

THE TURNBULL LIBRARY RECORD



WELLINGTON NEW ZEALAND
THE FRIENDS OF THE TURNBULL LIBRARY
NOVEMBER 1968
VOLUME I (n.s.) NUMBER 4

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ROBERT SHORTRIED ANDERSON

It is well known that the autobiographies and journals of persons who occupied positions of little social or political significance often throw more light on the character of their society than those of the noteworthy. A recent most interesting and valuable donation in this category by Miss M. Digges Smith of Wellington, is the autobiography of Robert Shortried Anderson (1833-1874). These reminiscences of a draughtsman-clerk-labourer in two small volumes were probably written with publication in mind for there are several references to the "reader". The text appears to have been based on diaries kept at the time, for the narrative is arranged in chronological form in dated paragraphs which in sections are little more than diary entries. The first section covers Anderson's early life in Edinburgh but from his departure in July 1851 for Melbourne until the diary concludes in January 1859 the record is detailed. From the indirect evidence of a list of dates in the end-paper of the New Zealand volume the narrative could have been assembled in 1861 when Anderson was 28 years old and possibly more settled than before.

The son of an Edinburgh piano maker he attended Deans Street School and Wm. Cairns's Academy. After trying various occupations including a term with a druggist he was for a comparatively brief spell in his real element in the drawing room of an architect where his talent for sketching was encouraged. However he decided to emigrate to Australia and sailed on the *Northumberland* from the Thames on 22 July 1851, landfall in Port Phillip being made over three months later on 2 November.

Some two months earlier the first payable goldfield at Ballarat had been found and Melbourne was already showing the features of a gold rush town. Jobs in the architectural field which Anderson sought were not to be had in the prevailing unsettled conditions. However within a few days he had obtained a position as an assistant in a chemist's shop to be opened on the new Mount Alexander field. The small party of three left Melbourne on 19 November with a dray of stores and six days later arrived at Forest Creek, where they pitched tent. Anderson's immediate duties were as diverse as might be expected but seemed chiefly to sell not beer or spirits but ginger beer, lemonade, raspberry vinegar at 6d or a shilling per glass. His talents as a sketcher found immediate reward for on 29 November he made several drawings which he sold the same day for £3.10.0d and received numerous orders for more from the diggers.

Miners' grievances were quickly ventilated but not as quickly settled. Anderson happened coincidentally to be on the field when the diggers

protested against the considerable increase in the licence fee.¹ He records "... Monster diggers Meeting advertised today in placards pasted and nailed to the trees calling the population to assemble at the Commissioners Camp to protest against the Government raising the licence fee, which is at present 30s. per month. The evening was a general festival apparently by all the mining population – tents and stores decorated with flags of all nations and patterns – guns and pistols were firing in every direction, skyrockets and various fireworks enlivening the scene, Music in the evening, we had some splendid illuminations – a memorable night – this in the Australian forests. – the diggers had received intelligence that the licence fee would remain as formerly."²

Not yet strong enough to become a miner himself he returned to Melbourne after a few weeks and was lucky enough to obtain a clerical position in the Post Office. Here his drafting ability was soon recognised and he was given an opportunity of preparing plans for an extension to the main Post Office building. "In course of time I had the satisfaction of seeing my designs carried out to a great extent."³ Three months later his salary was raised to £150 and he was asked by the Postmaster-General "to work out a design for a new office". Anderson claimed that his plans received the special approbation of Governor C. J. La Trobe. "The designs of the Colonial Architect did not meet the views of the Postmaster General and were pronounced by the Government far too expensive."⁴ His comments on the expansion of Melbourne and the cost of living at the height of the fever are of interest:

"Melbourne is extending in size for miles in all directions – and houses are scarcely to be had at any rent to accommodate the thousands pouring into Melbourne every week from all parts of the globe. A two roomed house is readily seized upon at £6 per week provisions and everything enormously dear, washing 10/- to 12/- per dozen [sic] water 10/- a load [;] wood £3.10/- to £5. Hundreds of people newly arrived emigrants sleep in the streets, and about the wharves ... thousands of people have taken up their quarters in tents and huts on the southern side of the Yarra over Prince's Bridge ... this place is ... designated by the name of 'Canvass Town' ... The people are finding great fault with the Government the management of the various Government Offices being shameful the post Office in particular; hundreds of people complaining of missing letters, one man posted a letter directed to himself every day regularly for two weeks ... out of twelve letters he only received two!! ..."

Anderson for a brief period prospered, his salary being raised to £600 per annum. He married after a trying and naively described courtship but trouble loomed. Sir Charles Hotham's efforts to cut down expenditure⁵ were fairly drastic and "nearly half the number of Government

officers of all ranks were dismissed the service at little more than a day's notice. Unfortunately for myself in this manner I lost my appointment . . ." The subsequent receipt of £150 compensation Anderson considered small recompense and his fortunes steadily declined. He unsuccessfully tried storekeeping in Melbourne and went hopefully to the Mount Blackwood diggings for merely an unrewarding return journey. His wife and child left him; there was a temporary reconciliation but for economic reasons Mrs Anderson returned to her mother after which she receives only passing mention as a distant memory.

He decided that he had to leave Victoria – anywhere else, even New Zealand would be better, with assets down to £5.10.0d and a reasonable suit of clothes. The captain of the schooner *Ariel* gave him a passage in the dunnage and on 8 March 1856 the vessel berthed in Wellington Harbour.⁶

In Wellington he worked at Karori for a farmer Barnes⁷ and later for a baker Peter Christison before obtaining a more congenial appointment as a draughtsman in the Provincial Survey Office. His brother, J. G. Anderson, who had followed him to Australia,⁸ early in 1857 encouraged him to return to Melbourne in the slender expectation of a more attractive job and very foolishly Robert heeded him. He sailed in April 1857 but the position in Melbourne did not materialize. J. G. Anderson then decided to accompany his brother back to New Zealand and in July 1857 they arrived in Auckland on the *Martha*.⁹ Early in 1858 we find Robert Anderson helping to establish his brother on a Northland bush farm at Otaki inland from Whangarei. In January 1859 he was back in the city and was fortunate enough to obtain a position as a clerk-draughtsman and in this presumably more permanent and happy environment the record ceases a month later.

Nothing more has so far been found regarding Robert until his death at the age of 41 in the Provincial Hospital, Parnell, on 14 March 1874.¹⁰ The death certificate gives his occupation as draughtsman which would indicate that he was at least successful in retaining his interests and possibly his position for the remaining fifteen years of his life. We know from a directory entry in 1866 that he was a clerk in the General Post Office, Parnell.¹¹

The autobiography itself deals only with the few persons and the events within the immediate experience of its writer. There is no compacted staccato name-dropping of the great and the not so good as in the Jerminham Wakefield diary noted elsewhere in this issue; the paragraphs rather reflect the awkward labours of an unfortunate, not very strong willed and at times rather priggish young man. But if one trims away or ignores the assumed literary gloss a crude, roughly drawn but clear and unique picture emerges from the fog of words to show what life was like for a section of the community in early New Zealand.

Anderson's account of the Tasman crossing in the *Ariel*, omitted from these extracts, his impressions of the Barnes family in Karori, Peter Christison, the Wellington baker, and the storekeeper, John Sutherland and his wife, Robert Park, surveyor, and the arrival of the emigrant "hell-ship" the *Ann Wilson*, give us something of Wellington which no other known letters and journals quite do in this period. In Auckland and Whangarei he is again more unsettled, and spends less time in recording personalities and occurrences. However for the local historian the Maungatapere visit of 1858 has possible interest, while the two brothers' photographic studio in Auckland in September 1857 must be very nearly a "first".

Two features of the narrative call for comment. The references to Maoris are very few. Urban Wellington, even in 1856, had already asserted its European character and the newcomer, unless temperamentally or occupationally drawn to the Maori, seems to have ignored his as far as possible, certainly in the circle of Andersons' associates. The other aspect is the relatively frequent migration between Australia and New Zealand which would appear to have been greater in proportion to the population than now.

Robert Anderson's medium was the pencil not the pen and somewhat lengthy extracts with minimal editing are necessary to achieve their modest effect. In the selections which it is proposed to publish in the next two or three numbers of the *Record* all textual omissions are indicated. As far as possible his unusual, almost irrelevant punctuation has been followed, except where it has been necessary to change commas to full-stops. Capitals have been provided for place-names and at the commencement of sentences. The subdivision into chapters in the original has been ignored.

The first extract begins after he has described Wellington and its harbour and is about to disembark. "... It was Saturday morning. I arranged and tied up my bundle and with infinite satisfaction bade adieu to my lodgings with a faint hope that I might never have occasion to go to sea again - But at the first offset in New Zealand my troubles appeared to commence. I had no cash to pay the boatman to 'row me over the water' and found it necessary to sell my cherished Tobacco box for which I received two shillings - I paid the waterman 1/- and with the other I had some refreshment when I landed - After doing ample justice to coffee milk, new bread and fresh butter, I lit my pipe and walked leisurely along with my 'swag'. The place appeared novel enough to me. I wandered about a good while, and while smoking I got lost in a train of reflections, the whole of my previous life at home, scenes and life at Australia - My wife, my dismissal from employment all rose up in order. I started up suddenly and thought of my situation at present, and being dinner time, I considered the best way of providing

myself with a meal. I felt rather encumbered with my blankets & bedding and turned them into twelve shillings with little difficulty. Just as I was going into a Cook shop I met some of my shipmates who said they were delighted with the place. They employed me to make a sketch of the harbour which I did in about two hours, and after paying for paper and drawing pencils I cleared with this job and other one for Mr. Lindsay about seventeen shillings – My stock of funds were now in all twenty nine shillings, and I began to think myself pretty independant [sic] – Having had a ‘nobler’ and a dinner on the strength of it, I began to think of making enquiries for employment – I first entered a baker’s shop, Peter Christison’s,¹² on the beach, ‘Weel my man are ye just come ashore?’ ‘Just landed out of the “Ariel”’ I replied.

‘What part of Scotland are you frae?’ ‘Edinburgh’ I replied – Come inside old man, what duy they “caw ye” & so on he went, and a long conversation ensued between us. The good baker insisted on me having some dinner, but I declined, accepting his invitation to tea instead – I explained my present situation to him and my wishes for the future. He gave me plenty of encouragement more beer and gin and concluded with a graphic description of New Zealand, ‘Aye Mawn’ says he ‘This is a moun-tayn-eous country, but “aye Mawn” its a fine country’ – I found this thirty five year baker a broad Scotsman, and to use a colonial phrase, a queer old fiddle; his wife a fat plump and hearty dame was very kind hearted. I drank tea with this pair in the evening, and I obtained comfortable lodgings for the night at Kenedy’s Hotel,¹³ which in my opinion is the best place of the kind in the settlement. Sunday morning. Had a most refreshing sleep and comfortable breakfast for once, after which I took a stroll through the town and met some of my ship mates. We took a long walk out by Kai Ware Ware and proceeded along the Porirua road for several miles. It would be a fruitless effort on my part to convey a just idea of the fine scenery we witnessed. We reached Wellington about two o’clock. I dined at Miller’s Freemason’s Hotel and after that had another walk through the town. I called at a store out of curiosity to make enquiries for employment. The store was kept by Mr. George Hogan a native of Jamaica. This darkie asked me if I wanted work, and if I would go to the bush. I told him of course I wanted employment. He told me his father in law and his son would be in town in about an hour and in the meantime invited me in to have tea. I learned that Mr. Hogan had a considerable property and had rapidly made himself wealthy commencing farming a few years ago his wife keeping a store, and selling the proceeds of her father’s farm consisting chiefly of Butter cheese eggs milk etc. I found them very intelligent and civil, they had been married several years, Mrs Hogan being Mrs Barnes eldest daughter – There being two Barnes’s, for the sake of distinction I shall call one Old Barnes, and his

son Bill Barnes. The old woman, old Barnes's wife; and Sally, young Barnes' wife these characters I now introduce to the readers acquaintance. After making an end of tea, Tramp, tramp, comes in two jovial looking fellows into the small back chamber where I was sitting and pop goes two ginger beer bottles, the cork of one hitting Harriet, Hogan's wife on the cheek. 'I say Harriet, who have you got here, says the old man - 'A new comer wanting a job in the bush' roared out the Black-man's wife, loud enough to be heard a quarter of a mile down the beach - The old man was deaf as a doornail - Some conversation followed and it was unanimously carried that my application for work was accepted . . . Old Barnes was apparently about fifty,¹⁴ stout, strong, of great muscular strength, his deportment was quiet, grave and extremely reserved. When under the influence of grog he was full of all sorts of mischief, fond of songs and took delight in relating an assortment of anecdotes, generally not of a very moral character. He is said to be very industrious, a hard and good workman . . . he left England without a farthing in his pocket, earned seven pounds on the passage making boots. Occasionally this superannuated shoemaker of Romney Marsh wore spectacles. He had some hard struggles in this Colony, and has been settled on his farm at Park Vale about nine miles from Wellington for the last fifteen years. His industrious habits reflect great credit on him being never idle a minute from rising till bed time. However I found this denizen of the bush at times very unreasonable and many an oath he has discharged at me and all alike. He never tasted grog throughout the week till Saturday when we all came into town and invariably had a jolification [sic] returning home after drinking sundry tumblers of strong waters . . . The Sundays were employed by him making boots, repairs about the place, shooting. Sunday and Week day were both alike to old Barnes. Bill a good looking fellow of about twenty was different in many respects from his father but like him he was fond of grog, although of much more sober habits . . . The old woman, fat and plump, enormous grey eyes and round face reminded me of old Mother Wilkinson in Melbourne. Her huge proportions astonished me. But people fatten [sic] in the country especially when there is plenty of milk and pork. She had been fifteen years in the Bush and had only been in Wellington during that period eight or nine times to see 'Harriet' - She was remarkably obliging kind good tempered and a little deaf. She sometimes lent her assistance in milking the cows, and made all the butter, cheese, etc. Unlike her husband she had some pretensions to religion and good manners, could chat away for hours and laugh occasionally playing sometimes on the clarionette. Sally was the daughter of a Wesleyan minister in Sydney whom Bill had persuaded to unite her fate with his. She was apparently about twenty four years of age, very sharp features and slender proportions. Her manners were

those of a lady. To return to Wellington beach. Behold the old man Bill and I each mounted on a horse and plying a cigar ready to start. I got on pretty fair, we had nine miles to go over a rugged country of dense bush and it was past six o.c. in the evening of Sunday when we started. A brisk gallop soon brought us to the bush the old man leading the way . . . The road for about four or five miles was macadamised . . . after leaving the high road we entered the forests . . . The narrow track wound about many a steep and precipitous hill, descending into deep and dark ravines, the right side being flanked by overhanging precipices and the left by fathomless chasms all darkened by dense forest and luxuriant vegetation . . . Some parts of the road are perpetually excluded from the rays of the sun and it soon became so dark that I had to hold on by a rope from the old man's horse to guide me . . . At last we halted at Bills farm, and the old man and I proceeded to the main station about a mile further on . . . we suddenly emerged from the forest and reached the clearing, and looking down into a valley a thousand feet below us I perceived the lights of his hut.¹⁵ Down we went by a circuitous track, and several dogs began to give warning of our approach . . . Of course I was not expected by the old woman, but she gave me a hearty and real bush reception – I beg to introduce my reader to a new hand in the person of 'Holder' alias Flick alias 'tight' alias James, the Cook, and Son in law of old Barnes. James Holder a young man who had seen better days, the son of a nobleman, of an excellent extraction. He had by extravagance and drink reduced himself to his present position. Behold this denizen of the bush crouched up in a corner of the hut, with a red nightcap on, a pair of trousers . . . the ends of which were just a little below his knees. A more careworn sooty wretch, with a beard . . . I never saw among the sons of white men . . . We had a most prodigious supper consisting of hot mutton turnips carrots cabbage, pork potatoes, ham, Tea Coffee damper apple pudding, a rich Cape gooseberry pie and loads of everything backed by copious draughts of Cape wine . . .”

As cowman, prentice bush-feller and pig-hunter Anderson found his days were well occupied and he gives a detailed summary of each of these activities. However he found the social and intellectual level of his companions limited. “Society in the Bush is in general extremely low. The females appear to know no better than the men, and laugh and join in the vulgar conversation. The ignorance of the Bush settlers in most cases is lamentable, Bill Barnes . . . to use his own words, ‘Bob, I am no schollard’ – I had not been long on the farm but what I was looked upon as a curiosity – Farmers came miles to gossip & conjecture who I was, a ‘schollard’ in the bush being something rare . . . [After one pig-hunt] The good old man advised me to keep the tail I had shattered and send it in a letter as trophy of my exploits to my wife!

Many a joke on this subject they had at my expense after that. What would the townsmen of St. Monance Fifeshire think . . . if they witnessed our sport . . .

