

THE TURNBULL LIBRARY RECORD



WELLINGTON NEW ZEALAND
THE FRIENDS OF THE TURNBULL LIBRARY
March 1970
VOLUME 3 (n.s.) NUMBER 1

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THE UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD

When the Turnbull Library succeeded in acquiring all Katherine Mansfield's notebooks and her 480 letters to her husband, it became, and will remain, by far the largest repository of Mansfield manuscripts in the world. This situation, while of great importance to New Zealand, carries its own problems.

Mansfield scholarship is now more stringent and searching than it has ever been. Most of the books whose method is to skim the cream off the top and employ subjective free-floating interpretations have probably now been written. But the books based on a careful study of the manuscripts have yet to be written. Requests from all over the world, but particularly from the United States, for photocopies of unpublished Mansfield manuscripts are increasing in number – requests which the Library has certain qualms about meeting.

When Antony Alpers first saw the notebooks – in the Turnbull Library after publication of his biography – he said they 'contain a good deal of material that has never been published. Some of this however never will be published, simply because it is illegible.' But in fact, if one spends long enough working on Mansfield manuscripts, there remains only a very small, practically negligible residue of illegible material. Which is not to say that any of it is easy to read, but just that with time and effort the handwriting will yield. It will be seen, then, that overseas students, confronted by one page or six pages of photocopied manuscript, never having seen the hand before, will make little or nothing of it and will be tempted into unreliable guesses. Even Middleton Murry, who knew his wife's hand better than anyone else did, and who is, to date, Katherine Mansfield's soundest editor, made many errors of transcription in editing the *Journal* and the *Letters*.

For the most part the unpublished portions of the notebooks are early attempts at writing which Middleton Murry thought did not merit publication. And indeed, what is the justification for giving publication to material which is derivative, mannered, melodramatic, sentimental and immature? Just that scholars now need to be able to study the roots of Katherine Mansfield's stylistic and thematic development, and that biographers cannot do justice to her without these revealing, thinly disguised passages of early autobiography. Since the Turnbull Library owns this valuable material, it is concerned to see that the manuscripts are responsibly published under its own auspices. The proposal, therefore, is to publish all the unpublished passages in future issues of the *Turnbull Library Record*, beginning in this issue with Katherine Mansfield's early attempt at a novel: *Juliet*.

So much for proposals and justifications. A note about methods is necessary. There is a strong case, in editing Katherine Mansfield's letters, for transcribing them exactly as they were written, without supplying punctuation or anything else. The early notebooks must be treated differently. Because she wrote them only for herself her punctuation is often not enough to make the sense immediately clear. I have therefore supplied necessary punctuation, expanded the ampersand, and introduced some paragraphing. Otherwise the text is faithful. Three dots, where they occur in the text, are the author's; there are no editorial omissions, and when I have occasionally been uncertain of my reading this is indicated in a footnote.

I. JULIET

Juliet is not so much an unfinished novel, as notes towards a novel. It was begun when Kathleen Beauchamp was still at school in London, aged seventeen, and abandoned eight or nine months later back in Wellington, when she was eighteen. The work consists of a series of disconnected episodes (one assumes that the situations which appealed to her most were the ones she tackled first), and these are not written in the order that the chronology of the final narrative would demand. Nevertheless it is possible to piece together the main outline of a story, and to perceive the weaving in of themes which were to remain central to her for the rest of her life. To see these themes treated raw, so to speak, is to be closer to the emotional intensity which gave them birth. Already in *Juliet* we see her preoccupation with early death, unrequited love, art *v* commerce, London *v* New Zealand, experience *v* conventional behaviour. And all through *Juliet* and many other of the unpublished pieces of this period, is the recurring crisis of falling.

All of the *Juliet* material occurs in one thick black notebook (Notebook 1, in the Library's holdings) which also contains much other material written concurrently, one supposes, with *Juliet*. Middleton Murry, when the book was in his possession, numbered the recto pages and these page numbers I have given after each episode to convey an idea of the size of the notebook and the distribution of *Juliet* text within it (verso pages are numbered with the previous recto page number plus 'a'). For ease of reference I have also, in the published version, lettered each episode alphabetically.

There are inconsistencies and obscurities in the text which have, of course, been retained. For example, Mr Wilberforce becomes Mr Night (both names expressive of Katherine Mansfield's view of her father); David once was nearly written as Caesar; Vere becomes Pearl; Juliet is,

at first, the second of four children and later seems to be the youngest of three. The question of approximate dating is fairly simple if it can be assumed that Katherine Mansfield filled the pages by working consecutively through from the first to the last. The look of the pages themselves supports this assumption since nothing runs slap into a piece begun on a later page, as would almost certainly happen if the pages were used in haphazard order. On the other hand there is a doubt cast on this conclusion in that Vere, altered to Pearl, appears both earlier and later than passages in which the name is originally Pearl. One would expect that having changed the name to Pearl Katherine Mansfield would call her Pearl thereafter. But she did have a close friend at that time called Vere Bartrick-Baker (known as Mimi) and it may be that she decided for policy reasons to change the name but found it hard to stop thinking of her as Vere. The momentary reversion to Vere, towards the end of section M, occurred when she was writing at great speed and was no doubt more intent on the developing situation than on the fictional names of the characters. The list of characters which includes Pearl Saffron, on p70, seems to have been added at a later date than the chapter headings which occupy the top half of the page. My own conviction, therefore, is that the sections of narrative appear in the order in which they were written. Section A is dated 18.v.06 in the author's handwriting (though it is written in ink, whereas the text of this section is in pencil, so there is no guarantee that it is not a later, inaccurate interpolation). The next date in the book is 1.x.06, occurring at the top of a non-*Juliet* piece. Since Katherine Mansfield embarked for New Zealand at the end of October 1906, and only two pieces of *Juliet* were written after the first of October, it is almost certain that sections A to R inclusive were written in London, section S was written on board ship (it has some similarities with the episode of the shipboard romance with the cricketer which was published in the *Journal*, pp5-7, and which occurs in the *Juliet* notebook a few pages prior to section S), and the final section was written back in New Zealand. In this last episode, section T, the heading 'Chapter I', the new tone, the firmer clearer handwriting, all suggest a fresh start in a different environment. One must suppose that the environment became oppressive before the work advanced any further.

Not the least notable thing about *Juliet* is a quality which one is tempted to see as a kind of prescience. It describes situations in the author's life which had not yet occurred, such as her mixed response to being adrift from her family and alone in London, and the experience of illegitimate pregnancy – an almost predictable consequence of her explicitly stated drive towards sexual experience together with her repudiation of men. Most startling of all is section T which is a cool, spare little allegory of her whole life, half of which had not yet been

lived. Was it prescience? Or was she under some compulsion, later, to act out her early fantasies? The two are not entirely distinct.

Approximately a quarter of the whole was published by Miss R. E. Mantz in her biography of 1933, and consisted almost entirely of section A. But there are in this many omissions which were not indicated, and many misreadings. All other biographies and critical studies referring to *Juliet* quote from the Mantz version.

The two leaves (pp111A, 112) of manuscript here reproduced were selected as being neither the most legible nor the most illegible of the *Juliet* pages. They show some of the problems of the handwriting, yet are clear enough to be read with relative ease.

I am grateful to Mr Owen Leeming who, by generously making his own skilled transcription of some portions of *Juliet* available to me, provided a valuable basis for discussion; and to Mrs Middleton Murry for copyright permission to publish *Juliet* in the *Turnbull Library Record*.

Margaret Scott

TEXT OF *JULIET*

A 18.v.06.

Chapter 1. October 14th.¹

Juliet sat in front of the mirror brushing her hair. Her face was thoughtful, and her hands trembled perceptibly. Suddenly she bent forward and stared at her own reflexion. Her hair, parted in the middle, fell in long straight masses of pale gold to her waist. Her forehead was high and square and very white, while there was an unusual fullness over her brows. Her eyes were a peculiar colour, almost approaching green. Her nose [was] very straight and fine, and her mouth was full of sensitive curves – the underlip decidedly too full for regular beauty. Her face was square in outline, and her skin very white. The impression which it caused was not by any means strictly beautiful. When in repose it conveyed an idea of extreme thoughtfulness – her mouth drooped slightly at the corners, her eyes were shadowed, but her expression was magnetic, her personality charged with vitality. She looked a dreamer, but her dreams were big with life . . .

But Juliet noticed none of these characteristics. Since her very early days she had cultivated the habit of conversing very intimately with the Mirror face. Her childhood had been lonely, the dream-face her only confidante. She was the second in a family of four. The eldest girl, Margaret, was now seventeen, Juliet was fourteen, and then two babies, Mary and Henry, aged seven and six respectively. The Mother was a

slight pale little woman. She had been delicate and ailing before her marriage and she never could forget it. Margaret and she looked after the babies – and Mr Wilberforce, a tall grey bearded man, with prominent blue eyes, large ungainly hands, and inclining to stoutness. He was a general merchant, director of several companies, chairman of several societies, thoroughly commonplace and commercial. The greater part of his life had been spent in New Zealand, and all the children had been born there.

Juliet was the odd man out of the family – the ugly duckling. She had lived in a world of her own, created her own people, read anything and everything which came to hand, was possessed with a violent temper, and completely lacked placidity. She was dominated by her moods which swept through her and in number were legion. She had been as yet, utterly idle at school, drifted through her classes, picked up a quantity of heterogeneous knowledge – and all the pleading and protestations of her teachers could not induce her to learn that which did not appeal to her. She criticised everybody and everything with which she came into contact, and wrapped herself in a fierce white reserve. ‘I have four passions’ she once wrote in an old diary, ‘Nature, people, Mystery, and – the fourth no man can number.’ Of late she had quarrelled frequently with the entire family, through pure lack of anything definite to occupy her thoughts. She had no defined path ahead, no goal to reach, and she felt compelled to vent her energy upon somebody – and that somebody was her family.

The large bedroom where she sat looked very dim and dark. There was a small fire in the grate, and a big rocking chair before it, but these were the two positive luxuries which the room boasted of. Pictures were conspicuous by their absence, and all these little familiar things which make the sum total of so many girls’ bedrooms found no place here. A long unvarnished bookshelf was nailed above the bed, and a most miscellaneous collection of volumes found a resting place there. A glass of red roses stood on the dressing table, and all her party clothes were carefully laid out on a chair. She dressed very deliberately in her white muslin frock – open at the neck and showing her full round throat – and tied her broad silk sash. Her hair hung in two great braids, unadorned with combs or ribbons. She put up her hands and patted the smooth heavy folds. Juliet’s hands were as distinctive as any part of her. They were large, and exquisitely modelled. The fingers were not very long, and blunted at the tops, but no amount of work could change their beauty. She gesticulated a great deal, and had a habit of sitting always nursing one knee, her fingers interlocked.

Before leaving her room she crossed over to the window. Outside a great pine tree was outlined against the night sky, and the sea, stretching far in the distance, called to her ‘Juliet, Juliet’. ‘O night’ she cried,

leaning far out and turning her face up to the stars, 'O adorable night' . . . Then she picked up her long cloak and ran lightly downstairs. In the hall her Mother and Father were waiting. Mr Wilberforce [was] wrapping up his throat in a great silk handkerchief, with all that care and precision so common to perfectly healthy men who imagine they wrestle with weak constitutions. 'We shall drop you at Mrs Cecil's on the way, Juliet' said her Mother, carefully drawing on her long evening gloves. 'And then at ten o'clock you can call for us at Mrs Black's, and we shall come back together. You can wait in the hall if we're not ready. It's only a musical party.' The girl replied, and the three walked out of the house, down the broad stone steps, and into the long moonlit road.² In the presence of so many stars and so many trees Juliet utterly forgot all the petty grievances of the day. She walked along beside her parents and 'let it all sink in' as she expressed [it].

'Do be careful of your clothes, child' the Mother said, as Mr Wilberforce held the gate open for her, 'and don't be late.' Then they left her. In front of her was the brilliantly lighted house. Sounds of merriment came to her, uproarious laughter, shrieks of excitement. And for two hours she played as vigorously as the rest of them, inwardly rebelling and very satisfied when the clock pointed to five minutes to ten. The 'party' stood and watched her from the door, cried to her not to be afraid, to remember 'Ghosts in the Garden'. But she laughed, and holding her coat tightly round her, ran the whole length of the way.

On the doorstep of Mrs Black's she paused to recover breath, and a faint, a very faint wave of Music was wafted to her. The drawing room seemed extraordinarily bright after the night outside. She was a little confused at first. The maid had said that they were all at supper, and she was to wait there. She went over to the table and bent over a bowl of flowers, but a sound of a chair being pushed back in the corner caused her to look up startled. A boy of very much her own age was watching her curiously. He stood beside a great lamp and the light fell full on his face and his profusion of red-brown hair. Very pale he was, with a dreamy exquisite face, and a striking suggestion of confidence and Power in every feature. Juliet felt a great wave of colour spread over her face and neck. They stood staring into each other's eyes. Then he walked up to the table where she stood, a faint smile playing round his lips. 'If you are fond of flowers there are roses just outside the window' he said, 'and you can reach out your hands and touch them. The scent is perfect. Come and see.'

Side by side they crossed over to the wide-opened window, and both leant out. O, the late roses below them – thousands there seemed to Juliet. She touched one, then another, with her hands – they were all wet with dew. 'Heavy with tears' she said, looking up at the boy. He nodded, appreciatively. 'Will you tell me your name?' 'Juliet – and

yours?' 'David. I am a musician, and have been playing tonight – a 'cellist you know. I am going to Europe next year.' 'I too, but not for music – to complete my education, you know.' 'Do you want to go away?' 'Yes – and no. I long for fresh experiences, new places – but I shall miss the things that I love here.' 'Do you like nights Juliet?' His face was transfigured. 'I feel like a chrysalis in the daytime, compared to my feelings after sunset. For instance I should never have met you as I have if I hadn't just come in from the stars.' 'They make me all music . . . Sometimes I think that if I could be alone long enough I should hear the Music of the Spheres. Think of what would burst from those thousands of golden throats.' 'I have heard so little music' said Juliet sadly. 'There are so few opportunities. And a 'cello – I have never heard a 'cello.' David's face was full of compassion and yet joy. 'Then I shall be the first to show you what can be', he said. He stooped down and broke a great flower off the branches, and gave it to her. She fastened it in her dress, and then the sound of the guests returning from the supper room put an end to their conversation. Soon after they left. Juliet purposely avoiding saying 'Goodnight' to David. She felt as though she could not, but she was conscious of his eyes watching her as she left the room.

The walk home was silent. Margaret was awaiting their arrival and immediately began telling Mrs Wilberforce how 'used up' the babies seemed. 'Henry has certainly a nasty little cough' she said, 'and Mary looked so pasty.' 'Well we shall all leave town in a couple of days' Mrs Wilberforce said. 'Tomorrow that young boy is coming here to play, and Father has asked a number of men.' Juliet bade them good-night and fled to her own room. Her heart was beating furiously – she could hardly repress a feeling of the most intense joy that bade her cry out. She sat on the side of her bed staring at the darkness, her breath coming quickly. Sleep was impossible. The whole world had changed, and he was coming again tomorrow night, and she should hear him play. She crept into bed and lay still, thinking. A curious sensation stole over her, as though she was drifting in a great fiery sea of thoughts – and every thought was sweet.

When she pulled up the blind next morning the trees outside were being tossed to and fro, and the sea lashed into fury by a wild southerly gale. Juliet shuddered. The wind always hurt her, unsettled her. It was a Saturday, so there was no thought of school. She wandered about all the morning, and in the afternoon put on her reefer coat and tam-o'-shanter and went for a walk up the hill that spread like a great wall behind the little town. The wind blew fiercer than ever. She held on to bushes, and strong tufts of grass, and climbed rapidly, rejoicing in the strength that it required. Down in a hollow where the gorse spread like a thick green mantle she paused to recover breath. The utter loneliness

of it filled her with pleasure. She stood perfectly still, letting the wind blow cold and strong in her face and loosen her hair. The sky was dull and grey, and vague thoughts swept through her – of the Future, of her leaving this little island and going so far away, of all that she knew and loved, all that she wished to be. 'O I wish I was a poet' she cried, spreading out her arms. 'I wish I could interpret this atmosphere, this influence.' She found a little bird fluttering near in a bush, its wing broken by the storm, and held it close to her, overcome with a feeling of tenderness. 'I am so strong' she said, 'and the strong are never hurt. It is always the weak who are pained.'³ She walked home more slowly. Now that the excitement of climbing had left her she felt tired and depressed. Clouds of dust whirled up the road, dry particles of sand stung her face. She longed for the evening to come, yet almost dreaded it.

