THE TURNBULL LIBRARY RECORD

WELLINGTON NEW ZEALAND
THE FRIENDS OF THE TURNBULL LIBRARY
MAY 1974
VOLUME 7 (n.s.) NUMBER 1

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CONTENTS

ILLUSTRATIONS

THE UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD

Part VI

TWO MAATA FRAGMENTS

In 1957, when the Mansfield manuscripts from the Murry estate were auctioned at Sotheby's in London, the Alexander Turnbull Library succeeded in purchasing the main bulk of them. One item we missed, however, was a 48 page manuscript called *Maata*. This was apparently the written portion of the novel which Katherine Mansfield embarked on in the winter of 1913. When the papers bought by the Turnbull arrived and were examined they were found to include two pieces about 'Maata' whose relationship to the 48 pages sold elsewhere was unknown. Attempts were made to trace the manuscript—and have been made at intervals ever since. The trail led to a dealer in Chicago who communicated with the private owner. Our offer to exchange photocopies was declined, but recently the owner, communicating through the dealer, agreed to indicate the relationship of our manuscripts with his own if we would send an outline of the content of ours. This was done, some five months ago, but has drawn no reply. Our own two pieces seem substantial enough to warrant inclusion in this series and are here presented.

The Mystery of Maata by P. A. Lawlor (Beltane Book Bureau, Wellington, 1946) gives an account of Mr Lawlor's own meeting with a woman who claimed to be Katherine Mansfield's friend Maata, but there is still some doubt as to whether she was genuine. It will be seen that the story—as much of it as we have here—is ostensibly set in London, but it harks back in feeling, and sometimes in detail, to Wellington. Thus Wrigglesworth *was* a well-known photographer in Wellington who died in 1906 leaving a 'very young-looking' widow. And the two musical brothers are clearly based on the Trowell twins: the description of Maata's feelings about one of them must be fairly straight Mansfield autobiography.

As in earlier pieces in this series there are a few words I have been unable to read. A study of the missing manuscript might someday elucidate them.

Margaret Scott

EPISODE

A. *The Child in Love*

She arrived at the house at half past six. T. sat at the piano striking vague empty chords with the soft pedal down and watching with narrowed brilliant eyes like a malicious elf. She pushed open the iron gate that jarred on the loose pebbles as it swung back. The house was in darkness, but standing on the doorstep she heard the faint voice of T.'s violin. Sadder than her heart the sound, and like her heart speaking so faintly from behind closed doors in a darkened house. She paused on the step her hand touching the doorbell. Even then it was not too late to run away—yes it *was* too late. He might not love her, might not have need of her, but she loved him—she had terrible need of him, he understood. By his presence and quiet gestures, by that almost tragic dignity that wrapped his youth in its folds, by that mysterious vibration in his quiet voice, by his childish laughter and his quaint delight and wonder in the simplest things, by his hair and hands, his very clothes—oh God, by everything about him, every atom, every particle. What on earth was she doing? She looked up at the dark house shivering. How long had she been standing there. What was the use of this absurd litany? Had anybody seen her. Had she spoken aloud? She rang the bell sharply. Oh believe me he does not care for you, you are nothing to him, now or ever. Grant your sorrow worthy in accepting it with dignity. Be brave—courage! So the poor child, standing pale and cold in the gathering dusk, all the youth drained out of her face.

Jenny opened the door smiling and [?], and at the same moment Maisie danced into the hall, her wild curls flying about her, and flung herself into Maata's arms. 'You're late, you're late, you bad wicked child. You said you'd be here at five and I'm angry and offended with you, you darling.' Maata felt half suffocated by the strain of the child's little eager body, her smothering kisses, her fumbling hands, and yet it comforted her. . . . It was something real and human and safe.

'I couldn't get here any earlier' she said. 'Oh Maisie how wonderful your hair is dear. You've been washing it.' The child flushed with joy, urged at a little blue ribbon and shook her curls into wilder confusion. 'I washed it this afternoon and it's not dry yet. I'm finishing it by the kitchen fire—come downstairs, mummy's there, she's making an applepie for dinner, and I'm going to prick your name in the pastry with a fork. Can't take your arm going down the stairs, it is too narrow. I'll go first though—it's one of my *flying* days. I can jump for steps at a time in the dark even.' 'Oh be careful' said Maata. The child's happy laughter answered her.

In the bright hot kitchen Mrs Close, an apron tied over her black

dress shook the rolling pin at Maata. 'No' she said, 'you shan't kiss me. Don't come near me, you bad girl. You've broken your promise—you said you'd come early. Get away, go and play with Maisie in the dining room. We won't speak to you will we Jenny.' But Maata gave a dive forward—caught her round the waist and hugged her. 'Oh you blessed angel, I'm glad to be here. I've been such a cross grumpy miserable pig all day.' Maata sat on the doorstep, 'and put my towel over my head and cried before coming in this evening. Be nice to me, give me a little bit of the apple before it's cooked.' She looked round the room, a bright colour grew in her cheeks. I *love* this kitchen. I'm all cured.

And she believed it. The tide had turned with a swing that threw her up breathless. She looked at the big black stove, shedding so bright a light from behind the open bars—at all the homely cooking things on the table, at the blue dinnerset on the dresser, at Jenny, peeling potatoes, with a penny book of fortune-telling propped against the water bowl, at everything, so real and simple and human.

'Perhaps you've caught a little chill on the liver' suggested Mrs Close, dusting the squat lump of dough with the flourcaster and kneading it smoothly, with her quick lithe hands. 'A nice hot dinner will put you right, won't it Maisie. Now Jenny my girl hurry up with the spuds, and hide your book before Miss Maata gets hold of it or we won't have a word more out of her. . . . What have you been doing all day dearie. . . . Maisie—take a peep at the joint. Use the ovencloth child.'

'I'—Maata sat on the table edge and nibbled her quarter of apple. I have done nothing at all she reflected except go deeper and deeper. Aloud: 'Oh working out a story, dabbling and worrying my foggy little brain. . . . Is Father in?' 'No, he and Hal have gone for a walk—they won't be back till seven. I made the boy take the old man out for an airing—they were both getting so snappy, but he did not want to go because you were coming.' 'Bless his heart. How many miracles has he performed since yesterday.' 'He finished his quintet, this morning' cried Maisie. 'And you know who he's dedicated it to—you and Philip!' 'Not really, Maisie!'

At his name, spoken so carelessly, her heart quivered in her breast. 'True as death'. Pip said it was an en-ig-matical honour. What does that mean mummy?' 'Don't know dear—ask Maata. Maata, you mustn't sit about in your coat. Go upstairs and take your things off in my bedroom—there is a peep of gas and a clean brush on the dressing table.'

'I'll go with you and turn it up' said Maisie. Half way up the stairs Mrs Close called to the child. 'Come back here, Maisie. You haven't time. You must set the table, there's a good girl. You'll have Maata all the evening.' 'Oh mother—' 'Do as you're told darling' whispered Maata, only half wondering why she did not plead for the child. 'Well, well don't be long. I've got such lots to tell you.'

At the corner of the staircase the plaster figure of Penelope holding the red gas globe in her hand. The face seemed to be smiling at Maata, seemed to guess her secret, to know quite well why she wished to run upstairs alone. And in the bedroom with the flickering gaslight on wall and ceiling Maata smiled too—the blind smile of the plaster figure—she saw the resemblance in the glass. Why not? She would surprise him just for the moment, would say 'good evening' and run down to the others. Louder now the voice of the violin from the room above and miles away the warm bright kitchen, the staircase a dark journey separating her from the others leading him up to her. Even in that moment alone her sorrow returned, she saw herself playing a game with Maisie and the mother, she knew that under her laughter, give it one moment's being, her heart still cried and was lonely. Lightly, on tiptoe she crept up the stairs, she stood a moment outside his door, she heard him pacing slowly up and down as he played, she turned the handle of the door, slipped in, stood her back against it. Philip started, she heard his quick breath, then he nodded and went on playing a moment—never looking at her. The wailing music filled the room. There was no light except a pale gleaming from the window space, and his long shadow on the ceiling, like a cross. She could see the outlines of the pictures on the dark walls, some flowers in a glass on the mantelpiece. With the frightened eyes of a little captive child, with the eager eyes of a lover, she strained to see more of the room. The violin case lying open on the white bed was like a little coffin. On the table by the window she saw his books heaped. She was leaning against his coat that hung on the doorpeg. All these vague things seemed clearer than his figure—he was just the shadow of herself, pacing up and down, the shadow she had lost or never found that cried her sorrow. Suddenly he took his violin from his chin, wrapped it in a silk handkerchief, laid it in the case, slipped the bow through the loops, locked it up and stood the case in a corner. He came over to her, running his hands through his hair as though to free his thoughts and stood before her smiling. Still she did not speak or move. He fingered her coat, and his smile deepened. 'I thought you were a real ghost-girl' he said. 'Come over to the window and sit down.' 'Pip have I disturbed you?' 'No—I've finished. Have you been here long.'

She sat down, leaned her elbows on the table and cupped her chin in her hands. He took a pillow from the narrow bed, propped it behind him, and sat down, knees crossed, one hand on the table beating a finger exercise. They were quiet again. She looked out at the dark street and the tree branches that grew along the wall of the house opposite and seemed to grow outwards instead of upwards as though they strained to hold one another in the dark. She heard the ticking of his watch in his waistcoat pocket and at that she looked up at him and laughed. 'What a very loud watch.' 'Only just now' he said gravely. 'There's a sort of secret

conspiracy between it and the heart it beats over. What have you been doing all day?' She turned slightly away from him. She meant to speak quite lightly, to prevaricate. But the truth trembled against the gates of her lips, forced its way through. 'I—have been unhappy.' 'So have I' he spoke very simply. 'I knew you had been.' The words came from her in a breathless broken voice. 'You know sometimes I feel I'm possessed by a sort of Fate—you know—by an impending disaster that spreads its wings over my heart, or maybe only the shadow of its wings—but it is so black and terrible . . . I can't describe it. Sometimes I think it is [?], forboding, telling me that what I am facing—the future—is—' she shrugged her shoulders—'just *darkness.*'

His hand on the table lay still. He clenched it. She saw the thin pale hand and to that she spoke as though it had her in its grip and found from her. . . . 'It seems so ridiculous, so childish to say with the countless thousands—I am misunderstood—and that is . . . my youth I suppose. There the fact is. I feel like a prisoner condemned to penal servitude, without the option of—anything more sudden. I do not know who has condemned me, tried me, and so I, to all intents and purposes, walk abroad with people who love me and are good to me—*miserable* myself. Whenever I remember that I am quite quite apart from them, the real me I mean, Pip—there aren't any words. I can't explain myself.' He got up, leaned against the window frame and looked down at her. 'Don't trouble' he said. 'I can tell you—in your words in my own expression—"a lonely prisoner"—that is what I am, that is what you are.' She nodded 'but' she said, comforted, inexpressibly comforted by him, 'don't think I always feel this way. I think that when I am happy I am more happy than anybody. The rareness of my depression does not make it any the less terrible though.' 'I know, I know Maata.'

In the pause that followed she felt that their speech had sunk into a deep unknown gulf that had been separating her from him—that the confused words had filled up the gulf. The door burst open. Hal came in, flicking his table napkin in his hand. 'Dinner bell's rung three times. Jenny has called you. Mother is in a wax. Meat's cold. What are you two birds doing? Out with it, Pip, you sly dog.' 'Oh I must fly down' said Maata 'No—no.' Hal spread out his arms to catch her. 'Not until I know what you two have been up to.' 'Don't be absurd Hal. Let me go. Pip, your hair's wild even in this light—they'll be so angry.' 'Not so fast, my sweet sister.' 'Don't be a fool Hal' said Philip, laughing. 'We've been looking at the trees on the house wall opposite—that's all.' 'What!' laughed Hal. 'The ones that Maata said yesterday were holding each other's hands in the dark. Shame on you. Go down to your betters miss.' 'Oh you baby' she scorned, running down the stairs. Hal went up and nudged Pip in the ribs. 'Lucky fellow' he said and shouted after them all the way to the dining room 'I *knew* it, I *knew* it.'

B.

