

THE TURNBULL LIBRARY RECORD



WELLINGTON NEW ZEALAND
THE FRIENDS OF THE TURNBULL LIBRARY

May 1972
VOLUME 5 (n.s.) NUMBER 1

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JOHN BEAGLEHOLE

One of my earlier recollections of John Beaglehole concerns a party some time in February 1940 at 6 Messines Road, Karori, when he and Elsie were hosts to John Grierson, Canadian Government Film Commissioner. A more recent memory fastens upon the occasion two weeks before his death when he presided over a small farewell party in the office of the New Zealand Historic Places Trust to the retiring 'office boy' aged 65. These two boundaries hint at the almost Renaissance span of his interests. But, even more, they call attention to the humanity that was so much a part of his personality and which always gave an extra lift to those affairs in which he had had a hand.

A distinguished film producer who had done exciting things with the G.P.O. Film Unit and had something new to say about the propaganda purposes of documentaries was certain to find plenty of kindred spirits at a Beaglehole party. There, especially in the 1930s, were people who still dared to have hopes of a brave new world and where the uncertain could take comfort from being together. The menace of fascism was the only shadow and the statement on the title page of John's poems, published in 1938, that the proceeds were to be used for Spanish medical aid bears witness to this sympathy with its victims. Other evenings in that house were given over to the enjoyment of chamber music and were to lead slowly but directly to the formation of the Wellington Chamber Music Society. Stanley Oliver and the Schola Cantorum were confirming John's love for Bach and introducing others to the Passions and Masses. This was long before L.P. records had reached us.

This first party that I now recall was a jolly one with plenty of good talk and laughter. There was equal laughter at the final party and much of it John himself led. He could so easily have pleaded on that day that Cook demanded his attention (there had been too many interruptions already for his peace of mind), that most of the afternoon might be frittered away, that he did not feel too well, all would have been perfectly honest excuses. But he came to this little gathering because he could not bear to disappoint these admirable but diffident people who valued and loved him and who in fact were using this farewell to one of their members to say thank you to John for the privilege of having known him and for his acceptance of them as colleagues.

John came into the Centennial, later Historical, Branch of the Department of Internal Affairs mainly because of his interest in book production and, to a less extent, because he already had an official position, very much a personal one, and never repeated, as Research Adviser to the Alexander Turnbull Library. Because in those days the Department of Internal Affairs controlled the Library and because the prescription



JOHN BEAGLEHOLE'S DESK, 10 OCTOBER
1971

for his duties was wisely left somewhat imprecise he could move into any area of the Department where he was likely to be made welcome.

He was already using his talents, and a lot of his time, in persuading the New Zealand Council for Educational Research's printers that the Council's publications deserved the highest possible standards of presentation. He wanted something much more than the rather pedestrian attitude they had shown in earlier commissions and knew that if he were to get a whole-hearted commitment from the printers (nothing less would satisfy him) he would have to set the pace himself. His achievements as a friend of the Council, including the respect of the printers themselves, came only because of his infinite capacity for taking pains over the smallest detail and his willingness to experiment with others' preferences. These experiments, amiably conducted, usually resulted in a confirmation of his own judgment. But this did not mean that he was too innocent to question the printers, sometimes even to scold them, for their practice of charging against the job any time they had spent in learning their true skills from him.

John was drawn to a Department that could discreetly use the excuse of the country's Centennial for an ambitious programme of publishing, attracting to its staff such people as Eric McCormick, Oliver Duff, J. W. Davidson, John Pascoe and David Hall. John was later to recruit from his own students a clutch of officers equally lively but less deferential and, because it was early days for them, less distinguished. In Joe Heenan, the Permanent Head of the Department, he recognised this Branch's point of origin, and thus in more or less spontaneous fashion there began a fruitful partnership that lasted until Sir Joseph Heenan retired. The only interruption was a public disputation over the choice and the method of Anderson Tyrer's appointment to the newly formed N.B.S. orchestra, a rift skilfully healed by John's use of Cromwell's advice to the Scottish divines. Lesser men than Heenan could not have resisted this call for a return to good sense.

So John became Typographical Adviser to the Department and, simultaneously, the Research Adviser to the Alexander Turnbull Library was translated into the unofficial research consultant to the Centennial Branch. The first benefit, a lasting one, was the high standard of production in the Centennial Surveys and *A Dictionary of New Zealand Biography*. John had a high regard for 18th century typography and had always preferred unobtrusive simplicity. So he persuaded the printer to buy Aldine Bembo and Baskerville type-faces for these two jobs and now, thirty years later, both series are still a delight to handle. But whatever success they had owed more to the care with which the typographer meticulously planned the spacing and organised the lay-out than it did to the choice of font. Getting the *Dictionary* ready for the printer,

wrestling with an untidy and tattered manuscript, was a formidable task which he had to do all alone and only when his primary tasks at Victoria College allowed. Yet he was quite unruffled and always found the time to discuss the problems of others in the Branch. This was his hallmark—he was as interested in people as much as he was interested in good typography or the erudition of Erasmus.

This same sympathy made it easy for him to persuade artists such as George Woods and Mervyn Taylor to accept commissions to illustrate later publications and even to draw new designs for the New Zealand coat of arms. It is one of the misfortunes of book production in this country that the Historical Atlas of New Zealand was never completed or published. Whatever other merits it might have had (and with John as its midwife and foster-parent these would have been substantial) it would undoubtedly have been an exciting publication. The exuberance with which he discussed possible end-papers, whether these should show the legends and monsters that mediaeval cartographers had loved or whether the tools of trade such as rose compasses, backstaffs and astro-labes would be better, gave a hint of the style and gusto of his thinking. But by that time Heenan had retired and the veterans of orthodoxy who succeeded him did not wholly share Heenan's enthusiasm for this form of departmental endeavour.

While the war scattered the original staff in all directions, John held on to a small core of girls and with them produced *Abel Janszoon Tasman & The Discovery of New Zealand* (which included his own essay on Tasman) and *Introduction to New Zealand*. The latter, intended as publicity for Americans, when adorned by Mervyn Taylor and George Woods, and lit throughout by John's editing, was a surprising production for those war-lean years. Other authors who had John's assistance in seeing their manuscripts through the press at every stage were Apirana Ngata, Peter Buck, A. E. Plischke, G. L. Adkin, K. B. Cumberland, and R. S. Duff.

Authors can sometimes be clamorous and a few of them assume that to get their book on to the market one has only to push a master button and the presses will do the rest. They overlook the fact that printers just as much as liberty need the curb of eternal vigilance and that every page can reveal its own aberration. Thus a disciplined imperturbability, of which John seemed to have inexhaustible reserves, is helpful when dealing with some authors and with most printers.

This same refusal to be hassled was very necessary when proposals to establish a co-operative bookshop in Wellington unexpectedly triggered off a quite phrenetic attack from those who said they feared such a bookshop would become too precious. John, as one of the promoters, had to answer the shrilly expressed sneers that co-operative type readers

wanted saloons and not salons or listen to the suddenly revealed truth that cushions on the floor to support and comfort jaded workers were more important than the Golden Cockerel imprint. Though this cannonade came without notice and was planned by people who were thought of as literate and even civilised John's good sense, supported by Walter Scott's restraint, meant that the brawl remained one-sided. Its main result was to convince the very able manager that he would be wiser to have his own bookshop than share a cave with these strange Adullamites who seemed to hate books. John ignored this unfortunate beginning and for years continued to give time to the affairs of the bookshop.

He was even more prodigal with the time he gave to the Historic Places Trust. He recognised the significance of the Trust's task and his generous spirit accepted the need for something more than an occasional participation in its affairs. As with all his personal covenants his commitment to the Trust had to be a full-blooded one. For instance, any time he visited U.K. or Australia he would make a point of calling on those with equivalent responsibilities or enthusiasms and so begin re-assessing New Zealand's preservation difficulties in the light of someone else's experience. He was the last of the Trust's foundation members and few are likely to rival his 16 years' continuous membership.

His determination to take the Trust seriously was reinforced by his respect for, and understanding of, the long-serving chairman, Ormond Wilson. Their recognition of each other's talents and mettle made for an easy and productive relationship. John's membership of almost every committee of the Trust meant, for the staff at least, a series of exciting debates and a succession of opinions that tended to become its guide lines. Nowhere was this more apparent than in the Old St Paul's Advisory Committee, especially when possible uses of the building were being explored. Of course, John came to these particular meetings with the mana that belongs to those who had often smelt the enemy's powder and who though prepared each time to come home on their shields had returned alive and, in the end, triumphant. It will always be an interesting question whether the greatest individual contribution to the preservation of Old St Paul's came from John's refusal during 12 years of pleading to accept any form of compromise or from the practice of successive Government Architects of including the building in every draft plan of the Government Centre and so slowly creating an air of inevitability. Probably both pressure points had to be used to stop this ecclesiastical haemorrhage.

Other memories of the Trust come flooding in—the sedating effect of his interventions when feelings became prickly, his skill in redrafting resolutions to give coherence to an untidy and occasionally confused debate, the good humour with which he argued an absolutist and thus unpopular

cause (public servants with their training in compromise made up portion of the membership), his willingness to journey to any place in New Zealand where he thought he might be able to help and his refusal to allow lost or threatened travel connections to spoil the day, his patience when invited to prepare yet another paper or join yet another deputation, an anxiety not to overcommit others, and the comfortable silences.

Though like the rest of us he preferred the company of lively minds he cared for many people, including the homely and not so lively. He cared also for the institutions in which he worked, and among those he cherished most was the Alexander Turnbull Library, as witness his Jubilee address. Because he saw clearly that the Library would gain from its legislative union with the National Library he came out strongly and publicly in favour of the union. His opinion commanded so much respect that its opponents either reconsidered or held their peace. It always amazed him when people were prepared to listen to his cautions. But these public handsets and any reactions they prompted were not the real essence of the man. This might be found and savoured in the more discreet acts, in the shyness with which he offered a book from his father's library, the cheerful preambles on the phone before getting round to the business of the day, the invocations and the pastorals on post-cards and presentation copies of his publications and, perhaps above all, in his courtesy to other men and women.

His 'little candle of experience' continues to glow with a radiance all of its own.

R.I.M.B.

It is, we think, appropriate to publish as an appendix to Mr Burnett's commemorative note, the schedule of duties which Dr J. C. Beaglehole drew up himself at the time of his appointment as Research Adviser, for the approval, readily given, of the Under-Secretary for Internal Affairs, Mr J. W. Heenan.

**MEMORANDUM FOR THE UNDER SECRETARY OF INTERNAL
AFFAIRS ON THE DUTIES OF THE RESEARCH ADVISER TO
THE TURNBULL LIBRARY.**

I think these duties, briefly stated, should be as follows:

- (1) To carry out historical research and to supervise the publication of material in the library as facilities may be provided by the Government.
- (2) To advise *bona fide* students on methods of research and to help them in their work wherever possible.
- (3) To advise the Under-Secretary, Department, Government, in cases where application may be made for financial help in carrying out research or publishing its results.
- (4) Generally to advise the Government on points of historical interest when such advice should be thought necessary.