When tea was over Juliet went back to her room, tried to read and failed, and walked up and down – nine steps one way, nine steps another. The feeling soothed her. She heard the front door bell ring, and knew that the guests had arrived – but she stayed there till Margaret sought her out and brought her down with great indignation. The room seemed full of people, but Juliet was not shy. She held her head a little higher than usual, and an expression of almost indifference came into her face. David stood by the piano, unfastening his music case. She shook hands with him and shot him a keen quick glance of recognition. Then she curled herself up in a corner of the sofa and watched the people with amusement and interest. She liked to listen to little pieces of conversation, create her idea of their lives. There was the usual amount of very second rate singing concerning Swallows and 'Had I Known'. Margaret played several nondescript pieces on the piano – and sat till David's turn came. Juliet watched him with great pleasure and curiosity. A bright spot came into her cheeks, her eyes wide opened – but when he drew his bow across the strings her whole soul woke and lived for the first time in her life. She became utterly absorbed in the music. The room faded, the people faded. She saw only his sensitive inspired face, felt only the rapture that held her fast, that clung to her and hid her in its folds, as impenetrable and pure as the mists from the sea . . . Suddenly the music ceased, the tears poured down her face, and she came back to reality . . . She put her handkerchief to her eyes and when she looked round became aware of the amused glances of the company, and heard the steady almost prophetic-sounding voice of David's Father: 'That child is a born musician'.

The rest of the evening passed she knew not how. Something had come to life in Juliet's soul, and it shone in her transfigured face. For that night she was brilliantly beautiful – not with the beauty of a child, but the charm of a woman seemed to emanate from her. David was con-

scious of this – conscious too that he had never played before as he was playing. They avoided each other strangely, but Mr Wilberforce praised the boy and said ‘You might come and give my little daughter a few lessons and see if she has any talent.’ She never forgot their leave-taking. The wind was furious, and she stood on the verandah and saw David turn round and smile at her before he passed out of sight.

(pp3–23)

B ‘Know anything about these times that we have had – but whenever you come to see us in London – I – I shall feel so utterly different.’ David looked at her. ‘Yet now you would not have it otherwise, Juliet. A secret is a glorious thing.’ She gave him both her hands. ‘Goodbye my friend’, she said. ‘I promise to write to you – often – often.’ He suddenly caught his breath. ‘You would not kiss me . . . Juliet’, he said hoarsely. But she shook her head, and a moment later the beach was deserted and the sea crept up and washed away their footmarks from that place.

(p23)

C Chapter III. It was the close of a dark day. London was shrouded in fog. The streets were wet and the long line of lampposts shone like dim ghosts of themselves. A four-wheeler, laden with luggage, stopped at the door of an eminently respectable house.

(p24)

D Juliet stumbled up the stairs – somehow she reached the door and let herself in and locked it again. Then she groped her way into the sitting room. The fire had gone out – she did not notice it. The wind had blown over the roses on the table, and they lay in a crushed heap on the carpet. The room was flooded in the cold light of the moon. She stood gazing at it all, then a long shudder went through her and she fell heavily on to the floor. She was conscious as she lay there. Why didn’t I strike my head on the fender, she thought. I’m not hurt a bit. I shall have to get up again and then it will be day. She shivered incessantly from head to foot, and a wheel began to go round and round and round in her head. ‘Down and down and down and down and down’, said the wheel as it whirled, ‘down and down and down and down and down.’ Then it assumed gigantic proportions, and she clung to it and it dragged her round. Round and round and round and round and round in a great pit of darkness – and she fell.

(pp29–30)

E The Shudder of the Trees.⁴ (I am a lover of London town) ‘Keys with the caretaker’. The streets looked cheap. Juliet looked at it with

tired eyes – dingy, forlorn, certainly this would be very near her standard. She found the caretaker and he conducted her up five flights of stairs. Certainly not here, thought Juliet with an uneasy feeling that her legs might consider themselves as separate from her body and refuse to advance. And then – nonsense, perhaps it *must* be here. There was a passage, and leading from it three rooms – one large ‘living’ room and a small bedroom and a minute kitchen. She looked round, noticed that the window had wide low ledges, that in the recess of either side of the fireplace there [was] a wide washed [white-washed?] cupboard doing up with a button. ‘O, I like it’ she said, nodding seriously – and the rent was decidedly within her limit. (p52)

F Das Geheimnis. (It happened when I was young, but unconscious of youth) And dark crept into the room. Juliet, lying back in her chair, saw the sky a pale soft yellow, watched the steady outpouring of smoke from the chimneys opposite. A faint breath, like a sigh from the passing day, stirred the window curtains and blew on to her face. Sounds floated up to her . . . intensely individual yet blending into the great chorale of Twilight. An extraordinary weakness stole over her. She was dying softly, softly, like the day. Her arms hung straight on either side of her chair. Her hair fell back among the cushions – her lips slightly parted.

. . . The horror of the long white day. She could not endure another. Here in this twilight, shaking off her great chains of Commerce, London shone, mystical, dream-like. And Juliet too felt like a dream. She was floating, floating, in the veil-like pale sky. Yesterday had never been, today had never been, tomorrow was not. This struggle for bread, this starvation of Art. How could she expect to keep art with her in the ugliness of her rooms, in the sordidness of her surroundings. Listlessly she raised her head and looked round. The room was full of cool emptiness – nothing was apparent, everything suggestive, and full of charm. ‘You will stay with me a little longer – while I can offer you this Magic hour’ whispered –

The sky changed. Only a narrow strip of the pale yellow remained, and above a thin blue on which the darkness of night sky was partially hidden. Patches of rich golden light shone in the houses. She felt her fatigue, her doubts, her regrets, slip off from her tired heart. ‘O – O’, she said, ‘How weak I am. How I ought to be full of strength, and rejoicing all the day. Relations at the other end of the world who have, thank Heaven, cast me off and my wish fulfilled. I’m alone in the heart of London, working and living . . .’ Then another thought came – she shook her head and frowned, but a great wave of bitter sweeping memories broke over her and drowned all else. Where was he now?

What was he doing? How did he live? Married? Single? Rich? Poor? Nothing was known. She shook from head to foot with pain and anger with herself. Were those five years to haunt her always? Would she never be strong enough to stand absolutely alone? Should the first thought at waking always be 'Who knows' and the last thought at night 'Perhaps tomorrow'? She moved restlessly. 'I say I am independent – I am utterly dependent. I say I am masculine – no-one could be more feminine. I say I am complete – I am hopelessly incomplete.' Try as she would, she knew that it was hopeless to attempt to change. 'I must just put up with it' she said aloud.

Suddenly she listened. Someone was mounting the stairs, quickly, lightly. She glanced at the clock – it was just half past eight. The steps came nearer. Outside her door they stopped. There was a momentary pause, then a knock, sharp, imperative. She sprang to her feet, and something within her seemed to spring to birth and laugh. She sprang to her feet, lit a small jet of gas, then opened the door wide. In the passage a man leaned against the wall – the intense black of his coat against the white wall, the broad sweep of his hat. Then he put out his hand. Terror seized her. 'David' she whispered – she could scarcely articulate. Her mouth was parched. She leaned against the door for support. 'David.' 'I have found you now' he said, seizing both her hands and dragging her into the room and over to the light, his pale face full of a great peace.⁵ (pp53–56)

G The Man. When she reached the long tree-lined avenue the rain had ceased and great splashes of sunlight lay across the road. As she reached the house she stopped and repeated the Dorian Gray. Her heart was beating almost unbearably. She pressed her hand against her hot face. 'This is gloriously unconventional' said Juliet, 'but I wish I was less frightened.' Walter opened the door. 'Ha! you've come at last' he said, his voice full of intense hospitality. 'Come along into the smoking room – second door to the right.' She pushed aside the heavy purple portière. The room was full of gloom but vivid yellow curtains hung straight and fine before the three windows. Tall wrought-iron candlesticks stood in the corners – the dead whiteness of the candles suddenly brought back a memory of Saint Gudule at dusk, and Juliet caught her breath. There were prints of beautiful women on the walls and the graceful figure of a girl holding a shell in her exquisite arms stood on a table. There was a long low couch upholstered in dull purple, and quaint low chairs in the same colour. The room was full of the odour of chrysanthemums⁶ – the blossoms were arranged in high glasses on the mantel shelf . . . 'I am afraid' said Walter closing the door and speaking slightly apologetically, 'it's not very . . .' 'Please I like it' Juliet said,

finding a fine portrait -
sometimes standing on
sitting ~~in~~ a good deal
into a mass of white leaves.
"Just to take in a lovely
half time" she thought
her hand flashed her
and someone. Perhaps
myself and carefully she
the folder her trunk
gave the happier stream -
this was all the best bits.
A long stretch of short grass
has before her the unseen
finds in appearance -
Juliet also in the world
the little seemed to increase
happier moments and the
partial sunlight on the
of her pure intention
he air became full of
sound - there

transmission of his people
member of words agreed
wonder a glance must
I thought brought the
with the left side of the
but only at the present
then she ordered to be
again - the trees crowded
round her - men in
leather - the few trees
waited for her plain
ranch - the light
comes - a thought of
the walked fast - then
began running and
gathered round a long
thick bundle of sticks and
fell -
for some of the men
young men and
women - the little
children and made no

smiling at him and pulling off her long gloves. He pulled up a great armchair for her – then, seating him[self] opposite so that he might watch her face . . . ‘Now tell me all about yourself.’ How revoltingly hearty his voice sounds, thought Juliet. She paused, then – ‘There’s not very much to tell.’ ‘How about those complications?’ ‘O they’re quite gone thank you. I . . . I took your advice.’ ‘That’s fine, that’s fine. I knew you would, my dear girl. I always said you had the grit in you.’ O, the fearful paternal conceit. ‘I . . . I finally made up my mind to put an end to them. It was hard, you know, but – I have wished to thank you ever since.’ ‘O, that’s alright, and as you grow older and see more cases of that very thing you will realise, better than you can now, how right I was. Drifting is so dangerous.’ ‘Yes . . . you made me feel that.’ ‘And don’t you feel more comfortable in yourself? Of course you miss something.’ ‘Yes, I really do – intensely.’ ‘Yes, naturally. But now the leaving part of the whole business is over aren’t you really very pleased?’ ‘Yes I think I am.’ She sat very still, and suddenly smiled slightly. ‘You have changed’ said Walter. His voice had curiously altered. (pp63–65)

H ‘We’ve told Father all about it, Juliet’ said Margaret. ‘And Father’s fearfully angry’ Mary added. Juliet slipped the Byron down in the front of her sailor blouse. She had no definite idea of what she had been reading but her head was full of strange unreasonable impulses. She was feeling slightly sorry for her absence of self-control in that it incurred a long interview with her Father, and in all probability some degrading issue – no jam for a week, or to go to bed at seven o’clock until she apologised. She walked slowly to the house, up the broad stone steps into the wide hall, and knocked at the morning room door. (p71)

I At two o’clock in the afternoon Juliet had thrown a heavy book at her eldest sister Margaret, and a bottle of ink at her elder sister Mary. At six in the evening she was summoned to the morning room to explain these offences. After her two wholly successful acts of violence she had retired to a sloping lawn at the extreme end of the garden where she lay down comfortably and read Don Juan . . . Margaret and Mary, still smarting from the shock to their sensitive little systems, had rather rejoiced in the search for her, and more especially in the knowledge that Mr Night was going up and down, up and down. They were both virtuous enough to take a keen enjoyment in the punishment of others. (p72)

J ‘Juliet – Juliet please sit still. You walked round and round this room till my pen is describing a hopeless and idiotic circle. I must get this off

tonight, and I can't if you will be so restless.' There was a note of intense annoyance in Vere's voice. She looked up from the sheets of foolscap arranged in neat piles before her. The afternoon had closed in – Pearl⁸ was writing by candlelight. Juliet had drawn down the blinds. The rain in the street hurt her. She had arranged all the odd books in a neat line on the mantelpiece. She had twice pulled the tablecloth straight and then flung herself in a chair, tried to read and failed, tried to write and torn up the paper, sighed, tossed her hair out of her eyes, and finally started walking up and down the room, swiftly, quietly . . . She had a headache, felt tired, nervous, and longed to burst out crying. For days the rain had been falling steadily, monotonously over London until it seemed to be suffocating her, beating into her brain. She had slept very little at night and her face [was a] little worn and set. At Vere's remark she stopped walking and said 'I – I beg your pardon. I did not quite realise what I was doing.' Vere laid down her pen and pushed back her chair. 'Got a mood?' she said. 'Yes', said Juliet. 'It's the very Devil. While it lasts I think it is going to be eternal and I'm contemplating suicide.' 'It's sure to be something physical. Why don't you sleep better Juliet? Are you – you're not – expecting?' 'Good Heavens, no. The truth is, my dear girl – well I hardly like to own it to myself even, you understand. Bernard Shaw would be gratified.' 'You feel sexual.' 'Horribly – and in need of a physical shock or violence. Perhaps a good smacking would be beneficial.' 'Don't laugh so much at yourself Juliet. I'm sorry dear – you look wretchedly ill.' 'It's the candlelight. Also I am in need of exercise. I shall go out, I think, for a walk, despite the fact that I shall become physically, mentally, and psychically damped.' 'Do, dear.' 'I feel a need of a big grey sky, and a long line of lights. Also a confused noise of traffic, and the sense of many people – you know?' 'Yes, I understand, but I loathe the rain. It makes me irritable. I hate the slashing effect that it has – and it makes me "fussy".' Juliet went over to Vere and suddenly kissed her. 'Think, my dear' she said, one hand on Vere's shoulder, 'if it had not happened I should be in the middle of Summer. Saturday night – helping the family to entertain a few friends to dinner perhaps, or hearing Father first snore and then yawn and finally tell me all he had for lunch and all that everybody else had for lunch. The evening would come to an end at ten o'clock with lemon and soda which Mother would refuse to drink because – quotation of course – it was so "windy". O Lord! Instead, I earn at least £1.0.0 a week, I live with the best friend that anyone could wish for in London, and I am free! Voilà, by enumerating all these excellent fors and againsts I feel better – and inclined to kiss you again.' 'Our friendship is unique' said Vere, folding her arms and staring at the light. 'Nothing could separate us, Juliet. All the comforts of matrimony with none of its encumbrances, hein?' 'My word yes! As it is we are both

individuals. We both ask from the other personal privacy, and we can be silent for hours when the desire seizes us.' 'Think of a man always with you. A woman cannot be wholly natural with a man – there is always a feeling that she must take care that she doesn't let him go.' 'A perpetual strain.' 'Also I should inevitably want to fly very high if I was certain that my wings were clipped.' 'Ugh' said Juliet, going over to the wardrobe and reaching for her coat and hat. 'I loathe the very principle of matrimony. It must end in failure, and it is death to a woman's personality. She must drop the theme and begin to start playing the accompaniment. For me there is *no* attraction.'

Vere suddenly laughed. 'I was thinking of your past *affaire de coeur* with David Méjin' she said. 'Please don't' cried Juliet. 'To think of it makes me feel overwhelmingly sick. When I think how he filled, swayed my whole life, how I worshipped him – only I did. How jealous I was of him! I kept the very envelopes of his letters, for years – and he, to say the least, raised his hat and passed on.' 'What would you do if you met him now?' 'Broadly speaking – do as I had been done by. I should simply bow.' 'I don't know that I would do that . . . ' 'Well,' she drew on her gloves, 'I shall take the plunge dear, and bring you back a brown loaf for supper. There is something aesthetic in the substance of a brown loaf.'

Once out in the streets Juliet walked very fast, her head bent. She was thinking, thinking. How absurd everything was. How small she was. She walked along Holborn, and into Oxford Street. The restaurants were full of light, and the sound of laughter seemed to be in the air. A curious helplessness took possession of her – an inability to speak or to stop walking. Half way down Oxford Street she suddenly heard a hoarse cry in the street. There had been an accident. In an instant there had sprung up scores of people who were all hurrying forward. Juliet ran with them. As she neared the place she heard 'E's done for, poor feller. 'E caught 'im fair on the leg.' 'Hit 'is head too – 'e was in the hansom.'⁹ (pp73-77)

K David and Pearl were married as soon as I [i.e. they] reasonably could be after Juliet's death, and a year and a half later, when a girl child was born, they both decided she should be christened after 'poor Juliet'. Pearl gave up smoking cigarettes and published a little volume which she called "Mother Thought" . . . somehow the title does not seem intensely original. Also, when they realised the possibility of another extension to their family they bought a nice little house near Cricklewood,¹⁰ and David achieved no small measure of success with his gardening.

Rudolf did not return to England after his tour in Italy but went further

afield to Spain and Portugal. So he knew nothing of Juliet's death until a long time had passed . . . Mr Tring¹⁰, the porter at No. 65 gave him a most full true and particular account. In the Autumn season he brought out a very charming little morceau – "Souvenir de Juliet". It created quite a quiver¹⁰ at the London concerts¹¹ – and it was reported on highest authority that the original MS was stained with tears . . .