"... for the last two weeks I was on the farm we were employed making a cart road through the bush, and hard work it is, cutting through the rocks, and at last after much work with the pick mattock, shovel tearing up trees, making bridges, we completed nearly two miles of a good passable road - Sometimes we were employed for days burning the forest the most disagreeable job I think in the bush, returning home worse than so many chimney sweeps. Such is the short outline of my first experience in the New Zealand Bush. I here give a sketch of my first employers, who are enjoying themselves in Kenedy's Nelson Hotel, on Saturday. The darkie represents Hogan, the old man's son in law and the one with the jug of beer, Bill Barnes. In conclusion I could not get very fat on five shillings a week! and as the winter was about commencing I left Barnes' and after seeing Peter Christison, I managed to work for him as a baker for a change -"



"Peter Christison was a very tall and stout man. He had been in America, London, and Australia, and had made a considerable amount of money. He was considered one of the best bakers in the settlement, But a most eccentric old fiddle and stupid ass was he. Like old Barnes he appeared to know nothing about anything else in the world except

his own trade and that I must say he knew well, so far as to make the sale of his bread pay better than any other similar establishment . . . I could see his strong propensities for drinking would be his sure ruin. He seldom attended to more than half of his orders . . . his wife, a fat lady, very good natured was as ignorant as himself, and might class with the rank of washerwoman, fond of gin, gossip, and good living – This pair . . . had a most enormous family, and what is rather amusing all girls but one . . . To hear the chattering of these she tigers, would astonish the gravest . . . Their parents swearing at them from morning till night – The extravagance in this family knew no limits . . . Mr. Christison let part of his premises to a gentleman . . . John Henry Warren, a Bookbinder, the only one of that business in Wellington. Warren was a gentleman who had seen better days and who Peter had led on to drink till at last they went hand in hand with their 'bouts' and seemed but to live for one another – Warren boarded with Christison, who took every advantage of the excessive good nature and kindness of his tenant and boarder . . . To commence however with my own history in the 'Baking line' –

'Weel' Roeburt, my booöey. I'll gie, ye mair nor that man guid ye,' and he kept his word by first offering me six, but made it seven shillings per week – with an excellent living plenty of beer and gin! and a bed in the bake house that . . . far surpasses in nastiness, filth, vermin, rags and darkness the tween decks of the 'Ariel' My days work was in general much the same; one day will suffice. I am snoozing in my bed in the Bakehouse where the Seabreezes, and Spray of the Sea is dashing over me at full tide – Christison enters the bakehouse about three o'clock in the morning, and I turn out of bed – We commence to make the dough for the bread and light the fires which job takes half an hour – The oven being full of wood and so dry that a spark of fire sets it soon in flames. Christison then turns into bed again and I could have done the same, but I never liked to do so. I generally lit my pipe and lay down on the Baking dressers enjoying the heat of the oven and yarning with a fellow baker in Christison's employ. The mornings at Wellington are frequently most bitterly cold and frosty. At 6 o.c. We called Christison . . . and then we proceed to weigh the dough of for about two hundred loaves . . . and by nine o.c. they are all shaped and put in the oven. We then went into the Parlour and had breakfast after which I cleaned myself and got the wheelbarrow, loaded with loaves and delivered bread to our customers for a mile or so in one direction – returned home and had dinner – and took out a load in another direction and lastly went up with a basket of bread to Wellington Terrace for a mile and a half. I purchased the yeast daily at the Wellington Brewery . . . Underneath is a sketch taken by a friend of mine as I delivered bread in the streets of Wellington; observe the yeast can

hanging alongside the barrow. [Unfortunately the sketch was omitted] Sometimes I had to take a journey to Kai Ware, a good distance from town, the work I found very hard but Peter C. coaxed me up, and invariably produced the gin bottle when I spoke of too much work – In the afternoon we made all sorts of small wares and confectionery . . . On Monday mornings I made out all the accounts, posted up his Books. Every evening after six o.c. I used to enjoy myself the best way I could, I could find no peace at home . . . for the squabbling of such a herd of female tigers . . .”

Conditions improved a little when he received a rise in wages to fifteen shillings a week but he appeared to be as susceptible to his employer's weaknesses as the boarder whom he had earlier criticised. A lengthy story centres round an alcoholic afternoon at Calder's Hotel Kaiwharawhara, which culminated in Anderson's being carried back some two miles in a bread basket on Christison's back. However this incident and new friends from 'better society' encouraged him to collect something of his self respect and to make some effort to improve his prospects. "About this time the Government advertised premiums for the best Designs for the House of Assembly and Provincial Government Offices. I determined to make one bold effort to better my condition and competed . . . The amount voted for the works was £5000. My plans were estimated at £3500 by my friend John Maclaggan. For a long time many of the best judges in Wellington considered I should have received one of the prizes, but I was disappointed. My plans were, however, blazed about through the town; they were made honorable mention of in the Government Gazette,¹⁶ and also in the public Newspapers. The Superintendent sent for me and the person who estimated my plans, and informed me he had no power to accept my designs not being one of the judges, but . . . told me he liked my designs better than any of the rest, and requested me to make out two more complete sets . . . in two styles he named as he would not adopt any of the designs sent in by the Competitors . . . I completed them, got them estimated at about £6000 each, & the Superintendent was highly pleased . . . Some alteration of the proposed site became necessary, which greatly affected my last designs. The Superintendent at last got the Colonial Architect to make a plan, taking ideas from my designs as well as several others. The design adopted is a miserable specimen of architecture, and the details are outrageous¹⁷ – The Superintendent in consideration of my services could only give me an appointment in the Provincial Service, and asked me which Department I should like to be employed in. I told Him the Survey Office . . . I was appointed as Draughtsman . . . The hours are ten to three, and ten to twelve on Saturdays – I spent all my spare time nearly in study – Architecture, etc. I had now made a large circle of friends in the Colony and had my

hands full of private jobs . . . among my adopted designs in Wellington is the store of Messrs Stewart Kinross & Co., the largest in the Province, Mr. Barraud's shop front and several other shops, and villas in the country – In addition to these jobs I had regular indoor pupils . . .”

“On the thirteenth of January 1857 I was solemnly initiated and made a member of the Manchester Unity Independent Order of Odd Fellows. We held a meeting every Monday at the Nelson Hotel . . . Before my appointment a few of our musical friends got up an instrumental and vocal company in connexion with the Wellington Philharmonic Society & I was requested to join the Company . . . Our branch was chiefly confined to choruses and serenading pieces. Eight of us used to meet twice a week on the stage of one of the theatres for rehearsal with our banjos, tambourines, violins guitars, bones, concertina, and the flutina which was my instrument. I was always fond of music and many a night I have passed very agreeably at the rehearsals and meetings . . . The first concert was not intended to be given for several months and was advertised about the time I left Wellington – . . . I was very comfortable with Mr. Sutherland. But I had no very great opinion of his wife who proved to be one of the most unruly, nasty, vulgar, offensive, repulsive, insulting and ill bred females I ever came in contact with – She never could keep the same female servants in her house more than a fortnight being constantly in a grumble. Mr Sutherland I found most excessively kind and good natured, poor man he has had many a ‘shindy’ with his wife . . . Mr. Sutherland conducts one of the most extensive grocery concerns¹⁸ in New Zealand and keeps a number of hands employed in his premises. He is well educated but woefully credulous; his system of credit surpasses everything I ever heard tell of. The good natured man never sends his bills out unless he requires money at the time. The store is never empty of customers and filled nightly . . .”

“About the month of April 1857 I received letters from my brother in Melbourne, advising me to return to Australia, John telling me my prospects were much better there and that he had sufficient influence to obtain a situation for me – I was extremely sorry to leave N.Z. I really loved the settlement and my prospects were most flattering here, but in an evil hour, and to my infinite sorrow and regret ever afterwards I was mad enough and fool hardy to resign my appointment. I wrote a letter to Mr. Park telling him my reasons for resignation, and thanked him for all the kind services I had received at his hands . . .”

“Gold has been discovered in several parts of New Zealand, and especially near Nelson where numbers are daily preparing to proceed. I have seen large quantities of Nelson gold, where hundreds of people are at work and all doing very well – When I left Peter Christison he got a man in my place the baker of the Oliver Lang ship who deserted

the vessel. He remained a short time with Peter and proceeded to Nelson where he was very successful, and returned to Wellington where he had brass enough to open a large baking business three doors from his late employer, and canvas for numbers of Peter's customers, - . . ."19

"The people of Wellington are extremely sociable and obliging in their manners especially to new comers. They seem to vie with each other who can render a new settler most assistance. - The people dress generally very plainly, and even the aristocracy, would excite the amazement of our Melbourne friends by the manner they dress. Here is Robert Park, Surveyor General, *who smokes a pipe in the street*, dressed in a blue shirt, or a silk crimson jacket, and a 'triangular' head piece or sort of nightcap with a tassel hanging down to his elbows²⁰ - And our Chief Commissioner of crown lands [William Fox] drives into town every morning in a Donkey Cart. The Members of the Provincial Council are not over particular either in the streets, for Mr. Sutherland and I assisted that huge 'three decker' Mr. Macmannaway²¹ M.P.C. home one evening in a state of great rejoicing - Land is cheap enough here, ten shillings per acre, and plenty at five. A few miles from town a hundred acres could easily be purchased for £25 with advantage. The Town of Wellington, the scenery in its vicinity, and all over the Province is picturesque in the extreme. Every variety of scenery is met with. The rich alpine scenery, and snow capped mountains of the Wairarapa is indeed sublime - The police are all Maoris or natives - and no great favourites with the white man. The principal exports from Wellington are potatoes, Butter, cheese, pork, timber etc etc. The harbour and rivers abound with fish . . ."

"Immigrants land at Wellington, where they are told immediate employment can be had. They are sent to work on the roads at from four to six shillings per day, one third of which sum the Government retain to pay their passage money . . . They are provided with lodging wood water etc. The Barracks at Mackara, Wairarapa and other places may be seen to bear the following signs - The Victims Boarding shop, The Martyr's Hall, The Dupes Club and starving Society. The fact is the men think they are ill used and are not satisfied with their pay although they only work eight hours per day receiving ninepence for every additional hour they choose to work . . ."

"One Sunday morning I was enjoying a pipe after breakfast in the garden at the back of Mr. Sutherland's house, and saw a sail coming round Port Halsewell. I watched it with the glass and made her out to be a barque, (The Anne Wilson chartered by the Black Ball line to convey Government Emigrants to Wellington) this vessel had been long expected - I was rather surprised to see how crowded her decks were, and good [sic] not help remarking how eagerly the passengers

and crew were crowding foreword. It immediately struck me forcibly something was wrong. I called the attention of Mr. Sutherland and we proceeded to the jetty and got a boat and put off to the vessel now anchored, where we witnessed such a scene I can never eradicate from my memory and heard frightful tales of suffering. The vessel had left Liverpool with two months supply of provisions and water and had been more than five months on the passage. Before they had been a month at sea the provisions were found to be short. From some mismanagement the Captain sailed several thousand miles out of his course. Several men women and children died on the passage from starvation – and a pint of water among three men was the daily allowance for a long time. One poor man offered the Captain ten pounds for a bottle of port wine which was refused him, his wife and children were dying – A squall came on and smashed two dozen of wine immediately afterwards – For the last eight days it is said the passengers had nothing to eat or drink: The whole inhabitants of Wellington hastened down to the beach and vied with each [other] in rendering assistance for the unfortunates . . .”

“The Emigration barracks were close adjoining Mr. Sutherland’s house, and from the windows we witnessed the poor wretches who could hardly stand on their feet, being carried and conveyed in Carts and Vans to the barracks. The second mate was supported by two others. Mr. Sutherland, and his men with myself employed all this day day in relieving the sick and attending to them, some were bewailing the loss of husbands, others their wives and children. In fact, the mass of the people were living skeletons, and their bones might be counted – The Captain’s Conduct had been most outrageous . . .”

“The Superintendent was one of the first to go on board after the vessel came to an anchor. A supply of apples was given to the Captain to distribute among the sick, who commenced scattering them about the decks. The Superintendent thundered out to the Captain, ‘Thats not the way to distribute apples to sick men.’ ‘Who the devil are you?’ the Captain said, ‘and what have you got to do with it.’ ‘I’ve got nothing to do with the apples certainly, but as Supdt. of this province I’ll quickly let you know I’ve got something to do with you.’ The Captain was tried in Court. I had not heard the result up to the time I left Wellington. . . .”²¹

At last the ‘Marchioness’ has arrived from Melbourne and we sail at midnight on Good Friday, or early on Saturday morning. With great regret I made preparations for leaving this romantic place where I have met with so many strange adventures. I bade farewell to my kind friends, John McLagan the Sutherlands, Christison, Warren, and numerous others. On Friday morning I got a boat and proceeded out to the vessel where I heard the black cook carolling the following lines

in a doleful strain, accompanied by a chorus from the seamen, They were evidently making merry on Good Friday.”

“Oh! would I were a cook again²²

In the Ahuriri where one can please

Where all I ever heard of pain

Was indigestion caused by cheese, – Was indigestion etc. etc.

When every plate I dished up then

Was sure to gain enconiums warm

Oh would that I could know again

The happy days of the Reform, Oh, oh, would I were etc. etc. etc.

T’is vain to mourn I should have flown

To Wairarapa there to stay

Or murmur that mine hands have known

The burden of ten meals per day! – The burden etc. etc.

But still my heart doth fondly cling

To scenes no longer prized as truth

And memory still delights to bring

The happy visions of my youth.

Oh Would I were a Cook again!

etc. etc. etc.

[To be continued]

NOTES

¹ Serle, G. *The golden age*, 1966, pp 25–6 and frontispiece drawing.

² Anderson, R. S. *Autobiography*, 16 December 1851.

³ *Ibid*, 30 June 1852.

⁴ *Ibid*.

⁵ See Serle, *op. cit.*, pp 157–60 for the background to the crisis and the resulting measures.

⁶ The *New Zealand Spectator and Cooks Strait Guardian*, 8 March 1856 records the arrival of the schooner *Ariel*, 150 tons, from Melbourne but as is frequently the case, there is no passenger list.

⁷ The electoral roll for Wellington Country Districts 1856–7 in *Wellington Provincial Gazette* 15 July 1856 (p 83) records both William Barnes and William Barnes junr, farmers of Park Vale, Karori.

⁸ The diary kept by J. G. Anderson during his voyage to Australia in 1853 forms part of the collection but the entries were not maintained after his arrival.

⁹ The *Martha*, schooner, 99 tons, arrived on 8 July 1857 (*Daily Southern Cross* 8 September 1857). The listed passengers include both Messrs ‘J. Anderson [and] G. Anderson’.

¹⁰ Death Certificate, Registrar-General’s Office.

¹¹ Stevens & Bartholomew’s *New Zealand Directory*, 1866–7.

- ¹² Peter Christison, baker, was a passenger on the *Clifton*, a New Zealand Company emigrant ship which arrived in Wellington on 18 February 1842. According to the New Zealand Company Embarkation Register he was aged 32 and his wife Lydia 25 (p 117).
- ¹³ Anderson lists the Wellington hotels at the time of his visit as 'Rottermunds at Te Aro, White Nag, Barry's Ship Inn, Te Aro Hotel, The Aurora, Crown and Anchor, Kenedy's Nelson Hotel, The Royal Hotel, Gawith's Family Hotel, Swinbournes Commercial Hotel'.
- ¹⁴ 'Old Barnes' William Barnes, by trade a blacksmith, arrived in Wellington on the *Gertrude* in November 1841 with his wife Harriet and family of four, among whom William Junr then a boy of 14 is not shown. William junr or William Robert Barnes (b 1827) died in Wellington in 1922 at the age of 95.
- ¹⁵ Anderson's apparent exaggeration of the extent of the drop into the Karori valley, unless the farm was then approached via Johnston's Hill, is in keeping with his description of the character of the track.
- ¹⁶ Not so far located.
- ¹⁷ A sketch of the building is in C. R. Carter's *Life and recollections of a New Zealand colonist*, vol 2, facing p 126. Carter was the builder of the offending design and incidentally gives in his Chapter VII a good summary of the economic and political background to the year 1857 in Wellington.
- ¹⁸ The 1856-7 electoral roll (*op. cit.* p 80, Wellington Town) lists John Sutherland, storekeeper, Molesworth St. Anderson's frankness in enlarging upon the failings of his landlords - Mrs Sutherland's weaknesses take up several pages of the text - has a famous precedent. Edward Gibbon wrote of Madame Pavillard, the wife of the Lausanne teacher to whose household he had been banished after his near conversion to Roman Catholicism: 'The Minister's wife governed our domestic oeconomy: I now speak of her without resentment, but in sober truth, she was ugly, dirty, proud, ill-tempered and covetous.' (Gibbon, *Memoirs of my life*, ed. Georges A. Bonnard, 1966, p 69.)
- ¹⁹ The cook from the *Oliver Lang* must have been one of the few lucky prospectors in the 1856 Motueka rush. Although as many as 300 were on the field at its peak 'the gold was obtained in such small quantities as to render the occupation unremunerative.' Broad, *The jubilee history of Nelson*, 1892, p 122.
- ²⁰ Robert Park one of the Company's foundation surveyors was appointed Chief Surveyor for the Province of Wellington in March 1857. The issue of the *Wellington Provincial Gazette* listing his appointment (WPG, 20 March 1857) has on the same page (p 57) the appointment of R. S. Anderson as 'Assistant Draughtsman'.
- ²¹ T. D. McManaway, surveyor and settler (1810-1894) represented Wellington Country Districts in the Provincial Council from 1856 to 1858.
- ²² The notorious case of the *Ann Wilson* was the subject both of a Provincial enquiry and a Court case. The Captain was convicted of breaches of the Passengers' Act, 1855 and fined £1,860 plus costs. See 'Correspondence relative to the complaints of the "Ann Wilson" and proceedings connected therewith' in Wellington Provincial Council *Acts and proceedings*, 1857.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD'S *AT THE BAY*

Editorial note

During a recent most pleasant visit to Mrs Morris in Auckland we were pleased to have been able to encourage her to complete this paper and grace the *Record* by its publication. Mrs Morris with the help of her family has maintained the distinguished Katherine Mansfield collection of her late husband, Mr Guy Morris. As many members will recall it was while talking in the Alexander Turnbull Library on his favourite subject of Katherine Mansfield during the evening of 18 May 1949 that he collapsed and died three days later.

