house is in darkness and he tiptoes inside, undressing without light before slipping into bed beside Annie. She has her back to him but her stiffness informs him she is still awake. He says nothing, not wishing to start any more discussions of his failings as a husband and father.

About 1 o'clock this morning Sergeant Geer and Constables Gleeson and O'Halloran, who were on duty in Princes street, had their attention attracted by a smell of fire, which, upon investigation, they discovered to proceed from the office of the Globe newspaper. On close examination they found that the office was ablaze in the basement on the Princes street frontage, and that the premises at the rear were also on fire. We understand that the basement portion of the premises was used as a composing room for the weekly edition of the paper, and that the portion at the rear, where the fire was discovered, which is immediately under the composing room of the daily edition, was utilised as a folding room. A light was observed in the basement by Constable Williams when he went on duty at 9 o'clock, but this circumstance being not unusual, did not excite his suspicions. The officers mentioned communicated with the Fire Brigade station, and the brigade and Salvage Corps promptly turned out. The firemen at first turned their attention to the back, where the fire seemed strongest, also directing one branch from the front to the basement. The fire at the rear was quickly subdued, and full attention was then devoted to that at the front, which by this time threatened to assume serious proportions. The two front doors were forced open, and it was then found that the flames from below had communicated, probably by the stairway, to the ground floor, and thence by another stairway to the upper portion of the building. The full head of water now available speedily enabled the brigade to master the fire below, but some difficulty was experienced and some delay caused in finding and putting out some fire which still lurked in the partitions in the upper storey. Close examination of the

TUESDAY AUGUST 4, 1891

The first William hears of the fire at *The Globe* is during breakfast when there's a furious pounding on the front door and a boy yelling at the top of his voice. He gets up to see what the racket's about. He pulls open the door ready to berate whoever is making the din when the young lad pants:

'Mr Kitchen, Mr Kitchen, you've got to come. Your office has burned down.'

'What? When?'

'Last night,' says the boy. 'But you've got to come. The police are there and they want to talk to you.' William grabs his hat and cane and runs to catch up with the boy who has already started down the hill.

'Wait, wait,' he calls to the boy. 'Was anyone hurt?' The boy turns and shrugs.

'I dunno. Don't think so.'

When William finally arrives at the Princes St premises he is puffed and out of breath and he can see even from a distance that the building is partially burnt. A small crowd lingers in the St and William has to push his way through to get to the entrance. He walks through the rooms until he finds the detectives and their Superintendent, Mr Jacobs, in his office.

'A gas tube was found in the top left hand drawer, and the drawer was partly open,' says Jacobs to the detectives as William walks in.

'But I locked that drawer,' says William on hearing these words. The policemen ask William to come with them to look at the rest of the building. Before he leaves his office he looks round to see if anything else has been damaged or altered in any way. He looks at the drawer again and finds some marks on it which look as if it has been forced open. He tries his key. It goes in with difficulty but doesn't turn.

'Come on Mr Kitchen, we haven't got all day,' calls one of the detectives. William leaves the room and follows the men down the stairs to the first floor.

'What do you know about the fire?' one asks. 'Nothing,' replies William and recounts how he spent the previous day. He tells the men about the marks on the drawer.

'It looks as if it's been forced,' he tells them.

'Was there anything of importance in that drawer?' asks a detective.

'Well, there were some papers connected with the Seacliff inquiry,' says William, 'but they were quite unimportant and there don't seem to be any missing. There are some missing, though – a letter from Captain Stewart, a statement of Emerson's case, and two

letters addressed to Robert Stout aren't here. They must have been removed sometime after Monday night, when I locked the drawer.'

'Are you sure?' asks the detective.

'Yes. Once before I missed a letter from my file about Thomas Emerson. That was a week before the fire. That letter has never been found,' says William. The detectives take William through the building and ask his opinion on what he thinks might have happened.

'Well, it looks as if there were two distinct fires, one in the machine room and one in the folding room,' says William.

'Who do you think might have lit the fire?' asks a detective.

'I have no idea,' says William.

'Do you know anything about a gas tube running from the gas burner to a drawer in your desk?'

'No, I rarely use the gas burner. It's usually turned off.'

'Well, there was a very strong smell of gas when the firemen entered the building last night,' says the detective, 'and it looks as if it came from that gas tubing. We're lucky the whole building didn't explode.'

'I don't know anything about that,' says William. The police eventually leave and William returns to his office. It's clear the police consider him a suspect and he knows his enemies will be out in force to smear his reputation even further. What with the Seacliff Inquiry and now the fire, his world is slowly shredding. There are few left who still believe in him but the fire will test their support to its limits, he knows. There's a knock at the door and William raises his head lethargically.

'What is it now?' Barnes is at the door.

'We've just been notified there's to be an inquiry into the fire. It's been called by the insurers for Friday. Better have a good story ready.'

JOURNALISTIC.—At a well-attended meeting of shareholders of the *Globe* Newspaper Company, held at the Choral Hall, Dunedin, on Wednesday evening, it was resolved, in view of the recent fire, to request shareholders to pay up at once as much of the uncalled capital as possible to enable the publication of the paper to be continued. The management were instructed to forward circulars to this effect to all shareholders. A resolution was passed, amidst applause, expressing the sincere thanks of the shareholders to the management of the *Otago Daily Times* for their kindness in coming to the rescue of the *Globe* in its time of trouble. It was also resolved unanimously that the action of the editor of the *Globe* with regard to the Seacliff Asylum should be heartily endorsed, and that he should be requested to prosecute the matter to the end.

TUESDAY AUGUST 11, 1891

A small crowd has gathered outside the Law Courts for the third day of the inquest into *The Globe* fire. William has arrived early so he can be briefed by the company's lawyer, Alf Hanlon, before he gives his evidence before the coroner, Edgar Carew, and the jury of six men.

'This is your turn to put the record straight,' says Hanlon. 'Speak slowly and clearly so that all can hear you.' William nods nervously. He's seen reporters from the *Star* and *Daily Times* enter the courtroom and he knows it's not only the coroner who will be judging his words. Hanlon walks through the courtroom doors which shut behind him with a loud thump. Silence descends on the waiting room until it's broken by the court clerk calling for one of the firemen who attended the blaze in Princes St. He returns about 10 minutes later to be followed by the draughtsman who has drawn up plans of the building. William's hands are now damp with perspiration.

'William Freeman Kitchen!' calls the clerk. Wiping his hands on his trousers, William stands up and follows the man into the courtroom and stands before the coroner. He recites the statement he and Hanlon have agreed on –his position as editor, the financial situation of the paper, who holds the keys to the building, what his movements were on the day in question and how he came to hear of the fire. In his final words he describes his personal liabilities relating to *The Globe* as the largest shareholder in the company, holding 250 contributing shares. He sits down. John Fraser, acting for the police, begins his questioning.

'Is there any person or persons whom you suspect of having fired this building, presuming it has been fired? Have you any enemies? Has the paper any enemies?'

'The paper has a very large number of enemies, and I have about the same number,' answers William wryly. The gallery laughs.

'You are entirely in the dark as to who it was?'

'I am entirely in the dark. I have not the slightest idea as to which particular enemy it was. I am not prepared to say who burnt it down.'

'You have a shrewd suspicion?'

'No. I can't say that I have.'

In reply to further questions, William says he assumes that the person who raised the fire had some knowledge of the premises, but not a thorough knowledge.

‘On Monday night the employees went back to work, and it seemed to me that that was a somewhat curious night to select to fire the premises, as there were four nights in the week when the building was empty after 6 o’clock.’ He tells Mr Carew that he never knew any of the drawers of his desk to have been forced open.

‘Thank you Mr Kitchen, that will be all for now,’ says the coroner and William leaves the court room as his chief reporter George Barnes is called as the next witness. Two other *Globe* staff members are waiting outside, Oliver Mawhinney and Edward Vine. William sits in silence with his head in his hands as first one man then the other goes into the inquest. Barnes sits in the waiting room glowering at William who looks away then up again as the reporter is recalled. He’s in the room longer than before and William knows Hanlon is questioning him about conversations he had with William about the paper’s finances. Barnes pushes through the court room doors looking rather sheepish and heads out the doors of the Law Courts without looking at William. Three insurance agents are then called to give their evidence, followed by the two detectives William had met the day after the fire. Charles Watson, *The Globe*’s erstwhile business manager, smiles at William as he goes to give his evidence which lifts William’s heart somewhat. He is surprised, however, that when Watson exits the courtroom only a few minutes later, William is recalled to be questioned about the arrangements he’s making to find guarantors for the continuation of the paper. He tells the court he told Barnes that if his efforts fell through, he would have to resign, because he couldn’t stand the perpetual worry. Just after 5 o’clock, and after consultation between the lawyers and Mr Carew, the jury retires and about five minutes later returns.

‘Have you reached a verdict?’ asks Mr Carew. William, now sitting beside Hanlon, braces himself. He knows many think he was responsible for the fire.

‘We have. *The Globe* was wilfully set on fire, but there is no evidence to show by whom,’ says the foreman. William lets out a sigh and shakes hands with his lawyer. He looks at the press bench. The reporters there still look sceptical despite the verdict. He suspects he knows what the next day’s leading articles will say. He hurries out the doors of the courts ignoring everyone and makes his way back to Roslyn.

His next task is to write up the charges he’s laying against Truby King and the Seacliff Asylum. He’ll have to forego the National Liberal Association meeting tonight in the Choral Hall. He must remember to send his apologies. He’s not sure he can face anyone after such a gruelling day and with the charges still to be finalised and sent off to

Wellington. He's done 10 of them, mostly to do with King's expenditure of public monies, supervision of patients, quality and quantity of food and his behaviour towards relatives, patients and staff, but he needs to polish his case before sending it off to Mr Cadman, the Native Minister. In the evening he sits at his desk and begins work on the charges. His complaint about not being given enough time to prepare his case has been heard and the inquiry has been adjourned to give him time to do that. Not only that, any witnesses he calls will have their expenses paid. Better still, indemnity has been guaranteed to witnesses from Seacliff for all truthful evidence given by them. William had snorted when he'd read that clause.

'Whose interpretation of "truthful" will be used?' he'd asked Annie on reading the conditions of the adjournment. However, if Dr King had to employ counsel, then William was guaranteed the cost of the same in the event his charges against the institution were upheld. However, there had been a sting in the tale of the conditions. The inquiry would be confined to the charges specifically stated, no temporary medical officer would be appointed as requested by William and nobody would be allowed to interview patients of the asylum except in the ordinary way. His head pounding, William bends to his task. He wants the charges to be in the post by morning. It will be a long night after a long day.

It was evident from the tone of Mr Fraser's questions that he considered suspicion lay upon Mr Kitchen, but accepting Mr Kitchen's statement that arrangements were practically completed for the introduction of fresh capital into the concern—observing, also, the well-known rule as to looking for a motive—it seems clear that he had everything to lose by the fire, and nothing to gain—unless it were release from the worry incidental to a concern struggling with adverse circumstances and much personal ill-will engendered solely by his vituperative writings. It is unfortunate for Mr Kitchen that at the inquiry he should have occupied the position of a "suspect"; and this should teach him a valuable lesson as to the folly and unfairness of slinging charges about recklessly. He himself seemed to recognise that he occupied an unpleasant position when he thought it necessary that he should be recalled in order that he might have an opportunity of explaining some discrepancies between his evidence and that of some of the other witnesses. But those explanations threw no light on the main object of the inquiry. While we do not attach much importance to anything that has been said tending to throw suspicion on Mr Kitchen, it is quite clear that the matter should not be allowed to rest with the unsatisfactory, albeit unavoidable, verdict of the jury. It is the imperative duty of the police to pursue their inquiries most closely in the endeavour to find out the perpetrator of the crime.

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 12 1891

In the night William has come to a decision. Unable to sleep after finishing the work on the Seacliff charges he's thought long and hard about his future. After all that's happened he can no longer in good conscience continue at *The Globe*. He intends to tell the directors so at their meeting this evening. He quickly writes a letter to that effect and seals it. Working at the paper will be unbearable now the staff are so antagonistic, especially Barnes. The strain of the past months wrestling with the management of *The Globe*, along with all his other commitments, has taken its toll. Handing in his resignation seems the only decent thing to do to save the paper from more calumny. Many think his actions have been dishonourable but there are still some stalwart friends who are standing by him. It's Wellington in '85 all over again. His intentions have been impugned and his reputation ruined. The papers are calling his affairs scandalous and clearly the weight of opinion is against him. He needs to talk to Annie and soon. He decides to tell her after breakfast.

'Did you sleep at all last night?' asks Annie as she prepares the morning porridge for the family. William looks haggard but determined.

'No, but I've come to some decisions in the night. You probably won't like them but they have to be made.' Annie looks anxious and glances at the boys.

'Perhaps we should wait until we've eaten then we can talk without little ears hearing,' she says. William nods. He hasn't eaten anything. Annie clears the dishes, sends the boys to play in the parlour, wipes her hands and then sits down at the kitchen table opposite her husband. This is the first time in months they've sat and talked for any length of time.

'I'm going to resign from the paper,' William says without preamble. Annie gasps.

'But you haven't done anything wrong. Why do you need to resign?'

'Things have deteriorated so far it would be impossible to work there any longer. I think the directors would accept me but the staff won't, so it would be untenable to continue as editor...and certainly I have no wish to continue as financial manager. The strain is impossible.'

'Yes, I could see that,' says Annie. 'You've been quite unwell over the last few months and I know it's been the worry over the paper. But you did make things worse for yourself with all the other things you've been doing –all those organisations and things.'

‘I won’t be able to get any reporting work in Dunedin now,’ says William. ‘None of the other papers will take me on. I don’t know what I’ll be able to do.’ Annie starts to look worried.

‘We’re not going to go back to things as they were in Belfast, I hope,’ she says. William considers.

‘I have a little money put aside, so you’ll be alright but I will probably have to get out of Dunedin and try to find work, maybe with a theatrical company if I can find one. I may go and talk to Georgie Smithson at the Excelsior. She may have some ideas.’ Annie frowns. She’s never been too happy about William’s association with the actress since she came to Dunedin and took up the licence at the hotel.

‘What about me and the boys?’ asks Annie.

‘Well, you may need to go back to Wellington if things don’t turn out.’ Annie is shocked.

‘Surely things won’t be that bad!’

‘Do you really want to stay and be ridiculed as the wife of such a scandalous person as I have been painted?’ asks William. ‘You’ve told me how hard you’ve found it being cut dead in the St because of me. Wouldn’t you be better off back with your family?’

‘I suppose so,’ says Annie slowly. She hasn’t seen her parents or brothers and sisters since she left Wellington. Perhaps it is a good idea while William finds his feet again.

‘Let me think about it while you make up your mind what you’re going to do next,’ she says. ‘I know my parents would love to see the boys.’ William is relieved. He’d expected her to be less willing to listen. The couple have been drifting apart ever since they came to Dunedin and he largely blames himself for that. He’s been so caught up in his various enterprises he’s had little time for his family.

The Dunedin Globe says :—At a meeting of the directors of the Globe Newspaper Company, held last Wednesday evening, Mr. William Freeman Kitchen's resignation of his position as editor and managing director was accepted. Mr. Kitchen therefore ceases to hold any position on the staff of this paper. Mr. George Barnes was elected a member of the Board.

TUESDAY AUGUST 18, 1891

The Excelsior Hotel is a roar of excited voices when William walks in its doors in the afternoon. There is a sudden silence in the bar when he enters. Turning to face him are

his erstwhile colleagues from both *The Globe* and the *Evening Star*. He stumbles out of the room, red-faced and furious, and is heading out the door when he's hailed by the proprietor of the establishment, Georgie Smithson.

'Wait, wait, William!' she calls. 'Don't go. Come into the parlour, there's someone I want you to talk to.' She takes William by the arm and turns him toward the side parlour off the main hallway.

'Why were all the press people there?' he asks Georgie.

'They've been playing their annual football match and I presented the banner to the winning team...*The Globe*,' says Georgie. 'I invited them all back to the hotel for drinks.'

'I wish I'd known,' groans William. 'They're the last people I wanted to meet under the circumstances, especially Henry Muir who wrote some dreadful things about me in the paper today. Not to mention that the Seacliff Inquiry report has also come out and exonerated Truby King.'

'Never mind that now,' says Georgie, 'there's nothing you can do about it. Come and talk to George Carey. He's just created a new theatrical company and he's looking for a troupe. I've told him about you.' They walk into the parlour.

'That's good of you,' says William. 'I'm persona non grata around here after the fire and the enquiry, as you saw, and acting is all I could think of to do to tide me over 'til I can make up my mind what to do next.' Georgie pats him on the arm.

'We've all had bad times,' she says. 'Look at me. I've had to take up hotel keeping to keep afloat, and that's not the easiest of endeavours!'

'What's that about keeping afloat?' says a loud voice. It's Carey looking dapper in a black cutaway coat, striped trousers and startling red satin vest.

'Bad times! Don't mention them. Nothing good comes of looking back.' He smiles and sits down, motioning William to join him. Georgie leaves to return to her book keeping.

'Now, my boy, what's this I hear about you wanting to join our little company?' asks Carey. 'You've picked the right time to take up the sock and buskin –although it'll be more sock than buskin this time – we're a comedy company, after all.' He laughs heartily when William looks puzzled.

'Sock and buskin, William. Actors in comedy roles wear the sock and if it's a tragedy, they wear the buskin. That's an elevated sort of boot. It's an old Greek tradition.

‘Well, I’ve got some elevated boots because I’m so short,’ says William. ‘They won’t be much use if it’s a comedy company.’ Carey grins.

‘So Georgie tells me you have done some acting,’ says Carey. ‘Are you any good?’

‘I have had some good reviews for the little I’ve done,’ says William. ‘I certainly enjoy it and would’ve done more if I could have found the time.’

‘That’s good enough for me,’ says Carey. ‘Can you start right away? We’re on the road as soon as we’ve got a full troupe.’

‘I want to leave Dunedin as soon as possible,’ says William. ‘You probably know why, it’s been in all the papers. I’ve done nothing wrong but my enemies have made it impossible to stay.’

‘It’s a deal then. We’re having rehearsals tomorrow night so be here at 7 o’clock to meet the rest of the troupe.’ William nods.

‘I’ll be there.’ He hesitates for a moment. ‘Could you keep our agreement secret, please? I don’t want to give my enemies any more food for gossip.’ Carey nods in understanding.

‘And I think I should change my name too. That’ll throw them off the scent as well. I’ll think of something and let you know tomorrow.’

‘Stage names are not so unusual, after all,’ says Carey. ‘But look lively. Our first show’s in Outram next Friday.’

DUNEDIN is just now mourning the departure of two of her most distinguished citizens, one of whom, Mr W. Freeman Kitchen, well-known through his connection with the “Globe” newspaper, has, since his forcible retirement from the arena of journalism and lunatic asylum enquiries and other little matters too delicate to mention, taken to the sock and buskin, and is at present toiling patiently up the theatrical ladder somewhere on the goldfields. A rugged turn of fortune that for the gentleman with the double-barrelled name, and another instance in the long list of great men, from Julius Cæsar down to our present hero, whose star has been suddenly dimmed. The other gentleman of

FRIDAY OCTOBER 10, 1891

George Carey’s Comedy Company has returned to Dunedin after a hectic schedule of shows around Otago’s provincial towns. The troupe has played in town halls from Port

Chalmers to Invercargill and everywhere in between, and now they are preparing for tonight's performance at the Princess Theatre in support of the Hugo Buffalo Minstrels. William, using the stage name Frank Vane, has played characters alongside Carey and his daughter Cynthia and nobody seems to have recognised him. Reviews have been positive, especially for the main offering *Delicate Ground* which deals with social topics during the French revolution. William had been particularly amused at the effusive reviews he's got from the *Tuapeka Times* for his romantic role as Alphonse, the Royalist. As well, he's acted as business manager for the company and altogether it has been a very pleasant six weeks away from the city and all his troubles there. Before the evening's performance, however, William is going to see Alf Hanlon to find out what's happened about the charges he laid independently against Truby King and Seacliff. He wants to avoid anyone who might recognise him so has used the company's wardrobe and makeup to disguise himself. Suitably accoutred he makes his way to Princess St where Hanlon has his chambers. The lawyer, only three years younger than William, towers over him as they shake hands. In the nearly two years since he started in private practice Hanlon has clearly been making good progress. His kitchen table, cane chairs and letterpress have given way to comfortable leather furniture, solid oak table and wall-to-wall bookcases containing a myriad law books.

'William, it is you, isn't it?' queries Hanlon, clearly puzzled by his visitor's disguise.

'Yes, it's me,' says William. 'I've been on the road with George Carey's Comedy Company and we're back in town. But I don't want any of my enemies to know I'm here.'

'I'd heard you'd joined a company, so what brings you back to Dunedin? I must say the disguise is good, I wouldn't have known it was you until you introduced yourself.'

'Have you heard anything about what has happened to the charges I laid against Seacliff and Dr King? I've had no mail while I've been away.'

'The Government didn't go ahead with an enquiry. They felt King had answered all your charges satisfactorily,' says Hanlon. William scowls.

'And there's something else you should know,' adds Hanlon. 'The Government has offered a free pardon to any person, who wasn't the principal offender, implicated in setting *The Globe* on fire.'

'Why would the Government get involved in that?'

'It's certainly a strange move on their part,' says Hanlon. 'There's a reward offered of £200 for information.'

‘I gather nobody’s come forward,’ says William. Hanlon shakes his head.

‘You’ll also be interested to know that a branch of the Institute of Journalists has just been set up here in Dunedin,’ says Hanlon. ‘Some of your old colleagues are on the committee.’

‘I suppose Barnes is on it?’ says William. ‘I don’t want to see any of them.’

‘So, what’re you going to do now?’

‘I’ve decided I’ll go to Melbourne and see if I can find work there. I’ve got uncles and cousins over there, so it seems the logical place to start, if I can’t stay here.’ He hasn’t told Annie yet; in fact he’s been staying away from his house. He doesn’t want anyone suspecting he’s back in town.

‘Well, good luck, then,’ says Hanlon. ‘I must say I envy you your stint on the boards. I nearly went into acting at one point.’ William is not surprised. Hanlon has a commanding physique and compelling voice which would have stood him in good stead on the stage but serve equally well in the court room.

Farewelling Hanlon, William hastens back to the theatre to prepare for the evening’s entertainment. The first part of the programme is going to be made up of miscellaneous items, comprising vocal solos, dialogue, sketches, step dancing, and suchlike. The final part of the performance is the comedietta *The Bonnie Fishwife* with George Carey, Georgie Smithson and William, although in the programme he’s called an ‘amateur gentleman’. His makeup and costume are so good nobody guesses it’s him and he takes great delight in fooling people who think they know him so well.