(p78)

L The Triumph of Rudolf. Juliet dressed with great care that afternoon. She had on a thin white muslin frock with a square-cut yolk [sic] and short sleeves tied with ribbons. She brushed out her long hair, and then braided it round her head. Pearl, sitting huddled upon the lounge smoking and read[ing] Zola's Paris, laughed. 'How do I look?' said Juliet anxiously, slipping on a long coat and then taking a rapid survey of her two possible hats. 'Entirely irresistible, my dear. Wear the black one – it's so ingenious-looking' said Pearl . . . 'I want to make a really good impression. I've been looking hideous lately, I know, because I've been worried about the play. But now that it's actually finished – I shall grow a big conceit in myself. Do you know Pearl', she added, with mock gravity, 'I never realised that Summer was here until today.' 'Well run along or you'll be late, dear. Kiss me first. Somehow I feel as though I should like to take opium this afternoon.' Juliet put her arms round her . . . 'Dearest and best' she said, and blushed on saying it. 'I should like to be staying with you, but duty calls – you understand.' 'Of course . . . of course – by the way I shan't be in until after eleven. I'm going to a Promenade.' 'Very well, I shall be waiting for you – perhaps crushed to death by the criticism of David.' 'Who knows?' said Pearl, shrugging her shoulders. On her way to Canton Mansion Juliet bought 2 pink roses and tucked them into her belt. Also she felt that the sunshine had got into her brain . . . It was sparkling and golden and enchanting like champagne. She hugged her roll of MS as she mounted the stairs and then knocked quietly. Her heart was beating, and she felt that her cheeks were crimson. She stood waiting for several seconds and then knocked again. Rudolf opened the door, and swept her an extravagant bow. 'Bon jour, Mademoiselle' he cried in his mocking voice. 'Is David in?' asked Juliet. 'He received your telegram Mademoiselle and a thousand apologies but asks me to amuse you for just thirty minutes as he has so important an engagement. It is just thirty minutes Mademoiselle – and I am sorry for you . . .'

Juliet felt intensely annoyed. How could David have done such a thing, knowing as he did that she hated the very sight of Rudolf. Also for some inexplicable reason she felt afraid of him – he was so utterly at his ease, so lightly contemptuous, so recklessly impertinent. She stood

by the table in the middle of the room, frowning slightly, and Rudolf leaned against the mantelpiece and laughed. Then she turned to him. 'It is very kind of you to offer to entertain me. If I can sit here and read through my work I shall be quite happy, thank you' she said. On no account must she allow Rudolf to guess that her heart was beating violently, that she had to hold her hands under her long cloak so that he could not see how they were trembling. She drew up a chair and sat down. 'Dieu, Dieu, how hot it is' called Rudolf. 'That coat is impossible Mademoiselle. Here, let me take it. Stand up – voilà . . . and your hat. Is it not heavy? Il faut souffrir – no, that cannot apply to you.' Juliet stood up and allowed him to take her coat and hat. She could not trust herself to speak to him. He is a fiend, she thought – a perfect fiend. How can he look at me like that? She did not know exactly what to do, and then suddenly thought – how idiotic I am. Really I am rude. Perhaps he is trying to be kind – and fancy being afraid of anyone. Fear – I thought that could not enter my head.¹⁰ Perhaps if I really can talk to him alone for 30 minutes we shall understand each other in the future. Perhaps – yes – I am sure that is why David has arranged this. She looked up and smiled suddenly. 'Après tout, I shall talk' she said. 'Do you think I am rude?' 'Not at all. Perhaps you, if I might venture to say it, do not disguise your feelings very well Mademoiselle.' Rudolf sat down opposite her . . . and leaning his elbows on the table, watched her face. 'Tenez' he said, 'let us revive recollections. It is a charming thing that I love to do. My favourite word in the whole language is "Souvenir" Mademoiselle.' 'The first time I saw you' Juliet answered severely, 'I heard you whisper to David "But she is a curiosity". And I never forgave you. It sounded as though I edited the Family Herald.' 'No, no – you misunderstood me. I was interested. You were so different from anyone else, and you had known the tea coffee and cocoa creatures that we have seen, and also you did not like me – I saw it in your eyes.' 'Did you expect me to? Didn't the tea coffee and cocoa creatures "cast down their golden crowns" straightway?' 'Ah you do not know the life of the musician' said Rudolf, sighing deeply and casting his eyes heavenwards. Juliet laughed and said 'Don't be affected. I don't like you, to tell you the truth – you're forward, at least you appear so, and I feel that you despise me – I hate that! I like you professionally, not personally.' She suddenly jumped up and looked at herself in the little glass that hung over the mantelpiece. 'How my hair looks' she said, giving it a little pat all over. 'Is it alright now?' she appealed to him. 'Adorable' said Rudolf, 'and the little white dress and the two pink roses and the little black shoes and the ribbon.' 'Please stop' said Juliet. She was afraid again. Why would he not understand when she was joking and when she was serious? It is his voice that is so abominable, she thought. His voice and his eyes. Rudolf tossed back his

hair and opened the piano. He began playing the overture to Tannhäuser, heavily and magnificently. 'Ah Mademoiselle' he said, raising his voice. 'You do not understand me . . . We can never be friends, I fear. There are too many obstacles – you are too conventional . . . 'I am – ' interrupted Juliet. 'Yes you are more conventional than a child from a convent school. Also you never allow your feelings to run away with you – you have no core of sensation.' 'I haven't?' cried Juliet. 'No you haven't. Also you are a bad actress and I am a wonderful reader of character.' He had come to the end of the Pilgrim's Song and began playing it again. His tone was almost brutal. 'It is the heritage from your parents' he said. 'You have fought against it, but voilà there it is, always conquering you. You are afraid of everything, and you suspect everybody. Dieu! how afraid you are!' 'I am *not*' said Juliet, shaking her head, but the colour rushed into her cheeks.

He started the Venus Motif. 'Here am I' he said, 'reckless, a lover of all that you have desired to love, because my mother was a danseuse and my father an artist. Also there was no marriage.' He ceased speaking, but the music filled the room. He repeated the wonderful Venus call. 'Ah, it is divine', he said. 'That is what you should be, Juliet. What – how am I for Tannhäuser?' The music was flooding Juliet's soul now. The room faded, she heard her hot heavy impassioned voice above the storm of emotion . . . 'Stop. Stop.' she said, feeling as though some spell was being cast over her. She shook from head to foot with anger and horror. 'Listen again' said Rudolf. It was a Chopin nocturne this time. 'Live this life, Juliet. Did Chopin fear to satisfy the cravings of his nature, his natural desires? No, that is how he is so great. Why do you push away just that which you need – because of convention? Why do you dwarf your nature, spoil your life? If you were a man you would be a teetotaller, and then a Revivalist. You are the most beautiful girl I have ever seen – no, don't interrupt, I shall never speak like this again, I shall go away tonight – but you are, Juliet. It is not regular beauty, it is fascination – some fearful attraction when you choose to appear fascinating. Yet you are a little *timide*, and you know nothing – absolutely nothing. You are blind, and far worse, you are deaf to all that is worth living for.'

Juliet sprang to her feet. 'I shall not listen to you' she said, the tears starting to her eyes. 'I shall go home now, this instant. How dare you speak like this, Rudolf, how dare you. I am *suffocated*. Where did you put my coat and hat!' Her eyes were blazing. Rudolf suddenly sprang up from the music stool and caught her by the arm. 'It is not for nothing that I have such a tone' he said, speaking hoarsely. His face was mad with passion, white with desire. 'Leave me alone' said Juliet. She raised her eyes to his face, and his expression caused her to suddenly cease struggling and look up at him dumbly, her lips parted, terror in her

eyes. 'You adorable creature' whispered Rudolf, his face close to hers. 'You adorable creature – you shall not go now . . .' She felt the room sway and heave. She felt that she was going to faint. 'Rudolf, Rudolf,' she said, and Rudolf's answer was 'At last'. (pp78–86)

M It was eleven o'clock when David¹² entered the sitting room. He found Rudolf¹³ at the piano composing. 'Be quiet mon ami' he cried, 'listen a moment.' David stood still. Rudolf played madly, wildly, fiercely – the Music that was coursing through his brain seemed to intoxicate him. 'It is my masterpiece' he shouted, closing the piano and falling on to David's neck. 'It was my masterpiece.' 'What the Devil has come over you' cried David, bringing out of his pocket the programme of the evening Promenade. 'I'm still full of Wagner, and behold I find he is here incarnate in my room.' 'Yes, yes' said Rudolf, pulling David's handkerchief out of his pocket and applying it to his eyes, 'I am Wagner, I'm at the top of the whole world and it is rather strange. Rejoice with me', he said, running his hands through his hair.¹⁴ David lighted a cigarette and stood with his hands clasped behind his back. 'Are you drunk?' he said thoughtfully. 'Oui, oui – drunk I am – with the wine of Life, mon ami . . .' 'Well go and be drunk somewhere else. I've got an infernal headache and I want to smoke in peace.' 'Ah excuse, mon cher,' said Rudolf, laying his strong hand on David's arm. 'I shall be like a sucking baby¹⁰ if you will be kind. Where have you been?' 'I took Pearl to the Promenade.' 'Bon Dieu me garde!' ejaculated Rudolf. David turned to him sharply. 'Why not?' he said, 'why not? What do you mean? We talked about Juliet the whole time.' 'Did you take Pearl home?' 'Yes. I didn't stay. Juliet was asleep on the sofa – and it was so late. Anyone been here?' 'Not a soul' cried Rudolf airily, waving his hands to express boundless emptiness and vast solitude . . . 'I suppose the rose leaves floated through the window' said David, stooping to pick up some pink petals. 'They were once a button-hole' said Rudolf, 'but it died, and I threw it out of the window.' 'That is a lie' was the answer. His tone was very quiet. 'Juliet's been here. I know it. The remains of these blossoms she was wearing ten minutes ago. Besides, I knew it the moment I came in.' Rudolf grew suddenly confused and silent, then he shrugged his shoulders.¹⁵ 'It is true' he said. 'She left you this MS. I cannot think why I invented that sweet little tale . . .' 'Ah thanks' said David, taking the roll of paper from the table. 'I can't think why you did either. You two fight like cat and dog.' Rudolf frowned. 'She hates me' he said. 'She is impudent. This afternoon she insulted me. She is the only woman who has ever insulted me.' 'So you were ashamed to tell?' queried David. 'I wish that she hated me. It is an abominable position. I feel as though I ought to

love her – to me she is an angel, she has always been an angel – but I do not. She is too like me. I understand her too well. We are both too moody, we both feel too much the same about everything. That is what I feel, and so she does not attract me – do you understand?’ ‘Perfectly. But Pearl?’⁸ David paused, then ‘Pearl?’⁸ Need I tell you? I *cannot* help myself. I am madly in love with Pearl.⁸ She is so inexplicable, so reckless, so unlike me. I cannot understand her, I cannot think how she feels about me. It attracts me . . . and she challenges me. The Lord only knows how all this will end’, he added. (pp86a–89a)

N And the winter came again. The rooms in Carbury Avenue began to look cold and cheerless. ‘Don’t for Heaven’s sake start fires’ said Pearl, ‘they stop me working strenuously – also the price of coal.’ So they kept the screen in front of the fireplace and resolutely refused to think of the long sweet drowsy evenings that might have been theirs. Juliet was sleeping badly again. ‘I dream so much’ she told Pearl. ‘Every night, terrible dreams, all about when I was little, and about people I’d quite forgotten – and then I wake, and try not to sleep again – it is so heart-breaking.’ She had become intensely pale, and the shadows were always under her eyes, now. ‘You ought to feel more, and think less’ Pearl would answer. ‘Write something stupendous, create a colossal scheme and then it will cure you.’ ‘Ideas keep coming to me – it is not for lack of ideas that I have not written. But somehow that last play seemed to have stolen so much of my vitality.’ They were both sitting in the half dark, talking thus, when Pearl suddenly looked at the clock and cried ‘Good Heavens! I must fly. I’m due for a sitting at half past six and it’s nearly that now.’ She went. Juliet listened to the sound of her steps going down, down, down, then along the corridor, and then lost. She folded her hands in front of her, and suddenly the tears poured down her face . . .

I wonder why I am crying, she thought. Am I sad? Am I, am I? She crept over to the lounge and lay down, her head buried in the cushions. She was assailed with the most extraordinary thoughts. They seemed to be floating towards her, vast and terrible. I feel as though I was on a great river, she thought, and the rocks were all closing around me, coming towards me to sink me . . . And now and again Rudolf’s face came before her – the broad low brow, the great sweep of hair, the fire of the eyes, the eager curve of his mouth – almost just a trifle mocking, but also concerned, just a trifle concerned. She saw the strong supple hands, hands such as Aubrey Beardsley would have given an Artist. It is Rudolf – and Rudolf, and Rudolf, she said to herself. Then suddenly a fierce thought sprang to birth in her brain . . . Did he ever think – that there might be consequences to his act? Did he ever for one moment

dream that Nature might cry to the world what was so hidden, so buried? Terror took possession of her. 'O no – not that' she said, 'never, never that. That would be diabolical, and the world isn't diabolical – at least it can't be. Nothing would exist if it was.' But if – if – then if she were certain she¹⁶

(pp90–91a)

O 'How you've changed',¹⁷ he said, half whispering. 'Mightn't it have been better if you had just followed your destiny? For girls like Pearl it is of course different, she is made differently Juliet, but – your guarded life. Perhaps by this time you would be . . . ' 'Please be quiet', said Juliet. The tears were choking her now – the hopeless tragedy. O, yes he was a fool, this David. Why did she love him? 'But am I not right?' he went on, almost tenderly. She shook her head. 'I have made my own bed – no, no I don't mean that. I adore this life, I worship it, it has been Heaven!' But she over-acted her part. Suddenly he caught one of her hands. 'Listen' he said. 'Listen. Go back, dear. We shall all help you. We have spoken so much of you lately. You are so changed it is not right – you are wasting your life. And you have been dear and sweet to me always. How we change, Juliet. When we first knew each other, both so young, so full of quaint, romantic impossibilities – but those two children are dead now, and we are man and woman. All is different. You have made a mistake, for the sake of your old view. Juliet try and go back. We shall both help you . . . Pearl and I . . . ' Juliet looked up into [his] face. How very very heavy she had grown. She could hardly hold up her head now . . . It is quite extraordinary – like a dead body, she thought. All the six undertakers couldn't lift her now. How curious – two Davids. How strange – two huge gigantic Davids, both of them thundering 'Pearl and I' . . . What colossal Davids. She must run away and tell Grannie. She started to her feet . . . and fell . . .

(pp92–93)

P Day and night the rain fell. The sky would never be light again, it seemed. The little bedroom was always dark, but it did not matter – as Pearl told David, Juliet did not need light now.¹⁸ When the doctor had first come, and told Pearl how it was with Juliet the girl was dismayed and horror-stricken. She went into the sitting-room where David was waiting. 'David' she said, 'this is awful. I had not the slightest idea that Juliet – ' 'What is the matter' he said. 'O, our poor Juliet. She has been shockingly treated – you know? You understand?' 'I'll not believe you' said David. 'It is perfectly true. David, she is going to die.' 'I'll not believe you.' 'It is true. Come in and see her – she cannot know . . . ' They went back to her room. The doctor left as they entered, promising

to come again next morning. Also he would send a nurse immediately. Juliet lay straight and still, her face twisted with horror. They stood and watched her. David suddenly stroked her hand . . . 'Rudolf' she cried piteously, pleadingly – and then both of them knew.

Day and night the rain fell, and at last one afternoon the end came.¹⁹ Juliet came back painfully. She was groping the dark, trying to feel her way along. Out of the dark two voices came. 'It cannot be long now.' 'But it is for the best. If she *had* lived, what could have happened?' 'I begin to believe there must be a merciful God.' 'I, too.' She opened her eyes, and saw the two beside her. 'Ought I to join your hands and say bless you?' she whispered. Suddenly she raised herself. 'O – o – I want to live.' she screamed. But Death put his hand over her mouth.