Maata knelt by the dining room fire helping Maisie roast chestnuts. They had a packet of the little hard nuts beside them and a hatpin to prick them with, an old Daily Mirror leaf to hold the charred peelings. In the rosy glow of the fire the two children, leaning against each other laughed and whispered, very absorbed, very intent. By the table sat Mrs Close darning whole new feet into a pair of Hal's socks. Her skirt was turned back over her lap, her little, slippered feet curled round the chair legs. Now and again she leant forward and opened her mouth for Maisie to pop in a 'beautifully soft one', but she was, for the most part, pale and tired. With a drawing board propped against the table, sheets of manuscript surrounding, the big untidy inkstand, some pink blotting paper, the old man busied himself copying out Hal's latest score. Sometimes he whistled, sometimes he heaved great windy sighs, scratched his head with the pen end, rapped the rhythm of the score on the table. The room was warm and all pleasantly scented with the roasting nuts. The window curtains in the flickering light looked heavier and quite profound their ugly red colour—as though they wished for a little space to hold these four together. . . . Now and again, in the hush, they heard Hal's piano. He was busy with something—a theme that had seized him at dinner and made him refuse pudding but carry an apple with him to the drawingroom. Very strange it sounded. He played it over and over in different keys, varying the tempo, suddenly and wonderfully enriching the accompaniment. And sometimes it sounded uneasy and terrified—cried that it was being tortured in his hands—did not want to yield him its secret, and sometimes it sounded as though it were in love with itself and could not give him enough of its treasure.

'Mum' said Maisie suddenly 'where's our Philip.' 'Don't know, dearie—ask Maata', Mrs Close doubling a strand of wool and laboriously threading the needle. 'Do you know where he is—he'd love some of these chestnuts. Oh—do you remember how he used to love chestnuts when he was a little thing Mum, and roast them in the bonfire in the backyard, and dirty his handkerchiefs with them?'

'That I do. Do you know Maata I'll never forget one day finding the boys after they'd been having a bonfire washing their handkerchiefs and their little white 'duckies' at the garden tap on the front lawn—for everybody to see. . . . You know I didn't keep a girl then—did all the washing myself, and I had to give them whatfor if they dirtied their clothes. I couldn't bear ironing, and children make enough work. There were little Maisie's pinafores then too. But to see these kids with a bit of soap and some pumice stone they'd found on the esplanade, scrubbing their hankies and hanging them to dry on a flax bush—I thought I'd have died laughing.'

'Oh the darlings. I can see them,' laughed Maata. 'So serious, you know.' She shook her skirts, crept over to Mrs Close, and sat leaning against her, her bright hair between the older woman's knees. 'Tell me about when they were little' she coaxed. 'Anything.' 'Oh do mother. About the time they had their photo taken and Philip lost the hairpin out of his [?] curl and cried so awfully' Maisie pleaded, standing a row of four fat soldiers in the second fire bar.

Mrs Close put her darning on the table, settled herself and rested her hands on Maata's hair. The tired dragged look left her face, it sweetened and grew happy. 'Well that's all there is of that story' she said 'except that being twins and feeling everything together, you know, Hal started crying too and they made such a dreadful noise that people stopped in the street and looked in at the shop. Oh, I did feel ashamed. And the photographer—a fine fellow he was with a game leg—unfortunately said 'Well, Mrs Close, at any rate your children know how to attract the public' and I wouldn't have thought twice about the remark if I hadn't taken them to a phrenologist the week before who told me crowds and crowds of people all listening to them. . . .' 'Just what they will do, of course' interrupted Maisie. 'And my boys being very famous. Well, thought I, as I tied the string of Hal's white muslin hat—the one you had afterwards, Maisie, with the lace frill—they've begun early enough, and a little too early for me.'

'Do you mean old Wrigglesworth the photographer' asked Mr Close, not pausing in his work, speaking slowly and half to the rhythm of his work. 'He went—bust, he did—the same year and set fire to his own shop to get the insurance money, so they say. Had a fine bass voice and sang 'Vittoria' in the Town Hall at a charity concert.' 'That's the man—his wife was a flashy woman, she ruined him. I never saw another woman wear the clothes she put on her back on Sundays.'

A voice from the door—Phil had slipped quietly in and stood against the lintel, hands in his pockets, looking at them with laughter. 'Oh I remember her, mother—Hal and I used to shout at her. Compliments of the season. Where did you get that hat!' 'Pure little wretches', said the Mother. 'Come to the fire and warm your hands, dear—where have you been?" 'Up in my room' said Phil. 'Maisie—give me one. I came down to steal Maata. It's such a beautiful night. Don't you want to go for a walk, dearest?" 'No', said Mrs Close, answering for her. 'She's not to be disturbed, she's just got comfy. You go and talk to your brother, my son.' She was eager with recollection, she had her little audience about her, sympathizing—she did not want them to get up and leave her with the old man and that sock to be darned by gaslight. She was tired with a dragging tiredness of middle age, and the feeling of Maata pressed up so closely seemed to relieve some pain—no definite pain, just

a sensation! But Philip was restless and not to be denied. He went over to the window, parted the curtain and blind and looked out. Maata from her comfortable place, watching him, saw his head lift to the stars —and understood. 'Fine night darling?' she asked softly. 'Wonderful. There are clouds you know, hurrying, and stars above them shining in pools of still light. I think there is a warm wind blowing—the leaves are shaking on the bushes out here. It's the sort of night for Primrose Hill, just because of the name—you know that sort of night?' He turned round from the window. Speaking almost indifferently: 'Well, if you don't want to—I'll go by myself. I must get some air. . . .' Maata was longing to go—knew she was going—but just how to leave Mrs Close *happy* worried her.

'Mother I suppose it's my duty to go out with this bad boy!' she said, in her baby voice. And Mrs Close knew the spell was over, the battle lost, drew away her knees and took up the torn sock. 'Well go if you want to' she said. 'Don't stay here talking about it and interrupt your father.' 'Me too, me too', from Maisie. 'No' replied the mother firmly—she still had the whiphand here. 'You go off to bed my girl, and don't sit any longer scorching your face and getting indigestion with all that rubbish. *Off* you go'. Maisie made a face and shrugged her shoulders.

In the hall Maata unhooked Hal's greatcoat and pulled it on. It was immense for her—the astrakhan collar half way up her head. From a pocket she took out a torn pair of gloves, two empty cigarette boxes and some cherry stones. She left them in a pile on the hall chair. 'Oh, the child', she breathed. But Phil did not answer. He took her arm, half dragged her down the steps through the little gate and on to the forsaken half lighted road. Then he walked slowly. She said, lightly 'We're in mother's bad books you know, my darling.' His hand tightened on her arm. He turned his grave intense gaze to her. 'Oh, I can't help it' he said, with a sort of desperation in his voice. 'I *wanted* you—tonight, terribly—just you to myself. I've been in my room ever since dinner, without a light, sitting on the side of the bed. I took out my fiddle and went to play, but couldn't—just thought. And—do you know that sensation, beloved—the darkness seemed to close about me, utterly engulfing me. I couldn't get away from it, or fight it, or move even a finger—it was like being drowned in a dream. But unlike a dream were my Thoughts. They were like most sure arrows, winged with my heart from the dead past and laying open the old wounds, poisoning the present. I felt—' his voice sank to a whisper '—too ugly for words. And something outside myself and even the essence of me, seemed to point and sneer, saying yes look, there you are. You're nothing but a dummy figure set up as a target for these most sure arrows. It's your own fault,

you provided the weapons yourself, and now you're surprised they should be used against you, you silliest fool. And whatever you try to do you are helpless. Everything you hold will pass at last, be turned and twisted into one of these arrows and winged against you. For that is the Law of your life. You are one of those for whom . . .'

Maata, listening, now raised her head to the sky where aimed the winging arrows—the little bright stars shone fantastically like arrows, thousands of arrows, under which they walked like lost children, close together and yet not safe. The fear enclosed her heart, the wind blew about them both. She heard their footsteps on the paving stones. They quickened their pace, pressing forward. She wanted terribly to run away with him to some secret place and hide him as a brooding bird, so that if one of them had to be struck it must be her. Intolerable, the thought that Philip was sad. She began to pray to nobody and nothing as they half ran up the hill. 'If one of us has to fear anything, let that one be me. Not that I'm stronger or anything like that, but it's easier for me. I would rather have it. It doesn't hurt me—anything passes off me like water off a duck's back. My nature's different. I don't need so much—but he needs everything. Oh, give him everything. Oh, make and keep him happy—he flowers in happiness—he can only work when he is happy. His greatness is not the kind that needs grief. Help! Help!'

They turned into a street of irregular large houses with gardens full of autumn flowers. She saw michaelmas daisies pressing through a white fence and there was a great bush of chrysanthemums growing by quite a country gate. Lights shone in these houses, the glow of fire and shaded lamps. From one came the voice of a woman singing. Maata stopped and whispered 'listen'. It was not because of the music she paused, but that house had a beautiful garden. She wanted Philip to see it. There was a round lawn like a green pool, and a very big tree of dark leaves curling and drooped over the grass. The voice of the woman might have floated to them out of the tree! It was a deep voice, secret and full. They waited until her song had ceased and then walked further. By and by he said 'we shall have just such a house one day'. 'Of course!' she replied, smiling wistfully. Then—'Philip, isn't Patience a dreadful thing. Well—I just *haven't* any—where you are concerned. And I don't want to have any. Everything must happen *now,* here. We ought, you know, to have walked through that gate and in at the front door, and found—' 'Maisie sitting on the stairs waiting for us.' He laughed. 'Oh, my blessed darling what a beast I am. I don't know how I dared to come into the diningroom, take you out like this, and talk all that *rubbish.* Heaven knows, it seemed true enough, but now—laughable. I'll explain it. I hadn't seen you for *at least two hours.* Now

do you wonder. I cried instinctively, like a baby—a very young baby who's been [?] too short a time with you to be left alone yet. But I promise and promise Maata, it won't happen again.' 'What do you suppose I was doing in the diningroom' she said. 'Making mother talk about you. I was worse than a crying baby. I was a starving one. And never make promises to me, Sweetheart. I refuse to take them. I have no need of such things.'

On Primrose Hill there were many lovers, wandering aimlessly through the tousled grass, or sitting on little benches, pressed against the trees. Curious the silence of these people. The children were silent too. It was like walking into the middle of a service, thought Maata, and felt ashamed, as though she and Philip had arrived a little too late and were disturbing the others. But the others did not appear disturbed—they were as indifferent as the trees. She and Philip found a little place against some railings and looked out over London. Mist floated over the streets and houses. The lights shone silver with fanlike wings—it was almost perfectly unreal. 'These people are ghosts. There is only you and me' whispered Philip. 'And that city—nothing but a mirage from which they have floated—flung up on the tide of it and plain for us to see just for one moment, and then drawn back again. . . . Don't you hear the mirage wave?' 'Oh yes, I hear it. I like it. What friendly ghosts, little brother.' 'They wouldn't be if they knew we were here. They'd come upon us, darkly powerful. Don't be afraid. That is only a ruse of mine to get your other hand as well. Do you suppose I dare to kiss you?' 'You have to, it's part of the service' she laughed.

On the way home she had a beautiful idea. They found a little grocer's shop still open and bought a bottle of stout for mother, some [?] for Hal and themselves. The light still burned in the dining room but Mr Close was not there. His work was put away. Hal lay full length on the green sofa. Mrs Close poked viciously at the little dusty fire. She raised her head as they came in and looked up—rather glumly. But Maata produced the stout bottle. Philip took some glasses from the table. It was impossible to resist the gaiety of the two children. Mrs Close and Hal who had been talking 'money worries' drew up to the table. 'What a colour you've got from the air' said Mrs Close, holding the glass to Philip. 'That's enough my boy, don't fill it too full. I only want a sip.' 'The *air*—I like that' said Hal drinking out of the bottle. 'Look at old Philip's hand shaking. You've been giving that hand too much exercise, my lad. Which side does she walk on? Don't pour any out for me—I'll have the bottle.' 'No you won't' cried Maata. 'Fair does my child. There are only two bottles of [?] between the three of us!' 'Oh mum aren't they *prigs*. Here have I been sitting at that cold cold piano playing for hours and hours—to them—and now

they won't even let me have a bottle of . Oh aren't they sneaks. Aren't they beasts. And they pretend to be in Love!' 'Oh let the infant play with it then' said Phil. 'We'll share a bottle and you can have a whole one. Don't swallow the marble unless you really *want* to Horse. Have some more stout mother and I'll promise you the best dream in the dream book tomorrow morning.' 'Well I don't mind. Just a drop. I hope your father's asleep. I feel so lively I could kick him out of bed. How a drop of stout in the evening perks me up—like nothing else. When you get to my age you'll need it Maata—though I must say you don't look as if you did just now. I always did have a fondness for stout—I remember the first nurse I had when the twins were born—started me off. And there is nothing like it when you're that way. Just wait till my first grandchild begins to come along!'