Comparing the work of the New Zealand short story writer, Katherine Mansfield, with that of the Russian, Anton Chekhov, Mr V. S. Pritchett, in a talk in the BBC's service,¹ says: 'Chekhov knows that the mystery of life and death is not something just floating about freely in the air, but has the indispensable connotations of time and place . . . Chekhov always conveys the sense of a country, a place, the sense of unseen characters, the anonymous people who surround even our most private moments. Now, Katherine Mansfield rarely does this . . . If you look again at *At the Bay*, which I think is one of the minor master-pieces of our language, you find yourself asking: "Who are these people? Where do they live? What world do they belong to? They seem to have dropped from the sky . . . Too often we feel that there is nothing behind Katherine Mansfield's stories, and that is a reflection of her own rootlessness".'

In New Zealand most Wellingtonians know a great deal about Katherine Mansfield – her maiden name; the house where she was born; the houses in Karori, Tinakori Road (though that has recently been demolished) and Fitzherbert Terrace where she lived; the Pro-Cathedral of Saint Paul where she attended services.

They can point out the schools where she was educated: Karori, Wellington Girls' High School (now College) and The Fitzherbert Terrace School.

All know that *THE BAY* means Eastbourne or Day's Bay, and most think of it as Day's Bay, where, in 1907, Mr Harold Beauchamp owned a house.²

They know also that several of Katherine Mansfield's characters are members of her own family, which is certainly the case in *At the Bay*.

Mr and Mrs Stanley Burnell and their family are Mr and Mrs Beauchamp, their son and three of their daughters. Even the names Stanley and Burnell are family names. Pip and Rags are Kathleen Beauchamp's cousins Barrie and Eric Waters. Their father, Jonathan Trout is her uncle, Val Waters, drawn so truly to life that one can almost see him in the flesh and hear his resonant 'velvety' voice. It is interesting to note that Mrs Beauchamp's great-aunt was Mrs Trout.

The woman with whom Beryl bathed, and her handsome husband

were well known figures in Muritai. Beryl was Kathleen's aunt Belle, whose real Christian name, Isabel, was transferred to the eldest Burnell daughter; while Charlotte's name was given to Lottie, and Kathleen of course became Kezia.

Mrs Stubbs, who kept the store, was Mrs Jones, wife of Captain H. W. Jones who was on the payroll of the Bank of New Zealand. Mrs Beauchamp had two girls called Alice in her service. The Samuel Josephs were neighbours of the Stanley Burnells in the city. My husband and I knew and talked with several of these people.

Thus I have tried to answer Mr Pritchett's question, 'Who are these people?'

'Where do they live?' We know the addresses of the Beauchamp residences in Wellington. Where was the cottage *At the Bay*?

Here there has been some difference of opinion. It has been asserted that it is the house that Mr Beauchamp owned in 1907 in Day's Bay, which he afterwards sold to Mr David W. Anderson³ – but that is not so. The geographical descriptions in the story could not have been written about that locality or that house, since the house is built very near to, and practically level with the road, and opposite a cliff; and actually the back of it rests on the sea rocks, where a wall has been erected to protect the property from the sea.

There are no streams here, no stiles, no paddocks to cross to reach the sea, no sandhills to climb over, no path running down from the house to the gate; and, the house being the next building to the wharf in those days, there was no need for a bus to take Stanley Burnell to the ferry – and – there was no bus on that road north of the wharf.

In a letter to my husband, the late Guy N. Morris, dated 8 February, 1937, Sir Harold Beauchamp wrote: '... concerning my daughter, Katherine Mansfield. Before I purchased the property – already referred to – in Day's Bay, I took a furnished cottage for my family at Muritai, and she made the acquaintance of a Mrs Jones – wife of an officer in the Bank of New Zealand – who lived only a short distance from the sea-front. She was quite an original character, and I fancy my daughter made some use of her in one or two of her sketches.'

Later, in an interview in October, 1937, Sir Harold said that the cottage was rented, on the landward side of the road about a quarter of a mile south of the Rona Bay wharf; but that he himself had never stayed a night in it. The store was on the other side of the road and about opposite the cottage. Mrs Jones kept the store. My husband identified the property as the one then owned by Mr Treadgold and formerly by Mr Allan of Veitch and Allan.⁴ On being pressed, Sir Harold said he was not sure that Mrs Jones kept the store.

I have checked with the Eastbourne Borough Council that The Glen, built at the northern corner of what was Puriri Street Extension was

Mr Allan's property; and I have to thank Mr H. G. Lawrence of Muritai for information about it. He noted that the name The Glen was painted on the gate, the bungalows on the front part of the section not then having been built; but the store had disappeared. He also sent me a sketch of the area, taken from a plan made in 1902. Writing in 1952, he said that the address of the house was then number 293, Main Road, Muritai.

I myself remember the Muritai store, having dealt there when, in 1905, I spent a holiday in a cottage on the point of the coast near where the Rona Bay wharf was later built. There were very few beach cottages built then – there were only sandhills and meadows between the sea and the store, which we reached by going through a turnstile on to the Main Road.

In 1942, there was a turnstile between 322 and 324, Main Road, Muritai. The store was demolished in 1938 or 1939.

A great deal of information, including the fact that a gum tree grew beside the store, was given to me by Mrs Willie Jones, daughter-in-law of Mrs H. W. Jones. She also gave me, very generously, a photograph of the store with her mother-in-law standing on the verandah, and another of her having tea in the garden near the gum tree.

In the 1908 and 1909 directories of Wellington, mention is made of Mrs Willie Jones and Mr Herbert Martin, storekeepers. In 1929 Mrs Ellen Jones is listed as living at number 244 Main Road, Muritai; but no one else is listed as living on the west side of the Main Road between Puriri Street and Hinau Streets, so she may have held the frontage between.

Mazzoli's store, number 246 Muritai Road, is built between Hinau and Kauri Streets. This store could be mistaken for Mrs Stubbs's; but it was not Mrs Jones's Muritai store, since the buildings differed from each other in many respects.

In 1964, I asked a photographer to go with me to The Glen to take pictures of the house, and we saw, resting against the hedge on the street, an old tin panel with Wood Glen printed on it. Was this the actual name of the house? I asked the photographer to get permission from the Borough Council for me to have this panel; but when he went back for it, it had disappeared. Two new houses have been built on the property, and the entrance to The Glen has been altered. The number of The Glen was then 281A.

With this cottage in Muritai, all the details of *At the Bay* agree – even the washhouse where the children played the animal game was there – and they all point to the fact that Crescent Bay was Muritai. I seem to remember, also, Katherine Mansfield's very light camouflage when the sheep were headed 'out of Crescent Bay and towards Day-light Cove', which surely must be Day's Bay. Notice that she does

not write 'into' but 'and towards' Daylight Cove; for Rona Bay lies between Muritai and Day's Bay.

In order to try to identify Crescent Bay with Muritai, let us examine some of the relevant parts of Katherine Mansfield's descriptions in *At the Bay*. I heartily agree with Mr Pritchett that this story is a minor masterpiece of English literature – but – only if taken as a whole. In analysis, the first paragraph would hardly pass without severe criticism from a junior form teacher because of its bad grammar, poor construction and contradictory information; as in: '... the whole of Crescent Bay was hidden under a white sea-mist. The big bush-covered hills at the back were smothered. You could not see where they ended and the paddocks and bungalows began. The sandy road was gone and the paddocks and bungalows the other side of it; there were no white dunes covered with reddish grass beyond them; there was nothing to mark which was beach and where was the sea. . . . all the pinks and marigolds in the bungalow gardens were bowed to the earth with wetness.' (But how could they be seen through the mist?)

Yet this paragraph gives us a very vivid and wonderful description of a seaside village under sea-mist, and also gives us a genuine clue about the house in Crescent Bay. We are told that the house was in front of the hills; that the paddocks and bungalows were on the other side of the road; the white dunes were beyond them; and we can presume that the sea was on the other side of the dunes.

'Little streams flowing' – There was a stream flowing along the southern boundary of The Glen.

'It was the big gum tree outside Mrs Stubbs's shop' – the gum tree beside Mrs Jones's store?⁵

'a figure . . . flung down the paddock, cleared the stile, rushed through the tussock grass into the hollow, staggered up the sandy hillock, and raced for dear life over the big porous stones, over the cold, wet pebbles, on to the hard sand that gleamed like oil.' – This could have happened at Muritai when Kathleen Beauchamp was in Wellington, before so many houses were built between The Glen and the sea.

'He . . . dashed out of the house, and swung down the garden path. Yes, the coach was there waiting,' – There was a bus that plied between the southern end of Muritai and the wharf at Day's Bay. In the early years of the century, the only public conveyances between the eastern bays and Wellington were the Muritai bus and the ferry steamer from Day's Bay to Wellington. Now there is an excellent bus service between Wellington and South Muritai by way of the Hutt Road.

'Kelly trailed his whip across the horses.' – The driver of the Muritai bus was Mr Dinny Kelly.

'... whole parties appeared over the sand-hills and came down on the beach to bathe.' – There are still some sandhills at Muritai between



Store of Martin & Jones, Muritai, with Jones family in front.



Right foreground: House with alterations as at 1963, erected by Harold Beauchamp in 1906.



'The Glen' Muritai Road, Eastbourne, 1952 (left foreground).



Muritai in 1902. Jones's store behind gum tree to left of photograph.

The Glen and the water. At Day's Bay there are no sandhills; the main road skirts the beach.

'... a very gay figure walked down the path to the gate. It was Alice...' DOWN the path.

'the washhouse'. – One might be forgiven, if, on seeing that very prominent washhouse at The Glen, one had cried 'Eureka! I have found the bungalow *At the Bay*.'

'Stanley was half-way up the path...' – Up the path. The house was built on a hill.

'... out of Crescent Bay and towards Daylight Cove'. – I have already mentioned this paragraph; I consider this to be one of the strongest pieces of evidence in favour of the choice of Muritai as Crescent Bay and of Day's Bay as Daylight Cove.

In every case these quotations could apply to the house at Muritai, The Glen. In no case could they apply to the house owned by Mr Harold Beauchamp at Day's Bay in 1907.

So my answer to the question, 'Where do they live?', would be: At The Glen, built at the corner of the main Muritai Road and Puriri Street Extension, Muritai, Eastbourne, Wellington, New Zealand.

'What world do they belong to?' Stanley Burnell to the world of commerce; Jonathan Trout to the world of music and his dreams; Linda Burnell to her home; Grandma to the children; Beryl to her hopes of marriage; Alice to her kitchen and her afternoon out; the children to their fun on the beach and to their games in the washhouse; Mrs Stubbs to her store.

But Stanley will become a rich merchant, a patron of the arts, a benefactor to his city and a Knight Bachelor. Jonathan will be successfully devoted to music, but his dreams will die in the 'flu' epidemic. Pip will belong to the theatre. Rags will choose music as his world, which he will share with a charming and gracious hostess, his cousin Lottie. Beryl will achieve her ambition and become a successful wife. 'The boy' will give his life for his country in Europe. Kezia will become Katherine Mansfield, world famous in literature.

But, in 1968, of them all, only Isabel will be with us in our world to remember them.

Maude E. Morris

NOTES

¹ *New Zealand Listener*, 20 September 1946.

² Beauchamp bought in March 1906 (C/T 149/187) from Hugh Downes on what was then known as 'Downes's Point' a section on which he apparently immediately erected a cottage. It is described twice by Katherine Mansfield. Firstly in a notebook (acc. no. A.T.L. 97273) 'And another change. I sit in the small poverty stricken sitting room – the one and only room which the cottage contains with the exception of a cabin like bedroom fitted with bunks, and an outhouse with a bath, and wood cellar, coal cellar, complete. On one hand is the sea stretching right up [to?] the

yard, on the other the bush growing close down almost to my front door.' *Journal* 1 June 1907.

And later in a letter to Sylvia Payne, 4 March 1908: 'Chaddie and I with our maid are living alone at this little cottage built on the rocks. It has only three rooms – two bedrooms fitted with bunks, and a wide living room. We had both been feeling wretchedly ill – and bored with Wellington. Oh, the tedium vitae of 19 years! so have come here, where we bathe and row and walk in the bush or by the sea...' It was the publication of the first reference in the *Journal*, (in a slightly different form) (*Journal* . . . 1954, p 12) which gave rise to the inference that Days Bay if not the Beauchamp House was the setting for *At the Bay*.

³ Beauchamp sold the property to Anderson in 1912.

⁴ According to Deeds records (C/T 121/74) Mrs Eliza Ann Allan, the wife of William Allan, draper, did not purchase the house until February 1913. From March 1903 until the sale to Allan it was in the name of Mrs Ann C. Barraud the wife of Sidney Clark Barraud, bank manager of Lower Hutt. S. C. Barraud (1853–1912) as an officer of the Bank of New Zealand (E. M. Barraud: *Barraud, the story of a family*, 1967, p 171) would have been a close business associate of Beauchamp's and hence could have rented the house⁵ to him although Beauchamp had in fact forgotten the name of the owner.

⁵ See plate showing tree in front of store on Muritai Road.

NOTES

¹ New Zealand Library, 20 September 1946.
² Beauchamp bought in March 1906 (C/T 149/187) from Hugh Downes of what was then known as 'Downes' Point' a section on which he apparently immediately erected a cottage. It is described twice by Katherine Mansfield. Firstly in a notebook (acc. no. A.T.L. 97271) 'And another change I sit in the small poverty stricken sitting room – the one and only room which the cottage contains with the exception of a cabin like bedroom fitted with bunks, and an outhouse with a bath, and wood cellar, coal cellar, complete. On one hand is the sea stretching right up [to] the

A GLANCE AT THE RANSTEAD PAPERS

The *Note on Manuscript Accessions* in the Nov. 1967 issue of the *Turnbull Library Record* listed the Ranstead papers but was, of course, unable to do justice to their quality and variety. They chronicle, and comment on, many significant incidents and influences both in England and in New Zealand in the years around the turn of the century, and they cover material ranging from history to agricultural science, from the theory of education to extra-sensory perception, from literature to philosophy. One cannot hope to touch on all or even most aspects of these papers in one article, but it is proposed here to look at that portion of them which links England with New Zealand, and to give publication to letters expressing thoughts about New Zealand or the implications of emigrating.

When William Ranstead visited New Zealand in 1899 he was so impressed with this country's conditions and prospects that he decided to return to England for long enough only to wind up his affairs and collect his family, and then to come out again to settle. While still here on his visit he wrote a series of articles about New Zealand for the socialist *Clarion* newspaper in England. These, while scrupulously truthful, were invested with such potent enthusiasm (e.g. the old-age pension in NZ – £18 p.a. – by being less than half what an old person could live on, is really an incentive to saving and will not destroy thrifty habits¹) that its infectiousness was inevitable. 'I've not knowingly written one word of exaggeration. I'm in love with New Zealand.'² This upright, likeable, intelligent person in love with a far-off Utopia caused a swelling stir among those of the British working class who were still capable of hope. Letters began to pour in to Ranstead at the *Clarion* – touching, ingenuous letters, treating him without question as an oracle.

'Having taken the *Clarion* in for a considerable time and read all your articles, after much thought I came to the conclusion that this was my chance, putting entire trust and faith in you and in the paper you write for.'

'Having read your article in the *Clarion*, I must say that I was pleased to learn there was such a place in the world as you pictured . . . I feel that anything you say will be truthful, the reason why I have confidence in you though I have never seen you is because you are a Socialist and a *Clarionette* I being one for many years . . . I hope you will understand that I do not wish to emigrate to seek a fortune, but rather to get to a place where I could be happy and be able to appreciate the beauties of nature which you have so ably set forth in your article, and where it will be possible for my four children to grow to full manhood and beauty instead of having to be thrust in these sweating and immoral miserable cotton mills of Lancashire. I am prepared to work with pick and spade if it will only enable me to keep my wife and bairns in respectability in that beautiful land of good laws and no poverty.'

