

A HISTORY OF
THE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL
AND ITS' PUBLICANS

Compiled by
Michael Butler



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Cover Photo
The Occidental Hotel in 1993

EDWARD PERKINS

1870 - 1879

Edward Perkins was a Yankee, an ex-man-o'-war sailor and a "hustler", whose pushful spirit gave him an air of seasoned experience, although at the time he ran the Occidental Hotel he was still in his 30's. He was a "live" man, contributed to every charity, and was a member of the Choral Society, though better known for "shouting" than singing.

He first arrived in Auckland in 1870 and presented his plans for building a new hotel in Vulcan Lane at the Annual Licensing Meeting in April of the same year.

'Edward Perkins applied for a license for a new hotel and restaurant in Vulcan Lane. Mr. Wynn appeared for applicant; Mr. Joy for objectors. A plan of this house as intended to be completed, was submitted, and a position influentially signed, and it was resolved that if the house was completed according to the plan, no objection would be raised by the bench.' (Evening Star, April 19, 1870.)

Having received conditional approval, tenders for building the hotel were duly called for on May 11, 1870.

TENDERS.

SEPARATE Tenders wanted for BRICK-
WORK and PLASTERING, and for
CARPENTER'S WORK, required to be done
to a house in Vulcan Lane.

Plans and specifications may be seen at Mr.
Boylan's, High-street.

Tenders, endorsed Tender for Building,
Vulcan Lane, will be received by Mr. E.
PERKINS, at the store of Mr. J. T. Boylan,
High-street, up to NOON of FRIDAY, the
13th instant.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily
accepted.

Left:
Evening Star,
May 11, 1870 P2

The Occidental was to be built on the original site of the forge of the blacksmith Mr. James McLeod, who is believed to have named Vulcan Lane after his 'Vulcan Foundry' in 1850; Vulcan being the Roman god of fire and metallurgy.

By May 19, construction of the hotel was well underway.

'We observe that the building in Vulcan Lane, lately in the occupation of Mr. Leighton, bookbinder, is undergoing considerable alterations, and is to be turned into a restaurant. The wall on the western side is being taken down, with the intention of widening the entire building. The lower portion will be divided into dining rooms, coffee rooms, &c. and upstairs a number of bed-rooms will be constructed for the accommodation of travellers. We understand that as soon as the alterations and improvements are completed the restaurant will be opened by Mr. Perkins, who will, no doubt receive a fair modicum of support.' (NZ Herald May 19, 1870 p.3)

There were some concerns raised regarding the safety of the building.

'The alterations to be made in the building lately occupied by

Mr. Leighton, bookbinder, in Vulcan-lane, to fit it for a public-house, have been commenced. The side wall facing Queen Street has been taken down to the foundation, and is to be rebuilt more substantially than formerly. The state in which the building is standing at present is anything but secure, and we think something should be done to prevent an accident by the front part falling into the street. The barricade, also, which is put across the footpath, has no light erected upon it at night.' (Southern Cross, May 19, 1870 p.4)

By June 29, the hotel had been completed and the Annual licensing meeting reconvened to consider Mr. Perkins' application for a publicans license.

'Occidental Hotel, Vulcan-Lane - This application had been adjourned, in order to give time for applicant to complete alterations, a conditional promise having been given at last meeting. No opposition was now made. Mr. Morrow, from the Bench, stated that a gentleman had told him there was more than the accommodation required, and that it was desirable to encourage a good house, in order to put down other low houses in the neighbourhood. Mr. Naughton stated that the accommodation was sufficient, and that under the circumstances they could do nothing but grant the license. Application granted.' (Evening Star June 29, 1870.)

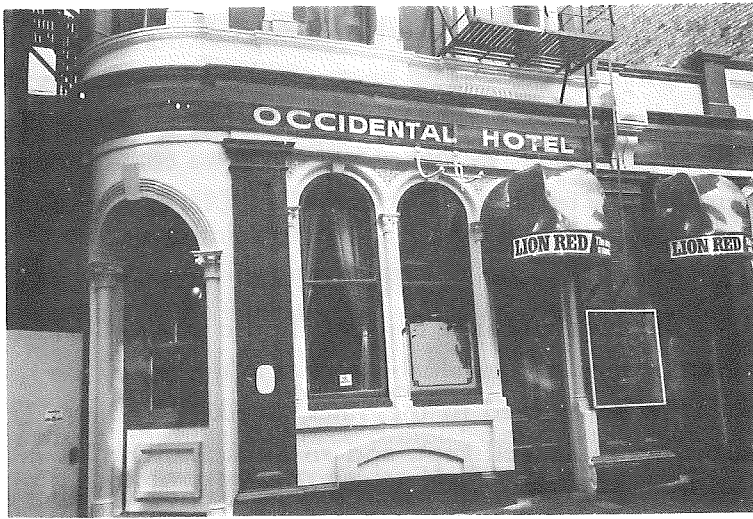
Once the Occidental was officially opened on July 2, Perkins was met by every kind of prejudice and opposition from suspicious Auckland publicans who regarded hotel keeping at the time as consisting solely of selling drinks and keeping boarders and it was freely predicted that he would not last three months. It was not in these publicans to see some unknown outer barbarian cut

into a lucrative trade. However he survived the opposition and lived down all prejudices, and soon possessed one of the very finest hotels in Auckland. The Occidental became the daily resort of practically everybody in those days and there could be found the merchant, the trader, the speculator, artist, literateur, sporting man, and even the loafer.

Not only did he establish a first-class house in the Occidental Hotel, but he rendered invaluable service to the city by the spirit of emulation he aroused in the other hotelkeepers here. They found his house so well kept, and so attractive, and so many inducements held out to all-comers to visit his hostelry, that out of self-defence they had to go back on their old-time system of doing business. The consequence was that, thanks to Perkins, Auckland soon had a class of hotels that bore favourable comparison with those to be found in any part of the world.

THE HOTEL PREMISES

The Occidental boasted a reading room, a billiard room, bedroom accommodation and a cafe in addition to drinking space. Entrance was gained through the present far L.H. corner window which was originally a doorway and which is today a rare remaining example of plasterwork decoration; along with the pilasters, ornate Corinthian caps and finials which adorn the hotel higher up.



In the Reading Room were filed all the papers a man needed to read. Sporting, theatrical, provincial, foreign, local, scientific, technical, truthful, and general, besides sporting lists, events to come, circulars, price lists, etc. etc.

Just arrived by steamer were the latest daily newspapers from the

United States, Hawaii, Australia, Fiji and England, with a collection of Sydney papers on file dating back to 1850. *The Day's Doings, Harper's Weekly, Frank Leslie's, Chimney Corner, Course Monthly, Budget of Fun, Sporting News, Wilkes's Spirit, Police News, and Mail Bag* were just a few of the numerous titles available to browse through.

In the Cafe, Perkins' cook would give you chops, steaks, and joints or if you preferred corn dodgers, quail on toast, fried chicken, hot crass, or any of the American dishes which remained in the system for about a month, they were also to be had to perfection.

THE
CAFE AND RESTAURANT
OF THE
OCCIDENTAL HOTEL
WILL be OPENED on and after
SATURDAY, the 9th inst.
N.B.—FREE LUNCH every day, from 12
to 1 o'clock.
EDWARD PERKINS,
Proprietor.

Left:
Evening Star,
July 8, 1870

As for drinks, they were able to be taken safely, for Perkins was an expert, experienced and indefatigable buyer.

'Good wine needs no bush," and it at once became apparent that nothing but good liquors were dispensed at this establishment, he being the first landlord that ever introduced 3 Star Hennessey's Brandy etc into Auckland." (Star May 22, 1876)

American liquors were the specialty of the house both for sentimental and practical reasons.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.
OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.

Try the following Liquors, purchased expressly for
the Holidays:—

Chateau Lafette
Epernoy, St. Julien, and Lorgan Clarets
Amontillado Sherries
Graham's 6-Diamond Port, Sandiman's, &c.
Hennessy's 1, 2, and 3-Star Pale Brandy, case
De Laage Fils, in flasks and bottles
Eau de Vie and Martell's Pale and Dark in case
JDKZ and Stone Gin, Bourbon Whisky
Gin and Brandy Cocktails, bottled
Greenless, Glenlivet, and Islay S. Whiskies.

EDWARD PERKINS.
PROPRIETOR.

JUST ARRIVED, PER P.S. 'NEVADA,'
On Draught at the **OCCIDENTAL HOTEL,**

THE following Choice Brands of California
WINES:—

Landabeyer & Co.'s Port Wine
" Anglica
" White Wine
" Red ditto
" Grand Prize Cuvée
" Muscatel
" Zinfandel.
EDWD. PERKINS.

Above:
Evening Star,
Nov 10, 1871

Left:
Evening Star
Friday Jan 30, 1874

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL,
BROWN STREET.

M. RADCLIFFE HAS OPENED
THE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.

She flatters herself that as every one knows the
Occidental Hotel, Auckland, so every one will know
that the Occidental Hotel, Grahamstown, will be
simply unrivalled for the number, variety, and
Excellence of its DRINKS, to say nothing of its
numerous other attractions.

In order that visitors may have an opportunity of
cooling themselves down, an ample supply of ICED
CLARET CUP will be always on hand.

To brace them up the celebrated ANCHORSTORA
BITTERS.

N.B.—M. Radcliffe is unaware if this is the exact
name of the above celebrated Bitters, but assures her
friends that they are just as good Bitters as any others
with long names.

As the Tommy Dodds at the Occidental Hotel,
when the cold weather comes on, will be beyond all
other Tommy Dodds tasted, heard of, or read of, they
are now advertised, six months in advance.

It is evident from the above that it will be the
correct thing to visit the Occidental Hotel.

** (or any other number of stars) Brandy always on
hand, but no stripes.

Left:
Evening Star,
Thurs, Jan 16, 1873

Perkins annexed the next premises to his hotel (R.H. side -
unstoreyed part) and there erected and beautifully decorated and
furnished, a second bar and handsome billiard room.

'On Saturday evening the new premises attached to the
Occidental Hotel were opened, the chief feature being the
billiard room, the largest in Auckland, which is certainly a very
handsome one. It contains two tables, one an ordinary billiard
table, and the other a French table, on which the canon game
is played. There was a large attendance, and several of our
best local amateurs displayed their skill with the cue. At nine
o'clock a match was commenced between Mr. Perkins and Mr.
E. Missen, Mr. Perkins giving 100 in a game of 500. The play
at first was not very brilliant, Mr. Perkins especially handling
the cue with much less than his usual dexterity. By-and-by,
however the play improved, and towards the end of the game
Mr. Perkins made some beautiful strokes, ultimately beating

'We see by advertisement that Mr. Perkins of the Occidental
Hotel has on hand a choice lot of California wines. We are
informed that they can be landed here cheaper than the
Australian, and may be classed among the many new branches
of trade the new line of steamers are opening up.' (Evening
Star October 23, 1871.)

In Grahamstown, a Mrs. Radcliffe opened an Occidental Hotel
in Brown Street in January 1873, trading on it's Auckland
namesake's reputation for fine liquors and imitation being the
sincerest form of flattery by 1879 there were Occidental Hotels in
Lambton Quay, Wellington and High St. in Dunedin.

his opponent by 43. At the conclusion of the match, supper was provided for those present.' (NZ Herald & DS Cross February 19, 1877.)

This billiard room was richly carpeted and hung with pictures, and contained two magnificent tables, one an English and Allcock's make, and the other a French-American carome table that came into popular favour very fast. The place was the resort day and night of lovers of the game, especially when the proprietor, who was well known at the time as the champion of Auckland, wielded the cue. Perkins met all-comers from every corner of the colony, each fancying their chances of lifting his title.

Prior to these refurbishments, the Occidental possessed just the one Alcock's table, with matches having to be played at other venues to accommodate the large number of spectators these tournaments generated.

'A very interesting billiard match came off last evening at Woolley's Royal Mail Hotel, Victoria Street, between Mr. Edward Perkins (Occidental Hotel) and Mr. Mendelson, a gentleman who arrived from the south by the ss. Taranaki. The stakes were 10 pounds a side. Mr. Perkins gave his opponent 100 points out of 500, and after a well contested game won by 55 points. A good deal of interest was excited by the match, a large number of billiard players being present.' (NZ Herald June 24, 1871)

The new bar was superior in finish and attractiveness to any in the city, and was tended (as in the other one) by a bewitching young lady, whose affability and pleasant demeanour added greatly to the value of the liquids dispensed.

The addition of these new premises also gave Perkins an increased number of bedrooms, so that he could accommodate a number of boarders with a really comfortable home. This part of the hotel was always constantly filled, for there was not a commercial or theatrical traveller, or anybody in fact in Australasia, Europe, or America, who would pass up on the chance of staying with so popular a host. Perkins contemplated too, putting an additional storey on both houses, as he purchased the property from the centre of the earth to the sky, according to the deed.

The Occidental also furnished a capital place of address. All letters forwarded to persons whose whereabouts were uncertain were bound to find those for whom they were intended; and anybody in search of anybody else, could not fail to find him there during some time of the day.

In addition to all this, there was still room left over for a backyard of sorts.

'A lively scene occurred in Vulcan Lane to-day. Three men were detected in the act of stealing towels from the yard of the Occidental Hotel. A constable was in the act of taking one of them into custody, and was being gallantly assisted by a representative of our contemporary, when, by a sudden jerk, the prisoner, a little man, threw both of his custodians over. With his companions however, he was safely secured, and lodged in the lock up to await magisterial investigation.' (Evening Star July 17, 1877.)

HOTEL ATTRACTIONS

An hotelkeeper by nature, Perkins regarded his profession as ranking amongst the fine arts and he was never satisfied with simply giving a man a drink in exchange for his money. He would amuse him, instruct him, bewilder him, show him the latest invention, the greatest curiosity, give him his drink (of the very best quality) from curious goblets or make him acquainted with beverages he knew not before, entertain him with an anecdote, tell him the latest *on dit*, and very last bit of news. Everything about him and his house was by all accounts, progressive and novel. Every fourth of July on American Independence day for instance, he would hoist the Stars and Stripes from the hotel and invite all the Americans living in Auckland to dinner.

'Last evening at six o'clock, all the American citizens of Auckland assembled at the Occidental where an excellent dinner was placed on the table. The room set apart for the entertainment being beautifully decorated for the occasion, and a very pleasant and agreeable evening was spent. The chair was occupied by Mr. Wilson, of the Northern Club, and some thirteen gentlemen sat down to a very excellent repast, prepared by host Perkins, in his best style. A number of toasts, suitable to the occasion, were proposed and responded to, and altogether a very pleasant evening was spent.' (Evening Star July 5, 1870.)