Hal adored his mother in this vein. He ran over to her with the bottle in his hand and began kissing her face and neck and hair. 'She's in her cups' he laughed. 'Now's the time for confidential intimacies, my friends. Give her her head. Philip—run out and get her 6d worth of gin.'

But Phil was taking off Maata's shoes, and whispering to her 'let's get her to bed, and I'll make up the fire. Come down again.' So Maata yawned and smiled across at Mrs Close. 'If you popped into bed now, mummy,' she said, 'you'd sleep like a top—while you're warm.' 'I'm going, I'm going.' The little woman got up, set down her glass and gave Hal a great hug. She pulled on his beard and murmured something. Hal winked at the others. 'Yes', he said, 'I suppose we'd better. They'll drive us away from our own fireside—but we'll go, won't we little mum—and come down in half an hour and look at them through the keyhole—' 'You little silly. Come and kiss me goodnight!' said Maata. 'What were you playing this evening.' 'Shan't say. Oh how nice your face feels—so cool. I wouldn't mind betting you my collection of apple cores that in half an hour. . . .' 'Mother take him away.'

Maata and Philip listened to the others going up the stairs, to Hal, pretending to be a baby and asking to have his hand held and saying he was frightened—could he be tucked up and where did the dark go in the daytime. And Mrs Close in answer, scolding and loving, and then laughing as Maisie laughed. Then the sound of the doors closing. Philip put out the gas and gathered the beloved Maata into his arms.

JOHN RUTHERFORD

Among recent acquisitions in the Turnbull art collection is a portrait, from a series of London 'street characters' painted about 1830 by George Scarf, of the one-time pakeha Maori, John Rutherford. It shows him carrying a bowl of nuts in one hand and a gambling board in the other.[1] His face is heavily tattooed in Maori fashion and tattooing of a symmetrical hatched design is shown on his left wrist and lower forearm. From its detail and precision we may assume the portrait to be a careful likeness.

In *The New Zealanders* by G. L. Craik (a work published anonymously in 1830 by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge) there is another portrait of Rutherford 'from an original drawing taken in 1828'.[2] It is reproduced here. Though in style and quality, and probably also as a likeness, it is much inferior to the oil painting, the tattooing on the face and forearm show the same designs. Each therefore confirms the accuracy of the other. As far as the body tattooing is concerned we have Craik's assurance that it too is accurately represented.[3]

The circumstances under which Rutherford acquired his tattooing and his subsequent adventures in New Zealand purport to be told in two somewhat divergent published accounts. They appear, in very brief outline, in an eight page leaflet (one edition dated 1829, the other undated)[4] and, at length, in Craik's work.[5] This latter account is in turn based on a manuscript which Craik says Rutherford (who was illiterate) dictated to a 'friend' during his return voyage to England, supplemented by additional information Craik gleaned during discussions with the seaman in January 1829, when the two of them went through the MS and Rutherford elaborated on aspects of it.[6]

One doubt must immediately arise in the mind of any reader of the pamphlet and of the passages from the MS actually quoted by Craik. Neither present Rutherford's story in the language of an illiterate seaman. Like an engraving done from a painting or a police statement of a suspect's interrogation they are obviously touched up by the author. Though Craik refers to some 'grammatical solecisms' in the MS,[7] none appear in the published version. However, in view of Craik's statement that they went through the document together we must assume that it conveys what Rutherford wished to say. Whether he likewise confirmed the accuracy of the pamphlet we have no means of knowing.

Craik describes Rutherford as 'a person of considerable quickness, and great powers of observation. . . . His manners were mild and courteous; . . . and he was evidently a man of very sober habits. . . . He greatly disliked being shown for money, . . .'.[8] Such a description would hardly seem appropriate to a man who had just won himself space in the *Sydney Gazette* and the *Australian* which on 5 December 1828 both published

the same small news item: 'A fellow named Rutherford, who was shipwrecked on the coast of New Zealand, and was tattooed and naturalized among the natives, is now in London, practising the trade of a pickpocket under the character of a New Zealand Chief.'

Perhaps Craik may be excused for presenting Rutherford in rather too favourable a light. The work on which he was then engaged is a study of the manners and customs of the New Zealanders in so far as these had, at that date, been described in published works, together with Craik's own reflections on various similarities and contrasts with other primitive peoples gleaned principally from classical writings. Apart from an account of Te Pehi's visit to England in 1826 given him by a Dr Traill who had befriended the chief in Liverpool,[9] Craik had access to no other source material. It is not surprising therefore that he should be excited and deeply impressed by the personal record of a seaman who had actually lived with a Maori tribe and could give a first-hand report on tribal life as seen from within—and still more by the opportunity to talk with the man himself. In consequence, Rutherford emerges as his chief exhibit and throughout the book Craik illustrates the accounts of explorers, travellers and missionaries by reference to Rutherford's comments. Rutherford's own story of his adventures is spread over several chapters and is frequently used as a peg on which Craik could hang his own reflections. Sometimes indeed it is unclear whether Craik's or Rutherford's opinion is being expressed. For the most part however the actual narrative is placed within quotation marks and is presumably printed more or less verbatim (allowing for some additional touching up of style) from the MS.

Without the accounts of Te Pehi in England and Rutherford in New Zealand Craik's book would today possess only antiquarian interest. It is not possible for us, however, to accept Rutherford's story, as Craik did (and James Drummond, whose *John Rutherford the White Chief* consists mainly of extracts from Craik), without making some effort to test its validity.

W. L. Williams long ago disposed of Rutherford's explanation of how he found himself in New Zealand and of his claim to have lived from 1816 to 1826 on the east coast.[10] There are in any case discrepancies between the version told in the pamphlet and the MS used by Craik. One must therefore suppose that when Rutherford came to tell his story to the compiler of the pamphlet he had forgotten some of the details related earlier to the writer of the MS. Presumably also the pamphlet had not appeared, or Craik had not seen it, when he met Rutherford and so was not in a position to cross-examine the seaman on these discrepancies. Had he done so, doubts might have been aroused in his mind as to Rutherford's reliability. But he could not have put forward the case

against Rutherford which W. L. Williams was able to establish sixty years later.

Briefly stated, and ignoring discrepancies between the two versions, Rutherford claimed that in 1816 the American brig *Agnes* on which he was serving had been sacked by Maoris at a bay called 'Tokomardo' on the east coast, the captain and most of the crew killed and eaten, while the few survivors were forcibly tattooed. Thereafter Rutherford's shipmates vanish from the scene, he himself was married to the two daughters of a local chief with whom he took part in various tribal wars and expeditions, until the appearance of another American vessel in 1826 gave him the opportunity to escape. In 1890, however, W. L. Williams reported that he could find no Maori tradition of any such dramatic event as the sack of the *Agnes* on the coast, nor of the chiefs Rutherford names or the events he describes. Williams points out that though Rutherford claimed to have met Pomare at East Cape he appeared to be quite ignorant of other Ngapuhi invasions which brought devastation to the district. Rutherford's actual knowledge of the east coast, he remarked, appeared to be limited to one name only, Tokomaru. Obviously therefore his story must be treated as fictional. To this it may be added that among all the records available today no vessel of the name *Agnes* is reported to have been in New Zealand waters during the period concerned.

It is also apparent that Rutherford had only the haziest knowledge of New Zealand's geography. He places Taranaki on Cook Strait, thus discounting any possible reliance on his account of a remarkable journey to this imaginary destination.[11] The only geographical details indicated with reasonable accuracy are the relative positions of the river Thames, the Hauraki Gulf, the Hokianga, the Bay of Islands and the site of the battle of Te Ika-a-Ranganui, at which he claimed to have been present.[12] W. L. Williams presumes that the whole of Rutherford's account of his life in New Zealand was designed to conceal the actual truth: that he had deserted from a ship in the Bay of Islands and had spent his years there. Whether or not this assumption is correct Rutherford was certainly able to provide Craik with sidelights on Maori life—particularly the seamier aspects of it—and embedded among the fictional details of his life are references to actual people and events.

A difficulty in disentangling these facts from the fiction lies in the rendering of Maori names. That of his patron is given as Aimy and those of his two daughters, whom Aimy is said to have given him as wives, Eshou and Epecka. The name of another chief who appears several times is spelt Nainy while a third is written as Plama.[13] These may all be invented names, though Nainy could be a rendering of Nene. But of Rutherford's list of chiefs killed at Te Ika-a-Ranganui, on both sides, only Hongi's son, 'Charly' (Hare) is recognisable as a known casualty. Ewanna, Nainy, Ewarree, Tometooi, Ewarrehum and Erow do not correspond with any

names of the fallen recorded in the accounts collected by Percy Smith.[14] If Rutherford's 'Mootyi' could be taken for the rendering his amanuensis gave to Moetara (who is recorded as being among the Hokianga contingent at the battle), there is no independent testimony that, as Rutherford declared, his two sons were killed there. If 'Ewarrehum' is to be read as Te Whareumu, he certainly survived the day.

Despite his years of residence in New Zealand Rutherford may never have acquired a proper feeling for the language, nor may the ear of his amanuensis have been attuned to its sounds. But when it comes to the names of known persons, Maori as well as European, most are transcribed in easily recognisable form. Though Rutherford does not admit to having encountered any of them nearer home than at Te Ika-a-Ranganui (in the Whangarei district) it is notable that they all, with one possible exception, belonged to the Bay of Islands or the Hokianga. Moreover, the minor details regarding them are all confirmed from other sources, or are in keeping with known facts. Pomare, for instance, and the missionary Kendall are described as living close to one another, and an interesting piece of additional information is given about Pomare: he was in possession of a cabin trunk with Captain Brind's name, and his ship's, on it.[15] In view of Brind's predilection for chiefs' daughters it would not be surprising if the company of one had been paid for in this currency.

Rutherford clearly found himself poised on the horns of a dilemma. It is natural enough that he should wish to spice his fictional narrative with little titbits of fact. His problem was that the only facts he knew concerning people and events all belonged to the north and he could not admit to personal contact with them there. His attempts to get round this difficulty were ingenious, but flawed, and the flaws betray him. Claiming to meet Pomare at East Cape, he said he saw the cabin trunk there. But even if an illiterate seaman could have recognised 'Brind' and 'Asp' stencilled or engraved on it, the likelihood of Pomare having brought this trunk all the way to East Cape seems remote. Still less likely is that he told a disreputable pakeha Maori that a missionary of the name of Kendall lived in his district in the Bay of Islands. Yet this is what Rutherford would have us believe.

So too he professes that it was at Te Ika-a-Ranganui he met John Marmon who then divulged his life story: that he was born at Port Jackson, had escaped from the naval vessel *Tees* in the Hokianga (within fifty miles of the Bay of Islands, as Rutherford mentions) and had acquired the daughter of Raumati for his wife—all of which details were subsequently recorded in Marmon's reminiscences.[16] But when Rutherford reports that Marmon told him of the recent sack of a vessel at Whangaroa (it was the *Mercury*) he exceeds the bounds of credulity. The Hokianga party had passed through Kerikeri on its way to Te Ika-a-Ranganui on 9 February 1825.[17] The *Mercury* was not sacked until 6 March,[18] by which

time the expedition would be out of reach of such news. So, too, Rutherford had to profess not to be able to recognise Hongi at Te Ika-a-Ranganui and to ask for him to be pointed out. But he cannot resist giving a potted history of Hongi's trip to England, and in a passage which reads as if it may have been inserted by Craik in response to an inquiry, during their conversations, as to what he thought of Hongi, Rutherford altogether forgot that he was supposed to know nothing of local affairs in the Bay of Islands: 'I still consider him to be one of the most ferocious cannibals in his native country. He protects the missionaries who live on his ground entirely for the sake of what he can get from them.'[19] Rutherford's perspicacity betrays him.