Last evening the Carey Comedy Company appeared in Barr’s Hall, and fully sustained the high reputation which preceded it. The *piece de resistance* was “Delicate Ground,” a comedy drama which claims a front place on account of the beauty of its language, the liveliness of its action, and the dramatic force of its situations. As might have been expected from the position Mr Carey occupies as the foremost Australian actor, his impersonation of the astute but impassive Citizen Sangfroid was marked by great power, and formed a complete contrast to the flighty, hare-brained romance of Alphonse de Grandier, which was well played by Mr Frank Vane. Miss Cyn-

MONDAY OCTOBER 21, 1891

Annie Kitchen stands in the parlour of her Roslyn home and gazes out the window, blind to the heavy rain tracking down the panes. She can hear Edward and Arthur squabbling in their bedroom but doesn't have the energy to go to them and make peace. The room is bare, as is the rest of the house. All that is present in the room are the two trunks of possessions she is taking back to Wellington. Soon, the cab will call to take them down to the tongue wharf, there to board the *Waihora* for the journey back to the capital, to her family. Where William is she has no idea. The last she's heard from him was a note from Balclutha to say the comedy company was doing well but the pay was poor.

'You must return to your family,' he had written. 'I'm going to have to go to Victoria to see if I can make my way there. There's no future for me in New Zealand at this stage.' Annie had wept on receiving this message, although it had not been unexpected. William had already warned her of what might happen after the disastrous events of the previous months.

'Mama, why are you looking so sad,' asks a little voice. It's the older of the boys, five-year-old Arthur. Annie stoops and gently smooths the hair off his face.

'I don't want to leave Papa behind,' she says. 'But he's working and can't come with us.'

The boy looks troubled.

'He'll come back, won't he? I want him to read me stories like he used to.' Annie hugs her son.

'I hope so. I do hope so,' she says softly. 'You will be my little man until he comes home.'

'I want to be your little man too,' cries Edward, pushing between Arthur and his mother.

'Of course, of course,' says Annie. 'You're both my little men until Papa comes home. Now, go and play with your toys in your room. I'll call when the cab arrives.' The boys disappear down the hall. As she turns back into the parlour she hears a faint scratching at the kitchen door. Peering out the window she sees a man of middle height and rough wet clothing standing at the door, a cloth cap pulled low over his eyes.

'What do you want? I've nothing to give you. Go away,' she says.

'Annie, it's me,' says the man.

‘I don’t know you,’ she says. ‘Go away at once. I have nothing for you.’

‘The man takes off his cap. ‘It’s me, William. Open the door, quickly; I don’t want anyone to see me.’ Flustered and appalled, Annie opens the door and lets her husband enter.

‘What are you doing William?’ she says, her voice rising in disbelief.

‘Ssh, ssh, don’t let the boys know I’m here,’ says William, stepping inside smartly and closing the door, water dripping on the floor. He stamps his boots on the mat.

‘I can’t stay long; otherwise people might start to talk. But, I had to see you before you go and before I go to Victoria.’ Annie struggles for words.

‘But, but why are you dressed like that?’ she finally asks.

‘I don’t want anyone in Dunedin to know I’m back,’ he says. ‘I’m leaving in a few weeks so I just have to stay unnoticed ‘til then.’ Annie looks round for something to sit on, but the room is empty. She clasps her hands together as if to give herself strength.

‘What am I supposed to do? You’re my husband. You’re a father. You can’t just leave us like this!’ William turns the cap in his hands and looks at the floor.

‘I’m sorry Annie, I have to get away and I can’t take you and the boys with me. I don’t know where I’ll end up, or how I’ll manage, but you can’t come with me. It’s impossible.’

He strides around the small space, unable to watch the tears flowing down Annie’s face. There’s a loud knock at the front door. Both look up, then at each other.

‘That must be the cab for the wharf,’ says Annie, standing straighter and dropping her hands to her sides. ‘You’d better go. I don’t want the boys to see you.’ William makes a move as if to touch her but she stands even straighter and he steps back. There’s another urgent knock at the door. Annie opens the kitchen door, and holds it open until William steps outside.

‘Goodbye, William. I hope you remember you have a wife and children when you reach Victoria. I’ll be in Wellington waiting for you.’ She shuts the door and watches out the window as William stands irresolutely in the yard for a moment before putting his cap back on and walking away. She hurries to the front door where an impatient cab driver is standing on the step.

‘Morning, Mam, are you for the *Waihora*? We’d better look lively, we’re running rather late.’ He hurries into the house. ‘Where’s the luggage? Better get a move on.’ Annie calls the boys and takes one last look around the room before ushering them out the door. It closes with a slam. Annie startles and looks back. The blank face of the

house stares back. She gets in the cab and looks ahead as the horse clatters down the hill towards the harbour and the waiting vessel. There's no sign of William.

DEPARTURES.
Janet Nicoll, s.s., 779 tons, H M'Lean, for Oama
and Timaru. J Mills, agent.
Waibora, s.s., 1289 tons, Anderson, for Sydne
via Cook's Straits. J Mills, agent. Passengers
For Lyttelton—Miss Hart. For Wellington—Miss
Marks, Reith (2), Mcsdames Reith, Kitchen (a
family, 2). Cooper, Messrs May, Purian. F
Sydney—Misses Connell, Bellamy, Gibson, Watso
Mezdames Burrow, Keirle (and child), Stewar
Gibson, Murphy (and 3 children), Burnett, Mess
Clelland, Stein, Johnson, M'Ewing. Downes, W
iams, Levy, Gibson, Keirle, Mollit, 49 steerage.

OAMARU

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1891

The steamer *Rosamund* rounds the concrete breakwater in Oamaru Harbour and makes its way slowly towards Sumpter Wharf. William readies for embarkation. He has a lot of people to see today. He wants to meet with Stephen Boreham of the Shearers' Union, visit George Jones at the *Oamaru Mail*, and if there's time, pay a visit to his friend, David Burn at Meadowbank. But first he's got to get off the ship. It's taking some time for the sailors to get her alongside the wharf and tied up. The coastal steamer usually carries cargo, coal from the West Coast, even potatoes, but occasionally a passenger or two. The accommodation offers the basic necessities, but for William, it is acceptable for a short trip from Dunedin. Once on board he's shed his disguises. He's not concerned about his friends from Oamaru recognising him.

His first stop is at the offices of the Shearers' Union in Tyne St to see if Boreham's about.

'You'll find him down at the Criterion,' says the clerk. 'He's only just left so you should catch him if you hurry.' Thanking the man, William sets off down Tyne St to the hotel, a popular drinking spot for the area, one that William is familiar with, having met many of the unionists there in the past. The solidly-built Boreham is indeed ensconced at the bar. He's fond of the drink, being an ardent anti-prohibitionist.

'There you are William, what'll it be?' bellows Boreham. 'I'm drowning my sorrows over that deal done between the Australian pastoralists and the shearers. The men should have hung out for a better deal.' William accepts an ale from the bartender and joins Boreham at a table.

'What did you think of the New Zealand shearers going across to Queensland and New South Wales?' asks William. 'They wouldn't have been very well received by their counterparts across the Tasman.' Boreham snorts, and downs another ale.

'They'd have been seen as scabs and blacklegs if they hadn't joined the union,' he says. 'But it's all over now, so I suppose the New Zealanders will be coming home.'

'I'm thinking of going over there myself,' says William. 'I have family in Victoria and I thought I'd try to find work there or in Sydney.' Boreham looks interested.

'There's a rumour that the unions over there are going to put out their own newspaper, perhaps you could go for that.'

'Really, tell me more.'

‘Well, it’s only rumour mind, but I’d heard the shearers were going to put capital towards it.’ Over a few more ales Boreham tells William what he knows and gives him some contacts in Australia should he decide to investigate further. He’s been a shearer on both sides of the Tasman and knows many unionists. Delighted with this information William takes leave of Boreham but decides not to head off down Tyne St to the handsome two-storey stone building which houses the *Oamaru Mail*. The editor, George Jones, is a staunch prohibitionist, and would not take too kindly to William breathing alcoholic fumes over him. He spends some time walking along Tyne and Harbour Sts admiring the beautiful limestone buildings, before finally heading back to the *Mail* offices. The paper has always treated William well, not like the *Tuapeka Times*, and he wants to thank Jones for his support before he leaves for Victoria. A long-time newspaperman, Jones has been a bold and determined supporter of the principles of free speech.

‘Hello William,’ says Jones. ‘You’re a bit far out of your patch, aren’t you? I’d heard you’d given up journalism for the stage?’

‘Just for the time being, while I make plans to go to Victoria,’ says William. ‘I’m calling in to thank you for your well-considered coverage of my affairs. You, of all the papers, have been the most kind to my endeavours.’

‘Think nothing of it,’ says Jones. ‘We need more open debate, and you surely contributed to it. I’m sorry things didn’t work out for you in Dunedin. What will you do in Victoria?’

‘Stephen Boreham’s told me of a union paper that might be started for all of Australia, so I might look into that,’ says William. ‘Other than that I’ll try to find other reporting work where I can.’

‘Good luck then,’ says Jones. ‘We’ll hope to hear good things about you from across the Tasman.’

On leaving Tyne St William heads off the North Road towards Meadowbank. He’s hoping to catch his friend, David Burn, at home. The two young men have maintained a firm friendship since first meeting during *Zealandia* days, but it’s been a while since they’ve had a chance to spend any time together. Burn’s been busy teaching at Waitaki Boys High and not so free to visit Dunedin. He and his wife are an unusual couple, with their disregard for the conventions of dress, and their vegetarianism. William likes them for their unconventionality, especially David’s interest in theosophy, but also for their

erudition and love of literature, poetry and music. Alice Burn is a staunch supporter of votes for women and a keen cyclist like her husband. William is looking forward to seeing them both. He just hopes they're at home as he hasn't forewarned them of his visit. He turns into Ouse St and there's David Burn sitting on his front doorstep, taking off his bicycle clips.

'William, my friend, what are you doing here? What a surprise,' he says leaping up to shake his visitor by the hand. 'I've just been out on the bicycle and only just returned. Come in. Come in.' He ushers William into the house and down to the kitchen.

'Alice is at the library. She's suddenly decided she's interested in medicine and has gone to find *Gray's Anatomy*.' Burn puts the kettle on the range and rattles around in the cupboards to find some cups and saucers.

'I'm about to go to Victoria,' says William, 'and I wanted to see some of my friends in Oamaru before I left.'

'I'm glad you did. Sit down, sit down,' says Burn, gesturing for his guest to sit at the table.

'The last time we spoke you had plans for a new book, but I suppose that's fallen by the wayside what with all the fuss about Seacliff and the fire.'

'You could say that, but I haven't given up my plans for a book,' says William, as Burn gets the tea. Before long the two friends are ensconced in comfortable chairs in the drawing room, teacups in hand, and discussing everything from past events to current news to the latest books. The hours pass unnoticed until Burn finally emerges from a discussion of the theosophical elements in the poems of Robert Browning, to realise just how long they've been taking

'It's too late for you to go back to town,' says Burn. 'You must stay the night. At William's nod of assent, the pair returns to their analysis of Browning until they are interrupted by Alice, back from the library. She's been cycling too, and is wearing a rather daring costume of knee breeches.

'William's staying the night,' says David. 'I'm sure he can put up with our vegetarian ways for that long.'

'And as long as he doesn't mind my manner of dress, he's very welcome,' says Alice, unloading *Gray's Anatomy* from her basket and putting it on the table with a thump. She waves at the men cheerily and vanishes down the hall.

'I'll call you when dinner is ready.' During and after the meal, the talking continues, and carries on into the night. It's been a long time since William has enjoyed such unadulterated and convivial conversation. He's missed such unequivocal acceptance.

According to the Oamaru Mail, Mr W. F. Kitchen, late editor of the Dunedin Globe, is on his way to Victoria to edit a paper there in the labour interest. It will be brought out under the auspices of the combined unions, and afterwards merge into a labour paper for the whole of Australia, published by a company whose capital is to amount to £100,000, £10,000 of which will be subscribed by the shearers alone.

SYDNEY

MONDAY, DECEMBER 07, 1891

Since his arrival in Sydney on the *Waihora* four days ago William has experienced an amazing feeling of relief. On leaving Dunedin he'd travelled steerage so nobody would recognise him. But here he's largely unknown, just one of many thousands in the sprawling, rough seaport of New South Wales. The first thing he'd done on arriving was make for the Trades Hall in Dixon St. As luck would have it the weekly meeting of the Trades and Labour Council was being held that evening and he'd taken the opportunity to attend and make himself known to the local unionists. He'd been very cordially welcomed by the chairman, James Watson, and invited to speak.

'Thank you for your kind reception,' said William. 'I bring you greetings from Dunedin and the Trades Council there.' He'd produced letters of recommendation from David Pinkerton and Robert Stout. Asked to give a résumé of affairs in New Zealand he'd told the council that while the labour party there had been successful it wasn't in such an advanced position as the party in New South Wales. The maritime strike had pulled down the New Zealand unions, but they hadn't disaffiliated from the Trades and Labour Council, and hadn't disbanded. At the conclusion of the meeting he was introduced to members of the council and others who'd attended. He'd arranged to call to discuss the position of editor on the paper published by the council, the *Australian Workman*. William knows the paper has had a similar history to *The Globe* – both having started during the maritime strike last year, although the Sydney paper is a weekly.

It's now time for the interview. The first person he meets on entering the Trades Hall is Watson, the chairman of the meeting the other night, and a strong, athletic-looking young man as he bounds down the stairs.

'Hello James, I'm here for the interview for the editor of *The Workman*,' says William.

'Right,' says Watson, 'but call me Chris, I prefer that to James. Come along and we'll tell you all about the job. We let the previous editor go because he was too opposed to our policies on free trade and the single-tax.'

'Who was that?' asks William.

‘Ted Brady. He’s even younger than me, and a bit of a wild ‘un! How old are you, by the way?’

‘Twenty eight.’

‘Oh, just four years older than me, then,’ says Watson. ‘Brady’s 22. We’re hoping the next editor will be a bit more successful. You’ve probably heard about the first editor of the paper?’ William shakes his head.

‘He was the so-called Rev. Theo Keating, but he turned out to be a rogue whose real name was Joseph Crouch, an international conman and fraudster.’

‘Well, I am who say I am,’ says William, ‘and I’m not a rogue or a fraudster.’

‘Good to hear it!’ says Watson as he leads William up the stairs to the interview room, where he spends an hour being questioned by members of the council. He’s told he’ll hear in a few days whether he’s gained the chair of the weekly. Watson has agreed to meet up with him later in the day at the Unity Hall in Balmain. As he walks down the stairs he passes a balding man, around his mid-30s, sporting a quite spectacular curling moustache, who greets him politely as they meet. It appears there might be another contender for the position of editor. William will just have to wait and see.

THE redoubtable W. Freeman Kitchen, having safely emerged from the cloud under which, for a time, he found it necessary to hide his light in this colony, has bobbed up serenely in Australia, and is once more engaged in the regeneration of the race. On his arrival in Sydney he was spoken of as the probable editor of the “Australian Workman”; but the fates were against him, and he took his weary way to the Victorian capital. He

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1981

As a result of his visit to Balmain William has met many of the leading socialists, unionists and anarchists in Sydney and been invited to take part in the regular Sunday afternoon activity of speaking in the Domain. Walking down to the park with Watson he’s amazed at the numbers of men gathering to hear the speakers. There’s been little of this in Dunedin: the meetings there had generally been held in the various halls around the city. Many of the men gathering at the Domain are out of work, Watson tells him. The recession is biting hard and there is fertile ground for the messages being brought to

them by the fledgling labour movement. There's a good line-up of people wanting to speak today and William must wait his turn, which he's happy to do. The speakers all appear young, not the least Sam Rosa, secretary of the Australian Socialist League, who speaks first, calling for universal co-operation where every citizen could vote on every law. This is greeted with great applause from the swelling audience of mainly men, but with a few women sprinkled around the park.

'Industry should be run by the workers,' he says, and can't continue for the prolonged applause from the audience and a waving of the many red flags that are now common at such meetings. He's warming up the crowd well for the next speaker, who's Rose Summerfield, another socialist, six foot tall and a fighter for temperance, socialism and women's rights. Full of energy and fire, she has the audience hanging on every word. William wonders how he'll fare after such riveting speakers, but has little time to ponder as it's now his turn. Being a small man he struggles to see above the crowd until a man hands over a wooden box for him to stand on. William smiles when he sees the company name etched on its side – Sydney Soap and Candle Company, his family's NSW firm. Emboldened by this happy coincidence he launches into a speech on the labour party in New Zealand.

'The whole trend of the labour legislation in New Zealand is in a socialistic direction,' he tells the crowd. 'I am an out-and-out socialist and through my paper *The Globe*, helped to achieve the labour successes in Dunedin at the election last December.' He speaks of the establishment of the co-operative association and the National Liberal Association, of which he was a driving force.

'Some of the platforms of the association are votes for women, and the nationalisation of mines, railways and coastal marine services and education for all,' he says, to loud cheers from his audience. He finally steps down from his soap box, well pleased with his efforts and the response from his listeners. He's followed by William McNamara, a director of *The Workman*, and one of those who'd interviewed him for the editorship. He's a larger-than-life figure with black hair and beard, who soon has the crowd on his side with his satirical and often sarcastic words.

'Comrades, 'Liberty, Equality and Fraternity' are the watchwords of socialism, and socialism does not mean means despotism or disorder and violence, so don't be afraid of it,' he says.

'Socialism will end the war between the rich and the poor, by abolishing class distinctions, and making the rich become members of the working-class.' Shouts of

jubilation greet this comment and the red flags wave enthusiastically in the air. McNamara continues in this vein for some time and finally winds up with exhortations to the men to stand strong and stay united.

almost anything. On Sundays, when out of official harness, he gives advice gratis at unemployed meetings, at which everything that is red hot and outrageous in the Socialistic creed is recommended and received with yells of delight and waving of red flags, with which every meeting is now adorned. Mr Kitchen is now as well-known and as familiar to the mobs as if, instead of a few months, he had spent his life-time here; and with S. A. Rosa, the notorious Sydney Anarchist, and a few more torches of the same ilk, Mr Kitchen should, at any rate, find congenial company.

MELBOURNE

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1891

As the *Derwent* inches into the wharf in Hobsons Bay, William can't make up his mind whether he should visit his family at the company's Ingles St office or head straight for the Trades Council headquarters in Lygon St. The last time he'd been in Melbourne was as a 14-year-old, after a long trip from England on the *Yorkshire*. The family had arrived to spend only eight weeks there before sailing on to Wellington, where his father and Uncle Theo were to set up the New Zealand branch of J. Kitchen & Sons. It'd been barely time to get to know his grandfather or his two other uncles and their children. He knew his cousin Willie, known by the family as Jumbo, the best, he being the nearest to his own age. They'd sailed together on the *Ringarooma* to Wellington along with Uncle Theo, Aunt Lucy and their other children, Henry, Lucy, Theo and baby Agnes, who died just a few weeks after their arrival in Wellington. The two families had spent many hours together in the following year as the company was established and William had farewelled Jumbo sadly when he'd then returned to Melbourne. He didn't know what to expect now, however. The Kitchen firm had grown into one of the leading companies in Melbourne with a large staff and the family had become very wealthy as a result of hard work, but also some astute land speculation and diversification into such things as dairying and orcharding. William isn't sure his welcome will be particularly warm considering his views on wealth, class and land acquisition. And as the *Derwent* crabs into the wharf William is still uncertain what to do. He knows his reception at the Trades Hall will be a warm one. Not only does he carry letters from the Trades Council in Dunedin but now letters from Sydney colleagues as well. Heat is building in the election campaign and he's keen to be involved here in Victoria. However, he can't avoid his family for too long, so he'd better break the ice there first and then head off to Carlton. It is, after all, nearer than Lygon St. Decision made, he hoists up his bag and heads down the gangway. Rather than walk he catches a cab and directs the driver to the Kitchen & Sons factory. It's a pleasant trot up Station St along the reserve and then into Ingles St. This is not so salubrious. It's hard to ignore the smell of the approaching soap works. This is a much more substantial operation than the one he knows in Wellington, the factory extending across a whole block between Ingles and two neighbouring Sts.

The first person he sees when he climbs the steps to the factory office is Willie.

‘Can I help you?’

‘Jumbo, it’s me. William.’

‘Who?’ Willie looks puzzled.

‘William, your cousin. Uncle Joe’s boy. From New Zealand.’

‘What? William! Where on earth have you sprung from? I didn’t know you were visiting,’ says his cousin, shaking his hand vigorously, but still looking puzzled.

‘I’ve come over to look for work. I’m a journalist now.’

‘Oh, aye. I think I heard something about that,’ says Willie. ‘Come to stir us up over here, have you?’ William hesitates.

‘Well there is an election on, so I’m keen to be involved. Can you stand having a socialist in the family?’

‘I don’t think the Kitchens have forgotten the struggle to get where we are today,’ says Willie, ‘but let’s not discuss that now. What are your plans?’

‘I’d like to meet the family and then I want to see about a job. I’m hoping I can work on one of the papers in Melbourne or somewhere in Victoria at least.’

‘Right then. Why don’t you leave your bag here while you investigate and then come back at half past five o’clock and I’ll take you home to meet everyone? We all live in Kew. You’re welcome to stay with Minnie and I for as long as you like.’

‘That’s very decent of you, Jumbo. I’ll do that.’

As he’s no longer carrying his bag, William decides to set off for the Trades Hall on foot, even though the sky is overcast and rain could be pending. It’s warm enough and he enjoys the walk, crossing over the Yarra at Queens Bridge and wandering through the busy Sts of central Melbourne until he reaches the imposing façade of the Victorian Trades Hall on the corner of Victoria and Lygon Sts. He stands for a moment admiring the arched windows and pilasters on each storey.

‘Are you going in or haven’t you seen enough yet?’ asks a voice behind him.

‘Yes, I’m going in but was just admiring the building,’ says William.

‘So, who are you then? I’m George Prendergast, editor of the *Commonweal* for my sins.’

‘One of the people I was hoping to meet,’ says William. ‘I’m William Freeman Kitchen. I edited a workingman’s paper in New Zealand...*The Globe* in Dunedin. Thought I might be able to do some writing for you while I’m here.’

‘You’d better come upstairs then, and talk about it,’ says Prendergast. The pair walked together into the building. ‘You’ve come at an interesting time, what with the election coming up in a couple of months. What do you know about the situation in Victoria?’

‘If it’s similar to Sydney, where I’ve just been, then things are looking pretty dire for the working man,’ says William. ‘There seem to be a lot of people out of work but the merchant classes are busy speculating in land and borrowing heavily. My own family seem to be among them!’ Prendergast looks at William. ‘The Kitchens. The soap and candle makers,’ says William. ‘They’re my uncles.’

‘We won’t hold that against you,’ says Prendergast, ‘but they might, if you throw in your lot with us.’ William shrugs.

‘Makes no difference. I am what I am...a socialist, and they can accept me or not. Tonight will be interesting. I’m meeting them all for the first time in 14 years.’

‘If they throw you out I’m sure we can find you somewhere to stay,’ laughs Prendergast. But come along, I’ll introduce you to some of the Trades Council members if they’re around.’ William spends several hours talking to various members of both the Trades Council and the newly formed Progressive Political League established to contest the election in April next year. His letters of introduction from New Zealand and Sydney help smooth his path and he leaves the building, having promised to meet up again at the Commercial Hotel in Preston, the hub of the labour movement in the city.