(pp93a-95)

Q Juliet looked round her room curiously. So this is where she was to spend the next three years – three years. It did not look inviting. She noticed two texts, ornamented with foxgloves and robins . . . and decided that they must come down. The three large windows looked out upon the Mews below – the houses built all round in a square. She wondered who would share this sanctum. Some English girl, stiff and sporting, who would torture the walls with pictures of dogs, and keep a hockey stick in the corner. Heaven forbid, she thought. She sat down by the side of the bed and pulled off her long gloves. How strange and dim the light was. She was alone in London – glorious thought. Three years of study before her, and then all Life to plunge into. The others were actually *gone* now. She was to meet total strangers. She could be just as she liked – they had never known her before. O, what a comfort it was to know that every minute sent The Others further away from her! 'I suppose I am preposterously unnatural' she thought, and smiled. Then the porter brought in her two large boxes, and behind him Miss Mackay hovered and told Juliet she must have everything unpacked before teatime – it was quite one of the old customs. Did the glory of England rest upon old customs? She rather fancied it did. When to start overcoats and when to stop fires; hard-boiled eggs for Sunday supper, and cold lunches. She knelt down on the floor and unstrapped her luggage. From the pocket of her suitcase she drew out David's picture and looked at it seriously, then bent forward and kissed it. 'Here we are dear' she said aloud. 'Boy of mine, I feel that life is beginning – write now.'²⁰

When the old custom had been sustained, and she had undressed, she suddenly longed to write just a few lines of her impressions, so she slipped into her kimono and drew out her notebook. 'If I could retain my solitude' she wrote, 'I should be profoundly happy. The knowledge

that sooner or later I shall be hampered with desirable acquaintances takes away much of the glamour. The great thing to do is to start as I mean to continue, never for one moment to be other than myself as I long to be – as I never yet have been except with David.’ She laid down her pen and began braiding her hair in two thick braids. There was a knock at the door and immediately afterwards Miss Mackay entered with a tall thin girl beside her. ‘My dear’, the old lady said, ‘Juliet’ – positive Maternity in her tone – ‘this is your roommate, Pearl Saffron – new like yourself so I hope you will be friends.’ (pp95a–97a)

R Because she was the youngest she expected the most. She had vague notions that it was always, would always be the third who was the favourite of the Gods. The fairy tales that she devoured voraciously during her childhood helped to stimulate the thought.²¹ (p98)

S Juliet passed a sleepless night.²² She lay still in the darkness staring at the dim outline of the roof outside the window, thinking, thinking. Each moment her brain seemed more awake. If I do once go back, she thought, all will be over. It is stagnation, desolation that stares [me] in the face. I shall be lonely, I shall be thousands of miles from all that I care for and once I get there I can’t come back. I can’t do it. If they choose to behave like devils they must be treated as such. On one hand lay the mode bohème, alluring, knowledge-bringing, full of work and sensation, full of impulse, pulsating with the cry of Youth Youth Youth – Pearl with her pale eager face and smiling ripe mouth, crying to Juliet ‘Here I am, here we both are. Trust me dear, live with me, you and I to reach for things together, you and I to live and prove our new Philosophy.’ On the other hand lay the Suitable Appropriate Existence, the days full of perpetual Society functions, the hours full of clothes discussions, the waste of life. ‘The stifling atmosphere would kill me’ she thought. The days, weeks, months, years of it all. Her father, with his successful characteristic respectable face, crying ‘Now is the time. What have I got for my money? Come along, deck yourself out, show the world that you are expensive. Now is the time for me to sit still and have my slippers brought to me. You are behaving badly. You must learn to realise that the silken cords of parental authority are very tight ropes indeed. I want no erratic spasmodic daughter. I demand a sane healthy-minded girl. It is quite time for you to put up the shutters upon this period.’²³ In the darkness Juliet smiled at the last expression. It was so exactly like him – an undeniable *trade* atmosphere. Towards dawn she slipped out of bed, wrapped herself round in the quilt, and began pacing up and down. Her face was burning with

excitement. 'It has been so easy to speak of taking the plunge when two years of student life lay definitely before me, but now that the moment has arrived the water looked very cold.' All their arguments passed sharply across her brain – a neat selection of platitudes, altruisms, aphorisms. 'Will they wear? Will they hold good?' she thought, and then cried 'Yes, yes . . . I have the Key in my hands. Shall I unlock the door and get through and then shut it again, bang it again, with all the old Life outside, and Pearl and I alone at last?' She sat down at the table and took up her pen, then wrote rapidly. 'Pearl I am coming. Understand I answer now for good and for all . . . I don't know why I have hesitated so long. Ought I to be grateful to you for taking me? I don't think I am, dear, because I would do exactly the same if the circumstances were reversed. You realise that I want to find out what everything is worth – and you too, my friend. What has held me back from coming has been I think, principally, the thought that we are not to be together for a week or a month or a year even but for all times. It is rather immense and requires consideration. So to bed. I am lonely. J.'

When the seven o'clock dressing bell rang Juliet woke to the full consciousness of a nervous headache. She knew from experience that it was of no earthly use to attempt to do anything except succumb and lie still. So she slipped into her kimono and went along the stone passage to Miss Grimwood's bedroom. That lady on a seat before the glass tastefully decorated¹⁰ her head with her three soft switches, and when Juliet came in she enmeshed herself in a salmon pink fascination with no small measure of confusion and embarrassment. 'I am afraid I shall have to stay in bed all day' said Juliet. Then, in answer to numerous significant inquiries and nods, 'No, nothing thank you. Merely a headache. Meals? No thank you. Yes, tea perhaps, if I might have it very strong. If I can just lie still . . . O, no, quite unnecessary. I shall take some phenacetin. If I might be left alone. Overwork? O, by no means. They are quite a common occurrence.' Then she went back to her room and pulled down the blinds and crept into bed. The hours pulsed slowly on. After an immeasurable length of time she saw Pearl standing beside her, tall and grave in her black frock with a white feather boa around her throat. 'This is good' said Juliet, sitting up with her hands clasped round her knees. 'What is the time?' 'Just four.' Pearl smiled. 'How do you feel?' 'Rather damnable.' 'Can you talk?' 'My dear, yes. I feel better for the sight of you. Give me that pink carnation you're wearing and sit on the bed here.' 'I got your letter this afternoon, Juliet, by the two o'clock post, and came straightway to your room, my dear.' They suddenly held each other's hand. 'To the devil with my relations' said Juliet. 'To the devil with our Past Life' said Pearl. 'All the way here I have been quoting Oscar's "Relations are a very tedious set of people". You know, it has been like a charm.'²⁴ (pp106a-110a)

T *Chapter 1.* Behind the house the hills rose in a great sweep of melancholy grandeur. Before it lay the wide restless ocean. Juliet dreamed. She stood at the foot of a great bush-covered hill. It towered above her, and she had a curious sensation that it was alive and filled with antagonism towards her. On the very crown of the hill the sunlight lay, sheer golden. Juliet began to slowly climb. At first she followed a narrow sheep track for a short time, then lost sight of it and clung to brambles and trees, sometimes finding a firm foothold, sometimes stumbling or sinking ankle deep into a mass of rotting leaves. 'This will take me a terribly long time' she thought. Then a hand grasped hers and someone pulled her swiftly and carefully over the fallen tree trunks, across the narrow streams. She was out of the bush now. A long stretch of short grass was before her. The unseen guide disappeared. Juliet resolutely walked on. The hill seemed to increase to an enormous size and the patch of sunlight at the top grew more intense. The air became full of sound. She was conscious of many people near her, of voices raised in anger or alarm. 'I must try and not look to the right or to the left' she thought, 'but only at the sunlight.' Then she entered the bush again. The trees crowded round her, menacing, terrible. The fern trees waved their long green branches. 'They are like arms' thought Juliet. She walked faster, then began running, and suddenly tripped over a long thick supplejack and fell.

For some inexplicable reason she began to cry loudly, like a little child, and made no attempt to get up. Then someone caught her by the shoulders and put her on her feet again and brushed the earth and twigs from her dress. She walked on, sobbing a little, and full of despair. On and on, until a river rushed across her path. 'Now it is all over' she thought. 'I shall have to stay on this side.' She sat down on a flat rock and began throwing little pebbles into the water, and each pebble as it fell floated on the top of the water until there was a great bridge of the pebbles, and she walked across to the other side quite safely. Now she found a road, a dusty much-used road, and suddenly a great fog swept over all the land. Again she heard the sound of many voices, and suddenly in the darkness someone struck her in the face. A feeling of intolerable shame seized her – she ran faster and faster, and when the fog drew away it reminded her of the man at the circus. When he lifted the handkerchief off the flower-pot something beautiful was there. She was very near the end of the journey. Just a few more steps. But how heavy she had become! She could hardly walk. She was too tired to look for the sunlight, she only saw the dust on the road. So few more steps and then she could rest and feel that all the trouble was behind her. Her steps grew slower and slower. She seemed hardly to be moving. Suddenly a gust of cold air blew on to her face. She looked up. She stood on the summit of the mountain. There was no sunlight, no

sound, nothing. Only the fierce wind that beat upon her face she could hardly stand against. She stretched her arms to cling to something – and fell. (pp111–114)

NOTES

- ¹On the previous page (p2) KM has written: Chap I October 14th, Chap II The birth of the flame, Chap III The God, Chap IV.
- ²The incident described here took place when the Beauchamps lived at 75 Tinakori Road: the house of *The Garden Party*.
- ³Beside this KM has written, within square brackets: 'Foolish child! April 1908'.
- ⁴The original heading of this piece, crossed out, was: 'Juliet and Diana'.
- ⁵The last half sentence from 'dragging' has been crossed out, and beside it KM has later written: 'Nonsense'.
- ⁶This passage, from 'come along into the smoking room' to 'the odour of chrysanthemums' appeared, slightly reworked, in a story called 'The Education of Audrey' published in *The Evening Post* of 13 January 1909. I am indebted to Miss Cherry Hankin for pointing this out to me.
- ⁷On the page preceding this passage KM has listed chapter headings and names of characters in the story. The chapter headings are: I. Turning away. B. night-meeting. II. Sea chapter. III. London. IV. College influence. V. Vere. VI. Parents. VII. Project. VIII. Fulfilment. IX. Truth and Illness. X. Marriage. XI. Vere and T. XII. Death. Of the characters listed on this page, those who actually appear in the story are given thus: Juliet Night, David Mejin, Margaret +, Mary +, Pearl Saffron. Other characters listed here who make no appearance in the narrative are Mrs Dale mother-in-law to; Mr Dale; Mr Philip Dale; Mr Donald.
- ⁸Originally written as 'Vere' and subsequently altered to 'Pearl'.
- ⁹The last passage, from 'A curious helplessness' to the end, has been perfunctorily scored out.
- ¹⁰An uncertain reading.
- ¹¹A sentence at this point in the narrative has been heavily scored out and is partly illegible: 'a [?] so [?] that he arranged it for Violin, to be played with muted strings.'
- ¹²'David' was written after 'Caes' had been firmly scored out with three strokes.
- ¹³'Clad in his pyjamas' has been scored out here.
- ¹⁴'running his hands through his hair' has been lightly scored out.
- ¹⁵This last phrase begins p88a at the top of which KM has written: 'Trowell'.
- ¹⁶The passage which once followed, whether one page or more, was torn out prior to the numbering of the remaining pages.
- ¹⁷This sentence is preceded by 'her fears.', which followed from a page now torn out.
- ¹⁸The following sentence, scored out, reads: 'They nursed her together now.'
- ¹⁹Scored out here is the following passage: 'The nurse had gone out for a few minutes. Pearl and David stood by the bed.'
- ²⁰KM probably meant 'right now', but the word is clearly 'write' as she has it.
- ²¹This passage may not belong to *Juliet*. On the chance that it does, however, and for its own intrinsic interest, it is worth including.
- ²²At the top of this page KM wrote and scored out: 'Ake Ake Aroha!'.
- ²³This sentence was rewritten from: 'Close the shutters upon your lopsided ambitions.'
- ²⁴After this, KM has written in different ink and on another occasion: 'I can wait no longer.'

SVEN BERGGREN IN NEW ZEALAND

Section I

The visit to New Zealand in 1874-5 of Sven Berggren the noted Swedish botanist and world authority on mosses and algae has been hitherto known to New Zealand students only through his two formal taxonomic papers. Any published comments of a general nature so far located were buried, untranslated, in a Danish geographical periodical¹ and in it he was dealing chiefly with the hot lakes region. His note in the *Transactions of the New Zealand Institute* on ticks in the wool of a dead sheep² could hardly be said to add to the corpus of discerning impressions of the New Zealand landscape. The first of his two papers, published in 1877³, described twenty-four species, seventeen of which were new with one new order but it was not until twenty-one years later that his study of New Zealand liverworts appeared.⁴

Some years ago while newspaper searching for references to the central North Island area the writer found a fleeting mention of Berggren in the Taupo region in January 1875.⁵ An approach to Lund University, the institution of which he was a staff member at the time of his antipodean visit, seemed worthwhile. The University at first were unable to help and had no record of any manuscript material on the visit. However three years after the initial request, on the eve of abandoning the seemingly forlorn hope, an excited letter from Miss Margareta Donner of the Manuscript Department of the University Library of Lund advised that the manuscripts in question had just been returned to the Botany Department. Photocopies of the journals were most generously enclosed.

But if survival of the archive was confirmed, its perusal was still a major challenge. The text was apparently in old Swedish script in faded pencil and the xerox copies did not compensate for the deficiencies of the original. Two translators tried unsuccessfully to make some headway, and it seemed that after all, despite the tantalising identification of well-known place-names in an otherwise meaningless page, Berggren was not for us. However we were most fortunate in interesting Mrs Barbro Macnamara, then a student at Library School, in the formidable task. In the time she could make available Mrs Macnamara succeeded in providing what may be regarded as a good working translation of much of the copy, despite certain indecipherable wastes. The main record consists of four diaries with a separate overlapping descriptive summary of the thermal regions section, and correspondence with New Zealanders and others about his visit.

The diary entries vary greatly in length depending upon Berggren's interest, mood and available time. Even when full they are set down in

a characteristically abbreviated and highly allusive form. He may have intended later to write some kind of travelogue in addition to his formal botanical descriptions but such a record, if ever completed, was not published. The shortened, adjectival style of the entries, however, while adding to the difficulty of translation, does give the reader of the more rounded sections an individual, unusual view of New Zealand life with a subtlety entirely lacking in Hochstetter or Haast, but perhaps best exemplified in the later and more 'tourist' oriented book of de Ségur, *Au bout du monde* (1901). Whether commenting on the inflection of a Maori girl's voice, cruelty to animals or the drunkenness of their European owners there is an un-English freshness in his impressions. He was sensitive to what he would have regarded, had he framed it in such words, as colonial boorishness, although before his departure he seems to have come to terms with antipodean mankind.

While he accepted the current New Zealand stereotype of the Maori, he quickly seems to have reached an awareness of Maori personal identity and point of view. His roughly recorded verbal sketches cry out to be translated into real drawings and one diary has in fact two or three sketches which make us lament their rarity. His letters to Haast are more rounded and, perhaps in recognition of hospitality, smooth over his difficulties, disappointments and frustrations.

In outline, Berggren left London on the *Helen Burns* on 13 September 1873, arriving in Lyttelton via Melbourne and Foveaux Strait on New Year's Day 1874. After discussion with Haast he decided to visit the West Coast, for which he departed on 31 January. In Hokitika weather and the inhabitants discouraged and rebuffed him from proceeding further south and he was back in Christchurch by 12 March. He then went to Otago, spent some time with Hocken in Dunedin – unfortunately we have no details of this stay – and visited Invercargill but does not appear to have gone far inland. From Wellington in June he proceeded north to Napier, Ohinemutu and Tauranga on what might be regarded as a first quick reconnaissance. Auckland's welcome may have been a little warmer, but in Northland from October things seemed to come right. Percy Smith surveying near Taheke would have been an excellent host in the bush and the Maoris as well as pakeha Maoris were friendly. On 12 December he was back in Auckland, to leave once more for the centre of the Island. From Tauranga and Maketu he went by Ohinemutu, Taupo and Tokaanu to the Upper Waikato and the slopes of Ruapehu, returning to Auckland by the same route on 19 February 1875. In April he was again in Christchurch making his farewells to Haast before leaving for Fiji, Hawaii and San Francisco. He was back in Lund by February 1876.

Berggren's decision to visit New Zealand appears to have been taken in 1872 with the encouragement and possibly at the suggestion of the

Scottish botanist W. Lauder Lindsay. In a letter to him from Gilgal, Perth, in January 1873⁶ Lindsay offered assistance in the preparations for his New Zealand excursion. In addition to giving Berggren a dossier on New Zealanders of scientific inclination in the four centres, he sent letters of introduction and support to both London and New Zealand on the Swede's behalf. With pleasant memories of his own visit to Otago in 1861 – he was an honorary member of the Otago and Canterbury Institutes – he strongly recommended making headquarters in Dunedin with Otago the principal field of endeavour, although the latter suggestion in view of Berggren's particular interest in mosses would seem a rather restrictive proposal.

From the office of the Agent-General, Walter Buller wrote at length in May 1873.⁷ He suggested that as mosses were Berggren's main concern '... you could not do better in the North Island than explore the broken wooded country in the southern portion of the Wellington Province ...' In response to a query from Berggren about the centre of the Island, Buller assured him there would be no difficulty in reaching Taupo 'the only two requisites being a native guide to show the way and a pack horse to carry blankets and provisions ...' He recommended going north by the Upper Rangitikei and offered a letter of introduction to his brother-in-law Gilbert Mair in Rotorua, although in view of Berggren's unfavourable impression of Mair⁸ it is unlikely to have been used. In the South Island Buller recommended Christchurch as the appropriate centre from which to visit the Southern Alps and the West Coast.