The most intriguing of his avowed encounters with fellow countrymen is his account of meeting a young man, 'James Mowry', well tattooed, who said he had lived eight years in New Zealand and who now spoke Maori better than he did English. This meeting is supposed to have taken place at Taranaki on Cook Strait, where Rutherford watched anxiously for a ship by which he might escape the country.[20] In fact, the likelihood of a ship being seen at this period—about 1824—off either Cook Strait or the Taranaki coast is as remote as the chance that a pakeha Maori was living in either district. 'James Mowry' sounds very like James Maori or, more probably, Maori Jim—rendered in Maori as Hemi Maori, as Rutherford would have heard it. This in turn suggests that he could have been the 'Jim' who appears briefly in Marmon's reminiscences of his early days in the Hokianga, probably late in 1824. They were then, Marmon says, the only Europeans living there.[21]

Two other clues point also to Rutherford living in the neighbourhood of the Bay of Islands. Professing to reach Te Ika-a-Ranganui from the south he necessarily had to place his tribe among the Ngatiwhatua forces. But, as W. L. Williams points out, he gave victory to his own side, and Ngapuhi were undoubtedly the victors. The slip could easily enough be made if Rutherford had in fact been with one of the Ngapuhi contingents. In this case he could have been the runaway seaman mentioned in a detailed account of the expedition given to George Clarke by one of Hongi's followers, Pakira.[22]

Runaway seaman, shipwrecked mariner or escaped convict? The question is merely of academic interest except in so far as one seeks an explanation for his elaborate efforts to cover up his tracks. These suggest that he had something disreputable to hide, though the evidence of his having returned voluntarily to New South Wales both before and after the New Zealand episode implies that he had committed no offence punishable at law.

It is an odd aspect of Rutherford's narrative that only the accounts of his arrival in New Zealand and of his sojourn here appear to be entirely fictional. The leaflet provides merely an abbreviated report of his move-

ments between leaving England in 1815 and returning there some twelve years later. In the MS however, or at least in his conversations with Craik, additional details were supplied—details which can be checked against recorded shipping movements and other historical facts. One may discount his dramatic story of escaping from his tribe on the American brig *Avenger,* Captain Jackson, bound for California, and the ship itself does not appear among shipping records available here. But Rutherford gives satisfactory evidence of having reached Tahiti and of spending at least some months there in 1826. Whether, as he claims, he persuaded the missionary Pritchard to marry him to a Tahitian woman, and whether he acted as interpreter to 'Captain Peachy, of the Blossom sloop of war', is immaterial. Unless however he had been in Tahiti at this time he could hardly have known of George Pritchard's presence (he had arrived only in 1824)[23] nor of F. W. Beechey's voyage of exploration in the naval vessel *Blossom* which spent March and April 1826 at Tahiti.[24]

Rutherford says he left Tahiti in January 1827 for Port Jackson on the *Macquarie,* Captain Hunter. The vessel is in fact recorded as arriving at Port Jackson from Tahiti in November 1826, and though neither the name of the master nor the muster of the crew on this voyage have been located, John Hunter had captained the *Governor Macquarie* at least from 1821 till 1825.[25] Rutherford's story, allowing for a slight error of date, is therefore probable enough. Certainly he was in Sydney early in 1827: he could not otherwise have known of the return from New Zealand, in February that year, of Herd's abortive expedition to found a colony here.[26]

Some of the details in Rutherford's account of his subsequent return to England via Hobart and Rio, particularly of the interest taken in him by consular officials and of financial assistance from benevolent patrons, read like embellishments intended to impress Craik. The verifiable nugget of fact is that the naval vessel *Blanche,* on which he claimed to have sailed from Rio to Spithead, returned to England after three years' duty at South American stations in September 1827,[27] and Rutherford was undoubtedly back in England by the end of 1828.

Rutherford's account of how he spent the years before reaching New Zealand also includes some useful clues. Any attempt to check on the details of his life before 1815 would be unprofitable and irrelevant, but the particulars he gives of his voyage out from England that year seem to dispose of the possibility of his serving a convict sentence. The absence of his name from the list of convicts on the *Ocean* ('John Rutherford' could be an alias) is less conclusive evidence than his own statement that he sailed on the vessel—an unlikely admission if he had been a prisoner rather than a seaman. And though the figure he gives of the ship's tonnage is not exactly correct, nor his date of its departure, his knowledge that the voyage which ended at Port Jackson on 30 January 1816

John Rutherford; engraving from *The New Zealanders,* p 87

John Rutherford; portrait unsigned by George Scharf (ca. 1830)

had included a stop at Rio provides further confirmation that he was aboard.[28] On the other hand, while apparently accurate enough up to this point, Rutherford's own account of his movements thereafter disproves the claim that he arrived in New Zealand this same year.

Craik quotes Rutherford as mentioning a couple of trading voyages from Port Jackson into the South Seas, the second of which was made on the three masted schooner *Magnet,* Captain Vine, and as saying that he left this ship at Hawaii, to be taken on board the *Agnes* a fortnight later.[29] Even if the *Agnes* story had been true the date could not have been earlier than 1819. Cumpston lists the *Magnet,* answering Rutherford's description, under the command of G. Vine, as making several voyages between Port Jackson and China on one of which, departing from Port Jackson in September 1819, it sailed first for the South Seas.[30] This presumably was the voyage on which Rutherford joined it. On the assumption that having deserted from the *Magnet* at some port of call in the Pacific he was picked up by another vessel from which in turn he deserted at the Bay of Islands, he could hardly have landed there earlier than the beginning of 1820. This would allow him six years in New Zealand, not ten—but still ample time to achieve a reasonable command of the Maori language, to attain sufficient insight into the Maori way of life to excite Craik, and to acquire that facial tattooing.

So far as documentary evidence goes, unless some chance discovery unveils further details of his life, this is as much of Rutherford's unimportant and somewhat unsavoury career as we are likely to be able to hold against him. Speculation on two aspects of it seem nevertheless permissible, even to be called for. One is the reason for his tortuous and, we may now suppose, fruitless efforts to disguise the manner of his arrival in New Zealand and the district in which he lived, and the other is the origin of the tattooing on his body. The first can merely be a matter of guess-work; the answer to the second, on the basis of Rutherford's own story and its supporting evidence, was presumably Tahiti. But some other Polynesian source cannot, on the record of his movements, be ruled out. We can be fairly certain that he was not picked up at Hawaii by a vessel called *Agnes*—or certainly not brought to New Zealand in such a one. We have no independent evidence that he left the *Magnet* at Hawaii, nor that wherever he did in fact desert from it, he remained there merely a fortnight. Six months or a year, reducing his time in New Zealand by an equivalent period, could easily have been spent anywhere in the 'South Seas' at which a trading vessel, in search of sandalwood, sealskins, tortoiseshell or other items useful in the China trade, might call. The question thus poses itself: can that indelible evidence, his non-Maori but apparently Polynesian tattooing, be traced to a particular island or island group?

Fools rush in. . . . This researcher innocently supposed that a com-

parison with illustrations of various Polynesian tattoo patterns would give an answer as readily and surely as a mere glance at his facial tattooing confirms that it is of Maori origin. It quickly became apparent, however, that in contrast to the wealth of material on other Polynesian art forms, and to the many comparative studies of artifactual and linguistic variations among different island groups, no comprehensive study of Polynesian tattooing had been published and that the records of distinctive tattoo patterns in different areas were of uneven quality. And though descriptions of such patterns, often conflicting, abounded in the journals and reports of explorers, travellers and even missionaries, only in the case of Marquesan tattooing were illustrations to be found comparable in range and quality with the wealth of Maori examples available.[31]

Thanks at this point to the competent assistance of Mr Murray-Oliver one admirable unpublished document came to light: a thesis presented in 1965 for a master's degree at the University of Hawaii, of which the Turnbull Library held a microfilm copy.[32] This, as the author claimed, being the first study of Polynesian tattooing as a whole it might hopefully rescue a swimmer in uncharted water by now far out of his depth. The hope exceeded the realisation. The thesis offered insufficient firm evidence of the various Polynesian tattoo styles and patterns to identify Rutherford's; it did however provide enough to eliminate the majority. On various grounds it seemed extremely unlikely that he could have acquired his particular markings in Samoa, Tonga, the Cook Islands or any of the lesser islands or island groups. Hawaii, the Marquesas and Tahiti remained possibilities.

On the basis of an excellent bulletin published by the Bernice P. Bishop Museum Hawaii seemed improbable.[33] Though it gave evidence of many variations in style over the years and in different localities, two general features appeared to characterise Hawaiian tattooing, and neither the descriptions of large geometric patterns, often roughly executed, nor the illustrations of naturalistic representations of familiar objects (European introductions as well as indigenous flora and fauna) corresponded in the slightest degree with the designs on Rutherford's body. As between a Marquesan and a Tahitian origin the problem then intensified. Even, as investigation proceeded, a Maori origin for the whole of Rutherford's tattooing (to which he apparently laid claim) seemed not altogether out of the question. While the vast majority of illustrations of Maori tattooing conform to the normal spiral pattern on face, buttocks and thighs, exceptions have been noted. Two illustrations, one belonging to Cook's first visit[34] and the other to d'Urville's in 1840,[35] show facial tattooings of predominantly straight vertical lines, overlaid with only slight spiral designs, and as late as 1905 James Cowan sketched two South Island Maoris with parallel horizontal lines across the cheek.[36] Possibly Cowan went too far in speculating on the basis of his two cases that the spiral pattern had

superseded an earlier geometric style, though this might explain the other more striking deviations from the typical eighteenth and nineteenth century designs. More relevantly to this particular discussion, might one ask whether, in view of these recorded exceptional cases, Rutherford's might not be another?

On the evidence of reliable illustrations, however, Rutherford's bodily tattooing—and specifically those circular designs on his chest and the closely woven pattern on his forearm—correspond very nearly with some in Karl von den Steinen's great work on Marquesan tattooing.[37] Exact correspondence is not to be looked for. No two tattoo patterns, anywhere in Polynesia, seem ever to have been precisely identical. The general style and the use of particular features distinguish the tattooing of one island group from another. The specific application of this style and these features, and their arrangement on different parts of the body, distinguished one man from another. Individuals might be recognised as well by their distinctive tattoo patterns as by their facial and bodily features. But if details of Rutherford's tattooing match details to be found in the Marquesas, in one general respect his differs conspicuously. A remarkable feature of Marquesan tattooing was its density, often covering the whole body—like a coat of mail, as a note in Cook's journal put it.[38] Moreover, those flowing lines, stemming from the discreetly concealed base of Rutherford's belly, or from his thighs, do not match the usual Marquesan style. Thus, by a process of elimination, the inquiry was driven back to explore the most likely source of all: Tahiti.

At this point a word of apology is due. A devious approach to the obvious was not embarked on voluntarily. It became necessary only when a search of Tahitian material in the Turnbull Library disclosed that despite the vast output of books on this other Cythera, references to Tahitian tattooing were few and reliable illustrations even fewer. Those referred to by Sparks in his thesis are, as he rightly remarks, among the most confusing in the literature of Polynesian tattooing.[39] One painting, purporting to depict the cession of Matavai to the missionaries, does indeed include tattooing on the bodies of some Tahitians with circular designs highly reminiscent of Rutherford's. Sparks, properly, makes no mention of this picture: it was painted by a Royal Academician, and even its inclusion in an otherwise reputable book by the Rev. William Ellis can hardly be taken as authenticating its details.[40] Other illustrations, from Cook's first voyage, are no more conclusive. Many Tahitians, it seems, appeared to be wearing black pants and one of Banks's artists sketched this particular form of tattooing.[41] But whether Rutherford had been decorated in like manner we have no means of telling. The head of a Tahitian by Parkinson, on the other hand, with a tattooed collar not so unlike Rutherford's armlet, comes to us only in the form presented by an engraver who used the broadest of hatchings.[42] One would like to see