As he walks back to the family firm he wonders how he’ll be received tonight when he visits Elsinore, the family home in Kew owned by the eldest uncle, John. He’s not sure he can make sense of all the family members, there are so many of them. Uncle John and Uncle Theo alone have about 16 children between them that he knows of. Like his own father, Uncle John has married twice. The other uncle, Philip, only has one son. He’s not sure if Uncle Philip will be at the house tonight. He’d apparently quit the firm in protest at the large amount of borrowing his two brothers, especially John, are indulging in.

The Sydney Evening News states that the Victorian unemployed are swarming over the New South Wales border at Albury. Scores of them are humping their swags, and looking for work; others are without swags, and are reported to be making for the New South Wales Parliament, where several of their kindred have been very successful.

DANDENONG

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1892

Dandenong, some 27 miles as the crow flies from Lygon St, is a little country town, population about 2000, and the venue for a meeting tonight to try to establish a branch of the Progressive Political League, the Trades Hall body created to fight the election on behalf of the workingmen of Victoria. William is in town with other members of the league, including Trade Council member, John Barrett and his old school friend, David Wyllie. They're speaking at the meeting at the Council Chambers in the Town Hall but are not sanguine about the outcome.

'We've got a fight on our hands tonight, boys,' says Barrett. 'This is a National Association stronghold and we'll probably get a pretty rough reception.'

'Not to mention the sitting member is the shire secretary and a very popular man,' says Wyllie.

'Are we going to stand anyone against him,' asks William.

'Yes, probably the chair of the meeting tonight, Malcolm Macpherson' says Barrett. The men retire to the Bridge Hotel to discuss the order of business for the evening. It's decided Barrett will speak first, then William, then Wyllie.

It's clear on their arrival at the Council Chambers that word has got out that the Trades Hall intends putting forward a candidate to oppose John Keys, the sitting member in the Dandenong and Berwick electorate, because there's a large crowd already assembled. The visitors are greeted by Macpherson at the door.

'Hello, all ready for the fray tonight?' he asks as they introduce themselves to the retired school teacher. The three men nod and walk with Macpherson into the chambers and take a seat. Macpherson calls the crowd to attention.

'While I have never met these gentlemen before, I ask that you give them a fair hearing,' says Macpherson, to be met with cries of 'Who are they?' and 'Not if they come from the Trades Hall'.

'We don't want any paid agitators telling us who to vote for,' shouts a man from the back of the room. Angry voices can be heard throughout the chambers. Barrett rises to his feet.

‘I’m not a paid agitator. I’ve come to explain the platform of the Political Progressive League.’ He gets no further because of the chorus of boos and cries of ‘We don’t want you!’

‘I’d hoped that you’d give me the fair hearing Mr Macpherson asked for,’ says Barrett but is almost instantly drowned out with more yells and boos. So amid repeated interruptions and groans he tries to explain the platform of the league, in particular its plank of one man, one vote. That statement is greeted with a raucous outcry even worse than before. Barrett looks helplessly at Macpherson.

‘I am surprised to see intelligent men behave like this,’ Macpherson tells the audience. ‘Why stop the speaker? You can speak yourselves or question him afterwards.’

‘Who is he anyway? Doesn’t he come from the Trades Hall?’ calls a member of the audience. ‘Tell him to go back to the city where he belongs!’ Barrett sits down and looks at Kitchen.

‘Good luck, you’re going to need it.’ Kitchen stands as Macpherson introduces him.

‘I assure you I’m not an agitator and I do work for my living and I’m not in the pay of the Trades Hall,’ says William. The audience allows him to proceed with only occasional interruptions as he touches upon the one-man-one-vote question, and its introduction in New Zealand.

‘As a result of this electoral reform, New Zealand and South Australian stocks have risen £1, those of Victoria have declined 10s,’ he says. ‘This shows that the prophecy of the capitalists, that the former colonies would be ruined if they adopted the one-man-one-vote principle, is unfounded. It’s been said that government by one man, one vote is government by brute force, but there’s no sense in such an argument. The question is: Is a second vote the proper way to reward thrift? I think not, for if a second vote is given to the son of a wealthy man that would not be rewarding thrift.’ William sits down; thankful he’s got through his speech without too much heckling. It’s now Wyllie’s turn to face the crowd.

‘I am not a professional orator,’ he says, ‘and have not been paid to speak on behalf of the league. I’m a working man.’

‘Good for you!’ shouts someone.

‘It’s only by means of such a league as ours that the people can ever hope to have a voice in the government of the country. I move that in the opinion of this meeting it is desirable to form a branch of the Progressive Political League in Dandenong.’

‘What becomes of the shilling contributions to the funds of the league?’ asks a member of the audience.

‘Three-pence in every shilling is devoted to printing expenses, but I don’t have the figures with me about where the rest of the money goes, other than that it partly defrays the general expenses of the league,’ says Wyllie. Prolonged groans greet this information.

‘And do you expect the people here to-night to believe that you came up here at your own expense, and that you’re not getting paid for spouting?’ calls the same man.

‘Most certainly I do. The league cannot pay us, because they have no money.’

‘The agitators have got all of it,’ shouts a voice. Macpherson tries to settle the simmering crowd by asking for any questions and is taken up by a man who contests William’s statement that New Zealand’s prosperity is because of the introduction of the one man one vote system.

‘You’re just drawing a red herring across the trail making such a claim,’ he shouts. This is greeted by loud cheers.

‘The prosperity of New Zealand to-day is due to the vigorousness of the climate, the rich resources of the soil and the enterprise of her people,’ says the man. The cheers now are prolonged.

‘Just now we in this country are suffering from depression, one of the causes of which is the recent strike and while there are some things in the programme of the league which are well enough, it must be remembered that the men who are at the head of the movement and those who are behind it, led the workers of this country into one of the most disastrous strikes known in the history of this colony’. The speaker sits down to deafening cheers. William’s attempt to answer these charges is greeted with boos and groans and the assembly degenerates into a disorderly affair despite Macpherson’s best efforts to gain control. Barrett looks at William and Wyllie and nods towards the rear door and the three men quietly get up and exit the chambers, the noise following them out into the St.

‘Well, I did warn you we’d get a hot reception,’ says Barrett, ‘but we’ll still field a candidate here if we can.’

Mr F. Kitchen, from New Zealand, made an unwelcome appearance at Dandenong, some 20 or 30 miles from Melbourne, the other day, along with some other members of the "Political Progressive League," who apparently wished to capture the constituency for a Trades Hall candidate. The meeting was called to establish a branch of the league, but the country people would have none of it. There was a great deal of interruption, and at length (says the report)

MELBOURNE

FRIDAY, MARCH 25, 1892

William hurries up Russell St glancing quickly at the gaol as he heads to Lygon St and the imposing façade of the Trades Hall. Part of him wonders how such a sumptuous building looks to the thousands of men and women now out of work. After the modest offices of the Dunedin Trades Council he's rather repelled by the extravagant home of his Victorian colleagues. Putting these thoughts aside he strides up the stairs and looks for George Prendergast, not only the editor of *Commonweal*, but now the general secretary of the Progressive Political League. They are having a meeting to discuss the paper's future – a precarious one as both know all too well.

'There you are William,' says Prendergast. 'I thought you might have been pigeonholed by some of our aspiring electoral candidates wanting your help at some meeting or other.'

'No, No, George. It was suggested at one point that I might stand, but as I've only recently arrived in Melbourne didn't think it right. But I'm happy to help, of course.'

'Indeed, quite right. Well, come along,' says Prendergast, 'let's go and see what we can do to keep this paper of ours alive for a bit longer.' The two men head for an unoccupied office and seat themselves at one of the large oak tables in the room. William looks at his colleague, eyes alight.

'Why don't we take the paper daily? There's so much of interest to workers on at the moment, what with the election and the unemployment problem, we should be putting out an issue every day.' Prendergast holds up his hand.

'Wait a minute William, how would we finance such a move? We're barely covering our costs now.'

'Why don't we form a company and raise the money through shareholders. If we could get around £6000, that should be enough, shouldn't it?' William looks eagerly at Prendergast. The latter looks dubious.

'I don't really know where we'd get that sum of money.'

'Well, we could try,' says William, 'and each shareholder would get one vote. That should be attractive to them. I'm sure it would work.'

'Maybe, maybe,' says Prendergast slowly, but he still looks unconvinced. 'Now's probably not a good time to go to banks for money. There're rumours many are in financial difficulties, and if that's the case, they won't be lending money to anyone.'

Let's wait until the election's over and then see.' William nods and the two men fall to discussing possible articles for the next issue.

The most newsworthy event of the week has been the rejection of Sam Rosa's candidacy for the Fitzroy electorate by the central council of the league. William has been surprised at the actions of the council after Rosa had been selected by his branch. Having spent some time with his fellow socialist while in Sydney, William knows how devastated the man will be over his rejection. Prendergast is not so amazed at the council's decision.

'I think Billy Trenwith was right when he said the bulk of unionists would be opposed to Rosa's candidacy.'

'But his branch elected him,' says William. 'That doesn't seem right. The unemployed would certainly support him, he's done so much for them already.' William had been outside the council meeting when Rosa was banned from entering during the discussion of his candidacy and seen how incensed the man had been at his treatment by the league. And he'd been at the Fitzroy branch on Wednesday night when Sam Mauger, the hatter, was elected to replace Rosa. All in all he feels Rosa has been badly treated and is glad he intends to stand as an independent in Fitzroy. On Thursday night William had gone to the Port Melbourne branch of the league where he found even more dissension plaguing the ranks. While only 30 members had attended they'd been very angry at the lack of progress by the branch and that no candidate had yet been selected. Tempers had flared, motions had been passed and then withdrawn. William hopes common sense will eventually prevail and next Thursday's meeting will produce some results all will be satisfied with.

'So what else have we got for the paper?' he asks Prendergast.

'Well, you could write up something on that meeting at Prahran we went to. It'd be a good chance to push the planks of the league that got such a good reception.'

'Harwood certainly made some good points about the working men being represented by someone from their own ranks,' says William.

'Yes, and be sure to mention his speech about abolishing plural voting.' William nods as he takes notes. Both men had attended that meeting and both had seconded the motion to select Harwood as the candidate for the Prahran electorate.

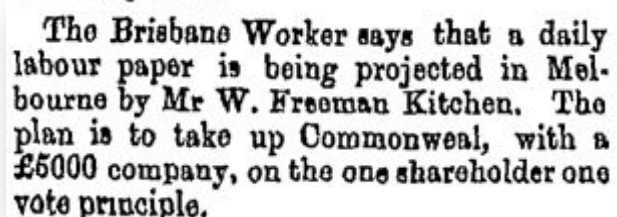
'Anything else?' asks William, looking up from his notepad.

'I'm going to put together a pre-election manifesto for April and make an appeal for all classes, whether they're shopkeepers, farmers, labourers or producers, to support the league. We need to point out the dangers of letting the idle few determine our fate.' Prendergast looks at William, who nods.

'There's a meeting of the Trades Hall Council tonight and a special meeting of the league executive tomorrow afternoon, which I need to be at.'

'What's that for?' asks William.

'We're going to organise a public demonstration at Flinders Park for next Sunday. You can try out your oratorical skills there if you like.' He smiles at his younger colleague.



The Brisbane Worker says that a daily labour paper is being projected in Melbourne by Mr W. Freeman Kitchen. The plan is to take up *Commonweal*, with a £5000 company, on the one shareholder one vote principle.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13, 1892

While in Melbourne William has taken time out from his political campaigning to attend as many theatrical performances as he can, and there certainly have been plenty on offer whether in central Melbourne or in the surrounding suburbs. Today he's planning to attend a performance of *East Lynne* by the Metropolitan Drama Company; a troupe put together by his old friend and mentor, George Carey, now in Victoria after his stint in Otago. William happened on Carey at a previous performance in Prahran and sounded the actor out on the chance of further work on the stage. Carey has been supportive and offered William bit parts once the election is over. While William has managed to make ends meet with the occasional article in the local papers and for *Commonweal* he's become increasingly concerned about his livelihood. Economic times have become harder with rumours everyday of businesses failing, banks being suspended and jobs ever more hard to find. Just recently a Government job offer attracted more than 1000 men for just 40 positions. If he could sing and dance he'd be

more attractive to a theatrical company but straight acting doesn't draw such a good stipend. A good female burlesque performer could ask for £5-£8 a week along with hotel expenses. William will be fortunate to get £2. Today, William intends to cast those cares aside and enjoy a play he'd last seen in Dunedin. He's decided to go early to see if he can help preparations backstage, so catches a tram out to the Exhibition Hall in Brunswick St, Fitzroy where the play is being performed. Before he enters the building, however, he decides to seek out a coffee house to give himself time to read the day's papers and see how they are covering the election and the progress of the Windsor murder case. He enters the shop and raises his hat to the occupants, a mix of gentlemen and ladies sipping their coffee with obvious relish. All the seats are taken save for one near the window, at a table where a young woman is slowly eating a scone and glancing out onto the St occasionally at the passing parade of pedestrians. William walks over.

'May I share your table,' he asks. She starts and looks round to see William holding his hat to his chest and smiling expectantly.

'Oh, yes, of course, please take the chair,' she says in a clear voice but with a pronounced accent. 'I won't be long and then you can have the table to yourself.' She takes her purse from off the spare chair and looks around, wondering where to place it now.

'Here, allow me,' says William, and takes the purse and sets it on a shelf near the table but not out of reach. He seats himself and beckons the waitress over to order his coffee.

'You should try the scones,' says the young woman. 'They're very tasty, especially with cream and jam.'

'Then I'll have one of those too,' says William to the waitress, and smiles again at his table companion. There follows an awkward silence for a moment as each contemplates the other. She sees a young man, mid to late 20s, of short, slight stature, keen eyes, sandy hair and a cocky air about him. He sees a young woman, about 19 or 20, with black, glossy hair curling round a strong face and bright, dark eyes with a mischievous twinkle in their depths.

'We should introduce ourselves,' says William, 'Ladies first.' She raises her eyebrows and for a moment William quails until he sees the lips twitch and she answers gravely.

'I'm Lottie Hannam, aspiring actress and occasional palmist and clairvoyant. You?'

'William Freeman Kitchen, journalist and sometime actor, but currently political campaigner for the Progressive Political League.'

‘So what brings a man with a double- barrelled name to Fitzroy this afternoon?’ asks Lottie. ‘Shouldn’t you be out on the Sts campaigning, the election’s only days away?’

‘I’m actually heading for the Exhibition Hall to help out George Carey. He’s putting on *East Lynne* tonight.’ Lottie looks amazed.

‘That’s where I’m going, too. We should go together once we’ve had our coffee.’ William looks pleased but looks round wondering where his coffee and scone is.

‘I may be a little while. I wouldn’t want to hold you up,’ he says. Lottie shakes her head.

‘I’ve all the time in the world. While we wait, why don’t you tell me a bit about yourself and how you came to Melbourne. Your accent says you’re not from around here.’

‘No, I’m from New Zealand actually. What about you? You definitely have an accent. French isn’t it?’

‘*C’est vrai*,’ says Lottie. ‘I was born in Jersey. My mother was French. She met my father, who was a doctor, and they married and came to Victoria.’ Her face darkens for a moment, then she looks at William and says softly: ‘My father left us when I was very young, so I’ve had to grow up fast.’ William nods.

‘My mother died when I was 10 and my father remarried quite quickly after that. My eldest brother died when he was just a baby but I’ve got two younger half-brothers now, Leo and Philip. But I haven’t seen them for a long time.’ There’s a moment of silence as the two young people contemplate their pasts.

‘My sister died when she was a baby too,’ says Lottie. While this exchange has been occurring William has received his coffee and been quietly sipping it and eating his scone. He wipes his mouth with his napkin and folds it down on the table.

‘Well, shall we go to the Exhibition Hall. It’s just on the corner of Brunswick and St David’s Sts, but you’d know that!’ He pays for both their food and drink and escorts Lottie from the shop, after first handing her purse down from the shelf. They stroll down Brunswick St talking animatedly and enter the hall where the play is to be staged.

THE Australian newspapers continue to give accounts of the meetings of the unemployed, and to suggest various schemes for their relief. The dismissal of hands caused by trade depression has affected both male and female employees, and among the crowds in Melbourne and Sydney who are thrown out of work, a large proportion consists of women and young girls. The difficulty of obtaining employment for the men is enhanced by their unwillingness to exchange town for country life. The only legitimate way of absorbing them into the mass of workers seems to be, not by the Government opening relief works, but by the men accepting work which in many country places is plentiful.

WEDNESDAY APRIL 20, 1892

When William gets out of bed this perfect autumn day he's amazed to see the sun after the previous days' rain which had cast such a dampener on the Easter activities. Sporting events and the races were cancelled, the zoo had scarcely any visitors and harbour excursions drew few people. It hadn't augured well for the election. Getting people to the polls when it rains has always been hard work, so to see clear skies pleases William immeasurably. As he dresses

he can barely believe it's been only a few months since he'd been preparing for a New Zealand election with his labour colleagues and here he is again, about to do the same. In Victoria the league has managed to put up 36 candidates, two of them from the Dandenong debacle, John Barrett, standing in Carlton South, and David Wyllie, standing in Melbourne North. Even George Prendergast has been persuaded to run for Melbourne East. That had been a fairly last minute decision but Prendergast's seniority at the Trades Hall is seen as a bonus in the election stakes. William has promised to visit as many of the inner electorates as possible during the day to support league candidates. The big issue is whether the people will give support to the 'one man, one vote' principle which has become the focal point of most of the league's campaigning and which the papers have waged an uncompromising opposition to. However, even the papers have had to concede the debate has been fairly evenly divided between those in

opposition and those in support. But with the proposal already having been adopted by the Government, the *Argus* in particular sees this as the first step in the direction of Trades Hall domination in Parliament. But William knows, from his experience in the New Zealand election, that this is a very small first step, and he can see the fight for working-class representation is going to be much harder in Victoria.

His first port of call this morning is Lygon St to get instructions about where he's to go today. There is an air of suppressed excitement about the building as preparations are made to disperse to the various electorates being contested by league candidates. The first person he meets is Prendergast hurrying out the door.

'Do you want to come with me William?' he says, as he strides off to the nearest tram stop. 'I'm off to the old Trades Hall in Brunswick St first and then I'll move on to the other three booths during the day. But I want to get there before 8 o'clock when the polls open.'

'Very well, then I'd like to go and support John Barrett at Carlton. I said I'd meet him at the Police Courthouse in Drummond St in the afternoon some time.'

'Fine, then let's go,' says Prendergast rushing to catch the approaching tram, William close on his heels. 'It's going to be a long day, now the city booths can stay open until 7 o'clock.'

William spends the morning following Prendergast around the four polling booths, finishing up at the old Trades Hall in Lygon St at lunchtime. Snatching a quick sandwich, he then sets off for the Police Courthouse in Drummond St where he's agreed to meet up with John Barrett.

'Is that you William?' asks a voice behind him. Turning, William sees a very familiar figure indeed, an old colleague from Dunedin, Ted Fricker.

'Goodness, fancy meeting you here in Melbourne,' says Fricker. 'The last time I saw you was when we worked together on the Dunedin Exhibition. What are you doing in Melbourne?' William's not sure Fricker knows about his rather ignominious departure from Otago but decides not to mention it unless the other journalist brings it up.

'I'm helping the league's campaign but also looking for some reporting work,' says William. 'There's nothing much about though.' Fricker nods.

‘I was lucky to get a job on the *Argus*,’ he says. ‘That eight years on the *Otago Daily Times* certainly helped. There are several other New Zealand journalists here in Melbourne. John Edgar, remember him? He’s on the *Evening Standard*.’

‘Not the Edgar who was on the *Tuapeka Times*?’ asks William. He has very bad memories of that particular paper.

‘Yes, that’s the one,’ says Fricker. ‘He’s now the treasurer of the Australian Journalists’ Institute, so he’s done well over here. In fact, did you know he was recommended as a league candidate?’

‘No, I’m sure I would have heard if he had,’ says William. ‘He’s not on any list of league candidates that I know of. But I must be off; I promised Barrett I’d help him at the polls today.’ He nods to Fricker and heads off to Drummond St, wishing he could fall on his feet like Fricker and Edgar obviously had.

He’s impressed how quiet and orderly the day’s proceedings have been so far and is intrigued by the Victorian custom where hundreds of vehicles about the city are decorated with the names of the different candidates. It’s not something he’s seen before. The next person he meets is Sam Rosa, heading to his Fitzroy electorate.

‘Hello, Sam, what’s this I hear about your stoush with John Norton?’ asks William, as the pair hurry along the St. He’s read in the paper that the socialist leader has begun a libel action against *Truth* and is seeking damages of £1000.

‘Don’t you remember that article *Truth* ran just before the Fitzroy selection process accusing me of fiddling the money raised at the unemployment rally we staged and leaving Sydney without paying my debts?’

‘Yes, I do, and it named me and George Black as ‘booming’ you in that same article,’ says William.

‘I blame *Truth* for blackening my character and helping me lose that league spot in Fitzroy,’ says Rosa. ‘They’ve made constant attacks on me.’

‘Didn’t you write for the paper yourself before?’ Rosa looks furious.

‘We fell out over my supporting the Parkes Government,’ he says. ‘John Norton couldn’t stand that and things became too uncomfortable and I stopped writing for him. Don’t ever get on the wrong side of that man,’ he warns William, who smiles wryly.

‘Too late, he’s already set his sights on me, as you’ve noticed, even though I’ve never met the man.’ The two men part ways, Rosa to go to Fitzroy and William to Drummond

St, where he finds a steady stream of men moving through the voting booth. Barrett is looking rather harassed but still hopeful of a good result.

Soon after 7 o'clock and the closing of the city booths spectators began to gather in Collins St in anticipation of the posting of returns in front of the *Argus* offices. A large hoarding has been erected along the whole front of the office lit with three powerful electric lights. William has managed to squeeze into a position where he has a clear view of the hoarding and waits eagerly to see how the league candidates have fared. He feels a tap on his shoulder. It's Prendergast looking tired after his day of moving round his electorate.

'What are your predictions?' asks William. 'How many of the 36 men will get in, do you think?'

'Whatever the number, and I'm sure there'll be some, we'll still get trounced by the papers,' says Prendergast, 'but I'm sure some will get through.' As he speaks the results go up for Melbourne North where David Wyllie, the tinsmith, is standing. The two men thump each other on the shoulder enthusiastically when they see their man beat the sitting candidate by 25 votes. That delight turns to despair as other leading league candidates fail to gain enough votes and the two men descend into even more gloom when the results for Melbourne East are written up. Prendergast has polled the least number of votes of the four candidates, as did Barrett. By this time the crowd is so thick the tram traffic has to be stopped and by 10 o'clock the densely-congregated throng extends in a compact mass right across the St from the Town Hall corner to Messrs Martin and Pleasance's. Every time the returns for the metropolitan districts are received, cheers, boos and groans are delivered equally depending on the interest of particular individuals. By a quarter to 11 o'clock the crowd has largely melted away and the tram traffic resumed. Prendergast and William stand together beneath the hoarding calculating the extent of the league's success. Eleven candidates have gained seats in Parliament, among them Billy Trenwith and Joe Winter, both Trades Hall Council men.