JOHN PEARSE AND HIS SCRAPBOOK, 1851-56

A visitor to the Library may now see an album of brown paper bound in a flimsy light brown cloth showing signs of wear at the spine. On its 93 mounted pages, each 22 x 15 inches, are pasted 357 individual items: 127 watercolours and wash drawings which vary from the size of a postage stamp to 11 x 17 inches. No more than a dozen depict buildings or scenes of which we have any other contemporary visual record. There are also three annotated maps; three manuscript and 75 miscellaneous items: documents of travel, newspaper clippings, accounts of the earthquakes of 1848 and 1855, Mr Hart's Address to the Electors of Wellington, house plans, drawings of the vegetable caterpillar and the seahorse, albatross feathers, pressed ferns and invitations to balls. This miscellany makes up one of the most moving and informative social documents to return to New Zealand. This is a visual record of colonial life from June 1851 to July 1856: a period, until now, much less well-documented than had been the immediately preceding decade.

Not only is the scrapbook itself an event, but file letters leading to its acquisition also document one of the happy pursuits and processes of the Turnbull Library. The chase begins with the transmission of hearsay—the adumbration of a clue—in a letter to the New Zealand Embassy, Paris, 23 March 1967, in which Mr A. G. Bagnall mentions verbal information from Mrs Shirley Leach 'that a Miss B. Pearce [sic] of given address owned a scrapbook containing original watercolours of early Wellington interest.'

It was possible a little later to correspond directly with Miss Pearce who gave further information about her great grandfather, John Pearce, a virtually unknown but most perceptive resident of Wellington in the 1850s. Miss Pearce also explained that the album was a valued possession of her sister and herself and that while she hoped it would eventually return to New Zealand, there were in the meantime some difficulties. A member of the New Zealand Embassy staff, Mr H. V. Roberts, was kindly shown the album by Miss Pearce and stressed in general terms its value and importance.

Nothing further, in the short term, seemed practicable and there the matter rested for two years until Miss Walton was able to visit Paris in August 1969 at the conclusion of a private visit to the United Kingdom. Miss Walton, through the good offices of Mr O. P. Gabites, the New Zealand Ambassador, saw the album with Miss Pearce in a crowded and dazzling hour. This display of active interest convinced its owners that it should come to New Zealand on loan for close study. Early in 1970, the scrapbook was taken to London for colour and black and white

copying, chiefly as a security measure. Eventually, on an afternoon in February 1970, the transparencies arrived and were the subject of exciting examination for the rest of the available time that day. The following morning the album itself was eagerly unpacked, which gave rise to some, fortunately unnecessary, doubts about our security provision as both album and copies appeared to have come out on the same flight.

The scrapbook was on display at a function in the Library in April 1970 and the Trustees formally made an offer to Miss Pearse and her sister for its purchase. Mrs Margaret Scott, while in France as a Winn-Manson Fellow, visited Miss Pearse and was able to tell her at first hand of the tremendous importance of the scrapbook to New Zealand and of our wish to retain it here. A little later, Miss Pearse was able to confirm that it had been decided to accept the Trustees' offer. Miss Pearse had also kindly permitted the Library to purchase three most interesting Barraud paintings taken back to England by John Pearse, one being an important early portrait of the Chief Rangihaeata.

Before and, more intensively, since the album arrived in Wellington the first-named author, Margery Walton, has gathered information about its maker. John Pearse was born in 1808 and baptised at Bedford St. Mary, Dunstable, England.¹ His father was Theed Pearse (died 1847). He came of a family which produced 'many lawyers in Bedfordshire in the 18th and 19th centuries'.² When he was seventeen he commenced his law studies 'in an office of high standing'.³ We learn from his great-grand-daughter, Miss Beatrice Pearse, that John Pearse was articled to the firm of Theed Pearse. He was admitted as Attorney in the Courts of Westminster in 1832.⁴ About 1839 he married Cassandra Jennings Vipan.⁵ The couple may have continued to live in Bedford as John Pearse, when he ceased to practise in England, was described as 'Steward of the Manor Royal of Dunstable'.⁶ Births of four children are recorded: John Walter 24 October 1842; Laura Mary 21 June 1847; Charles⁷ (about 1849) and Clara Alice Pearse⁷ (about 1851). It was the weight of this 'increasing family' which made their no-longer young father think of emigration.⁸ He must have discussed the idea of coming to New Zealand with the Russell family who 'kindly took an interest in my coming out' and provided Pearse with a letter of introduction to Sir George Grey from whom he expected to receive an offer of government employment. In a letter of slightly querulous reminder John Pearse spells out his reasons: 'Having an increasing family, and an insufficiency of income to live *comfortably* [author's underlining] in England, and thinking that the chances of advancement of children were in favour of New Zealand, I determined (after mature deliberation and with the full approval of my wife) to proceed there; to explore, and judge as to the expediency of my wife and children following . . . though I am happy

to add that my family are left in comfortable circumstances in England.'⁹

From the English address given of Pearse's wife in the death notices of his two youngest children it would appear that the family had been left, not in Bedford, but in Hemel Hempstead, Herts.¹⁰ (Although the children could have contracted scarlet fever on a holiday visit.)

The story of John Pearse is continued in the scrapbook itself. John Pearse leaves England and leaves his wife, either pregnant, or with a very young baby. One senses a cautiously adventurous man wanting to inform, amuse, and reassure his wife and children with drawings of a life which may soon be theirs also. From the arrangement of the book and its occasional inclusion of a notice printed later than 1856—or a travel document relating to his return amongst those of the outward voyage—it is possible to deduce that the scrapbook was compiled by Pearse, after his return,¹¹ from drawings which he had made on, or sent with, letters to his wife. Here is a man not setting out to make pretty pictures but to answer in detail the questions 'What would we children do on board a ship? Is the place like England? What are the houses like? What sort of people are the Maoris? Where will we live?'. In fact, the drawings in his scrapbook answer just these questions for the great grandchildren of John Pearse's contemporaries. And we are delighted and grateful for his kind of looking. He was a lawyer and, as such, was trained to be interested in people, their predicaments and their characters. He did not have the technical facilities of the trained artist but he had an eye for stance, expression, colour; and the ability to make real the people and places and situations he observed. His small portraits of fellow passengers and, later, of Maoris, have a wry appreciation of character. These latter, in particular, show John Pearse's human sympathy, his capacity to see without prejudice, his alert appreciation of the telling detail. 'It will always be, so far as I can see, the most complete pictorial record of the district, for its decade, that we are now ever likely to find.'¹²

John Pearse starts with the World in Mercator's Projection and marks the map¹³ with black for his outward journey and red for his return. The black line tracks down to Cape Verde, sweeps across the South Atlantic Ocean well south of Cape of Good Hope, goes south again of Kerguelen's Land, continues almost directly east to Enderby's Island, and turns north to Canterbury.

In the centre of page three is a card printed in red and black which advertises the 'Duke of Portland, A.1.' 'Chartered by the Canterbury Association, and approved to sail from the Port of London on Tuesday, the 10th June, 1851'. The rates of passage are given for 'Each Person, 4 years old and upwards—Chief Cabin £42. Second cabin £22. Steerage £16.' The added note must have reassured the prospective parent:

'Children under 14 one-half.—This ship has superior Accommodation, and will take out a Clergyman, an Elementary School Master, and an experienced Surgeon.'

On pages 3 and 4 John Pearse has pasted papers relating to the *Duke of Portland*; 533 tons, commander William T. Cubitt. Underneath is Pearse's first spindly ink sketch: 'the *Duke of Portland* with sails furled, pennants and flags flying from every mast'. This drawing is flanked by a plan of the top and lower decks with the dimensions of the cabins shown. From luxury in the Poop (11' 10" x 9' 9") with three windows and a sofa, to a more usual 7' 7" x 7' 4" on the upper deck and 6' 2" square on the lower. At the bottom left of the page is a certificate for eighteen packages 'Baggage Effects' stamped and signed by an Insurance Broker under seal of the N.Z. Agency Office. It provided for the goods to be delivered at Auckland. A further certificate dated 24 October 1851 permitted 'Twenty Five Packages Baggage' to be landed at Commercial Bay by J. Logan Campbell.

The final document on this page tells us in the flourishy typography of Her Majesty's [sic] Consul at Alexandra that John Pearse aged 48 years passed that way, 22 July 1856, on his return to England.

Page 6 is headed 'Sketches of ships seen from the Duke of Portland'. One faint penline and sepia wash sketch shows the last of England: a distant tree-covered slope, a castle and three windmills on a coast labelled in Pearse's even-sloping small script 'Sussex coast—believed to be Sandgate.' Another, dated 17 June 1851, shows a concourse of 16 sailing ships and one primitive steam boat 'anchored off Dungeness'. This the scene an emigrant left in the 1850's.

The following nine pages give life on board a sailing ship. The children play chess or draughts or learn to read around 'Mrs Marks volunteer schoolmistress'. Pearse draws their hatted and bonnetted heads as they bob for raisins, sit with their fathers on top of the cow box or, in elaborately documented jest, tease the unpopular schoolmaster by putting up his cabin door or stealing his cap and nailing it on the mast. Then Pearse draws the crew, bearded and side-whiskered characters who look, in 1972, nearly contemporary: Merris, the second mate, Harry, the Irish steward, Mr Jackson 'a Russian merchant off for the Canterbury plains', Bill, Leslie, Dan, Sam and Sir Mich^l Le Fleming ^{1st} (a Jamaican). The Captain's back and his lady's flounced broad beam are recorded as they lean on a rail; sailors balance dangerously—also drawn backview—when reefing. The carpenter tries to stop a leak, the butcher catches pigs blood in a wooden pail. The schoolmaster pares his nails or sits, one foot on another chair, rod in hand, 'inclined for a bully'.

Pearse turns an observant, amused, delighted eye on his fellow passengers and their activities. They sew, sleep, gossip, 'dance a Russian two-

step', shoot 'Albatross, Mollymawks and Cape Pigeons—*rayther* shy!' or shave while sitting in a chair.

We see inside the cabins—the arrangement of bunks, useful objects on nails above; the hanging bookshelf and folding chair on 'the dry or comfortable side of the cabin'; the ingeniously swung basin to catch leaks; the small tank of [drinking] water with a tap; the improvised candle-holder.