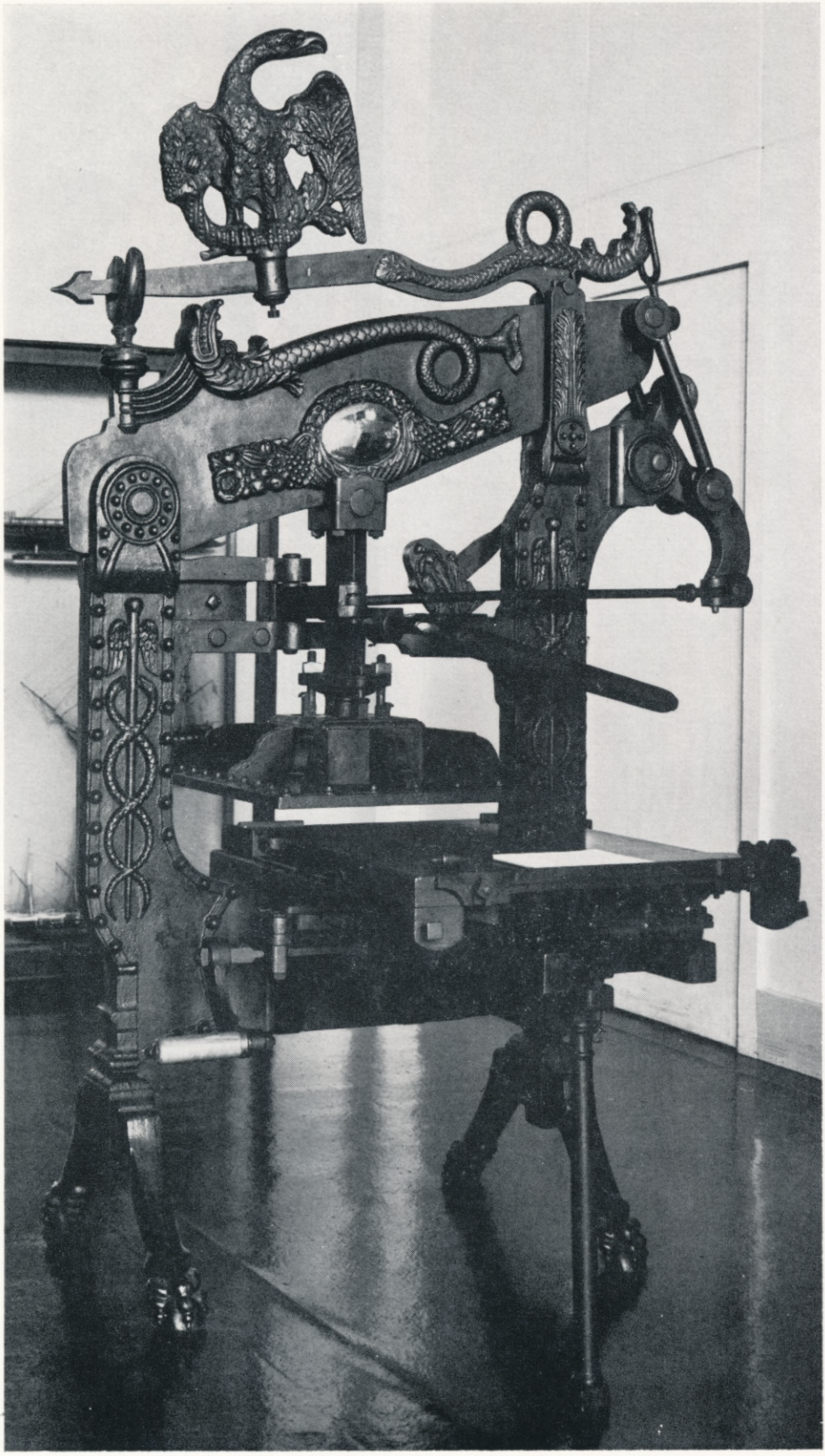
Parkinson's original drawing before placing reliance on this clue in isolation.

What seems to be much the fullest—and because it was written about the time of Rutherford's visit there, what ought to be the most relevant—account of Tahitian tattooing is provided by Ellis. Though he tried to suppress tattooing itself he did so, he says, because of the 'immoral practices' invariably associated with the process. Unlike his fellow missionaries in New Zealand he nevertheless permitted himself to admire those Polynesian examples of the tattooing art which he regarded as simple, tasteful and elegant. Tahitian, he considered, fulfilled these criteria. 'Though some of the figures are arbitrary, such as stars, lozenges, &c.; the patterns are usually taken from nature, and are often some of the most graceful. A cocoa-nut tree is a favourite object; and I have often admired the taste displayed in the marking of a chiefs' legs, when I have seen a cocoa-nut tree correctly and distinctly drawn, its root spreading at the heel, its elastic stalk pencilled as it were along the tendon, and its waving plume gracefully spread out on the broad part of the calf.'

Ellis also described tattooing on the feet which gave the appearance of an 'elegant Eastern sandal' and lines up the side of the legs which appeared like the seams of pantaloons. 'From the lower part of the back, a number of straight, waved, or zigzag lines, rise in the direction of the spine, and branch off regularly towards the shoulders. But, of the upper part of the body, the chest is the most tataued. Every variety of figure is to be seen here. Cocoa-nut and bread-fruit trees, with convolvolus wreaths hanging round them, boys gathering the fruit, men engaged in battle, in the manual exercise, triumphing over a fallen foe; or, as I have frequently seen it, they are represented as carrying a human sacrifice to the temple. Every kind of animal—goats, dogs, fowls, and fish—may at times be seen on this part of the body; muskets, swords, pistols, clubs, spears, and other weapons of war, are also stamped upon their arms or chest.

'They are not all crowded upon the same person, but each one makes a selection according to his fancy; and I have frequently thought the tatauing on a man's person might serve as an index to his disposition and his character.' And finally, while confessing that despite the chiefly edict against tattooing, young men still sometimes had it done, Ellis claimed that the commonest offenders at this time of writing (apparently about 1821) were foreign seamen 'who often evinced as great a desire to have some figure tataued on their arms or hands, as the natives themselves'.[43]

That side-swipe against his own countrymen apart, could any verbal picture—so typical of many romantic accounts of Tahiti and the Tahitians—present an image more different from Rutherford's actual patterns? Certainly Ellis mentioned 'stars, lozenges, &c.' and 'straight, waved or zigzag lines', both emphasised by Cook and Banks, who wrote of indented



Columbian Press No. 973 in National Museum

'Kororarika' Conrad Martens [1835]

arches 'drawn one over another as high as the short ribs'[44]—which might indeed be taken as descriptive of the designs on Rutherford's chest and belly. But without even a hint of those blackened buttocks or the coconut tree on legs and back, could one with any certainty ascribe a Tahitian origin to his tattooing?

Before at this point giving up any hope of identifying it there seemed to be only one last straw to clutch at. In the bibliography Sparks included with his thesis he listed an article on 'Tatu in the Society Islands' by H. Ling Roth, published in the *Royal Anthropological Institute Journal* of 1905. Prospects of its usefulness were slight. Though a diligent researcher Roth would have seen no Tahitian tattooing himself. Nor indeed did the article itself do more than report on already familiar source material. It also however included illustrations, and along with those from Cook's voyage, already mentioned, Roth presented the Craik portrait of Rutherford. But this, lacking any authority for its inclusion, merely begged the question. Then followed another page of illustrations, brilliantly exemplifying Roth's flair for locating unlikely clues. In the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons in London he had found preserved portions of tattooed skin taken from the body of a Tahitian who died in England in 1816.[45] At once the verbal descriptions offered by Cook, Banks and Ellis sprang to life. The patterns are by no means so precise, nor do they exactly correspond with the shapes and designs in Craik's engraving. But taken along with that other engraving of the Tahitian portrait by Parkinson all those separate elements—the hatching on Rutherford's arm, the arches on his belly and, most surprising but also most conspicuously, the elaborate circular designs on his chest—could at last find similarities in authentic Tahitian counterparts.

Rutherford's tattooing having been identified it remains only to speculate on the fictional aspects of his story. In part it was probably invented out of a desire for sensationalism: to have his ship sacked and most of the crew eaten would be more newsworthy than merely to confess that he had deserted from it; to claim forcible tattooing in New Zealand more dramatic than to admit that he had voluntarily undergone the operation in New Zealand and Tahiti. But mere desertion from a ship—common enough in the Bay of Islands even by 1820—hardly justifies the elaborate attempt to cover up his tracks. Some shocking offence while here which he expected to gain more notoriety than it actually did seems indicated. None would be more horrifying to his countrymen, no less to the disreputable among them than the respectable, than participation in a cannibal feast. The battle of Te Ika-a-Ranganui would have been his opportunity. His sense of shame afterwards, particularly if word got round the Bay of Islands that the runaway seaman who accompanied Hongi's forces had so degraded himself, could induce him to flee the country at the first opportunity, and afterwards to pretend

he had never been near the Bay—though he could not resist talking about the battle, probably the only one he had witnessed. He may then also have adopted, as an additional cover, the name by which he is known to us. This would explain one missing link in the chain of evidence by which some dozen years of his life have here been traced. The Mitchell Library holds musters of the crew on all the outward voyages of the *Magnet* between 1815 and 1821, but the name Rutherford is not among them.[46] We must then either believe that it was not his real one, adopted only when he left New Zealand, or else all the substantiated details in his story cease to offer proof of his direct involvement in them. Even, in this case, his account of Maori life and his report on people and events in the Bay of Islands might be considered suspect. If he knew only of the *Magnet,* the name of its master, and its voyage to the South Seas by hearsay, then, it could be supposed, he knew only of New Zealand and Tahiti in the same way—or could be so supposed but for the indelible evidence on face and body. Whatever else is fiction, the portrait proves that he lived among the Polynesian people of those islands.

Ormond Wilson

References

[1] For identification of artist's name, details of portrait and other incidental information see C. A. O. Fox *Bibliographical Notes on John Rutherford & Barnet Burns* published by *History & Bibliography,* Christchurch 1950. The Turnbull portrait was from the Fox collection

[2] Craik *op cit* p 87

[3] Ibid p 143

[4] See Fox *op cit* for details. ATL holds the undated edition and also a photocopy of a later pamphlet which is almost an exact reprint of the references to Rutherford in Craik's book, Craik's asides and all, though one section, more briefly summarised by Craik, appears to be printed in extenso from the Rutherford MS

[5] Craik pp 86-97, 114, 134-7, 155-9, 191-8, 214-6, 246-7, 251-6, 274-9

[6] Ibid p 278

[7] Ibid p 86

[8] Ibid p 278

[9] Ibid pp 317-36

[10] W. L. Williams 'The Story of John Rutherford', *Transactions of the New Zealand Institute* Vol 23 (1890) pp 458-61

[11] Craik pp 214-5

[12] Ibid pp 247, 251-6

[13] Ibid pp 155, 196-7

[14] Ibid p 255; S. Percy Smith *Maori Wars of the Nineteenth Century* (1910) pp 343-4

[15] Craik p 215

[16] Ibid pp 251-2; Marmon's reminiscences were printed in the *New Zealand Herald* at intervals between 9 October & 11 December 1880. (A totally different version, published in part in the *Auckland Star* and in full in the *Otago Witness* appears to be mainly fictional.)

[17] James Kemp Journal, 9 February 1825 (APL)

[18] James Stack Journal, 6 March 1825 (Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society microfilm in ATL)

[19] Craik pp 252-3
[20] Ibid pp 214-5
[21] *New Zealand Herald* 16 October 1880
[22] George Clarke Journal, 7 September 1825 (Hocken Library MS 60/92)
[23] F. Boase *Modern English Biography* Vol II Col 1649
[24] F. W. Beechey *Voyage to the Pacific & Beering's Strait* Vol I pp 267-312
[25] Cumpston *op cit* pp 126, 136, 150, 154, 157. *Australasian Almanack,* 1827 p 165
[26] *Australian* 14 February 1827
[27] O'Byrne's *Naval biography* p 755
[28] Craik pp 87-8; for Rutherford's information about the *Ocean* see the pamphlet p 2. (The statement there that he left the *Ocean* at Rio is incompatible with the fuller account of his travels reported by Craik.) Cumpston *op cit* records details of the *Ocean.* Neither Mitchell Library list of convicts on the voyage (AO 4/4005) nor its 'Indexes to Convict Indents 1801-1818' (AO COD 6) gives his name.
[29] Craik p 88
[30] Cumpston *op cit* pp 111, 117, 124, 127
[31] Two major works on Marquesan tattooing are: Karl von den Steinen *Die Marquesaner und Ihre Kunst* Vol I (Berlin 1925) & W. C. Handy *Tattooing in the Marquesas* (*Bernice P. Bishop Museum Bulletin* No. 1, 1922). Illustrations in the first are taken from paintings done in the early part of the nineteenth century and from von den Steinen's own photographs taken in 1897; in the latter they are based on photographs of men still alive in 1921. There is no substantial difference between any of them.)
[32] R. W. Sparks 'Polynesian Tattooing' (unpublished thesis in University of Hawaii, microfilm in ATL)
[33] K. P. Emory 'Hawaiian Tattooing' in *Bernice P. Bishop Museum Occasional Papers* Vol XVIII (1946), No 17, pp 241-6
[34] J. C. Beaglehole (Ed) *Endeavour Journal of Joseph Banks* Vol II Plate 7
[35] Dumont d'Urville *Voyage Pittoresque autour du Monde* (Paris 1839) facing p 379, (the artist is de Sainson)
[36] James Cowan *Maoris of New Zealand* pp 192-3
[37] See particularly von den Steinen *op cit* pp 67, 70, 90
[38] J. C. Beaglehole (Ed) *Journals of Captain James Cook* Vol II p 373 (note 1)
[39] Sparks *op cit* p 44
[40] William Ellis *Polynesian Researches* (1829) Vol I facing p 64 (the artist is Robert Smirke)
[41] Banks *Endeavour Journal* Vol I Plate 21
[42] Sydney Parkinson *Voyage to the South Seas* Plate VII
[43] Ellis *op cit* Vol II pp 464-6
[44] Cook *Journals* Vol I p 125; Banks *Endeavour Journal* Vol I pp 335-6
[45] *Royal Anthropological Institute Journal* Vol XXV (1905) pp 383-6 & Plates XXIII & XXIV
[46] Mitchell Library 'Ships & Vessels Muster Book December 1816-June 1821' (AO 4/4771)

A PRESS FROM PAIHIA IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM?