Far from crumbling under the burden of the future lives of dozens of people, Ranstead went quietly on, answering letters, giving the truth as he saw it, and then, arranging parties of people to emigrate to New Zealand at a reduction in fares. The letters to Ranstead from prospective emigrants are illuminating.

'Our ages are 26, 28, and 31 respectively. We are coalminers, having worked for Andrew Knowles & Son for nearly 20 years. We are used to hard work and plenty of it.'

'I am sick of England's poverty.'

'I am 24 years of age i work 58 hours a week Wages 22/6 Holidays one week per year.'³

'I am 39 years of age . . . We are all in the Best of health Although I have done over 30 years hard work I really feel none the worse for it.'

'It gives me great pleasure to have the opportunity of writing to you when I consider the way in which you have introduce in the *Clarion* your favorite New Zealand which has gone a favourite land of mine's by reading your letters & I may say my Friend also . . . We are able to do anythink in the line of hard work & have been so since we were twelve years of age in the coalmines.'

'In the unlikely event of my finding conditions uncongenial, I would be in a financial position to return to England – a consummation, however, devoutly to be dreaded.'

'Having a wife and six young children I am desirous that they should have a Better and freer life than they have at present, with more security of living without the perpetual worry which is inseperatable from our present highly strung Commercialism.'

'As a young man about 30 years of age & unmarried it has always been my desire to work under more humane conditions but have found they don't exist here. I have worked with the Railway Co with the Corporation of Glasgow & with a shipbuilding Co in the mines & now I am with a Sewing Machine factory but they are all much about the same. Dividends is their only aim which is sweated out of the worker in a most unchristian way. Still this is Holy Scotland the land of Churches. I am tired of this unnatural country.'

Some letter-writers had a more specific interest. One of Ranstead's NZ articles⁴ in the *Clarion* had been about the Federative Home⁵ just out of Christchurch, run by Professor Alexander Bickerton,⁶ a lively, good-hearted eccentric who had the power of creating devoted disciples. Ranstead's imagination was captured, and, as usual, his pen carried his enthusiasm. Readers were stirred, and wrote to him.

'Your article on the Federative Home was most inspiring. What are the qualifications necessary to admission?'

'If I am not too audacious, I should be delighted to join Professor Bickerton's Federative Home. I understand the Prof has started two or three industries, and is likely to want more labour for the manufacture of Carbo-celluloid buildings. Do you think he would give me employment? I should be willing to start at bottom wage, and he would find me a ready learner . . .'

'Seeing Professor Bickerton is about to start to manufacture paper there might be a chance for a few papermakers out there.'

All in all, Ranstead saw in NZ and described in the *Clarion* enough to start a stream of settlers which, by 1903, numbered well over 1,000. 'One man of the original party has brought out over twenty people

himself, and they are, as far as we know, all doing well. So the circle keeps widening.⁷ Ranstead emigrated himself with the early ones in 1900, and one must admire the singleness of purpose, the faith in his new-found Utopia which enabled him to leave behind so much.

For indeed *he* was not one of the British poor. He was a prosperous manufacturer who had not only financial security and a satisfying background of philanthropic achievement to leave behind, but also a group of rare friends. These men, writers for the *Clarion*, were outstanding for the warmth and depth of their friendship no less than for their socialist principles and writing power.⁸ And all their writing was lit up by that particular brand of elegant wit which was characteristic of the end of Victoria's reign. Robert Blatchford, Alexander Thompson, E. F. Fay, Bruce Glasier, J. D. Sutcliffe – these formed the nucleus and their letters to New Zealand over the next forty years are full of personal and historical information as well as of amusement. It was J. D. Sutcliffe who conceived the imaginative and touching idea of asking Ranstead's friends to write him a farewell letter to be delivered to him during the voyage out. The scheme became known as 'Sutcliffe's Ocean Postage' and was contributed to with generosity and enthusiasm. An imaginative idea – not least because it placed on record some of the implications of Ranstead's giant step. What follows is only a selection of excerpts from 'Sutcliffe's Ocean Postage', but enough, perhaps, to catch the flavour. The first letter – from Sutcliffe to the Chief Steward – is given in full.

The Chief Steward, The good ship Wakanui, Royal Albert Dock.

Dear Sir, I am enclosing a number of letters for Mr Wm Ranstead who with his Family is a saloon passenger for New Zealand. These letters are written by his friends & I wish you to be kind enough to place one on his breakfast table every morning. Of course he knows nothing of this & I feel sure you will enter into the spirit of the thing & not say anything about the letters you have in hand. If you deliver the first on Sunday the 19th then I think they will last until the end of the voyage. I shall be further obliged if you will acknowledge receipt on the enclosed addressed postcard. I came to London purposely to see Mr. Ranstead away & to hand you the letters personally but I must return home tomorrow night. Thanks in anticipation, Yours faithfully, J. D. Sutcliffe.

Pride of place must be given to the letter from Bruce Glasier which also is quoted in full. Glasier was editor of the *Labour Leader*, and a writer for the *Clarion*. His wife, Katharine, was also a socialist writer of note.

Dear Ranstead, If it be true, as many ancient philosophers have alleged, that the seat of the soul lies in the digestive region, then I pray that Sutcliffe who is understudying providence in this epistolary purvey has properly predestinated that my letter will reach you after all symptoms of disaffection towards the voyage have ceased in the neighbourhood of your watch-chain. For though I be a reasonably good comforter of the afflicted in body and in spirit, I flatly refuse to dispense valuable human sympathy on a man whose soul is mixed up in an unseemly intestinal tumult with masticated and chymified plenishments of the dinner-table. It is the utmost prodigality of generosity to cast brotherly consolation before a sea-sick man. There is no common sense in the

thing: it were a transparent offence against the gospel warning about the proper disposal of certain ornaments for the wreathing of ladies' necks.

But presuming, as I hope I am entitled to do, that you are firm on foot, and solidly conditioned in your ground flat and upper storey, and able to behave towards your family as a father and towards your neighbours as a civilized man, I hereby extend my hand affectionately to you across the waves, and wish you the top of the morning.

Go, my friend, on deck and look around you on sea and sky, and offer this congratulation to your soul, that your eyes have been spared to see an unbounded domain where man's inhumanity to man does not exist. One portion of creation which Landlords may not despoil of rent, nor Capitalists of interest. Where the pompous money-bag cannot affront the gaze of the sun by building to himself hideously rich houses, and where the sweater cannot drain out the tears and blood of poor Scottish and English lasses to make himself molten garments against the day of judgement. Where Jews and Germans and British hooligans cannot make hideous the night with drunken eructations of 'God save the queen' and 'Rule Britannia', and where Wesleyan presidents and parliamentary lawyers do not bring the name of Christ into infamy by associating the sermon on the mount with the blasphemous roar of lyddite shells. Where, in truth, my friend, you can behold the world and declare – here at least the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

But I did not mean – scotchman as I am – to inflict a sermon on you, though I could well believe that a good scotch sermon would, next to a good scotch song, be sweet and nurrishing to your spirit.

I almost envy you your luck in leaving this old land. For, I doubt not, you are going to a country that is more Scottish than Scotland and more English than England. Here, indeed, we have the actual hills and dales of our forefathers to abide among – the actual hills and dales so far at least as they have not evermore been ruined by coal-tips, chemical works and hideous human warrens.

But all, or mostly all, that was great in our land is fled. The old songs, the old seriousness, the old faithfulness the old reverence, of the people. The boys who were poets and who were modest and high-spirited and gallant. Hooliganism, jingoism, betting, frivolous reading and general brain-softening is left behind – of which, perhaps, you will say the present letter is an unmistakable example. There is a loudness and raspingness of voice, and a grinning, giggling monkeyishness of demeanour prevalent in the land that did not dare show itself in the days of the men who could fight and the men who could dance and sing and be blithe and merry without making awful idiots of themselves.

Yes, I vow, you are going to a new and a better Britain and I wish you well my boy. I wish you well, you, and Mrs. Ranstead and your splendid boys and girls, and all the good folk who are bearing you company.

One of these days I hope to come out and see you, and rejoice in the prosperity of your new country.

Meanwhile, I must stay to help to save those who must remain, from the utmost doom of Capitalism. Maybe, we shall bring back manhood to the nation yet, and maybe we shall raise a great light of Socialism in the land that will shine like a beacon over the seas to your folk far away.

How happy are the days we have had together! How much richer my own and my wife's thoughts are that we sat oftentimes with you by the fire in that quaint little Cheshire village.

Good luck, I say, to you, my boy. Do not play the benevolent despot too much over the chaps who are going out with you. Let them steer for themselves. Kings and counsellors rule; best and advise best at a distance! Your hand! and my blessing on you all!

Yours faithfully, J. Bruce Glasier.

If Glasier's is the most impressive letter, Robert Blatchford is the most impressive person among this select bunch. Known as 'Nunquam', he was editor of the *Clarion*, and a prolific writer on socialism, man-in-the-street philosophy, English prose, Shakespeare, spiritualism, and many other subjects. In one of his last letters to Ranstead he enclosed a charming, if rather thickly nostalgic, love-story, written when he was in his eighties. His 'Ocean Postage' letter, of which excerpts are given here, does him less than justice: it is by no means up to the standard of his regular letters. Was he self-conscious about this one, written to order as it was, or depressed at the prospect of Ranstead's going, or envious? One can only guess.

Dear Will, It is a good idea of Sutcliffe's, this ocean postage, and I hope there will be a lot of letters and that they will be pleasant reading. . . . I wonder where you will be when you get this, and how you will be. Right out of sight of land – on a rushing Grand Hotel – in the centre of a great blue saucer, with a great blue bowl over it. Better than the *Clarion* office – or the Flowery Dean? It is a fine sight that sky-circle, and that dish of heaving blue.

It is raining as I write this, and the sky is grey, and the air is damp and cold. And I've the hump. . . . But when you get it I suppose it will be sunny here and I shall have forgotten the hump. What a curious thing would be a collection of cast-off humps. A grim museum of the forgotten worries that galled our tribe. How petty hindrances and puny hurts do irritate and dispirit us. And they are as transient as the little flies that sting and annoy us on a summer walk. And we *know* they are, and yet we get angry or despondent at the next crease in the rose leaf. Yes, a collection of cast-off humps would be both amusing and instructive.

About a museum of worn out or damaged hopes, desires and ambitions I'm not so sure. We forget the humps: but the disappointments cling, and the disillusionments sometimes leave scars that hurt us in dull or cloudy weather. Yet a collection of such human follies and miscarriages as every one of us must have cause to remember would be very eloquent. The path of Socialism is strewn with such wreckage. Broken toys – for which we were charged dearly.

The worst of it is we are always children and always in want of toys. And as we get older the toys please less – and cost more. Of course our business – as grown up children – is to make toys for other children. Le Gallienne described himself as a fellow engaged in 'growing dreams for the London market'. It's a neat thought. So I make Julie's, and Fellowships, and you go out building model villages in New Zealand. . . .

By the way do you know I don't feel at all sure that we shall not be at war with France this winter. And our government of weary pantaloons is making no preparation! You'll be surprised if a French army comes and takes possession of your model village! And imagine poor old Robert in a muddy trench, with no bacca and no burgundy, shooting at Mounseers! or maybe – Won't Fay laugh if I waltz into Valhalla with a hole through my crummet and say 'Hello, Ned, I've just got shot in the French Invasion'.

. . . and my love to all the children, and I wish I could have put some jokes in this letter, but I have none about me. Till we meet again. Yours, Bob.

The 'Fay' mentioned towards the end of Blatchford's letter is E. F. Fay, 'the Bounder' of the *Clarion*. His death in 1896 had shocked all his friends, since he was a comparatively young man and very much one of the *Clarion* group. His last letter to Ranstead, scrawled in pencil

just before he died, reads 'Dear Ranstead, I'm down with catarrh of the stomach and fear I shall not recover. *In fact I know I shall not.* You might take on my father as we agreed. The old chap's address is. . . . This is my nineteenth day on milk and water and magnesia. I'm sorry. Most for the *Clarion*. Yours, E. F. Fay. P.S. My first two years of the *Clarion* set up all this business.'

My dear Will, Just a line in haste to remind you not to forget to do your Sandow exercises this morning. You ought to do number 13 at least 50 times & the rest about 100 times each. If you will do this every morning while in tropical climes you will be in really good condition when you arrive. Ever of thee, Aleck.

Three or four of these brief bits of nonsense were scattered through the group – presumably to take up a few extra days – by Alexander Thompson, 'Dangle' of the *Clarion*. He, Blatchford, and Ranstead, all lived until they were in their eighties, and all kept in touch with each other for the whole time.

The following letter is from 'Ye Forest of Arden'. Underneath the signature Ranstead has written 'C. E. Touchstone, c/o Harry Beswick. And that's all we know about this writer.

Good Master Ranstead. Most potent, grave, and (more or less) reverend seigneur. To thee, Greeting: And plenty of it.

'Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind why I do write to thee, for I will show thee no reason for it', save only that while on the Manchester Exchange on Tuesday last as ever was – being at that time, like our old esteemed friend St. Matthew, 'at the receipt of custom' – I was approached by an impossible person of the name of Sutcliffe; man in a flannel shirt & a soft hat, with whom you are doubtless acquainted. This person informed me that you were sailing for New Zealand on July 16th. Wherefore I take my pen in hand to write you a few lines hopping you are the same as this leaves me at present thank God for it. Which sentence will no doubt remind you of the Complete Letter Writer, probably familiar to you in more youthful days.

In the first place I wish you good luck & plenty of it wherever you are, & good health to enjoy it. As Rip van Winkle says 'Here is your good health, and your wife's, & your family's, & may you live long & prosper.' Or in the words of the good old Lancashire toast –

'Here's to thee an' me an' aw on us,
May we ne'er want nowt, noan on us,
Noather thee nor me nor onybody else,
Aw on us, noan on us.'

... And now, 'fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, & so look to thyself.' Yours as you like it, Touchstone. Of that or any other ilk.

Julia Worrall, part of whose letter follows, wrote under her maiden name, Julia Dawson, for the *Clarion*. She was an indomitable worker for the socialist cause, yet she emerges from her own writings and from references to her in other people's letters over the years, as in some ways an unsatisfactory person. Certainly she took a black view of Ranstead's decision to emigrate and take others with him, and she didn't hesitate to say so in print: 'The Candid Friend' says it is a treat to live in a country where there is nothing to kick at. But I do not agree with him.

I am glad to be in England now, and do not intend to leave it while I can further any of its interests with *my* feeble kick! Those of us who love the country of our birth and of our dearest associations, *ought* to stay in it, and kick with all our might at its wrongs until it is much more of a Socialist Canaan than New Zealand.¹⁰ Her irritation – anger, almost – though transmuted in her ‘Ocean Postage’ letter to emotion on parting with the Ransteads, is still apparent.

My dear Meg & Will, . . . I can’t help wondering where this will find you, & how you’ll all be looking when you get it. That you will be feeling that God’s in His heaven and all’s right with the world I know, and I wish you joy of the sentiment, for it is pure sentiment, as I shall be feeling this day week when you are gone. Every mortal thing in this old world will be wrong then, because its sun & its shine will have gone out *black* for me. I’ll go over to Westminster Road & *choke* any newcomer there. That man’s hand, or woman’s either, will be a murderous one which dares to lift the latch, & he or she will be a criminal who calls that place ‘home’. Bah! Was not *our* baby born there & has not that house given birth to some of the very sweetest moments in my life? The black stockings I darned all glittered with gold in my hands because they belonged to you & yours. . . .

Your friend, Julia.

Nothing is known about Harry Starr beyond what can be deduced from his elaborate letter-head which, in part, reads ‘Messrs Starr & Dipple’s Unparalleled Successes. The “Ne Plus Ultra” of Musical Comedy Drama. Otto the Outcast. Carl the Clockmaker. Company of Sixteen Artistes including Mr Harry Starr. All The Year Round. All Scenery Carried. Money Talks.’

My dear friend Ranstead, There is one good thing certain – that is that when you get this it won’t catch you on ‘your busy day’ and there is even a remote chance that you may probably take the trouble to read it – and I chuckle as I consider that a WPB is not part of the furniture of an ocean liner.

I don’t know why I write to you at all – except it is that I look upon you as one of those human puzzles that a student of humanity is always encountering during his pilgrimage from the whence to the whither – in short, you interest me. When I conjure up to memory the day I first met you, and the surroundings of that occasion – the beautiful little English home, the faces of a happy family, the glorious day we had, the songs of birds and the smell of hay & fruit – and consider that from the selfish standpoint you had everything that the heart of man could reasonably aspire to including the friendship and comradeship of all those you came into contact with – and then remember that you voluntarily give this up for a roving idea and a life in a far distant country I must confess that you are a surprise packet to me, and I am consumed with a desire to analyse and probe. But of course this is out of the question now. . . . God bless thee and thine is the earnest desire of Yours sincerely and always, Harry Starr.