'Tuesday being Independence Day was duly celebrated by a good many who were American citizens, and by a good many who weren't. In the evening a select party of gentlemen-of-course sat down to a groaning board beneath the roof of the Occidental Hotel. Host Perkins occupied the chair, and a dinner

of tripe and onions having been heartily partaken of, the cloth was removed and the table graced with cigars and Tommy Dodd. And then the toast and glass went merrily round, and the noble American citizens - of whom, pure and simple, there were about one and a-half present - began to ascend to flights of eloquence, in which they got thoroughly lost to passing events. The Star Spangled Banner, The Stars and Stripes, Yankee Doodle, and Hail Columbus, were all the go. The toast of the evening was given by Mr. Cork-rain, "Here's to the American Eagle, and may she spread her wings until" - Here the speaker halted to think of a simile, but a citizen, who was *not* an American, filled up the missing words for him as follows :- "until she bursts herself." A policeman, who was taking a quiet pint in the bar, was at once sent for, and removed the offender, and I understand he was brought up this morning for a breach of the American International law. The remaining toasts of the evening were, "The Occidental, and may it flourish;"; "Its enterprising proprietor and may *he* flourish"; "Our noble selves, and may *we* flourish." These were varied by the "The auctioneering interests," "The interests of the Road," and last, but by no means least, "The Man about Town." After which, I was seized with a sudden dizziness, and I remember no more. I believe it was the heat of the room that caused the vertigo to my head. When I awoke to consciousness, the American eagle had disappeared, and I found that Dick had been administering to me large doses of my patent pills.' (Evening Star, July 6, 1871 p.2)

'The idea of celebrating the Glorious Fourth in Auckland in a manner befitting the dignity of the greatest nation on the 'Airth,' was inaugurated by Edward Perkins in the early Seventies. Perkins, who was an American, kept the Occidental Hotel in Vulcan Lane, and on Independence Day that popular hostelry became a shrine, of the Bacchanalian sort certainly, but a shrine

of patriotism. When Edward Perkins left, his mantle fell upon Harry Bennett, of the Pier (now the Criterion) Hotel in Albert Street. Harry improved on Edwards idea. Besides hoisting the Stars & Stripes, and offering libations to the American Eagle, Harry used to requisition the services of C.K. Jeffs, an orator in those days, who mounted a beer barrel and read aloud the "Declaration of Independence." After that, the company would be entertained at a Boston banquet of pork and beans.' (NZ Observer, July 8, 1905 p.16)

OCcidental HOTEL.



Persons visiting Auckland should not fail to see the
Collection of Curios, Paintings, Photos, Animals,
Birds, Fish, Autographs, etc.,
AT THIS ESTABLISHMENT.

OPEN DAILY FROM SIX A.M. TO TWELVE P.M.
(Sundays excepted).

ADMISSION: NOTHING! EXIT: SOMETHING!

On application to the Officer in charge of the Lecture Room each Visitor
will Receive a PRESENT.

The Cafe is Open Daily from 8 a.m. till 8 p.m.

Soda Fountains always in Operation by Experienced Vendors.

Billiards only allowed at certain hours on Fine Days.

* Parties talking Politics after dark shall be heavily fined. No SLATE.
No Drafts taken on Foreign Countries. GROCERIES FIFTEEN PER CENT!

EDWD. PERKINS, PROPRIETOR.

Source: Reed & Brett's Auckland Almanac 1874

Perkins' love of sport was by no means limited to his accomplishments at billiards and he was well known to the 'equine' community of the Seventies, for he ran a number of horses, although without much success. He it was who brought over from Australia the grand brood mare Frailty, which made such a name for herself afterwards at Wellington Park as the dam of Trenton, Cuirassier, Lancaster, and others. As a result of this interest the Occidental was the natural choice of venue in which to form Auckland's Tattersall's Club.

'A meeting of sporting men was held last evening at the Occidental Hotel for the purpose of forming an Auckland Tattersall's to regulate matters appertaining to betting and horse racing. A club was formed and some 20 gentlemen subscribed their names. A committee was formed to prepare rules and regulations and to report to a future meeting to be held at an early date. There is evidently an increasing interest felt in sporting matters in Auckland, and the establishment of such an institution as a local Tattersall's if properly conducted, may be productive of much benefit' (Evening Star November 29, 1873.)

Sweeps on the races were frequently held.

MELBOURNE CUP COMPANY.

SUBSCRIPTION will be allotted in this Company at
the Occidental Hotel, on **THURSDAY**
EVENING, at 8 o'clock.

Subscribers are requested punctually to
attend.

EDWD. PERKINS,
Secretary pro tem.

Left:
Evening Star,
Nov 8, 1871

Next Page:
Evening Star,
Dec 4, 1873 P4

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL CALCUTTA
SWEEPSTAKES.

A CALCUTTA SWEEPSTAKE

ON THE
AUCKLAND TURF CLUB CUP
Will take place on the Evening of General Entries,
17th December. Tickets—20s each.

A CALCUTTA SWEEPSTAKE

ON THE
NEW ZEALAND CUP
Will be drawn on the Evening of the 26th December.
Tickets 20s each.

A CALCUTTA SWEEPSTAKE

ON THE
AUCKLAND SUMMER HANDICAP
Will be drawn on the Evening of the 29th December.
Ticket—20s each. On this night the prizes of the
Turf Club Cup and New Zealand Cup will be paid
over. Books open on the Auckland Summer Handi-
cap, Auckland Turf Club Cup, New Zealand Cup,
and Ellerslie Handicap.

Billiard Tournament to Close on 15th January.
Two Prizes.

JUST LANDED, PER SHIP HYDASPES.

25 cases Three-Star Hennessy's Pale Brandy. Price,
8s 6d per bottle; 90s per case.
20 cases "Chateau Lafitte" Claret, 90s per case.
20 cases Lormont L. 60s per case.
Ordinary Clarets, 30s to 50s.
"Punch-Brand," Havannah Cigars.
20 cases Jno Gillon's Lime Juice Cordial, in stone
bottles.

PER STEAMER HERO.

5 cases Richard Davies' Sherry,
Jno. Fallen's Albany White and Red Colonial Wine.
The best of Sherry and Port Wine bottled expressly
for the holidays.
Epernay and De Laage Fils Flasks P.B.
Eau de Vie tres Vieille P.B., and Martell's Genuine
Old Dark Brandy, in case.
Adgostura and Jellner's Bitters.
Onlner's Eye opener.

EDWARD PERKINS,
Proprietor.

Perkins was also keen on clay? pigeon shooting, and club meetings
were held in the hotel on a regular basis.

'A pigeon match took place yesterday at Ellerslie Garden,
between Mr. Maxwell of Christchurch, and Mr. E. Perkins of
this city; 13 birds each; 25 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, for 5
pounds a side. The following is the score:

Mr. Maxwell - 2222101102010-total, 14.

Mr. Perkins - 2122222201001 - total, 17.

Mr. Perkins won by 3 points.'

(Evening Star July 17, 1877.)

'The first contest in Sparrow Shooting will take place on Saturday
at Ellerslie. The match will be contested under the Victorian
rules, and very good sport is expected, as there is a large number
of entries. Mr. Kelly was desired to arrange the event; being
himself an experienced gentleman, accustomed to take a leading
part in such meetings as these. It is probable that several other
events will be arranged in order to make a good day's sporting
programme. Now that the pheasant season is over the pigeons
are again being brought into requisition. The Sparrow Sweep
is for 20 members, 1 pound each, fifteen yards rise, eighty
yards boundary. Already twenty-one members' names are in,
showing the popular nature of the sport. Members will meet
on Wednesday at the Occidental Hotel to make final
arrangements.' (Evening Star August 28, 1877.)


The major attraction though, for patrons frequenting the
Occidental was without a doubt, Edward Perkins' bizarre collection
of curiosities in natural history and other extraordinary
phenomena, all of which was housed in the hotel. A guide was
published in 1877 and this is reprinted on the following pages.

DESCRIPTION

OF

PERKINS'

WATERLOO HOTEL



APPROVED BY THE MEDICAL OFFICERS

WATERLOO HOTEL
 100, QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND
 NEW ZEALAND

BRET'S GENERAL STEAM PRINTER

OCCIDENTAL

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.

PERSONS wishing Rooms, should telegraph in advance.

TELEGRAMS and Letters immediately answered.

PHOTOGRAPHS of Notabilities and Professionals solicited.

VISIT the MUSEUM!

EDWARD PERKINS

Proprietor

NEW ZEALAND



REPRINTED FROM THE
AUCKLAND "STAR."

TWENTY-FIFTH THOUSAND.

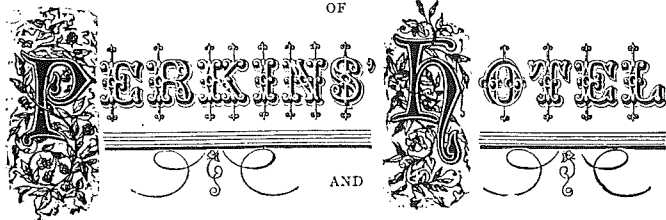
CATALOQUIAL,

COLOQUIAL,

AND

TRUTHFUL DESCRIPTION

OF



Occidental Museum,

VULCAN AVENUE, QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

TOGETHER WITH A LIST OF

1,000 PORTRAITS & THEATRICAL CELEBRITIES

AND

MEN AND WOMEN OF MARK.

BY

RICHMOND THATCHER,

Newspaper Man and Theatrical Agent.

W. Auckland, N.Z.

H. BRETT, THEATRICAL AND GENERAL PRINTER.

To Mr. Edward Perkins,

CURATOR.

DEAR PERKINS,

While enjoying your princely hospitality (hospitality in the broadest sense of the word), in your charming hotel, and wandering amidst the rare relics and curiosities you have gathered together there, the idea struck me that I might repay you in some slight degree for your many kindnesses by writing a short description of the exhibits that adorn the Occidental Museum. Born in a curiosity shop (my cradle was a huge valve of the *hippopus*, and I took my first pap from an "apostle spoon,") and possessed by a sincere love for the marvellous in every form, I was perhaps peculiarly well adapted for the task, as I have visited most of the countries from which your treasures have been collected, and am used to-descriptive writing. In this brief dissertation on—rather than catalogue of—your Museum, I have aimed at being descriptive and cataloquial, while avoiding anything like tediousness or erudite incomprehensibility. If my sincere admiration and regard for you have led me, during the course of my little discourse, into seeing with the eyes of a friend and an admirer, rather than with those of a critic, I know I shall stand forgiven by those who follow me through the collection, which, if not all my fancy painted it, is a valuable and startlingly interesting one.

Hoping I have achieved the object I had in view, and reiterating my thanks for your courteous kindness,

I am,

Yours very truly,

RICHMOND THATCHER.

Carlton's Hotel, Melbourne.

DESCRIPTION

OF

Perkins' Occidental Hotel and Museum,

VULCAN AVENUE, AUCKLAND.

It is a matter of general remark by visitors to Auckland that its Museum contains little of interest considering the length of time the Institution has been in existence, and the opportunities afforded for making a collection. The paucity and meagreness of the exhibits are owing more to the apathy of the settlers, and the niggardliness of the Government, than to any want of assiduity or ability on the part of the officers in charge of the establishment. Many persons go away from Auckland with the idea that there is no collection of such *lusus nature* and curiosities which the proximity of the "blessed isles of the Pacific," and the natural wealth of marvels indigenous to this part of the colony, would place within the reach of anybody with sufficient capital, judgment, and discrimination who wished to secure a reflex of the many natural wonders with which this part of the globe abounds. To enlighten such that are not aware that a very remarkable, interesting, and valuable collection does exist in our city, and to briefly describe it, is our object.

The private collection, or Perkins' Museum, as it is called, is in the possession of Mr. Edward Perkins, the Prince of Publicans, and is housed in his Occidental Hotel, Vulcan Avenue, leading from Queen-street. These directions are only meant for the outer barbarian, for no resident of Auckland exists who could not find the place blindfolded on the darkest night, or does not know the bonny face of the Boniface.

The Perkins' collection is one of the most varied, heterogeneous, and interesting in the world, for though it does not contain any such stupendous exhibits as the Elgin marbles, the Assyrian relics, or the cumbrous antiquities to be found in the British Museum, it can challenge the Smithsonian Institute or Barnum's to show more absorbingly interesting specimens of the pictorial art, defunct woaders, and comical conceits. If it lacks the chunks of stone with hard names from the pliocene, myocene, or tertiary formations with which most museums are filled, and which are *caviare* to all but a few dryasdusts, or would-be *cognoscenti*, it amply makes up for the deficiency by the plenitude of its curiosities which enchain the attention, and cannot fail to amuse or instruct. Some may take exception to the fact that Edward, who is the curator and custodian of the institution, has not classified, numbered, nor catalogued the articles in his museum, but it may be remarked that where he *has* named anything, the boldness of his nomenclature and the finality of his decision would appal Agassiz, Haast, Hector, or any of the other lesser lights of the scientific world. For instance, he has labelled some substance, spherical and ovarian in form, as "A Mermaid's Egg." Had the gentle Edward left the spectator to exercise any judgment as to the nature of the exhibit, it would doubtless have led to much uncertainty and useless speculation, so his bold assertion places the matter beyond doubt, and saves much trouble. With such a "guide, philosopher, and friend" one may feel safe in walking through the place and learning from him the nature of the exhibits on view. The value of the collection is not impaired by any narrow restriction or exclusive discrimination, for Mr. Perkins has availed himself of every source from which wonders may be drawn to complete his museum. Side by side with such natural *lusus nature* as the Cordyseps Robertsii, or Hepialus Virescens—that inexplicable paradox of the vegetable and animal

world, consisting of a plant growing from a caterpillar—may be seen curious belts and bags, woven by the simple-minded children of the South Seas, and caricatures of members of the colonial ring, or "talent." By a very easy transition one goes "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," from belts in which human teeth figure conspicuously to exquisitely humorous American conceits, and from photographs of theatrical celebrities to an undoubted two-headed calf and bottled snakes of hideous mien. The collection not only contains such marvels as are met with in these localities, but includes curious and interesting selections from many parts of the world. In fact Europe, America, Polynesia, and Onehunga have been levied upon for exhibits, and Perkins confidently asserts that with respect to the last named, "o'ny hunger" would induce the original possessors to part with them. America has lent her magnificent scenery, reproduced with wonderful accuracy and fidelity to nature, through the indomitable energy and matchless skill of Messrs. Bradly and Rulofson. England contributes her historical records and art treasures, and Polynesia her weapons and evidences of native skill. In fact, all sorts and conditions of men, all climes and zones, all nations and tribes, have had a hand in making up the grand sum total of the Perkins' *omnium gatherum*. The savage, with an anthropological taste for baked Presbyterian or boiled Baptist, has toiled through the long summer days, under the vivid glare of the sun, on his reef-girt isle, to produce belts, spears, and necklaces to adorn the collection. The artist has held the mirror up to nature, and made the canvas glare with living fire to grace the walls of the Perkins' hostelry. Heroes have fought, and conquered, and died to enrich it with priceless mementoes of their heroism and devotion. Birds, beasts, and fishes have flown, roamed, swam, and developed abnormal proportions and peculiarities to expose their little idiosyncracies and undue proportions to the gaze of Perkins' constituents. Perkins can show you the Declaration of American Independence, conceived, drawn up, and signed, in order to figure upon the walls of the Occidental. There is a letter from Lady Hamilton to Nelson, "the dearest husband of her heart," wishing England's great naval hero a safe issue out of all his battles, and a speedy return to his Emma's faithful breast. The Claimant has given an indemnification for the cost 7½ lb. of rump steak, 3¼ lb. of kidney suet, and 4 lb. of loin chops, and his own receipt is on view at the Perkins' House. There are Magna Charta in execrable Latin; the warrants to execute Mary, Queen of Scots, and Charles I., armed with which Perkins could have sallied forth and beheaded those unfortunate monarchs; the gazette containing the record of the death of Oliver Cromwell, that wonderful man whom the world has not yet decided whether to worship as a hero or revile as a canting hypocritical tyrant and scoundrel; the *English Mercurie*, with the account of what befel the Spanish Armada; the *News*, with the day by day reports of the ravages of the Plague and Fire of London; rare old records detailing with quaint circumstantiality the deadly work of both enemies, in the vernacular of the period. There is a full, true, and particular account of the last moments of Charles the Martyr, and the "chop at the King's Head," taken by the mysterious individual who performed that office, which so altered the current of English history. There are copies of the London *Times*, containing the despatches of Nelson after the Nile, of Collingwood when Trafalgar was won, and England lost her great defender. One paragraph tells how the audience at the theatre on the news being received, cried for "Britons, strike home," and how a man called out "Damn it, they have! haven't they?" In this curious collection of papers are the *Times'* account of the suppression of the Mutiny at the Nore, and the way in which the mutineers and the delegates were dealt with; the funerals of Lord Nelson and the much-injured Queen Caroline; the newspaper records of the Battle of Waterloo and the execution of Louis XVI.; besides scores of prosaic records of events that now are gems in the most glorious epoch of English history.