The National Museum was recently presented with an example of one of the most remarkable types of hand printing presses, a *Columbian*, made in 1841 by Clymer & Dixon, London, and bearing the makers' number 973. The date of manufacture would, whatever the history of this press, make it interesting as one of the oldest in New Zealand, but there is evidence to suggest that it was sent out initially by the Church Missionary Society to its printing house at Paihia and was later used for some years at St. John's College, Tamaki, and St. Stephen's, Parnell.

Columbian presses in general are surely some of the most bizarre machines ever produced. They were introduced in 1813 by their inventor, George Clymer (1754-1834) of Philadelphia, who exploited the decorative possibilities of cast iron to adorn his machine with a fantastic variety of ornate decoration, the crowning glory of which was a counterweight cast in the aggressively patriotic form of an American eagle. The object of the rather startling ornamentation was simply to ensure that the press, once seen was never forgotten by a potential buyer, and in fact, they became widely known as 'Eagles'.[1]

Apart from their remarkable appearance, 'Columbians' are significant in the development of hand printing presses as a link between the *Stanhope,* the first successful all-iron screw press, and later machines of the *Albion* type which received their power from the straightening of a knuckle, chill or toggle joint. The *Columbian* was not the first press to dispense with the screw, but it did represent the most successful use of compound levers to give more power to an impression.

The compound lever action perfected by Clymer gave his press a great advantage over screw presses in power, durability and evenness of impression. Clymer spent some years developing his system, and when manufacture of *Columbian* presses commenced in 1814, the improvements were greeted with enthusiasm by the trade in New York and Philadelphia. Although a number were sold, mostly in these two cities, the new press did not enjoy commercial success in America as a whole. They sold at $400 to $500, a prohibitive price when the much more portable wooden *Ramage* press cost about $130. 'Columbians' were simply far too heavy to be transported long distances overland, despite the wide recognition given to their efficiency.

However, Clymer had sufficient confidence in his invention to migrate to England in 1817, at the age of sixty-three. He arrived armed with testimonials from eighteen New York and Philadelphia printers, and in the knowledge that iron presses in the form of the *Stanhope,* were already in fairly wide use. Once in London, Clymer lost no time in publicising his invention throughout Europe, and in setting up a factory. In his

publicity, he stressed the advantages of the *Columbian* over the *Stanhope*. While the *Stanhope* was cheaper and rather faster in operation than the *Columbian,* the frames of early models were prone to break at the point of maximum strain, while it was soon proved that the *Columbian* could withstand the greatest strain that a pressman could exert. For these reasons, the majority of printers in Britain and Europe considered the *Columbian* to be the superior machine. In regular use, a *Columbian* was probably no slower to operate than a *Stanhope,* being capable of about 250 impressions per hour, more or less the standard for hand presses at that time. These two makes were the most widely used presses in Britain till about 1835, when an improved model of the *Albion* press, invented by Richard Cope in 1820, appeared on the market. For many years after the mid-1830s, 'Albions' and 'Columbians' enjoyed equal popularity among British printers, the *Albion* being cheaper, lighter in weight and with a simpler mechanism, but the *Columbian* being considered by many to require less exertion in operation.[2]

It is only to be expected that examples of these three presses figure prominently in the early history of printing in New Zealand. While the make of the first press in New Zealand, that used by the Rev. W. Yate for his amateurish experiments in 1830 is not known, it is well known that the press brought out by William Colenso to Paihia in 1834 was a *Stanhope*. This machine had been purchased by the Church Missionary Society, and is reported as of 'Super Royal' size.[3] There is unfortunately no evidence to suggest that this press was not broken for scrap.[4] However, on 23 February 1841, the missionaries of the northern district, meeting at Waimate, resolved to request the Central Committee of the C.M.S. to send out an additional press. The Committee obliged, and a new press arrived at Paihia in July 1842,[5] and this press, it is suggested, has survived and is now in the National Museum.

The Museum's press was donated by the proprietors of *The Chronicle,* Levin. It had been used by this newspaper since 1946 as a proof press, and since 1892 it had been at Otaki, where it was used successively by the *Horowhenua Times,* the *Otaki Times,* and the *Otaki Mail.*[6] On the reverse of the main cross-beam of the press were painted the letters R.C.H., the initials of Richard Coupland Harding, the well-known printer who was a friend of Colenso in his later years. In November, 1908, Harding wrote to a Mr W. McLean, of Hastings, who was starting a small magazine and wanted to obtain a demy *Albion* press. Harding offered to lease to McLean a 'double demy *Columbian*' made in 1841, which he said 'formerly belonged to the Church Mission'. This press was owned by Harding but leased to the Otaki newspaper, where it was used for proofs and posters, but the printer did not have enough room for it, and would return it to Harding whenever he wished. Harding intended that his press should ultimately go to the Colonial Museum. He believed,

erroneously, that Colenso had used a *Columbian* from 1834 to print the Maori New Testament and his other early work, and consequently both he and T. M. Hocken believed his 1841 press to be too late to be Colenso's.[7] However, the fact remains that in July 1842, the Paihia printing house received a new press, described in the inventory drawn up when Colenso handed over control of the press to John Telford, as a 'Columbia', of 'double Crown broadside' size.[8] In 1891, Colenso recalled having ordered and received a *Columbian,* and having used both it and his original *Stanhope,* but his use of the new press was restricted by a lack of skilled assistance. The *Columbian* had arrived at about the same time as did Bishop Selwyn who brought out a 'little press of his own'. Colenso wrote that this press was of 'scarcely folio press size', and did not think that there was ever much printed on it.[9] This little press was kept separate from those belonging to the C.M.S. and it has been suggested that in 1845 it was sent to the Rev. Puckey at Kaitaia and to have been burnt in a fire there.[10]

Colenso severed his connection with the Paihia printing house on 1 January 1843, and Telford who had arrived towards the end of 1842 remained in charge until August 1847, when the C.M.S. relinquished control of the press to the Bishop of New Zealand.

In 1845, the printing equipment had been moved from Paihia to 'Bishop's Auckland', and both presses were brought down.[11] The old *Stanhope* was merely stored, as it had been since 1843 and by 1847 had been disposed of, but the *Columbian* was used at St John's College, Tamaki, until 1856, and at St Stephen's, Parnell, until its sale at auction in 1875.[12]

Williams believed that the sale marked the end of the history of the old mission *Columbian.*[13] Fifteen years later, however, we have our first surviving record of Harding's possession of 'a *Columbian* dated 1841, formerly belonging to the Church Mission'.[14]

This is the press which was sent on loan to Otaki. Just where and when Harding acquired the press remains a mystery, as does his reason for believing it to be a mission press. Harding's correspondence with Colenso was voluminous, and it is strange that no reference to the history of the *Columbian* could be located. One assumes, though, that they must have talked about it at some time. No specific reference to the purchase of *Columbian* No 973 by the Church Missionary Society or of its shipment to Paihia could be found among material available in New Zealand, and the records of Clymer and Dixon in London appear to have been destroyed.[15] Some doubt as to whether the press acquired by Harding is in fact the old mission press may be raised over the discrepancies in the description given by early printers of the platen size of the *Columbian* at Paihia and Auckland. Telford's inventory refers to a 'Double Crown Broadside', E. J. von Dadelszen, who worked at St Stephen's in 1863,

mentions a 'Demy *Columbian*',[16] and Harding describes his press as a 'Double Demy'. The platen of the press actually measures 27¾" x 21", which is virtually old 'Super Royal' size (28" x 21"). However, James Moran has suggested that the vagueness with which most 19th Century printers described the sizes of their presses may well mean that all the measurements refer to the same platen.[17]

Apart from this, there seems no reason to suggest why the press which was used, albeit very briefly, by Colenso at Paihia, and subsequently by Telford to print, among other items, the first edition of Williams' *Dictionary of the Maori Language*[18] should not have survived, and have found a home in the National Museum.

M. K. Fitzgerald

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[3] John Telford, An Inventory of Printing and Binding Apparatus and Materials, . . . the property of the C.M.S., this day transferred to the charge of Mr John Telford, by Wm Colenso, 2 Jan 1843, Turnbull Library qMS 1840-52, Letters and Diaries, John Telford

[4] R. C. Harding to T. M. Hocken, Aug 15, 1900. Hocken Library, Dunedin, M, 1 451/B

[5] ATL, Micro MS Cn/M13, Reel 34, f40, W. Colenso to W. R. Davis, Paihia, Feb 24, 1841; (ATL qMS 1834-53, W. Colenso to Secretary, C.M.S. 26 July 1842)

[6] Personal communication, T. Kerslake, Levin, 6 June 1973

[7] ATL, MS 091, 1901-10, R. C. Harding to W. McLean 1 Dec 1908. Hocken Library, Dunedin, M, 1, 451/B. R. C. Harding to T. M. Hocken, 15 August 1900. T. M. Hocken, 'On the Beginnings of Literature in New Zealand', Pt 1, *Trans. N.Z. Institute,* v 33, (1900) p 490. R. C. Harding 'Relics of the First New Zealand Press', *Trans. N.Z. Institute,* v 32, (1899) p 404

[8] ATL, qMS 1840-52, Letters and Diaries, John Telford, An Inventory . . . 2 Jan 1843

[9] ATL, Micro MS 3, W. Colenso, Letters to R. C. Harding. 1891-98, Colenso to Harding 5 Jan 1891; (qMS 1834-53, W. Colenso, Letters, Colenso to Secretaries, C.M.S. 26 July 1842, para 6)

[10] H. W. Williams, *A Bibliography of Printed Maori to 1900,* Dominion Museum Monograph No 7, Wellington 1924, p ix, x

[11] ATL qMS 1840-52, Letters and Diaries, John Telford, Inventories 2 Jan 1843, 2 August 1847; Turnbull Library qMS, W. C. Cotton, Journal, v, ix, p 114, 17 Nov 1846; p 157, 22 July 1845

[12] ATL qMS W. C. Cotton to R. Burrows, 5 Nov 1844; H. W. Williams, *op cit* p ix

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[14] *Typo,* 10, 29 Mar 1890

[15] Personal communication, James Moran, London, 21 Aug 1973
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[17] Personal communication, James Moran, London, 21 Aug 1973
[18] W. Williams. *A Dictionary of the New Zealand Language,* Paihia, 1844

THE HOLLAND PAPERS IN CANBERRA TURNBULL COPIES OF MANUSCRIPT AND ANNOTATED PAMPHLETS

Few of the major figures in New Zealand political life during the 1920s and 1930s left personal papers behind. Henry Edmund Holland (1868-1933), the leader of the New Zealand Labour Party from 1919 until his death, was one of that small number; but his papers are housed not in New Zealand but in the Australian National University Archives in Canberra.[1] It thus stands to reason that the Holland Papers would be included in the Turnbull Library's programme, begun in 1969, of arranging for the copying of New Zealand source material in Australia.[2]

The Turnbull Library made the initial request in April 1972. It was asked that all the manuscript material be microfilmed together with a selection of Holland's superb pamphlet collection. A few pamphlets were specified, otherwise the criteria for inclusion depended upon whether the pamphlet had been heavily annotated by Holland. Little over six months later the project was completed and nine reels of microfilm sent to Wellington.

Unfortunately, the microfilm frames were not separately numbered but the arrangement of the material follows a logical pattern. Reel 1 begins with two pamphlets by Holland which the Turnbull Library did not already possess.[3] The rest of Reel 1 and part of Reel 2 contains the manuscript material whilst the remaining microfilm is consumed by a selection of pamphlets arranged alphabetically by author or by title where no authorship is given.

The manuscript items require little comment. They are all listed in Patrick O'Farrell's biography of Holland whilst the material relating to the Pacific Islands has been listed in greater detail elsewhere.[4] What does stand out is the amount of material that has been lost: the extant correspondence is particularly meagre by comparison with what there once must have been. Holland, unlike Nash, could not have been a systematic hoarder.