Dear William, In the formula of Kipling, I hope this finds you playing like a kitten, eating like a hog & sleeping like a dead man; that the skies are blue, the breezes balmy, your days delightful & your nights sweetly lovely; your present bright with joy and your outlook on the future filled with hope and assurance. I believe if any human deserves these things & more also, you are he. Please give my warmest greetings to your lucky and wise company, & my sincerest wishes for their welfare under the Southern Cross. . . . I wanted much to have a quiet word with you in M’ter, but it was not to be. My wife joins me in affectionate regards. Faithfully, Leonard Hall.

Leonard Hall subsequently visited the Ransteads on their Waikato farm in 1906.

Dear Mr. Ranstead, How are you all. I hope you are having a nice passage. Mother and I both wish we were coming to New Zealand with you and have a little farm with a cow and some hens and some sheep and I would get up every morning and give them all a bath then I would milk the cow and look for eggs and then I would have my breakfast if there was any then I would take Father and Hilda their breakfast as I expect they would stop in bed all day then I would make butter and do all sorts of things. If ever I swim over to New Zealand I will just drop in and see you. . . . I do not expect Hilda will want to come to New Zealand as there will not be any Pierrots there. Are you feeding the fishes yet. I think we are going to Paris for a little time so I expect we shall enjoy ourselves. Well I think I must say Goodbye now. Please give my very best love to all and also to yourself. Your loving Mildred.

Mildred and Hilda were the young daughters of Alexander Thompson. Later letters from Thompson mention his having to watch each of them in turn die a slow death: one from tuberculosis, and the other from cancer. Before that, however, Hilda, from whom there was also a letter in the 'Ocean Postage', visited the Ransteads in 1916.

The next letter seems to justify inclusion because of its sustained salty flavour. The letterhead is *National Union of Dock Labourers in Great Britain and Ireland, Liverpool*.

My dear Will. So you are really off at last and by the time you see this you will be takin of a trip in a big steam ship ten thousand miles away as the poet says. So sing hey for a brave and a gallant Bark

And a stiff and a rattlin breeze
And a bully crew and a Capting too
For to carry yer o'er the seas.

Alas, in these days of progress the simile is no longer, and the comparison between the poets crude description and present day navigation is odious and to my mind all in favour of the past. . . . With the recollections of my old "wind jamming" experiences with all its glorious and exciting uncertainties and quaint associations and hardships I prefer it to the more modern system of spick and span and the certainty of arriving on a given date. For gone is the old Jack tar of my early associations and his place is filled by the suggee mugee man and the deck swabber, while the bare poles sticking straight up without any visible means of subsistence so-to-speak, give me the jim jams. And gone is the necessity for the cheery hail of "ready about" with all its quaint accompaniments, while the labour of the old barnacle is no longer lightened by its associations with "Sally Brown the bright Mulatto" or "handy my girls be handy".

I hope by the time you get this you will be in the doldrums but there - I forget steamships don't have any doldrums which for your special information is a region close to the equator where the light winds (just cap fulls) shift all round the compass every minute, and Lor' I fancy I hear even now the old time shell back swearing in all his pristine vigour at the bow yanking he would be called upon to give the yards in order to keep the ship in trim. Did I ever tell you how I got a ship into the doldrums in my first and last sea yarn, and was so hard up for copy that I kept her there backing and filling for months until the bally paper bust up and the editor's (Shaw Maxwell by the way) reason tottered at its economic basis. Lor' what days they were to be sure. By the way I also set the house on fire while concocting a plot for that story.

But there, I have been long enough on this tack, so hard a lee, hard over, main-

topsail haul, fore bowline there some of yer, and round she goes cheerily all hands and the cook. Pon my soul old chap I hope you'll forgive me but I find myself envying you your release from this blarsted English weather and sodden system we seem to be chained to hand and foot. . . . God bless you old fellow. I looks t'wards yer, takes off my 'at and bows. Remember me special to the Mrs not forgetting the quiver full, and don't altogether forget yours truly when you reach the region where the dolphins dance and play and the whales and the sharks kick up their bleedin larks ten thousand miles away. Ever of thee, Jas Sexton. P.S. Convey to the Democracy of the New Country the fact that soon we shall see the flood gates of the Democracies (in fact we have seen it) walking hand in hand with the (khaki) British Lion determined to gather the seed sown in the plank of progress which is now ripe for plucking throughout the length and breadth of the land so richly and plentifully endowed with everything necessary to promote the interest and the welfare of her people from an unnatural extinction in the land of their inheritance. This peroration is patented is reversible is warrented not to shrink and to stand any climate. You have however, the patentee's permission to use it on the Colony and the Colonists who are in the spirit of adventure going to seek fresh fields and pastures new. And if they survive then there is no fear of them in the land they're going to. J.S.

Dear old Will, By this time you will be "on the ocean blue", and, I make no doubt, "your saucy ship's a beauty". This letter, which reaches you per special arrangement with a friendly Mahatma, comes hoping that all is well with you and yours, and that you will have "a fair sea and a prosperous voyage." There is a delightful overture of Mendelssohn's of this name, by the way. Had I an Aeolian and the necessary perforated roll I would sit me down and play it *con amore* in your honour.

Shall we ever see each other again dear friend? I wonder. Shall we ever swap ideas and stories and eat pancakes and take rides and walks together again? I wonder. Sit up and smoke the peaceful swaggerette (as my Seaforth Highlander would call it) and see the ruby kindly in the wine-glass? I wonder. Are the brave days of old never to be repeated?

But, dear Will, the pleasures of Retrospection are not to be sneezed at. We've had bully times together, and those even the high gods cannot take away. Dear old Tilston! How happy I was to be there! With the books and the boys and Bessie – how alliteratively truthful we are – and your dear wife – God bless her! – and your spiffing old self.

I'm writing in a bad light, but the room is illuminated with bright memories. I hear the "Rolly Jobbers" again and the chirp of birds in the garden outside Inveresk. 'Twas a brave, brave time, and I feel a choke in the throat when I think that it is gone for aye.

I'll e'en go out and drink a glass of summat, for we must away with melancholy. And so, *auf wiedersehen* and goodnight. With love to Meg and all the family, Your loving friend, Harry.

The last letter was not originally part of the 'Sutcliffe's Ocean Postage' packet. It is given here without comment since no comment could be as eloquent or poignant as the letter itself.

My dear Ranstead, This is the scheme that failed. I brought the letters to London and then intended to hand them to the Steward direct. When I found I could not stay until you sailed I sent them by Parcel Post from Finsbury at noon on Thurs. the 16th. I felt sure they would be in plenty of time.

I am nearly heartbroken about it and I have not told any of the contributors, and you will have to take the will for the deed. I have not the heart to open the parcel again and therefore send it just as it was intended for you. Kindest regards to you all, Yours faithfully, J. D. Sutcliffe.

Not unexpectedly, the course of life in the new Utopia did not run altogether smooth. The *Clarion* settlers arrived with the hope that they would be given a government grant of land which they would work, improve, and use industrially as well as agriculturally.¹¹ The first lot – three women and thirty-eight men – on the *Kumara* arriving in Wellington on 30 September 1900, were immediately disillusioned about their dream of a co-operative enterprise. Though written up in the press, and honoured at a reception arranged by the Socialist Church in Christchurch,¹² they were nevertheless left to fend for themselves and take what jobs were offering. Most of those on the second ship, the *Wakanui*, which also brought Ranstead and his family, were sent to Auckland to work on the main trunk railway between Poro-o-taroa and Kawa Kawa.¹³ The idea of a co-operative settlement was not forgotten for some time, but did eventually die without having been implemented.

The *Clarion* settlers kept in touch throughout the country, however, and in 1901 were instrumental in forming the NZ Socialist Party, from which the Labour Party evolved.¹⁴ But William Ranstead's active participation in the affairs of the *Clarion* settlers diminished after their arrival in New Zealand, and his papers are more concerned with *Clarion* activities in England prior to 1900, than with later New Zealand developments. Much of the earlier material has not been touched on here – the correspondence from the period when Ranstead organised the Shoeblack lectures at Toynbee Hall; photographs, documents and letters associated with the National *Clarion* Cycling Club, the *Clarion* Newspaper Company Ltd., the Socialist Soup Van – but the aim has simply been to suggest something of the content of one recently acquired group of papers.¹⁵

Margaret Scott

NOTES

¹ *Clarion*. 6 January 1900.

² *Clarion*. 24 March 1900.

³ All errors of spelling and grammar in these letters have been preserved.

⁴ *Clarion*. 24 March 1900.

⁵ The Federative Home was based on its founder's conviction that human beings were not by nature equipped to live alone or in isolated family groups, and that such living was also highly uneconomical. Life in the Federative Home attempted to combine a strongly social setting with individual freedom: an interesting social experiment whose ultimate impracticability was not immediately evident.

⁶ As noted in the Nov. 1967 issue of the *Turnbull Library Record* (p 33, 35) a large mass of Professor Bickerton's manuscript papers came to the Library last year.

⁷ Mr J. Mackay, Chief Clerk of the Labour Department. *Auckland Star*. 24 August 1901.

⁸ Their many published books form part of the Library's William Ranstead Collection.

⁹ 'The Candid Friend' and 'Farmer William' were names under which Ranstead wrote in the *Clarion*.

¹⁰ *Clarion*, 13 January 1900.

¹¹ *N.Z. Times*, 1 October 1900.

¹² Roth, Herbert. 'The Labour Churches and New Zealand' in *International Review of Social History*, no. 3, 1959, p 365.

¹³ *N.Z. Times*, 10 October 1900.

¹⁴ Roth, Herbert. 'William Ranstead and the Clarion Settlers'. Broadcast Talk, 2YC, 1 September 1958.

¹⁵ The papers were presented to the Library by Mr John M. Ranstead, son of William Ranstead.

S. C. BREES, ARTIST AND SURVEYOR

I AN HISTORICAL RECONNAISSANCE

Reproductions of the Melville engravings of early Wellington from the sketches of Samuel Charles Brees have long been familiar to the most casual student of early Wellington. The publication of the Avon Fine Prints reproduction of the Library's hand-coloured copy of S. C. Brees's *Pictorial Illustrations of New Zealand*¹ seems an appropriate occasion for a more careful examination of the background to Brees's work, and the book itself and its various issues as well as the sequel, the *Guide and description of the Panorama of New Zealand*. One can only as yet say hopefully 'more careful', for, apart from limitations of time and domicile, there are still many basic facts which are unknown to us. One feels that there must still be letters and sketches – to fill out the small groups of originals obtained by the Library some sixteen years ago. We know that Brees's diaries unfortunately were destroyed many years ago on the express wish of his niece.

Our sources for the three-and-a-quarter years – February 1842 until May 1845 – which he spent here are in the main the *Pictorial Illustrations* . . . themselves, the New Zealand Company records of his service and official correspondence in the National Archives² in original or on microfilm, and lastly his very rare, almost nostalgically presented epitaph to his antipodean experiences *A key to the Colonies* published in 1851. To these we can add only scattered references in the Wellington newspapers and the still more infrequent comments in the letters and journals of contemporaries. And when all this has been examined we have to admit that Brees the man still eludes us. Why a seemingly successful railway engineer at a period when railway development in England was at its height should have elected to have come to New Zealand – with wife, three children and servant is more difficult to answer than to explain why with wife, four children and servant he should have returned. The expiration of the contract, curiosity about the Company's fairest hope satisfied, frustration or disappointment – we traverse some of the evidence for all these, but without certitude.

What we know of his early life before his migration to New Zealand at the age of 31 is based almost wholly on inference from his testimonials. At the moment we cannot be more specific about his family and education than to repeat the fact from earlier chroniclers that he was born in the United Kingdom in 1810. Appended to the eight testimonials³ submitted in support of his application to the Company on 20 February 1841, is a record of the award of a Gold Medallion of the Society of Arts in 1829–30 'For an original design for a village church . . .' And from the probability that this interest would be

followed by his period of architectural apprenticeship M. H. E. Kendall, architect of Suffolk Street, London, wrote under date 19 February 1841 that he had known Brees 'for many years, he having been in my employment, during which time I found him most active, industrious and intelligent on all professional matters'. George W. Buck, Principal Engineer of the Manchester and Birmingham Railway, wrote that he had known Brees 'for the last seven years, during which time he has been extensively concerned in surveying for some of the principal Railways in England . . .'. The reference which headed the list was that from the famous engineer Robert Stephenson who stated that Brees worked for him for two years 'getting up nearly the whole of the Plans of the London and Birmingham Railway'. He had every reason to be satisfied with Brees's talent, assiduity and conduct. Stephenson had a high opinion of his architectural abilities. If therefore we deduce that his seven years as a railway surveyor began in 1834 he was not long in embodying his talents and experience in technical monographs for in 1837 he published his *Railway practice. A collection of working plans and practical details of construction . . .* Two years later he published an *Appendix* and in 1840 a *Second series of railway practice*. His sudden abandonment of this interest for an 'in charge' position in a distant country where any possibility of railway construction was infinitely remote is the more difficult to understand.

Although his application was dated in February it was not until September that he was recommended for appointment by the Land Committee of the Company. The latter considered that 'his professional attainments are in the opinion of the Committee greatly superior to those of the other Candidates, as evidenced by the Testimonials submitted to the Committee: and secondly, it will be recollected by the Court that several Directors had opportunities at the time of the appointments which took place on the Nelson staff of becoming acquainted with Mr Brees character, and of judging of his efficiency for the office for which they have recommended him and they are of opinion that his appointment will be found to conduce to the interests of the Company . . .'.⁴ It would appear from this that he may have been considered or at least encouraged to consider an earlier appointment to the Nelson settlement survey staff.

His conditions of employment were covered by a three-page contract. His appointment was for a period of three years at a salary of £600 per annum, to which was added an initial outfit allowance of £150 and £50 for 'his superintendence and assistance in the instruction of the . . . [survey] cadets' during the voyage. All maps, plans, drawings, sketches and draughts made by him were to be regarded as Company property.⁵

Brees left on the *Brougham* in October 1841 with the cadets and sur-

veyors who were his special responsibility during the voyage. These included H. S. Tiffen, A. Whitehead and Edward Jollie. Captain Mein Smith, his predecessor, was away when the vessel arrived the following February.⁶ Brees deferred field work until Smith's return but was not on duty until 22 February, nearly a fortnight after disembarkation.

In April he visited the Manawatu and Wanganui districts. During the winter, work continued on the Karori road which he inspected regularly. He was also active in exploring the present Ngaio Gorge-Onslow Road areas for alternative routes to the Kaiwharawhara hill track to Porirua.

In February 1843 he reported to the Principal Agent on an exploratory journey up the Pakuratahi river and over the Rimutaka Range to the Wairarapa some two miles south of Kettle's route.⁷ Much of the year was spent in work between Wellington Harbour and the Wairarapa, including the location of the road as far as the Mungaroa valley. He estimated that a road could be made to the Wairarapa for £300. In August he completed and sent to Wakefield a detailed map of Wellington and the fringe of the Wairarapa.⁸ His sectional subdivision of the town and country districts is the basis of the land registration subdivision for title purposes today.

In June 1844 he reported that nearly all the valleys on the eastern side had been surveyed where, in an extensive subdivision from the Wainuiomata to the head of the Orongorongo, 152 sections were cut off on paper. Most of the field work was done by Messrs Whitehead, Wills, Tully and Jollie under Brees's general direction. In January 1845 he suggested to Wakefield that before he left for England an exploration of the Wairarapa should be made to determine the quantity and quality of the land and the best site for an inland town.