The first group of watercolours of New Zealand [pp. 17-19] are of Nelson. But we know that the *Duke of Portland* arrived in Canterbury on 24 September 'with 151 emigrants',¹⁴ that John Pearse's baggage had been consigned to the care of Logan Campbell in Auckland where the *Duke of Portland* arrived 25 October 1851,¹⁵ and that on 19 November John Pearse is listed among passengers in the *Cashmere* to Wellington via New Plymouth.¹⁶ So we must conclude that Pearse's arrangement of his scrapbook is not chronological. Shipping notices fix the date of these Nelson sketches. A Pearse [sic] is listed among passengers on the 'schooner *Champion*, 57, Wood from Wellington'¹⁷ and again mentioned amongst passengers returning in the 'schooner *Henrietta*, 60, Cole for Wellington'¹⁸ and the *New Zealand Spectator* lists Mr Pearse amongst those arriving on 5 June. We might be justified in considering this our man in spite of variant spellings: the deduction is confirmed by a sketch on p. 85 of the scrapbook: two rows of recumbent unsleeping figures in dense proximity captioned 'Midnight scene on board the 'Champion' timber boat for Nelson from Wellington in 1852. The only kind of craft plying between these ports in those days and shame to the skipper for the accommodation. However in the next run from Sydney to New Zealand the 'Champion' went down with all hands—the skipper and crew were never heard of again.' From which lengthy comment we might also deduce that John Pearse had not enjoyed the journey.

The Nelson sketches then were made between 15 May and 5 June 1852. John Pearse must have arrived in Wellington 19 November 1851 and almost immediately have set himself to see the country—in the following three months—while waiting for some response¹⁹ to his letter of introduction to Sir George Grey. In his reminder—previously quoted—Pearse writes, 'I have seen much of New Zealand in visiting Port Cooper, Akaroa, Auckland, Taranaki [spbk p. 78-82], Wellington [spbk p. 23-30], the Waidrop [Wairarapa p. 67, 72-3, 77], and Wanganui [spbk p. 22]; and I am hoping shortly to have an opportunity of going to Nelson. John Pearse must have visited Hawkes Bay [spbk p. 41] later.

The bulk of the sketches detail the Wellington of the early 1850s. There are two detailed views (numbered and with an explanatory key) of Wellington 'taken from John Pearse's land on Wellington Terrace'. He also draws Wellington Harbour from the road leading to the Bar-



JOHN PEARSE SCRAPBOOK, page 8.
 Drawings made on the *Duke of Portland*, 1851.



JOHN PEARSE SCRAPBOOK, pages 10 and 72.

Details of shipboard life on the *Duke of Portland*.

racks, 'from the Hutt Road beyond Kaiwarra', from the 'cemetery back of Government domain' and in fine detail 'Thorndon Flat and Pepitea [sic] Point taken from Wellington Terrace'. Pearse paints Mrs Simmonds' house near Wellington and Mrs Jackson's house Lowry Bay, Noah's Ark, 'the residence of the Chief E'tako, Nga Hauranga', the 'late residence of Mr Justice Chapman' and the 'Residence of Lieut. Gov. Eyre (afterwards of E. G. Wakefield Esq.) Wellington Karori Road'.

John Pearse was admitted to the Supreme Court, December 1853.²⁰ Further research may show how he occupied his time in the previous eighteen months. It is likely that he would have had some part in legal practice before his admission. He may have decided to settle in Wellington soon after his return as he bought and fenced land in Tinakori Road.²¹ His Wellington sketches show the first cottage he stayed in, his friend Richard 'Dicky' Deighton who was to become his next door neighbour when he later built at the foot of Wellington Terrace and a great many other friends he made among the Maoris of the area. In this he must have differed from most of his fellow settlers and in particular from two contemporaries who also drew from their experience—Henry Gabriel Swainson²² and Robert Anderson²³ but whose observations were totally European. John Pearse did not draw the picturesque Maori: he drew people he knew. 'Polly' and 'Ko Rukanga (alias candle)', 'Piata asleep after his English studies' [was John Pearse teaching him, we wonder?] 'E Tami Ahauriri' in her pink dress and a perceptive portrait of 'a Native Assessor, or kind of Magistrate in native cases' whom he knew by his full name Wiremu E. Taka Kaua Haranga. There are two consistent attitudes which Pearse brings out in his Maori men and women. They are externally Europeanised and they are sad. They all look down, the spirit is subdued. Drawing is a way of seeing and drawings as simple and as honest as these tell more than prose.

John Pearse the responsive artist was also an observant man of action and involved himself with the settlers' life in Wellington. We find his name in newspaper lists protesting against the actions of the British Government;²⁴ in a letter to George Moore asking him to allow himself to be nominated as a Candidate for the Provincial Council;²⁵ amongst the lists of managers of the Wellington Savings Bank.²⁶ He is elected Secretary (1 May 1855)²⁷ of the Wellington Athenaeum and Mechanics Institute and advertises for them their evening classes in Algebra, Arithmetic, English Grammar and composition, Vocal music and Drawing²⁸ and protects their copies of the *Illustrated News* in a toughly worded notice.²⁹ In October 1855 he is still the secretary but by then family circumstances had altered his plans. Manuscript items in the scrapbook contain detailed plans for a house on the Terrace at a price of £140 sterling:³⁰ a fair sized kitchen and drawing room, a main bedroom 12 x

12 with walk-in wardrobe and dressing rooms downstairs and for the children 'three sleeping apartments to be formed in the gables'. Pearse had thought of special earthquake provisions but like the men of his time had built with little thought of sunshine (his back door and drawing room fireplace faced north: the verandah east and south).

Another item, a letter³¹ in Maori with a phrase by phrase translation also shows John Pearse was laying a different foundation—that of friendship between his son Walter (aged twelve) and a Maori boy, Clement. The letter runs in translation: 'Well boy, there you are. Good the discourse; the letter you sing to the Father. I have got one dog, two cats—one very big—one young cat the name is 'nudge'. The nasty dog is full of fleas. I make a shave (which he did today) and all the fleas fly away. And I've got a nice pony. When you come you have ride my pony. Friend Walter Pearse greet your mother, your sister Rore (Laura) your sister Karera (Clara) your brother Mr Taure (Mr Charlie). Thats all friend. love by Clement.'

But the two-year old Charlie and four-year old Clara contracted scarlet fever and died.³² And Walter, Laura and their mother did not come out to New Zealand. John Pearse advertised his Town Section '469' Wellington Terrace North between Aurora Terrace and Bolton Street for sale by auction. It is described in detail but one paragraph is sufficient to show how John Pearse had spent his spare time in Wellington: 'The whole of the land is enclosed with a substantial Fence, and a live fence;—is, throughout, at great expense drained and under cultivation and growing crops, and stocked with choice fruit trees, Blue gums and shrubs. There is a Barn or Stable on the Ground. Gravel walks are laid out, ornamentally, and footsteps are run up on the hillsides secure with tree fern and manuka piles. A stream of water runs through the ground throughout the whole year. A site for a house is cut a considerable depth in the hill facing the Harbor [sic], presenting a first rate rock foundation for building. . . .'³³

The *N.Z. Spectator*³⁴ carried another advertisement to sell without reserve the 'Excellent library and effects of John Pearse, Esq.'.

John Pearse is listed³⁵ among the passengers on the 'Schooner William Alfred, 118 tons, Finley, for Sydney', which left Wellington on the first of March 1856. He returned to England and in 1862 was living in Alcombe Cottage, Dunster, Somerset.³⁶ We know from his great granddaughter that he and his family travelled together in Europe, that he made other scrapbooks, and that he lived for some time in Naples before his death in Tunbridge Wells on 25 October 1882.³⁷

His legacy in the pages of the scrapbook is one which will widen the historical knowledge and perspectives of all interested New Zealanders.

The Trustees are considering an appropriate form of publication which will do justice to John Pearse and his New Zealand.

Margery Walton and Janet Paul

NOTES

¹ County Archivist, Bedford.

² Letter from County Archivist, Bedford, to Miss Walton, 6 May 1971.

³ PRO document reference in letter from Miss B. Pearse to M.W., 6 July 1971.

⁴ *Wellington Independent*, 3 December 1853, 3c, Saturday.

⁵ County Archivist, Bedford, Essex, letter, 6 May 1971.

⁶ Law Soc. Services Ltd., 113 Chancery Lane, London, WC2. Letter. Postcard addressed to John Pearse. Esq./Undersheriff Dunstable.

⁷ *N.Z. Spectator*, death notices, 30 June 1855.

⁸ Letter, J. Pearse to Sir Geo. Grey, 7 April 1852. New Munster in-letters 52/835; letter-book vol. 8.

⁹ *Ibid.*

¹⁰ *N.Z. Spectator*, 30 June 1855.

¹¹ See note in Pearse's hand on p. 31 under lithograph 'laying the foundation stone of the odd Fellow's Hall' which reads: 'on land recovered from harbour since 1856'. Also an engraving from *Illustrated London News* dated 9 April 1859.

¹² A. G. Bagnall to Miss B. Pearse, 23 September 1970.

¹³ Sketchbook, p. 1-2; hereafter referred to as Spbk.

¹⁴ *New Zealander*, 25 September 1851.

¹⁵ *New Zealander*, 25 October 1851, 2c.

¹⁶ *New Zealander*, 19 November 1851.

¹⁷ *Nelson Examiner*, 15 May 1852.

¹⁸ *N.Z. Spectator*, 5 June 1852.

¹⁹ Letter 'requesting employment in the service of government', John Pearse to Sir Geo. Grey, 7 April 1852. National Archives.

²⁰ *Wellington Independent*, 3 December 1853, 3c, "On Thursday last Mr John Pearse [sic], of this city, was duly admitted a solicitor of the Supreme Court. Mr Pearse had been admitted an Attorney in the Courts of Westminster in the year 1832. Mr Justice Stephen said it gave him great pleasure to admit a gentlemen [sic] of such experience and qualifications as Mr Pearse possessed, as the profession would have a valuable accession in his person.'

²¹ Memorandum of Agreement between John McLaggan, builder, and John Pearse with specification of material and labour required in building a house on Wellington Terrace, 1854 [inserted in Scrapbook, p. 47], which discounts £60 for land and £4.16.11d. as 'a moiety of sum incurred by John Pearse for fences on the north and east sides' of land on Tinakori Road which he was selling to the builder.

²² Journal, H. G. Swainson, 1850-51.

²³ *The Turnbull Library Record*, Vol. 1 (ns) no. 4 (November 1968).

²⁴ *N.Z. Spectator*, 3 April 1852, p. [4].

- ²⁵ *Wellington Independent*, 29 June 1853, 3d.
- ²⁶ *Wellington Independent*, 8 March 1854, 3b.
- ²⁷ *N.Z. Spectator*, 12 May 1855, report of annual meeting of Wellington Athenaeum.
- ²⁸ *N.Z. Spectator*, 16 May 1855, 2a.
- ²⁹ *N.Z. Spectator*, 26 May 1855.
- ³⁰ John McLaggan to John Pearse, Esq., 21 November 1854.
- ³¹ Clement to Walter Pearse, 26 Tihema 1854, in Pearse scrapbook.
- ³² Notice in *New Zealand Spectator*, 30 June 1855, of death of 'the youngest daughter and second son of John Pearse Esq. Solicitor, Wellington, New Zealand'.
- ³³ *N.Z. Spectator*, 17 October 1855, 2d.
- ³⁴ *N.Z. Spectator*, 13 February 1856 [2]d.
- ³⁵ *N.Z. Spectator*, 5 March 1856, 2c.
- ³⁶ Information supplied by County Archivist, Bedford, 6 May 1971.
- ³⁷ Letter from Beatrice Pearse to A. G. Bagnall, 4 May 1970.