(Argus, 21st April.)

The two leading results of yesterday's great general election are at once absolutely indisputable and highly satisfactory, and these are—first, that the labour party is utterly and ignominiously defeated in the attempt to capture the new Assembly; and the second is that the party opposed to the "one man one vote" proposal comes back with greatly increased strength, and not only that, but also with much greater fighting power than it had before.

The repulse of the labour party is as complete as could reasonably be hoped for. The Trades-hall ran 36 candidates, all told; and all told the party will not exceed 11 men, and there are at least three of the seats which have been won owing to the lack of organisation—to the almost reprehensible lack of organisation—on the opposite side. This has enabled minorities to snatch victories to which they are not honestly entitled. At Carlton two Nationalist candidates stood and polled 1703 votes, against 1059 obtained by Mr F. H. Bromley, who takes the seat. At North Melbourne the foolish candidature of Dr Rose just led to the ousting of Mr Laurens, the joint votes cast against the labour nominee being 1524 to 1025. Where the labour party has won it has just won, and that is all, against large minorities composed of all the men who have anything to lose; and where it has been defeated it has been, as a rule, by majorities that are immense. The list shows

FRIDAY AUGUST 19, 1892

William has had a call from his theatrical agent with an offer of a short tour of the country districts with a newly-formed company. He's to meet the owner at the agent's office at 10 o'clock this morning. This has come at a very opportune time as the newspaper work has dried up and he's no wish to join the throngs of unemployed standing outside the soup kitchens and relief offices. As he approaches the agent's offices he sees a young woman entering through the doors. It's Lottie from the coffee shop in Fitzroy. She must be seeking similar work.

'Miss Hannam, Lottie, I'm so pleased to see you again. Dare I ask whether you have had a similar call to me?'

'William, it seems so,' she smiles, 'or should it be Frank Vane? There's a new company forming to tour the country towns and I'm hoping to be cast in it.'

'So am I, so am I,' says William. 'And yes, on stage I'm Frank Vane. I hope we both get parts, but I've also been a manager of a company so perhaps my talents will be called on there as well.'

‘Don’t count your chickens,’ says a loud voice behind them, and they turn to find the agent standing behind them. ‘You’ll have to show you have what the owner of the company requires.’ They accompany the agent to his office where the owner is waiting and they each read some parts.

‘Well, I think you’ll both do,’ says the owner jovially. ‘The pay’s not good but at least it’s something. The rehearsals start tomorrow and you leave on Tuesday next week for Bendigo. Can you do that?’ The two actors nod, as anything is better than joining queues of the unemployed, although Lottie tells William she’s making a little money as a palmist and clairvoyant, in particular, picking winners at the races. He’s astonished.

‘Have you had much luck?’ She shrugs.

‘A little here and there. My next big pick is for the Melbourne Cup. The favourite *Malvolio* won’t win but I have my eye on *Glenloth*. I suggest if you have any money spare you put some on him. I have.’

William bids Lottie farewell on the steps of the office and catches a cab to Kew to his cousin’s house where the family is in mourning. Not long after giving birth to a daughter, Willie’s wife, Minnie, has died, presumably from childbirth fever. All the Kitchens are gathering at the Princess St home to offer their condolences and prepare for the funeral. Despite their political differences, Willie and William have retained a fragile friendship and William can do no less than pay his respects on such a sad day. His uncles John, Theo and Philip are present with their extensive broods, most of whose names William still cannot remember. Uncle John and Theo look harassed and anxious while Philip looks smug. He later learns that both John and Theo have become caught up in the financial problems associated with the extensive land boom and have been fighting not to lose everything in the downturn. He overhears a conversation between the two men.

‘I’ve managed to organise the repayment of most of my debt,’ says John to Theo, ‘but I’m going to have to sell Elsinore. Hopefully I’ll recoup the £8000 I spent on building it.’

‘What? I thought those arrangements we made with the solicitors would be enough,’ says Theo. ‘At least I didn’t owe as much as you, but £37,000 is bad enough.’

‘We’ll probably have to sell the farm and orchard in Toomuc Valley too,’ says John.

‘No wonder Philip’s looking happy,’ says Theo. ‘He always said we’d come to grief borrowing so much.’ William is astounded at the profligacy of his family. The sums

being mentioned could keep hundreds of working-class families out of poverty. He's even more convinced the capitalists need to pay for their extravagances and excesses. There've already been signs that things are coming unstuck. The inquiry into the collapse of the Mercantile Bank of Australia reported in today's paper shows financial juggling and dishonesty on a grand scale. William fears many more such collapses will occur. Individuals and firms have been going bankrupt regularly over the past few months and there've been more and more destitute people wandering the Sts of Melbourne. He'll be glad to get out to the country districts to avoid the air of despair and despondency permeating the city.

MELBOURNE, Friday.
The report of the committee appointed to investigate the affairs of the Mercantile Bank reveals some queer financing, and that as far back as 1889 the bank was past redemption. The losses, which are directly attributable to Sir Matthew Davies and his co-directors, are £659,000 out of £1,830,000, the balance of which is principally due by companies in which Sir Matthew Davies is largely interested. It is estimated that the shareholders will lose £512,000 of the first named sum.

THURSDAY NOVEMBER 24, 1892

As Lottie predicted, the rank outsider from the bush with his tail tucked up in a bob won the Melbourne Cup, winning by three lengths and *Malvolio* nowhere in sight. At 50-1 *Glenloth* handed Lottie a very welcome return. When William read about it in the paper the day after the race, he could have kicked himself. He hadn't put any money on the horse. The extra earnings from a successful bet would have come in very handy, especially after the rather dismal showing of the drama company in the provincial towns. Their reception had been mixed. At one performance things had got out of hand when he noticed some people from Dunedin in the audience. None of them his friends, they were in fact men who had been particularly opposed to William's work with the Maritime Council and the campaigning for the election last year. They were clearly not going to give the actors, and more especially him, an easy time. And so it proved. Every time William appeared on stage the hisses and boos were so loud they drowned out his words. It got so bad the play had to be cancelled and the audience refunded their tickets.

No further disruptions occurred but it had left a sour taste in William's mouth. Even in Victoria he wasn't free from the nastiness he'd experienced in Dunedin. The rest of the troupe had been very supportive, especially Lottie, who had never wavered in the friendship forged months before at the Fitzroy coffee house.

And thank goodness for his old contacts in the industry. Back in Melbourne and wondering what he was going to do next, he'd been contracted to organise a benefit for George Carey at the Bijou Theatre in mid-November. Then the veteran actor had performed the Scottish play with his daughter Cynthia, making her first appearance in Melbourne as Lady Macbeth. The benefit had been attended by the Governor and his wife, Lord and Lady Hopetoun and other prominent citizens. George had been very pleased with William's efforts.

'My boy, you've done a grand job. How about coming with me to Tasmania for the Christmas season? I've been in talks with George Ireland and we're going to take a troupe to Hobart and Launceston for the Christmas season.' William is very keen, as he knows Lottie will also be in Tasmania taking her palmistry and clairvoyant skills to some of the towns in the colony.

'I'd like that,' he says. 'I met Mr Ireland when he was at the Princess Theatre in Dunedin with Bland Holt performing *Alone in London*. I think it was the first play I saw when we moved to Otago.'

'That's good, that's good. I've talked to George about you and he'll take my word you're up to the mark. But he's already seen that after my benefit,' laughs Carey. 'We're leaving on the *Pateena* for Hobart on December 24, so be ready. Here're some of the scripts. You can study them in the meantime, but we'll be having rehearsals before we leave.' Carey hands over the scripts for *Clytie*, a domestic comedy drama recently performed by George Ireland in Melbourne. William sees he has the role of Dr Bond, the physician. Besides learning the role of Bond he has two other characters to rehearse for two further plays the troupe will be performing. While the season is short, William's hoping he might be able to find a reporting job on one of the Tasmanian papers, so he can stay on and further his relationship with the exciting Lottie or Madame Aramanda as she now calls herself in her role as palmist and clairvoyant. She's been in Adelaide and enjoying a stint in the concert party of the Albu sisters, Julie and Rose, and intends coming to Tasmania in late January. If he wants to continue seeing her he'll have to find work in Launceston when the season finishes on January 10.

The Dunedin correspondent of the Taieri Advocate shows it to be understood that Mr W. Freeman Kitchen, who a few years ago was editor of the Dunedin Globe, and who made things rather lively for his paper while he held the reins, has met with signal failure in his literary aspirations in Melbourne. When last heard of he was engaged in piloting a third rate theatrical company round the provinces. At a recent performance some of his New Zealand enemies were present, and they made matters so unpleasant for the gentleman in question that the piece never went past the first act, as the curtain was rung down and the house cleared.

LAUNCESTON

MONDAY JANUARY 30 1893

Since the end of George Ireland's season in Tasmania William has been fortunate enough to obtain a position as reporter on Launceston's *Daily Telegraph*, owned by James Brickhill and edited by political aspirant William McWilliams. William feels at home at the paper and while not as radical as *The Globe*, it nevertheless espouses many policies he can agree with, in particular votes for women. The owner's son, Walter, is a sports reporter on the paper and his niece, Kate, edits the women's pages. William has never worked beside a woman journalist before. While enjoying reporting again William is overjoyed that Lottie has finally arrived in Tasmania. She's planning a tour of the country districts around Launceston but before she departs William and she enjoy several memorable days together. William is curious about her palm reading skills and over lunch today intends to find out more about her craft.

'Do you want me to demonstrate?' she asks William, as they sip coffee in one of Launceston's ubiquitous coffee houses.

'On me, you mean?' She nods.

'Alright, but should we do it here?'

'Perhaps not,' she replies. 'Let's go and sit in the park and I'll show you something of what I do.' The pair finish their coffee and walk down to Royal Park and find a seat with a view of the river.

'As you know there are many people claiming to be palmists and clairvoyants today,' says Lottie. 'Most are charlatans, who have no true knowledge of the art, but I have studied the greatest palmist of all, M'sieur Desborelles, and I base my readings on his ideas. I believe that is why I have been so successful.'

'Have you been to France then?'

'No, but in my advertising for my readings I do use some artistic licence to infer that I have,' says Lottie. 'I make use of my French background to add that air of authenticity.'

'So were you born in Jersey really?' asks William, who has seen that reference in one of the reviews of Lottie's consultations.

'No, my mother and older sister were. But I speak French fluently and it's a harmless claim to say I was born in the Channel Islands.' She takes William's hand.

‘Now I am going to show you how I conduct a consultation.’ She first looks at the back of William’s hand before turning it over to view the whorls and lines of his palms.

‘I don’t make any claims to connecting with the spirit world, when I’m studying palms,’ she says. ‘It is all done on a scientific basis.’ At that she takes out a small tape and measures the fingers, lengthwise and width, and then the distances between the various digits. She looks up at William.

‘The lines of the hand can tell more about a person’s character than even the lines in the face,’ she says, tapping some specific lines on William’s hand. She looks at him seriously.

‘This tells me you have children –two in fact.’ William is stunned and reddens with embarrassment.

‘I was going to tell you, but the moment never seemed to be right,’ he says. ‘Yes, I have two boys and they are back in New Zealand with their mother.’

‘So you are married then?’

‘Not any more. My wife moved back to her family about 18 months ago and I haven’t seen her or the boys since.’

‘This seems to be a day of revelations then, doesn’t it?’ says Lottie. ‘So is that why you became Frank Vane, to escape your past?’

‘No. I’m just like you. You’re really Lottie Hannam but call yourself Madame Aramanda in your professional life. I’m doing the same.’

‘So what else haven’t you told me?’ asks Lottie. ‘This seems to be the time to be perfectly frank and honest with each other, especially if we wish to continue being friends.’

‘My name you know – both of them. I’m 30, in fact I turned 30 only two weeks ago. My father lives in Wellington and my mother is dead and I have two half-brothers. There’s nothing else. You know all the rest, now what about you?’ It’s Lottie’s turn to look uncomfortable.

‘You know about my French background and I do make claims about my palmistry that are not strictly true,’ she says, ‘but every artist trying to make her way in the world exaggerates her background.’ She looks to William for confirmation. He nods.

‘I also look younger than I am, but it’s a woman’s fancy not to reveal her correct age, especially when she passes a certain mark which then seems to confer perpetual spinsterhood on one.’

‘Are you going to tell me how old you really are then?’

'I'll be 28 in February,' she says, blushing, 'but I'll never admit to that in public. I don't want people thinking of me as an old maid. I have to protect myself.'

'You don't look a day over 20,' says William. Lottie's face lightens and she smiles gratefully at William.

'Now that we have told each other our dreadful secrets, let's move on to happier topics,' he says, and pulls Lottie to her feet. 'Would you like to go to *The Mikado* if Williamsons' troupe comes to Launceston?'

'That would be delightful, as long as I am not touring the country districts at the time.'

'I'll miss you every minute you're away,' says William earnestly, as they walk back to Paterson St and the *Daily Telegraph* office.

CHIT CHAT.

Do you believe in Palmistry? No! and yet it is one of the most ancient sciences; as old as the telling of fortunes by the stars, once so common in the ancient and mediæval times. Of late Palmistry, or the reading of character from the formation and lines in the hand, has become not only a profession, but also a favorite drawing room pastime. Numberless little pamphlets on the subject have been issued and studied for the purpose of amusement. So far, so good, but there is more in it than you might think, as a visit to Madame Aramanda will convince you. Perhaps you did go to see her even as I did. In case however you did not I will give the particulars of my interview with the lady.

Madame Aramanda we found to be young and pretty; with lovely dark eyes; and, like all sensitives, in delicate health. You seldom find a robust person possessing clairvoyant powers; and these the lady claims to have, in a marked degree. Indeed she has, as the newspapers record, done some wonderful things in that way; notably a recent case in Launceston which I must record. A person

HOBART

THURSDAY MARCH 2, 1893

William and Lottie stand side by side at the rail as the *Monarch's* paddle wheels churn as she manoeuvres from Hobart's Brooke St pier just after 1 o'clock. There is an excited chatter from the excursionists as the old ship heads out of the bay on the first leg of this moonlight cruise of the harbour. The water is calm and the day bright and clear.

'This was such a good idea of yours, William,' says Lottie. 'An excursion up the Derwent to Old Beach or New Norfolk would have been lovely too, but this should be something special.'

'I wanted it to be,' says William taking her hand and pulling her gently towards him. 'I have something special I want to say to you, but that can wait until later. Now, let's just enjoy the views.' Lottie looks slightly bemused but turns obediently back to the rail to watch Hobart from this new perspective. The young couple have travelled to the town as a break from Launceston and the start of Lottie's tour of some of the country districts. She's booked for Burnie and Waratah next week. Her advertisements in the local papers have alerted readers that she's on her way to Chicago World's Fair and is travelling in Tasmania en route to escape the heat of the Australian summer. As the *Monarch* steams slowly south towards the Iron Pot Lighthouse the band starts playing some lively tunes for the entertainment of the passengers after an announcement that tea will be served in the saloon. William and Lottie take their tea to a sheltered nook on the deck and look out at the wheeling seagulls overhead.

'So what is this special something you want to talk to me about?' asks Lottie, looking at William with a slight smile on her face.

'I'd rather not say until later when the moon is out, but perhaps we could talk about your plans for the next month or two.'

'You're being very mysterious,' says Lottie, 'but I suppose I can be patient a little bit longer. Future plans...well, I did think I might travel to New Zealand at some point. I've never been there and it's not that far from Tasmania.'

'You seem to've had a good bit of success in Melbourne and Adelaide,' says William, 'so I see no reason why it would be any different in New Zealand.'

'But what about you, William? Do you plan on staying at the *Telegraph* for any length of time?'

'It all depends, really.'

‘On what?’

‘I’m not at liberty to say. It’ll all become clear soon,’ says William. Lottie shakes her head but decides not to pursue the topic any further.

‘I wonder how my family is managing now that the banking crisis has got worse,’ says William. ‘Before I left Melbourne things were serious and I can’t imagine, with the number of bank failures, that things have improved at all.’

‘I have no idea,’ says Lottie. ‘That is not a world that affects me. I just try to make ends meet with my palmistry and acting where I can. But I do feel sorry for the people up in Queensland. The floods have been terrible and people have lost everything.’

‘Yes, I must say I have much more sympathy for the people of Brisbane than I do for the greedy Victorian speculators,’ says William.

By now the *Monarch* is within sight of the lighthouse at the mouth of the Derwent River.

‘What a curious name for a lighthouse,’ says Lottie. ‘Why Iron Pot?’

‘I have no idea: why don’t we ask one of the crew, they might know,’ says William and he hails a passing seaman.

‘The authorities tried to rename it the Derwent Lighthouse,’ says the seaman, ‘but nobody uses that name. It’s still the Iron Pot.’

‘But why is it called that?’ asks Lottie.

‘Nobody really knows,’ says the seaman, ‘but the most likely story is that it was named after the big iron cauldrons the early whalers used.’ He shrugs. ‘It could also be because

of the strangely formed pot like holes on the island.’ In the fading light William and Lottie look curiously at the barren little island with the lighthouse and imposing keeper’s cottage perched on the rocks.

‘Have you heard they thought there was gold on that island once,’ says a voice. It was the captain making his rounds of the passengers. Lottie and William shake their heads.

‘Twas the *Monarch* too, that brought a ship load of prospectors to Iron Pot thinking to find gold. It was all a hoax. They never found anything.’ The captain strolls off. By now the steamer has made a sweeping turn to head back towards Hobart Town and passengers are sitting on the deck after dinner being serenaded by the band and enjoying the beautiful night under the stars. William draws Lottie away from the crowd and seats her in a secluded spot out of earshot of other passengers.

'You may have guessed what I am going to say.' He looks at Lottie and she smiles faintly.

'I have grown to love you and I want us to be married. I can't think of another woman who gives me such joy and who I'd rather spend the rest of my life with. Will you marry me?'

'William,' Lottie hesitates and looks troubled, 'I want to marry you but you are already married. We can't.'

'We can,' says William, catching her hands between his. 'I'll marry you under my stage name and no one will know. We're far away from New Zealand and anyone who knows me. Please say you will. You'd make me the happiest of men.'

'In that case I'd be honoured to be your wife,' says Lottie. 'I never thought I'd meet someone who would love me. I thought I was doomed to be an old maid on the shelf for ever.'

'Never, my darling Aramanda. You've made me a happy man tonight.' They hold hands and look at the stars, oblivious to the curious stares of other passengers walking past them on the deck.

Never, probably, in the world's history has an equally young community suffered a commercial relapse from over-speculation and, in some instances, rank swindling such as Victoria has lately chronicled. Persons in high places—men who were generally regarded as models of probity and stability—are self-convicted jugglers with other people's money, who went in daringly for rash speculations, little heeding that confiding investors would have to bear the consequences of probable failure. Permanent Building Societies seem to have been '*permanent*' only so long as they were not called upon to meet their obligations. Banks with high-sounding and comprehensive titles, by inordinate advances on insufficient security, or no security at all, have 'shut up shop' only when the funds of their shareholders have been dissipated. The list of widows and infirm old men and women, of provident people who had fondly hoped they were secure against want, but who have been rendered dependent and penniless by these lamentable departures from integrity and honesty, is truly heart-rendering. It may be

LAUNCESTON

WEDNESDAY APRIL 12, 1893

Today is William and Lottie's wedding day and it has dawned warm with a light breeze, perfect for the occasion. It's going to be a very simple affair, just the bride and groom and three witnesses in the St John's Church in Launceston. As William intends not to marry as William Kitchen he has decided to use his stage name, Frank Vane, but expanded to Francis Temple Vane. But he has a problem. What does he do about William Freeman Kitchen? He's thought about this for some time, in fact ever since he proposed to Lottie, and he's now come to a decision. He's going to kill Kitchen off. He's sent off an advertisement to his old paper *The Globe*, and to the *Evening Post* in Wellington saying he's died of inflammation. He's not told Lottie, as he doesn't want to worry her on their wedding day. He's confident the ruse will work as nobody knows him in Tasmania and with his make-up skills learned for the stage believes he can disguise himself well enough to fool anyone he might meet in New Zealand. He must remind Lottie to start calling him Francis in public.

'Are you ready, William?' calls a voice, and his main witness, Stephen Piper, enters the room where he's been pacing the carpet waiting to go to the church.

'The cab is outside, we'd better get to the church or the bride will think you've abandoned her,' laughs Piper, a colleague from the *Daily Telegraph*. William secretly grimaces and thinks of Annie. But the die is cast and he has no intention of backing out from this occasion.

'I'm coming, Stephen. Here, take the ring before I forget, and let's go.' The two men climb into the cab and head for St John St and it's not long before the imposing steeple of the church can be seen towering above the other buildings in the vicinity. Waiting on the steps are the other two witnesses, Sidney Colville, the well-known singer and actor, and Lottie's friend, Louise Catt from Adelaide, also an actress, singer and pianist.

'You're late, William, or should we be calling you Francis,' calls Louise. 'It's usually the bride who keeps everybody waiting.'

'Yes, hurry up, William,' says Sydney. 'The vicar is getting impatient as well.'

'Alright, alright,' says William. 'I'm here now, but where's Lottie?'

'Never you mind, you just get into that church and when the time's right she'll be there,' says Louise, patting William's arm and straightening his cravat as she does so.

The three men walk into the church, down the nave to the altar where the minister is waiting, trying not to look impatient but fiddling with his order of service and frowning. The organist starts up the wedding march and William turns to see his bride walking confidently down the aisle, Louise behind her. They smile at each other and William turns back to the altar and waits for Lottie to join him. The service is short, everyone signs the register, William as Francis Temple Vane, journalist, 29, bachelor and Lottie as Charlotte Hazelwood Hannam, gentlewoman, 23, spinster, and then all five people in the marriage party leave for a celebratory meal at the Coffee Palace in Brisbane St.

‘So what are your plans now, Mr and Mrs Vane?’ asks Sydney as he contemplates the remnants of their meal. Lottie and William smile at each other and clasp hands.

‘We’re off to New Zealand,’ says Lottie, ‘by way of Melbourne and then to Bluff, at the bottom of the South Island. I’m going to tour as Madame Aramanda and William, I mean Francis, is going to act as my agent and also as *avance courier* for the Albu sisters.’

‘Julie and Rose Albu?’ asks Louise, ‘the singers who were pupils of Jenny Lind? ‘Are they going to New Zealand? I thought they’d only just arrived in Tasmania.’

‘Yes, the Albu sisters,’ says William. ‘They arrived here at the end of March after performing in the other colonies and they intend travelling to Dunedin in May. I offered to be their advance agent since I know the city well.’