It is necessary, however, to comment at some length upon the manner in which Holland marked his pamphlets. He was an inveterate annotator but one who lacked any sense of discrimination and proportion. Some pamphlets are only lightly or moderately marked, some are disfigured by block underlinings whilst others are heavily annotated in some places but left quite untouched elsewhere. So much so that it is often difficult to escape the conclusion that Holland's erratic and seemingly arbitrary annotating merely reflected his mood of the moment.

Yet if Holland's annotating is wanting in system and judgment it is not without some degree of rhyme and reason. A pattern of sorts can be discerned for he seizes upon statements which strike a responsive chord

and mercilessly underlines passages confirming his preconceptions and ideals. This was because Holland compensated for his lack of schooling through a heavy and sustained reading programme, but one which was severely one-sided. Understandably enough, he confined his reading to literature agreeable to his own opinions—those of a militant socialist—and nearly all of his 1515 pamphlets emanate from the pens of 'progressive' left-wing writers. His annotating and also his writing was thus scarcely critical or perceptive as Holland was possessed with 'the self-educated man's naive respect for congenial intellectual authority'.[5]

Some further less obvious points could be kept in mind when evaluating Holland's annotations. In the first place one ought to distinguish between Holland's first hand experience and his second hand knowledge. He was not a widely travelled man, his world-experience being limited to an Australian upbringing, adult life in New Zealand and a visit to Fiji and Samoa with a Parliamentary Party in 1920. An aloof man in any case, his peculiarly insular existence was aggravated by a retiring nature. When Parliament was in recess he tended to shut himself away, there to find solace in his reading, writing and correspondence. Seldom, therefore, did Holland annotate on the basis of a first hand acquaintance with the issue at hand.

A distinction might also be drawn between Holland's general interests and the issues with which he was passionately concerned. The greater his interest (and presumably his knowledge) in a particular issue, the more heavily he would annotate a pamphlet on that subject. Take, for instance, indentured labour, an issue which aroused his deepest feelings.[6] He could invariably be relied upon to mark out such passages in his pamphlets[7] and his copy of the Apia Citizens' Committee's *Samoa's Problems* (Apia 1920), which contains a sizeable section on indentured labour, was annotated with gay abandon. Yet despite the excessive underlining it will be apparent to anyone already conversant with Holland's views on the subject[8] why certain passages were underlined in preference to others. Despite initial appearances to the contrary there is some rationale behind the manner in which Holland annotated and once this is appreciated his annotations usually make sense and attain at least some value to the researcher.

The value of Holland's annotations will vary for different researchers. At best they will yield only a marginal return for the time spent in consultation. The manuscript material, by contrast, is of unquestionable importance and richly merits being examined by those interested in the New Zealand of Holland's day.

Doug Munro

References

[1] The Holland Papers were given by Roy Holland to Patrick O'Farrell so the latter could make a political biography of Holland the subject of his doctoral

dissertation. O'Farrell, at the time a Research Scholar at the ANU, presented the Papers to the University's Archives. His thesis was subsequently published as *Harry Holland: militant socialist* (Canberra, 1964)

[2] Ray Grover, 'New Zealand manuscripts held in Australia', *The Turnbull Library Record,* 4 (n.s.) 2 (1971), pp 67-73

[3] *The Crime of Conscription* (Sydney, 1912); *The Tramway Spy* (Sydney, 1908)

[4] O'Farrell, *Harry Holland . . . ,* p 222; Doug Munro, 'Pacific material in the H. E. Holland Papers', *The Journal of Pacific History,* 8 (1973), pp 86-87

[5] O'Farrell, *Harry Holland . . . ,* p 85

[6] See the wry remark of P. S. O'Connor, 'The problem of indentured labour in Samoa under the Military Administration', *Political Science,* 20:2 (1968), p 20

[7] E.g., Annie Besant, *From Within the Iron Ring: being an appeal from British Labour* (London, 1918), p 10

[8] Holland, *Indentured Labour: is it slavery?* (Greymouth, 1919)

Wilkie Collection of Sir William Fox Watercolours

In 1964 Mr and Mrs J. C. Wilkie placed a collection of 342 watercolours by Sir William Fox in the Alexander Turnbull Library on loan. An exhibition of all the New Zealand paintings held at the Library in 1965 helped to make Fox known as an artist of some note rather than as a temperance reformer and politician. In the Wilkie Collection are one hundred New Zealand subjects, a hundred of the United States, the balance being views in Australia, England, Europe and the Near East. They cover the eighteen-forties to eighties and virtually constitute a visual diary of Fox's life at this time.

Among the most prized items in the Turnbull collections are twenty watercolours by Fox which were included in the hundred paintings by New Zealand Company artists (Heaphy, Fox, Mein Smith and Kettle) purchased in London by Mr Turnbull in 1915. Another hundred were selected by the artist for Dr Hocken. The Wilkie Collection, bequeathed by Fox to his god-daughter, Mr J. C. Wilkie's mother, represents the bulk of what remains of the artist's work. This is confirmed by the catalogue of a special exhibit by Fox in the art section of the Dunedin Exhibition of 1889.

The three 1965 Turnbull Prints included one Wilkie picture and two Turnbull Fox paintings; the 1966 Fox portfolio was made up of three paintings from each of the Turnbull and Wilkie holdings. It had been intended to mount a major touring exhibition comprising Fox watercolours selected from the Turnbull, Wilkie and Hocken collections, but staffing and other difficulties prevented this, although it had been announced as an early eventuality. In 1972 an exhibition of Fox watercolours from the Wilkie Loan Collection, together with a small number of paintings from the Library's own collection was held at the New Zealand Academy of Fine Arts gallery in Wellington. A catalogue "Around the World with William Fox" was prepared and published to mark the occasion.

In 1973 the Wilkie family indicated a willingness to sell the collection to the Library, and in December, after an independent valuation by Messrs J. H. Bethune and Co., and a series of family conferences, the Alexander Turnbull Library Endowment Trust purchased the entire collection. A considerable part of the purchase price was met from the special grant made to the Endowment Trust earlier in 1973 to enable it to acquire not only this corpus but also the Duperrey watercolours by Antoine Chazal (. . . *Record* 6 no. 2 October 1973, p. 35) and the G. F. Angas watercolour portraits of Maori chiefs.

The collection is to be known as the Wilkie Collection to mark the

public spirit of the Wilkie family in allowing the paintings to be kept together as a collection available to the public in the Alexander Turnbull Library.

Business archives

Late in 1973 several groups of business records were deposited in the Library and if inquiries and promises made in the first quarter of 1974 are a true indication, business archives are likely to be one of the fastest growing sectors of acquisitions. The bulk of most business archive collections places considerable pressures on manuscripts staff for sorting, arranging, and the preparation of inventories, and creates accommodation difficulties, but the Library has a clear responsibility as the holder of the national collection of the literature relating to New Zealand to seek out and preserve such records.

On 8 November 1973 at a social function in the Wellington Chamber of Commerce's rooms, the President, Colonel H. J. G. Low, presented the non-current records of the Chamber, dating from 1856 to the period of the Second World War, to the Library. The donation consists of over 20 feet of documents, the most significant of which are a complete run of the Minute Books of the Council and the Annual Reports from 1856, the year of the foundation of the Chamber. The Chief Librarian, in thanking Colonel Low and the Council of the Chamber for their generosity, spoke of the importance of preserving as wide a range of documentary evidence as possible so that future historians would have access to a reasonably representative corpus of records. To encourage the preservation of business records the Chamber was urged to support the establishment of a New Zealand Business Archives Council.

For many years the Library has held a run of New Zealand Shipping Company passenger lists. Early in December last year a small function was held in which the Company's Deed of Incorporation (January 1873) and two oil paintings of early vessels (*Waimate* and *Ruapehu*) were handed over to the Library. Along with these were given a run of reports and balance sheets up to 1914 and a collection of photographs. Non-current records of the Company are to be added from time to time.

The Wellington Junior Chamber of Commerce have also deposited their non-current records with the Turnbull. They include minutes (1938-50) of its various boards, newsletters, clippings, and correspondence, 1960-70. Much of this material is concerned with the Jaycees community projects.

Diary of William Jowett

On October 30, 1973, the Library purchased a diary kept by William Jowett from Sotheby & Company, London. Jowett, a member of the

84th Regiment, accompanied convicts to Tasmania and New South Wales on H.M.S. *Dromedary,* 1816-21. After disembarking convicts at Port Jackson, the *Dromedary* continued on to the Bay of Islands to obtain a cargo of kauri spars. Samuel Marsden and James Shepherd, a new missionary recruit, accompanied the ship with supplies for the mission station at Kerikeri.

At the beginning of the diary Jowett gives a short description of his military service but the bulk of the text details the voyage and the time spent in Australia and New Zealand. The *Dromedary* spent nine months (February-December, 1820) in New Zealand and Jowett describes the Maoris and their customs, his activities exploring and charting rivers and harbours, and attempts to obtain kauri timber.

Thomas Arnold Papers

A further gift of letters by Thomas Arnold the Younger and related materials arrived at the Library during March, 1974 from Mrs M. C. Moorman, Ripon, Yorkshire, England. The collection contains seventy-four items, 1848-1896, of which sixty-five are letters by Arnold. A majority of the letters were written from Tasmania and cover family matters, local gossip and his activities as Inspector of Schools, but some deal with the period when he resided in Dublin, Ireland. There are seven letters written to Arnold by his sister Mary while he was in New Zealand and Tasmania. This addition greatly broadens the scope of this important collection.

Stutchbury and others

The Library's collections of nineteenth century geological records created by Julius von Haast, W. B. D. Mantell, and Samuel Stutchbury (see *Turnbull Library Record,* vol. 6 no. 2, October 1973) have, during the last three months, been consulted by Doctors D. F. Branigan and T. G. Vallance of the University of Sydney as part of their research into early geological observations made in Australia, New Zealand, and the Pacific, and into the life of Stutchbury for the *Australian Dictionary of Biography.* Interest in the Stutchbury items was also expressed by Bengt Danielsson, anthropologist and member of Heyerdahl's Kon Tiki expedition.

St Peter's Church, Wellington

St Peter's Anglican Church recently deposited some of their church records. These include: Vestry Minute Books 1872-1961; Annual Reports, 1858-1947; Marriage Registers, 1856-1971; Baptismal Registers, 1857-1949; Burial Register, 1910-1958 and other miscellaneous records. This

collection provides further primary research material about religion and the church in Wellington and its registers will prove useful to genealogists.

Audio-Visual on Alexander Turnbull and his Library

Alexander Turnbull's Library, the robust ghost of Bowen Street which has seen its predecessor and contemporary on the Turnbull family's acre fall to the wrecking crew and now overlooks car pasturage, was reopened for one evening on 1 November 1973. The setting was chosen to match the occasion, the preview of an audio-visual presentation, *Alexander Turnbull and his Library,* produced by Dobbs-Wiggins McCann-Erickson Ltd., a Wellington advertising agency. With the familiar pictures restored to the walls of the entrance hall and the main staircase, the floral decorations at springtime strength, the hum of conversation and the clink of glasses, Alexander Turnbull's Library was returned, if only briefly, to its pre-lapsarian glories.

The audio-visual, a sequence of slides with a linked commentary and background music, was produced free of charge for the Library as a public service by the agency. The preview audience, limited to about eighty because of accommodation and safety problems, included government and civic leaders, together with clients of Dobbs-Wiggins. The Hon. W. W. Freer, M.P. represented the Prime Minister, and was accompanied by the Hon. Henry May, M.P. and the Hon. Michael Connelly, M.P. The Hon. J. R. Marshall, M.P. and his deputy, the Hon. R. D. Muldoon, M.P. represented the Opposition. Other Members of Parliament present included Mr K. M. Comber and Mr W. L. Young.

The Mayor, Sir Francis Kitts, and a number of city councillors were present. The Friends of the Turnbull Library were represented by the President, Professor D. F. McKenzie, and the Trustees of the National Library by Sir Alister McIntosh.

Before the presentation, brief speeches were made by Mr Fred Dobbs, a director of the agency, and the Chief Librarian.

The audio-visual is designed to play a major part in public relations activities with groups both inside and outside the Library. The first public showing was to the meeting of the Friends of the Turnbull Library on 29 November where it served, to quote the Chief Librarian, as a "soufflé before the meat" of Nicolas Barker's address.