A letter of welcome from James Hector⁹ awaited his arrival in Lyttelton, which was marked by some encouraging press comments. The *Wellington Independent*, echoing the *Press*, took note: 'The arrival in the colony of a Professor of Botany, even though he be a countryman of Linnaeus, is in these times a circumstance so different from the ordinary incidents of current consideration, and is apparently of such small import compared with the landing of a ship-load of laborers, locomotives, or railway plant, that it is not unlikely to pass unnoticed ... Dr Berggren arrived on Tuesday last and intends to make a stay of twelve months ... He has decided to make Canterbury his headquarters ...'¹⁰

After some weeks of work in the vicinity of Christchurch and no doubt close induction by Haast he set out for the Coast on 31 January armed with letters of introduction from his friend and with a pack-horse and packman Ben recommended by Haast. Across the plains under Mount Torlesse he stayed two nights at Castle Hill Station¹¹ with J. D. G. Enys, a keen amateur naturalist who acted as host to a number of distinguished scientific visitors. On 15 February they reached Arthur's Pass. Apart from the vegetation, the steepness of the

country impressed him. The night was spent in their tent at Otira, then graced by an 'inn' at which Berggren purchased mutton, coffee and cognac and had an encounter with a French-speaking drunkard. On the 19th down past Kelly's to Jackson's – 'Scotsman. Decent' with wife and father 'almost a hundred years old'. The night of the 20th they camped below the Taipo-Taramakau junction among *Olearia avicennia-folia* (Akeake) in two tents together with bullock drivers from Christchurch. 'These men spend three weeks on the road'. Typical of his entries is that for the 21st '... Here comes the stage coach ... with the doctor. Stopped and talked. Then Blakes – waded in a valley ... Camp in the forest and lots of people. A slaughtering hut. One man on a horse came galloping but turned again without speaking. People, workers at the camp in tents. Many mosquitoes and sandflies.' In a letter to Haast he said: 'At Enys there was an exceptional profusion of moss vegetation. I collected a lot but couldn't make them ready for pressing. Would you please put the packet in a dry place until I return – because I must press the mosses myself ... I am very pleased with Ben; he is very willing, cooks well, has learned how to preserve the plants, can keep the tent free of sandflies by smoking tobacco, has a great affection for the horses and becomes quite excited when I say "This plant is found only in this one place in the whole world." and then tries very hard to collect lots of samples of *Notothlaspi*, *Cotula*, *Raoulia*, *Ligusticum* ... etc.'¹² Rather hopefully Berggren said that they had already had two rainy days and seemed to anticipate that this might be all until the end of the following month.

On 24 February they reached Hokitika. 'Searched in vain for His Honor Bonar.'¹³ Was told ... that I would probably not be able to see him until 11 o'clock the following day. Met Langer who brought me to O'Hara's Exchange Hotel. A lot of Germans swarming around, in hotel as well.' Bonar invited him to dinner which may or may not have eventuated. Gerhard Mueller in any case was hospitable and arranged for him to go on to Okarito with one of his men. He met Preshaw and a plant collector Johnson who had prizes from some exhibition for his mosses – 'strange, puffing and trembling hands' – also Klein a newspaper editor, Appel a cigar-dealer and animal doctor with a minerals collection. Hokitika impressed him no more than its Mayor. The litter of shipwrecks on the beach, its 'one broad street and one pillar in memory of deserving deceased citizens ... on the streets, rags, bottles, tins and paper just as everywhere in New Zealand.' On 2 March he had a soaking trip south to Ross, crossing the Hokitika on a barge after a false diversion. A disappointing day; 'did not collect anything', ended up at the London Hotel 'Tavern' at Ross which cost him a pound for bed and breakfast. He regretted the whole expedition and decided to return, passing through Hokitika the next day as far as Blake's. From

here he went on to Jackson's where perhaps for a meal he was asked for 'half a pound'. He continued on to Kelly's from where on a promising evening he went up to a high camp and made his way through alpine vegetation; during the next two days he explored towards the tarns on the open tops of the Kelly Range between the Taipo and the Otira rivers. But the West Coast drizzle caught up with him: 'Rain already at 4 o'clock. Then very heavily, splashing into the tent and extinguishing the fire. Cold night and little sleep. Breakfast on the very last of the provisions. It continued to rain the whole day very heavily and little rivers started to be formed. I contemplated my fate, if here without provision, stay here or leave. Finally the barometer started to go both up and down and at 4 o'clock the rain was a little less heavy, but I wanted to wait until 5; it continued to subside and the descent began. Rainwater from the trees and my wet spectacles got misty, difficult to see. Ben had a lot to carry. We step on trunks across the now very much larger stream, cross it again with water up to our knees. Dripping wet, I was met with questions about changing clothes, etc, and "happy to see you back". Hot coffee in the evening and early to bed. The workers very friendly [along the road].'¹⁴ Next morning 'The workers had to get up since the road had caved in. Left at 11 o'clock and came to near Roberts' where we set up our camp and where Walker had given a temperance talk . . .'

He was thankful to be again in Christchurch by 12 March and arrived in Dunedin on 1 April. Here there were excursions with Captain Hutton and the hospitality of Dr Hocken and Professor Black.¹⁵ On 7 April was the first meeting for the year of the Otago Institute which Berggren attended. J. T. Thomson, as President, welcomed him¹⁶ and the next two months appear to have passed pleasantly enough.

In a letter to Haast¹⁷ he wrote that Dunedin was a very 'proper field for excursions' and he had found some 'beautiful things'. He asked Haast to send down the specimens in his custody which Berggren had collected as a friend was going direct to London and would take the collections so far assembled. 'The vegetable sheep please put on the bottom of one of the boxes very carefully. Please also send the boxes which came from the interior, with iron bands round them because they might be too weak for a sea-journey . . .' It is clear that Berggren's harvest of specimens was on a considerable scale.

He wrote again from Winton¹⁸ in June. Unfortunately the specimens which Haast had sent down were not in good condition 'because of the cursed long stay in the Malvern Hills . . .'. Several packets had gone mouldy and took a month to dry. 'Dunedin, the bays north and south of that city, the well-known hills inland, and the more distant Bluff and Invercargill areas and Winton are the chief scenes of my attacks on herbs, bushes, ferns, mosses, lichens, seaweeds, and tomentum . . .'. In

early July he was in Wellington. On her way north the *Otago* on which he was a passenger had called at Lyttelton. Haast pleaded his wife's illness as the reason for not going to the port to see him – 'I can't say how much I regret that you are not going to spend a couple of hours in Christchurch'.¹⁹ But there were more influential friends in the capital to help in a financial dilemma.

By now it was clear that his available grant of £200 would be insufficient and Hector made representations to Government on his behalf.

In a formal letter to the Colonial Secretary he outlined Berggren's credentials and the importance of the botanical work on which he was engaged. 'The fund placed at Dr Berggren's disposal by the Royal Academy of Sweden, has however proved insufficient to enable him to examine the whole of the Islands, as the great expense of travelling in New Zealand was not anticipated *owing to the social advancement of the country not being understood.*' [editor's italics] Berggren had not perhaps expected to camp out in the environs of Christchurch and Dunedin but he was clearly hurt by the tavern charges on the golden coast; nevertheless Hector's delightful euphemism on the New Zealand capacity for fleecing visitors has seldom been better put. In his memorandum he outlined Berggren's field work since his arrival, stressing that the botanist had already collected some 15,000 specimens of the cryptogamic flora 'which has hitherto never been sufficiently studied'. To date he had spent about £200 and expected that a further £200 would enable him to complete his survey. If assistance were given Berggren undertook to furnish:

1. A complete named set of all his new plants.
2. An account of his discoveries for publication in the Colony by the New Zealand Institute.
3. A complete set for the General Assembly Library, of the large illustrated works relating to his researches which will be published in Europe.' In its field his work would be supplementary to the appropriate sections of Hooker's Flora.

Hector stressed the place of such studies in order to identify and treat diseases in forest trees and the country's pastures. 'I have no . . . hesitation in strongly urging that he should be granted the assistance he requires to complete these researches.'²⁰

Cabinet apparently approved a grant of £100, although Haast in a later letter referred to the amount as £300.²¹ Dr Pollen's minute as Colonial Secretary was 'I have arranged with Dr Hector to make a contribution on acct. of Col. Govt. of £100 towards the travelling expenses of Dr Berggren on the conditions referred herein.'²²

While in Wellington he attended the July meeting of the Wellington Philosophical Society and left for Napier by sea on 1 August. As men-

tioned earlier he then made a hurried trip through the centre of the Island to Taupo by way of the newly completed coach road and on to Rotorua, Tauranga and Auckland. He arrived at the Bay of Islands on 20 October and towards the end of the month joined Percy Smith's survey party at Otatau, at the head of the Waima River south of Hokianga Harbour). There was an interesting ascent of Pihanga trig. on which Berggren recorded a number of species, a new camp on the waterfall at Punakitere²³ and a note of a typical camp meal '... wild pigs, caught with the help of dogs by the Maoris ... coffee and tea. Kumara and taro ... For dessert Freycenetia banksii, similar to Pine-apple just now in bloom, the fleshy inside ... Tin mugs and plates, a net for the flies is suspended over our dining table which is the dry ground. Bed of ferns ... 10-12 ft high, elastic, dry and warm. Pudding with raisins. Excellent bread. Maori appetite. Sugar and warm water.'²⁴

And the hazards of botanical work: '... Spread out my plants in the sun. At 1 o'clock we were to continue. Calm but a sudden whirlwind came and scattered my plants among the ferns and two pieces of paper blew away up into the air and rose to about 1,000 ft towards Hokianga ...'²⁵

Berggren was anxious to acquire a knowledge of Maori. In camp one evening he noted: 'The Maoris teach me their language and read sentences out of Williams.'²⁶ On 13 November they returned to Waima and Taheke. '... One Maori in Waima had a lot of cattle. He has been at Thames. The Mission Station²⁷ on a very beautiful spot, surrounded by willows; a fine green Pouriri tree in the middle of a patch of green trees, shading the house. The Maori school children play, ride on their horses, swings, etc. Two ladies, Maori teachers, can be seen at a distance. Church. A school above on a height. Some bush, otherwise fern and Manuka. Came to Taheke Hotel at 1 o'clock.'

During the following week he went down to Herd's Point and Whangape, on the Hokianga, visiting Webster²⁸, Von Sturmer,²⁹ and Maning. On the 21st 'Mr Grace (Manning's assistant) called for me at Websters' and we went to Whangape via the sandhills along the shores. Stayed overnight in Yarborough's³⁰ store house. Came back to Taheke Tuesday 1 December after having been away at Whangape for almost one week and some days at Herds Point.'

Next day 'Rain. Stayed in Yarborough's store house (Moetangi) with the flaxmill.' and on the 23rd to MacArthur at Whangape. More length the flaxmill' and on the 23rd to MacArthur at Whangape. More lengthy entries commence on 29 November: 'Went with Nelson (Tari) and Brissendon³¹ to Utakura on the Monday. Spencer v. Sturmer is postmaster, judge, vaccinator, doctor, adviser even clergyman (is allowed to marry and baptize). I was well received by him, got two stone axes and a live Kiwi which I to his great distress did not want and

even a . . . Danaïd alive on a Asclepius [?] in his garden. Half caste wife and dark children. A session to decide some litigation was called on the Wednesday and many natives were to come to this. Much drinking going on already as it was, since many Maoris had arrived to get money from the land commissioners, but it was said they got none. Among others there were the Andersons, big men, sons of a Swede, Jan Anderson, now dead; magnificent drinkers. Old Bryers³² friendly. Young Bryers too, rather a gentleman, beautiful eyes, Italian type, big beard. Children of the young one were black and did not seem very strong, just like most half caste children. Leisurely life. No cultivation going on at all. The ground in the paddock – no milk despite the fact that there are cows – too much trouble to milk them. In the same way there is no butter and pork is what one eats all the time. Lots of wild cattle that is chased home from the forest by a riding hunter, over mountains and hillsides, ferns and manuka shrubs and bush – one moment the hunter is out by the Waima, when only a little while earlier I was talking to him. Most of the cattle was owned by Hudson, the landlord in Taheke. The laziness of the Maoris is so great that Smith was unable to send a letter 4 miles despite offering to pay 5/-. For two horses from Herds Point to Kaipara along the west coast I paid Fraser £6 (the school master wanted £1 for the trouble of getting the horses) In Taumatawhiwi [Taumatawhiwi] I looked at the school (Ward was the school teacher), writing going on. Posters on the walls . . . Ward's wife was a halfcaste, the most beautiful one I had seen in Hokianga. Fraser's (Sturmer's assistant) wife was dry and seemed unhealthy. From Herds Point to Taumatawhiwi together with Fraser, Jones. John Webster and Captain King from England and together with these men went to Manning where we had dinner. King said that if M. were in England he would be declared insane. Saw three old Pakeha-Maoris; the oldest, Nimmo (75 years old)³³ came to New Zealand in 1825 . . . and Chapman . . . A Pakeha-Maori is regarded as a valuable asset by the native population who would do anything for these Pakeha-Maoris and sometimes carried heavy burdens for them all the way from the Bay of Islands. Nimmo had his house built on top of the bodies of 20 dead Maoris, that had been roasted at one particular time. These Pakeha-Maoris are more and more protected by the natives. It was in those days when one could get almost anything for a nail or an axe. (Sturmer, Gillies, Webster, Manning etc. intend to go around the Pacific Islands and trade with the natives – in their own schooner – scientific enterprise.)

'Manning gave me a copy of his book – since I came from so far away. The book about the war is another publication that he does not have copies of himself. Said that he was preparing another ethnographical publication. Gets £800–1,000 a year in salary and on top of that has

a good country estate and is consequently a rich man. Judge in land disputes – holds sessions in his office – naturally indispensable because of his influence with the natives. Same reasons for Tari's appointment. The government fears them and pays them.

'A German had a house near the Hoka River estuary on the slopes of the Sandon Hills, sheep raising, earns money, since good grass . . .³⁴

'I pass drift-sand hills for a couple of miles on the journey up; we were sinking down to our knees. Grass. *Desmoaschoenus* [?] and one *Coprosma*, one *Arundo*-like plant and *Cassinia*, the only vegetation. A Maori boy riding on a horse came after us in order to go fishing mussels on the beach. Whale . . . on land in one place, colossal. A Maori girl on some of the far out cliffs, fishing in the whirling waves, in her fluttering clothes she sits like a statue on the cliffs that are washed over and over by the breakers; a picture worthy of the chisel. I saw her in Moetangi when she returned with a little basket on her back – the windblown hair concealing the wellformed face but not the brown eyes.

'Evening meal in the Maori house near the German's place when we came back in Yarborough's lost boat. Tea, kumara and a bit of fish . . . Fire in a little iron kettle, I warm my feet. One eats with one's fingers after an unsuccessful effort with a knife . . . the sugar . . . tea was served by the servant girl who was sitting outside. The man a great chief and a "nice fellow". He is not very talkative, more like a young bearded Maori chief . . . in his being, feminine, meek, mild, smoking his pipe and now and then participating in the conversation with a few words. When we in Taumatawhiwhi saw the boat drifting out in the storm and a fire burning on the beach our suspicions were aroused: they had not moored it. Grace asked if they could swim, "Badly". Asked a man in Russel's³⁵ house, a Maori, but he did not want to . . . Got a skiff, one oar each, came up to the boat which was half full with water. Difficult to row, extremely tired. Blisters on the hands, were drifting in the wind. Landed further down. Grace arranged a sleeping place for me with the Maoris – Yarborough was there . . . the morning after we had sailed to Yarborough in beautiful moonlight . . . At 10 o'clock Yarborough's boat sank with the flour sacks. One oar and one sack was rescued by a healthy Maori boy (15 years old) and another Maori. He was dressed in a long uniform coat with red braids. Cheerful and quick and fearless when he saw the boat out at sea, and although a poor swimmer he went out with his clothes on, then came back to take them off and then went out again. Was almost drowning before our shouts could prevail on him to return. He wrapped himself like in a bag at the prow during the way home. I found another oar the following morning when I was walking on the beach together with Manning in order to look at the globular sandstone formations. Had to scoop the water

out of the boat many times, it was full, the oar handle was broken . . .

'In Pakenu [Pakanae] 16 year old school girls in hats and flowers writing on the blackboard – on the beach school children, Maoris galloping on horses with cloaks and slouch-hats. "Kapai te pakeha, kapai Akarana" A schooner aground for three months.