‘We’re leaving tomorrow on the *Pateena* and then get straight on the *Waihora* for the Bluff,’ says Lottie, ‘so if you will excuse us we have a lot of packing to do. This trip to New Zealand will be our honeymoon.’ At that the three guests stand and make their farewells to Lottie and William, leaving the couple to make their way back to William’s lodgings.

‘Well, Mrs Vane, I suppose we had better start that packing you were talking about, if we are to make the boat tomorrow.’ Lottie leans on her husband and whispers.

‘Yes Francis, we should...but I can’t believe we are now married. I thought it would never happen.’ William risks a quick kiss and leads her out of the dining room.

‘I couldn’t be happier,’ he says. ‘We can be in and out of New Zealand and then move on to establish ourselves in some other part of Australia, perhaps back in Sydney.’ Lottie nods. While William seems confident of not being recognised in New Zealand she is not so sure but hesitates to cast shadows on their wedding day.

DEATHS

KITCHEN.—On the 21st April, at Launceston, Tasmania, William Freeman, second son of Joseph Kitchen, of this city, aged 30 years

OZNER.—On the 21st April, at Abel Smith-street, Wellington, Benjamin E. P., son of Captain D. E. Ozner, aged 3 months

INVERCARGILL

FRIDAY APRIL 21, 1893

The roaring of lions, the trumpeting of elephants and the neighing of horses are still ringing in William and Lottie's ears even a day after leaving the *Waihora* at Bluff. The voyage from Melbourne had certainly got more interesting after the ship called in at Geelong to pick up the Fillis's Circus –180 people, 65 horses and ponies, five elephants, several Nubian lions and a menagerie of other animals including a Bengal tiger, zebras, panthers, monkeys and gorillas. What a honeymoon that had been, not a dull moment in all the five days at sea. Below decks the animals howled and seethed and above jugglers, knife throwers, acrobats and other artists all jostled for space to practice. Fresh headwinds and seas throughout kept everyone on their toes. By the time the *Waihora* docked at Bluff late yesterday afternoon, William and Lottie had got to know Mr and Madame Fillis well and heard the full story of the near disastrous opening night in Melbourne in late January. During an act in which four Nubian lions were put through various movements the trainer's foot slipped, and to the consternation of the audience the largest lion, Pacha, who seemed in a vicious mood, sprang at him. The attendants round the cage immediately fired off guns loaded with blank cartridges, and the trainer regained his feet just as a panic was about to set in. He finished his performance and emerged from the cage as if unhurt. It was afterwards discovered he'd been pawed and bitten rather severely. Mr Fillis had assured the Vanes that this was a very rare occurrence and was not likely to happen on the New Zealand tour, due to start first in Invercargill and then move by two special trains to Dunedin. Lottie had particularly enjoyed the clowns, among them Johnny Wallett who kept her laughing with his suite of ready jokes and clever tricks.

Having farewelled the circus William and Lottie have obtained accommodation for the next couple of days in Invercargill to allow William to place advertisements both for Lottie's consultations as Madame Aramanda and for the pending arrival of the Albu sisters. William has taken extra pains this morning with his disguise, as this will be the first trial of his ability to deceive any of his New Zealand acquaintances. He's aware the notice advising of his death has already appeared in the papers here but he's dressed in a much more dapper manner than he ever did in Dunedin. His fashionable dress contrasts greatly with the rather shabby attire he wore while on *The Globe*. He's wearing boots

with heels to give him more height, he's dyed his hair black, shaved his beard and moustache leaving only short side whiskers. He can't disguise his eyes, of course, nor his voice, but if challenged he's going to claim he's Kitchen's cousin and not the man himself.

His first item of business takes him to the office of the *Southland Times*. A clerk comes to the counter and William hands over his business card, which reads Francis Temple Vane, BA.

'I'd like to put two advertisements in the *Times*,' says William, pulling out copies to hand to the clerk. As the man reads them and calculates the cost, a reporter from the paper walks though the entrance and stops on seeing William. He looks puzzled.

'Hey, aren't you William Kitchen?' he asks. 'You're meant to be dead!'

'I'm Francis Temple Vane,' says William. 'Here's my card.'

'No you're not. I knew you when you were on *The Globe*, you're Kitchen.'

'I tell you sir, I am Francis Vane. Read my card,' says William angrily and storms out of the offices leaving the clerk and the reporter gaping in his wake. Back at their accommodation William tells Lottie of his encounter with his former colleague but assures her it's unlikely the man will be able to verify who he is. Lottie is readying for her first consultations in Invercargill which she is sure will flood in after people read William's advertisements. The couple have decided to visit the provincial towns such as Clinton, Balclutha and Milton before heading for Dunedin.

'Aren't you at even more risk of going to Dunedin where more people know you?' asks Lottie. 'We could bypass that city and go straight to Auckland, where nobody knows you.'

'We won't be there long enough to see many people,' says William, 'and anyway I think my disguise is good enough. I'm going to take out my dental plate, though, and that should help even more.' He removes the plate leaving a noticeable gap in his teeth.

'That should give most people pause if they think they know me.'

A CLAIRVOYANT.—The Invercargill papers contain stirring notices of one, Madame Aramanda, who has recently arrived from Australia, and has the reputation of a notable clairvoyant. She is also a phrenologist and palmist, and altogether quite “a medicine woman” of advanced type. She has exhibited in London and on the Continent, and can produce good press records of her performance. We have heard from her agent, who says she is to visit Milton.

ASHHURST

SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1893

Annie Kitchen, her parents and two brothers, who had come up from Wellington, are sitting in the living room trying to decide what to do about the news they've been receiving about William and his supposed death in Launceston. Two days ago the *Evening Post* ran a notice saying it had heard that William had died in Tasmania and yesterday the paper ran the actual death notice. None of this was a surprise to Annie, who's been living with her parents since she left Dunedin with her two boys in October two years ago. The Crichtons had got wind of William's apparent death about 10 days previously when they received a letter from his landlady in Launceston. The family's suspicions had been aroused, however, because of several discrepancies in the information she gave in the missive. Not long after that, anonymous telegrams began to arrive from someone in Melbourne hinting that William was still in the land of the living, under an assumed name and was now married to another woman. On the receipt of these mysterious communications, Annie's family had made inquiries through friends living in Hobart and Melbourne. The result was they had received cable messages on Monday night from two different quarters, saying the report that William was dead was a hoax; that he had taken the name of Temple Vane, and was now in New Zealand as agent for a concert company.

'What are we going to do about this?' asks Annie, trying not to cry. 'I haven't heard a word from William since he went to Sydney and Melbourne, and now this. I don't know what to do. How could he do this to me?' Mrs Crichton hugs her daughter while the menfolk look furious.

'I'd like to confront the scoundrel and tell him what I think of him,' says Annie's brother, William. The eldest brother, George, nods in agreement.

'We can't let him get away with this,' he says. "What was he thinking, coming back to New Zealand and pretending he's someone else? And if he **has** married someone else, that's bigamy in the eyes of the law.'

'Desertion is also a crime,' adds William, 'so he's going to have the police after him anyway.'

'It's all so embarrassing,' cries Annie. 'What will people think of me? It's going to be all in the papers, if what people are saying about William is true.'

‘You’re not at fault, hen,’ says her father. ‘We’ll stand by you and so will all your friends.’

‘But what about the boys? It’s terrible for Arthur and Edward to hear such horrible stories about their father,’ says Annie.

‘We’ll have to be extra careful what we say around them then,’ says George. ‘They’re innocents in this too and we should protect them as best we can. This is not going to be a secret for very long.’

‘Yes,’ says William, ‘if he goes to Dunedin he’ll surely be recognised, he was so well known down there, and for all the wrong reasons usually.’ Mrs Crichton takes Annie’s hands in hers.

‘Annie cheel, you are going to have to face the unpleasantness. You might not have to actually see William but you may have to consider a divorce. I doubt you’ll want him back if he’s taken up with another woman.’ Annie shakes her head as she tries to stifle her sobs. Mr Crichton looks grim.

‘One of those telegrams says William is acting as agent for a concert company, the Albu sisters, I think. Why don’t I take Annie to have a talk with them when they’re in the country and see what we can find out from them?’

‘Alright papa, whatever you think best. It’s all quite horrible, though. I don’t think I can bear it.’

By the s.s. Waihora (says the “Southland News”) there arrived in New Zealand Mr F. Temple Vane, B.A., business manager for the Misses Albu, the late Jenny Lind’s favourite pupils, described by the leading Home papers as Scotland’s favourite soprano. The Misses Albu, who have just completed a very successful Australian tour, are bringing a high-class concert company with them, and will open their New Zealand tour with a concert in Invercargill in about ten days’ time.

MILTON

THURSDAY, MAY 4 1893

May is usually a quiet month for the little town of Milton, just south of Dunedin, but the ladies of the district are in quite a flutter. Madame Aramanda, the celebrated palmist and clairvoyant, is visiting and opening for consultations at Coombes Hotel. The baker's wife was the first to notice the advertisement in the *Bruce Herald* and has alerted her friends. They are busy counting their pennies to see if they can afford the 5/- fee. One wants to know if the suffragettes will manage to gain the vote for women now that the nice Mr Ballance is dead another is keen to see if Madame can help her find her lost wedding ring. But all Daisy, the hotel cleaner, is interested in is whether Danny from Cowper St is going to pop the question any time soon. Down at Coombes, old Bill, the town's gambler and fount of all knowledge on horseflesh, is holding forth on his favourite subject but with some extra information relevant to the visitors.

'I swear it was this woman, Madame Aramanda, who picked the winner of the last Melbourne Cup,' he tells his mates, who're always ready to hear Bill's yarns.

'Yes, it was *Glenloth*, a rank outsider from the bush, who came from behind and beat the favourite,' he chortles, 'and that woman Aramanda picked him.' Bill had made a mint betting on that horse last year. His winnings have since disappeared into the tills at Coombes.

Young Danny is the first to spot Madame's arrival in Milton. He describes her to Daisy as young, about 18, and very handsome with beautiful dark eyes. Daisy is not impressed and refuses to talk to him for the rest of the day. Madame is accompanied by her agent, who looks to the gathering locals like a Yankee swell come to town. He has microscopic mutton chop whiskers, an extremely tall top hat, a long frock coat and trousers very wide and straight cut. He wears elevated shoes. He looks as out of place on the dusty Sts of Milton as a peacock in a fowl house. Francis Temple Vane, BA, for that is his name, hands Madame Aramanda gallantly out of the carriage which has borne them to the door of the hotel.

'Come, my dear, you need to rest after our long trip,' he says to Madame, as he leads her into the cavernous interior of the hotel. The locals loiter outside hoping for some gossip or titbit of news about the newcomers. It isn't long in coming. The whisper travels quickly through the town. The couple have only recently arrived in Invercargill

from Tasmania and, being newly married, are on their honeymoon. Daisy breathes a thankful sigh and resolves to seek Danny out after she's done her chores for her mother.

Lottie sits listlessly with William as they wait for some reviving tea and sandwiches. Not far away old Bill is still talking animatedly about horses. Suddenly Lottie brightens and whispers to her husband.

'Yes, he patted a horse one day on the flank and the animal lashed out and kicked him on the side of the leg,' she says. 'He put his hand down to save himself and the horse kicking again, cut his hand open, and then kicked him in the groin. He was laid up for six weeks.' She lapses again into silence. William, curious, walks over to the old man and asks him if this is true.

'Nah, it never happened,' Bill protests and quickly passes the matter over. But when he leaves the lounge he admits to his friends it was true to the letter.

'Gawd dang, how did she know that?' he mutters, and begins searching his pockets for coin to attend Madame's first reading, but finds nothing.

Meanwhile William is pondering the chance meeting of an old schoolfellow who had come upon him when he and Lottie were in Balclutha.

'Halloa, Kitchen, you're not going to pass me, are you?' said the man, as William hurried past, face averted.

'You've made a mistake.'

'No I haven't, but I never thought much of Kitchen anyway, and have no particular desire to renew the acquaintance.' William thrust a card into his hand bearing the name of F. Temple Vane, B.A., with a 'That's my name, sir.'

'I'm very sorry if I've made a mistake,' said the station manager, 'but I don't think I have,' and walked off shaking his head. That night William took extra care with his appearance, darkening his hair and eyebrows again and trimming his side whiskers even further. Gone is the light red moustache he affected previously and the beard, and his hair has been shorn of the curls that were also a distinctive feature of his appearance. Combined with the change into more fashionable dress William is sure his disguise will bear scrutiny.

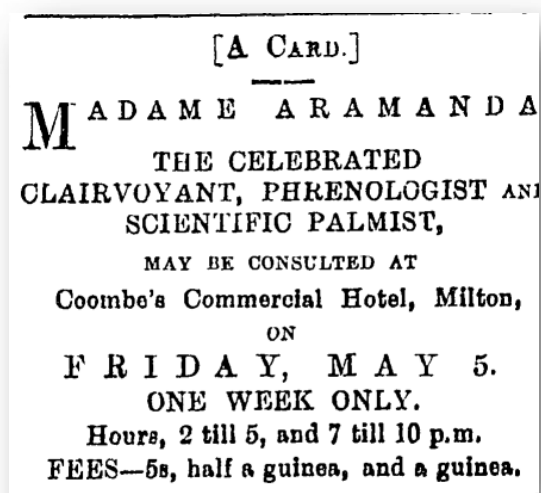
So far in Milton he's gone unremarked as Kitchen. After their tea, William finds the hotel proprietor to see if there have been any replies to his advertisement in the Dunedin

papers looking for a comfortable double bedroom and board for himself and his wife. There has been one – a Mrs Sarah Wall has made an offer which, after consultation with Lottie, William accepts. The couple discuss the advertisements to be placed in the Dunedin papers.

‘Say I went to the international exposition in Paris and that I’m en route to the Chicago World Fair after I leave New Zealand,’ says Lottie. William writes down her instructions.

‘Will you charge the same as in the provinces?’ asks William. Lottie nods.

‘Maybe in Auckland I’ll change the fees, but leave them the same for now.’



DUNEDIN

Saturday, May 6, 1893

In discussion with Lottie, William had decided to go to Dunedin late yesterday, leaving her to follow on after her consultations had been completed in Milton. He'd found the accommodation provided by Mrs Wall in Dowling St satisfactory and hoped that by not staying at any of the town's hotels would be able to preserve his disguise. Today he's off to place advertisements in the town's papers for Madame Aramanda and for the Albu sisters. First up, is his old paper, *The Globe*. He dresses carefully in a fashionably cut dark- coloured suit with a tall hat and his elevated boots. Kitchen was known as a small man and by making himself taller hopes these changes will be sufficient to prevent anyone recognising him, even his old colleagues at the town's newspapers. The disguise holds at the *Star* offices. Even Albert Cohen, with whom he'd spent many a press occasion, didn't recognise him. But William knows *The Globe* and the *Times* offices will be the places where he'll be really tested. He heads to *The Globe* next and is busy organising the placement of his advertisements when both the accountant and the editor, William's old nemesis, Henry Muir, hail him.

'William Kitchen, I'll be damned!' exclaims Muir. 'So you're not dead after all!'

'I'm not that person,' says William. 'I'm Francis Temple Vane and here to place some advertisements for my clients, Madame Aramanda, the palmist, and for the singers, Julie and Rose Albu.'

'You're never Temple Vane,' says the accountant. 'We know you, you're Freeman Kitchen. Do you think we wouldn't know you?'

'You're quite mistaken,' says William. 'There was a Kitchen, who was a cousin, but he died recently, poor fellow, but we do look remarkably alike, it's often been commented on.' With that he leaves the premises and heads off to the *Times* offices where he's never worked and where he also expects things to go without a hitch. He's up on the second floor in the jobbing department organising the publication of his advertisements when he receives a message asking him to come downstairs.

'I have an hour's business to transact, I can't come right now,' William tells the messenger. William is standing with his back to the door when he hears a cough. He turns and sees a man and a woman, the latter whom he knows well and who had once been his firm supporter when many had turned from him.

'William Kitchen,' says the man, 'we wish to speak to you.'

‘I’m not Kitchen,’ says William. ‘I’ve already explained that I am Francis Temple Vane, and that Kitchen was my cousin, now deceased.’

‘Oh, come on, William,’ says the lady. ‘I know you very well, don’t try to bamboozle me. I’ve known you and Annie for a long time. What do you think you’re doing, trying to pretend to be someone else?’

‘I tell you, I’m Temple Vane,’ says William. ‘Kitchen’s dead, as you’ve seen from the papers.’

‘I’m very disappointed in you, William,’ says the lady. ‘Why you think you can fool people in Dunedin, when you are so well known, is a mystery to me. But you **are** Kitchen that I’m certain of.’

‘Very well, I confess it. I am Kitchen,’ says William.

‘Why would you do such a thing?’ cries the lady.

‘Anyone in my position would have done it,’ says William. ‘I was destitute in Australia and sometimes had to live on one meal a day and hardly had any clothing or boots for my feet.’ Eyeing William’s clothes, the couple look sceptical.

‘The gentleman who engaged me to act as agent for the Albu sisters gave me this outfit,’ he says, indicating his fashionable clothing.

‘That’s all very well, Kitchen,’ says the man, ‘but what about the marriage?’

‘I didn’t get married in Launceston. A friend of mine called Temple Vane was married there, but as he couldn’t come to New Zealand, I took his name.’

‘I don’t believe a word of this story,’ says the lady. Her escort nods.

‘I suggest you do the Pacific slope immediately, Kitchen or the police will be after you.’

‘I haven’t any means to go away, and will have to earn some money first,’ says Kitchen, and rushes out of the jobbing department and out the door of the *Times*, managing to avoid any of the reporting staff who might recognise him. On his way back to his lodgings he buys a soft brown tourist hat, lately come a good deal into vogue for men. It will replace the tall hat he’s been using up ’til now. Back at Dowling St a message has arrived telling him Lottie will be arriving in Dunedin tomorrow, sooner than expected. She’s been unwell and has decided to cancel any further consultations in Milton and come straight to Dunedin.

DUNEDIN, May 9.

It was recently announced that Wm. Freeman Kitchen, one time editor here of the *Globe*, had died in Launceston and later a death notice appeared giving acute inflammation as the cause of death. F. Temple Vane, theatrical agent, who arrived here last week, bore a resemblance in many respects to the reported dead man. The features were a good deal altered, the change being made really by shaving the beard and moustache, leaving only short side whiskers dyed black, but the voice and handwriting were unmistakable. Though taxed with being Kitchen, Vane repeatedly denied this

MONDAY, MAY 8, 1893

Unwilling to spend his days hiding in the Dowling St lodgings, William decides to go out, still confident that most people will not recognise him. He wishes Georgie Smithson was still in Dunedin, but she was bankrupted a year ago and he doesn't know where she is now. She, at least, would understand his subterfuge. However, his confidence is boosted when a lawyer who he used to know quite well, when he was working at *The Globe*, fails to penetrate his disguise. Another man, the manager of Charles Begg's, the music warehouse next to *The Globe*, and with whom he had business dealings, also seems to accept his story that he is Vane, not Kitchen. They are chatting when a reporter, James Hutchison, who was connected with the *Herald* office during the time William was chief reporter, enters the shop in the company of a friend. They gaze in astonishment at William. The manager, noticing the two's amazement, crosses over to them, bringing William with him.

'I know,' the manager says, 'I know why you were staring at this gentleman when you came in. You thought it was poor old Kitchen come back from the grave.' He introduces William as Vane and as the men shake hands William sighs.

'Yes, my poor cousin, he's gone; he'll never come back any more.' The newcomers commiserate and offer their sympathies.

'But look here,' says William, 'these are the people I am representing.' He brings out the book with the press notices for Lottie and for the Albu sisters.

In the evening a reporter, at William's invitation, calls at the boarding house where William and Lottie are staying. William receives him at the door. During the course of

the conversation William mentions that he has already had visits from two other journalists, whose names he can't recall.

'Could I have a look at that press book again?' asks the reporter.

'Yes, of course, but I'd like it back as soon as possible,' says William.

'You could call for it from the *Times* office later this evening,' says the reporter. William agrees and shows the reporter out.

A few hours later, William makes his way down to the *Times* offices, calling in at the front desk to ask for the reporter, who had visited a few hours before. A message comes down asking him to go to the reporters' room and with some trepidation he enters the room where four men are gathered. Upon entering, he sees the borrower of the book, and, ignoring the other men in the room, asks for his book back,

'Hullo, Kitchen, how are you?' asks one of the men. William turns round slowly, a look of surprise on his face.

'I think you've made a mistake.'

'Oh no, I haven't," replies the man. 'I know you very well.'

'I am not Kitchen,' says William patiently. 'I don't wonder at your mistake, so many people have mistaken me for Kitchen.'

'You are an unmitigated fraud, Kitchen,' says James Hutchison, the reporter who'd seen William in Begg's. 'It's a huge joke you coming to Dunedin, where you're so well-known, and trying to pass yourself off as somebody else.' Williams looks indignant.

'You're presuming on your position as a pressman to talk to me like that,' he says. 'I tell you I'm Francis Temple Vane. Kitchen was my cousin, as I keep telling people.'

'We don't believe you,' says the first man. 'We want you to write your name — William Freeman Kitchen.

'I won't write that name,' says William. 'I'll only write my own signature.'

'What is your name?' repeated the reporter. 'I see you advertise it as Temple Vane, and that in this book,' indicating William's press book, 'you have it stamped Frank Vane. Perhaps you change it every month.'

'Francis Temple Vane is my name, sir,' says William.

'Then write that,' says Hutchison. William pulls a pen from his vest pocket, snatches up a piece of paper, and rapidly dashes off 'F. Temple Vane' in a large, angular hand. As he's writing, the pressman who's been pestering him to submit to this awkward test triumphantly exclaims:

‘That's just the way Kitchen holds his pen.’ William takes no notice of this remark, but explains that he doesn't pretend that the signature he's just written is his usual signature. ‘You've made me nervous,’ he says, putting his pen away.

‘So I should think!’ says Hutchison. ‘It's a huge joke you coming round here where you're well known and trying to pass yourself off as somebody else. All four men roar with laughter. ‘It may be a laughing matter for you, gentlemen— I haven't the pleasure of knowing your names— but it's a serious matter for me.’

The pressmen again express their opinion William is a fraud.

‘What business is it of anyone whether a man travels under an assumed name or not so long as the company which he represents is a good one?’ asks William.

‘Although it might not as a general rule be anyone's business,’ says Hutchison, ‘in the present case it seems a great joke.’ William leaves with the sound of their laughter following him out onto the St. He rushes home in a highly agitated state. He needs to talk to Lottie.

We recently republished from the Wellington Post a paragraph stating that W. Freeman Kitchen, at one time editor of the Dunedin Globe, had died in Launceston, and a few days later a notice of his death, which had been received from an apparently reliable source, appeared in our obituary column. Both the paragraph and the obituary notice were incorrect. Before Mr Kitchen left Dunedin, a little more than 12 months ago, he became connected with the theatrical profession, and adopted the stage name of Vane, and under that name he is at present in Dunedin.