Upon entering the passage of the museumical hotel, or hotellic museum, one pounces right upon exhibits of interest; for the place is as full of curiosities as a dog is of fleas. The independent declaration of the fearless band of men who defied King George and all his works, first strikes the eye, and it is painfully apparent that some of the heroes couldn't write worth a dam; and Ben Franklin, even, might have taken twelve lessons from Nicholson with profit. This is faced by Lady Hamilton's *billet doux* to Nelson. But for the writer being

a lady of title, and sweetheart to a naval swell, we could have sworn she had indulged over night, for the caligraphy would bring discredit upon a spider that had got into an ink bottle. Above is a portrait of Tom Maguire, the man who has organised more companies to execute Shakespeare and tackle Momus than any other on the western side of the Atlantic. It bears his own autograph (for which Miss Carey longed, attached to a cheque), and is dedicated to Perkins. This is flanked by some Nevada scenery by Bradley and Rulofson, and has underneath it a case of galvanotype medals of Scott, Byron, Shakespeare, and other notables. This is well worth the inspection of the student, and generally brings up Perkins' constituents, who gaze upon the well-known lineaments of England's illustrious poets as they wipe the froth from their beards on leaving the premises. How many of them reflect upon the stupendous fact, that none of the great dead there reproduced, ever drank Auckland beer, or knew a canon from a losing-hazard. Contiguous to this, and still in the passage are—item, a portrait of the Prince of Wales in Masonic costume, the photo being a gift from either the Prince or the artist to Edward. Item, a bison's head; very fierce and life-like, Perkins says he shot this bison. He says he prayed for power to overcome his enemy, but finding it did not come, he asked Providence not to aid the bison, promising that power that there should be a damned good fight. There was a tall struggle, and there is the head of the bison—a stupendous memento of Perkins' prowess! It is the head of a male bison: if it were that of a female it would be Perkins; for it would be the head of the bisoness. But this is levity and we get on to life-like portraits of Joe Murphy, Johnny Hall, and some very gallant American officers. Close by are two terrific trotting races between George M. Patchen's Brown Dick and Miller's Damsel, and Goldsmith's Maid and Smuggler, and the Lingards as "The Two Orphans," a photograph that cannot be seen *too often*—more levity. High up is a view of Sydney, so true to nature that one fears small pox, and fancies bad smells. Here also is a reminiscence of one of the best and most legitimate sells ever worked in these latitudes. It is a raffle list bearing 507 signatures, the prize being a DIME AND PIN. As the list met the eye, of course the victim thought he was going in for a Diamond Pin, and would part his "Colonial Robert" with alacrity. The coin would then be spent at the bar, and he would be shewn the precious prize, viz., an American dime, value 10 cents, and a common brass pin. The sell was highly successful, for it was only human nature for those who were "had" to assist in roping in other martyrs. Perkins sold one swell beautifully. Upon being asked to go in for a chance he said "yaas, I'll go in, but I object to your spelling." "Well," says Perk, "I went to school in my time, and that's how they spelt it." "Yaas," drawled the exquisite, "but there's a prejudice in favour of spelling it properly." "Well," rejoined Edward, appearing nettled, "I'll bet it's right according to Webster, and I'll stake a bottle of cham on it." "Done," said the other, scenting Roederer on the cheap. The bet was made, and then the small E was pointed out to Mr. Swellford, who had to "part." 360 persons took chances in one day. The list was afterwards photographed, and 5,000 copies circulated throughout the colonies. Turning from the contemplation of this evidence of a master intellect, one's mind is relieved by a view of the Hawaiian Hotel, Honolulu, in which hostelry in the days of the early Kameahamas one could call for cold Kanaka or hot roast missionary, with whalers' ribs to follow. Over head is a model of all the tools known to artisans, except a set of props and a poker deck, which have evidently been inadvertently omitted from the list of industrial implements. Miss Rose Etting, in one of her well-known characters, completes the series in the passage, and we turn into the

BAR PARLOUR.

In this room—a cozy snugger—is the principal collection of oil paintings, many of which would do credit to a national gallery. There is one called "The Death," attributed to the celebrated Morland. Perkins says he has been offered large sums of money for this. Towards early morning he is inclined to largely increase the price put upon it. Once, towards the small hours, gazing fondly towards the picture, he exclaimed, "I was offered £500 for that painting." "Why didn't you take it?" said a bystander. "Well," rejoined Edward, "I was just

going to do so, when I woke up!" Joking apart, it is a fine painting, representing the death of a fox. The gallery is rich in animals—especially fine dogs, depicted with life-like fidelity. Two terriers—types of their breed—are engaged in rat hunting, and watch, with feverish anxiety, by a trap, in which are two rodents. On the other side, they are outside a rabbit-hole, "waiting," "watching." The attitude of the dogs is good, the engrossing anxiety being well depicted. They are genuine masterpieces, by Mr. Field, of London, worth 200 guineas. There are two other smaller pictures with likewise terriers in pursuit of game for subjects. So life-like are these animals, as transferred to canvas, that no rat ever enters the room so long as the lights are up; and even "Tiger," the cat of the establishment, fancies he hears "s'cat" behind him when he looks up to them. For other studies we have two retrievers—one with a bird and the other with a rabbit—fine pieces of animal painting. These bear Rigg's well-known signature. Two horses are also excellent specimens of animal painting. A little sketch in oil, "Feeding the kids," is a picturesque subject, well executed, warm in colour and tone, and well worth minute inspection. The kids are of the goat persuasion. This is on the eastern wall of the room, and with it are the Morland before mentioned, three coloured photos, cabinet size, of Mr. and Mrs. Hoskins, and one of Mr. Hoskins and Mrs. B. N. Jones in the "Serious Family." Underneath is a sea piece by Stanfield, a very effective, though sketchy little study, after that great master's best style. Close by is the "Reading Magdalen," evidently a young girl, while the time away with a book till her washing comes home. Next is a humorous conceit, a happy drunkard, who, mistaking a pig for a bed-fellow, cries, "Lie closer, brother." Two cats, courting on the tiles, after the fashion of amorous humans, is in keeping with the last-named exhibit; and it has for companions, photos of Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Hall, taken some years since. Johnny declares he "tuk kold last night selling fans in an ice house." Between the eminent comedian and comedienne is a photo of the barque "Harriet McGregor," alongside the wharf at Hobart Town. On the south wall are a street sketch, "The First Whiff," a very sick and repentant neophyte at smoking, being teased by a number of stronger-headed hoodlums, and two heads of Scotch terriers, exquisitely drawn, which flank the portrait in oil of the proprietor. This is after Reynolds, a long way. The artist is Mr. Calder, and it is called a good likeness. It is so much like Perkins that the wonder is it does not come out from the frame and persuade one to go in for a sweep. Underneath, still on the south wall, are three views in oil of Whangarei harbour and vicinity, and two funniments, "Childhood's Hours," and "What are the Wild Waves Saying?" both broadly humorous. "The Seasons," another laughable sketch, Gus. Williams' New Year Card, a memento of that celebrated artist, a portrait of Mr. Providore Rylands, and a case of Fiji "green backs," almost complete the list of things on this wall. The Fiji reminiscence makes men from that blessed isle sigh when they think of the good old times when they were in vogue, and Woods ruled the roast at Bau, before Thakambau, by the Grace of God, King of Fiji, was a miserable pensioner of the British Crown, and when gin and euchre were the principal articles of commerce. There are Sturt's and Armstrong's and those bold Yankees, Lazarus and O'Donnell's signatures to promises to pay 6d., the autographs alone being worth many times that amount now-a-day. Little did those eminent men think, when they condescended to serve drinks and put their invaluable signatures to paper currency in exchange for paltry silver, that they would arrive at their present proud position and own land at Siga Toke and supply dusky legislators with "groceries." "Ah! said Sinclair, when recently on a visit to Auckland, on viewing the case, "then a man could lick his own nigger, and assorted Tokolau labor only fetched sixty dollars a-head. *Lago mai bull a ma kau siga licka la; a cava ogo?*" and he fetched a deep sigh. The last exhibit on the south wall to be noticed is a case containing photographs of 120 celebrities, mentioned hereafter.

Coming to the west wall we find, high up over the window, a series of caricatures of betting men by Lascelles, the prince of pictorial satirists. The artist has given excellent likenesses of the members of the "talent," but has brought some peculiarity into prominence in the most exquisitely ludicrous fashion. Next is an immensely valuable picture, an oil painting, said to be by Landseer. If so (and

Mr. Perkins has a very probable history attached to it), it is a rough sketch of the great animal painter's picture of "Low Life." It represents a broad-chested, heavily jawed dog, evidently waiting for his master. A "long clay," pair of top boots, beer pot, hat, and bottle are introduced with marked effect. The dog is a fine piece of drawing, and if it is not the original, it is a splendid copy. One of two pictures illustrating the illicit loves of Hugo and Parisina, told by Byron, is on this wall, as well as another case of celebrities, and the three sporting oils referred to before. On the north wall, in addition to the four dog studies already described, are two splendid sketches by Church, of New York. In one, frogs are having a game of leap frog by moonlight, and in the other they are doing a daring act of acrobaticism. Both are distinguished by a cleverly portrayed affectation of a human style adopted by the batrachians. "Home, sweet home," is another humorous and clever little conceit. A frog is doing the *dolce far niente* under a toadstool. We must not forget on this wall a fine sea piece by W. Wells, a very interesting sketch, showing good drawing and colouring. Turning with regret from this room, in which some time may be pleasantly and profitably spent, we come to the

DINING ROOM

or *Salle a Manger*, as Perkins loves to call the apartment. Every available space on the walls and floor that would not take from the accommodation of the patrons of the hotel, who are specially numerous between the hours of 12 and 2 every day, is devoted to the exposition of some curiosity or work of art. One can here take a chop or steak, or any of the quaint and curious dishes—for the compounding of which Perkins' *chef de cuisine*, as he invariably calls his cook, is famous—and gaze upon a thousand varieties and natural wonders. There are enough in this room alone to fit out a dozen peripatetic side shows, and the eye is at first bewildered by the profusion of noticeable curiosities. Turn in whatever direction one will, something remarkable is seen; monstrosities, marvels of patience and ingenuity, evidences of ultra-civilization and debasing barbarism, and works from the hand of the untutored savage and the cultivated art student. The pictures will, probably, first engage attention, and they are well worth close study. To do them systematically, we begin with the south wall, where is first a fine engraving, called "Out All Night." In the grey morning there is an English terrier creeping home to his slut and pups. He is a demoralized dog, and has evidently suffered defeat in an encounter for the favors of some canine beauty. His damaged eye is bound up, and he carries one paw in a sling. Mrs. Terrier is eyeing him severely, and evidently waiting an "explanation." She is plainly not prepared to accept the usual assurance that her lord and master ran against a lamp-post, or got injured in assisting to put out a fire. The expression of the two dogs and the attitude of the sleeping pups are very good. Next to it is Perkins as he appeared to Messrs. Bradly and Rolofson's camera. It is—Perkins in repose! Apropos of the portrait, though scarcely applicable to the subject, there is a good story told of a well-known legislator in New South Wales who is inordinately fond of being portrayed. Of all the numerous likenesses, he fancied vastly one oil painting by a celebrated artist. He was showing this with some pride to one of the victims of his numerous financial failures. "Yes," said his friend, "it is very good, but not at all like you. You have your hand in your pocket." "Well, sir," said the statesman, "what difference does that make?" "Why," rejoined the other, "you should have had it in some one else's." Pass we on to a splendid "proof before letters" of the Allied Armies before Sebastapool. This engraving is one of twenty struck off at fifty guineas each before the plate was destroyed. All the generals—Sir Colin Campbell, Field-Marshal Lord Raglan, whose funeral Perkins when a matelot attended; Marshal Canrobert, Prince Napoleon, Omar Pacha, and the principal officers commanding the English, French, and Turkish armies are well portrayed. Underneath is another case of photos. Lower still is one of the funniest little sketches in the collection. A lady is just opening her bedroom door, in which a cockatoo and a monkey have been shut up. Everything is in confusion. Vases and ornaments strew the floor, and the pair have evidently been enjoying themselves and revelling in mischief. Cocky meets his astonished mistress with open wings, and says "we've had a hell of a time." The monkey with more cunningness is aware that the hour of retribution has come, and sits on

the pillow of the bed feigning repentance or innocence. His face is a perfect caution, simian sagacity being despicted to the life. Here are photos of the English cricketers; a veritable butcher's bill of the Claimant. "The Egg Girl," a nice oil painting; a cast of "The Feast of the Gods;" a Yankee flag in colored silks, some large cassis, a triton Australis, and Fijian pottery. On this wall too is a case of curiosities, the most valuable in the "Museum Perkinsonii." Spread out in suitable space, the contents of the case would form a collection for a sight of which anybody would willingly pay the price usually charged for admission to many shows and public exhibitions. There are rare shells that would set English conchologists raving: priceless *volutidae* from remote islands and banks in the Pacific, lovely *cypræe*, rare *conus*, *pteroceas* with their digital horns, *gay halioti*, pretty *cassis*, parti-coloured land shells from the Solomon Islands, in fact all the beautiful shells found in the semi-tropical seas. Interspersed amongst them are scores of rarities: an ossified fish that exudes oil on having a light or heat put to it (presented by W. Swanson, Esq.); the wondrous vegetable caterpillar; the model of a Line Island chief shot in Levuka gaol, composed of the operculum of a *turbo*; a piece of shell considered full dress by young chieftainesses; bead work of savages; specimens of *madrepore*; the *nautilus pompilius* and its pearly chambers, so much valued by jewellers for brooches; a necklace in which human teeth figure prominently; cannibal forks (it not being considered etiquette to eat white man from the fingers); a bullet extracted from the leg of Captain Muir in Fiji; gold specimens and ores; a veritable cow fish; boars' tusks; the Mermaid's egg; *hippocampi*, the seahorse from which so many fables have sprung; some asbestos; specimens of American greenback currency; fibres used by savages for weaving, etc.; a coil of yarn woven from human hair, worn by young girls in the Gilbert and Ellice Groups as a token of virginity, and accepted by the simple-minded savage as a plain proof of it; a necklace of seals' teeth; a wondrous silicated bird; a pearl shell polished by Daniel Driscoll, of Auckland; the "What is it?" a skeleton that would puzzle every savan, not excepting Barnum; some monstrous limpets or *patella*; the bark from a tree on Mount Sherman, the highest point on the Pacific railroad; and many other curious relics and curiosities that would take too much space to describe here.