'A bit apprehensive [?] about sending my plants this way. Energetic readiness to persuade me to do this, even though it is obvious that . . . they need to be watched. . . . needs to be encouraged but such eager advisers often have self-interest in mind and it is only an appearance of helpfulness. Excursion with Sturmer to Webster and wandered along the edge of the forest, looking . . . Talked about religion.

'Together with Nelson and Brissendon to Outukura [Utakura]³⁶ A lake here, difficult to row – some said impossible. We met horses – gallop – a long row – 10–20 riders – Maori boys two and two on the horses – 4–5 miles. Kai. The younger Anderson was in charge of the cooking assisted by some women. Invited us to sit down on mats. Tenakoe and handshakes. A very well-behaved group, silent and decent, and a calm and leisurely way of spending the time stretched out on the mats – some smoking, some sleeping – finally stood up, hoarse after the revelling of the previous day – had 6 gallons equals 36 bottles of cognac . . . 30 persons – . . . so were sent to buy more. At first "kai" – Beautiful roast beef in pieces with a delicious gravy, no tea but hot water with milk and sugar. Wonderful wheat bread – the ground was our table, logs of wood were our chairs and the fingers served as forks. Pigs, hens and dogs were standing around in a circle and a little poodle puppy took the opportunity of stealing a piece unnoticed, putting his paws on the edge of the tin plate. Maoris squatting down in a circle. Tahuea . . . two with papers (buying contracts) in their hands walking to and fro. "Ehoa" "Na" Tari and Brissendon placed themselves comfortably opposite them. Tari was holding . . . Korero . . . assumed a jocular attitude . . . laughed heartily. Some with almost European features, for instance two of the women (one of them with a child) and another who was very retiring and sat apart had a very intelligent face. . . . [3 illegible lines follow] . . . They had been wailing their wailing songs for several days and after that they had been drinking. A white man belonged to them; a tall young man. Sad to see his fat body in the blanket. Walked back to the boat; it was dark before we arrived.'

'Lake Omapere, to the north between Ohaeawai and Kaikoe, is situated at the foot of a mountain, a volcano,³⁷ with a hundred foot deep crater which was still used as a burial place. The lake is said to get its water from this crater and the eels in the lake are said to live out of the bodies. The lake is approx. three miles long and wide, in the middle there are kauri stumps with roots [?].

'Yesterday I visited two native houses. 1) girl brought me over in a

canoe, family with five children, the father consumptive, asked me about his disease, the mother young and mild, was working, moulding up potatoes. "Ehoa tenakoe", mild, melodious but somewhat melancholic voices in the whole family. Food for me: rice pudding and milk. Paid two and a half s. - 2) Visit to two lonely people, growing much Kumara and to a family living under a palm-leaf roof. "Ka kino pakeha" a woman said, "kapai te pakeha" said all the men. Came to Ohacawai and visited a Maori chief in Kaikoe - dinner there - warm sugar water and bread. Beautiful daughter, recently married - came back to wail at the mother's bosom [?] the girl was rubbing noses with all visitors; a younger daughter made some tea and was cheerful and talkative - the other one had bewitching eyes and a straight nose. Begging to get my pocket-knife. The mother said: "you could have given it to me instead". The old man a regular trump - peeled potatoes with shells . . .

'Excursion to Kaikoe. Visited the road workers. A talkative Maori (spoke English, formerly a whaler) was the foreman on the site. Dinner with him, roast lamb, potato and tea. His wife from Rotorua. The father was an old chief³⁸ who had been in the war at Kaipara and Rotorua . . . I met this very talkative old man on my way back, who, laughing and contentedly told me about his feats. The other son was sawing telegraph poles, talkative and conceited, merry. Spoke good English (ex-whaler) "Kapai" "plenty money" for work on the roads, 7/- a day said the old man. "kapai". He was said to be one hundred years old, but I believe he was 65 or 70. Said that "Hutu" was growing nearby. Gave half a crown to get one, a man on a horse (son of the chief Wihongi) came back with Tanekaka and . . . species of this, which was said to be Hutu. Two boys accompanied me to the forest, one (Wihongi's son) had very keen eyes and collected many insects and plants, many of them very good. Caught butterflies with the hats. A pleasant visit to the Maoris, chatting and laughing and telling stories of all kinds. What is useful is right and beautiful. Manning's paddock is beautiful. If, in this colony, one has retained the habit of kneeling before God, one has in so much higher degree abolished the habit of cringing to other people.

'The transit day was for W. not a transit but a coitur [coitus?] with Venus.

'Venus transit. Walked from Ohacawai over Paikaraka in order to see Maika - passed . . . mountain on the other side of Waimate with terrace-like ledges, old pahs in many places. William's place with a church. He observed transit . . . An old sailor, a real character, was left alone to die, he said; clothes from his friends. Peculiar way of begging. "I want to serve you thoroughly, through coming with you and showing you the way like the Samaritan". (quoting the Bible) Came to

Maika, the place was called Hawataperi. The man with the child and the brother-in-law had been to Kaikoe, I saw them in Ohaeawai – mistook someone else for Maika [?] and was told off by a Maori who then was told off by his young woman for his behaviour. Slept in the Maori house, hot potatoes for supper. “This is for you, eat everything, go on!” A fire showed the way outside – Maika wanted to continue in the evening and had the horse saddled. The young people writing on a blackboard . . . the Maoris during the night. In the morning potatoes again. 10/- for the horse – six miles to Waitangi, one bottle of gin (6/-) for the old hag [?] “Come again”, “Kapai te kotiro, ka kino te tangata”, “pakeha toku Kotiro, never mind”. On arrival at Hawataperi I first met two kotiros, one young and cheerful one and another carrying a bark cone with caterpillars for bait and a tangata [?] as well as matua wahine. “Ka haere koe hai hoa moku”, laughing “kahore”. Maika’s son was among those who perished on the whaling boat from the Bay of Islands. A photo was shown, the mother opening the chest, the only piece of furniture in the house. There was a black dress (mourning), a paheka woman had made it – some Roman Catholic prayer books, a mirror which had belonged to the bishop and “that is my boy, he is gone home, a good boy, he is gone home”. A haka would speak. In the evening some rustling noises behind the fire, . . . sat there croaking “haere mai”, “kiko”. Thought there were some living beings there.’

(To be continued)

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Many persons have assisted in the preparation of this article. As is clear from the introduction, without the co-operation of Miss M. Donner of Lund University and the knowledge and persistence of Mrs Barbro Macnamara it could not have been contemplated. My thanks should also be recorded to Miss M. Walton for her translations of the Von Haast-Berggren correspondence, to Mr Bruce Hamlin and to Mr P. W. Hector of the Dominion Museum for assistance on individual points. Mrs R. M. Ross has once again placed her wide knowledge of the Hokianga region and its history at our disposal.

NOTES AND REFERENCES

- ¹ Berggren, S. *Et Besog i de vulkanske Egne Paa Ny Zeeland* in *P. Danske Geogr. Selsk. Tidskr.* 10: 141–4 1877.
- ² ——— *On the occurrence of Haematococcus sanguineus on the wool of a dead sheep. Transactions of the New Zealand Institute* 7: 369–70 1874.
- ³ ——— *Nagra bya eller ofullstandigt handa arter af Ny-zeelandska fanerogamer Meddeladt i Fysiogr. Sallsk.* 14 November 1877 (33, [1]p. 7 plates).

- ⁴—— On New Zealand hepaticae. Lund, E. Mastrom, 1898. 48p.
- ⁵Hawkes Bay Herald 1 January 1875.
- ⁶Lindsay, W. L. to Berggren 3 January 1873, Lund MS.
- ⁷Buller to Berggren 20 May 1873, also 21 June 1873, Lund MS.
- ⁸See Part II of article.
- ⁹Hector to Berggren 7 January 1874, Lund MS.
- ¹⁰Wellington Independent, 14 January 1874.
- ¹¹Richards, Mrs E. C. Castle Hill. Christchurch, 1951. p17, and Berggren to Haast, 9 February 1874. A.T.L. MS.
- ¹²Berggren to Haast, 9 February 1874. Von Haast papers A.T.L.
- ¹³James Alexander Bonar, 1841–1901, a leading figure from the first years of Westland, at this time was Mayor of Hokitika.
- ¹⁴Berggren, S. Journal, 7 March 1874.
- ¹⁵James Gow Black had been appointed Professor of Natural Science at the University of Otago in 1871.
- ¹⁶Proceedings of the Otago Institute in Transactions 6: 444
- ¹⁷Berggren to Haast, 14 April 1874.
- ¹⁸Ibid, 15 June 1874.
- ¹⁹Haast to Berggren, 25 June 1874.
- ²⁰Hector to Colonial Secretary, 16 July 1874. Dom. Museum MS.
- ²¹Haast to Berggren, 23 October 1874.
- ²²Minute on Hector's proposal, Col. Sec. Papers. National Archives.
- ²³Punakitere, now called Otatau. Percy Smith in his Journal (A.T.L. MS) and in his MS autobiography (Auckland Museum MS) records that he met Berggren at Ohaeawai on 26 October and invited him to join his camp at Otatau on the Taheke branch of the Hokianga. Smith continued: 'He stayed with us some time engaged in collecting mosses which was his particular line . . .'
- ²⁴Berggren, Journal, 7 November 1874.
- ²⁵Ibid, 9 November.
- ²⁶Ibid, 10 November.
- ²⁷The Waima Mission station. Mrs Ross comments that he did not mention the oak tree, now reputedly one of the largest in New Zealand.
- ²⁸Mrs Ross states that this would presumably be John Webster the friend of Maning who was then still living at Kohukohu and not the older brother William who lived in the vicinity of Mangungu.
- ²⁹Spencer von Sturmer the friend and correspondent of Maning in addition to filling the local roles mentioned by Berggren, was an authority on the Maori and later, a judge in the Native Land Court.
- ³⁰Alfred Yarborough senior, later of Rawene, who apparently had an establishment near Whangape.
- ³¹C. E. ('Tare') Nelson, a Swedish sailing captain, came to New Zealand in the early 1850s and settled at Kaipara. For a time he ran a schooner in the Auckland coastal trade and acquired an excellent knowledge of Maori language and custom. At the time of Berggren's visit he was working for the Land Purchase Department. He later settled in Rotorua where he died in 1909.
E. T. Brissenden was a Native Land Purchase Officer in the Auckland area.
- ³²Bryers had two 'hotels', one at Herd's Point and the other at Taumatawiwi (Opononi). For a description of Hokianga only a few years after Berggren's visit see Grey, James, *Away in the far north* (the second part of the author's *His Island home*, 1879), pp42–44.
- ³³Nimmo, ex *Rosanna*, the ship of the first New Zealand Company (Mrs Ross tells me) could not have taken up residence until 1827 when he returned from Sydney with Nesbit, McLean and Gillies. The story about the twenty dead Maoris would be a

reference to the *Fortitude* affair of 1833, when a number of chiefs were killed at Motukauri or Direction Head on the north side of the harbour opposite Whirinaki. Nimmo and McLean were established there but had to leave when the locality became tapu on account of the incident, although Nimmo may have returned. Mrs Ross suggests that the inflated impression of the regard in which pakeha-Maoris were held could be interpreted as a typical Maning 'line' to visitors.

³⁴Possibly in the area of Whanui, now covered by sand, Mrs Ross suggests.

³⁵Presumably Fred Russell, the first MHR for Northern Maori and a son of George Frederick Russell who married a niece of the chief, Tamati Waka Nene.

³⁶Utakura, Mrs Ross points out, is the outfall of Lake Omapere and the obscure reference could be either to a flood in the stream or to the harbour itself.

³⁷The mountain in question is Te Ahuahu (called by the Waimate missionaries Pukenui) which is volcanic. The chief Te Wera Hauraki is said to be buried on top of Te Ahuahu.

³⁸Possibly Rawiri Taiwhanga.

THE VOGEL PAPERS

The private papers of Sir Julius Vogel are held in two separate collections in Wellington; the *Vogel Family Papers* in the Alexander Turnbull Library, and the *Vogel Letters and Newspaper Writings* in the General Assembly Library.¹ Between them they contain a wealth of material on Vogel's private life and on his activities as an international businessman in the 1880s. Their political content is rather disappointing, however, particularly as far as New Zealand historians are concerned. Very little of the manuscript material relates to either of the main aspects of Vogel's political career; his first period of office between 1869 and 1876, or his coalition ministry with Stout from 1884 to 1887. But the collection in the General Assembly Library does contain a considerable amount of political correspondence covering the years between 1876 and 1881, when Vogel was New Zealand's Agent-General in London, and much of the material in his business papers reflects the close connection between his business and political interests in both New Zealand and Western Australia in the 1880s.

The *Vogel Family Papers* contain upwards of five hundred letters and other miscellaneous material which is largely of a personal nature, with letters to and from Vogel, his wife, children, and sister forming the basis of the collection. Although some of the letters Vogel wrote to his wife are of political interest, the main value of the correspondence is in the impression it gives of the family life that lay behind his political career. It brings out above all the extremely loving and affectionate relationship that existed between Vogel and his wife and children. He was a man who normally addressed his wife in terms such as 'My own darling, darling, lovey, Polly', and referred to her as his 'own darling, darling, little woman', and could conclude a letter of admonition to his twelve-year-old son with the words, 'I will say no more my lovely, loved boy, your fond father . . .' Vogel's letters to his family also underline the seriousness of his state of health from the late 1870s onwards, and the ever-present threat of an early death and worry over financial security for his family that resulted from it. Another aspect of the character of an extremely complex man is demonstrated by the frequent references to his bets and winnings on horse races and at cards in his correspondence with his wife.

The *Vogel Letters and Newspaper Writings* is a much larger and more important collection, which is of considerable value to New Zealand historians in spite of the deficiencies that have been mentioned above.² The material it contains can be divided into several groups of varying degrees of usefulness to the research worker. These are set out below.

1. *Vogel's life and career up to 1876*

This is the most disappointing section of the Vogel Papers. The material

that does exist, in Vols 1, 10 and 11, and the draft biography in Box File (Red), Miscellaneous Papers, Documents, and Pamphlets, is both sketchy and fragmentary, though it appears to have been used by R. M. Burdon as the basis for some of the early chapters of his study of Vogel.³ The draft biography is particularly interesting. It appears to have been written by a member of Vogel's family, from information given in the letters Vogel sent to his sister from Australia in the 1850s and during his early years in New Zealand. The letters themselves do not appear in either of the two collections of papers. Another item of minor interest in Box File 5 is a testimonial, dated 1852, from the Government School of Mines, London, recommending Vogel as an assayer.

2. *Vogel and the Agent-Generalship, 1876-1881*

This section of the collection is particularly rich in material, not so much on Vogel's record as Agent-General but on other matters connected with his period of office. Above all the correspondence, in Vols. 2 and 3, and the two Box Files (Red) containing the miscellaneous correspondence for the period 1871-1882, throws light on the complex circumstances that lay behind Vogel's tenure of the position. It includes material on his appointment, on the negotiations with Atkinson and Hall especially, over his desire to surrender the Agent-Generalship and become New Zealand Loan Agent in England, and the closely related manoeuvring over the issue of whether Vogel as Agent-General could serve on the boards of private companies or stand for election to the British Parliament. Apart from this, the two box files also contain a large number of long and detailed letters sent to Vogel each month by his friend and former private secretary, Ebenezer Fox. Fox was then Secretary to the Cabinet, and his letters report on the political situation in New Zealand in addition to passing on personal news and items of local gossip. Vogel's letters to Fox and his other correspondents appear in either the letter copy books or the two box files, and contain much that would seem to be of value to students of the politics of the late 1870s. In one long letter, especially, Vogel comments on all the leading politicians of the time and discusses their associations with him.⁴

3. *Vogel as an international businessman, 1881-1885*

During the early 1880s Vogel became involved in the affairs of a number of business enterprises whose interests lay in both Britain and Australasia. Most of them were connected with telecommunications, land and railway development, and electric lighting. His association with the companies he formed or helped control was an extremely vigorous and active one for several years, but by about 1885-6 they had either failed or his connection with them had ended.

Since land and public works development was one of the most important elements in colonial politics at the time, it is not surprising

that Vogel's business interests often have a political significance as well. His connection with the New Zealand Agricultural Company has already been examined from this point of view, but the large amount of material on his activities in Western Australia and his association with the Wellington and Manawatu Railway Company have not yet been studied, though a similar link between business and politics existed here.

But even where Vogel's business interests had little or no connection with politics they can still be examined with profit, if only as a contribution towards the full interpretation of his life and career that has yet to be made.⁵

4. *Vogel in politics, 1884-1887*

Once again, there is very little material that directly relates to this aspect of Vogel's career. However, Vols 6 and 8, and Box Files 1 and 2 contain a great deal on the Agricultural Company and the Wellington and Manawatu Railway Company, while Vol 14 has a useful collection of newspaper cuttings. Among the latter are the leaders from the *Evening Bell* which discuss political affairs from the inside, in that they were written by Vogel during the first half of 1886 when he was a member of the government.⁶ The volume also contains a pamphlet, 'The Political History of Two Great Men', which was issued under Vogel's supervision during the 1884 election campaign. In comparing his achievements with those of his opponent in the Christchurch North electorate it makes an interesting analysis of Vogel's political career from his own point of view.