THE UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD

Part IV

Among the things of Katherine Mansfield's in the possession of Miss Ida Baker were two manuscripts which were sold to a London dealer in the early 1950s and cannot now be traced. Because they were so difficult to read and had, in fact, never been read or transcribed, Miss Baker retained a photocopy of both, hoping to be able to work on them. Failing eyesight, however, made this impossible and, well aware that transcribing Mansfield is virtually a hopeless task for the inexperienced, Miss Baker recently gave the photocopies to the Turnbull Library. Permission to publish them has been granted by Mrs Middleton Murry.

The larger of the manuscripts, entitled 'Brave Love', turned out to be a complete short story—not just 'the opening pages' referred to by Middleton Murry in a footnote in the *Journal*. Since a new, complete, unpublished story by Katherine Mansfield is an event of some literary importance, the editor of the *Turnbull Library Record* has generously agreed to its being published in *Landfall*, New Zealand's major literary journal.

The other manuscript, a notebook of some 28 small pages, is published here. Apart from a few brief and fragmentary passages it consists of one situation: the young woman Elena and her small son Peter. Once again the interest is biographical and psychological rather than literary and for this reason dating is important. But the dating of an undated photocopy is even more difficult than that of an original manuscript where the paper itself sometimes gives a clue. In this case the use of an occasional German word would suggest that it was written in the second half of 1909 in Germany, either when Katherine Mansfield was pregnant or after the pregnancy when she was looking after Walter, the little boy from London. The death of Peter would be psychologically interesting if it were written at that time. But early in the story are three sentences ('She loved to think of the world outside . . . Mon Dieu how quiet it was.') which appear almost word for word in another fragment published in the *Journal* (p. 63) and dated 1914 by Middleton Murry. If this dating is correct, and it is likely to be so, the notebook was probably also written towards the end of 1914. Some support for this is in the notebook itself. The story of Elena and Peter is written on the recto pages only, but about half way through, on one of the verso pages, there appears this note:

'One night when Jack was with Goodyear and I had gone to bed and he said that what he really wanted was a woman who would keep

him—yes, that's what he really wanted. And then again, so much later, with Campbell, he said I was the one who submitted. Yes I gave way to him and still do—but then I did it because I did not feel the urgency of my own desires. Now I do and though I submit from habit now it is always under a sort of protest which I call an *adieu* submission. It always *may* be the last time.'

Since Katherine Mansfield had not yet met Murry when she was in Germany this note was written later than 1909, as was probably the whole notebook. On the following verso page she has written 'Elena Bendall' and 'Peter Bendall', using the name of a girlhood New Zealand friend.

Margaret Scott

The brilliant sunny weather. The pansies in the Kasino grounds—the lilac bushes. I see her walking under a parasol. The little sick boy. His death. The whole peasant family in mourning—that night Peter goes to see her and they kiss.

It was evening. The lamp was lighted on the round table. The frau tapped, came in and took away the supper tray. 'Shall I draw the curtains gnadige frau?' she whispered. Her face very scarlet from cooking and her eyes burnt by the fire made her look like a little girl who has been playing in the wind. 'No' said Elena, 'I will draw them later. The light is so lovely.' The frau smiled at her and went out, setting down the tray in the hall that she might close the door more quietly. Elena heard her steps on the stairs, heard the eager babble that greeted her as she opened the kitchen door—that always greeted her. She is like a bird flying back to her nest, thought Elena, and then the house was quiet again. The lovely light shone in the window. She loved to think of the world outside white under the mingled snow and moonlight. White trees, white fields, the heaps of stones by the roadside white, snow in all the furrows. Mon Dieu how quiet it was. There is nobody except the moon, she thought, and she saw the moon walking over the snow, walking slowly through the heavy forests like a hunter, landing upon the tops of hills as though she stood upon a wave crest, bending over the sleeping gardens, gathering from the sleeping gardens white and green roses, slipping through the frozen bushes and looking into tiny houses, smiling strangely. She had a feeling that two wings rushed to open in her breast. 'O I want to sing.' She got up quickly and walked across the room to Peter's bed. She sat down on the edge of it. Peter was not asleep. Propped up against the pillows, his arms along the sheet, he looked as beautiful a little boy as ever ran away from Heaven. His straight black hair was tumbled. There were two little spots like cherry stains on his

cheeks, his red lips were parted, the collar of his cream flannel night-gown stood up in two peaks to his chin. 'Sleepy?' asked Elena smiling. He shook his head. Of course he was not sleepy. How could he have been sleepy with eyes like that. O how she longed to sing! 'What are you thinking about Peter?' 'Nothing my Mother' said Peter, giving the lie to his imploring beseeching eyes. 'Really nothing?' She bent down the better to see him. Suddenly he lifted his hands and then clasped them and let them fall—so—but still he did not speak. Only his eyes implored her—troubled terrified eyes. How strange he looked—he must be feverish. She put her pretty caressing hand on his forehead and brushed his fringe to the outside. Yes he was feverish. A little web of sweat hung on his face. 'Do you feel quite well?' she asked tenderly. He nodded Yes and at the same time she knew what his eyes were saying. 'Mother do not sing. Mother I could not bear you to sing tonight.' She never doubted his feeling for an instant. She knew, more plainly than if he had spoken, whether he were conscious of it or not, Peter was imploring her not to sing. But the knowledge did not take away her longing—her longing pushed in her breast. It was wild, it would not be denied. Free me—free me! Mother, implored Peter's eyes, do not sing tonight. But I must sing Peter. The longing is far stronger than I—and when she had asserted the fact to herself it became so. It leapt up, cruel and eager. If he did not want me to sing he would say so, she thought. He is not a baby—not such a baby as that. She took his hand between hers, tenderly, tenderly she stroked. She carried it to her eager bosom as though to make him feel how her desire pressed. A mysterious fascinating smile parted her lips, her nostrils quivered. She breathed deeply and with the breath her beauty flowered. Rich she was and powerful. 'You ought to be asleep' she whispered fondly. 'It's long past your sleeping time darling—would you like Mother to sing you to sleep, Peter?' Her words flew, explaining. Deliberately she veiled her eyes and did not meet his. 'But not really sing—just make up as I go along, a song for a sleepy boy, about the moon darling, about the moon.' The hand she held did not quiver. She put it down. She looked about her at the shadowy room, at the window where the strange light beckoned. As in a dream she saw the dark head on the white pillows. Beautiful! Beautiful! And she lifted her bosom to those urgent wings. But she would only sing gently, only softly Peter. Listen. Snow is falling. Out of the sky falls the snow, like green and white roses and nobody sees but the moon. From her cloud pillows the moon arises and floats with the falling snow and gathers the green and white roses, the little white buds of snow, in her gleaming fingers. Softly, softly. As she sang she stood up and singing still she went to the window and put her arms along the frame. Peter shut his eyes. He floated into his mother's singing bosom and rose and fell to her

breath. His wonderful mother had wings. Yes, yes she could fly. She flew with him out of the window to show him the snow and to give him some of the roses. He felt the snow on his chest and creeping up to his throat it formed a little necklace round his neck. It crept up—but not to my mouth Mother. Mother, not over my eyes.

In the middle of her singing there came a knock at the door. Two sharp knocks, they were like a blow on the heart to her. Still half under the spell of her singing like a queen she flung the door open. The doctor stood on the landing in his big driving coat. He was beating his fur hat against the stair rail. 'I am afraid I am interrupting' he said, and from his voice she thought he was accusing her. Her lips curled. 'Not at all' she said coldly. He strode into the room pulling off his big coat. She shut the door and leaned against it. 'The young man's never asleep, is it?' said the doctor. Still the same tone. 'Yes he is asleep' said Eleanor [sic] and she felt her glow ebb away from her like a retreating wave. The doctor went over to the bed. He parted the sheets and caught hold of Peter's arm to raise him. Suddenly she saw an extraordinary alertness in his face, in his movements. He dropped on one knee and put his arm under Peter's shoulder. 'Bring over that lamp' he commanded, 'and take off the globe. Quick now!' She held the lamp in her two hands. She felt the blood creep, creep away from her body. She saw the doctor give Peter a long searching glance, and then put him back on the pillows and straighten the sheet. 'So that's it' he said, shooting out his lower lip and frowning. 'What!' The word dropped from her lips like a pebble. The young doctor barely glanced at her. This time the sneer was unmistakable. 'You know as well as I do' he said. 'Here, give me that lamp.' And as he took the lamp from her he said quite calmly 'He is dead of course.'

* * * * *

There is always something wonderfully touching in the sight of a young mother with a delicate child—and when the mother is beautiful and radiant, and when the child is like her but terribly unlike, a little shadow page carrying with bird-like hands his mother's glory—then the sight is enough to melt the most frozen heart. Not a heart had withstood Elena and Peter throughout the Journey. Arms had shot out to lift little Peter up and down steps, in and out of railway carriages, eyes had caressed them, Peter had been offered flowers and cakes—even some silver cachous from a minute flask dragged out of her red pocket by a French baby with long yellow boots on. Now it was the end of the day and the last stage of their journey. They had only one hour more,

one town more. From her dressing case Elena took out a bottle of eau de cologne, shook some on to her handkerchief, and raising her veil slightly she held the handkerchief to her lips and nostrils. She did not really want the eau de cologne. She was not really exhausted but her perfect sense of the dramatic fitness of things prompted the action. She could not bear that even so small an audience—half a dozen people in a railway carriage—should go away indifferent or unsatisfied. She felt bound to play exquisitely for them. Why she even took the trouble to play exquisitely for Peter when he and she were alone together. Sometimes in front of her mirror she played most exquisitely of all. She quite realised it, she would have acknowledged the fact frankly. You see, as a singer I am more or less a public woman, and I find it really frightfully difficult to keep my private and my public life apart. Also, I feel so much myself on the stage that perhaps I only act when I am off. Yes, well, there was some truth in that. It was sunset. They were going through fields of tall gleaming flowers. In the deep bright light they looked more silver and gold than white and yellow. There were blue flowers like lapis lazuli and a tall red plant with flowers like plumes. In the distance the horizon was banked by forests of fir and pine black against a glittering golden sky. The sun sets to a fanfare of trumpets, thought Elena, and she longed to compose a hymn to the departing sun—in French. *Soleil*—it was lovely—it has a wonderful caressing sound. Suddenly she felt a soft pressure on her arm. Peter was leaning against her, his head lying on his chest. There was hardly anything to be seen of him but the charming back of his white neck and the faint V of hair between the two neck bones. She bent over him—and just for a moment she caught the tender glance and smile of the old woman opposite. He has gone to sleep I know. I have had them too. Many many children this old lap has carried, said the glance and the smile. ‘Asleep darling?’ asked Elena. Peter looked up, his wonderful grey eyes blind, hidden by the curly lashes. She said ‘Come. Come on to my lap.’ With a very graceful supple movement she gathered up her little son and held him in her arms. Like all children he was not merely asleep—he was drowned in sleep. Helpless, his arms and legs dangling, his head jerking to the train. She put his head in the hollow of her neck and rested her own on his silky black hair. ‘That’s better, isn’t it,’ she whispered. Peter gave a sigh, and again Elena caught the glance of the old woman opposite—kindly, envious. The old woman looked sadly at her hands as though she asked in remembrance.

