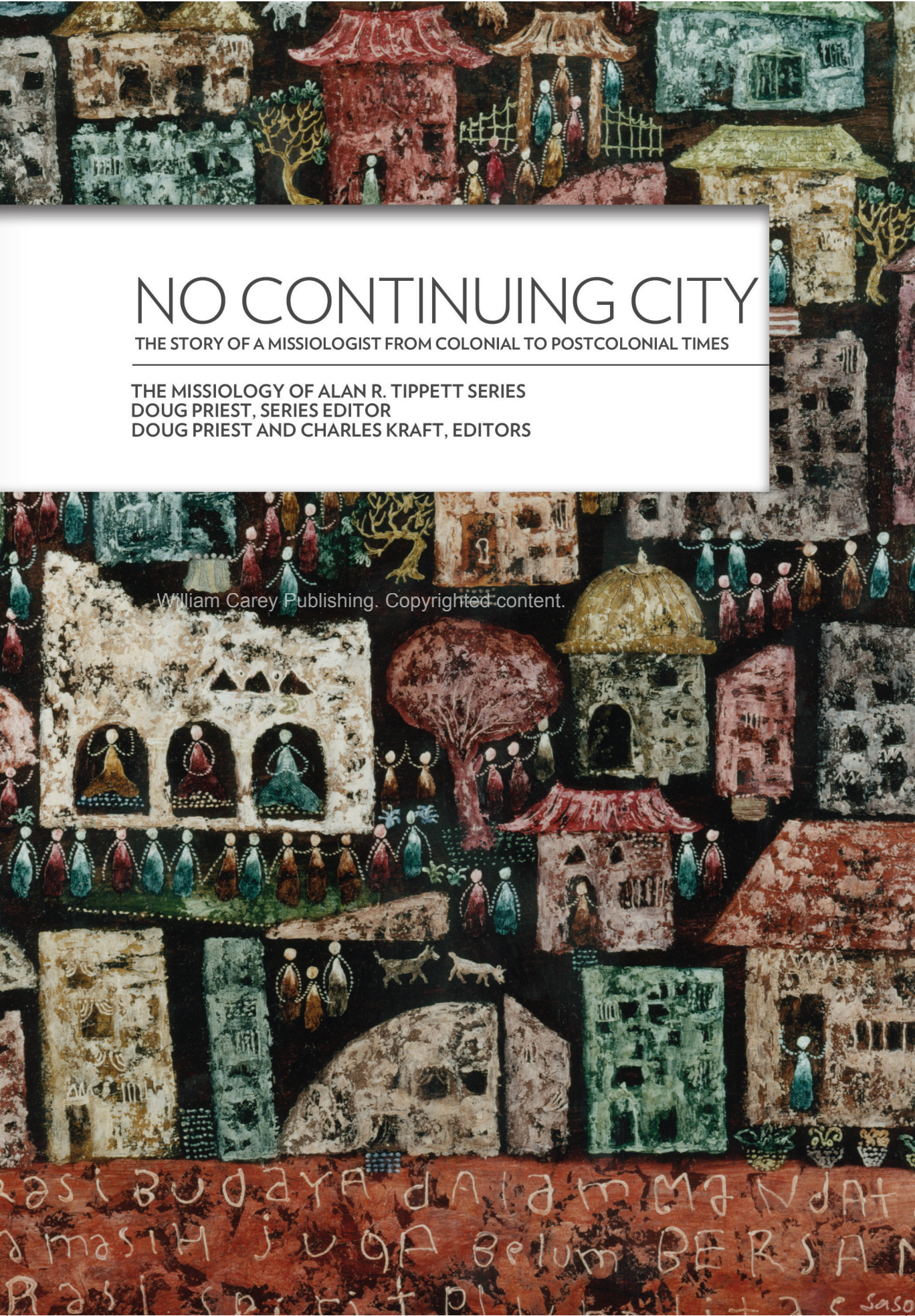


NO CONTINUING CITY

THE STORY OF A MISSIOLOGIST FROM COLONIAL TO POSTCOLONIAL TIMES

THE MISSIOLOGY OF ALAN R. TIPPETT SERIES
DOUG PRIEST, SERIES EDITOR
DOUG PRIEST AND CHARLES KRAFT, EDITORS

William Carey Publishing. Copyrighted content.

No Continuing City: The Story of a Missiologist from Colonial to Postcolonial Times
Copyright © 2013 by Fuller Theological Seminary
All rights reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means—for example, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying and recording—without the prior written permission of the publisher, except brief quotations used in connection with reviews in magazines or newspapers.

Scripture quotations unless otherwise noted are from The Authorized (King James) Version. Rights in the Authorized Version in the United Kingdom are vested in the Crown. Reproduced by permission of the Crown's patentee, Cambridge University Press.