5. *Vogel's last years, 1887-1899*

Most of the material on this period is in Vol 9 and Box File 4. It tends to underline the increasing hardship that Vogel and his family faced in the last years of his life. He became involved in company promotion again, but in shakier and shadier schemes, like the attempts to form a syndicate to build the Simplon Tunnel through the Swiss Alps, and exploit an iron ore and oil lease in Taranaki. He also made further strenuous attempts to obtain payment of the commission he believed was due him from the government as a result of the negotiation of the 1879 loan. Vogel also turned to writing in an attempt to make money, and the box file contains the correspondence with Hutchinson's, the publishers of his novel *Anno Domini 2000*, which to Vogel's surprise and continued disbelief, flopped badly. And the result of all this? A copy of his will is in Box File (Red), Miscellaneous Papers, Documents, and Pamphlets. He left his wife £178 5s 9d.

As will be realised, a full account of the contents of the two collections cannot be given in an essay of this nature, or in the more detailed appendix which follows. Among the material of interest that has not been referred to are letters from and to Sir Robert Herbert, the Perma-

nent Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies from 1871 to 1892. Herbert had a business association with Vogel in Western Australia during the 1880s, and the two men were on terms of distant friendship in the 1890s. The correspondence between them in these files is enough to modify, as a long-term judgement, the often-repeated opinion Herbert expressed of Vogel in 1873 that he was 'the most audacious adventurer that perhaps has ever held power in a British colony'. The Papers also contain a record of a very large part of all that Vogel officially said or wrote on his varied range of interests, from sugar beet cultivation to the condition of the British Empire; while the files on the period between 1876 and 1882 contain correspondence from and to most of the leading New Zealand political figures of the time.

Apart from the difficulty of referring to everything the two collections contain, it should also be noted that much of the material on a given topic will be scattered through several files, but that only the more important contents of each file have been listed. In addition, with some topics, correspondence in the Turnbull collection relates to material in the General Assembly collection and vice versa. A more serious problem which faces anyone using the Papers is that Vogel's handwriting is extremely difficult to read. The problem this poses is compounded in many of the letter copy books, where the copies are also indistinct. A combination of the two factors makes much of what he wrote virtually indecipherable.

G. P. Taylor

University of Waikato

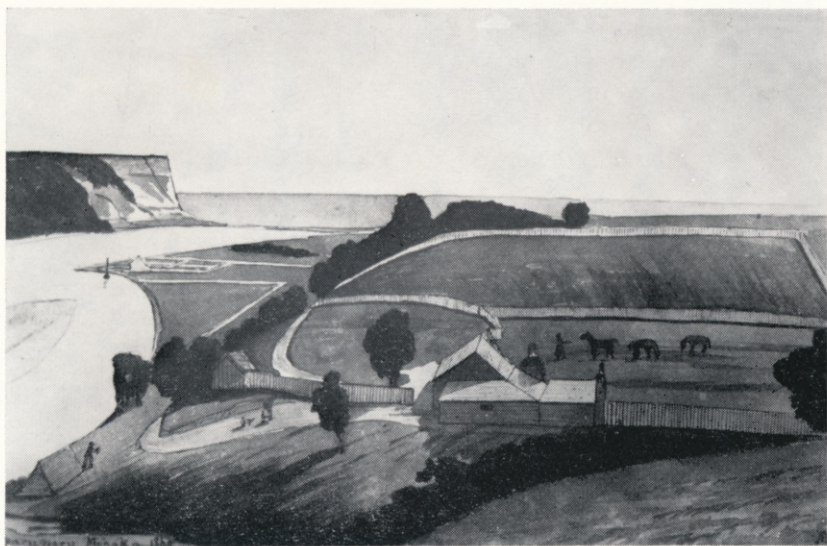
APPENDIX

Alexander Turnbull Library: Vogel Family Papers: MS Papers 178

- A. Mainly personal letters from Vogel to his wife, together with genealogical notes and some printed matter.
- B. Mainly general letters to Lady Vogel and biographical material concerning her.
- C. Mainly letters from Vogel's sister, Frances, between 1884 and 1887. She looked after his affairs in England at this time and acted as guardian to Vogel's sons who were at Charterhouse.
- D. Letters from, and material connected with, Vogel's son Harry.
- E. Letters from, and material connected with, Vogel's son Frank.
- F. Letters from, and material connected with, Vogel's son Julius.
- G. & H. Letters from, and material connected with, Vogel's daughter Phoebe.
- I. Papers of the Clayton family, and letters from them to Lady Vogel.

General Assembly Library: Vogel Letters and Newspaper Writings

(NB - The main library catalogue does not list all the material in the collection. The listed files are those numbered Vols 1-16. The Box Files are not listed, but some are numbered separately. The unnumbered ones have red binding on them, and have been listed here as Box Files (Red).)



3 WAIPARU-PARU. MOHAKA. 1860. Watercolour 5.7×9 in. Initialled AJC (lower right). Painting by A. J. Cooper shows Mohaka mouth, vessel by Riddler's woolshed and in foreground John Sim's public house.



4 AHIRARANGA MOHAKA. Watercolour 5.7×9 in. Inscribed AJC 4/61 (lower left). Painting by Cooper showing John Lavin's house on true right bank of Mohaka River in meander across river and to south-east of Raupunga. See note on p57.

Resume office, but on
 further & private promise I
 cannot see my way to it.
 It is a most serious blow
 to our party, & I can
 hardly fail, I fear, to let
 it slip out of me again.
 What matter it all the
 more vexing is, that
 the country is entirely pro-
 perous, & all the Govt.
 work of every sort going
 on most satisfactorily.
 It shows very things with
 confidence & no one can

See the end.
 Waterhouse has no
 reason for it except a
 morbid fear of Vogel's
 "Strong with". He thinks
 in other things, such as
 Walter's resignation, Steph.
 Hard's pledge, &c. but
 the first is the real &
 normal reason. He has
 I suspect been worked
 upon by enemies of the
 Govt. & probably by the
 female clique which
 brookings, Mafford, &

5 Section of letter from William Fox to Sir Donald McLean discussing political crisis caused by resignation of G. M. Waterhouse from office of Premier in February 1873. See note on p57.

Vol. I	Letter Copy Book, 1871-72.	Mainly government business matters Vogel was concerned with. Lot on San Francisco mail service.
Vol. II	Letter Copy Book, 1876-79.	Period when Vogel Agent-General. Semi-official and private letters to Atkinson, Hall, Grey, Macandrew, Richardson, E. Fox, etc. Letters re Agricultural Co.
Vol. III	Letter Copy Book, 1876-83.	Letters to business and political associates in New Zealand and Britain. Letters re Agricultural Co.
Vol. IV	Letter Copy Book, 1882-83.	Mainly business correspondence - Oriental Telephone Co, Consolidated Telephone Co, Australasian Electric Light Co, Wellington and Manawatu Railway Co, Western Australia.
Vol. V	Letter Copy Book, 1883.	Western and South Australian business interests.
Vol. VI	Letter Copy Book, 1884.	Western Australia: Pacific Cable Co, Agricultural Co.
Vol. VII	Letter Copy Book, 1884.	Contains little: Largely indecipherable.
Vol. VIII	Letter Copy Book, 1884.	Wellington and Manawatu Railway Co, Pacific Cable Co, Agricultural Co, Western Australia.
Vol. IX	Letter Copy Book, 1889-90.	Largely correspondence relating to businesses in England and New Zealand. Evidence of growing personal difficulties.
Vol. X	Newspaper Articles and Leaders, 1863-64, 1871-79.	Leaders and articles apparently written by Vogel for the <i>Otago Daily Times</i> . Letters Vogel wrote to other newspapers. Leaders and articles about Vogel.
Vol. XI	Press Cuttings, 1863-68.	Mainly reports of debates in the Otago Provincial Council. Some speeches by Vogel on important questions printed separately.
Vol. XII	Newspaper Clippings, 1876.	A few general clippings.
Vol. XIII	Hansard Cuttings, 1876.	
Vol. XIV	Press and Hansard Cuttings, 1884-93.	Letters to newspapers. Speeches, etc, during 1884 election campaign. Leaders from <i>Evening Bell</i> , January to June, 1886, written by Vogel.
Vol. XV	Press and Hansard Cuttings, 1886-87.	Speeches by and press references to Vogel.
Vol. XVI	Box File. West Australian Railways.	Western Australian interests, 1882-84.
Scrapbook		Mainly mining company reports from newspapers.
Scrapbook		Newspaper cuttings, mainly leaders, 1871-72.
Newspaper Cutting Book		Not Vogel's own. Compiled during 1930s. Mainly cuttings of series of biographies of nineteenth century New Zealand politicians.
Box File 1	Correspondence, 1881-87.	Western and South Australian interests, Consolidated Telephone Co, Australasian Electric Light Co, East and West Coast and Nelson Railway, Midland Railway.

Box File 2	Correspondence, 1883-85.	Consolidated Telephone Co, Australasian Electric Light Co. A little on Wellington and Manawatu Railway Co.
Box File 3	Correspondence, 1886-87.	Material on official government matters - land, insurance, sugar beet, etc. Newspaper cuttings and other material on Vogel v Roydhouse and Wakefield libel action.
Box File 4	Correspondence, 1888-89.	Correspondence with Hutchinson and Co re book <i>Anno Domini 2000</i> . Letters from son Frank in Mashonaland Police to parents, brothers, and various uncles and aunts. Draft unpublished article on imperial confederation. Letters from Sir Robert Herbert on this.
Box File 5	Scrapbook	Three general, unimportant scrapbooks and a few miscellaneous letters and papers.
Box File (Red)	Miscellaneous Correspondence, 1871-77.	Letters from Vogel to E. Fox, 1874-75. Correspondence with Atkinson and Fox, 1876-77. Material on Polynesian Co.
Box File (Red)	Miscellaneous Correspondence, 1878-82.	Large number of letters Vogel to E. Fox and Fox to Vogel. Letters to Hall, Ballance, Reynolds, etc, and some from Hall.
Box File (Red)	Miscellaneous Correspondence, 1883-87.	Western Australian interests. Business letters from Sir Robert Herbert.
Box File (Red)	Miscellaneous Papers, Documents, and Pamphlets.	Draft, handwritten biography of Vogel up to 1860s. Articles of association, prospectuses, etc, of many of the companies Vogel was associated with. General newspaper cuttings. Proof of article on imperial federation.

FOOTNOTES

¹ See the appendix for details of the two collections.

² Among the work based on the Vogel Papers that has been done already, see D. A. Hamer, 'The Agricultural Company and New Zealand Politics, 1877-1886', *Historical Studies, Australia and New Zealand*, X, No 38, May 1962, pp141-164. Work currently in progress includes the study of the New Zealand Agent-Generalship being made by Mrs R. M. Blackstock of the Victoria University of Wellington, and my own examination of Vogel as a businessman in politics and an imperialist. I intend publishing papers in the near future on Vogel's activities in Western Australia during the early 1880s and on his imperial thought.

³ R. M. Burdon, *The Life and Times of Sir Julius Vogel*, Christchurch, 1948. Incidentally, the private letters in the possession of Julius Vogel (Vogel's son) that Burdon referred to are now included in the General Assembly collection.

⁴ Vogel to W. H. Reynolds, 27 December 1879. Burdon quoted from this letter, *op. cit.*, p136 (note 4), but misread the name of Vogel's correspondent.

⁵ The main files that contain material on this section are Vols. 3 to 8, Vol. 16, Box Files 1 and 2, and Box Files (Red) Miscellaneous Correspondence, 1883-87, and Miscellaneous Papers, Documents, and Pamphlets. In addition, Vol. 2 and Box File (Red), Miscellaneous Correspondence, 1878-82, also contain correspondence relating to the abortive Broomhall Company, which attempted to establish a temperance settlement in New Zealand, and the Agricultural Company.

⁶ See Vogel to Lady Vogel, 24 January 1885, *Vogel Family Papers*, Box 1, folder 6, for details of the agreement he made with Mitchelson of the *Evening Bell*.

NOTES ON MANUSCRIPT ACCESSIONS

A SELECTIVE LIST OF ACQUISITIONS DECEMBER 1968 TO DECEMBER 1969

The following list continues the *Note* in the *Record* for November 1968. As before, it is in two main categories, firstly, original manuscripts which have been donated or purchased and secondly, material lent to the Library for photocopying. Because of the volume of photocopies involved it does not include material held in original form in other libraries or copied by the Pacific Manuscripts Bureau or as part of the Australian Joint Copying Programme. However the more important groups of New Zealand manuscripts in Australian libraries which by courtesy of the libraries concerned are being copied following arrangements made by Mr R. F. Grover will be listed in a later issue of the *Record*.

A. ORIGINAL MATERIAL

ACTON-ADAMS family.

Station and private letterbooks, 1872-1905. 20v. Donation: Mr Wilden Acton-Adams.

These volumes comprise the correspondence of the Acton-Adams family during their tenure of the Molesworth and Tarndale runs, Marlborough (1877-1901). Also private letterbooks (mostly concerning business matters) of William Acton-Adams.

ADAMS, Martha.

Journal, 1850-52. 422p. Purchase: K. A. Webster estate. Also: Photocopy made of typed transcript lent by Mr Wilden Acton-Adams. Daily account of voyage to New Zealand, and detailed account of domestic and social life at Nelson, Nov. 1850-Feb. 1852 - including some reference to her husband's legal activities. With this is William Adams' diary, Nov.-Dec. 1851 (21p.).

ALEXANDER, William Frederick, 1882-1957

Papers, 1935-57. 6 ins. Donation: Miss F. E. Alexander.

Inwards correspondence, mainly on literary matters. Includes letters from A. E. Currie, F. A. De la Mare, Jessie McKay, Alan Mulgan, Blanche E. Baughan.

ALLEY, Rewi.

Papers. 10 ft. From three sources: (a) The late Professor W. Airev (b) Mr Phillip Alley (c) Professor H. Winston Rhodes.

Not yet available.

AMATO, Renato Michael, 1928-64.

Papers, 1950-68. 10 ins. Donation: Mrs S. Albanese.

Mainly R. M. Amato's literary work, including much unpublished material. Also some correspondence and personal papers.

BAUGHAN, Blanche Edith, 1870-1958.

Two New Zealand roses. 1940. 356p. Donation: Mrs Berta S. Burns.
Typescript of an unpublished novel.

Access subject to restriction.

Additional papers, ca1935-58. Donation: Mrs Berta S. Burns.

CAMPBELL family.

Poukawa Station Ledger, 1903-38. 310p. Donation: Mr M. D. N. Campbell.

Also includes accounts of Horonui Station, 1908-38. The property was originally owned by Hugh Campbell, and subsequently subdivided among his heirs.

CHAVE, Richard Branscombe, 1849-

Adventures of a guano digger in the Eastern Pacific. 1871. 208p. (typed transcript). Donation: Pacific Manuscripts Bureau.

Relates work on guano sites on Starbuck Island, and adventures leading to his marooning on Suwarrow Atoll for two years.

CHEW family.

Papers, 1867-91. 8 ins.

Centred on Wellington, the material includes timber and general trading papers, and correspondence and other records relating to Crofton Downs and the Wellington Harbour Board.

COOKE, John George, ca1819-

Reminiscences, 1759-1850. 3v. Donation: Admiral Torlesse.

Also acquired: Photocopy of typed transcript (of vols 1 and 2) held by Canterbury Museum.

Family history in England until Cooke's settling in New Plymouth, 1841 - with references to Jane Austen and her family. General account of the colonization of the North Island, especially Taranaki, and history of relations with Maoris there.

COPELAND, J. and H. M.

Letterbook, 1901-4. 1023 l. Donation: Dr A. D. Osborn, Ontario.

Correspondence detailing activities of Copeland Bros in Palmerston North, mainly in real estate, but also in mowers, reapers, bicycle mechanisms, etc.

CURRIE, Archibald Ernest, 1884-1968.

Papers, 1901-66. 5 ft. Donation: A. E. Currie estate.

The kernel of the collection is a large group of correspondence between Currie and W. F. Alexander, and much correspondence with literary figures of the day - particularly relating to the compiling of *Otago verse* (1949) and *New Zealand verse* (1906).

FAIRBURN, Arthur Rex Dugard, 1904-57.

Letters to Philip Smithells, 1946-57. 43 items. Donation: Professor Philip Smithells.

GLOVER, Denis James Matthews

Papers, 1930-68. 6 ft. Purchase: Denis Glover; Smith's Bookshop,

Wellington.