Again she looked out of the window. A breeze flew among the daisies, ruffling their petals—she fancied she could smell their bitter scent. And suddenly she remembered a year in her childhood when the hills and the valleys of her home had been smothered under these same flowers,

and the schoolchildren had dragged a toboggan to the top of the tallest hills and made a slide. She heard again their shrieks and screams of excitement. They had been too excited to wait their turn in the toboggan. They had rolled and tumbled among the feathery snow, and jumped up and down, running through the daisies, pulling each other, until all the side of the hill lay in green tatters. She remembered now the agony she had felt and been ashamed to show. Yes, to this very day she regretted her part in it. It had left a wound for life. She sighed. Yes, life! What animals¹ and worse children are! thought Elena—and she turned from the window and wondered how on earth she could bear any more of this journey. Really the last moments of a journey are intolerable. If she could only share the state of apathy that these people were sunk in. The noise of the train seemed to act upon them like a drug. They were content to be carried away. But their stupid country faces, so [—],² so soothed, revolted her faintly as she watched them. No, she would rather suffer these strange pangs of excitement that set upon her at the end of a journey. Any journey—it was always the same. Though more than half her life had been spent in travelling the thrill remained. The unknown place to which she travelled had in her head a fanciful image. It was a town. Ah it was always the poor quarter that she saw first. The narrow streets, the tall houses teeming with careless unruly life. Footsteps ran through them ceaselessly, they ran through the narrow dark vein of the houses. Strange doors banged open, banged shut. In the basements lived the dregs of humanity—old men who kept birds in tiny cages or bought rabbit skins or sold little paper bags of coal and wood. On the roof there were thin cats and pigeons and vulgar clothes hanging out to dry. And the shops, the little shops that she loved brimmed over on to the pavement. They were lighted with long whistling flares of gas—or stalls lighted by candles in round glass globes—or by lamps benign in spreading shades like haymakers' hats. And then there were the cafes and the little [—]² bars. The swing doors opened, the sound of a gramophone rushed out, mingled with the clink of glasses and girls' laughter and men's voices very loud. I will go there, I will go there. To the fringe of the town, to the new roads sticky with clay where the railway thrust out roots of iron, where the houses dark and blind reared up in the air as though for the first time or the last. Yes, there she was walking, her coat collar turned up, her hands in her pockets. A little fox terrier dog rooted in the gutters full of dead leaves. Or it was a village of white and green houses with red geraniums at the windows and lilac bushes in the garden. She was leaning out of the window in the evening. Below her the hay carts were passing, and the air smelt of hay. Behind the haycarts came the girls with scarlet cheeks. One of them carried a cornflower bush in her hands, another carried

poppies. And although these things never came to pass it did not matter. Faced with reality she did not even regret them. They faded out of her mind until they were forgotten, then on the torn web of the old dream the new dream began silently to spin. But what was the quality in them that excited her so, that [made] her tremble. Her mouth burned. Her heart beat powerfully. She had scarcely room in her body for her quick breath. Like a woman on the way to her lover who shifts her own despairing impatience by crying to him Yes, yes, I am coming, I am coming as fast as I can, I am on my way now, I am hurrying, hurrying to you—so Elena cried out to herself. And Peter, the unfamiliar burden, did not see the gold burn out of the sky. He did not see the forest rush to surround the train like an army and then fall back leaving fields again, and more fields threaded with streams and spanned with wooden bridges. Not even the shrill toy-like whistling of the engine waked him as the train drew up at the station. Then he rubbed his eyes and staggered as Elena set him down like a bird fallen out of a nest. ‘Try and wake up for a little while Peter,’ she said. ‘You shall go to bed . . .’

NOTES

¹ Uncertain reading.

² Illegible.

THE TURNBULL LIBRARY HOLDINGS OF BOOKS FROM THE GOLDEN COCKEREL PRESS

The Alexander Turnbull Library has over the years acquired a fine collection of books representing the work of many of the modern private printing presses including fifty-two of those produced by the Golden Cockerel Press. Therefore, the Library was pleased to purchase recently from Mr R. F. Patterson of Dunedin a further seventy-seven titles and about the same time obtained one of the highlights of the press: *Crusader castles*, by T. E. Lawrence.

The Golden Cockerel Press was founded in December 1920 by Mr Harold Midgely Taylor at Waltham Saint Lawrence, Berkshire, as "a co-operative society for the printing and publishing of books", and in particular to encourage new works of literary significance by young authors. In fulfilment of these aims seventeen books were issued before increasing ill health caused Taylor to retire, and in 1924 the press was taken over by Robert Gibbings and his wife Moira. In August 1933 the press was transferred to London under the ownership of Christopher Sandford, Francis Newbery and Owen Rutter. Newbery ceased to be a partner in 1936 and was replaced for two years by Anthony Sandford. Rutter died in 1944 and from then Christopher Sandford remained as the sole owner until 1959 when he sold the press to Thomas Yoseloff, the New York publisher, and it ceased to be a private press.

In its forty years of existence the press produced some 212 books; most of these being in limited editions with specially designed bindings. Following the seventeen produced by Taylor, of which the Library has nine, seventy-two appeared in the nine years during which the press belonged to Moira and Robert Gibbings. Of these the Library has forty-one examples. In the next eight and a half years a further sixty-one books appeared so that by November 1941 the press had completed its century and a half, but thereafter the rate of publishing decreased. The output of the first 181 books up to December 1948 are listed in three bibliographies printed by the press. The first, *Chanticleer*, lists 112 titles from April 1921 to August 1936 with brief notes chiefly on the sizes of the editions and the variant bindings. This was followed by *Pertelote* listing a further 43 titles to April 1943. In this volume the scope of the notes was extended as the directors of the press say "to give a fuller picture of our methods, beliefs, aims, achievements, and failures, so that others may perhaps profit by our experience." These extended notes make fascinating reading and this trend was continued in *Cockalorum* which lists another 26 titles to December 1948.

It is possible to mention only a few individual titles here but among

those held by the Library are *The travels & sufferings of Father Jean de Brebeuf*, 1938; *Shelley at Oxford*, 1944, and *Harriet & Mary*, 1944, both collections of Shelley's letters; Keats' *Endymion*, 1947; *The log of the Bounty*, 1937; *The voyage of the Challenger*, 1938, by Swire; Matthew Flinders' *Narrative of his voyage in the schooner Francis*, 1798, 1948 and *Lucretia Borgia*, 1942, by Swinburne.

K. S. Williams

AN UNREPORTED SEVENTEENTH
CENTURY USE OF MILTON'S
EIKONOKLASTES

Among the books advertised in the Easter 1669 *Mercurius Librarius*¹ by R. Royston was *A Continuation of a Friendly Debate*, the anonymously published work of Simon Patrick,² afterwards Bishop of Ely. This work contains a hitherto unreported use of Milton's *Eikonoklastes*, copying about a page with a few changes and additional sentences to fit his argument. This quotation, which acknowledges Milton only indirectly, was noticed by a seventeenth century reader who annotated his copy of the 1649 (first) edition accordingly. This copy is now one of the two in the Milton Collection of the Turnbull Library.

On the flyleaf is a note which reads:

'see page 206: where Milton hath filched a whole page from another author without nameing of him, & yett accuseth y^e late king page 12 of stealing y^e prayer of Pamela word for word out of S^r Philip Sidneyes Arcadia — or it may bee they are Miltons own words cited by y^e author of y^e ffriendly debate 2^d Part, pages 127: 128: &c.'

On page 206 there is a marginal note reading:

'x all this passage to y^e letter A in y^e next page is filched from a popish booke cited in y^e 2^d Part of y^e ffriendly debate pag: 127: 128: 129'

An 'x' has been written in the text at 'drowth' (three lines from the bottom of p. 206) and an 'A' at 'cogitations' (line 25 on p. 207).

There are two editions of Patrick's *Continuation* published in 1669, both octavo but one with 455p. and the other with 248p. Wing does not distinguish between them but the British Museum catalogues the 455p. edition as the earlier. It is this edition the annotator refers to. (Neither is held by Turnbull.)

Although the annotator was making his comparison with the 1649 edition of *Eikonoklastes* it seems probable that Patrick actually drew his quotation from the 1650 edition which differs slightly from the first at this point, in spellings and more significantly in phrasing.³ Although Turnbull does not hold a copy of the second edition the Scolar Press facsimile of the Bodleian copy⁴ is a convenient substitute and a comparison of the two passages, from *Eikonoklastes* and from the *Continuation*, shows the striking similarity between them. The italics are in the original.

It being now no more in his hand to be reveng'd on his opposers, he seeks to satiate his fansie with the imagination of some revenge upon them from above;

and like one who in a drowth observes the Skie, he sits and watches when any thing will dropp, that might solace him with the likeness of a punishment from Heavn upon us: which he strait expounds how he pleases. No evil can befall the Parlament or Citty, but he positively interprets it a judgement upon them for his sake; as if the very manuscript of Gods judgements had bin deliverd to his custody and exposition.

But his reading declares it well to be a fals copy which he uses;

dispensing oft'n to his own bad deeds and successes the testimony of Divine favour, and to the good deeds and successes of other men, Divine wrath and vengeance.