Scripture quotations marked NEB are taken from the New English Bible, copyright © Cambridge University Press and Oxford University Press 1961, 1970. All rights reserved.

Scripture quotations marked "Phillips" are taken from The New Testament in Modern English, copyright © 1958, 1959, 1960 J.B. Phillips and 1947, 1952, 1955, 1957 The Macmillian Company, New York. Used by permission. All rights reserved.

Published by William Carey Library, an imprint of William Carey Publishing
10 W. Dry Creek Circle
Littleton, CO 80120 | www.missionbooks.org

Kelley Wolfe, editor
Brad Koenig, copyeditor
Pourio Lee, cover concept
Josie Leung, designer
Wisnu Sasongko, cover art, courtesy of Overseas Ministries Study Center

William Carey Library is a ministry of Frontier Ventures
Pasadena, CA 91104 | www.frontierventures.org

23 22 21 20 19 Printed for Worldwide Distribution

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Tippett, Alan R. (Alan Richard), 1911-1988

No continuing city : the story of a missiologist from colonial to postcolonial times / Alan R. Tippett.

pages cm

ISBN 978-0-87808-478-4

1. Tippett, Alan R. (Alan Richard), 1911-1988. 2. Missiologists--Biography. I. Title.

BV2072.2.T57A3 2013

266.0092--dc23

[B]

2013029295

William Carey Publishing. Copyrighted content.

1

In which my great-grandfather John Tippett leaves his ancestral home, Cornwall, and comes to Jim Crow.

Years ago I came across a reference somewhere in Cornish folklore to the effect that the ancient craftsmen who made the tips for Cornish arrows were called Tipit, Tippit, Tippet, or Tippett. I only know, however, now that arrows have gone out of fashion, that most Tippetts seem to have at least one craftsman of some kind. My Uncle Ern practised the cobbler's craft, for example, and passed on the skill to my father.

For all I know my line may have gone back to Phoenician times, for mostly my folk were tin miners in Cornwall, a profession they continued with modifications in the Colonies when the first years of gold fossicking developed into deep-lead mining and the Cornish came in companies and left the hillsides like rabbit warrens.

Here and there some member of the tribe went into the church, like myself and my own father and his great uncle, George, whose record my father unearthed at Helston, Tavistock, and St. Austell.

Even so I cannot claim like the traditional biographer to trace my line back to some Lord of the Realm. Rumour has it that one of our tribe was once elected mayor of Truro, if that be worth anything outside the county. Neither can I claim in these days of revolutionary glorification that I have a convict connection. Therefore I must confess that we were all lower middle class—miners, craftsmen, farmers, fishermen, or ministers of religion.

Now to get from Cornwall (which has had such a significant influence on my whole life) to Australia, I shall begin by introducing the reader to my great-grandfather John Tippett in a proper biographical manner. John Tippett (1818–81), a tin miner of Indian Queens, eldest son of Richard Tippett (1790–1846) and Maria, married Philippa Tamblyn, daughter of Thomas, a farmer of Queens, on 17 November 1845 at St. Columb Major, where the family records are preserved. Philippa went there in 1861 to get a certified extract of that marriage record when leaving for Australia.

We find John going on board the barque *Agnes Blackie* (385 tons, Philip Pines, Master) at its home port, Bristol. On 21 February 1853 the vessel was cleared for Port Phillip with a full passenger list—162. These included three families and a married couple—otherwise entirely adult male migrants. They covered every imaginable occupation—draper, auctioneer,

William Carey Publishing. Copyrighted content.

engineer, grocer, bricklayer, lawyer, builder, goldsmith, tailor, baker, surgeon, clerk, and farmer, and my great-grandfather John was the only miner.

Victoria had been declared a colony in its own right in 1851, the same year that the first gold was found there. The secret, though hidden for awhile, was soon out. By the end of 1852 three shipments of Australian gold had reached London, and this passenger list reflects the response. By the time the *Agnes Blackie* had reached Melbourne, that town was in a fever, but I think the majority of these passengers were off to the new colony to establish themselves in their own respective lines of business rather than to look for gold.

The large adult male passenger list with so many in the thirty- to forty-years age bracket is also significant. John, like many others in that company, had left wife and children behind with the idea of their following a few years later when the father had established himself in the colony. It was a regular pattern and its complementary pattern was evident in the 1860s with unusually large passenger lists of women and children.