TUESDAY, MAY 9, 1893

Lottie kisses William goodbye on the step of the boarding house and watches as he hurries down the road—a dark figure soon lost in the gloom. She wonders when she'll see him again.

The couple had spent long hours last night discussing what must be done, knowing he is only hours away from being held by the police. Together they'd decided on a plan, largely based on preserving Lottie's innocence in the whole affair. William, being all too aware of the power of the newspapers to influence readers, has ordered Lottie to play the victim and heap all the blame on him. That way, he said, she could continue her journey through New Zealand, her reputation unscathed.

‘I got us into this miserable mess,’ he told her. ‘It’s only right I should bear the burden of condemnation.’ They’d rehearsed what Lottie was to tell the reporters when they called, which they were bound to do.

‘But what will you do?’ asked Lottie. ‘And when will I see you again?’ William held both of her hands in his.

‘Hush, Lottie. All will be well. ‘I’m going to walk to the Taieri and take a train from there to Bluff and get on a ship back to Tasmania or Melbourne or wherever the ship is going.’

‘I can meet you back in Sydney perhaps, after I’ve been to Auckland,’ said Lottie.

‘Yes, yes, we must, but the only trouble is, I haven’t much money,’ said William. Lottie rushed to her reticule and handed him most of her money and a few choice pieces of her jewellery.

‘That should see you through,’ she said, looking tearful but determined. ‘I’ll be earning more with my consultations.’

‘Thank you Lottie, you are the dearest girl. I’m so sorry I got you into this. I don’t want you to suffer for my mistakes.’ Lottie shook her head and kissed him. They clung together until William gently disentangled himself and urged her to rest.

‘I’ll have to get ready as I’ll be leaving very early in the morning.’ The two parted – Lottie to her bed, and William to prepare himself for his departure from Dunedin. He’d discarded his fashionable dress and donned a rough tweed suit and a battered wide-awake, a soft felt hat which he hoped would cover some of his distinctive features. He’d also dyed his hair back to a light brown and his eyebrows to a rusty red.

With the morning light now filtering through the windows, Lottie sits in her room and waits. It’s not long before the first of the pressmen arrive. This one’s from the *Times*, one of the men who’d interrogated William last night.

‘Mrs Vane, or should I call you Mrs Kitchen?’ says the man as Lottie ushers him in to the sitting room.

‘I thought I was Mrs Vane,’ says Lottie. ‘I certainly thought I was marrying Mr Vane at our wedding in Launceston.’ She shows him the marriage notice in a Tasmanian paper.

‘So where is the villain?’ asks the reporter. Lottie begins to sob.

‘I am an innocent victim in this,’ she says, wiping her eyes. ‘He’s left me penniless.’

‘What do you mean?’ asks the reporter.

‘That wretched man has left and taken all my money and even some of my jewellery,’ she cries. The reporter looks uncomfortable and waits for Lottie to recover.

‘I know you are Madame Aramanda,’ says the reporter, ‘but that surely is not your real name?’

‘My name is Charlotte Hannam,’ says Lottie, ‘but I’ve been practising as Madame for several years now.’

‘So where’s the certificate of your marriage to Kitchen or Vane then?’ asks the man.

‘I left that with my mother,’ says Lottie. ‘I didn’t think I’d need to bring it with me to New Zealand.’ After a few more questions the reporter leaves and Lottie prepares for her first consultation at 2 o’clock. Any other reporters are going to have to wait.

Our Dunedin correspondent writes :—
 “Frank Temple Vane, who came to Dunedin under that name at the end of last week, has admitted that he is in reality William Freeman Kitchen, ex-editor of the Dunedin Globe, who was said to have died in Tasmania last month. He was confronted with a lady who knew him years ago, and under her searching gaze he broke down, and confessed the whole story. A warrant has been issued for his arrest for wife-desertion, his wife being in Wellington; but he is now “non est,” and it is supposed he has gone south. The police are on his track, and it is said they wish to bring a much more serious charge against him than that of wife-desertion.”

INVERCARGILL

FRIDAY MAY 12, 1893

Secreted behind some crates bound as cargo for the *Manapouri*, William waits for passengers to be called to board. He's spent a miserable two days since he reached Bluff avoiding contact with anyone, desperate to make the ship and leave New Zealand. He's read the papers that a warrant's been issued for his arrest on wife desertion and he fears that the police are not far behind. He's exhausted. Since early Tuesday morning when he fled Dunedin he's walked to Mosgiel, a good 10 miles, in order to catch the slow train to Invercargill. Fortunately, sitting in second-class nobody gave him a second look, and so the trip south had been without incident, although he spent plenty of that time wondering how Lottie was managing without him. On arrival at Invercargill at 6 o'clock, he'd then set out for the Bluff and the port, another 17 miles. While in Dunedin he'd noted that the *Manapouri* was on its way to Melbourne and he expected to pick it up at Bluff where he was less likely to be recognised. He'd sought lodging at a run-down hotel on the outskirts of the town and had been waiting for the chance to board ever since.

'So what have we here?' asks a loud voice, and a hand comes down on William's shoulder as he sits in the shelter of the crates.

'Just trying to keep out of the way of the seamen and stevedores,' says William, turning to see the outline of a man silhouetted against the sun.

'Well, young man, that's not exactly the safest place to be. Why aren't you waiting with the other passengers in more comfort?' William's interrogator turns out to be the local detective, William Madden, a policeman William used to know when the man was stationed in Dunedin. However, his disguise seems to be holding because Madden doesn't appear to recognise him.

'So who are you then?' asks the detective.

'Oh, I'm George Burns from Henley in the Taieri district on my way to see my sister in Melbourne,' says William. Just then the siren sounds from the *Manapouri*, a signal to passengers to board. William picks up his bag and heads for the ship, the detective following. Just as William sets foot on the gangway, Madden again puts his hand on William's shoulder, but more firmly this time.

'Not so fast, young man. I'm arresting you on suspicion of being William Kitchen who's wanted for wife desertion. You're not going anywhere.' Despite William's

strenuous objections, Madden steers him off the gangway and towards the train station. The two men wait for the train to arrive without speaking, and still not talking, take a seat in one of the carriages.

'Turn out your pockets,' orders Madden. William produces a bottle of chloroform and a pot of facepaint.

'So you are Kitchen, despite all your protests,' says Madden. Kitchen nods resignedly.

'It's the police court for you tomorrow, Kitchen,' says Madden and then you'll probably be remanded to Wellington to face charges there.'

'What'll happen before then?' asks William.

'After the court tomorrow you'll go back to Dunedin and you'll be locked up until they can get you on a train to go north.' William puts his head in his hands. He knows this will be all over the papers; they do so love a scandal.

deceit he was practicing. A warrant was issued on Friday last for his arrest on a charge of wife desertion, and on Saturday he was arrested by Detective Madden on board the s.s. Manapouri at the Bluff, bound for Melbourne. Even then the prisoner, who was disguised, tried to pass himself off as somebody else, but although the detective was not absolutely certain he stuck to his man, and soon he had the satisfaction of learning he was right. During the labour troubles in 1891 Kitchen occupied a most prominent position among the Unionists, and he was brought into contact with a large number of people, a fact which makes his attempt to pass as a stranger in the district, where he was perhaps best known, even more strange. His greatest crime, so far as is known at present, is his false marriage with Madame Araminta, who is a young lady only eighteen years of age. We suspect we have yet to learn why Mr Kitchen left Tasmania. It is far from likely that the last has been heard of him, and "the ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain" for which he seems so peculiar.

WELLINGTON

FRIDAY MAY 19 1893

Since being arrested by Detective Madden on Friday afternoon William has been held in both the Invercargill and the Dunedin lock-ups and been accompanied by a policeman on the trip north. On Monday he was told he'd be put on the express to Christchurch then on a boat to Wellington. He shudders to remember the receptions he's been getting when he appears in public accompanied by some burly man in blue. He's been so ashamed and downcast since his arrest at Bluff, he wishes he'd taken the chloroform he'd had in his pocket. On Sunday morning he'd even told the watchhouse keeper that he'd swallowed the contents of his bottle of the anaesthetic, but had quickly poured it out before the doctor arrived. He couldn't go through with it. Lottie was waiting for him. Arriving at the Dunedin train station in the custody of Constable Green had proved even more of an ordeal on Saturday night. There was a crowd of people waiting to have a look at him. He found out later there'd been a newspaper article telling readers of his arrival. He was greeted with hoots and jeers as he was led off to the police lock up.

'You're a bigamist, a wife deserter and an outright scoundrel, Kitchen. What about those two, poor woman you've shamed?' shouted one bystander.

'You'll get your just desserts, Kitchen,' called another, as he was led off.

The voyage on the *Penguin* has been relatively peaceful and free of abuse. Nobody had taken much notice of him although they'd looked rather puzzled by his large companion, Constable McRae, who followed him everywhere he went. This all changed when the ship pulled in to the Queen's Wharf on Thursday morning. William's heart had sunk. Another large crowd had gathered and his face was red with humiliation as he stumbled down the gangway handcuffed to another policeman, Constable Dillon, and stuffed into a cab. Taken to the Wellington police station William had to spend the night there before being brought up before the magistrate this morning. He'd wondered if his family would visit him but the only person he'd seen had been a law student, George Percy, serving him notice that Annie had started divorce proceedings against him and the solicitor appointed to defend him, Charles Skerrett, a prominent defence lawyer in the capital.

‘This court case seems a waste of time, if your wife is going to divorce you,’ said Skerrett.

‘The police won’t be happy if their time has been wasted arresting you and bringing you all the way up to Wellington!’ William is confused. He knows nothing of the ways of the law in such matters. But that night in the loneliness of his cell William spent some time writing a letter to Annie’s brother, William Crichton, trying to ensure Lottie remains blameless for his marriage to her in Tasmania.

‘I desire to warn you and yours against any improper use of Miss Hannam’s name,’ he wrote. ‘The lady in question was married to me in St John’s Church, Launceston last month in the full belief that I was a single man. Her solicitors have instructions to at once protect her name if any imputations are cast upon her perfect innocence in this matter and no matter where I may be at the time, my evidence will be forthcoming to assist to clear her should it be necessary.’ Satisfied that he’d done what he could to protect Lottie’s name, William put the letter in an envelope and asked Constable Dillon to post it for him.

In a packed courtroom before magistrate James Martin and a Justice of the Peace, William pleads not guilty to a charge of deserting his wife, Annie. Thomas Hislop, who appears on her behalf, tells the court proceedings had been taken without telling her.

‘They were instituted in the first place by Mrs Kitchen’s friends, practically without consulting her,’ says Hislop. ‘After consultation with her and Mr Skerrett, we came to the conclusion the matter could not be prosecuted successfully, and so made an arrangement which would be to the advantage of Mrs Kitchen.’ Skerrett leans over to William and whispers ‘Divorce’. Hislop continues.

‘I therefore ask the Court to allow the proceedings to be dismissed without prejudice.’ A scowling prosecutor, Inspector Pender, is not happy.

‘I’d like to point out that the police have been put not only to a large amount of trouble, but also to great expense, in arresting the accused and bringing him to Wellington. Who is going to pay those costs?’ Skerrett rises to his feet to address the bench.

‘I am not concerned in that matter. My client, I am advised, has committed no offence, and is prepared to prove it. If the case is not to be proceeded with, it should be dismissed.’

‘Inspector Pender,’ says the magistrate, ‘can you say what amount of expense the country has been put to in this case?’

‘I can’t say at present,’ says Pender.

‘In that case,’ says Mr Martin, ‘I can’t detain the prisoner while you’re finding out what cost you’ve been put to. Mr Hislop has said he does not intend to proceed so the Court has no option but to dismiss it.’ Turning to William he nods.

‘You are accordingly discharged from custody.’

Meanwhile the relatives of his cast-off wife in Wellington had set the law in motion and got a warrant issued against him for wife-desertion, for which he is now in custody. If the statements about his re-marriage are correct, of course, and of this there is only the evidence of cable messages as yet, he will also be prosecuted for bigamy. It would be hard to say which of the two injured women is entitled to the greater share of sympathy—the deserted wife and mother, now in Wellington, or the innocent but deceived creature who is said to have gone through the mockery of a marriage in Tasmania to find herself now in that most awkward of positions, neither maid, wife nor widow.

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After all the excitement which Mr William Freeman Kitchen occasioned throughout the Colony, and notwithstanding the chase made after him throughout Otago, he is to-day a free subject. It does seem absurd that he should be chased about the island, and caught and escorted with the closest attention to Wellington, only to be let off. The law knows best, however, but after the long account of the man’s adventures that the Daily Times published, most people thought he would get five years, at the least.

THAMES

TUESDAY JULY 4, 1893

Since William was hauled off by the police Lottie had garnered much sympathy from people in Dunedin. They saw her as the unwitting victim of the whole affair, something which she and William had worked hard at projecting. She's amused at how young she seems to appear to those who make her acquaintance. The newspapers have been very careful to avoid any mention of William when they report on her palmistry and clairvoyance, although some pressmen have wondered in the pages of their newspapers how she didn't foresee such a calamity happening to her. The last few days in Dunedin before she boarded the ship to come north had not been pleasant, however. The constant attention had made her ill and she'd had to cancel her appointments. Now that interest in William has waned, she's much happier. Comfortably ensconced in a warm room at the Humphrey's Royal Hotel in Thames, she's enjoyed very satisfactory reviews from the *Thames Star* and from those who have consulted her during the week she's been here.

Her meeting with a reporter from the local paper when she arrived in Thames was very successful. Lottie had donned her most elegant gown of French taffeta and set out to charm her interlocutor.

'So Madame, where are you from originally?'

'My mother is French and I was born on the island of Jersey,' said Lottie. She was actually born in Victoria but knows the mystique of her French accent calls for a more romantic birthplace.

'And how did you become a palmist and clairvoyant?'

'I am a pupil of the most famous palmist of his day, Monsieur Desbarolles, who developed the idea of scientific palmistry which I adhere to. His system is so reliable it's been used in the French courts to determine the identity of supposed criminals.'

'Your advertisements say you have been to the Paris Exposition and that you have practised in England,' said the reporter.

'Oh indeed, I have read the heads and hands of the nobility in every country I've visited, and I've received many credentials from them.' She showed the man her press book filled with extracts from articles which have appeared in leading English, Continental, and Australian journals.

‘In the Kensington Hall, London, where a public exhibition was given some time ago,’ said Lottie, ‘and where the leading exponents of the art took part, I was declared by unanimous verdict the most reliable clairvoyant and accurate palmist who competed.’ She then recounted the story of last year picking *Glenloth* as winning the Melbourne Cup. Clearly captivated by Lottie, the reporter left to write up a most positive account of his visit and recommending her highly to the people of Thames.

Tomorrow morning Lottie packs up to continue her journey by the *Rotomahana* to Auckland. The service between Thames and Auckland is a daily one and she must be ready to leave at 10 o’clock. She’s booked rooms in Shortland St which she has written and told William about. They’d made plans to write to each other while apart and both intend returning to Australia, although Lottie is telling everyone she’s going on to the Chicago World Fair. The couple will try to catch steamers to Sydney where possible, probably next month when Lottie finishes her consultations in Auckland. It all depends on how popular they are.

Madame Aramanda, phrenologist, scientific palmist, and clairvoyant, who has gained a high reputation as an interpreter of character and capability, as disclosed to her by characteristics of the hand and head, as well as for her ability to peer into the past and future history of man, arrived at the Thames last night, and has taken up her abode at Humphreys’ Royal Hotel, where those desirous of testing her wonderful gifts of nature and science may consult her for the next few days. A representative of this paper was privileged to witness an exposition of Madame’s skill. On entering her sitting room he found her most elegantly attired and possessing a natural grace of manner and freedom from affectation so often wanting in the artistic character. The young lady, who is of French extraction and a native of Jersey, has, judging from the high testimonials and other evidences in her possession, obtained high honors in her profession both on the Continent and in Britain. In the

AUCKLAND

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1893

Since Lottie arrived in Auckland from Thames she's been the darling of the locals and the press. Nobody has mentioned anything about William to her, although she's caught the odd commiserating glance on occasion. Truth be told, the Worthington affair has taken over as the scandal of the day. Sister Magdala, a Christian Scientist, had separated from her first husband to marry Bentley Worthington without going through a proper divorce. He proceeded to swindle her of all her money and then she discovered he had bigamously married several other women in the United States, using a false name. This whole saga far surpasses Lottie and William's sad tale which has not been mentioned in the papers for some time. In fact the Auckland papers, especially the *Observer*, have been very supportive, almost to the point where she needn't advertise. The columns of the paper have managed to feature something about her visit on a weekly basis and urged people to avail themselves of her services. As in the other towns she's visited, a local reporter had called to hear her story and learn about palmistry and her successes. She's rather tired of telling the same tale about *Glenloth* so in Auckland has pointed to some of her New Zealand consultations.

'One of my favourites,' she told a reporter, 'was the Invercargill lady who had lost a will. I was able to assist her and she afterwards wrote that she was 'perfectly electrified' by the astounding revelations I made about the lost will and private matters connected with her ancestry.' The reporters are always interested in Lottie's ancestry and she maintains her story that she is of French extraction and Jersey born.

Auckland has been a very pleasant interlude and she's had a full schedule of appointments, from both the 'upper crust' and the more humble. The *Observer* has even gone so far as to call her a 'sensation' and urged Aucklanders to make the most of her visit before she departs. Those who haven't taken advantage of her being in the city are now too late. Today she's taking the *Waihora* for Sydney, although she's told many she's heading for America. She'll decide that later, although she hasn't much time to make up her mind as the World Fair finishes at the end of October. William left Wellington on the *Wairarapa* on Monday bound initially for Tasmania. He had no wish to wait around to hear the outcome of the divorce proceedings.

‘I’ll meet you in Sydney,’ he’d told Lottie, ‘as soon as I’m able. Then we can be together without us being the talk of the colony. Sydney is large enough that it won’t be interested in our story.’

‘Perhaps we could start up our own theatrical company,’ Lottie had written back. ‘And I agree, Sydney is too big a place to be concerned about our affairs.’

Madame Aramanda, who has made many friends in Auckland, and who has while here unravelled a great many mysteries, is about to bring her season in this city to a close. Madame’s season concludes on Saturday week. She talks of proceeding to America. It is probable that her hands will be very full during the next few days, so all those desirous of learning the secrets of futurity should avail themselves of the last chances of doing so.

WELLINGTON

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1893

Annie Kitchen stands in the living room of her brother, George's, home and wonders how her life has come to this pass. Today, her case goes to the Supreme Court, and all going well she will be granted her petition to divorce William on the grounds of bigamy and adultery. Such harsh words, but true, she hopes the court will find. It has been a long and difficult time since she was persuaded to take out the divorce proceedings against William in May. Mr Hislop, her lawyer, had been very kind and helpful, as she put together her petition.

George and her other brother William walk into the room together and pause when they see her crying on the settee.

'Oh Annie, don't weep,' says William, putting a comforting arm around her. 'This is all for the best really, you know.' He hands her a handkerchief to dry her eyes.

'I know it is, but I'm still sad that it has come to this. I still don't understand why he did what he did.'

'We'll probably never know, but now you can get on with your life,' says George, sitting on the sofa beside her.

'But what if the judge doesn't grant me the divorce?' says Annie. 'Then what'll I do?' George pats her on the back.

'No judge would fail to grant a divorce petition considering everything we've found out about William,' he says. 'Just think of what we've got.' Annie nods. The latest has been a copy of a wedding notice William had put in the *Argus* in April, and the clipping sent over by a friend in Melbourne.

'Yes, my meeting with the Albu sisters' manager, Mr Plunkett, was very helpful.' The sisters had been in Feilding in June for a once-only concert and Annie, accompanied by her father, had interviewed Mr Plunkett for an hour about what he knew about William and Lottie Hannam. She was thankful he'd refused to speak about the matter to anyone else, lawyers or reporters.

'Not just that but what about that Tasmanian reporter's story?' says William. 'He was at William's supposed wedding and knew he was using a different name. Piper was able to recognise William from the photograph we sent over.'

‘There’s no doubt he committed bigamy by marrying that Lottie woman,’ adds George.

‘When will we know the verdict,’ asks Annie. ‘Should I go to the court do you think?’ Both men shake their heads vigorously.

‘It wouldn’t be a good idea at all,’ says George. ‘What if you met William there? What would you do, with all the people there to see you? No, it wouldn’t be a good idea at all.’

‘We’ll go,’ says William and bring you back the news.’ They kiss their sister goodbye and leave for the court.

The two men return later, clearly delighted. Annie is waiting for them at the door as soon as she hears their steps on the path. They throw open the door and hug their sister in jubilation.

‘You have your divorce,’ says William, ‘well, partial divorce, I suppose we should call it. You’ll be granted a final divorce, a decree absolute, in about three months’ time, if William doesn’t contest it.’

‘William wasn’t there, so he’s unlikely to,’ says George. ‘It was all over in a matter of minutes.’ Annie hugs both her brothers, but still looks tearful. She remembers the broken glass on her wedding photo. ‘It was a portent,’ she thinks.

KITCHEN V. KITCHEN.

Annie Kitchen, *nee* Crichton, prayed to have her marriage with William Freeman Kitchen, journalist, dissolved on the grounds of adultery and bigamy. Mr. Hislop appeared for the petitioner. There was no appearance of the respondent, nor was he represented by counsel. The evidence was to the effect that the parties were married in Wellington on 14th April, 1885; that there were two children as issue of the marriage; that in April last the respondent went through the form of marriage in Tasmania with one Charlotte Hammond, representing that he was a bachelor, and that his name was Francis Temple Vane. A decree nisi with costs was granted.

ASHHURST

TUESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1895

Although Annie has been living in Birmingham since January last year, she's come home to her parents in Ashhurst for her marriage to Edward. Her decree absolute was finally granted in July last year and she's been able to turn her back on that period in her life and concentrate on her new one...and one that is now to include Edward. In a few hours she'll be Mrs Palmer, and become part of his large family of brothers and sisters. She couldn't be happier. It's a long way from the dismal events of two years ago when she was forced to sue William for divorce on the grounds of bigamy and adultery. Her sisters Harriett and Mary are helping her prepare and her brothers are outside arranging seats in the garden for the wedding. It's largely a family affair with some of Edward's brothers and sisters journeying from Nelson to celebrate the occasion. Edward is the fourth son but his father won't be here to see him marry...he died a long time ago. Also present will be the Burnes, with whom Annie has been boarding since moving out into the country.

She's been very content in Birmingham and has cemented her position in the community as a leading contributor, both as singer and pianist, to any entertainment of a musical nature.

If there's a call for a song or an accompaniment, Annie is one of the first to be asked, and many a soiree and social has been graced with her fine voice or piano skills. The two boys, Edward and Arthur, soon to be eight and nine, are well established at the local school, and Annie has discussed with Edward what should happen with the boys once they're married.

'Should we give them your surname?' she'd asked her fiancé. 'It would be so much easier for them and for us if we did.'

'I think that's a good idea,' said Edward. 'I won't formally adopt them but while they're at school, it seems sensible to enrol them as Palmer.'