And I cannot for my life but look upon them as satiating their fancies, with the imagination of this day of vengeance. *Methinks I see them* (to use the words of a famous Writer against our Church and State in another case) *like a man, who in the drought observes the Skie, sitting and watching, when any thing will drop that may follow them with the likeness of a punishment from heaven upon us; which they streight explain as they please.* No evil can befall us, but presently they positively interpret it, a judgement upon us for their sakes: and as if the very *Manuscript of Gods Judgements* had been delivered to their Custody and Exposition, they make the people believe that *the Witnesses are smiting the earth with plagues, and finishing their testimony against us.* But thanks be to God, their Reading declares it abundantly to be a false Copy which they use. *For* (to speak in his words again) *they often dispense to their own bad deeds and successes the testimony of Divine favour; and to the good deeds and successes of other men, Divine wrath and vengeance.* And besides, they have abused the people so oft with their false Predictions from these and other Prophecies, that I hope the world will see, *these are false Witnesses* (if I may use the words of *David* to a different sense) *that are risen up against us, breathing forth cruelty: who*

But to counterfet the hand of God is the boldest of all Forgery: And he, who without warrant but his own fantastic surmise, takes upon him perpetually to unfold the secret and unsearchable Mysteries of high Providence, is likely for the most part to mistake and slander them; and approaches to the madness of those reprobate thoughts, that would wrest the Sword of Justice out of Gods hand, and imploy it more justly in thir own conceit. It was a small thing to contend with the Parliament about sole power of the Militia, when we see him doing little less than laying hands on the weapons of God himself, which are his judgements, to weild and manage them by the sway and bent of his own fraile cogitations.

behold lying Visions, and prophecy our [*sic*] of their own hearts: whose thoughts are thoughts of iniquity, as the Prophet *Isaiah* speaks, wasting and destruction are in their paths. And I would to God you for your part would seriously consider (to use his words once more) *that to counterfeit the hand of God is the boldest of all forgeries; and that he who without any warrant but his own surmise takes upon him perpetually to unfold the secrets and unsearchable Mysteries of high Providence, is likely for the most part to mistake and slander them: and approaches to the madness of those reprobate thoughts that would wrest the sword of justice out of Gods hand, and imploy it more justly in their own conceit. It is but a small thing for such men as these to grasp at all power here on earth; when we see them doing little less than laying hands on the Weapons of God himself, which are his judgments; to weild and manage them by the sway and bent of their own frail cogitations.*

This use of *Eikonoklastes* by Patrick provides an interesting hint of the political climate of 1669. Patrick was a tolerant writer who identified scrupulously the writers he made use of. With his personal history it is not surprising that he should have known *Eikonoklastes* and wanted to borrow some striking and apt images from it. For him to have referred to Milton only as 'a famous writer against Church and State in another cause' (thereby misleading the annotator of the Turnbull copy) seems to imply that he felt it might be dangerous to refer openly to Milton's political writings with anything other than the greatest hostility. The nature of recorded references to Milton in the Restoration period sug-

Law, oftentimes have sav'd the Common-wealth: and the Law afterward by firme Decree hath approv'd that planetary motion, that unblamable exorbitancy in them.

Hec means no good to either Independent or Presbyterian, and yet his parable, like that of *Barlam*, is overru'd to portend them good, far beside his intention. *Those twins that strove enclor'd in the womb of Rebeckah*, were the seed of *Abraham*; the younger undoubtedly gain'd the heavenly birth-right; the elder though supplant in his Simile, shall yet no question find a better portion then *Espan* found, and far above his uncircumcis'd Prelates.

He censures, and in censuring seems to hope, *It will be an ill Omen that they who build Jerusalem divide their tongues and hands*. But his hope fail'd him with his example; for that there were divisions both of tongues and hands at the building of *Jerusalem*, the Story would have certifi'd him; and yet the work prosper'd; and if God will, so may this, notwithstanding all the craft and malignant wiles of *Samballit* and *Tobiah*, adding what fuel they can to our diffentions; or the indignity of his comparison that likens us to those seditious *Zelots* whose intestine jerry brought destruction to the last *Jerusalem*.

It being now no more in his hand to be reveng'd on his opposers, he seeks to satiate his spite with the imagination of som revenge upon them from above; and like one who in *Alrowth* observes the Skie, sits and watches when any thing will drop, that might solace him with the likeness of a punishment.

ment from Heav'n upon us: which he strait expounds how he pleases. No evil can befall the Parliament or City, but he positively interprets it a judgement upon them for his sake; as if the very manuscript of Gods judgements had bin deliver'd to his custody and exposition. But his reading declares it well to be a fals copy which he uses; differing oft'n to his own bad deeds and succelles the testimony of Divine favour, and to the good deeds and succelles of other men, Divine wrath and vengeance. But to counterfet the hand of Gods the boldest of all Forgery: And he, who without warrant but his own fantastic fummie, takes upon him perpetually to unfold the secret and unsearchable Mysteries of high Providence, is likely for the most part to mistake and slander them; and approaches to the madnes of those reprobate thoughts, that would wrest the Sword of Justice out of Gods own hand, and employ it more justly in his own conceit. It was a small thing to contend with the Parliament about sole power of the Militia, when we see him doing little less then laying hands on the weapons of God himself, which are his judgments, to wield and manage them by the sway and bent of his own fraille cogitations. *Oh Therefore they that by Tumults first occasion'd the raising of Armes, in his doome must needs be chastis'd by their own Army for new Tumults.*

First note heer his confession, that those Tumults were the first occasion of raising Armes, and by consequence that hee himself rais'd them first, against those supposed Tumults. But who occasion'd those Tumults, or who made them so, being

F f

at

so page 206. where Milton
has filched a whole page from
notes author without naming
of him, & yett arrugeth & late
ing page 12 of stating of
prayer of Pamela. word for word
out of S. Philip Sidneyes booke
or it may bee by an Milton on
words cited by author of y.
ffriendly debate 2^d part, page
127. 128. &c.

Det. 1. 6

Lib. A.C.

Note on flyleaf of annotated copy.

gests that other writers may have felt the same way, although any such deductions can only be speculation.

K. A. Coleridge

NOTES

¹ The *Terms Catalogues, 1668-1709*, ed. by Edward Arber. London, 1903. See vol. 1, p. 8.

² See the *Dictionary of National Biography*, vol. 15, p. 490-492 for a summary of his career.

³ The two editions may be compared in the Yale edition of the *Complete Prose Works*, vol. 3, p. 563-564 (1962), although reconstruction of the 1649 text is not particularly easy, especially the accidentals of spelling and punctuation.

⁴ Milton, John. *Prose works, 1641-1650*. Menston, 1967. See vol. 3, p. 194 of *Eikonoklastes*, the first work in the volume.

NOTES ON MANUSCRIPT ACCESSIONS

A SELECTIVE LIST OF ACQUISITIONS JANUARY 1970 TO DECEMBER 1971

The following list continues the *Note* in the *Record* for March 1970. 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.

A. ORIGINAL MATERIAL

BAGE, Dr Anna Frederica, 1883-*ca* 1968.

Papers, 1875-1907. 3 ins. Donation: Mrs M. Budtz-Olsen, Women's College, St. Lucia, Queensland.

Dr Bage played a prominent role in education in Queensland. These papers comprise letters of her father, Edward Bage, describing travel in the South Island, 1875, and a diary of journey from Australia to Europe 1889 kept by her Mother in which visits to Dunedin and Christchurch are recorded.

BARRINGTON, Archibald Charles, 1906-

Papers, 1933-1949. 8½ ft. Donation: Mr A. C. Barrington. Upper Moutere, Motueka.

Diaries and notebooks, letters to the press and other writings, primarily concerned with Christian Pacifist movement and conscientious objection in World War II, including newspaper clippings 1933-1947.

BEAMISH, Frederick Noel Hamilton, 1888-1969.

Papers, *ca* 1919-59. 6 ins. Donation: Miss Kathleen Beamish, Havelock North.

Correspondence, documents, circulars and reports relating to activities in national farmers' organisations and in Hawkes Bay. Includes Arbitration Court material and miscellaneous newspaper clippings.

BIDWILL, John Orbell, 1854-1923.

Pihautea Station diaries, 1879-82, 1884-5, 1887, 1889, 1893. 9v.

Donation: Mrs P. R. Woodhouse, Timaru.

Brief daily records of farming activities at Pihautea, Wairarapa. Includes cheque books 1859-1862.

BROUGHTON, James.

Letterbook, 1860-65. 1v. Donation: Rev. A. R. Broughton, Raetihi.

Draft correspondence as agent of the London and Liverpool Insurance Company, Wanganui providing early insurance records of the Wellington province.

BUMBY, John Hewgill, 1808-1840.

Journals (9v.) and papers 1786-1857. *ca* 3 ins. On indefinite loan.
Comprises journals covering voyage to New Zealand by *Triton* and activities as Wesleyan missionary 1828-40. Includes MS map of Aotea Mission Station and list of subscribers for erection of Wesleyan Chapel there, 1839. Also album of Mrs Gideon Smales.

DONALD, Robert.

Letter book, 1878-1902. 1v. Donation: Mr P. J. Howard, Auckland.
Contracts and specifications for buildings constructed by Robert Donald, sawmiller and builder in Masterton district. He farmed at Bank farm, Blenheim, 1890-95, and in Canterbury at Chertsey, 1895-1898 and Woodside, Highbank, Rakaia, 1898-1902. Correspondence primarily concerned with farming activities.

EFFORD, Lincoln, 1908-1962.

Papers, 1911-1962. *ca* 12 ft. Purchase.
Manuscript and published material concerned with pacifist organisations, conscientious objectors' activities, Howard League for Penal Reform.
Access not yet available.

GARIN, Antoine Marie, 1810-1889.

Letters, 1841-1842. 1 inch.
Letters in Maori to Father Garin.
Photocopied material from Rev. A. K. Roach, Mount St. Mary's, Tara-dale.
(Supplementary to correspondence on microfilm from archives of Padri Maristi, Rome.)

GILLESPIE, Oliver Arthur, 1895-1960.

Papers, 1945-1960. 2 ins. Donation: Mr A. E. Gillespie, Panmure, Auckland.
Letters from Ward Price, Percy Crisp, Hector Bolitho, Edmund Blunden and Leonard O. H. Tripp re personal matters.

GRANT, George.

Diary, 1877. Donation: Mrs R. G. Grant, Makairo, R.D. 2, Pahiatua.
Notes of voyage in the *Zealandia* from London to Wellington, describing his religious work among the passengers and sailors. Includes description of Rio de Janeiro; with supplementary photocopied family papers.

HETHERINGTON, Jessie Isobel, 1882-

Papers, 1882-1967. 4 ins. Donation: Mr S. N. Hetherington, Auckland.
Draft MS and annotated typescript of autobiography *Numbering my days*. Recounts childhood in Thames district and Auckland, Girton College, Cambridge, teaching in Australia, Wellington Teachers Training College, 1915-23 and service as Inspector of Secondary Schools, 1926-42. Accounts of journeys to Europe including Coronation, 1937.

HODGE, Horace Emerton, 1904-1958.

Papers, *ca* 1932-1958. 5 ft. Purchase: Mrs Catherine Hodge, Wellington.

Typescript MS of unpublished autobiography, published and unpublished plays etc.

Correspondence, scrap-books, photographs etc. re Hodge's plays and British theatre and personalities in the thirties including Dame Marie Tempest, Dame Sybil Thorndike, Sir Leigh Ashton, Sir John Gielgud.