Outside hang two horns covered with portraits and designs by prisoners in Mount Eden Gaol during many a weary hour's incarceration. Some governor seeing samples of the work, prohibited it as contrary to the policy of prison discipline, and calculated to militate against the deterrent effect of punishment for crime. Short-sighted potentate, he did not take into consideration that the etching of those horns kept perhaps the imprisoned artists from brooding over their miserable condition and plotting mischief. He had no sympathy with human weaknesses, nor remembered that to err is human. Now-a-days prisoners form mutual improvement societies, and are taught in jail to see that crime is a mistake, as well as a sin against society. The governor's prohibition of this harmless employment or recreation reminds us of a good story told of the governor of the jail in Hobart Town in the good old hanging days when a dozen men were strung up every day. One morning he came down to the yard where the usual number were waiting to be turned off. There was something the matter—some hitch in the proceedings—and the governor who was a fat, fussy little fellow, thus addressed the hangman—"What's the matter; what's the matter?" "If you please, sir," said the local Jack Ketch, "the drop won't work." "Oh, indeed," he cried cheerily, and clapping his hands, "never mind." (to the men on the platform), "*jump off, my lads, jump off.*"

In the corner of this wall is a smaller case containing many exhibits—more beautiful shells, some American beavers' teeth, a New Zealand bed-fellow or tarantula, a splendid dancer who teaches in one lesson without fail, more *hippocampi*, a kiwi's egg bigger than the bird itself. The hen kiwi, it is said, has to hatch out its egg in sections, by sitting on part at a time. This case also contains the complete skeleton of a human being, only ten inches long. Had it lived Tom Thumb could have looked down upon it, and called it an insignificant little brat. Alongside is perhaps the most marvellous exhibit of the whole collection. We had better give the history of both in Perkins' own words:—During the researches of that well-known American traveller, Rokee, in Japan, he was

informed of the existence of a vast cavern in the neighbourhood of Osaka, and near to Jerritomaso. Hearing likewise that the cave was an object of superstitious dread to the natives on account of some extraordinary circumstances connected with it, he determined to pay it an early visit, and accordingly the next morning found him in the cavern, after having traversed unknown and tortuous subterranean passages. He afterwards discovered that a stream of water which ran through the cavern found its way to the sea, and a further examination brought to light on either bank of the stream *large* numbers of Lilliputian figures, all of which, with the exception of these two in question, and which are now to be seen at the Occidental Hotel, crumbled to pieces on being touched. By some extraordinary freak of nature these two were preserved. Hearing of the extraordinary discovery the proprietor of the Occidental Hotel at once made arrangements to purchase the curios at a great expense, and had them forwarded here in the care of an American student named Seymour." This case also contains a walrus' tusk, and the celebrated eight-legged pig. Although this animal has double the number of legs usually allotted to piggy, "still it is not happy," and it is evidently quite indifferent to the "two bar" and Abolition questions. Coming to the west wall we find a fine oil-painting of the Golden Crown, by Calder, now running between Melbourne and Sorrento. The "unco' quid" of Victoria held prayer-meetings on the sands, and beseeched *their* God to sink this boat, because she ran excursions on Sundays; but He didn't, which was not complimentary to them. There are a number of views of the Centennial buildings at Philadelphia on this wall, which give a fair idea of the appearance of the great world's fair. Under the Golden Crown is a frame containing a series of pen and ink sketches, by a Sydney artist. Several hundred heads and figures are introduced, and there are a number of humorous etchings all well executed. This work of art will bear an hour's inspection, and something fresh to admire can be found all the time. Glass cases containing well-stuffed specimens of pheasants shot in the vicinity of Auckland are on this wall, and a South Sea canoe, ornamented with *Cypraea moneta*, besides some fine photographs of scenes in Calaveras county, California. High up is a large collection of island weapons, arranged with taste. There are spears tipped with human bones, poisoned and jagged, clubs, shields, waddies, swords, bows, arrows, &c. The idea conveyed by these weapons is that the South Sea Islanders are a warlike race, always fighting and battering each other a lot with these formidable things.

On the north wall there hang two spirited oleos., representing children in a dog-cart. Their steed scents a rabbit, and begins a chase. In the second the dog comes up with his quarry, but the children are spilled about. A water-colour is near it, well executed; and two photos. of the Hero's passengers and crew in quarantine at Sydney Heads. Amongst the unfortunates are Mr. Frank Weston, the Wizard Oil Prince; Messrs. Bachelder, Eastwood, Logan, Captain Logan, and many other well-known individuals. The pictures recall pleasant reminiscences of the stirring events connected with the incarceration of the unfortunates; Frank Weston's escape from the police, and his re-capture and loud calls for the *habeas corpus* and *Magna Charta* as he was being marched off. They had a good time at the station, and published a paper called *Logianana*, after the brave mariner commanding the Hero, in which they abused the Health Officer and the tyrannical Government of New South Wales in vigorous Anglo-Saxon and United States languages. They were always threatening to "break out," and the Government were afraid they would, so they kept them there. A statuette of a hunter and his dog, in green marble, stands on the mantelpiece, and will repay inspection as a fine piece of miniature sculpturing. Some oleos., a fine plate of the Melton Meet, and a photo. of Mr. Pratt, the celebrated pianist, complete the series on this wall.

The east wall contains some more oleographs, a series of views of the hot springs and lovely terraces at Rotamahana; the Lick House and Occidental Hotel, San Francisco; and the Centennial Building and grounds. Interspersed amongst them are some comicalities. A happy (?) father is being shown triplets by the nurse, and enquires anxiously, or satirically, "Did any of 'em get away?" A dog is inspecting a live lobster. This is called "Investigation." In the next picture his tail is grasped between the crustacean's claws, and doggy is traversing real estate at a deuce of a pace, no doubt recollecting an important appointment. This is labelled "Consternation." There are other funny sketches here that, as the showman says, must be seen to be appreciated. Leaving the pictures exhibits, we come to a large glass case containing the wondrous two-headed calf, a picturesque monstrosity. Nature has dealt both prodigally and parsimoniously with this animal. Looked at as a calf *per se* it may be proud of having two heads, two windpipes, two meatpipes, and two backbones; but then it had but one set of entrails and one pair of lungs, as if Fortune intended to be very liberal and then thought better of it. It has also only the usual number of legs, but two tails, so, had it lived, it would have had a lively time of it in the fly season. With the calf, which, we may remark, is full grown, is an infant cassowary, that once roamed the arid sands of Africa. As the poet sings—

Where the gentle cassowary
Roams the plains of Timbuctoo,
There I ate the missionary,
Coat and hat and hymn-book too.

Beside this interesting bird is all that remains of Donato, the three-legged dog, once a well-known character in Vulcan Avenue. Donato, named after the celebrated dancer of that name (who, by-the-by, had only one leg), was a general favorite, and when ran over by a cart in the street was universally mourned. With him are a number of bottles containing some hideous venomous snakes, a huge stinging ray's tail and spear, some ferocious fishes and other things, and on the top outside is an iguano big enough to take a man up and shake him. This case contains many of the relics collected by Mr. Perkins during his tour through the western districts of America—the plague grasshopper of Kansas, that sits on its

haunches on the fence smoking its pipe and fanning itself with its antennæ, and asks the farmer "when them darned crops are coming up?" the horned toad, the cameleon, the gallinipper, or pinch bug, a tortoise, and Southern or Confederate bat, that voted with the "Solid South" during the election.

THE WESTERN BAR

Has some choice pictures, fit to adorn the walls of any drawing-room, as well as some good oleographs, done before the art was extended to the reproduction of anything at a cheap figure. Here also is the Star Company, rehearsing in the bush; a spirited painting by George Perriman, valuable as a record of what the members of the theatrical profession had to contend with in the early days. Framed likewise, are—The American Excelsior Minstrels; Barry O'Neill in his "changes;" Holly in his varieties; a second series of caricatures by Lascelles; a monstrous lizard; the leg-irons that confined the notorious murderer Jacky Jacky; some oval cases of stuffed birds; and, amongst many other rare curios, the GREAT SEAL! (Keeper of the Great Seal, Mr. E. Perkins). This extraordinary animal was found imbedded in a small "ICEBERG," near the Coast of New Zealand, which floated, as is generally supposed, from the Artic Regions, across the Line through the Tropics. The seal was blown on this coast and captured, after an immense struggle, by the captain and crew of an Italian vessel named "Allboshio," and sold at the Port of Manukaurio to Signori Camerino and Co. These Professors afterwards exhibited this wonderful animal at the Circusio Pavilliano to over 50,000 persons in one day, O! After the animal had lived so long on suction, the notorious exhibitors thought it could always live on the same food, *but it didn't*. The proprietor of the Occidental Hotel purchased it for an immense number of scrip, and placed it in the hands of our skilful taxidermist, Signor Yandelio. At the time that Perkins first became possessor of this animal, the Italian Opera Company was performing in Auckland; and, thinking to be in the fashion, he imported the foregoing description from an Italian warehouse; hence its macaroni-like flippancy.

PERKINS' LIST OF CELEBRITIES.

Mr. Perkins possesses the largest collection of theatrical and other celebrities in the southern hemisphere. Some hundreds—we may say thousands—of likenesses of public performers and men and women of note are to be found in his cases. And here it would be as well to remind members of the dramatic and music professions that it is greatly to their interest to send their cartes and lithographs to the Occidental. Perkins never lays a portrait by. The moment he receives it he puts it in the cases or frames, and forthwith it there remains to be looked at recognized, and discussed for all time. It is one of the most valuable advertisements possible, wherever the original of the portrait may be, for the place is the resort of all classes, from all countries. If the exhibition of pictures is of any good (and who shall doubt it), the purpose is served by this means to the fullest extent.

LIST OF CELEBRITIES.

LITHOGRAPHS (FRAMED AND GLAZED).

Ben Maginly
Great Russian Athletes
James Henwood
Angel Schott
Vokes Family
W. Florence, comedian
Anne Berger
Leona Dare
Laura Alberta
Minnie Palmer
Cora Adriana
A. G. Wood
Pat Rooney

T. M. Hengler
Lurline Watson
Wm. H. Pope
Gus Williams
Sol Smith Russell
Les Petits Carlos
Levy, Cornet Player.
J. K. Emmet
Hermann
The Carlos
Baker
Farron
Professor McEvoy

Frank A. Gibbons
Lizzie Watson
Harry Braham
Mrs. Scott Siddons

Billy Emmerson
Harry Watson and Lizzie Sherman
Dampier.

CARTES DE VISITE.

Barry Sullivan
Geo. Fawcett Rowe
Jas. Williamson
Maggie Moore
C. L. Phillips
C. L. Griffith
Fanny Davenport
Edwin Booth
Mrs. John Woods
Jennie Lee
Little Nell
Jeffrey Lewis
E. L. Davenport
Lester Wallack
Charles Matthews
John McCullough
Frank Hewitt
Christie, Champion Rifle Shot of Otago
J. W. Walker, Champion Rifle Shot of
New Zealand
Harry Rickards
Charley Verner
Jenny Cowie
Miss Bentley
Bearded Lady
Mr. and Mrs. John L. Hall
Miss Clifton
Frank Weston
Frank Hussey
Fanny Brown
Fanny Carandini
Rosa Carandini
Madame Carandini
Adelina Patti
Lottie
Florence Colville
Mdlle. Zuilla
Mr. and Mrs. Braham
Harry Beckett
Jas. A. South
Jno. Muir
Rose Evans
Dan Bryant
Caricelle
Billy Weston
Mdille. Cubas
Harry Clifton
Miss Ada Wells
Papa Fleury
G. W. Rockefellow
Lydia Thompson
Hattie Shepherd
Miss Rose Massey
Julia Matthews
Rose Henderson

Ben Heath
J. J. Bartlett
Donato
Mrs. Chas. Matthews
Young Carlo
Agatha States
Alicia Mandeville
Lotta
Jenny Nye
Fanny Sara
Belen Cuba
Gregory Troupe
Lottie Troupe
George Loyal
John Harris
John Collins
Lewin
Topley
Bird
Ed. O'Hare
Edwards (Ped.)
General Canrobert
Sir Colin Campbell
General Beauregard
Dalmahoey Campbell
Park Boulton and others
Rev. Mr. Taylor, Collins-street
W. T. Bray
Fanny Carandini
Earl Pembroke
Off to Dixie
Ike Coleman
Joe Thompson
Jno. Bryant
Jimmie Miller
Jno. Wallace
B. Thompson
Harry Haines
W. Fagan
B. Coleman
Loo Green
Geo. Harper
Saqui
Joe Morrison
N.S. Wales Sports
Ike Lyons
Ed. Gough
Daddy Gardner
Jerry P. Thomas
George Thomas
Mort Humphrey
Michael Phelan
George Phelan
Dudley Kavanagh
Sexton