Brees does not seem to have been popular with his immediate associates. Samuel Revans, a great friend of Mein Smith's described him: '... as vulgar as any labourer - it is generally said no Surveyor - it is said he has declared he will do as little work as he can, and is bad tempered and hated by all who are about him. He and the Colonel quarrel famously and the Colonel cannot bear to come in contact with the man. The Colonel now regrets the loss of Smith and speaks as favourably of him as one man can of another. Even the few who could not appreciate the difficulties Smith had to contend with, are now aware of them. - Say they always had a kind hearted industrious gentleman to deal with - and wonder how he always kept his temper ...'⁹

Edward Jollie in his reminiscences states that Brees was neither loved nor respected by any of the staff and '... Colonel Wakefield had also a very poor opinion of him and took every opportunity to snub him ...'¹⁰

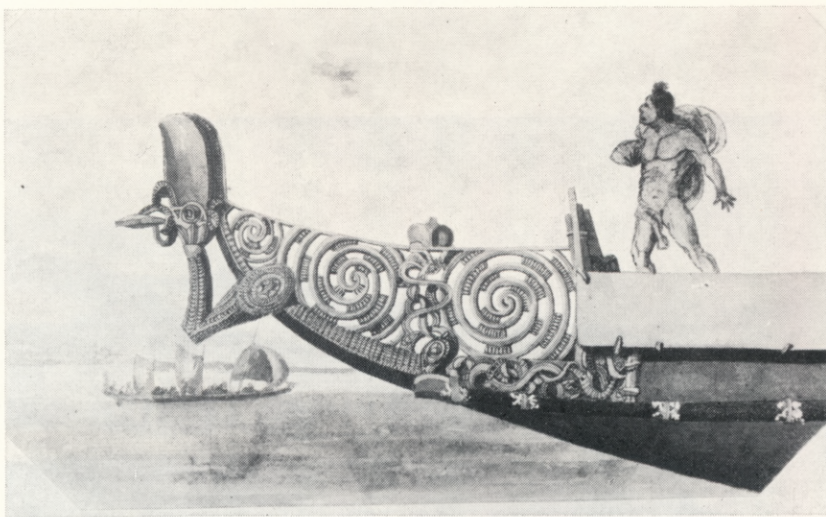


Above, the Courts of Justice, Wellington, a watercolour by S. C. Brees. The illustration below, plate 19/57 from *Pictorial Illustrations of New Zealand*, shows the engraver Melville's remarkable fidelity to Brees's original.





N'Houranga, a watercolour of the Ngauranga stream and gorge, about 1843, showing at centre right the memorial to the chief Te Wharepouri. The engraving in *Pictorial Illustrations of New Zealand* differs in minor respects from its original, mainly in the arrangement of the figures.



The above watercolour of the prow of a Maori war canoe is a good example of the contrast between Brees's facility as a copyist, and his amateur figure work.

The position of Chief Surveyor in the unexpected dilemma of satisfying absentee owners and clamant emigrants from the restricted and disputed acres of Colonel Wakefield's purchase would have been no sinecure. It is not therefore surprising that his temper and patience failed him on occasions. But the records of his labours qualify any inference that he was lazy.

In August 1844 the Company's operations in New Zealand appear to have been suspended or severely cut back and Colonel Wakefield was unable to continue payment to him for the full three years ending February 1845 in accordance with the Agreement. In view of the Revans comment quoted earlier the ensuing negotiations with the Principal Agent may have been difficult; they were certainly protracted, but as will be seen, were eased by the Colonel's recommendation to the Court of Directors to waive all claims on Brees's sketches.

As was to be expected he had apparently made good use of his time, even when fully employed, in recording his impressions of New Zealand. In accordance with the sixth clause of his agreement all his sketches were the property of the Company and Wakefield had already sent some home to the Court of Directors. He set the situation out fully in a despatch which would doubtless have travelled home on the same vessel as Brees himself: 'Mr Brees, the Company's late Principal Surveyor in this settlement, having, during the last year of his engagement had much leisure time in consequence of the completion of the work in the surveyed districts, employed it in executing various drawings and sketches in this neighbourhood of a similar description to those I forwarded from him to the Court of Directors last year.

'According to a clause in the agreement . . . all such performances belong to the . . . [Company]; but, upon my coming to a settlement of accounts with Mr Brees and in consideration of my inability to discharge the balance of salary due to him otherwise than by the orders of which I send you copies under cover of my letter of the 30th April, Wellington No. 18/45, by which circumstance he may have suffered some inconvenience, I allowed him, at his request, to retain these drawings in order that he might deliver them personally to the Directors, with which he begged me to acquaint them.' . . .¹¹

Coincidentally two days later a note in the *New Zealand Spectator* drew attention to the 'portfolio' and acknowledged the favour of 'examining the series of drawings he has prepared of Port Nicholson and the adjoining districts . . . These sketches are remarkable for their correctness and truth to nature, and the subjects are happily selected. From them our absent friends will be able to form a more just conception of the settlement and the march of improvement . . . We hope Mr Brees, on his return to England, may be induced to publish them in a serial work, which we think from the interest of the subject would

take a high rank among productions of this kind. His panorama of Wellington, including the harbour and surrounding district, we recommend to Mr Barker¹² as likely to prove most attractive.'¹³ And the normally far from uncritical H. S. Chapman wrote to his father 'Brees the late surveyor will call on you and show you his drawings' – (Brees and Chapman were Karori neighbours although Brees seems normally to have lived in his Hawkestone Street house) – and Chapman writing eight months later about his own sketches said 'In the meantime get a sight of Brees's sketches.'¹⁴

In preparation for his departure he had advertised the sale of his much loved and painted cottage for six weeks before presumably concluding some arrangement. 'House to be sold cheap, situate in Hawkestone Street, and now in the occupation of Mr S. C. Brees, containing 4 rooms, and loft above, standing upon one acre of excellent garden ground, leased at £12 per annum . . .'¹⁵

'Mr and Mrs Brees, four children and servant' finally sailed on the brig *Caledonia* for London on 8 May.¹⁶ Francis Bradey the industrious gardener-capitalist-diarist went down to farewell him. In expectation of his own return he told Brees that they would meet in London in six months but Brees retorted, referring to the nascent Maori troubles in the Hutt Valley, that 'we should all be eat before that time.'¹⁷

It is hard to feel that, in view of his difficulties with his Company colleagues, he was as reluctant to depart as he later claimed in the *Pictorial Illustrations* . . . although there is more than a touch of nostalgia in his New Zealand comments and advertisements in *A key to the Colonies* six years later. In this same work he printed also the testimonials to him on his departure, under the impressive heading 'Complimentary letters received when Mr Brees left New Zealand in 1845'. There were only two, one from Major Richmond, Superintendent of the Southern District and the other from the Church of England clergyman the Reverend Richard Cole.¹⁸ Settlers as well as fellow officers of the Company were silent.

The *Caledonia's* passengers were safely in London at the end of September or early October. However it was not until early December that Brees waited upon the Directors when a minute recorded: ' . . . Mr Brees, late Principal Surveyor was introduced and exhibited the Drawings and sketches alluded to in Colonel Wakefield's Despatch . . . and his own letter of 3rd November . . . and was informed that the Directors consider the Company to have no claim to those executed since Mr Brees left its service; that they relinquish its claim to the others; and that they will be happy to see them conduce to the advantage of Mr Brees by being published.'¹⁹

One would like to know what was understood by 'the others'. Did these include not merely those which he brought to England with him

but the first lot sent over by Wakefield? Some light is thrown on this situation by Brees's own letter of 3 November in which he said: '... I retained my Private drawings when I left the colony just as every surveyor has done [with] drawings made in stolen moments. I told Colonel Wakefield that if the Court wished I certainly should be proud of the honor of laying them before the Court but ... they are principally duplicates of those formerly sent home with a few unfinished additions. I employed my time from the 9th Febry. until I obtained a settlement with Col. Wakefield in sketching and although these sketches are said to be valuable, yet the loss of time to me was immense. I estimate that £5,000 would no more than pay me for this detention, incredible as it may appear – such has been the demand for Civil Engineers at home ...'²⁰

The statement there that in effect at least two sets of drawings were prepared was an exciting discovery. Today the very incomplete group of originals in the Library, discussed later in Part III of this paper, is the only known major collection.

The question of title having been settled, Brees could go ahead and plan his work although to his cost his claims against the Company were still unsettled and apparently were outstanding throughout 1846. Finally on 14 November he attended a special Committee meeting²¹ at which it was decided to allow him pay and allowances for the full period mentioned in his letter, presumably until May 1845, but neither his bonus nor his solicitor's fees, which had been earlier granted.²²

The first reference to his publication was at a meeting of the Court of 5 March 1846 when 'A Proof being submitted of Views in New Zealand, about to be published by Mr Brees, two copies were directed to be purchased.'²³ Progress from this point would appear to have been slow. The *Illustrated London News* in January 1847 featured engravings of three sketches and said '... These three views are from the pencil of Mr S. C. Brees (now of Lincoln's Inn Fields) who was the Principal Surveyor and Civil Engineer to the New Zealand Company ... he has collected a large number of Sketches, which are preparing for publication ...'²⁴

The actual date of publication would appear to have been late August or early September 1847. The *Illustrated London News* again, on 11 September reproduced two Brees sketches stating that Brees '... has just published a beautiful work, entitled "Pictorial Illustrations of New Zealand".' No current review has so far been traced. According to advertisements in *A key to the Colonies* where he described it as 'a most beautiful Drawing-room book' the published price was £2 2s 0d subsequently reduced, presumably for the later issues, to £1 11s 6d. Large paper proofs were available for £3 3s 0d.

The sustained interest in the *Pictorial Illustrations* . . . throughout 1848 and 1849 doubtless encouraged him to do the Panorama.

In the work of transcribing Brees's striking but often seemingly unfinished watercolours into the sharp, crisp lines of the final work the key man was the engraver, Henry Melville, of whom with his son, Harden Melville, we at the moment know much less than we need to. Harden Melville was associated with W. A. Brunning, J. Zeitter and other artists in the painting of the 1849 panorama done as the title page to the *Guide* . . . claimed 'under the immediate superintendence' of Brees himself. The description, of what was a panorama in motion, invited the viewer to 'commence reading the following description from the end, when the Panorama commences moving from that extremity.'²⁵ Brees was in attendance at midday 'to give information to parties desirous of proceeding to the Colony'.

It appears to have been first exhibited on Christmas Eve 1849. The *Times* in a lengthy review²⁶ referred to the opening in Miss Linwood's gallery at No 6 Leicester Square. 'The subjects . . . are described in a series of paintings, executed in the first style of the scenic art, and with an accuracy and truth which might well be expected, when we consider that the original drawings were not the work of a mere artist, but of a surveyor.' The comment described the applause from 'several gentlemen who had been in New Zealand, and who manifested their delight every now and then as the sight of some well known building, or bit of scenery broke on their view.' It was clear from later comment that the scenes were confined to Wellington. The *New Zealand Journal* in strongly recommending a visit, pointed out that the Panorama was not 'a mere daub, like some of the American productions which have been the fashion of late, but . . . is, in the strictest sense of the term, a work of art'.²⁷

Not everyone approved. Charles Hursthouse junr wrote to the *New Zealand Journal*²⁸ criticising the representation of every living creature as magnified to nearly twice its natural proportion. Consequently '... the ferocity of aspect and Brobdignagian proportions of the natives' had discouraged some lady visitors to the Panorama who were considering emigrating to either New Zealand or the United States. Brees in his reply²⁹ denied that the figures were out of proportion. On his first visit Mr Hursthouse had applauded the scene 'more than usual.' 'I entertain a high opinion of New Zealand, and have sacrificed more for the colony in my time and money than perhaps any man, but . . . there is nothing gained by deceiving. Tell the truth, what New Zealand is, and what it is not. New Zealand need not fear exposure.'

A stronger and more lengthy editorial criticism appeared in the *Journal* a fortnight later³⁰ criticising its restricted nature and the fact that it was really a series of quite separate scenes and not a true panorama.

It, by implication, supported Hursthouse's views: 'The figures of the men . . . are incorrectly drawn and feebly executed. Indeed, almost all the foreground is deficient in care and finish.' However, topographically the scenes were commended. The review concluded with a wish that Brees would in time produce similar panoramas of Nelson, New Plymouth, Otago, etc, which from the advertisements in the *Key* . . . a year later he appears to have done. However from a footnote in that work it seems that he gave offence to the promoters of Canterbury and Otago. ' . . . if I have described anything erroneously, why not confront, instead of endeavouring to injure me by setting people against my panorama, merely because it originated from Mr Brees . . . ' He repeated the story that Edward Jerningham Wakefield on seeing the panorama on his return from New Zealand 'was so moved, that he burst into tears upon seeing Wellington'.³¹ One feels that this incident must relate to the sight of the panorama in the *Pictorial Illustrations* . . . which appeared when he was in England.

Brees in the *Key* . . . advertised his Engineering and Architectural Agency Office on the Strand in which he had a department 'expressly devoted to the Colonies' he 'procures Land for intending Colonists, and secures them Passages in sea-worthy Vessels and Outfits'.³² At the moment, from this last known year of active New Zealand interest until his death at sea fourteen years later, he is virtually beyond our knowledge. While on passage in the *La Hogue* from Sydney to London in 1865 with his wife and family he died on 9 May. The death certificate quite simply gave his occupation as architect, the profession in which he had commenced over 35 years before.

A.G.B.

NOTES

- ¹ The Library is indebted to Mr and Mrs E. C. White of Matahiwi, Masterton, for giving the Library the opportunity some years ago of purchasing this copy.
- ² As in numerous other research activities, I am grateful to Miss J. S. Hornabrook, National Archives for locating and in the present instance transcribing from the microfilm copy and other papers some of the New Zealand Company references.
- ³ Testimonials with New Zealand Company papers and in *A Key to the Colonies*, pp 82-7.
- ⁴ New Zealand Company micro ms CO 208/186 reel 1443; minute for 9 September 1841.
- ⁵ Agreement in New Zealand Company papers.
- ⁶ The vessel arrived on the 9th. *New Zealand Gazette* and *Wellington Spectator*, 12 February 1842.
- ⁷ Brees to Principal Agent, New Zealand Company papers 16 February 1843.
- ⁸ *Ibid*, 1 August 1843.
- ⁹ Revans to H. S. Chapman, 3 June 1842. Chapman letter in Alexander Turnbull Library.
- ¹⁰ Edward Jollie, *Reminiscences*, 1872. Alexander Turnbull Library Manuscript.

- ¹¹ Principal Agent to Sec. New Zealand Company, 1 May 1845; New Zealand Company despatch no 21/45; 45/865.
- ¹² Barker was a leading English showman of panoramas.
- ¹³ *New Zealand Spectator and Cooks Strait Guardian*, 3 May 1845.
- ¹⁴ H. S. Chapman to H. Chapman, 2 May 1845; 4 February 1846.
- ¹⁵ *New Zealand Spectator and Cooks Strait Guardian*, 1 March – 19 April 1845.
- ¹⁶ *Ibid.*, 10 May 1845.
- ¹⁷ Diary of F. Bradey, Alexander Turnbull Library MS Typescript, p 60.
- ¹⁸ *A key to the Colonies*, pp 87–9.
- ¹⁹ New Zealand Company papers. Minutes of Committee of Management, 4 December 1845 (p 166).
- ²⁰ Brees to Sec. New Zealand Company; papers 45/976.
- ²¹ New Zealand Company. Minutes Court of Directors, p 279.
- ²² *Ibid.*, 31/4, p 401.
- ²³ *Ibid.*
- ²⁴ *Illustrated London News*, 16 January 1847.
- ²⁵ *Guide and description of the Panorama . . .*, p [13].
- ²⁶ *A key to the Colonies*, pp 75–81 from *The Times*, 26 December 1849.
- ²⁷ *New Zealand Journal*, 26 December 1849 (p [301]).
- ²⁸ *Ibid.*, 4 May 1850 (p 107).
- ²⁹ *Ibid.*, 18 May 1850 (p 118).
- ³⁰ *Ibid.*, 1 June 1850 (p [125]).
- ³¹ *A key to the Colonies*, p 56.
- ³² *Ibid.*, Inside front cover.

NOTES

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- ³ Testimonies with New Zealand Company papers and in *A Key to the Colonies*, pp 82–7.
- ⁴ New Zealand Company microfilm CO 208/180 reel 144; minute for 9 September 1841.
- ⁵ Agreement in New Zealand Company papers.
- ⁶ The vessel arrived on the ship *New Zealand*, Captain and Harbour Master.
- ⁷ Brees to Principal Agent, New Zealand Company papers 16 February 1841.
- ⁸ *Ibid.*, 1 August 1841.
- ⁹ Reply to H. S. Chapman, 3 June 1842. Chapman later in Alexander Turnbull Library.
- ¹⁰ Edward Jollie, Reminiscences, 1872. Alexander Turnbull Library Manuscript.

Although Brees is among the best known names of earlier New Zealand artists, it must be conceded that his reputation rests largely upon Melville's engravings of his watercolours and the fact that the published volume is available in relatively large numbers. Brees was also fortunate in having been in New Zealand at the particular period he was and in the lasting historical interest of many of his subjects. The original watercolours have not, in general, been widely exhibited, and have been almost ignored by the critics.¹ Because his paintings as such are not well known, being very different from the engravings, and because he did not sign them, it is possible that many still exist, unknown, in private hands in this country or in England. Some fifty or so which were used in the *Pictorial Illustrations* . . . have not yet been located, although it may be that some of these lie in the Sir George Grey collection in the British Museum, unidentified.

Brees appears in Graves² as a Birmingham artist, exhibiting landscapes between 1832-7, seven being at the Royal Academy, eleven at the Society of British Artists exhibitions, and one at the New Water-colour Society, afterwards the Royal Institute. A number of the watercolours in the Turnbull collection are quite charming, although they are not very positive in character. Others suffer from some flatness in treatment. In many, the artist's attempts to emphasize highlights by use of a varnished effect, detract from the appearance of the painting. Unlike most of his contemporary surveyors, Brees unfortunately did not produce crisply detailed views. His landscapes are over careful in their painting, yet remain rather indistinct. Close inspection reveals that the figures, whether human or animal, are crudely primitive. Yet Brees was a reasonable colourist and his watercolours are pleasant to view.