HOLCROFT, Montague Harry, 1902-Papers, 1920-1970. 6 ft. Donation: Mr Holcroft. Manuscripts of work both published and unpublished; correspondence and other papers. *Access subject to restriction.*

HUTTON, George T. F. Ledger, 1902. Donation: Mr Maia T. Hutton, Martinborough, 1970. Financial records of Hutton's activities as Licensed Interpreter, Feathers-ton and Greytown. Includes accounts of Charles Elgar, Ihaka Kuaha and others with Hutton and rents for Wharaurangi.

JACK family. Papers, 1883-1920. 6 ins. Donation: Mrs L. J. R. Starke, Lower Hutt. Correspondence etc. primarily concerning life in Wellington—Presbyterian Church, Caledonian Society, musical activities and business papers. Includes journal of voyage from Edinburgh to New Zealand by *Invercargill*, 27 October 1883-21 February 1884.

LAISHLEY, Richard, 1816-1897. Notes of a voyage to New Zealand, 1860-1861. 1v. Purchase. Voyage of *Caduceus* from Gravesend to Auckland. Observations on marine life with accounts of expeditions to Lord Auckland and St. Paul Island. Descriptions of Auckland and environs.

LYSAGHT family. Papers, 1789-1931. 1 ft. Donation: Mrs Frances Poole, Tauranga. Correspondence and papers of the family of James Richard Lysaght who arrived in New Zealand in 1874, relating to life in Mokoia, Taranaki. Also genealogical material, family financial papers and household inventories.

McARTNEY family. Papers, 1848-1860, 1900. 1 inch. Purchase: Wellington. Letters to John McCartney, tinsmith, during his sojourn in Auckland, Sydney and Melbourne; from his family and friends in Nelson and elsewhere. Family and business affairs, gossip and social events in Nelson.

MANAWATU FLAXMILLS EMPLOYEES' UNION. Records, 1906-1931. 1½ ins. Donation: Mr A. Millar, Palmerston North. Register of members, 1906-1915, minute books, 1912-13, balance sheets and reports of executive 1920-31.

MARSH, Dame Ngaio, 1899-Production notes. 21v. Donation: Dame Ngaio Marsh, Christchurch.

Texts of plays with accompanying manuscript notes and sketches for production, *ca* 1920-1949.

MILLER, George Richard Henry, 1806-1854.

Tongan diary, 1843-1849. 2v. Donation: Mr S. N. Hetherington, Auckland.

Daily account of his work as a doctor and Assistant Missionary with the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society in Tonga.

MOTHERS' UNION.

Papers, 1925-67. *ca* 1 ft. On indefinite loan from The Association of Anglican Women.

Records, minute books, 1925-67 and other material including National Council of Women Reports, 1955-56 and Mothers' Union Maori correspondence and reports.

MUNNINGS, Joseph, 1841-1923.

Journal, 1860. Donation: Mrs J. Jackson, Havelock North.

Account of voyage to Lyttelton by *Zealandia*, 25 July-13 November 1859; concludes with description of life in Christchurch district.

NEW ZEALAND LOAN AND MERCANTILE AGENCY CO. LTD.

Records, 1866-1930. 38v. Donated by Dalgety and New Zealand Loan Ltd.

Minute books of Board of Directors, 1866-71, local minute books, 1874-1930, reports etc.

Access restricted for post-1920 material.

NICHOLL, Spencer Perceval Talbot, 1841-1908.

Journal, 1863-64. 1v. Purchased: Sotheby's London, May 1971.

Ensign Nicholl saw service with 43rd Light Infantry in engagement at Gate Pa, 29 April 1864.

Describes military camp life in Auckland and Tauranga district and at Tataraimaka, Taranaki, with comment on Maori life and customs and social life in Auckland.

PEARCE, Edward, 1832-1922.

Papers, 1863-1878. 4 ins. Donation: Mr H. Pearce, Waikanae, with additional photocopied material lent by Miss M. H. Harding, Dargaville. Inwards correspondence concerning Kopuru Sawmilling Coy. Ltd., Kaipara, 1875-78; business papers, Wellington and Wairarapa land transactions and some personal and political papers.

P.E.N. International. New Zealand centre.

Papers, *ca* 1950- 6 ins. Donation: Mr R. F. Grover.

Comprises correspondence, minutes, lists of members etc.

Not yet available.

ROLLESTON family.

Papers, 1848-*ca* 1940. 3½ ft. Donation: Mrs Ormond Wilson, Sanson.

Letters written mainly by and to William and Mary Rolleston and their

son Frank, but with some correspondence among other family members. The letters include some of William Rolleston's political correspondence and Frank Rolleston's legal correspondence. Photographs and newspaper clippings.

SAUNDERS, Alfred, 1820-1905.

Family records, 1779-1918. 1v. Donation: Mrs N. Page, Christchurch. Autobiography covering the author's antecedents, and his experiences after arrival by *Fifeshire* in Nelson, 1841. The full text of his *Tales of a pioneer*.

SEALY, Henry John, 1838-1922.

Diary, 1858-1861. Donation: Mrs M. Williams, Yokine, Western Australia.

This diary completes the series of seven donated by the descendants of H. J. Sealy and records voyage to New Zealand by *Clontarf*. Impressions of Canterbury and Wellington and farming in Hawkes Bay.

Biographical notes have been compiled by Mrs Williams and H. V. Fitzhardinge.

SEDDON, Richard John, 1845-1906.

Papers, 1879-1934. 3 ft. Purchase: Mr T. E. Y. Seddon, Wellington.

Official correspondence and papers, addresses, documents, newspaper clippings, photographs etc. with some family papers and correspondence. *Access subject to restriction and completion of sorting.*

SHAW, Charles Reginald, 1829-*ca* 1905.

Diaries, 1891-93, 1904-05. 4v. Donation: Mr K. J. Kay, Upper Hutt.

A surveyor in Timaru prior to taking up land at Sterndale, Totara Valley, Canterbury.

SOTHAM, Frederick John. -*ca* 1897.

Journals, 1868-77. 5v. Donation: Mr Walter Sotham, c/- Selwyn Village, Point Chevalier, Auckland.

Records kept by Captain Sotham of voyages by *Middlesex*, *Waitangi* and *Otaki* to and from London and India, Australia and New Zealand.

STAR BOATING CLUB, WELLINGTON.

Papers, 1881-1972. 3½ ft. Donation: Star Boating Club, Wellington.

Records, correspondence, minute books, annual reports, registers of members and boats etc.

SWAINSON, William, 1809-1884.

Letters, 1862-75. 15 items. Purchase: Sotheby & Co.

Letters from William Swainson, Attorney-General, to Mrs LLoyd, wife of Rev. J. F. LLoyd. Mainly about social life in Auckland.

TAINE family.

Papers, 1827-1932. 4 ins. Donation: Mrs S. G. Longuet, Wellington.

James John Taine (1817-1914) came to Wellington on the *Adelaide* in

1840 where he married Liocadia d'Oliveira ward of E. G. Wakefield. Papers comprise family and business correspondence.

TAYLOR, Richard, 1805-1873.

Papers, 1826-*ca* 1915. *ca* 4 ft. Purchase: Laura Harper estate, 1970-71. Sketchbook, journals, 1826, 1830, draft sermons, correspondence, MS maps, plans etc., material related to *Te Ika a Maui* and family records. Includes material relating to Harper family.

Also MEDLEY, Mrs Spencer (Mary Catherine Taylor) Accounts of journeys to Wellington and Auckland 1853-54.

WARRE, Sir Henry James, 1819-1898.

Records, 1861-1866. 4v. Purchase: Mr Michael Warre, London.

Narrative of the War in Taranaki, 1861-66 provides resumé of state of colony and views on colonial government together with Warre's account of activities as officer commanding troops in Taranaki, with impressions of social and economic conditions there.

Confidential letterbooks 1863-64 (2v.) comprise official reports to Governor and General Cameron as Commanding Officer in Taranaki.

WARRE, Sir Henry James, 1819-98.

Diaries, 1853-92. 35v. Purchase: Sotheby's, London, 1971.

Cover military career in detail including service in Corfu, the Crimea, Malta, India and in New Zealand 1861-66. The diary for 1861 when he arrived in New Zealand is among half a dozen missing from the series but those for 1862-66 give a full account of service with 57th Regiment and engagements in Taranaki as well as observations on the state of the colony. Collection includes autobiographical *Epitome of the services of General H. J. Warre*, 1884 and documents.

WELLINGTON CO-OPERATIVE BOOK SOCIETY LTD.

Papers, 1941-1969. *ca* 3 ft. Donation.

Business and legal correspondence, balance sheets and financial reports. Correspondence with Progressive Publishing Society. Management Committee documents and minute books.

B. COPIED MATERIAL

BROWN, Alfred Nesbitt, 1803-1884.

Papers, *ca*1828-1887. Microfilm (neg. 12 reels). Copied from the originals in the possession of Mr D. H. Maxwell, The Elms, Tauranga. Inwards and outwards correspondence, journals, mission records, financial papers. The collection covers A. N. Brown's activities as a missionary in the Bay of Plenty, and includes much useful material on C.M.S. operations in the northern North Island.

BUDDLE, Thomas, 1812-1883.

Letterbooks, 1846-1883. Microfilm (neg. *ca* 170 ft.). Lent for copying: Trinity College, Auckland.

Comprehensive letters concerning Buddle's work as a Methodist missionary in Auckland, financial secretary of the Wesleyan Mission in the South Seas, a minister in various N.Z. circuits including Wellington and Christchurch, and a teacher of native and European candidates for the ministry. Also include many references to other Methodist ministers, and reports on the Maori attitude during the 1860 troubles.

CHERRY-GARRARD, Apsley George Benet, 1886-1959.

Diary of British Antarctic Expedition, Nov. 1910-Jan. 1913: Microfilm (neg. 90 ft.). Donated: Mr L. B. Quartermain, Wellington. (Original at Scott Polar Research Institute, Cambridge.)

Daily entries on board *Terra Nova* and in Antarctica.

COLLINSON, T. B., 1822-1902.

Seven Years Service on the borders of the Pacific Ocean, 1843-50 . . . Vol. II 1892-94 [autobiography]: Microfilm (neg. ca 20 ft.). Purchase: John Howell Books, San Francisco, by courtesy of the purchaser of the MS.

Supplements Vol. I purchased in 1970. Covers voyage from Tasmania home to England, May-Nov. 1850, via Tahiti, Sandwich Islands, California, and Panama, with descriptions of the life and peoples at each place. Includes 35 sketches.

CONDLIFFE, John Bell, 1891-

Autobiography, 1891-1969. 2v.

Life and career in New Zealand leading to professorship of Economics at Canterbury College, followed by activities with Institute of Pacific Relations, League of Nations Secretariat, National Council of Applied Economic Research, India, Stanford Research Institute as well as professorship of Economics at University of California. Photocopied from manuscript in the Bancroft Library, University of California.

Access subject to restriction.

DALGETY NEW ZEALAND LTD., A history of Dalgety & Co., 1884-1945.

Microfilm (neg. ca 40 ft.). Lent for copying: G. Hugh Sumpter and Associates, Wellington.