J. K. Emmett (Fritz)
 Richmond Thatcher
 La Belle
 Mons. Charles
 Sims Reeves
 Jem Mace
 Ben Cotton
 Little Ben Cotton
 Leotard
 Mr. Rogers, Comedian
 Joe Small
 Spencer Family
 Ned Thorne
 Georgia
 Complete Set of Live Islanders, Fijians,
 Maoris, Kanakas, and Native Aus-
 tralian Blacks
 The Boomerang
 R. J. De Lias
 Ben Jones
 C. Hoskins
 Posing of French Beauties
 Group of English Turrites
 John Dunn
 Barry O'Neil
 Herr Schott
 Group of Officers, "Nevada"
 " " "Nebraska"
 " " Thames Miners
 " " Coromandel "
 " " Ballarat "
 " " Sandhurst "
 Lord Palmerston
 Hon. Jno. Bright
 Harry Edwards
 Swiss Bellringers
 Little Nell
 Performing Mules
 Performing Donkey
 Donkey Puzzle
 French Artistes
 Little Johnny Hall
 Major Heaphy
 Coan Wood
 Ed. Burgess
 Bob Travers
 Maori Chief
 Marquis of Lorne
 Two-headed Calf
 Lady Tichborne
 The Claimant
 Sir Roger Tichborne
 Captain Beckham
 Prince of Wales
 Duke of Edinburgh
 Lady Mordaunt
 Sir George Grey
 Marshal Pellissier
 Mon. Carlo
 Fred Carlo
 The Carlos

Maurice Daly
 Cyrille Dion
 Jos. Dion
 Garnier
 Rudolph
 Slosson
 Tony Craker
 Jas. Farquharson
 P. G. Beam
 Capt. Jas. Brooks
 Mrs. Hewitt
 Mr. Donaldson
 Annie Christu
 Goldschmidt
 Samuel Clayton
 Group of Resaca Officers
 Dr. Livingstone
 Stanley
 Omaha by Moonlight
 Charles Wheatleigh
 Rose Etting
 Saml. J. Tilden
 Thos. A. Hendricks
 Rutherford B. Hayes
 Wm. A. Wheeler
 Captain Jas. Ellis
 Geo. Ellis
 H. Pronier
 H. Drake
 P. Butler
 — Collins
 Frank Hill
 Ted Yule
 Geo. Belcher
 A. Sayer
 Aunt Eliza's Letter
 Geo. W. Cameron
 Leonard
 J. Cosgrave, Esq.
 W. J. Hurst, Esq.
 Sir Geo. Bowen
 Sir Hercules Robinson
 Marquis of Normanby
 G. Von der Hyde
 H. P. Barber
 Japanese Ladies
 Jno. Smith (Pro.)
 Jno. Smith's Latest
 Novelties—The Hairy Men
 The Eclipse
 Lucy the Lozely
 Steward and Stewardess ship "General
 Grant," castaway on the Auckland
 Isles
 Ki Tore
 For Chop
 Little Allright
 Julia Richmond
 Matilda Sanford (dwarf)
 Horace Hartley
 May Innes

Chang, the Giant
 J. L. Hall
 R. G. Bachelder, Logan and Griffith
 Frank Medina
 T. J. Bruce
 Buckley and Holly
 Geo. Giddons
 Enderby Jackson
 Jas. Allison
 Snyder (Circus)
 Mr. Maughan
 Tom Burton
 Douglas
 Harry Prince
 Daniel Page
 W. F. Lodder
 Mlle. Franzinni
 West Coast Murderers
 H. R. Jones
 Albert Griffiths
 A. Anthony
 Jas. Wooley
 C. A. Woodruff
 Iguano
 H. T. Russell
 Captain McArthur
 E. Perkins' Prize Pointers "Rory"
 and "Nell"
 E. Perkins' Cats "Tom" & "Tiger"
 " " Setter Bitch "Loo"

Lucy Day
 De Castro Family
 Sig. Orlandini
 Black Crook Fleet
 Airec
 Grant Boys
 John and Jennie Morgan
 The "What is it?"
 Transit of Venus
 Jennie Lee
 Mainwaring
 Nellie Hosmer and Rogers
 Kate Foley
 Johnny Foley
 Capt. Mair
 E. L. Robinson
 Miss Bentley
 Professor Winter (tenor)
 Ino. and Jennie Morgan
 W. J. Cawkwell, Esq.
 Capt. Alex. Mills
 R. Glover
 Jessie Raymond
 Austin Power
 John Bryan
 Sam Remus
 Miss Ratcliffe
 Jimmy Poole
 Agnes White

CABINETS.

Phil Kirby
 Richmond Thatcher
 Tennie Claffin
 Emily Rigil
 Ristori
 Lotta
 Maurice Airmill
 Jennie Lee
 Mrs. Jas. A. Oates
 Pauline Markham
 Eliza Wetherby
 Agnes Ethol
 Maude Grainger
 Josie Mansfield
 Neilson and Mrs. Judah
 Miss Jeffreys Lewis
 Alice and Miss Dickie Lingard
 Cora Adrianna
 Mrs. Bacchus
 Mdlle. Aimee
 Miss Mattie Daniels
 Mrs. J. L. Hall
 Mdme. Rena
 Lydia Thompson
 Ellie Wilton
 Josie Daring
 Alice Dunning
 Jennie Lee

Palace Hotel Court Yard
 Palace Hotel
 Sig. Raphael
 Jarret and Palmer's Lightning Train
 Party
 Alice Dunning (in character)
 Rose Evans
 U.S.S. "Tuscarora" Officers
 Auckland Valentine
 Steele, R.R. Agent
 Sir Redmond Barry
 Mark Twain
 Jerry Thomas
 Geo. Thomas
 Jas. Fisk, Jun.
 Billy Emmerson
 Thos. Wachtel
 Joe Murphy
 Emperor Norton
 Charlie Bacchus
 Jas. Allison
 W. S. O'Brien
 Mr. Flord
 Mr. Mackay
 Mr. Fair
 Dan Bryant
 Senator Jones
 Joe Coburn

Annie Pixley
 King Kala Kalu and Suite
 Original Georgia Minstrels
 Bradley and Rulofson's Celebrities
 Men of Mark
 John L. Hall
 Little Harry Sebastian
 Dion Boucicault
 Senator Sharon
 Buffalo Bill
 Edwin Adams
 P. T. Barnum
 Wm. Florence
 B. P. Shillabar (Mrs. Partington)
 Pope Pius IX.
 Commodore Vanderbilt
 Lizzie Masters
 Jennie Dean
 McCabe, Carry Chlore
 T. C. Mackay
 Capt. Jas. Fisk
 Benjamin Teasdale
 Robertson and Wagner
 Governor Wm. Irwin
 Professor Hewett (Photographer), New York
 Wm. Jas. A. Oates
 George Thomas
 Twenty Photos. of Freemasons in the 32nd and 33rd degrees
 The Royal Illusionists: Keller, Cunard, Ling Lock, Yamadeva
 D. H. Cunard
 Judge Gildersleeve, President American Rifle Team
 Jem Mace
 W. H. Harrison
 R. Thatcher
 Judge Simpson
 Judge Beckham
 H. I. M. Dom Pedro
 W. Horace Bent
 Annie Pixley
 Mdlle. Anna De Belocca
 Ted Harney
 P. G. Beam
 R. G. Fuller
 Frank Weston
 Sir Hercules Robinson
 Sir Geo. Bowen
 Marquis of Normonby
 Earl Pembroke
 H. R. H. Prince of Wales
 H. R. H. Duke of Edinburgh
 Rose Temple
 General Grant
 Belknap
 Geo. Collyer
 E. D. Davies
 Uncle Dick and Aunty
 Madame Cora

Jem Mace
 Alice Dunning
 Chas. Sutton
 Rulofson's Family
 Barry Sullivan
 Wm. C. Ralston
 W. B. Riemain
 Chas. Crocker
 Dave Wambold
 D. O. Mill
 Mr. Davie
 Jas. Lick
 Professor Agazzis
 Bishop Kipp
 Governor Leland Stamford
 Governor Rutherford B. Haye, of Ohio, now President of the U. S.
 Wm. A. Wheeler, Vice-President of New York
 Saml. J. Tilden, of New York
 Thos. A. Hendricks, of Indiana
 Smuggler and Goldsmith's Maid
 Jno. Sheville
 Agnes Ethol
 Black Crook
 Sir Geo. F. Bowen
 Zoe Tuttle
 Johnny Gourlay
 Emperor Napoleon
 Billy Birch
 Harry Gordon
 Lottie
 Mdlle. Christina
 Chas. Sutton
 Sig. Orlandini
 Miss Carrie Rickards
 Kate Santley
 Sir Daniel Cooper
 Michael Reese
 General Wm. T. Sherman
 Geo. Fawcett Rowe, in brass
 Miss Eleanor Carey
 Geo. Rignold
 Palace Hotel Officers
 Marie Aimee
 Passion
 Louise the Fashion
 Florence Colville
 Duke of Manchester
 Dr. Herman Vogel
 U. S. S. "Oceanic" Officers
 Japanese Troupe
 Viola Clifton
 Pet Dog
 Redemption of Currency U. S. Treasury
 Ladies at Theatre Comique
 Miss Mattie Daniel
 Neilson
 R. M. S. "Zelandia"
 Attachees

Amy Stone
 H. F. Stone
 Mr. Sam Poole
 J. P. Thomas
 Wm. Gibson
 Tony Denier, Clown
 General Albert Pike
 Dickie Lingard
 Palace Hotel Court
 Dr. Northrup
 Glass Steam Engine
 Woodruff
 Major Von Tempsky
 Edwin Adams
 Ellis's Commercial Hotel, Tauranga
 The Old Veteran
 Glass Steam Engine
 Dr. Northrup
 E. D. Davies
 H. F. Stone
 Amy Stone
 Madame Cora
 Mdlle. Christina
 Wm. Gibson
 Mr. Sam Poole
 Edwin Adams

California Theatre
 The Three Graces
 Annie Pixley
 Officers H. B. M. Corvette "Amethyst"
 The Black Crook
 Jno. Sheville, Lecturer
 Sir Geo. Ferguson Bowen
 Agnes Ethol
 Zoe Tuttle
 Don Pedro, Emperor of Brazil
 Howe, Tragedian
 Johnny Gourlay
 Black Crook Co.
 Billy Birch
 Harry Gordon, Basso
 Lottie and Co.
 Sig. Orlandini
 Miss Carry Rickards
 Bell Lang
 Frank W. Evans
 A. J. McMath
 H. F. Warner
 Oscar Lewis
 May Howard
 Chas. K. Skarratt

AUTOGRAPH BOOKS.

Not the least interesting amongst the treasures in Mr. Perkins' possession are two autograph books; one for the names of professional people, and the other for those of mariners. These contain the signatures of many hundreds of people well known to the public, and a glance through their pages affords vast amusement and instruction, especially to those who claim to find in caligraphy an index to character. It is worthy of notice, and an indication, perhaps, of the proof of the theory advanced, that the autographs of most of the successful stars are bold and determined, as if in keeping with the resolute perseverance that has raised them to the eminence they have attained in their profession. We do not wish to be understood to say that a man or woman who can write a good hand must necessarily be a good actor or actress; for we know of many who can write like copperplate, yet whose knees would knock together if they had to say "My Lord, the banquet waits," in the glare of the footlights. Still there is invariably something characteristic in the handwriting of eminent professionals, and on seeing Nell's autograph one does not wonder at her having so successfully afforded amusement to the Australian public. However, it is not worth while pursuing speculative theories; but we advise all those who visit Auckland professionally to record their names in the autograph collection of the Occidental.

RICHMOND THATCHER.

Auckland, March, 1877.

ONE THOUSAND *Cartes de Visite* of celebrities, collected at a great expense during the last seven years, from America, England, Australia, and New Zealand, which can only be seen to be appreciated.

Auckland: H. BRETT, Printer, "Evening Star," Office.

Occidental
Auckland, N.S. **Hotel**

Best Billiard Room in the Colony!
English and American Tables.

Superior Bedrooms lately added.

Cafe open from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Museum open from 8 a.m. to 12 p.m.

EDWARD PERKINS,
Proprietor

N.B.—Highest Price given for Curiosities.

Exhibits not mentioned in the guide include an exquisite Maori mat on temporary loan, described by the Southern Cross July 27, 1872, a Lilliputian monkey, described by the Southern Cross January 8, 1873, a six legged lamb as reported by the Star, October 13, 1877 and a chunk of rock believed to contain 7pd weight of gold as described by the Star, September 7, 1877.

‘Among the many curios worth examining at the Occidental Museum (Host Perkins’ establishment) is a very beautiful Maori mat worked by the natives, and intended as a present to the Duke of Edinburgh. The reason His Royal Highness did not receive this very valuable gift was owing to the Maori’s engaged upon the mat not being able to complete it in time, when it was subsequently purchased by Colonel MacDonnell. The body of the mat is composed of a very beautifully prepared flax fibre sewn together with elaborate minuteness, and is most artistically covered with choice feathers taken from the kiwi. This mat has been the work of many months by highly skilled natives, and probably nothing exhibiting finer workmanship was ever turned out by Maori hands. This mat is only on view for a very few days, and is really worthy of inspection.

‘Mr. Perkins of the Occidental Hotel, has on view at his hotel a Lilliputian monkey, which he says was presented to one of the members of Chiarini’s Italian Circus by the Empress of Brazil, who became so enraptured with one of the acrobats during the performance that she sent the monkey as a present to him. The little animal is certainly a curiosity, and was yesterday largely interviewed. It is 6in. in length, with a tail 15in. long, and appears to be free from the vicious propensities which usually characterise its species.’

‘Mr E. Perkins has secured an addition to his stock of curios in

the shape of a six legged lamb, which he purchased a few days ago at Mr Buckland's sale. The extra limbs are attached to the hinder quarters, two of them being shorter than the others, but all of them fully formed. The animal is at present alive and well'

'A rich specimen weighing twelve pounds and declared to contain seven pound weight of gold has been astonishing the natives at the Occidental Hotel today. The locality from whence this mineral treasure was obtained is kept profoundly dark under the name of the unknown claim. Although the estimated value is, no doubt, sanguine, Mr Perkins is confident of making the stone pan out well, and so far as it has been tried, his expectations and those of others interested in the venture are certainly justified.'

On one occasion Perkins, known as the 'Southern Barnum,' closed both bars of the Occidental and visitors were invited specifically for the purpose of inspecting the collection.

'Mr. Edward Perkins had a well-attended levee at his premises in Vulcan Lane on Saturday. From 3-5 in the afternoon the Occidental Hotel presented the appearance of an art gallery more than that of a public hotel. Nearly 500 visitors including a large number of ladies, took advantage of the invitations to inspect the pictures and curiosities of the place. During the exhibition the bars were closed, and the employees were allowed a holiday.' (Evening Star, October 1, 1877.)