Photograph Section move to Dixon Street

The Library's Photograph Section has been operating from premises on the first floor of Gateway House on the corner of Dixon and Herbert Streets from the beginning of November 1973. The Section has for many years been housed outside the main building, first in Bowen House just around the corner from Alexander Turnbull's library building and

latterly, after a brief, constricted return to the Turnbull Building, in the Local Government Building on The Terrace. The distance of the new premises from the main building at 44 The Terrace has caused considerable difficulties. The Photograph Section is not an independent unit capable of functioning in isolation from the other collections but an integral part of the Library's topographical reference services, closely linked to the Art and Map collections and the Reference Section, and photographic staff draw constantly on the collections in the main building and the expertise of other staff. In order to maintain a reasonable level of staffing at Gateway House the staff of Photograph Section are concentrating work at the main building between 8.30 to 9.30 and 4.30 to 5.00, and the Section's hours of opening to the public have had to be reduced to 10.00 a.m. to 4.00 p.m.

The shift, an exercise of considerable magnitude (some quarter of a million photographs with associated negatives and their steel cabinet housing) was made over the weekend of 27-28 October, 1973. Detailed planning by staff members reduced the disruption to a minimum and public services were suspended for a little over two weeks. Well in advance of the move letters were sent to all the major users of the collection informing them of the change of address, the temporary suspension of services and the new hours of opening.

Because of the short period of notice before the evacuation of the Local Government Building the Ministry of Works had little time to refurnish the new premises. They accomplished a minor miracle in cleaning and painting, but supply difficulties delayed the laying of carpet and the hanging of curtains. With luck the Gateway accommodation should be brought up to acceptable Turnbull Library standards by the middle of the year.

As well as housing the Turnbull Library Photograph Section and manuscript and other materials to be transferred from the basement of the Bowen State Building the first floor at Gateway House is occupied by the National Library's microfilm unit.

New Conservation Laboratory

Renovations on the ground and first floors in Mayfair Chambers (East Block) are complete and "conservation" in the Turnbull Library is expected to take on its larger meaning to include restoration.

Most of the equipment was purchased some time ago so the laboratory is ready for use. Some of the equipment has been designed especially for this laboratory and this, along with certain imported machinery, is undergoing trials. Till now actual restoration work has been restricted to the repair of newspapers in preparation for microfilming. Part of the laboratory's function is to determine the lasting properties of the materials

in the collection and using information thus gained, in conjunction with the librarians' knowledge of the intrinsic value of these items, priorities for restoration will be assessed.

A small photographic studio will document restoration work and commence systematic recording of the library's art collection to provide quick access to pictorial material and as a safeguard, an important project previously hindered by the lack of photographic facilities on the premises.

Letters from Katherine Mansfield, John Middleton Murry, S. S. Koteliansky, Mark Gertler, and J. W. N. Sullivan to Sir Sydney Waterlow

Sydney Waterlow was cousin-once-removed to Sir Harold Beauchamp, being a grandson of Henry Herron Beauchamp, one of the brothers of Sir Harold's father who settled in Australia. (One of Henry Herron Beauchamp's daughters was 'Elizabeth' of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden.*) Sydney Waterlow was born in 1878 and educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated with honours. He published scholarly works on the Greek classics and on Shelley. He entered the diplomatic service where he had a distinguished career and in 1935 was created a K.C.M.G. Presumably it was through the Beauchamp connection that he came to know Katherine Mansfield and this group of her friends who formed the 'Thursday Club' for regular Thursday meetings. Katherine, in her letters to Murry, suggests several times that he try to get Sydney to pull strings when the Murrys were being frustrated by various authorities. These letters, which the Turnbull Library has just purchased from Professor John Waterlow, Sydney Waterlow's son, are written between 1921 and 1928. Of the seven from Katherine Mansfield, six were written in 1921 and the other in 1922. All of the letters are interesting, reflecting Sydney Waterlow's special qualities of sympathy, intellect and sensitivity; and the ones from Murry and Koteliansky throw fresh light on their famous breach. References to D. H. Lawrence abound in all the letters. And, because they were a 'group' all the correspondents comment on each other and each other's lives. Altogether, this is a notable acquisition.

New Angas Watercolours

Five important paintings were purchased at auction by the Endowment Trust at Sotheby's, London, on 1 November 1973 from part of the collection of the late T. E. Donne. Nine watercolours by Angas were offered but in view of the prices anticipated the Library decided not to bid for the two studies of Maori women, but to concentrate on the chiefs. One of the latter was lost to an Auckland collector at £3,000; he also bought another painting, of a New Guinea native. The Trust secured

the pictures most desired, two being unpublished portraits of 'Civilized and christianized New Zealand Chief, Tamihana Te Rauparaha', in European dress—a full-length portrait brought £2,000 and a head and shoulders portrait was secured for £1,600. Also purchased were 'Mungakahu, Chief of Motupoi and his wife Ko Mari'—of particular interest to the Library since the original watercolour of 'Motupoi' Pa had been acquired by the Trust at Sotheby's in March last year and has been published as one of the 1973 Turnbull Prints, along with the preliminary pencil drawing for it owned by Mr Turnbull. This chief went for £3,000. 'Te Waru—principal chief of the Nga Te Apakura Tribe' with 'Te Pakaia principal chief of the Nga Te Manipoto Tribe' cost the Trust £2,300, while £1,800 was paid for 'Ko Nga Waka Te Karaka or (Clark) Christian Chief of the Nga Te Waoroa Tribe, Waikato, and Wakauenuku his attendant boy'. Loose lithographs of the subjects accompanied two of the watercolours.

Although the three paintings are of subjects in *The New Zealanders Illustrated* (1846-47) they are not the originals of these plates (27, 44 and 47 respectively). Much larger, they are on paper watermarked 1851, and may have been painted by Angas on commission after the success of his book.

Of the total cost of $17,120, $15,000 was provided from the special Government grant of $45,000, the balance being met by the Trust. Contributions by the Endowment Trust to purchases for the Turnbull collections totalled $7,251 in 1970; $9,846 in 1971; $16,246 in 1972; and over $20,000 in 1973.

November meeting of Friends

On Thursday, 29 November, Nicolas Barker, editor of *The Book Collector* and author of the official biography of Stanley Morison, spoke to the Friends of the Turnbull Library on "Printing and publishing, past and present". His informative and witty talk was warmly appreciated by an audience of about 50.

Angas Prints 1973

The Turnbull Library Prints for 1973, by George French Angas, were released at a reception held at the Library on 11 December. The guest speaker was the Hon. Henry May, M.P., Minister of Internal Affairs, and the newly purchased Angas watercolours were on exhibition. Details of the prints were given in the October 1973 *Record* and are on the back cover of this issue.

The Angas set brings to 31 the number of Turnbull Prints published to date. Eight are sold out and stocks of several others are now limited. Returns from print sales bring a steady income to the Endowment Trust.

Postcards and Greetings Card

The Friends propose to publish, later this year, two Postcards. In colour, these will be of Heaphy's 1841 views of Thorndon and Te Aro.

There will also be a black and white Greetings card, reproducing a pencil sketch of the Taita Gorge by William Swainson.

Friends will be advised when these cards become available, and at what price they will sell.

CORRECTION

It is much regretted that the painting by Conrad Martens reproduced in the October 1973 *Turnbull Library Record* should have been titled: *'View in one of the Society Islands. Eimeo near Otaheiti'*, [1834-35]. The Martens painting of Kororareka which should have been included is in this issue.

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PUBLICATIONS OF THE ALEXANDER TURNBULL LIBRARY

WAKEFIELD, E. J. *The London Journal of Edward Jerningham Wakefield, 1845-46* edited by Professor JOAN STEVENS from the MS. in the Library. (Alexander Turnbull Library monograph, no. 4. The H. B. Fleck Memorial Fund, published jointly with Victoria University of Wellington) 1972. 182p., 8p. illus. (col. frontis.), folding map. *$6.00 in N.Z. (Price to Friends $4.75).* Limited edition of 750 copies.

Duperrey's Visit to New Zealand in 1824 edited by ANDREW SHARP. (Alexander Turnbull Library monograph, no. 3. The H. B. Fleck Memorial Fund.) 1971. 125p., 6 plates, 2 maps. *$4.75 in N.Z. (Price to Friends, $4.25).* Edition of 1500 copies only.

BEST, A. D. W. *The Journal of Ensign Best, 1837-43* edited by NANCY M. TAYLOR from the MS. in the Library. (Alexander Turnbull Library monograph, no. 2.) 1966. 465p., plates (col. frontis.) *$3.50 in N.Z. (Price to Friends $3.15).*

MARKHAM, E. *New Zealand [in 1837] or Recollections of It* edited with an introduction by Dr E. H. MCCORMICK from the MS. in the Library. (Alexander Turnbull Library monograph, no. 1.) 1963. 114p., illus. (some plates in colour), map. *$3.00 in N.Z. (Price to Friends $2.70).*

John Cawte Beaglehole: a bibliography compiled in the Alexander Turnbull Library and published jointly by The Friends of the Turnbull Library and Victoria University of Wellington. 1972. 48p., portrait. *$2.00 in N.Z. (Price to Friends $1.00).* Edition of 1000 copies only.

McCORMICK, E. H. *Tasman and New Zealand: a bibliographical study.* (Bulletin no. 14.) 1959. 72p., plates. *75 cents nett.*

THE ANGAS PRINTS, 1973—4 prints in colour from watercolours by George French Angas in the Library's collections with text-sheet of biographical and descriptive notes, carrying on reverse a reproduction of the unpublished preliminary pencil drawing for the first print in this series; *$10* the set of 4 prints or *$3* a print. *Friends of the Turnbull Library are granted 10% discount, the price to them being* $9 the set or $2.70 each for single prints. The full set is supplied in a folder illustrated in colour.

1 'Motupoi Pah with Tongariro' (coloured surface $9\frac{1}{8}$ x $12\frac{3}{4}$ inches): from original watercolour of plate 32 in *The New Zealanders Illustrated* (1847).

2 'On the Waikato at Kapou' (coloured surface $8\frac{1}{2}$ x $12\frac{1}{2}$ inches): from original of plate in vol. 2 of *Savage Life and Scenes in Australia and New Zealand,* by Angas (1847).

3 'Tamati Waka Nene' (coloured surface 13 x $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches): from original of plate 17 in *The New Zealanders Illustrated.*

4 'Women of the Nga te Toa Tribe, Porirua . . .' (coloured surface 13 x $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches): from original of plate 13 in *The New Zealanders Illustrated.*

The edition is restricted to 2,500 hand-numbered sets.

SEE OVER PAGE FOR OTHER TURNBULL LIBRARY PRINTS

THE TURNBULL LIBRARY PRINTS

The Angas Prints, 1973—details overleaf

The Mein Smith Prints, 1972 — 3 prints at $2.00 each, with booklet of biographical and descriptive notes; $10 the set of 3, in folder illustrated in colour (for details, see below). Friends of the Turnbull Library are granted 10% discount, making the price to them $9.00 the set, or $1.80 for single prints.

Five watercolours by Captain William Mein Smith, Royal Artillery (first Surveyor-General to the New Zealand Company) are reproduced in colour as three prints, two of which carry two pictures:

1 Fort Richmond and the second Hutt Bridge, *ca.* 1847 (coloured surface 6¼ x 9½ inches) *WITH* Hutt River, near Taita, 1851 (coloured surface 7 x 9¾ inches)
2 A Road through Bush (coloured surface 13¾ x 9 inches)
3 'A Wet Day. July 1853' [on the Huangarua River, Wairarapa] (coloured surface 7¼ x 10½ inches) *WITH* Cliffs between Te Kopi and Whatarangi, Palliser Bay (coloured surface 7 x 10 inches)

The edition is restricted to 2,500 hand-numbered sets.

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Note: Stocks are exhausted of *The Queen's Prints* (Heaphy's Thorndon, Te Aro and Nelson views); The Heaphy 1964 Prints (Hokianga, Egmont and Chatham Islands); The Barraud Wellington 1861 view; and the Jubilee Print of von Tempsky's watercolour of the attack on Te Putahi Pa.

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The Barraud Prints. 2 at *$2.00* each, or sold as a pair with descriptive leaflet in folder illustrated in black and white with Barraud's view of Wellington, 1861 (the third colour print, now sold out). *Stocks limited.*
The Emily Harris N.Z. Flower Prints. 3 at *$2.00* each; the set in illus. folder.
The Maplestone Prints. 3 at *$2.00* each; the set supplied in illustrated folder.
The Cyprian Bridge Prints. 2 at *$2.00* each; the pair in illustrated folder.
Prints of the Thermal Regions. 3 at *$3.00 each; the set at $8.00* in folder illustrated in colour. The paintings are by C. D. Barraud and Charles Blomfield.

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