John was thirty-five when he went on board, leaving Philippa with Mary (seven) and pregnant. The child, Richard, was seven years old when he left to join the father he had not yet seen. I am not sure why John left Cornwall like this. It was not a decision on the spur of the moment with the news of gold, but had all the evidence of a premeditated decision in the family council. John's father, Richard, had suffered a sudden, unexpected death by drowning at fifty-six years of age, in 1846, when the dam burst at the Wheal Rose Mine. They were living at Newlyn East at the time, and Richard left a wife and eight children, and the extended family responsibility fell on John, who carried it with some fortitude for seven years. John handed over the family and property responsibilities over to the second son, Richard, whose progeny are round the region to this day. The youngest four were girls. They married and their families have scattered over four continents.

In the 1840s there had been considerable social changes in Cornwall. The small tin ships of fifty-sixty tons which had carried Cornish tin to London for 150 years were not so much used now. The river quays were silting up with mud from the mines, and business was shifting to Southampton, which was now the centre of mail and trade operations. Under patronage of the mines the transport of tin was shifting to railways—recently introduced. Mining methods were being modified. Foundries developed with new uses of steam.

Hand pumping, winding, and stamping gave way to steam innovations. A Cornish engine was introduced with a twelve-cwt carrying capacity upwards/downwards in a shaft. Wheelbarrows gave way to trams on lines underground, and Cornwall was the most innovative region of English mining. All this increased the demand for Cornish miners for colonial mines—but that was not until the 1860s when the mines went deeper underground. As some of these innovations might have saved his father's life, John would have approved, no doubt.

William Carey Publishing. Copyrighted content.

Great-grandfather John Tippett departed from Bristol, and Philippa followed eight years later. The *Agnes Blackie* with John aboard called at St. Jago, Cape de Verds, presumably for a consignment of wine, and thereafter was at sea until arrival at Port Phillip, cleared for entry as a "clean ship" on 10 July 1853 after a voyage of 139 days—not a fast trip, but not unduly slow for that kind of vessel at that time.

My great-grandfather John must have sighed with relief to see the Victorian coastline and enter the Heads. Captain Philip Pines had brought them safely into port, always an achievement in a way at that time. A great many vessels were wrecked trying to make that entry, even on the last night before anticipated arrival.

The entrance itself was badly marked and impossible without a pilot. The *Vixen*, the *Uncle Tom*, the *St. George*, the *Winchester*, the *Sacramento*, the *Frisk*, and the *Mannion* were all lost at this location in that same year that my great-grandfather was heading for this very entrance. Moreover, when they came to land, the talk of the town was the *Earl of Charlemont* which had just piled on Barwon Heads, mistaking them for Port Phillip, news having come to Melbourne from Geelong. John Tippett must have felt more than pleased to feel his feet again on solid earth.

While he was beginning to feel his land legs again in the town and procuring his equipment for his journey to the gold fields (for the whole place was agog with gold fever), even in less than two years the *Brahmin*, the *Whistler*, the *May Pole*, the *Elizabeth*, and the *Waterwitch* all came to grief on King Island. These were the two continuities of Port Phillip conversation at the time—the tragedy of shipwrecks and the excitement of new gold finds.

By the time of John's arrival, gold had been reported in Clunes, the Pyrenees, Forest Creek, Ballarat, Bunninyong, Strathloddon, and other places, especially locations in the Great Divide. Population was pouring into Victoria from the other Australasian Colonies and from overseas. Within a year after John's arrival, Victoria boasted a population of 300,000—of which 80,000 were new immigrants like John—400,000 acres of land were sold; 2,500 ships of all sizes were sailing the southern seas. The gold rush had really begun.

When John Tippett entered Port Phillip in 1853, only the pilots' whitewashed residences were seen on the western slope, and on the sand tract a few ragged tents that constituted the quarantine station. When Philippa passed by in 1861, the former had become the township of Queenscliffe, and the canvas town had been replaced by a fine stone construction and a hospital. The ships came to anchor between Williamstown (supposed to be the new capital) and Sandridge (subsequently Port Melbourne) and were immediately invaded by all kinds of canvassers, and all talking of gold.

Passengers made a journey up the sluggish Yarra Yarra past its junction with the Saltwater, the banks heavy with ti-tree scrub, then a line of somewhat odoriferous slaughterhouses, and eventually, a muddy disembarkment. Nearby, a line of lighters and small intercolonial craft unloaded bales of soft goods and boxes of liquor. When Philippa

William Carey Publishing. Copyrighted content.

arrived, there was here a frontage of properly constructed wharves, a mile in length. In 1853 the land mania was rampant. Melbourne boasted 4,980 houses—4,000 of which had suddenly appeared with the reports of gold in the space of one year. Even only two years later (1855) the houses numbered 11,547; and Emerald Hill, Collingwood, and St. Kilda were taking shape.

When John Tippett arrived, accomodation for overnighters was impossible, no real entertainment was available. A dray to carry one's luggage from Sandridge would cost a guinea, and one had to handle the luggage oneself. By 1861 every service was available.