The proceeds from the Open Day were given to a charity.

'The Rev. father Walter McDonald, acknowledges with thanks a receipt of a quantity of cakes etc. from Mr Perkins, Occidental

Hotel, for the orphans of St Mary's Ponsonby.' (Evening Star, October 8, 1877)

PERKINS' DEPARTURE

According to present-day descendants, Perkins married a Maori princess, separated, and later remarried while touring the United States (Ed. McRae).

'The Herald's San Francisco correspondent writes that Host Perkins, of the Occidental Hotel has been married in New York, and will shortly return to Auckland with his bride. While hunting, Perkins and a friend were bailed up in a tree by a grizzly bear, where they remained all night' (Star December 6, 1875)

Wedded bliss accompanied the Perkins' upon their return to Auckland but for the following less than romantic weekend.

'Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, of the Occidental Hotel, experienced the painful effects of being partially poisoned, by eating a fish on Saturday morning. It appears that on the previous day Mr. Perkins had been on a visit to the Waiwera, and while walking along the beach he observed a fish leap ashore, which he succeeded in capturing. It had a very handsome appearance, with a beautifully dappled back, and in fact so much resembled a mackerel that he thought it was one, and he brought it to town with him and had it cooked for breakfast on Saturday morning. Both enjoyed it, though Mr. Perkins thought there was some peculiar coarseness about the flesh, which he thought strange, but suspecting no harm, his wife and himself partook

heartily of it. In about half an hour afterwards both began to feel ill, a nauseous feeling in the stomach and violent pains across the forehead being the principal symptoms, and these disagreeable and sickening sensations continued for several hours. Mr. Perkins now informs us that the fish which he supposed to be a real mackerel proved to be a bonita, a fish which is indeed closely allied to the mackerel family.' (NZH October 29, 1877)

Mistaking one fish for another was quite possibly a symptom of Ed Perkins' failing health, as he suffered badly from deteriorating eyesight, to the point where eventually he was threatened with blindness. Another instance perhaps, was his uncharacteristic inattentiveness on one occasion to his gas lamp, by law required to be kept burning from sunset to sunrise.

'LICENSING ACT.-Edward Perkins was charged with not keeping the lamp over the door of the Occidental Hotel burning from sunset to sunrise. He admitted that the lamp was out, but it was blowing hard, and the light was extinguished. He paid a watchman, and it was no advantage to him to have it out, for the gas was escaping. He would also suggest that the police, when they saw the lamp out, should knock at the door, and let him know. This was almost the only city in the colony where publicans were compelled to keep lights burning. His Worship said it was an offence, but he would inflict the lowest penalty-1s and costs.' (NZ Herald May 4, 1878)

On February 11, 1879 with his eyesight steadily worsening, the dashing Edward Perkins was forced to give up business here and he handed over the lease of the Occidental Hotel to a Mr. William Maples, a settler. Perkins had previously sold the lease and furniture of the Occidental Hotel at Public auction on 1st April

1874, in order to tour the United States for about 12 months, with Henry Keane, formerly of the Royal George and Captain Cook hotels, Newmarket running the Occidental Hotel in his absence. Charles Burton ran the Occidental Cafe under Keane.

'Occidental Cafe. During the summer months the ppr. has decided to supply a superior COLD LUNCHEON in London Style, at reduced rates, viz:- Plate of Cold Ham or Beef, 6d, Ham or Beef Sandwich, with Glass of Ale, 6d, Pork Pie and Glass of Ale, 6d, Cold Pork Sausage, ditto, Bread and Cheese and Salad, 6d, Salad, 3d, Barnetts Warwickshire Pork Pies fresh every day. CHARLES BURTON.' (Star December 1, 1875)

Keane took over the Thistle Hotel (175 Queen Street, cnr Darby St) from Patrick Darby when Perkins returned to Auckland in April 1876. The new absentee landlord upon Perkins' departure was Mr James Farmer who was living in England at the time, and who leased the hotel through his attorney John Logan Campbell.

There is a newspaper reference to Perkins running a Melbourne Cup sweep in 1882 holed up in the Royal Exchange Hotel, Sydney appropriately named 'The Occidental Leviathan Consultation'.

**THE OCCIDENTAL LEVIATHAN
CONSULTATION.**
£20,000 MELBOURNE CUP,
SUBSCRIPTION, 20s.
First, £8000; Second, £3000; Third, £1000; Non-
Startes (divided), £4000; Starters (divided), £4000.
TO BE RUN ON NOVEMBER 7, 1882.
Applications by letter ONLY, with exchange added,
and stamps to cover registration and return letter.
In case of this Consultation not being filled, all
amounts will be distributed *pro rata*. Subscribers are
particularly requested to send their addresses PLAINLY
WRITTEN.
Address—
"OCCIDENTAL,"
CARE OF EDWARD PERKINS,
ROYAL EXCHANGE HOTEL, SYDNEY.
Bankers—City Bank, Sydney.
N.B.—All names and results strictly private.

Left:
Auckland Weekly News
Sept 2, 1882

For sometime after his removal from this side of the world, he lived at St. John's, in Nova Scotia and died at St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago in May 1905 while undergoing an operation, aged 69 years.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB THE 1880's

Mr. H. Herbert (Ed Perkins chef par excellence), who had first taken over the Occidental Cafe in September 1877 having previously been for nine years in charge of the Culinary Department of the Royal Mail Hotel, re-opened the Occidental Hotel and Cafe on the 24th February 1879, with William Maples as the new proprietor.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.—As I want accomplished—Mr. H. HERBERT begs to inform the public of Auckland, that on Monday, the 24th February, he intends OPENING the CAFE at the Occidental, where his old friends can depend upon getting one of the old-fashioned Grills. In addition to this, the grandest glass of Ale in the Colony is always to be had.
N.B.—A special glee song every evening.
H. HERBERT.

Left:
Evening Star,
Monday February 24, 1879

Maples then transferred the lease to a Mr. Maurice O'Sullivan of Auckland on the 15th July 1879. O'Sullivan had previously managed the Exchange Hotel, north cnr. of Durham St. west & Queen St. and the Cosmopolitan (Victoria) Hotel, north-west cnr. of Queen & Swanson Sts.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL,
AUCKLAND.

MAURICE O'SULLIVAN
Late of the "Exchange," "Cosmopolitan," and other Hotels, has pleasure in announcing to his old friends and to the public in general that he has purchased that well-known Hostelry.

THE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL,
Where he will always be happy to welcome Old and New Faces.

As the attractions of the Hotel are so well known to recall any comment.

LUNCHEON CAFE OPEN DAILY
Under the superintendance of Mr. HEINZ.

SEVERAL ADDITIONS TO THE MUSEUM

THE BILLIARD SALOON
The handsomest and most complete in the Colony.

LEADING NEWSPAPERS ON FILE.

Left:
Evening Star,
July 21, 1879

Mr. O'Sullivan transferred the hotel lease to a Mr. John Thomas Smith on the 25th February 1880. Smith was formerly chief cook of the steamers; Nebraska, Zealandia and Australia and up until then had been running the Occidental Cafe in partnership with Mr H. Herbert.

THE Occidental Café will be Closed till Monday next, 9th Instant, for Extensive Alterations, when it will be RE-OPENED under entirely new management.—John Smith, Proprietor.

It was under Smith, also a horse-racing owner, that the Occidental carried on it's tradition as the official meeting place for Auckland's licensed bookmakers (Tattersall's) Club at 8.30 p.m. once a week in the hotel's club-room.

TATTERSALL'S BETTING QUOTATIONS.

The following are the betting quotations issued by the meeting of Tattersall's, held in the Club-room, Occidental Hotel, last night:—

AUCKLAND CUP.—Foul Play, even money; Lara, 100 to 20, offered; Grand Duchess, 100 to 15, offered; Yntopa, 100 to 8, offered; Ariel, 100 to 6, offered; Roraima, 100 to 5, offered; Maid of Honour, 100 to 7, offered; Betrayer, 100 to 20, offered; Label, 100 to 12, offered; King Quail, 100 to 10, offered; Woodworth, 100 to 5, offered; Lone Hand, 100 to 7, offered; Vampire, 100 to 3, offered; Rowi, 100 to 2, offered; the rest, 100 to 1, offered.

STRENGTHENED.—Lone Hand, 100 to 50, offered; Agent, 100 to 50, offered; Misanthrope, 100 to 10, offered; Sportsman, 100 to 20, offered; Don Juan, 100 to 10, offered; Jack Shepherd, 100 to 15, offered; Ghost, 100 to 20, offered.

HANDICAP HURDLE RACE.—Lone Hand, 40 to 40, offered; Harry Mount, 50 to 20, offered; The Agent, even money; Misanthrope, 4 to 1, offered.

Left:
Evening Star,
Dec 24, 1880 P3

Derby sweeps on races such as the Auckland Cup were organised and the Occidental became a gathering place for bookies at all times of the day and night.

DERBY SWEEP, TATTERSALL'S OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.

A DERBY SWEEP, 200 Members at All, is now open, on the Auckland Cup and the A.H.C. Handicap.

J. SMITH,
Proprietor.

Left:
Evening Star,
Dec 6, 1880 P1

The Queen's Ferry hotel in Vulcan Lane also assumed the role of unofficial headquarters to the licensed bookmakers around this time and "Oh-ho, going to the bookies" would be the knowing cry to anyone seen headed in the general direction of the two pubs. They were by all accounts an honest band in dealing with customers, despite the fact that Vulcan Lane became popularly known as 'Vulture's Lane', and they had their own Tattersall's to solve disputes and preserve regulations. They were also among Auckland's most generous benefactors to charity.

Under Smith the Occidental also maintained its popularity as the foremost billiards venue in Auckland.

'Mr. W. Tregoweth of the Thames, and Mr. H. Hill, of Auckland played a return match at Billiards at the Occidental Hotel last night. The game was five hundred up and the Thames man won rather easily. He took the lead almost from the start and was never caught up, winning eventually by 98 points. A match is now being arranged between Mr. Tregoweth and Mr. P. Butler for tonight.' (Star Jan.6, 1881 p.2)

John Thomas Smith put his racing horses up for sale and transferred the Occidental lease on the 7th July 1881 to a Mr. Albert Fisher, who had been running the hotel as early as June of the same year and was formerly of the Thames Hotel, which was built in 1868 by John Coupland, south-east cnr. of Queen St. & Custom St.

'Mr. J. Smith's racehorses were offered for sale yesterday at Mr. Buckland's temporary sale yards, next to the Greyhound Hotel, (cnr. Victoria St. east & Queen St.) The first lot offered was the 6-year old mare Xantippe. She was started at 50 pounds, and the bidding went to 56 pounds, but she was withdrawn at the reserve, 60 pounds. The Tim Whiffler colt, three years old, was started at 100 pounds, and withdrawn at reserve of 300 pounds. Maid of Honour was started with a bid of 300 guineas, and was run up to 490 pounds, but was withdrawn at a reserve of 700 pounds. The Manbyrnong colt, a year and nine months old, was then offered. The only bid was 50 pounds, and he was withdrawn at 200 pounds. The other lots, including a Yattendon colt and a black colt by Malta out of the Auk, were not offered.' (NZ Herald 21 May, 1881.)

The Occidental was described thereafter in street directories as an 'Hotel and Tattersall's Club.'

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.
ALBERT FISHER
(Formerly with Mr. John Coupland, Thames Hotel, and late of the Imperial and Prince of Wales Hotels, Wellington).
Wishes to inform the Public, his Patrons, and Friends that he has purchased the far-famed OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.
That additions and alterations, conducive to the greater comfort and convenience of the Public, have been completed, and that every endeavour will be made, and no expense spared, to maintain the high reputation of the House.
THE CAFE.
This department, under the management of an experienced chef, will be conducted on a scale worthy of the name and fame of the OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.

Left:
Evening Star,
March 26, 1881

In the course of running the Occidental which he ran for two years, Mr. Fisher prevented an arson.

'A few minutes after half-past nine o'clock last night, Mr. Fisher, of the Occidental Hotel, in Vulcan Lane, while standing at his door, observed smoke issuing from Messrs Bindon and Co's. bottling warehouse at the corner of High-street. He at once acquainted Constable Ryan with the fact and they both hastened to the scene of the supposed fire. They found their apprehensions fully justified, and an alarm was therefore at once rung upon the nearest firebell, while the Constable occupied himself in preventing some excited individuals from effecting an entrance into the threatened building. The Fire Brigade under Superintendent Hughes responded with characteristic promptitude to the pealing of the bells, and immediately forced open a panel of the front door. A dense and opaque volume of smoke filled the place, and with the admission of the outer air the flames burst forth. Meanwhile a connection had been established with a neighbouring hydrant, and a steady and strong stream of water met the outburst of flame. The contest between the two elements was not of long

duration. The fire succumbed rapidly and in a very short lapse of time it was effectually extinguished. Sergeant Major Parry, and Detectives Jeffrey, and Brennan were the first to enter the premises for the purpose of inspection. They speedily discovered matter for suspicion. In the office a large hole was found burnt through the flooring, while all the circumjacent boards were saturated with kerosine oil. The fire had evidently had its origin on the upper side of the floor for the joists and beams underneath were only charred and blackened. This office merely contained bottled beer. Behind the racks of bottled beer in the warehouse proper a similar hole was found with traces of kerosine around it and the same evidence presented of the fire having burnt downward, and then again on the other side of the bottling racks a third hole was discovered. It was easily perceived that the three fires had been isolated from one another, and that there could not have been any communication between them. The damage done was trifling, being confined to the ceiling, lining boards and flooring. 20 pounds or 30 pounds will fully cover it. After completing their investigations, Detectives Jeffrey and Brennan proceeded to the residence of the brothers Bindon, for the purpose of obtaining further information from them. In answer to the enquiries made of them they agreed in saying that they had had a fire that day in the office and another in the cellar, and that they left for home at 5.30, but their statements varied as to their subsequent movements. One brother averred that after reaching home they did not go out again, while the other said that they had been down to St. George's Bay to see a boat in which they were interested. The detectives in view of this conflict of assertion, and the suspicious peculiarities of the fire, arrested the two gentlemen, and locked them up for the night. They were brought before the Court this morning, and remanded. The building which is a two-storey brick one, belongs to Mr. C. Greenway, and the stock and fixtures are

insured by the Messrs Bindon with the North British Co., for 400 pounds, viz., 380 pounds on the stock, and 20 pounds on the fixtures.' (Auckland Evening Star, June 3, 1881 p.2)

In 1883 the Occidental Hotel and Tattersall's Club was taken over by a Mr. J.D. (Denis) Lynch, who like Albert Fisher, was the proprietor for two years, until 1885 when John Thomas Smith once again assumed the position, being succeeded by Mrs. Ellen Harding in 1887-1888, formerly the proprietress of the Union Hotel in Willis St. Wellington in 1883-84 and she in turn was succeeded by Caffrey. (Joseph) Caffrey had previously managed the Cosmopolitan Hotel, Queen Street in 1876.