'I'm so glad the boys seem pleased about our marriage,' he added. 'They love being on the farm and they might even make good cricketers one day.'

'You might hope,' laughed Annie. 'It won't be through want of instruction from you.' Edward is a keen cricketer. In fact it was during a social for the cricket club that Annie first met Edward, considered one of the most eligible bachelors in the district. She still

remembers the occasion when Edward helped the unmarried men win best table at a Wesleyan Church soiree. It had furnished a lot of mirth for the attendees. Edward has been a farmer in the district for some time and is very generous in providing a paddock for any community event, such as local sports days. Only just a few days ago the couple had attended the Druids sports day in Edward's paddock and a very successful day it'd been with Edward winning the prize for guessing the live weight of a sheep and then the couple enjoying the dance in the local hall in the evening. For a change the music hadn't been provided by Annie or any of the other ladies of the district.

But now the months of courting are over and Annie is about to wed Edward in an intimate ceremony before her and Edward's family and a few close friends.

'Do keep still Annie,' says Harriett, trying to tie the satin sash round her sister's waist. 'You're wriggling like a fish.' The three women laugh as Annie twirls so fast the sash winds round her figure several times instead of just the once.

'Oh, do behave,' gasps Mary. 'Your hair is all mussed now and I'll have to do it again.'

'Stop fussing,' says Annie. 'This is to be a happy, informal occasion and a few hairs out of place won't go amiss.' She hugs her sisters. There's a knock at the door and her father pokes his head in.

'Are you ready yet hen? We're ready out here, and your man is getting a mite impatient!'

Giving a last twitch to her gown, the sisters pronounce her fit to be seen and they line up behind her, as their father takes Annie's hand on his arm. The sounds of the wedding march echo through the house as they walk down the passage and out into the garden where the guests and Edward are waiting. Rev. William Lee, the Wesleyan Minister based in Wanganui, marries them with Annie's father and Edward's sister, Hannah, as witnesses. Several hours later the couple are farewelled on their honeymoon with a shower of rice and a few old shoes. Mr and Mrs Palmer are now husband and wife.

PALMER—KITCHEN.—At Ashurst, on the 29th, Mr E. Palmer, of Birmingham, fourth son of Mr Job Palmer, late of Waimea, Nelson, to Mrs Annie Kitchen, eldest daughter of Mr George Crichton, of Ashurst.

SYDNEY

SUNDAY, APRIL 12 1896

Lottie and William walk arm-in-arm down Elizabeth St glancing occasionally at the overcast sky and hoping it won't rain. The forecast is unsettled with showers, but the couple pray any rain will hold off for a few hours at least. They come to number 48 and look for a sign which says 'The Minister's Study'. As they are puzzling over where to go they're greeted by a young man who introduces himself as August Fisher.

'Are you the couple coming to be married this morning?' he asks. "Mr Kitchen? Miss Hannam?' At their nod, he gestures for them to follow him into the rather gloomy interior.

It's exactly three years ago to the day that Lottie and William married in Launceston's main Anglican Church. Today they are marrying, legally this time, and according to the rites of the Independent Baptist Church, at this matrimonial agency in Sydney. Picking the same day was not a coincidence; it was a deliberate decision and an expression of the commitment they'd made to each other in Tasmania. Nobody has been invited to the brief ceremony, and Mr Howard, the officiating minister, is providing the two witnesses, one of whom is the man who has just greeted them. Fisher is a young singing evangelist from Melbourne currently in the city with his wife. As Lottie and William enter the room where the marriage is to take place a second man steps forward.

'I am Lorenzo Howard, your minister for the day. Please don't be nervous. We have your witnesses here.' He indicates Fisher and his wife and another man, whose name escapes William. He only hears part of it. Paul, he thinks.

'You look lovely, my dear,' says Howard to Lottie, who is soberly but elegantly dressed in a dark skirt with a shot silk blouse and finished with a burgundy ribbon. William is wearing a fashionable grey coat and matching waistcoat and dark trousers.

'Please stand before me, and we shall begin.' The minister reads the marriage lines and the ceremony is soon over, with all but the marriage register to be signed. William gives his correct details this time but Lottie writes her age as 25, (it's 31) and her father as a doctor (he isn't). The couple thank the minister and the witnesses and leave the premises, to later enjoy a quiet meal together at their lodgings in Challis Avenue at Potts Point.

It's been a trying few years since their visit to New Zealand. Lottie has continued her practice of palmistry and clairvoyance as Madame Aramanda with the occasional foray into acting and William continued his writing, mainly as a freelance, until he obtained the editorship of the *Australian Field*, a country paper owned by the Lasseter Company. He's had to learn a lot about farming in a very short time and it was put to the test a week ago when he had to report on the Royal Agricultural Show at Moore Park. While he knows something about chickens, having owned some pure golden Hamburgs back in Wellington, he's now able to tell an Ayrshire from a Jersey, a Devon from a Hereford and can talk sensibly about ploughing, sowing and harvesting. The May issue of the paper will be full of stories from the show and he's also got some splendid pictures to include, in particular Phillip Charley's coaching stallion, *Barrister*, which took first prize in his section. However, today is a day of rest and celebration, which he is going to enjoy with Lottie. There will be no public notices of this wedding.

NEW SOUTH WALES
BIRTHS, DEATHS AND MARRIAGES REGISTRATION ACT 1995
MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE

REGISTRATION NUMBER
1896 / 002174

Date and place of marriage		Names and surnames of parties		Conjugal status	Birthplace
6215	1896.	12 th April	William Truman Kilburn	Unmarried	London, England
	SYDNEY.		Charlotte Raymond Korman	Spinster	Irish, Irish

Married before The Minister
115 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

According to the rites of the Anglican Church

The Consent of the of the Bridegroom, was given in writing to the Minister of the Anglican Church with the said being under the age of twenty-one years. Minister or Registrar


The Consent of the of the Bride, was given in writing to the Minister of the Anglican Church with the said being under the age of twenty-one years. Minister or Registrar

Usual occupation	Age	Usual place of residence	Father's name mother's name and maiden surname	Father's occupation
Journalist	38	Barlinghurst N.S.W.	Joseph Kilburn Elizabeth Rose Korman	Manufacturer
Gentleman	25	Sydney, N.S.W.	William Korman Elizabeth London	Doctor

This Marriage was solemnized between us William Truman Kilburn and Charlotte Raymond Korman In the presence of us Paul Rogers
Angus F. Fisher

By (or before) me Louise Howard Officiating Minister or Registrar

Before accepting copies, sight unaltered original. The original has a coloured background.



REGISTRY OF BIRTHS
DEATHS AND MARRIAGES
SYDNEY 20 Apr 2010

I hereby certify that this is a true copy of particulars recorded in a Register in the State of New South Wales, in the Commonwealth of Australia

Greg Curry
Registrar

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19 1896

William pulls at his necktie, trying to loosen it, as he trudges in the heat and humidity up the imposing stairs of the Central Police Station in George St. He's had his fill of such places but today is a different matter, it's not he who is up before the magistrate but a journalist he's suing for false pretences. But it's not just any journalist. William Astley is a well-known writer for such journals as *The Bulletin* and *Truth*, and writes under the pen name Price Warung. William first met him in June and after some financial dealings with him was incensed enough to take the man to court. And here they are today. Astley, who's been the organiser for the People's Federal Convention, being held this week in Bathurst, was remanded back to Sydney to face charges today of obtaining money from William by false pretences. But William's not happy. The courts have moved too speedily and he's been unable to get his witnesses down to Sydney in time. Despite his lawyer's efforts the court has refused to grant him more time to prepare his case. It's going ahead today, witnesses or not.

'William,' calls his lawyer, John Oliver, 'I'm sorry I couldn't get the case delayed. The police and I tried to get a further remand but the magistrate, Mr Johnson, refused it. There's nothing for it, but to plough on and hope for the best.'

'I'll be complaining about this to the Department of Justice,' says William. 'How can you conduct a case in Sydney when the witnesses are all in Bathurst?' The two men enter the courtroom and see several friends of Astley's who glare at William. Among them is Dick O'Connor, who's clearly taken time away from the convention to support his friend.

'Who's appearing for Astley?' whispers William to Oliver, pointing to the defence benches where a stocky man with dark curly hair is sitting.

'That's Paddy Crick, let's hope he's been drinking today,' says Oliver. Astley appears in court and takes a seat beside Crick. He's looking very precise and alert, but rather drawn. He peers over his pince-nez at the courtroom and, finding William, scowls before turning to whisper to his lawyer. The case begins when the charges against Astley are read and William takes the stand to give his testimony.

'I first met Mr Astley in June, and then on about the 15th of August I gave him £15; £5 was for a loan, and £10 was to be given to W. B. Melville, as a deposit on the purchase of his A. & J. Press Agency.

'Let me understand this,' says Oliver. 'You are saying that Mr Astley represented to you that Mr Melville was willing to sell his press agency?'

‘Yes, he also told me that John Meagher, a local leader of the Protection party, would provide £1000 for running the paper.’

‘Mr Astley was offering to take over the agency?’

‘Yes, Mr Astley said he was ready to put down £100 for the purpose of buying the agency from Melville and providing for initial expenses.’

‘So what happened next?’

‘Some days later Mr Astley showed me a receipt for £10 which he said he had paid away to Melville and then on the 21st of August he asked me for another £15.’

‘Did you give it to him?’

‘No, I refused at first but Mr Astley then said he’d sell me the whole of his interest in his ‘Couponia’ advertisement scheme and half serial rights in a story he’d written called *‘The Jewel of the Holy Death’*. He also said that Mr Spruson, the Registrar of Copyrights and Patents, had said the ‘Couponia’ advertising scheme could be protected.’

‘Did he say anything else?’

‘Yes, he also said that Messrs White, of Bathurst, owed him £100. So I found £15 for him.’ says William. ‘I never received a receipt for the manuscript tale; I don’t know where the manuscript is. I lent the first £15 to Mr Astley for a purpose. The second £15 is not due till Saturday.’ William sits down and is taken aback when the magistrate doesn’t call Astley or Crick to speak but makes his decision forthwith.

‘This is case for the civil court, not the criminal court, and Mr Kitchen, you are entitled to take further proceedings against the accused in the event of his failing to meet the loan when it falls due.’ He dismisses the informations and discharges Astley, who walks from the courtroom surrounded by his grinning friends. Later that evening William reads that John Norton, the editor of *Truth* and a staunch friend of Astley’s, has told the Bathurst Convention of Astley’s exoneration. It’s clear Astley’s well-documented problems over money have done him no harm today. Not so William. The papers will make a meal of this, an upstart Maorilander trying to take on an Australian favourite son.

The irrepressible W. Freeman Kitchen has turned up at Bathurst, New South Wales, where the other day he was prosecuting W. Astley, better known as "Price Warung," for the alleged obtaining of £30 under false pretences. The case arose out of the supposed purchase of a press agency and the rights to a serial tale. The stipendiary magistrate did not call upon the defendant to answer, holding that the case ought never to have been a criminal one, Kitchen having a civil remedy for any grievance he laboured under. There was considerable excitement in Bathurst over the arrest, as Astley was one of the most prominent figures at the Federation Convention, of which he was organising secretary.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 27 1897

As suggested by the magistrate, Mr Johnson, William has decided to proceed with a civil action against William Astley for obtaining money from him by false pretences and the case was reopened at the Central Police Court on Monday. After William reiterated the facts, the magistrate postponed the case for another week. This is becoming a very drawn-out affair but William is determined to see it through. In the meantime he's become very involved with the whole question of the federation of the Australian colonies. So much so, that he's written a long piece for the *Daily Telegraph* on the subject. Lottie can't understand what all the fuss is about.

'Surely bringing all the colonies together as one is a good idea?' she asks William. 'One Australia, one tax system, one government, that's good isn't it?'

'Not if it means New South Wales suffers as a result,' says William. 'We should be thinking about the effects of federation on this colony.'

'Isn't that a rather selfish, narrow view?'

'Not at all. Think what might happen to Sydney if Melbourne becomes the capital! It'll lose half its trade. The farmers will lose as well.'

'That's being a bit gloomy.'

'No it isn't. The whole federal scheme as now laid down is a Victorian device to secure New South Wales trade and exploit New South Wales territory. We have to retain control of our railways, harbours, rivers, and direct taxation.' Lottie shakes her head.

'This is very strange coming from you, who isn't even from here.'

'Well, half the people in Sydney are probably not from here originally either.'

William's sentiments regarding federation have been echoed by several citizens and politicians and tonight a meeting has been called so that steps can be taken to make sure

the candidates for election to the Federal Convention pay proper attention to the welfare of New South Wales. The Convention is to draft a constitution for federal union. It's not surprising Lottie and others are confused or apathetic about the prospect of federation. Talk has been interminable. New Zealand, which attended some of the earlier meetings, has now pulled out and at present there are three gatherings which have been arranged and which are all supposed to make for the union of the colonies. The first is that of the Federal Council, which is now in session at Hobart, the second is a Conference of Premiers which is to be held next week and the third is the Federal Convention, for which the dates of nomination and election have now been fixed. It is the possible candidates for this latter gathering that William and his friends want to persuade to put forward New South Wales' case.

The meeting is tonight in the Protestant Hall in Castlereagh St and as a member of the organising committee William wants to get there early. As he arrives at the venue he sees many people are already streaming into the hall. He sees Frank Grimley, saddler and coachbuilder, who has one of the largest wholesale businesses in the trade.

'Frank, it looks like a good turnout tonight,' says William. Grimley looks around.

'So far so good. We do need to stir up some enthusiasm around this colony otherwise we'll be railroaded.'

'So will you put forward your name as a candidate for the Convention, Frank?'

'Yes, I believe I will, as will a few others I see here; Robertson and Heydon, for sure, but also John Bridge and Geoffrey Eager, no doubt.'

'The nominations have to be in soon, so perhaps this meeting will spur some men on to put forward their names,' says William, as the two men take their seats on the platform.

Several members of the Legislative Council have walked in as the two men talked, in particular Louis Heydon, who is giving the main address 'Prudence in Federation,' but also Henry MacLaurin, Nugent Robertson and John Malbon-Thompson. William is to second the motion to be put at the end of the meeting –that steps should be taken to ensure the effective conservation of the rights and interests of New South Wales at the coming Convention. It's a lively but good-humoured meeting and the motion is carried with a large majority despite two attempts to force amendments. To keep up the momentum it's also decided that a committee should be formed to organise an

independent patriotic party to carry the resolution into effect. William is made secretary and charged with advertising the next meeting for next Monday. All who sympathise with the patriotic efforts now being made to safeguard the interests of New South Wales from being sacrificed at the Federal Convention will be asked to meet at 8 o'clock to confer and decide upon the best steps to be taken next. Everyone willing to help in this work is especially asked to make an effort to be present. Those who can't make it on Monday will be asked if they would be willing to form local branch patriotic committees throughout the colony. After the meeting William hurries home to Potts Point to make up the advertisement for the Saturday's paper.

"The Dark Side of Federation" is the headline of a letter of over a column in length in which "W. Freeman Kitchen" airs his views in the Sydney Daily Telegraph.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1897

William paces about his sitting room at Potts Point while Lottie watches him with an anxious look on her face.

'That man is an utter blackguard! He's trying to ruin me. I'll not have it. I've made a new life for myself here in Sydney. How dare he drag up my past. His isn't so blemish-free himself, he should remember.'

'William, what are you talking about? Who's a blackguard?' asks Lottie.

'That nasty piece of work John Norton, the editor of *Truth*.'

'What's he done?'

'What hasn't he done? He's a friend of Astley's. He was at court on Tuesday when Astley was committed for trial. He posted bail for him. And now he's threatening to reveal my past in his paper on Sunday.' William walks back and forth on the carpet, shaking his head and breathing heavily.

'I went to see Norton and he threatened to publish an article about me if I didn't withdraw the case against his friend. He read me bits of it. I'm trying to make a new life and this will ruin me.' He sits on the sofa and puts his head in his hands.

'Can you not get someone else to go and talk to him?'

‘I’ve tried. I asked Herbert Shaw, one of the Patriotic League members, to go and talk to Norton on Wednesday. I offered to resign as secretary of the league and try to see that Astley is not punished too severely.’

‘Did it work?’

‘Norton asked for those conditions to be put in writing, so we wrote something up and Shaw took it back to the *Truth* offices. But Norton still didn’t say definitely he wouldn’t publish. I don’t trust the man. He’s got it in for me.’

‘You’re sure you’re not reading too much into his actions?’

‘No, Shaw told me Norton said he was determined to wipe me out, and when he went back to the offices the next day, the announcement of the article hadn’t been withdrawn from the noticeboard.’

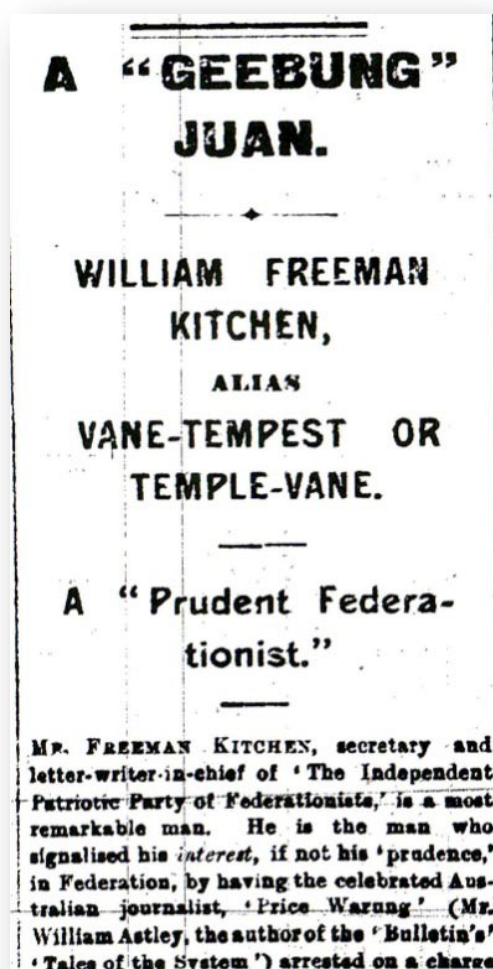
‘William, you must be strong. I believe in you and you still have friends here. Don’t anticipate trouble before it happens.’ Annie embraces William but he is still agitated and decides to go to Clarence St and the offices of the Patriotic League to discuss the press coverage of Louis Heydon’s address on federalism last week. The papers had generally been scathing, calling the new organisation the Geebung Party. William has decided to respond to the criticism with a letter to the editor of the *Morning Herald*. It’s a defence of Heydon’s sincerity and the party’s platform which insists that each colony should retain the right to impose and collect taxation within its own borders.

He, Heydon and Nugent Robertson are taking the letter to the *Morning Herald* offices when they see the short, bald figure of John Norton walking towards them, his black hat pulled low over his face. Norton greets the other two men but ignores William.

‘Your motives for the league are good ones,’ says Norton, ‘but you’ve got to get rid of that man,’ he says, pointing at William. ‘If you don’t I intend to enlighten the public on Sunday.’ With that he stalks off, leaving all three men staring after him.

‘What’s all that about, William?’ asks Heydon.

‘I fear he intends to blacken my name by publishing details about my private life,’ says William bitterly. ‘As if his own life is a model of rectitude! He’s punishing me because of what I’ve done to his friend Astley, who isn’t the model of rectitude he appears either. I’m resigning as secretary now. You don’t want me around if Norton does what he says he will.’ William nods to the two men and trudges off. He has a day to prepare for the worst.



SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1897

William has just endured one of the worst weeks of his life and on opening the *Truth* this morning he finds it's got even worse, not just for him...but for Norton this time, as well. It's not quite a reprise of last Sunday when with great trepidation William had opened a copy of *Truth* to find his fears about Norton had been justified. There, laid out on almost a full page of the paper was everything about his past life in the colonies, both in New Zealand and Australia. Headlined 'A Geebung Juan' the article called him a wife deserter and bigamist, a pretentious prig, coward and more besides, column after column of it. William had put his head in his hands and groaned.

'I'm ruined. I'm ruined. And it's mostly because I dared take his friend Astley to court.'

Annie patted him helplessly on the arm, unable to say anything to calm her husband.

‘Norton’s taken press clippings from New Zealand and just inserted them into the paper, everything,’ William had read on, wincing at the withering attack on him. From despair he’d then moved on to anger. Immediately on Monday he’d approached lawyers and Norton had been issued with a charge of criminal libel.

The preliminary session was held on Friday in the Water Police Court, on the corner of Phillip & Alfred Sts. Barrister George Wallace appeared for William and Norton conducted his own defence. He was first asked to explain how he became the owner of *Truth*.

‘I was editor and part owner in 1891,’ said Norton, ‘but I fell out with the other owners and left. I eventually bought the paper last year.’ Herbert Shaw appeared next and recounted the details of his meeting with Norton at William’s request and the belief that Norton had tacitly agreed to withhold the article. Norton asked Shaw lots of questions, many of which Wallace objected to but the bench allowed. William, sitting by Wallace, fumed at the direction of Norton’s questioning but couldn’t do anything about it. Once Norton finished Wallace announced the end of the prosecution evidence. The bench indicated that Norton should continue.

‘I have evidence to call,’ said Norton, ‘but my witnesses need to be called from New Zealand and Tasmania. I ask for a postponement for a month.’

‘Mr Norton, I only have power to postpone the case for eight days,’ said the magistrate, Cornelius Delobery.

‘And I oppose any adjournment,’ said Wallace. ‘The defendant can’t call evidence of the truth of a libel before a magistrate. That can only be done at the trial.’

‘It will be necessary for me to call evidence in view of the fact that Mr Kitchen hasn’t gone into the witness box to deny on oath the truth of the allegations in the article,’ interrupted Norton, ‘and to submit himself for cross-examination. I ask for an adjournment for eight days.’

‘I won’t grant the postponement on the grounds advanced, by you, Mr Norton,’ said Mr Delobery.

‘I’ll reserve my defence then,’ said Norton.

‘Mr Norton you are committed for trial at the Quarter Sessions opening on the 1st proximo. You are granted bail— on your own recognisance of £80, and two sureties in £15, or one of £30.’

And that had been that, thought William.

Not so, he realises, on reading today's *Truth*. Norton has now committed contempt of court by publishing the details of the Friday court hearing and the libel charges against him.

'I've got him now,' cries William to his wife. 'By publishing this, the court will have him for contempt. Norton's done this to prejudice my case against Astley. But listen to this,' says William, angrily, and reads part of the article to Lottie, about Astley and his trial.

'Now, in order to enable Judge and jury to know what sort of a man Mr Astley's prosecutor really is, and the degree of reliance to be placed upon his word in the witness-box, something like a synopsis of the dubious doings and dastardly dodges of this persistent persecutor and 'prudent federationist' are necessary. Here it is, and after the public have read it we venture to think that no 12 men will be found in New South Wales to convict Mr Astley of a criminal charge on Freeman Kitchen's oath; and if the 'Geebung Party' after this don't discard this wife-deserter, the belief of the public in their 'prudence' will prudently drop to zero.'