John did not stay long in the town. Having equipped himself with the basics of a miner's kit, and having considered the variety of options before him, he elected to make the journey inland some eighty-odd miles to Jim Crow, a location on Wombat Creek not far from the Loddon River. The place was eventually known as Daylesford, and became a mining town of some significance and, because of its mineral springs, a health resort. European miners from Switzerland, France, and Italy settled there—and, shortly afterwards, many Cornishmen. When John Tippett arrived there, the town did not exist. Only a camp of miners worked Jim Crow. In 1855 a fine nugget of 95 oz. was found, and in 1858 another of 136 oz., and immediately the town of Daylesford was on the map.

It is never easy to fix the precise date of the beginning of a town, unless it be assumed that the drawing of a plan and assigning of a name be so regarded. This I believe would put Daylesford at 1854. The pioneers, including John Tippett, were already sluicing Jim Crow Creek, and before very long some of them were making £6 to £8 a week.

John acquired a double block with a frontage on two planned, parallel streets and enough space for two cottages back to back. This became Cornish practice whenever possible, a functional substitute for the homeland idea of adding a linney to the cottage. Each presumed the emergence of some kind of extended family, but there was more luxury for possible expansion in Australia. Examination of the records suggests two Tippetts in early Daylesford, but the discovery that the land allocations were back to back shows the truth of the pattern. The Cornish did not come to seek adventure or fortune, but to establish a home for posterity. By the 1860s many pioneers had built their cottages and sent for the family.

The *Agincourt* passenger list comprised mainly whole families listed as traders, otherwise apart from one stonemason, the single males in the twenty- to thirty-years age bracket were miners. Philippa and the children had for companions Jane Thorpe with two children, and Emma Whitburn with five between three and ten years, the husband in each case having gone before.

When they reached Melbourne many of the wooden houses had given way to stone. Gas lights had appeared in the streets. Water, instead of being hawked about in pails for sale, was circulated through the town. The ship came in alongside a wharf. All kinds of

William Carey Publishing. Copyrighted content.

comfort facilities were available. The value of a property which had been steady at £32 for a decade before John's arrival had boomed to £128 in 1853 and £169 in 1854, and settled to a steady level at £80. The unstable wooden shack where mails had been sorted into boxes for collection in 1853, after having been given a shell of corrugated iron for three years, had been demolished for a new post office construction. So John and Philippa had quite different views of Melbourne.

The gold fields were continually widening. Gold was reported at Tarrangower in 1854. Within ten days several thousands had migrated there and the town of Maldon came into being; then Maryborough and then Avoca. There were many "lucky finds." Fortunes were made—and lost. The rural towns of the Victorian midlands shaped the map. Mining turned from surface diggings to follow veins in the quartz reefs and digging went deeper. By the 1860s Victoria was entering a new phase of mining history. Many of the surface fossickers were unlucky, disillusioned and unsuited for this lifestyle, and after drifting from place to place had turned back to Melbourne where their presence spelt "trouble."

The mining towns developed considerably. Deep leads were explored. Companies were financed. Formidable types of new mining machinery were introduced. A new breed of underground miners appeared as a strong numerical ethnic block so that we may speak still to this day of Cornish mining towns. A new era had dawned.

No better area need be sought for comment on this phase of mining than Daylesford, where the miners constructed hundreds of drives as they followed some vein of precious metal. This method of exploring with a horizontal shaft was relatively economical. Tunnels might be up to three thousand feet long. One mining foreman named Green with his party sank a shaft 140 feet and found no bottom, then drove through a pipe, or dyke of basalt, and found a gutter on the other side. This fifty-foot-thick dyke was actually the ancient volcanic crater. Subsequently it was reported by the surveyor as a case for geological study, but Green and his band had penetrated it with physical not academic sweat. Further on they sank another shaft and picked up the lead again.

Sometimes I wonder if my great-grandfather was in that band of miners, but I only know that somewhere along their historical record one of the Greens married one of the children of Mary Tippett. In any event the tale serves to depict the Daylesford scene in John Tippett's day.

One feature of the geology (a branch of science in which I admit to being quite ignorant), which my folk used to talk about, respected the deep beds of lignite[1] in the proximity of these volcanic areas, not affected enough by heat to have changed their character. There were deposits of leaves from some ancient underground swamp, from which any lump of the black clay would tell a fascinating story of plant life in various states of preservation.

1 Fossil wood, leaves, or resin.

William Carey Publishing. Copyrighted content.

Thank you for reading this preview.
To purchase a copy of this book, visit:

https://missionbooks.org/products/no-continuing-city

William Carey Publishing. Copyrighted content.