James Farmer who had purchased the Occidental in a public auction and who as landlord was earning an annual rental that gave a very tidy return on capital of about 17.5 percent, handed over ownership of the hotel on the 9th October 1884 to a Mr. Patrick ('Paddy') Gleeson, he who built up a veritable hotel empire in Auckland in the 1880's; the flagship being Gleesons (Bridgeway) Hotel, south-west cnr. of Fanshawe St. & Hobson St.

JAMES WILSON RUSSELL
1889 - 1909.



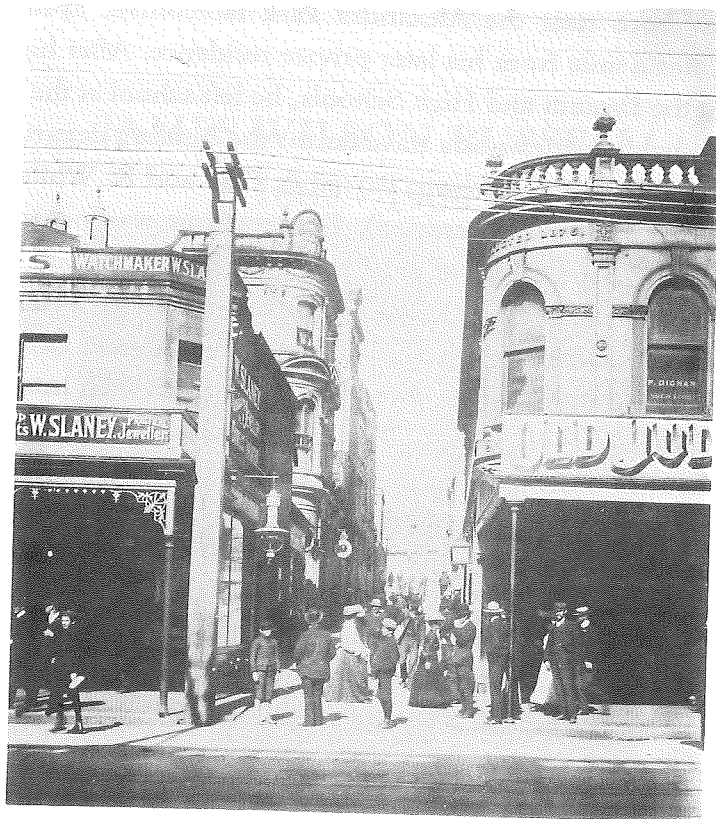
MR. JAMES RUSSELL

J.W. Russell, popularly known around town as "Jim," would never allow cards or dice on his premises and he prided himself on having presented a determined front against low or ordinary gambling, since becoming proprietor of the Occidental Hotel in 1889. Betting on the horses though, was quite another matter.

He was born near the Alexandra Park racecourse, Epsom, in 1855, not a mile from his later private residence. After his early days at the Lyceum and High Schools, he left school at the age of 13 and held positions as a traveller for the bottling departments of J. Nimmo & Co. (Brown, Barrett & Co.) and R. Whitson & Son (Campbell & Ehrenfried), Brewers, but was never once outside the boundaries of Auckland province until late in life when he went before the Licensing Commissioners in Wellington, and gave evidence on the question of tied houses (a private members bill that brewers should be divested of their interest in public houses, which was never passed.) At that stage having been continuously for over seventeen years, the proprietor of the Occidental Hotel, in partnership with Mr. Fred Ballin, a prominent Auckland dentist.

Mr. Russell's father, known as Lord John, came to New Zealand from Glasgow with considerable capital, having previously been engaged in a large way as a wine and spirit merchant in that city. He settled on a farm opposite Potters Paddock and was the owner of an imported mare, Kitty, the winner of many races in her time.

An inherited love for horses also caused Jim Russell to become an owner and he raced the jumpers Kingswood and Splinter, Kissaline, and the Australian-bred Panoply; purchased for 32 guineas, this cast-off was lame when acquired, but in the trainer Mr. F. McManemin's hands at the Sylvia Park Stud farm in Otahuhu proved profitable, winning 700 pounds in stakes, and more than once furnished a surprise, the most notable occasion being when he was started on the "off chance" for the St. George's Handicap. Ridden by F. Davis, 5lbs. over, he beat Castashore a head, his staple companions Doris and Lady Marion, and others. Result, a 56 pound div., his owner participating.



Above: Vulcan Lane at the turn of the Century"
"Gaslight outside Occidental reads J W Russell, Occidental Hotel"

By the time he took over the Occidental Hotel, he was the sole survivor of those who held the first meeting under Edward Perkins which resulted in the formation of the Auckland Tattersall's Club, and he occupied the important position of treasurer to that institution for a good many years. Mr. Russell also worked many commissions: Welcome Jack for the C.J.C. Handicap (now the N.Z. Cup), the Auckland Cup, and Canard for the summer steeplechase. He was a steward of the Avondale Jockey Club,

owned about forty greyhounds, and won every good stake in Auckland. Rock, Stormfiend, White Star, Dora B., Shylock, Fiend, Maud B., and Rocket being the best. With the last mentioned Mr. Russell won a quadruple at one meeting. Shylock, a rare greyhound, was put to stud in America.

He was also a proud member of the Natives Association.

'Although he cannot forget the traditions of the old Scots, from whom he sprang, he is fully satisfied that the land of his birth (N.Z.) will yet become one of the greatest countries under the Southern Cross, or, for that matter, under the canopy of heaven.' (NZSR & LVG, March 25, 1897.)

The older members of Mr. Russell's family of nine were also apparently very fond of their sport, like their father. James W. Russell Jun. was Vice-President in 1927-28 and for many years a timekeeper of the Auckland Amateur Athletic and Cycle Club and Jack Russell was a fine amateur swimmer who was a dentist by profession learning his trade with the well-known Queen Street dental surgeon Mr Leatham.

THE SPORTING RENDEZVOUS

Under J.W. Russell's influence, the Occidental gradually advanced in status as a commercial hostelry and also as a sporting centre, to the point where it soon assumed a prominent place in these matters in the city, becoming known as the 'Sporting Rendezvous.' Inside, Jim Russell's niece Fanny Edwards and her sister Laura were the ever popular barmaids, with Fanny later marrying Charlie

Grey, who became the Mayor of Auckland. Sporting papers were available to read and it was said that no distressed member of genuine sport ever appealed for Mr. Russell's sympathy in vain.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL
VULCAN LANE, AUCKLAND.

THE SPORTING RENDEZVOUS.

J. W. RUSSELL - PROPRIETOR.

In February 1899, a caterer by the name of Tom McEwin took over the Occidental's Dining room. Previously he had been over the road in the British Hotel (cnr Durham & Queen Sts.) running the 'British Buffet Room.'

THOMAS M'EWIN.
CATERER

To the Auckland Racing Club, Avondale Jockey Club, Takapuna Racing Club, Amateur Athletic Club, Auckland Swimming Club, &c., &c., has taken over

THE DINING-ROOMS AT THE
OCCIDENTAL HOTEL, VULCAN LANE,
Where he has made Special Arrangements for an
Excellent Table. Open from eight a.m. to eight
p.m.

LUNCH,
DINNER, TEA.
T. M'EWIN.

'Tom McEwin has been having his hands full at the Occidental Hotel, Vulcan Lane, catering for his many friends and customers during the last few weeks.' (NZSR&LVG March 9, 1899 p.19)

A sumptuous dining room, library and public bars the Occidental might well have had under Mr. Russell, but those patrons wishing to use the toilets faced an often perilous ascent.

'A nasty accident happened yesterday afternoon about four o'clock in the Occidental Hotel to an elderly man named William Monaghan, who resides at Ellerslie. From a statement made by Mr. McDonald, who was in the company of Mr. Monaghan, it appears that the latter went into the Occidental Hotel for the purpose of using the lavatory, leaving Mr. McDonald outside. A minute or so later the licensee of the hotel (Mr. J. W. Russell) heard a heavy fall, and on going round to investigate found Mr. Monaghan lying at the foot of the stairs leading to the lavatories in an unconscious condition. Dr. Roland Aickin was immediately summoned, and was soon in attendance, as was Constable Sims, and on examining the injured man Dr. Aickin found him to be suffering from concussion. After attending Mr. Monaghan at the Occidental Hotel, Dr. Aickin had him removed to Ellerslie, where he accompanied him, and after a couple of hours had elapsed succeeded in restoring consciousness. On inquiry this morning we find that although suffering from shock, Mr. Monaghan's condition is not serious.' (Star July 6, 1906 p.4)

Licensed Bookmakers who operated from the Occidental & Queen's Ferry Hotel's around this time included the likes of Bill Ryan, Dan McLeod, Jimmy Beckett, Cruickshank, Bob Cleland, Bob Blaikie, Fred Leslie, Mick Murray, Alf Adams and Toby Tobias.



Mr. JAMES BECKETT
A Member of Auckland Tattersall's.



Mr. ROBERT CLELAND
Turf Commission Agent.



Mr. ROBERT BLAIKIE
Turf Commission Agent and Horse-owner.



Mr. ALFRED ADAMS
A Young Auckland Pencilier.

'My experience of bookmakers, in the days when they were licensed and legalised, was that they were a very fine type of men, scrupulous, with a strict sense of honour. Big money transactions were recorded merely by word of mouth, without confirmation in writing of any kind. None of them was a "Welcher," which is the name given for those who hop up and lay the odds, then hop down and buzz off. These men were thorough going professionals, with a code of honour as good as the next man's. Dan McLeod was one of the Leviathans of those days, and in partnership with Bob Cleland. At one time he would be betting in thousands, and the sky was the limit

with him. It is incredible to believe that in latter years he would stick me up in Queen Street and ask for a bob to buy a pint of beer. Another whose name will be familiar to racing men of those days was old Bill Ryan, one of the best, who owned the horse Cordon Rouge which won the Avondale Stakes in 1902. Bookmakers were excluded from racing shortly afterwards - but Bill became a leading bookie, although they were not supposed to exist. He died very suddenly on returning home one night and was one of the most popular men in Auckland, and this was shown by the large attendance at his funeral. After the books were stopped he established a Loan Office in our building, the Alston Chambers, and this business was carried on for a time after his death by his son Bill Junior. Alf Adams was the son of old Len Adams, who kept the Britomart Hotel in Customs St. In the good old days as a bookmaker he was popularly known as the *Silver King*, and did a big business with the younger portion of the racing world. Alf took on a lease of the Ponsonby Club at the Three Lamps, which he subsequently bought, and retired from business after amassing a competency. Toby Tobias also went into the hotel trade and purchased Mr. Harry Dyer's interest in the Newton Hotel, Newton in 1906. Bob Cleland went on to win the Melbourne Cup with a horse called Apologue. (A Link with the Past, Eliot R. Davis)

Mr. Russell died on May 23, 1909 at the Occidental Hotel aged 55 years. Apparently he had broken a blood vessel the previous week, the effects of which he never recovered from.

ALEX JOHNSTON

1910 - 1912

Mr. (Alec) Johnston first entered the trade at Oamaru in the late 1870's when he took over the Commercial Hotel in Thames St. and he later ran the Royal Hotel, Tees St., Oamaru in 1887-1888. He was formerly the proprietor of the Empire Hotel, north-west cnr. of Victoria St. west & Nelson St., immediately prior to taking over the Occidental Hotel in 1910 and tragically before that he was licensee of the Grand Hotel, Princes St. before it was gutted in 1901 by a fire which cost five lives and which marked the start of compulsory fire escapes in city hotels. Three girls of Mr. Johnston's family of four perished in the fire; Lenora, Eva and Nina.

He transferred the Occidental Hotel on March 7, 1912 to a Mr. John E.R. Thorpe, who was previously the proprietor of the Masonic Hotel, Cambridge and who in turn transferred the lease to Ms. Nora Lynch.

NORA LYNCH

1912 - 1927

Nora Lynch was born in Ireland and emigrated to N.Z. with her parents when she was just a child. Together with her husband William, who was also Irish from the southern county of Limerick, they ran the Northern Wairoa Hotel in Dargaville for nearly three years and the Aurora Hotel, Victoria Street west, for nine years. In 1889 they purchased the Clarendon Hotel on the corner of Wakefield Street and Rutland Street which they ran with the help of their daughter Kitty, a popular barmaid. Kitty later married Mr. Horace Jones, proprietor of the Rob Roy Hotel, now known as The Birdcage, on the corner of Franklin Rd. & Union St. While another daughter, Evelyn, became an announcer during World War II for the B.B.C. in London.

In 1905 the Lynch's left Auckland to manage the Paeroa Hotel, but returned soon after to run the Clarendon once again, up until May 1906 when William died. After William passed away, Nora successfully applied for the license of the Clarendon Hotel which she ran at the same time as managing the City Hotel (north-west cnr. Victoria St. west & Hobson St.) having taken over from Walter Stimpson, of the Queen's Ferry Hotel fame. In 1912 she became proprietress of the Occidental Hotel.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.
 VULCAN LANE,
 AUCKLAND.
 MRS N. LYNCH Proprietress.
 (Late of Clarendon and City Hotels,
 Auckland.)

After World War I the Occidental was predominantly patronized by commercial and professional men, as the building of the Magistrates Court and associated offices in Courthouse Lane had brought about an increase in the number of barristers and solicitors offices in Vulcan Lane, who wished to conduct business over drinks. In those days it was common business practice to sign important deals in hotel bars, and contracts worth tens of thousands of dollars were finalized in the "The Ox".

Both Vulcan Lane hotels were also frequented by the city's journalists and many important news stories were collected and even written there. It was customary to drop in at the bar and collect all the official city news in one visit during a round of drinks. A former managing-editor of the Auckland Star used to tell how, as a shipping reporter in his first year on the paper, he once carried a drunken captain unaided from the Lane to Queen's Wharf. His service was rewarded several years later when he was given an exclusive story by the same captain about a shipwreck.

After having been the licensee of the Occidental Hotel for some 16 years, Mrs. Lynch was said to have made many friends both here and in Australia. On October 14, 1927 while apparently in good health, she suddenly collapsed in the hotel and died.



Auckland Institute and Museum

Above: "Vulcan Lane 1920's. "Lynch" is just visible on the Occidental Hotel"

MR. ALFRED JOHN NATION

1928 - 1942

Mr. Alfred Nation was born in Melbourne, where for a number of years he was engaged in the brewing side of the liquor trade, with his brother Thomas Nation the head of the West End Brewery in Adelaide. He came to New Zealand in 1908 under engagement to Hancock and Company as a bottling manager, and later went on to become the licensee of the Commercial Hotel's in Whakatane and Te Awamutu.