'That man is out to destroy me. I can't let him get away with this.'

'So what do you have to do now?' asks Lottie.

'Talk to my solicitor tomorrow, and lodge another claim with the court.'

JOHN NORTON AGAIN.
The irrepressible John Norton has been
summoned to show cause why he should
 not be committed for contempt of court on account of the report which he published of the proceedings at the Police Court when he was summoned by Mr Freeman Kitchen for criminal libel. He is certainly a wonderful man. He manages to fight these law proceedings, conduct a vigorous candidature for the Federal Convention, and run his newspaper in a very lively fashion all at the same time. The publicity he is receiving does not seem to do any harm either to his paper or to his chances of election. The all-important question now is whether the Attorney-General will file a bill.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26 1897

Looking pale and thin, William is again sitting in a courtroom but hopeful this time the result will be a positive one. To his chagrin but, he is sure, Norton's great pleasure, Astley has been acquitted of the charges of obtaining money from him by false pretences. At the Central Court on Wednesday Astley had pleaded not guilty to the charges and after the evidence had been given, the jury hadn't even waited to hear a summing up from counsel or even left the jury box before proclaiming Astley not guilty. William had been devastated when the Judge had agreed with the verdict and intimated it had been a question of which of the two men were to be believed, Astley or William. Obviously the jury didn't believe William.

'John Norton did his work well in the weeks preceding the trial,' William later told Lottie. 'I didn't stand a chance.'

Today is another day, however, and William is in court to hear the court's decision on whether Norton committed contempt with his Sunday article of February 14. Not only is William claiming that this article prejudiced Astley's trial on Wednesday but that it was also calculated to seriously interfere with the due administration of justice. Norton stands and reads his affidavit.

'I have not been guilty of the contempt alleged by Mr Kitchen, and I never contemplated interfering or intending to interfere with the due course of justice, or to prejudice the public in favour of William Astley. I have not published or printed any report of the proceedings taken at the police court by Kitchen against myself for an alleged criminal libel other than what actually transpired in court. I believe this present application was made and intended by Mr Kitchen to prejudice the hearing of the charge against me, and to prejudice and impede my candidature for the position of delegate to the forthcoming Federal Convention, and was prompted by malice and personal spite.' William snorts quietly and whispers to George Wallace.

'The man's dreaming.' Norton continues.

'If, however, the Court thinks I have been guilty of contempt, I crave, in view of the surrounding circumstances, its indulgence and leniency, as I have erred inadvertently without malice or sinister motive.' William looks disbelievingly again at Wallace who shakes his head.

'If deemed guilty of the offence, my fault was due to an error of judgment which has not been productive of any evil consequences either to the administration of justice or to

the public or private interests of any person whatever.' He sits down, looking confident, and smiles at his friends in the gallery. He looks less confident a few minutes after Chief Justice Darley begins speaking.

'There is no doubt that the article which has been brought before the attention of the Court in this case did contain, beyond all question, an attack upon the administration of justice, and was calculated to prejudice the administration of justice,' says the Judge. Wallace and William exchange delighted glances.

'In point of fact I have never read any article which was more likely to prejudice the administration of justice than that before the Court, and which, judging from its terms, had so clear an intention of doing so, though that intention was denied by the respondent.' The Judge frowns at Norton and describes the facts leading up to the February 14 article.

'It seems to the Court that no worse case had come before it and judging from the words of the article, the whole object of the writer was to show that no reliance was to be placed upon the evidence of the principal witness in the case, Mr Kitchen, and that no twelve men ought to convict on the evidence of a man such as he was described in the article to be. Under these circumstances, the Court has no hesitation in saying that this was a very serious contempt of Court, and one of the worst description that has ever come under its notice.' William would have cheered if he'd been allowed to. Finally, he's been vindicated, but too late for the Astley trial, which is now over. He waits to hear Norton's punishment. He's to pay a fine of £50 and costs, and is given a week to pay or be imprisoned.

John Norton, editor of the Sydney newspaper Truth, has been fined £50 for contempt of Court, in regard to a case in which he had been committed for trial at the instance of Wm. Freeman Kitchen, the contempt consisting in so fully reporting the case as to set out the summons, and so repeat the libel.

TUESDAY, MAY 25, 1897

After yet another court hearing, this time to hear whether William's application to make absolute a rule nisi for a writ against John Norton for his contempt of court, William

and his lawyer are leaving the court house when Norton grabs William and rushes him back into the courtroom demanding the protection of the Court.

‘As I was passing out of court, Mr Kitchen, put his face close to mine, in front of witnesses, and called me a ‘bloody minded scoundrel’, cries Norton. The Judge asks William if he made such a comment.

‘That is absolutely false,’ says William indignantly. On hearing his reply the Judge orders Norton to be sworn in and then asks him to repeat his claim against William. However, the two men Norton name as witnesses say they didn’t hear what took place outside. Kitchen is then called to the stand and is sworn in.

‘As we were going out of court someone immediately behind me said ‘The scoundrel has escaped for another three months’ and I replied ‘Yes, more’s the pity’’, says William. ‘Mr Norton, who was just behind me, then seized me and ran me up into the court here. It’s absolutely untrue I made use of the expression mentioned by Mr Norton. I’m not in the habit of using such language.’

‘It’s quite plain that Mr Norton heard some person use the word ‘scoundrel” in close proximity to Mr Kitchen and assumed that Mr Kitchen had used the term,’ says the Judge.

‘But in the face of Mr Kitchen’s denial the Court can do nothing. It must, however, be clearly understood that if such an offence had been proved against Mr Kitchen or anyone else in the court it would have been its duty to send him to prison at once.’ The Judge dismisses both men who leave the court with their colleagues who have waited outside.

‘Norton’s just trying to do everything he can to discredit me,’ says William disconsolately to his lawyer, George Wallace, ‘and it all starts over again in a week or two.’

‘It was sensible to defer this hearing until after the libel case, William,’ says Wallace. ‘It could have prejudiced Norton’s trial for libel.’

‘He didn’t care if what he did prejudiced Astley’s trial,’ says William bitterly. ‘At least the Judge ordered Norton not to make any further reference to me or the trial until the retrial takes place.’ The first attempt to get a decision in the libel case had been heard over two days in March but in the end, the jury, despite being locked up overnight, was unable to reach a verdict. Now a new trial has been set down for June.

The hearing of a charge of libel preferred against John Norton, editor of Sydney Truth, was concluded on the 31st ult. at Sydney, before Mr Justice Stephen, at the Central Criminal Court, but the jury, being unable to agree as to a verdict, were discharged after being locked up for the night. The libel was alleged to have been published in an article in Truth of February 7, commenting upon the character of William Freeman Kitchen. Amongst other allegations, the article charged Kitchen with being a wife deserter and a bigamist. Norton pleaded not guilty, and was therefore not permitted during any stage of the case to call evidence with a view of establishing the truth of the statements. Norton did not deny that he wrote the article; therefore, the only question for the jury was, were the allegations contained in the article defamatory.

FRIDAY AUGUST 6 1897

After months of having his name splashed across the pages of the New South Wales papers in the on-going court cases against John Norton, the final verdict has been given. Today Norton was fined a further £100 and the costs for contempt of court relating to articles he published in *Truth* about William in April and May. While he considers that triumph it is all a little too late. After two trials for libel against Norton the Attorney-General decided not to proceed to a third. The second trial ended in June with another jury unable to reach a unanimous verdict, much to the disgust of William and his legal team. This trial had been particularly stressful and embarrassing, and it has been made worse by the popular reception Norton has always got when he arrived and left court. On that Friday in June this was particularly evident. When Norton arrived outside the court he was loudly cheered by a large crowd, as he was when he drove away afterwards. It was at this trial that Norton was allowed to address the question of whether William was a bigamist, although the Judge had a very specific warning for Norton on this issue.

‘You understand that if the jury find the other allegations libellous, your plea of justification on the question of bigamy does not avail?’ he said.

‘I understand that, Your Honour,’ said Norton. William had been cross-examined at length by Norton on his past history in this trial, but the Judge said his questions were irrelevant to the case.

‘You can refer to the defendant’s past only in regard to the allegation of bigamy.’ Norton’s whole argument was that he felt he was performing a public duty in doing what he had done.

‘I had an honest desire to prevent the public being imposed upon. Mr Kitchen was secretary to the Prudent Federationist Party, and I didn’t think he was a proper person to do that. Had Mr Kitchen been in a private position I would not have attempted to go into his private matters.’ On the second day the Judge summed up the case saying there was no question that the article had been published, and the decision whether it was libellous or not rested with the jury.

‘Mr Norton has entered a plea of justification. He has a perfect right to enter such a plea, but it is not sufficient that the statements made in an alleged libel should be proved to be correct. People are not allowed to publish statements reflecting on anyone’s character unless they can prove it was done for the public good. They must not be published from motives of personal spite.’ William had nodded at this point. As far as he was concerned Norton had always acted from malice because of Kitchen pursuing his friend Astley on fraud charges.

The Judge referred to the evidence affecting the question of bigamy.

‘Mr Kitchen has admitted marrying a second wife while his first wife was still alive,’ he said. ‘But against this the jury has to consider the prosecutor’s statement that he had received word from New Zealand of a divorce having been granted him. The whole matter turns on the question of intention. A crime cannot be committed unless there is an intention to commit it. If the jury finds in Mr Norton’s favour that bigamy had been committed, there still remains to be considered whether the publication of the fact was for the public good.’ The Judge referred to the position held by Kitchen in respect to the federation movement at the time of the publication of the article.

‘If the matter ended there the jury will probably find that Mr Norton acted for the public good. There is, however, the additional fact that a trial was pending in which Mr Kitchen was the prosecutor. You must consider whether the statements in the article complained of were not calculated to prejudice the minds of jurors at the trial.’ He asked the jury to consider two questions ‘Did Kitchen commit the crime of bigamy?’ and if so, ‘Was the publication of the fact for the public benefit?’ The jury had retired but after 12

hours still had not reached agreement at which the Judge reluctantly discharged them but not before Norton had protested against the manner in which he had conducted the trial.

As far as William is concerned, he's been the loser in all this. He's suffered months of worry about all the legal proceedings, with the fraud charges against Astley, and then the libel and contempt cases against Norton. Any goodwill he's built up since returning to Sydney is at a low ebb. But for Lottie, his life would be perfect misery.

On the 6th inst. John Norton, printer and publisher of the Sunday newspaper Truth, appeared before the Full Court in Sydney to show cause why he should not be attached for contempt for having commented upon a case in which W. Freeman Kitchen was a party while the action was in course of hearing. Mr Norton denied that the article referred to the applicant, or that it bore the meaning sought to be attached to it. The court, however, ordered Norton to pay the sum of £100 to her Maj-sty. Norton was given a week within which to pay the money. He was reminded that, though the court did not add to its order that he be imprisoned until the money was paid, still he would thoroughly understand that ulterior proceedings could be taken if he did not comply with the order of the court. In a second case, of commenting upon a criminal charge brought against certain persons of wounding with intent, no fine was imposed, but Norton was ordered to pay costs.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1897

Numerous envelopes are spread across the table in the Kitchens' living-room. Lottie has just collected them from the offices of the *Sunday Times* in York St and she's pleasantly surprised at how many have answered her advertisement.

'William, look at these,' she calls to her husband, who is writing letters in his study.

'My word, there must be a lot of people looking for theatre jobs if those letters are a reflection,' he says, sitting down beside Lottie and taking one up to read.

'This is from William Seagrave. He says he's been stage manager for Bland Holt for 17 years. He'd be a good person to have.' Lottie takes the letter, reads it and puts it to one side.

'I need lighting and props people, as well as actors. Why did I decide to do this?' she wails.

William laughs and hugs her.

‘Because you’ve missed it, that’s why. Now, what are you going to call this company you’re forming? Any ideas?’

‘Yes, it’s going to be the Demon Gold Company. And I’m going to need a new stage name too. I can’t go back to Lottie Hannam and I want to stay well away from Aramanda. What do you suggest?’ William shrugs.

‘Come on, William, you have to think of something, and you’ll have to dream up a story about me to entice theatre goers.’

‘What about we hail you as a successful young English actress who’s just had a great season in America?’ says William. Lottie nods enthusiastically.

‘But what about a name? I know, I’ll be Elsie Lander. That’s simple and straight forward. I’ll rely on you to devise our advertisements. Now, we just have to get a troupe together.’ She returns to the letters. William mulls over possible advertisements. When the couple had discussed Lottie forming a new company they’d decided it would tour to Brisbane initially. Neither has been there before and with a new stage name, no one will connect Elsie with William. They’ve picked a melodrama, *Kitty, Queen of the Mines* as the opening play. Now all William has to do is dream up something to entice the audience. He writes for a while then attracts Lottie’s attention.

‘How about this? Miss Elsie Lander, who makes her first appearance in Brisbane in *Kitty, Queen of the Mines*, is a talented young English actress, who has created a furore in the United States by her bright and clever impersonations of strongly dramatic characters.’

Lottie claps her hands.

‘Perfect. Now include some American reviews to go with it.’ William starts writing again while Lottie keeps sorting letters.

‘I think I have what I need here,’ she points to a pile of letters she’s put aside. ‘That’s every position covered. I’ll have to write to them now and see how many will be ready to start straight away.’

‘No, you haven’t much time if you intend being in Brisbane for opening on the 26th,’ says William. ‘You’ll probably need to send your stage and scenery men up well before there to get the theatre ready. Have you got that booked?’

‘Yes, all organised. I’ve got Lou Levy seeing to that. We’ll be in the Theatre Royal. It can seat well over 1000 people.’

‘When will you be leaving? I wish I could come with you,’ says William. Lottie puts her arms around him as he sits at the table.

‘I wish you could come too, but you need to continue your work here. I’ll go up on the Saturday train the week before we start and the rest of the company will go up by steamer on the Monday.’

‘You have a lot to do then. Shall I start writing replies to some of the troupe you want to hire? These letters will have to go out today if you want to make sure you’ve got enough people for the troupe.’

‘And you could also keep writing up some more advertisements for us to put in the Brisbane papers.’



Charlotte Hannam

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1897

William clutches two telegrams and a letter in his hand as he sits on the bed in his Challis Avenue lodgings. He’s received them over the last two weeks. The first arrived just after Lottie’s opening night in Brisbane and told him Lottie had fallen badly during rehearsals. She’d insisted on going on for her part against the doctor’s orders, broke down, and had been in a delirious condition from concussion. She’s had to cancel all performances until she’s recovered. Tomorrow night is her first night back on stage since the accident. Despite a letter from Lottie herself and a further telegram to say she was well enough to restart her season William is not comforted. Unable to go to Brisbane and be with Lottie, William has tortured himself with worry about her health, not to mention suffering from the after effects of his very public conflict with John Norton, which had dragged on for most of the year. He’s been unable to work and in

such a state he'd told Leopold Barnett, who owns the lodgings, that he's afraid he's coming down with brain fever. He's not been a happy man since his helpmeet and comforter, Lottie, left for Brisbane. She'd been able to keep his spirits up when he'd been most despairing and not even a letter from her on Monday had been able to lift him from his despondency.

He's been sitting in his room all morning. Dressing carefully earlier, he'd picked out his best clothes and seeing his elevated boots, had pulled them on as well.

'My buskins,' he'd murmured to himself, remembering George Carey. He can't face breakfast. The effort of going downstairs as usual for the morning meal seems too much today. He sits on the edge of the bed with his head in his hands, the letters squashed against his forehead. Suddenly he starts up from the bed and locks the door, walks over to the washstand and takes down his razor. He holds it up and studies it, turning it from side to side, then runs his finger down the blade, drawing blood. Rubbing his bleeding finger on a flannel he returns to the bed, taking the razor with him. Several more minutes pass. William sighs and with a quick action draws the razor across his right arm and then his throat. He sits gazing at the blood as it drips slowly down his clothes and onto the floor. He hears a banging on the door, and then a voice calls out. It's his landlady.

'Mr Kitchen, William. Are you all right in there?' He doesn't answer and he hears her footsteps retreat down the hallway. A little while later there is a sound of anxious voices and then a pounding on his door.

'Mr Kitchen, open up. It's the police,' says a masculine voice. William doesn't answer.

There's the sound of a body thumping against the door, and it bursts open. Two policemen rush into the room to find William lying limply on the bed with a bleeding wound at his throat. One constable grabs a towel and tries to staunch the flow. The other picks up the blood-stained razor and looks at William.

'Did you do that?'

'Yes,' says William weakly.

'Why did you do it?' William grimaces, whispers something quietly and drops his head.

'What?'

‘I don't know.’ While the constable tries to stem the bleeding, the other shouts to the landlady to call a doctor. More minutes pass, the two men looking increasingly concerned as William gets paler and paler. The local doctor appears at the door, takes one look at the scene and immediately starts shouting orders.

‘Get him to hospital immediately,’ he says, holding William’s pulse. ‘He needs medical attention now, if we’re to save him, but I fear we may be too late.’ The almost unconscious William is taken to St Vincent's Hospital, about 15 minutes away. William watches the nurses and doctors hovering over him, talking in urgent tones, but is fast losing hold on his senses, and despite their efforts, dies shortly before 6 o’clock. He is 34.

‘We could have saved him, if the neck wound had received attention earlier,’ says a doctor despairingly to a nurse. ‘It might not have been fatal, as it wasn’t deep enough to sever any of the important vessels.’ He looks sadly at the still form lying before him.

In Brisbane that evening, and just before Lottie is to go into rehearsals for tomorrow night’s performance, a telegram arrives from Sydney. Tearing it open, she is struck silent at its contents. Her fellow performers gather round as she wails despairingly.

‘What’s wrong? What’s wrong, Lottie?’

‘William’s dead. He took his own life. Oh, my dearest man, why did you do it?’ Lottie sobs in the arms of one of her troupe, as someone else reads the telegram. They all stand around looking at one another. The company is due to restart its season tomorrow night, and ticket sales have been strong. They need the money after the long hiatus waiting for Lottie to recover from her bad fall.

‘Should we cancel the performance?’ asks Lou Levy, the show’s manager.

‘Yes, yes, we should,’ says Gwen Dallas, one of tomorrow night’s performers.

‘We can’t,’ says Lottie. ‘We have to play. The public won’t stand another delay. We must go on.’

‘But can you?’ asks another cast member. ‘You still don’t look well and now this? It’s too much.’ Lottie shakes her head.

‘We must, and William would have wanted us to.’ She heads slowly to her dressing room. Outside drenching rain falls.

A CASE OF SUICIDE.

Press Association—By Telegraph—Copyright
SYDNEY, December 7.

Wm. Freeman Kitchen, journalist, formerly of New Zealand, committed suicide by cutting his throat.

W. Freeman Kitchen came to Dunedin from Wellington, and after being connected as reporter with the Evening Herald became editor of the Globe when a small company purchased the plant of the Herald. He largely assisted in promoting the views of the "New Unionism," which culminated in the maritime strike. When the Globe ceased publication he went to Australia, but later on attempted an invasion of this colony as Mr Temple Vane, agent (and husband) of a so-called clairvoyant. He was exposed, and when a warrant was taken out by his real wife, who was then residing in Wellington, he attempted to clear out but was arrested, when he pretended to take poison, which he carried about with him in a phial. Remanded to Wellington his wife decided to abandon all attempts to prosecute him for bigamy or desertion, and sued for a divorce, which was granted. Kitchen made his way to Australia, and attained some notoriety in New South Wales recently by bringing a libel action against the paper Truth for publishing an outline of his career in New Zealand.

WILLIAM FREEMAN KITCHEN

TO THE EDITOR

SIR,—May I add a few lines to your too brief notice of William Freeman Kitchen? It is so easy for the general public—ay, even for those who once professed their friend-ship for a man—to lose all recollection of his virtues in contemplation of his errors. No man, or best or worst of us, is all of virtue or of vice compact, and it is as the balance leans to one side or the other that we are helped or hindered to progress.

I knew Freeman Kitchen as man knows man—with a keen consciousness of unexplored remainders, but well enough to see some admirable traits in a most complex character, and to believe that in the end the nobler part of him would win the day.

In one particular few who can speak with knowledge of the subject will differ from me—and that is, Kitchen's literary power. A study of his early work, short tales, and essays, and the novelette entitled "He Who Dugged a Pit," convinced me years ago—and I still hold by the conviction—that in the ranks of the prize writers of New Zealand there has never been a man of greater promise than the one who has just left us with his task undone. The last night that I saw him, when, his boat detained at Oamaru, he found me out at Meadowbank, up the North road, we sat till all hours talking letters, Kitchen sketched out the plan of a new book—his last conception—one that in my opinion would have won him recognition as a new force in literature. These years since I have looked and waited for the announcement of that book; but it was not to be. Poor fellow, he was never able to rise

To that magnificent patience that can wait
God's time, and on that patience conquer all.

—I am, &c., DAVID WILL M. BURN,
Maryhill, December 8.

AFTERWORD

William Freeman Kitchen: William's death was made the subject of a magisterial inquiry by Sydney's City Coroner and a finding of suicide was recorded. Frank Wallace attended the inquiry as legal representative of William's Melbourne relatives. William was buried at the Necropolis Cemetery, in Sydney.

Charlotte Hazelwood Kitchen (nee Hannam): Lottie continued with her Demon Gold Company and early in 1898 a benefit was organised for her by her acting friends. On the anniversary of William's death, Lottie placed a memorial notice in the *Sydney Morning Herald*. It read:

'KITCHEN.—In sad and loving remembrance of my dear husband, William Freeman Kitchen, who departed this life at Potts Point, Sydney, on December 7, 1897.'

In January 1899 she was a member of the Cosgrove Dramatic Company and took the manager, John Cosgrove, to court for non-payment of wages. She won 10 guineas. She continued her acting career into the new century and came to prominence in January 1911 when she was the winner of a Tattersalls' lottery of £5000 by picking the winner of the Hobart Cup. She was working as a barmaid at the time at the Hotel Rushworth in Victoria. However, a court action ensued as 21 others claimed they had taken the ticket out with Lottie and were therefore entitled to some of the money. Lottie said she won the lottery with her own ticket but eventually settled with the other claimants. They got £250 for their costs and £2,400, and she retained the balance of the £5,000. That is the last that is heard of Lottie.

Annie Palmer: Annie lived to 98, dying at Palmerston North in 1941 on September 16. She was buried at Kelvin Grove Cemetery.

Edward Palmer: Annie's second husband, died, also on September 16, in 1945.

Edward Freeman Kitchen: Edward served in the forces in World War I as a trooper, later gunner, with the Canterbury Mounted Rifles. He was discharged from service because of sickness in December 1916. He died in 1949.

Arthur Freeman Kitchen (Palmer): Arthur kept the name of his step-father and graduated as a teacher in Wellington in 1918, teaching in such places as Tikorangi and Waimate. He died on December 2, 1975 aged 89.

Joseph Kitchen: William's father died in 1905 and his step-mother, **Isabella**, in 1921.

William's half-brothers, **Leo**, died in 1932 and **Philip**, in 1949.