Papers personal and literary. These include a large group of letters from A. R. D. Fairburn to Glover.

Not yet available. Access subject to restriction and completion of sorting.

HELM, Arthur Stanley.

Papers, ca1954-62. 4 ft. Donation: Mr A. S. Helm.

Ross Sea Committee minutes and Trans-Arctic Expedition material.

Not yet available.

HOBHOUSE, Edmund, 1817-1904.

Papers, 1847-1905. 3 ins. Donation: Miss Dorothy Hobhouse, England. Chiefly letters to and from his wife. These contain acute and informative details of life in Nelson during the period.

Not yet available.

INGLIS, Lindsay Merritt, 1895?-1966.

Papers, 1915-65. 10 ins. Donation: Mrs A. M. Inglis.

Mainly the records of Major-General L. M. Inglis during the Second World War, including material relating to his office in the Military Government Courts in Germany, then in the Control Commission Courts.

JEWSBURY, Geraldine Endsor, 1812-80.

Letters to Thomas Carlyle, 1840-41. 9 items. Purchase: Mrs Susanne H. Nobbe, USA.

Personal letters on Miss Jewsbury's preoccupations, spiritual matters.

LEES, Thomas Orde Hans, 1877-1958.

Antarctic Journal, 1914-16. 1 ft. Donation: Mrs T. O. H. Lees.

Orde Lees was motor expert and later store-keeper, on Shackleton's Imperial Trans-Antarctic Expedition of 1914-17. Journal gives full account of journey from England to South Georgia, the loss of the *Endurance* in pack ice, and life on Elephant Island awaiting rescue.

LEVIN and Co Ltd.

Papers, 1843-ca1960. 30 ft. Donation: Levin & Co.

Includes remnants of the firm's records, several District Office letter-books, some private associated archives, and early insurance records. Covers the Wellington, Nelson, and Marlborough provinces.

Not yet available. Access subject to restriction and completion of sorting.

LYTTELTON Waterfront Workers Industrial Union of Workers.

Papers, 1951-55. 3 ins. Donation: The Lyttelton Waterfront Workers Union.

Minute Books, 1951-55; correspondence and other material, 1951-52; and papers concerning Union elections.

MACKAY, Horatio Murdoch, 1886-1968.

Papers, 1929-63. 8 ft. Donation: Mr Reay M. Mackay.

Papers concerning H. M. Mackay's pioneering aviation activities in New Zealand. Documents the history and then fold-up of his company

New Zealand Airways Ltd, and subsequent petition and appeal. Also material on related transport interests.

MOKOIA Co-operative Dairy Co Ltd.

Minutes, 1898-1901. 7v. Donation: The Mokoia Co-op Dairy Ltd. Records from the inception of the company as Mells Co-operative Dairy Co. The Mokoia Dairy Co went into liquidation in 1968 and was absorbed by the Kiwi Co-operative Dairies Ltd.

MUELLER, Gerhard, 1835-1918.

Papers, ca1860-90. 1½ ft. Donation: Miss Isabel Forrest.

Letters to his wife - with Miss M. V. Mueller's notes for her book based on these, *My dear Bannie* (1958). Also surveying records, Charles Douglas sketches.

NEW ZEALAND Citizens' All Black Tour Association.

Papers, 1959-60. 2 ft. Donation: The Association.

Records of the national body and Wellington executive set up to protest at the exclusion of Maoris from the All Black team to tour South Africa, 1960. The outgoing correspondence, speeches, etc, are mainly by David Stone and Rolland O'Regan.

NEW ZEALAND Company. Principal Surveyor.

Letterbook, 1839-43. ca345p. Donation: Lands and Survey Department, Wellington.

Mainly outward letters by William Mein Smith and S. C. Brees. Includes surveying and topographical reports on the Company's settlements at Wellington, Manawatu, Wanganui.

NEWMAN, George.

Memoir of James Anderson, by George Newman; Recollections of a South Sea whaler, by Henry Foster. ca1833-72. ca310p. Purchase: Smith's Bookshop, Wellington.

Transcript (handwritten) of a book published privately at Gravesend, 1877. Only one extant copy recorded: BM 10803.b.1(15). Contains a number of personal accounts gathered by Newman, variously relating to Captain James Anderson, 1822-72.

PERKINS, William W.

Papers, ca1860-80. 12 ft. Donation: Miss Joan Perkins, Australia.

W. W. Perkins was a solicitor practising in Greymouth. These papers record his legal activities in detail.

PHILLIPS, Coleman.

Papers, 1858-1922. 1 ft. Donation: Mr G. Coleman Phillips.

The earlier material deals with Coleman Phillips' commercial endeavours in Fiji and his proposed banking and commercial company for the Polynesian Islands. From c1880 his dairy and Friesian interests, in which he figured as a pioneer, are covered.

PHILPOTT, Harold George, 1895-1968.

Papers, 1880-1965. 1½ ft. Donation: Department of Agriculture.

Papers dealing mainly with the history of the New Zealand dairy industry, and also with herd testing, milk treatment and dairy produce, marketing, administration. Includes the notebook of W. K. Hulke, 1819-1908, who was a pioneer of the dairy industry in New Zealand.

RICHARDS, Rhys.

List of locations of whaling records in the United States of America. Including lists, indexes and notes upon logbooks, journals, etc, in libraries, museums and other institutions. 1969. 120p. Donation: Mr Rhys Richards.

Prepared for the library by Mr Rhys Richards during his research in the United States.

SARGESON, Frank, 1903-

Letters to Denis Glover, 1935-56. 58 items. Purchase: James Dally, Australia.

Access subject to restriction.

STUDHOLME, John.

Papers, 1879-1904. 1 ft. Donation: Mr Derek Studholme (formerly lent for copying).

Material dealing with the management, financial affairs, and litigation concerning the Mangaohane, Owhaoko and Murimotu Blocks Wellington province).

TAPSELL, Phillip, 1779-1873.

Events in the life of Phillip Tapsell, the old Dane. 1869. 287 l. Donation: Mrs E. Tapsell.

Tapsell's original name was Hans Homman Felk (Falk). This is the manuscript source of Cowan's *Trader in Cannibal Land; the life and adventures of Captain Tapsell* (1935). The account was taken down by E. Little, at Maketu, from Tapsell in his ninetieth year, and describes a life of whaling and trading. Tapsell reached the Bay of Islands in the early 1820s.

WELLINGTON. Musical Union Committee.

Minutes, 1904-16. 207p. Donation: Mr W. G. Lewis.

The Committee started life as the Musical Festival Committee, adopting a constitution in March 1904.

WELLINGTON Professional Orchestra.

Papers, 1910-28. ca40 items. Donation: Mr A. S. Hilliker.

Programmes, annual reports, news clippings. The orchestra formally disbanded in 1928, the twenty-first year of its existence.

WILLIAMS, William, 1800-78.

Annotated copy of *Ko te kawenata hou . . . Paihia*, 1837. (W20). 356 l. Donation: Dr G. C. Petersen.

Williams' proof copy of the Maori New Testament, amended by him for final printing by W. Colenso.

YATE, William.

Journal and diary, New Zealand, England and New South Wales, 1833-45. 435p. Purchase: K. A. Webster estate.

The original, of which the library acquired a microfilm in 1961. Describes Yate's work for the Church Missionary Society in New Zealand, 1833-34, then in New South Wales and Ireland.

B. COPIED MATERIAL

BATTISCOMBE, Albert H. W.

Journal kept during the Maori War, 1860-61. 74 l. Photocopy. Original in Dorset Record Office.

Describes engagements, Maori defences and battle tactics, and includes some comment on the Maori people.

BRABAZON, S.

Farming journals, 1891-1932. 15v. Microfilm (neg.) of originals lent by Miss E. Brabazon.

Detailed record of farming pursuits (mainly sheep farming) in the Norsewood district.

CRAWFORD FAMILY.

Diaries, letters, documents and business records of James Coutts Crawford, 1817-89 and his family.

(a) Lent by Brigadier H. N. Crawford, Fife, Scotland. 25 ft.

(b) Lent by Mrs J. C. Crawford, Upper Hutt. 1 ft.

(c) Crawford deeds donated, ca20 items.

FENTON, Francis Dart, 1821-98.

Papers, 1856-1936. 4 ins. Microfilm (neg.) of originals lent by Mrs. H. Cockrem.

Mainly inwards correspondence, especially from George Herbert, 13th Earl of Pembroke. In one letter Fenton refers to his standing with the Governor, and to his writing an explanation of English Law for Maoris (January 1858).

HARRIS, Emily Cuming, 1837?-1925.

Papers, 1856-1914. 17 items. Photocopies of originals lent by Mr P. W. Bryant.

Mainly letters to Edwin Harris and his eldest daughter Emily from the Rendel family in England, with the emphasis on family news.

HERRING, Margaret (Eaton), b 1838.

Papers, 1861-70. 3 ins. Photocopies donated by the State Library of Victoria.

Mainly letters from Mrs Herring describing the voyage out, Nelson, with Bishop and Mrs Hobhouse, and Wellington, with Bishop and Mrs Abraham. Also reference to Mr F. Thatcher. Reverend Herring was clergyman, Upper Hutt, until 1870.

HOKIANGA Harbour Board.

Shipping records, 1886-1934. 4v. Microfilm (neg.) of originals lent by Mrs Olive Bracey.

A full account of shipping at Hokianga for the period, kept at the Signal Station.

MARIST FATHERS. Archives.

Papers relating to the Catholic Mission in New Zealand, 1836-73. Microfilm (neg.) purchased from the Archivio P.P. Maristi, Rome, where the originals are held.

Comprises papers of Pompallier, Epalle, Viard, Garin, Petitjean, and others. Much correspondence is with the Administration Générale, Paris, and almost all the material is in French.

MOUNTAIN, Thomas, 1819-

Memorandum books, 1861-70. 4v. Microfilm (neg.) of originals lent by Mr T. Thompson.

Record of trade along the New South Wales coast in various schooners, and the barque *Schoolboy*. Trade was in cedars, potatoes, wheat, and coal.

P. Crisp

NOTES AND COMMENTARY

As a part of the National Library the Alexander Turnbull Library is responsible for the preparation and publication of the New Zealand National Bibliography both current and retrospective. The current issues are produced monthly and cumulated annually. The retrospective New Zealand National Bibliography, a special project of the editor, was commenced over twenty years ago when he was Librarian, National Library Centre. With the setting up of the National Library the National Librarian agreed that the Bibliography should appropriately be maintained henceforward in Turnbull which houses the national collection of New Zealand books and pamphlets and whose staff have a special interest in this material. The first volume of the major work covering entries for the letters A to H for the years 1890-1960 was published by the Government Printer this month. The work is to be completed in five volumes over the next few years, the 1890-1960 section being completed in three volumes. Volume I will list entries for the period to 1889 and there will be a final index volume and supplement. Mr P. L. Barton who has been working on the bibliography since 1964 has been heavily involved in seeing the first volume through the press. From the beginning of 1970 an increase in establishment has also meant an intensification of work on the pre-1890 section where are to be found many of the bibliographically and historically most interesting titles.

It is pleasing to note in passing that through the good offices of Mr M. G. Hitchings, Hocken Librarian, the extensive private collection of New Plymouth research material assembled by Mr F. B. Butler has been secured for that city. A part of the archive consists of a formidable assemblage of newspaper clippings which are normally a problem for librarians even of specialist New Zealand and local collections. The systematic indexing for over twenty years by the General Assembly Library of the current metropolitan daily papers is an indirect formal approach to one small part of the whole which will be increasingly useful as time goes on. Turnbull has also started the selective indexing of mid to late nineteenth century Wellington papers but there will always be a place for a carefully formed systematically organised private collection of clippings. What any Library can do is clearly limited and it is here that the regional historian or private enthusiast can serve not merely his own interests but future research by building up a comprehensive and well-arranged and indexed clippings collection. There are several of these in Turnbull as well as some inherited mountains of unsorted clippings which are awaiting a more leisurely age.

The purchase at Sotheby's in London on 17 and 18 November of three large lots of manuscripts and three small groups of maps and

photographs rounds out the Library's McLean collection. An extended note on the collection as a whole and the significance of the recent accretion will be published later this year. Typical of the political section of the correspondence is the letter from William Fox to Sir Donald McLean, part of which is reproduced in this issue of the *Record* in facsimile. The sentence at the beginning of the extract commences: '[Some of them have been pressing me to] resume office . . .' and that on the second page ends: '. . . worships Stafford, & [was so active last Session.]' Clearly the influence of women in New Zealand's political decision making has been so far as little studied as that of senior civil servants.

With the publication in February of Part II of the *Union Catalogue of Manuscripts*, covering the manuscript holdings of the Alexander Turnbull Library, a fourteen-year-old project initiated by the Archives Committee of the New Zealand Library Association reached a useful beginning, if not what might seem more fitting – a conclusion. The *Union Catalogue* in two parts prepared by Mr Peter Crisp, Assistant Manuscripts Librarian, is described as an interim edition and is the first to record in any degree of fullness both the holdings of this Library and less satisfactorily those of other New Zealand libraries. However, it will at least provide a basis on which to induce other libraries to complete their notifications. So far as Turnbull is concerned the Part II of the *Union Catalogue* is a stop-gap until the completion of a more detailed and analytical catalogue on which, before his leave in Australia, Mr Grover had made good progress.

In September 1969, fourteen watercolours of Mohaka, Hawkes Bay, dating from 1855 to 1861, were presented to the Library by Mr and Mrs W. J. Mouton of George, Cape Province, South Africa.

The watercolours had been annotated by John Lavin, and sent to his brother (Mrs Mouton's grandfather) who had emigrated to South Africa at about the same time. Taken in sequence, the paintings are an interesting record of early New Zealand pastoral settlement.

It had always been assumed that Lavin was the artist, but close examination of the sketches revealed not only a disparity between the handwriting of the titles and that of the annotations, but also that two of the paintings were initialled 'AJC'. The paintings have now been attributed to Alfred John Cooper, Lavin's sheepfarming neighbour at Mohaka. Both Lavin and Cooper were killed in the Hauhau massacre at Mohaka on 10 April 1869. An article by B. N. H. Teague, '*The fire in the fern*' by the Mohaka, in the Journal of the Whakatane and District Historical Society, November 1969, gives a few details about Lavin and the Mohaka massacre. The Library has a number of letters written by Lavin to Donald McLean before his death but, unfortunately, none by Cooper.

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THE FRIENDS OF THE TURNBULL LIBRARY

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

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FURTHER PUBLICATIONS

(continued from back cover)

Two new sets of greeting cards, reproduced from prints in the Library, have now been issued by The Friends of the Turnbull Library.

From aquatints by John Webber and after John Cleveley, respectively:

Ship Cove, Queen Charlotte Sound, February 1777 and *The Death of Captain Cook, February 1779*. Both cards are in colour, approximately $6 \times 7\frac{3}{4}$ ins, and sell at 25 cents each.

Six engravings from the copper-plates in the British Museum (Natural History) made from watercolours prepared for Banks from Parkinson's sketches on Cook's first voyage. The subjects are:

Kaka-beak, Koromiko, Convolvulus, Native Iris, Dandelion, and Tree Fuchsia. In black and white, the cards are 10 cents each.

SELECTED PUBLICATIONS FROM THE ALEXANDER TURNBULL LIBRARY

Published for the Library by the Government Printer:

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

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

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

Published by the Alexander Turnbull Library Endowment Trust Board:

The FOX PRINTS and the FOX PORTFOLIO

Three reproductions in colour of watercolours by Sir William Fox, two being in the Nelson area and one of Otaraia Pa on the Ruamahanga. Coloured surface of each, approximately 9 x 12 ins. \$2.00 each, with descriptive leaflet. ALSO six other prints — Kaiteriteri; Lake Rotoroa; Tiraumea river; Tuakau; Hokitika; Pohaturoa rock — with a brochure by Dr E. H. McCormick. Edition of 2,000. Portfolio 14½ x 18½ ins. Sold only as a set of 6, at \$10.

The BARRAUD PRINTS 1967:

Wellington 1861; Lake Papaitonga, Horowhenua; The Barracks, Napier. Coloured surface, approximately 10 x 15 ins. \$2.00 each, with notes.

The EMILY HARRIS PRINTS

New Zealand flower paintings — Rangiora, Blueberry, Mountain cabbage-tree, Coloured surfaces, approximately 18 x 12 ins. Edition of 2,500. \$2.00 each, with notes; set of 3, in illustrated folder, \$6.00.

MAPLESTONE PRINTS

Now available. Hawkestone Street, Wellington; New Plymouth; Scene near Stoke Nelson. All 1849. Format and price as for Emily Harris prints.

Published by the Friends of the Turnbull Library:

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

Offprints of the articles on S. C. Brees in November 1968 *Turnbull Library Record* available 25c.

(See also inside back cover)