The most important Brees original in New Zealand is probably that in the Hocken Library, *A 'tangi' at Kopekeheinga, Wairarapa. E Koro, the chief of Kaikokerri, meeting some of the Huangaroa natives*. Another of great interest, and one of his best artistically, is the painting of Barrett's Hotel, owned by Mr Bruce Anderson, who also has a second original. The Barrett's picture was reproduced on the dust-jacket of the Library's *Journal of Ensign Best*. An Auckland owner also has an original Brees, but others are not known. One of the most attractive of the Library's watercolours is *View of Petoni from the western shore of Port Nicholson*. As in much of his work, Brees here has the feeling of the New Zealand hills above the low-keyed cool reflections of the harbour. Again, a scene which is probably on the Porirua coast has much New Zealand appeal; an animated view as Maoris launch their canoes. A landscape, apparently in the Upper Hutt, is also very obviously a local scene and has a sunlit warmth in its pastoral tranquillity. Two refreshingly lively

paintings show, respectively, a little group of fishermen on the upper waters of the Hutt river, and a horseman herding cattle on the hills above Berhampore, looking across to Mt Victoria. Scenes in the Wellington area predominate but Brees ranges as far afield as Taranaki, the Bay of Islands and the Auckland Islands.

Of considerable interest and importance are two watercolour drawings of Maori carving, one showing a feather-box, the other a tomahawk handle. Detail is shown in very careful and exact draughtsmanship. Particularly useful, historically, are views of *The Courts of Justice* in Mulgrave Street, with the Thistle Inn; Ngauranga, where a settler is being ferried across the river on pickaback by a Maori; and the artist's own house in Hawkestone Street, just below the present convent school.

MELVILLE THE ENGRAVER

It is particularly unfortunate that, when Brees as an artist owes so much to Henry Melville who executed with unusual faithfulness and accuracy the very fine steel engravings for the *Pictorial Illustrations* . . . , we as yet know so little of Melville. That he was much superior to Brees as a draughtsman is self-evident. Yet as an artist he is not a known name and it would seem that his forte was book-illustration, though Graves records him as specialising in figures, exhibiting once at the Royal Academy and nineteen times at exhibitions of the Society of British Artists, between the years 1826-41. He may have been responsible for the figure work in two aquatints 'etched by J. Willis & H. Melville' and engraved by others, which appeared among the thirty-eight illustrating Captain Robert Melville Grindlay's *Scenery, Costumes and Architecture . . . of India* (2 vols), 1826-30.³ Melville also engraved the plates for Leichhardt's *Journal of an overland expedition in Australia* . . . 1847, and for Jukes's *Narrative of the surveying voyage of HMS Fly* . . . 1847. In the latter case the originals had been made by his son Harden Sydney, who was an adventurous and prolific artist. According to Graves, Harden S. Melville exhibited between 1837-79, having six pictures at the Royal Academy, ten at the British Institution, and seventeen at the Society of British Artists. He specialised in domestic scenes for exhibition. Harden S. Melville was one of the five main artists who painted the Brees Panorama in 1849. He provided illustrations for a number of books, and was the author of two which resulted from his sojourn in the Pacific as topographical draughtsman on the surveying voyages of HMS *Fly* and *Bramble* - *Sketches in Australia* . . . 1849, *The Adventures of a Griffin* . . . 1867. There are some New Zealand illustrations in the woodcuts by H. S. Melville to Greenwood's *Curiosities of Savage Life*, 1863.

A. A. St C. M. Murray-Oliver

¹ In 1952 the Library purchased 18 watercolours and two pencil drawings from a member of the family. Brees's great-niece Miss Esther Webb. Two other paintings were presented to the Library in 1946 by Mr Roland Hipkins and a further two were donated by Mrs F. Mintoft in 1950.

² Graves, A., *Dictionary of artists* . . . London, 1895.

³ Abbey, J. R., *Travel in aquatint and lithography, 1770-1860* . . . London, 1957.

(i) *Pictorial Illustrations of New Zealand*

A total of forty-seven copies of *Pictorial Illustrations of New Zealand* has been used for this survey. Seventeen copies have been inspected, and the details of thirty additional copies have been obtained in response to a questionnaire sent out by the Library. It should be emphasised that in the case of rebound or incomplete copies, deductions could be made on the basis of typographical evidence alone; and in the case of copies that had become disbound through excessive use, it was not possible to assume that the plates and text still occupied their original positions.

Pictorial Illustrations of New Zealand, by Samuel Charles Brees, was first published in London by John Williams and Co, in late August or early September 1847. From the *Illustrated London News* for 11 September we learn that the artist 'has just published a beautiful work, entitled "Pictorial Illustrations of New Zealand".' The book was re-issued in 1848 and 1849; the 1848 edition is not mentioned in Hocken's *Bibliography* . . . The contents of the first (1847) edition, common to all issues, are as follows:

- [1] Illustrated title page, which is [plate 1], with two engravings numbered 1 and 2, and 'London, 1847' at the bottom of the page.
- [2] Printed title page. At bottom of page: MDCCCXLVII.
- [3] Preface. p [3]-4.
- [4] Introduction. p [5]-6.
- [5] Pictorial Illustrations of New Zealand. p [1]-4. Head of p [1] illustrated with engraving of canoe prow. (Brief general description of the characteristics of New Zealand).
- [6] Letterpress - text describing the plates. p 5-36.
- [7] Twenty plates numbered 2-21. Number of steel engravings to each plate vary, but numbered throughout (including plate 1) from 1-64.
- [8] Double-page panorama plate with three panoramas.
- [9] Two folding maps in back, with insets.

Characteristics of the various issues

For convenience each issue has been given a code number, eg (1847a).

1847 edition, 'de luxe issue'. (1847a)

This issue is limited to 1847, and was probably an initial prestige publication. It is larger than subsequent issues, having an outer binding measurement of 51.5 cm (described by Hocken as 'Royal folio').

The plates have been printed on very thin paper, slightly smaller than the page size of the standard issue, mounted on the large page, which is of much heavier paper than the other issues. This was probably to provide a good printing surface for the plate, which would not 'take'

on the porous surface of the thicker paper. A deep plate-mark can be seen about 1 cm from the edges of the thinner paper.

- [1] Bindings: Green with oval design; or purple with a rectangular design.
- [2] Plates are placed after text.
- [3] Plates in some copies face the same way, in others two plates have been bound to face each other.
- [4] Two folding maps at back of book.
- [5] The caption to plate 6/16 has the typographical error 'Island of Maua'. This has been corrected to 'Mana' in subsequent issues.

1847 edition, 1st(?) (Standard) issue. (1847b)

This issue was probably published simultaneously with the de luxe issue. The outer binding measurement is 37.5 cm (described by Hocken as 'Royal quarto').

- [1] Bindings: Red, purple or green, all with a rectangular design.
- [2] Plates are generally placed after the text, but in one case they are before the text.
- [3] All plates usually face the same way.
- [4] There are generally two folding maps at the back of the book. Where there is only one, or none at all, they may have become detached later.
- [5] In two cases the panorama plate has been bound in before plate 2.

1847 edition, 2nd(?) issue. (1847c)

- [1] Binding: blue, with a floral decoration, yellow endpapers.
- [2] Plates are interleaved with the text.
- [3] All plates do not face the same way.

There are no maps at the back.

1847 edition, 2nd(?) (cheaper) issue. (1847d)

This issue is described by Hocken as 'wanting the letterpress and maps, and with table of contents merely'. The contents page lists the plates, and this issue also lacks a printed title page. The illustrated title page has 'London/1847' at the bottom.

- [1] No deduction can be made about the binding, as the only copies available had been rebound.
- [2] Plates all face the same way, but as the book has been rebound, this is not a firm conclusion.

1848 edition, 1st(?) issue. (1848a)

This is a large group with a variety of bindings, but they have many points in common. Therefore it did not seem advisable to subdivide the group on the grounds of binding alone. The constant distinguishing factor of this issue is that while it has MDCCCXLVIII at the bottom of the printed title page, it retains the 1847 illustrated title page. Most copies

have yellow endpapers, a characteristic that appears first in the 1847 edition, 2nd(?) issue.

- [1] Bindings: Blue or red, with floral design, brown or red with shield-like design.
- [2] Plates are usually interleaved with the text.
- [3] Plates usually face differing ways.
- [4] There are no maps in the back of the book.

1848 edition, 2nd(?) issue. (1848b)

In this issue, the illustrated title page is undated. 'London' only appears at the bottom of the page. Presumably another plate was being used by this time. The 1847 illustrated title page, however, reappears in some 1849 copies.

- [1] Bindings: Red, with floral design, brown with shield-like design.
- [2] Plates are placed after the text.
- [3] All plates face the same way.
- [4] Usually there are no maps at the back of the book.

1848 edition 2nd(?) (cheaper) issue. (1848c)

This has the same characteristics as the 1847 edition 2nd(?) (cheaper) issue except that '1847' has disappeared from the illustrated title page.

- [1] Binding: Red, with floral design.
- [2] Plates face the same way.

1849 edition (1849)

This edition has 'MDCCCXLIX' at the bottom of the printed title page.

- [1] Bindings: Red or blue, with floral design.
- [2] Plates are usually interleaved with the text.
- [3] Plates do not all face the same way.
- [4] No maps in the back; in a few cases these have been added later.

The relationship of engravings in Pictorial Illustrations of New Zealand to watercolours in the Alexander Turnbull Library

Thirty-two watercolours by S. C. Brees are held by the Alexander Turnbull Library. Of these thirteen bear some relationship to engravings in *Pictorial Illustrations of New Zealand*.

watercolour	engraving
[1] N'Houranga	Plate 2/5 : N'Houranga
[2] [Porerua Bay]	Plate 3/8 : Porerua Bay
[3] [Town of Kororareka, Bay of Islands]	Plate 8/25: Town of Kororareka . . .
[4] Mr Brees' cottage, Karori Road	Plate 9/28: Mr Brees' cottage, Karori . . .
[5] Porerua Harbour	Plate 10/29: Porerua Harbour
[6] Cooks straits, Pari Pari	Plate 10/31: Archway at Pari-Pari

- | watercolour | engraving |
|---|---|
| [7] View looking down Hawke-
stone Street, Wellington,
with Mr Brees' cottage | Plate 13/39: View looking
down . . . |
| [8] Petoni | Plate 14/41: Moorings Creek
Petoni . . . |
| [9] Palliser Bay & the sand bar
of the Wairarapa | Plate 15/44: Palliser Bay . . . |
| [10] [View of Port Nicholson] | Plate 15/45: View of Port
Nicholson from the
range of hills west
of the Ohiro Valley |
| [11] Courts of Justice | Plate 19/57: Courts of Justice,
Wellington |
| [12] Tinakori Road, Wellington | Plate 20/60: Tinakori Road . . . |
| [13] [Canoe Prow] | Head of p[1] titled 'Pictorial
Illustrations of New
Zealand' |

Other engravings

- [1] One watercolour, [View looking towards Wellington, from the Hutt Road . . .] although it has no counterpart in *Pictorial Illustrations of New Zealand*, is represented by an engraving by Smyth in the *Illustrated London News* for 16 January 1847. The engraving is titled: The Hutt Road at the Gorge.
- [2] The following engravings by Smyth from the *Illustrated London News* appear to be after engravings in *Pictorial Illustrations of New Zealand*. They are:
 - [a] Mr Brees' cottage, Karori Road, – Plate 9/28: Mr Brees' Wellington. In: *ILN* 16 Jan, 1847 cottage . . .
 - [b] Panorama of Port Nicholson . . . – Panorama plate [1] In: *ILN* 16 Jan. 1847 Panorama of Wellington
 - [c] Wellington – Te Aro flat. – Panorama plate [2] In: *ILN* 11 Sept. 1847 Te Aro flat . . .
- [3] One engraving in the *Illustrated London News* for 11 September 1847, has no counterpart in *Pictorial Illustrations of New Zealand*, nor does it correspond with any watercolour held by the Alexander Turnbull Library. It is titled: Banks of the River Hutt.
- [4] Plate XII of the *Illustrations to 'Adventure in New Zealand'* by E. J. Wakefield, London: 1845 is titled 'Porirua Harbour and Paramatta Whaling Station in Novr. 1843'. It corresponds to Plate 5/12 in *Pictorial Illustrations of New Zealand*, ie Porirua Bay. It is interesting to note that although these two engravings have obviously been taken from the same original, the version in *Illustrations to 'Adventure*

in *New Zealand*' was published two years before *Pictorial Illustrations of New Zealand*. Also in the volume is a three-part panorama after Brees, 'Plain of the Ruamahanga opening into Palliser Bay near Wellington . . .' A small part of this is reminiscent of, although differing from, scene 4 plate 10 in *Pictorial Illustrations* . . . 'The Great Wairarapa District and Lake'.

Hand-coloured editions of Pictorial Illustrations . . .

At the present time there are no more than half a dozen known copies of the *Pictorial Illustrations* which have been tinted by different artists and thus all vary in colouring. No record of any commercial issue in colour has so far been traced but the best examples in the opinion of experts are contemporary with the issues of *Pictorial Illustrations* . . .

- (ii) *Notes on the plates in Guide and Description of the Panorama of New Zealand* . . . [by] S. C. Brees . . . London [1849]

The *Guide* . . . was published in 1849 to coincide with the exhibition of S. C. Brees's Panorama of New Zealand which opened on 24 December 1849. It was available in three versions.

(a) In yellow paper wrapper and with one plate. This was not always the same plate. The copy held by the Alexander Turnbull Library has Plate 2/5: N'Houranga as a frontispiece, while the copy described in Hocken's *Bibliography* . . . , p 142, has Plate 13/39: View looking down Hawkestone Street, Wellington, with Mr Brees' cottage.

(b) With ten plates.

(c) In soft yellow linen cover, blind stamped, with 54 plates. This version of the *Guide* . . . contains fifty-four of the engravings published in *Pictorial Illustrations of New Zealand*. The thirteen additional illustrations have been omitted for the following reasons:

The illustrated title page with two engravings, the three engravings which appear on the panorama plate; plate 21/63: Messrs Clifford's & Vavasour's clearing . . . ; plate 14/42: Banks of the Hutt . . . ; plate 12/36: The great Wairarapa district . . . ; plate 8/25: Town of Kororarika . . . ; plate 6/17: Port Nicholson . . . ; plate 7/22: The Hutt Road . . . ; have all been omitted because they are too large for a page size of 22x15 cm.

It appears that the whole of plate 7 has been omitted, as the two smaller engravings on this plate; plate 7/20: Residence of his Honor Major Richmond . . . and plate 7/21: Residence of the Honble. Francis Molesworth . . . are also missing from the *Guide* . . .

The Library has also a set of twenty-two fine hand-coloured plates from the *Guide and Description* in separate unbound sheets with loose title-page.

Heather M. Curnow
A. A. St C. M. Murray-Oliver

UNPUBLISHED WATERCOLOURS BY S. C. BREES IN THE
ALEXANDER TURNBULL LIBRARY

- 1 Baron Alzdorf's on the Hutt, Wellington.
 - 2 [Mr Brees' cottage in Hawkestone Street, 1844]
 - 3 Upper Hutt
 - 4 [Hutt Valley? 1840s]
 - 5 [Carved feather box]
 - 6 [Carved axe handle]
 - 7 View of Petoni from [Western shore of Port Nicholson]
 - 8 [Porirua Harbour? 1840s]
 - 9 [Maori children beside canoe]
 - 10 Palliser Bay
 - 11 [Turakirae Head, Palliser Bay coast. 1840s]
 - 12 Mana, Pokarua
 - 13 Auckland Island
 - 14 [Looking towards Mt Victoria across the present site of Berhampore and Newtown from below Kingston. ca 1843]
- Probably not New Zealand
- 1 [Several ships off shore]
 - 2 [Group of natives and white men on beach]
 - 3 [Scene on a farm]
 - 4 [Group of people on path overlooking beach]

PICTORIAL WORKS AND TITLES WITH NEW ZEALAND CONTENT

Pictorial illustrations/of/New Zealand./ . . . 1847.

Hocken p 131-2 and text of part III of article for description of issues provisionally defined as 1847a-d, 1848a-c and 1849.

Guide and description/of the/Panorama of New Zealand/ . . . [1849]

Hocken p 142 and description of three variants in part III of article.

The following guides to other panoramas have not been seen:

Guide to the Panorama of New Zealand, Brazils, and Australia.

Illustrated with one plate, 6d. [Advts. *A key to the Colonies*]

Guide to the Strand Panorama - Ceylon, Calcutta, and Wellington, New Zealand.

Illustrated with one plate, 6d. [Ibid.]