Auckland Public Library

Above:
Mr Alfred Nation

In 1928 when he arrived in Auckland and took over the Occidental Hotel, the portion of Vulcan Lane between Queen Street and High Street was widened from 16ft to its present 32 ft. New buildings were erected on its southern side and the lane gained a wider, more spacious and sunlit appearance that had not been present before. From a shadowy crowded alley it was turned into a comfortable street of small quality shops, bearing such names as Ye Quaint Art Shoppe, Cretia Art Craft, Mignon, Modiste and Hampton Studio. Supplementing the rather special quality of these shops was a tearoom which became fashionable with women shoppers, and the Occidental Hotel, which continued its role as something of a mens club.

Mr. Nation, his wife and two daughters lived on the premises. The two children were restricted to playing in the lane itself, and used to catch the tram from town to attend St. Mary's school.

'The patrons were mostly lawyers and accountants, thoroughly snobbish really, with some even becoming judges. Once the lawyers became judges they didn't frequent the hotel anymore. There were also reporters from the Herald and Star newspapers. I distinctly remember one reporter who had to go to a hanging, having a few strong drinks before he went and a few more after he came back, and a big man, a cricketing reporter by the name of Bud Hitnz who was 6ft.4.

The opening hours were very short in those days, father (Mr. Nation) never opened before 11 am and closed at about 6pm. There were barmaids, with one living in the hotel. The public bar though, which father built, had two men serving behind it. We were always told to stay well clear of the public bar. A cook also came in the morning for four hours to prepare big counter lunches which were all free.

Big "Hogs Head" barrels of Speights beer used to come up from Dunedin on the Northern Steamship Company's vessels and these had to be stored at an exact temperature. Father used to 'water them' to keep the sediment exactly right, his brother held the blue riband of brewing for Australia and New Zealand, and people used to come from all around for the Speights.' (Mrs. E.C. Kelly - daughter)

Mr. Nation was also a member of the Auckland Racing and Trotting Clubs, the Avondale Jockey Club, and the Commercial Travellers and Warehousemen's Club. Together with the secretary of the Commercial Travellers Club, during the early years of the war he went round town with his torch checking that the lights were kept down.

He died at the Mater Misericordiae Hospital on December 21, 1942 while recovering from an operation, after having been the owner and licensee of the Occidental Hotel for 15 years.

MRS. MARY FRANCES NATION 1942 - 1951.

When Mr. Nation died, the Occidental Hotel lease was transferred to his wife; Mrs. Mary Frances Nation who carried on with the help of her two daughters until 1951 when she retired.

Mary Nation was born in Thames, coming from a large family of ten. She managed hotels for a number of years prior to marrying and was renowned for her hospitality during the war years when the Occidental was particularly popular with New Zealand Servicemen.

'Americans couldn't get in. The N.Z. Servicemen inside wouldn't let them in. We very seldom had an American in the Occidental. Government Place was where the Americans went and to Anne Powell's Criterion in Hobson Street, where she used to double charge them - they never knew the difference. We had NZ Army, Navy and Airforce boys, all sorts including officers. They all used to gravitate towards this one place. Peace Day was celebrated in a big way, but when the Japanese surrendered that was the big one, not one glass in the Occidental was left unbroken. Father when he was alive was always very frightened of the Japanese.' (Mrs. E.C. Kelly)

The hotel stayed pretty much the same after the war, the original

barmaids were still there and it was still a veritable haven for Auckland journalists. However mixed drinking was now permitted despite the fact that the Occidental Hotel had previously been a jealously-guarded male preserve as far as patronage went, from which women had been rigorously excluded.

Another novel feature was the "dog-box" or "dog end" - a drinking recess in a corner of the hotel with windows looking on to the Lane and the sanctum of a coterie of doctors and lawyers.

'Many people drank in the "dog-box". There was a whole group of them - quite a mob of mostly lawyers and accountants. Regulars included Peter McIntyre, Joe Connolly, Dick Singer, John Terry and Bryce Hart, who was a great storyteller.'
(Mrs.E.C. Kelly)

The "dog-box" was decorated with a set of caricatures by Peter McIntyre and it was considered, by some, a mark of distinction to be framed and hung there. Among the many who were so honoured were Richard Singer, a well-known advocate in criminal cases, D.C. Finley, John Terry, Bill Meek and Bryce Hart, eminent city wit and rhymster.

The whereabouts of this collection nowadays remains a mystery.

'When my mother (Mrs. Nation) re-leased the hotel, she should have taken the drawings with her. They would have been worth quite a bit of money nowadays.'(Mrs.E.C. Kelly)

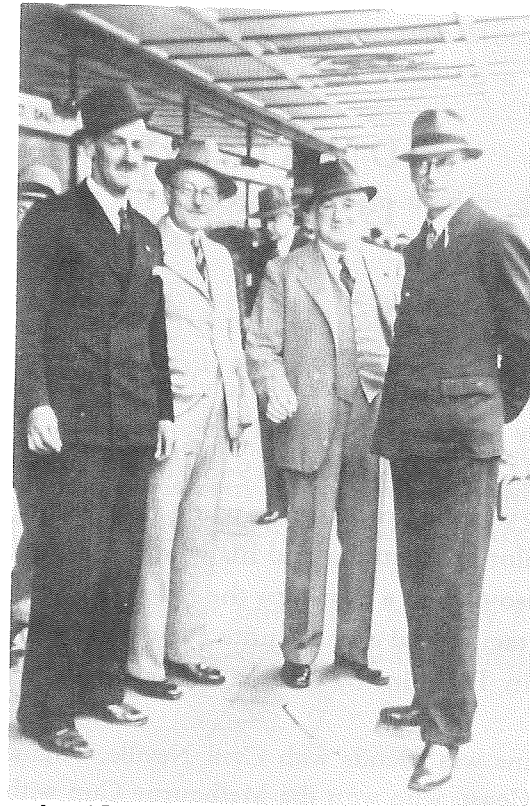


Photo from 'Bryce Hart' by N. Gardiner & M. Hart

Legal Personalities in Queen Street, 1950's
Bryce Hart Bill Meek Dick Singer John Terry

Above: Legal Personalities in Queen Street, 1950's
(L-R) Bryce Hart, Bill Meek, Dick Singer, John Terry

Eventually, running the Occidental Hotel became too much for Mrs. Nation and she retired in 1951, with a Mr. D. T. McIntosh running the hotel from 1952-53. She lived in Mission Bay before her death in July 1969 aged 83.

SID WATKINS

1954 - 1966

Before he took over the Occidental Hotel in 1954, Sidney Watkins had previously managed the Hotel Spa, Taupo in 1946 and the New Wairoa Hotel, Wairoa from 1948-51. Mr. Watkins stepson Athol Fresney was the headbarman while another of his sons was an outback pilot in Australia and his wife was a qualified nurse. Sid himself also owned a home for the elderly in Sydney. He was very keen on racing and owned quite a few good gallopers which were trained in Takanini by George Cameron.

'Sid Watkins was friends with Cyril Neville, originally from the West Coast, who won the Melbourne Cup with a horse called Dalray (named after his son Raymond) in 1952 and he let Sid borrow the Cup. It was mounted on the wall of the Occidental for a good few weeks.' (R A Wadham)

'I never saw the cup in the Occidental but I did see it elsewhere. Businesses in town used to borrow Cyril's Cup for Melbourne Cup displays. After a while, what with all this passing around, it was covered with dents and had lost a lot of its sheen so that you wouldn't have recognised it by its appearance.' (Barry Street)

Patrons in those days included businessmen, lawyers and journalists, along with Bank of New South Wales staff from the

Queen Street branch (just south of present Milne & Choyce) who used to sneak away to the Occidental on a regular albeit unofficial basis.

'Fred Allen, the All-Black captain, also used to drink there occasionally.' (R A Wadham)

Mr. Watkins moved to Australia in 1966 to run his home for the aged with his wife, eventually settling in Surfers Paradise, Brisbane.

'When Sid left he wanted me to take over the Occidental as well as running the Queens Ferry. But I didn't really want to take on two pubs.' (Errol Boyd-then ppr. Queen's Ferry Hotel.)

Instead, the Occidental was briefly run by Terry Keane, whose family used to manage the Oxford Royal Hotel in Tirau.

DON CUDBY
1967 - 1992



"Don Cudby collecting money for a raffle ticket in the Occidental

Donald Herbert Cudby took over the Occidental Hotel in 1967, having run the Commercial Hotel in Wanganui for eight years beginning in 1959.

At the time, Vulcan Lane was being converted into a pedestrian mall and the lane was closed to traffic in late January 1968 to enable the repaving work to begin. Two months later the work was completed.

'Initially my wife and I lived in the hotel and we virtually had two months without sleep, what with the contractors; Scarborough's, working day and night to finish the paving.'
(Don Cudby.)

'In the beginning the Occidental was a bit of a rough house patronage-wise and we had security in here every night up until about 1980, but it got a lot quieter and pretty soon we had a great bunch of regular clientel. It was more like a club than a pub. Regulars included Radio New Zealand staff, Auckland Star reporters, television journalists, teleclerks, lawyers (including John Terry & three who later became judges), Chuck Oliver and racing journalists like Barry Street. A lot of them would go back and forth from the Queens Ferry to the Occidental.'
(Don Cudby)

Chuck Oliver was involved in a particularly memorable incident in the hotel, torn between the two great passions in his life; the Occidental & his wife.

'Chuck Oliver was involved in another memorable pub affair which will strike a chord with many a patient wife in this country. He once rang his wife from the Occidental to ask her what was for dinner that evening. Her retort was to the effect that dinner was a roast, and since he spent so much time in the pub why didn't he eat there as well? Chuck's reply was, 'Good idea, why don't you bring it down for me?' He then hung up and went back to his euchre school and related to the boys his bout

of quick repartee with his missus which raised laughs all around. Fifteen minutes later Mrs Oliver came in with roast dinner, including baked vegetables nicely seasoned, and a napkin. Chuck is still living it down.' ('The Incredible 8-ounce Dream' - Fred Gebbie & Judy McGregor.)

'Another great personality who stands out in the spectrum of drinking characters was Johnny the Pole, a delightful though sometimes infuriating little builder's labourer who would sing and dance at the drop of an 8-ounce. Johnny arrived in New Zealand with many other migrants, but he never acquired a precise command of the English language - or at least his understanding and pronunciation of English fluctuated according to circumstances: if he owed you \$2 he stuck to Polish, but if he wanted to borrow a couple of bucks, his English became quite understandable. Johnny used to frequent Vulcan Lane in his leisure time and was well known to the hotel staff there. He had a penchant for oddly matched shoes, hand-me-down trousers, and a coat that had seen hundreds of better days. He had the disconcerting habit of shoving his hand into his pocket every time he saw an acquaintance at the beginning of a drinking session and going through a similar patter: 'You want some money Fred? I got some money, you want some money?' which of course, I wouldn't take. Two hours and twenty beers later Johnny would be tugging at my sleeve wanting 'two dollars until tomorrow'. He always paid back his debts however, and over the years Johnny the Pole set a pattern of taking with one hand and paying back with the other. Along with a couple of other gnomelike friends he would form a tuneless trio of minstrels and after a few jugs they would burst into a ragged medley of songs. His speciality was singing in Polish, and his songs were apparently liberation songs, rendered in three-part harmony and accompanied by a type of Zorba's dance across the bar floor. Other pub patrons who had to put

up with such entertainment every Saturday afternoon regarded Johnny the Pole with affectionate tolerance. Poor Johnny died on the way home from one of his favourite haunts, the Occidental in Vulcan Lane. He was knocked down by a bus after alighting outside the Kiwi Bacon Company in New North Road and, ironically, another of the passengers on the same bus was a barman who had been serving him that night. Johnny's real name was Jan Krawcyck, and his funeral attracted mourning friends from all over the North Island. Johnny the Pole was such a character that a fond obituary even appeared in the news columns of a weekend newspaper.' (Gebbie & McGregor)

When Don Cudby took over, the 6 o'clock swill had just ended.

'10 o'clock closing came in and it was all music and bands, that type of entertainment. If you didn't have noisy bands you didn't do business. We tried without them for a while, but if there was no music there was no crowd. Without a doubt ten o'clock closing was a great boost to local entertainers and many New Zealanders working overseas today, groups and individuals, got their first break on the pub circuit. We used to open from 11am till 10pm with a lot of the regular clientele drifting away shortly after 6 o'clock, then at night you would get a younger bunch coming in for the entertainment. The live music scene faded away in the early eighties and eating in bars and restaurants became popular mainly because of the drink-driving campaigns and blitzes. As a result wine sales everywhere went through the roof. With the number of B.Y.O. restaurants around, we often used to get groups who would come in and take two or three bottles of wine each for a meal; wine would have accounted for about 80% of our bottle store sales.'

'To comply with Licensing Committee recommendations, there were changes made to the hotel over the years. In the first week the public bar (built by Alfred Nation) took in \$45, while the barmans wages were \$48 - so I got rid of that. In the course of things we also lowered the roof of the unstoreyed part of the hotel, which we did by simply building underneath the original. The old original roof was made out of stained glass and wrought iron - which originally must have given this part of the hotel, a billiard parlour-like appearance.'

'We also had a month by month lease right up until 1980, as there was a strong suggestion that the Occidental Hotel was going to be developed at any time.' (Don Cudby)

In 1979 the Auckland City Council listed the facade of the Occidental & Queen's Ferry hotels in the Historic Places Trust "B" preservation schedule. Hancock & Co. the owners of the Occidental, lodged an appeal against the decision on the grounds that the building wasn't worth keeping and that preservation would cause it financial hardship. The Occidental was then hastily sold by Hancock's to the South British Insurance Company in 1980, with the new owners to their credit subsequently withdrawing the appeal.

'South British group property manager, Mr. Colin Mutch, says the decision to accept the "B" listing was difficult for the company. "We have no immediate plans for the Ox, but whatever we do, we'll be making a strong effort to maintain the character of the Lane." (Auckland Star July 10, 1980.)

In August 1992, after 25 years as the licensee of the Occidental, Don Cudby retired to his farm in Pukekohe and the hotel was

taken over by Bruce Paine, who had up until then, been a wholesale jewellery salesman selling to the trade. Given his background in precious metals it should come as no surprise to learn that one of the first things he did was to re-paint the Occidental in metallic silver from head to toe.

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POSTSCRIPT:

Mr. W. Montgomery ran the Occidental for a term after Mr. James Russell's death:

'We understand that Mr. W. Montgomery, late of the Northern Wairoa Hotel, Dargaville, has purchased Mrs. J.W. Russell's hotel, Vulcan Lane. Mr. Montgomery, being very popular with the trade, is well known for the keen interest he has always displayed in sports of all kinds, and is sure to prove a decided acquisition to the the ranks of our city sportsmen.'(NZS&DR August 9, 1909)