A key to the Colonies;/or,/Advice to the million/upon/emigration;/for the use of/all classes:/containing/illustrations of the right kind of persons to/emigrate, and how they should/set about it,/with/anecdotes of the class that ought to stop/at home./[rule]/London:/393, Strand./[rule]/Printed by J. Carrall, 275, Strand./1851.

1 p.l., 89 [17] p. 14.2x9.4cm.

NOTE ON MANUSCRIPT ACCESSIONS

Significant manuscript accessions since the last *Note* a year ago fall into two main groups: donations and purchases on the one hand, and material lent to the Library for photocopying on the other. The following selection is divided under those headings. We regret that it is not possible to record the many smaller items we have acquired in this period.

Donations and Purchases

ALLINGHAM William, 1824-1889

Manuscript notebook, 1854. 93 pages. 19cm. Purchase.

Extracts from the poems of William Blake. (See *Turnbull Library Record* Vol 1, (n.s.) No 3, March 1968).

ANDERSON John G.

Diary kept on the *Vivid* during voyage to Melbourne 1853. iv. Donation: Miss M. Digges Smith.

ANDERSON Robert Shortried, 1833-1874

Autobiography, 1851-1859. 2v. Donation: Miss M. Digges Smith. (See pp 4-18)

BROWNE Sir Thomas Gore, 1807-1887

Letterbook, 1855-1861. ca. 500 pages. Purchase.

Private correspondence (chiefly outwards letters) from his period as Governor of New Zealand.

[Transferred to National Archives]

CORNFORD Frances Crofts Darwin, 1886-1960

Papers, 1923-1959. 28 items. Donation: Miss Irene Wilson.

Letters from Frances Cornford, English poet, to Miss Irene Wilson.

The COROMANDEL Observer

Manuscript weekly newspaper, 1867. Vol. 1, 2-7. 56 pages. illus. 27cm. Purchase.

Describes and comments on local events and situations.

FOX Sir William, 1812-1893

Record of an attempt to aid the New Zealanders in their efforts to organize themselves socially or politically. 1861. 114 pages 34cm.

Donation: Dr G. C. Petersen.

GRANT John, b 1741

Reminiscences of a childhood in Scotland and experiences in British North America and West Indies during the Seven Years War. ca. 100 pages. Donation: Mr F. W. G. Johnson.

MANSFIELD Katherine, 1888-1923

Scrapbook, 1923-1968. 158 pages 45cm. Donation: Mrs V. Bell.

Material relating to Katherine Mansfield and her work, collected by her sister Mrs Vera Bell.

MANSFIELD Katherine, 1888–1923

Letters, 1908–1922. 4 items. Donation: Mrs Jeanne Renshaw. Four letters from Katherine Mansfield.

NEW ZEALAND LABOUR PARTY

Papers, 1922–1945. Donation: New Zealand Labour Party.

Papers and documents arising out of the activities of the New Zealand Labour Party, 1922–1945.

SCHRODER John Henry Erle, 1895–

Papers, 1927–1968. 10 ins. Purchase.

Includes letters from Ursula Bethell, Robin Hyde, and D'Arcy Cresswell.

SMITH John Sidney, 1803–1880

Account book, 1864–1909. 306 l. 33 cm. Donation: Mr Frank Smith. Accounts of 'Old Smith' whose store on the corner of Molesworth and Hill Streets was patronised by such as Sir Julius Vogel, Bishop Hadfield, Walter Mantell, Alfred Domett, Sir Edward Stafford, Sir Francis Dillon Bell. Itemised records of purchases.

TATE Robert Ward, 1864–1933

Papers, 1919–1932. 4 ft. Donation: Mrs J. W. Tate.

Material concerned with Colonel Tate's period as Administrator of Western Samoa, 1919–1923.

THATCHER Frederick, 1814–1890

Papers, 1840–1966. 5 ins. Donation: Mrs Margaret Alington.

Papers assembled by Mrs Alington while doing research on the Reverend F. Thatcher and his buildings.

TUHI and TITORE

Correspondence from and concerning Tuhi and Titore, the two Ngapuhi Maoris who were taken to England in 1818. 18 pages 33 cm. Donation: Dr G. C. Petersen.

TYE William, b 1816

Diary, 1838–1848. 68 pages 18 cm. Donation: Mrs Kominik.

Shipping, gardening, personal affairs, small land and livestock transactions in Auckland.

WAKEFIELD Edward Jerningham, 1820–1879

Diary, 1845–1846. 88 pages 25 cm. Purchase.

Jerningham Wakefield's diary kept in London, May 1845 – September 1846, after his return from New Zealand.

WAWN William

Amongst the Pacific islands. 158 pages. illus. 32 cm. Purchase.

Description of life and customs in various Pacific islands, with many pen drawings, 1870-1874.

Material lent to the Library for photocopying

FAIRHEAD William John Paul, 1841-1922

Diary of a voyage from London to New Zealand, 1874-5. Lent by Mr A. D. Fairhead.

FELL Charles, 1844-1918

Letters, 1868-1883. 6ins. Lent by Mrs I. Mildon.

Letters from Fell to family in England chiefly on Nelson and Marlborough, land investments, legal practice and Nelson commentary.

INGLIS St Clair

Diary and sketch books (ca. 1852). Lent by Mr R. Inglis.

MANSFIELD Katherine, 1888-1923

Two letters, 1920, 1922. Lent by Mr P. A. Lawlor.

MANSFIELD Katherine, 1888-1923

One letter, two postcards, 1903-6. Lent by Mrs A. McIntosh.

MILL John Stuart, 1806-1873

Letters to H. S. Chapman, 1845-70. Lent by Mr W. Rosenberg.

STUDHOLME John

Papers dealing with the leasing and running of Owhaoko station, Upper Rangitikei, ca. 1880-1900. Lent by Mr and Mrs Derek Studholme.

WOHLERS Johann Friedrich Heinrich, 1811-1885

Register books, 1850-1885. 6v. Originals in custody of Reverend N. F. Sanson.

Registers of marriages, deaths, baptisms, and the local European population, kept by J. F. H. Wohlers, missionary on the island of Ruapuke in Foveaux Straits.

M.S.

It was on my fifteenth birthday that I first met the name of Ernest Currie, for my brother gave me a copy of *New Zealand verse collected by W. F. Alexander and A. E. Currie*. The volume (I have it still, with its fraternal inscription) gave me an awareness of the country I lived in beyond any other experience I had known. David McKee Wright, Will Lawson, Blanche Baughan, Thomas Bracken, Pember Reeves, became more than names, and I remember marvelling (with no inkling of the bibliographer's art) how these two compilers could have found out about all these poets and their poems. I couldn't guess that the one young compiler was a mere twenty-two years, or that he would one day be a good friend, still less could I foresee that some of these writers themselves would also be friends – Alan Mulgan, Arnold Wall, James Cowan, Johannes Andersen, the last even more: colleague, guide and friend.

It was not till the mid-1930s that I met Ernest Currie. He was a frequent user of the Library, and as a devoted bookman he came across useful information that we found worth noting somewhere. Sometimes it would be a problem, more usually a bibliographical one. His lawyer's mind showed itself in a fastidiousness about precise thinking and expression; he had a whimsical, sardonic, even tortuous sense of humour, an intolerance of careless work, especially in recording, and above all, a profound knowledge of literature, printing and the 'lore' of books. He did not hesitate to criticise, usefully, upon occasion, and he was generous in his appreciation of any service he was given. I regard as one of my best testimonials, his remark upon my spot identification of an illustration from a lost book: 'You're a bloody marvel'.

So when in 1939 I thought to launch an organization of 'Friends of the Turnbull Library', I went to three people: P. A. Lawlor, J. M. A. Ilott (now Sir John), and A. E. Currie. I couldn't have found better people: all were enthusiastic, as was the inaugural meeting that followed. Ilott became the first President, Lawlor the Secretary and Currie the committee-man charged with the erection of a constitution, and the legal processes of incorporation as a society. Both the latter became subsequent presidents and have remained good friends over the years. As everyone knows, even in death, Currie remembered the Turnbull Library.

He was President of the 'Friends' from 1952 to 1955, and it was commonly his way to take the initiative in meetings at the Library. I remember one that taxed me considerably when he varied the conventional talk or lecture by staging an 'interview', wherein he posed a series of searching questions on the binding of books. Of necessity, his own knowledge of the surprising range of the subject became manifest

in the questions, most readily answered by examples from the Turnbull's own shelves.

His book on Verlaine as well as his anthologies attest his literary scholarship; his several legal volumes, his learning in that field; yet knowing his pleasure in and knowledge of anecdote and personalities of the law, I'd hoped that in his retirement he would have turned to some such writing. But his later years were devoted more and more to his garden, his books and his wife, the companion of nearly sixty years. The daughter of the dynamic G. W. Russell was doubtless fit mate for this man of precise intellect, learning, wit and humour.

C.R.H.T.

Note by Editor

In strongly endorsing Mr Taylor's examples of A.E.C.'s support for the Library we may be permitted to explain Mr Taylor's reference to his remembering it 'even in death'. The bereavement notice asked friends to make a donation to the Alexander Turnbull Library Endowment Trust instead of paying the usual floral tributes. Over sixty dollars were so donated as the result of this characteristically original and fitting request. We are particularly glad to note also the receipt from the Trustees, Lt-Col. A. R. Currie and Mr D. R. Currie, on the recommendation of his literary executor, Mr Stuart Perry, a most interesting and significant collection of A. E. Currie's private papers.

COMMENTARY

Library jubilee

A. H. Turnbull was born on 14 September 1868 and his centenary therefore occurred on 14 September last, three days after these notes are being written. He died on 28 June 1918 and the Library was formally opened by the Hon. G. J. Anderson, Minister of Internal Affairs, exactly two years later on 28 June 1920. The Trustees Special Committee for the Library at its first meeting in March 1967 decided that having regard to the requirements of an appropriate publication programme the centenary should be celebrated in conjunction with the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the Library, at a date appropriately close to 28 June 1970. The Endowment Trust on the recommendation of the Committee has commissioned Dr E. H. McCormick to prepare a biographical memoir on the life and collecting interests of Turnbull. Dr McCormick with some research assistance by the staff, is making good progress with his task. It is hoped that as a continuing programme of publication from this anniversary, catalogues will be issued of the special materials in the Library, such as the manuscript collection, the art collection and the rare books printed in Great Britain and other European countries. A preliminary listing of the manuscript collection should be available early next year as part II of the *Union Catalogue of Manuscripts* but the full catalogue will give a more detailed analysis of the contents of the major groups. From the March 1969 issue of the *Record* a series of articles will feature special aspects of the Library and in mid-1970 a jubilee issue of the *Record* in addition to other appropriate material will outline the history of the Library from 1918 until the present time.

Field-Hodgkins Exhibition

On 20 June the Honourable H. G. R. Mason, a Trustee of the National Library, opened the Field-Hodgkins exhibition of sketches and paintings. The exhibition was mounted to mark the generous donation to the Library by the family of the late W. H. Field of their extensive collection of paintings, sketchbooks and correspondence which had been on deposit for some fifteen years. The collection is representative chiefly of the work of W. M. Hodgkins, the Otago solicitor and painter, and his two daughters, the well-known artist Frances Hodgkins and her sister Isabel, the wife of the Wellington solicitor and Member of Parliament, William Hughes Field. The collection was used extensively by Dr McCormick in his studies of Frances Hodgkins, *The expatriate* and *Frances Hodgkins in New Zealand*, and it was Dr McCormick who encouraged the family to deposit the material in the Library.

Mr Mason in opening the exhibition stressed the appropriateness of

the gift, both in itself and as yet another precedent for similar future donations to the Library. In speaking also of the desirability of gifts to the Endowment Trust he touched on the question of providing incentives for these by tax concessions and expressed the hope that the National Library building which would provide a fitting home for donations such as the Field-Hodgkins collection would not be too long delayed.

Friends of the Turnbull Library

Canon Nigel Williams presided over about sixty members at the Annual General Meeting held in the Library on 1 August 1968.

The Annual Report and Balance Sheet as presented were adopted. The election of officers (listed on the cover) completed the formal business of the meeting.

Professor Joan Stevens gave a fascinating lecture on her discovery of the 1845-6 London journal of Edward Jerningham Wakefield, and its contents. She dealt in some detail with Thackeray's association with Wakefield during this period and the linking family connections between them and with others mentioned in the diary.

Standardisation of Catalogue

In an age of increasingly diversified library materials from gramophone records to microfilms the reliance of both readers and staff on the catalogue has not diminished. It is the artery of communication between books, research workers and all sections of the library. While to the discerning the information it gives or even leads to may be limited, it is the essential guide to location. The Library from its earliest years has used until recently two sizes of card in its catalogue: The standard 7.5 x 12.5 cm, and the larger 10 x 15 cm, the latter in the Pacific and New Zealand catalogue. It has long been apparent that there would be clear-cut economic advantages in using the standard size card, but the magnitude of the task in cutting down the older cards to conform has deferred action. However on 18 September 1967 a start was made with editing and card cutting and the whole operation was completed a year later on 3 September 1968. The work has involved Miss Irvine and her staff in the considerable burden of editorial checking and revision of a large number of entries, and casual workers in the unexciting routines of guillotining approximately a quarter of a million cards in 250 drawers. Apart from a considerable saving of space in the new cabinets in which most of the cards are now housed, preparation procedures in the cataloguing process have been simplified.

THE FRIENDS OF THE TURNBULL LIBRARY

The Society known as the Friends of the Turnbull Library was established in 1939. The objects of the Society are to promote interest in the Alexander Turnbull Library, to assist in the extension of its collections, and to be a means of interchange of information relating to English literature, to the history, literature, and art of New Zealand and the Pacific, and to all matters of interest to book-lovers. The Society carries out its objects chiefly by means of periodic meetings and the production of publications, of which the *Turnbull Library Record* is the main one. Correspondence and enquiries regarding membership should be addressed to the Secretary, The Friends of the Turnbull Library, Alexander Turnbull Library, Box 8016, Wellington.

OFFICERS

President: Canon N. Williams

Immediate Past President: Mr Denis Glover

Secretary: Miss M. Walton *Treasurer:* Mrs S. Beeby

COMMITTEE

Professor D. F. McKenzie, Mr J. Berry, Mr C. R. H. Taylor

Mr A. S. Helm, Mr J. Traue, Mr B. Jones

Record Editor: Mr A. G. Bagnall, *Chief Librarian*

SELECTED PUBLICATIONS FROM THE ALEXANDER TURNBULL LIBRARY

Published for the Library by the Government Printer:

MCCORMICK, E. H. — *Tasman and New Zealand: a bibliographical study*. (Bulletin number 14) 1959. 72p, plates 75c.

MARKHAM, Edward — *New Zealand or Recollections of It*, edited with an introduction by E. H. McCormick. (Monograph series, number 1) 1963. 114p illus. (some plates in colour) \$3.00.

BEST, A. D. W. — *The Journal of Ensign Best, 1837-1843*, edited with an introduction and notes by Nancy M. Taylor, (Monograph series, number 2) 1966. 465p plates (col. frontis.) \$3.50.

Published by the Alexander Turnbull Library Endowment Trust Board:

The FOX PRINTS 1965

issued in 1966 in an edition of 2,500 numbered copies of each of three reproductions in colour from watercolours by Sir William Fox, sometime Premier of New Zealand. This is the third in the Library's annual series of sets of prints. Two scenes are in the Lake Rotoiti and the Matakaitaki areas of Nelson in 1846: the third is of Otaraia Pa on the Ruamahanga River in the Wairarapa, in 1847. The coloured surface of each print measures approximately 9 x 12 inches. The reproductions sell at \$2 each, singly or in sets, with a descriptive leaflet.

FOX, Sir William — *A Portofolio of Six Views*,

taken from the original watercolours, three being in the Turnbull collections, three in the Wilkie Loan Collection of Fox watercolours; with an accompanying brochure by Dr E. H. McCormick. The views cover Kaiteriteri, 1846; Lake Rotoroa, 1846; the Tiraumea river, 1846; Tuakau, Lower Waikato, 1864; Hokitika, 1872; and Pohaturua rock, Taupo, 1874. The portfolio measures approximately $14\frac{1}{2} \times 18\frac{1}{2}$ inches, overall. The edition is of 2,000 copies. The prints are not sold singly. The price is \$10.00 a set.

The BARRAUD PRINTS 1967:

in an edition of 2,500 numbered copies of each of three reproductions in colour from watercolours by C. D. Barraud. The views are of *Wellington (from Brooklyn) 1861*; *On Lake Papaitonga, Horowhenua, ca. 1863*; and *The Barracks, Bluff Hill, Napier, ca. 1864*. The sets are now available in a folder with a page of notes. Sold singly or in sets, the prints cost \$2.00 each.

Published by the Friends of the Turnbull Library:

Captain James Cook's chart of New Zealand (1769-70), reproduced from the original in the British Museum by courtesy of the Trustees. Approximately 14 x 14 inches. Price 20c.