Short biography of Frederick Connerman Dalgety, followed by a history of the company in New Zealand, Australia, and London, with copies of some letters relating to the company, business reports from various branch offices, and tables of assets and debits, sales, personnel.

FIELD, Henry Claylands, 1825-1912.

Letters and Minute Book, 1849-96. Microfilm (neg. ca 18 ft.). Lent for copying: Mrs J. Sewell, Wanganui.

Various personal, legal and business papers, plan of ship on which he sailed from England, newspaper cuttings, and Minute book of Directors and Shareholders of the Wanganui Meat Preserving Company Ltd.

McGREGOR, Reginald Arthur, 1889-
Notebooks, 1910-60. Microfilm (neg. 23 ft.). Lent for copying: Mrs R. A. McGregor, Christchurch.

Accounts kept in Christchurch, 1942-60, with some diary entries; lists of Chatham Islanders for period 1910-50; notes on Chatham Islands history and a tale told by Tapu about Moriori origins. Explanatory notes by Rhys Richards.

MAGAREY, Thomas, 1825-1902.
Journals and memoirs, 1841-1888.

Thomas Magarey, miller and pastoralist came to Nelson by *Fifeshire* in 1841, settled in South Australia 1845. Involved in politics and affairs of Church of Christ. Journal contains family records, description of Nelson and environs 1841-1844, life in South Australia, 1845-1855. Typed transcript includes diary of voyage to New Zealand. Memoirs written in 1888. Photocopied material lent by Dr P. W. Verco, Adelaide.

MAUNSELL family.
Riversdale and Ruru Stations Ledger and Stockbook, 1898-1947. Microfilm (neg. 23 ft.). Lent for copying: Mr E. R. Maunsell, Riversdale, Greytown.
Station accounts, description of stations, financial interests of family members, important family dates and events, accounts of various companies, and returns to Stock department.

MITCHELL LIBRARY, Sydney.
Catalogue of manuscripts to 1945. Microfilm (pos. 33 reels, 18 mm.). Purchased from Mitchell Library, Sydney, N.S.W.
Alphabetical sequence of index cards, discontinued after 1945.

PLUMLEY, Frank, 1875-
Diary, 1901-03. Microfilm (neg. 10 ft.). Lent for copying: Mr L. B. Quartermain, Wellington.
Diary kept on board the S.S. *Discovery* during its Antarctic Expedition of 1901-03.

SCOTT, Robert T. C., 1812-
Papers 1838-1861. 4 ins. Photocopied material lent by Mrs W. B. Fink, Ngaio.
Journal 1833-35 recounting service as naval surgeon including visit to Canada, correspondence and other material while serving on H.M.S. *Vanguard*, Malta. Correspondence and genealogical papers of Scott family, Melby, Shetland.

TURNBULL, David Clarkson, 1868-1951.
Business papers, 1900-11. Microfilm (neg. 75 ft.). Lent for copying: Mr Jack Churchouse, York Bay.
2 letterbooks concerned with the movements of the barquentine *La Bella*, a trading ship owned by D. C. Turnbull & Co., and Extended

Protest registered by the Captain and crew of *La Bella*, and Minutes of meetings of the Colonial Sailing Ship Company.

WILLIAMS, Henry Jr., 1823-1907.

Diaries, July-Dec. 1873, and 1880-1901: Microfilm (neg. 331 ft.). Lent for copying: Mr J. Nelson, Havelock North.

Daily record of life as a farmer at Pakaraka, as Chairman of the Bay of Islands County Council, 1876-1899, and as a member of the Legislative Council, 1882-1905.

June Starke



*Robert Park Esq.
when Surveyor General of the Wellington District N.Z.*



The Serge Shirt

a costume of the colonists of N.Z.



Dickie Deighton

JOHN PEARSE SCRAPBOOK, page 50.

'Robert Park, when surveyor of the Wellington District.'

'The Serge Shirt. The costume of colonists of all ranks in New Zealand.' 'Dickie Deighton, Native Interpreter. Wellington, N.Z.'



Top of RIMUTAKA N.Z. 1st Jan 1854.



Foot of RIMUTAKA Wellington side.

JOHN PEARSE SCRAPBOOK, page 72.
 Top of RIMUTAKA, N.Z., 1st Jan. 1854.
 Foot of RIMUTAKA, Wellington side.

NOTES AND COMMENTARY

By arrangement with the New Zealand Academy of Fine Arts an exhibition of watercolours by Sir William Fox was held in the Academy gallery from 17 February to 9 March 1972. Entitled *Around the world with William Fox*, the exhibition was drawn largely from the Wilkie Loan Collection of Fox Watercolours with other paintings from the Turnbull collections and was opened by Dr E. H. McCormick. It was mounted by Mrs J. E. Paul, the Art Librarian, with assistance from other staff members, and she also prepared the illustrated catalogue, nearly 500 copies of which were sold at the gallery. Because of the importance of the paintings, the very strong natural light in the gallery was screened by black polythene sheeting placed over the skylights as a conservation measure. It is hoped that a selection of the 173 watercolours, augmented by others from the Hocken Library collection, will be sent on tour to the major galleries, possibly in 1973.

The considerable contribution by Mrs Paul to the success of this exhibition reminds us of an essential correction to a note in the October 1971 issue, in which the publishing firm of Blackwood & Janet Paul Limited was incorrectly named. It is a point of interest in New Zealand publishing history that the firm commenced operations in 1945 under the imprint of Paul's Book Arcade Limited, which form of name was changed in 1964 to Blackwood & Janet Paul Limited. In 1968 the firm was sold to Longman's, the New Zealand imprint of which became, consequentially, Longman Paul Limited.

The publication of *Duperrey's Visit To New Zealand in 1824* at the end of the year marks the resumption of publication of the series of Turnbull Library monographs. This volume, however, is the first published by the Endowment Trust and will be followed in June or July by *The London Journal of Edward Jerningham Wakefield*, edited by Professor Joan Stevens. The complete manuscript of Dr E. H. McCormick's Biography of A. H. Turnbull has also now been received and it is hoped that printing will commence later this year. The Turnbull Library, as a part of the National Library, is responsible for the preparation of the *New Zealand National Bibliography*. The 1971 Annual Cumulation should be available about July while Volume III of the Retrospective Bibliography, covering the letters I-O of the 1890-1960 section, should be on sale by the Government Printer shortly.

The contribution of Dr J. C. Beaglehole, O.M., C.M.G., in a number of areas of public and historical interest, including his association with this Library, is touched upon in a commemorative note in this issue by Mr R. I. M. Burnett. Mr Burnett, who was associated with Dr Beaglehole in the preparation of Centennial Publications and, particularly, in

many years preparatory work on the Centennial Atlas, is well qualified to perform this untimely exercise. As Secretary of the New Zealand Historic Places Trust from 1964 until 1970, he was again in close association with Dr Beaglehole in possibly the latter's major interest after his Cook research. The Library in October-November mounted a display of Dr Beaglehole's published work with manuscript and other associated items, some of which were kindly lent for the purpose by Mrs Beaglehole. Members of staff have also been engaged in the exacting task of compiling a bibliography of Dr Beaglehole's published work ranging from newspaper contributions to the definitive editions of Cook. The bibliography, which is being published by Victoria University of Wellington in association with the Library, is now being printed by Messrs Whitcombe & Tombs, Christchurch.

In the *Record* for March 1968 we published a 'farewell' note on the then announced termination of book sales by Messrs J. H. Bethune and Co. For this reason, we are most happy to note that circumstances have now made it possible for the revival of this most important link in the interchange of second-hand books and manuscripts and paintings within this country. Two sales have so far been held, the first in December 1971 and the second in April 1972. Prices at the later sale may encourage owners, who are thinking of disposing of their collections, to entrust them to this well-tested traditional bibliophilic fiesta.

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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 interchanging 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.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE ALEXANDER TURNBULL LIBRARY

FREE ON REQUEST

An illustrated catalogue of the prints, books and catalogues published by the Alexander Turnbull Library Endowment Trust and of the greeting cards and colour transparencies published by the Friends of the Turnbull Library.

SHARP, Andrew (ed.) — *Duperrey's Visit to New Zealand in 1824*. (Alexander Turnbull Library monograph, no. 3. The H. B. Fleck Memorial Fund.) 1971. 125p., 6 plates, 2 maps. \$4.75 in N.Z. (Price to Friends, \$4.25.)

WAKEFIELD, E. J. — *The London Journal of Edward Jerrold Wakefield, 1845-6*, edited by Professor Joan Stevens from the MS in the Library. (Alexander Turnbull Library monograph, no. 4. The H. B. Fleck Memorial Fund.) To be published July 1972. 200p. Price to be announced.

The publications below are available to Friends of the Turnbull Library at a 10% discount

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

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

BEST, A. D. W. — *The Journal of Ensign Best, 1837-1843*, edited by Nancy M. Taylor. 1966. 465p., plates. \$3.50.

THE TURNBULL LIBRARY PRINTS

The Mein Smith Prints (to be published August 1972). Five watercolours, issued as three prints, by Captain William Mein Smith, first Surveyor-General to the N.Z. Coy. — Fort Richmond and the second Hutt Bridge, ca. 1847 with Upper Hutt River, near Taita, 1851; A Bush Road Scene; Cliffs at Whatarangi, Palliser Bay, with Scene in Wairarapa, 1853. Coloured surface approximately 7 x 10 ins. Edition of 2,500, with illustrated descriptive text-sheet. \$2.00 each; or \$10 the set of 3 in folder illustrated in colour with the Thorndon and Te Aro portions of the 3-part 1842 Wellington panorama engraving after Mein Smith in *Illustrations to Jerningham Wakefield's 'Adventure in New Zealand'* (similar to the Heaphy views).

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

Prints still available are:

The Fox Prints — 3 at \$2.00 each, with descriptive leaflet. *Stocks limited.*

The Fox Portfolio — 6 others at \$3.00 each; or \$10.00 the set with descriptive text-sheet and brochure by Dr E. H. McCormick, in folder illustrated in colour.

The Barraud Prints — 2 at \$2.00 each, or sold as a pair with descriptive leaflet in folder illustrated in black and white with Barraud's view of Wellington, 1861 (the third colour print, now sold out). *Stocks limited.*

The Emily Harris N.Z. Flower Prints — 3 at \$2.00 each; the set in illus. folder.

The Maplestone Prints — 3 at \$2.00 each; the set supplied in illustrated folder.

The Cyprian Bridge Prints — 2 at \$2.00 each; the pair in illustrated folder.

Prints of the Thermal Region — 3 at \$3.00 each; the set at \$8.00 in folder illustrated in colour. The paintings are by C. D. Barraud and Charles Blomfield.

Around the World with William Fox: catalogue of the 173 paintings from the Wilkie Loan Collection of Watercolours by Sir William Fox and from the Library's holdings, exhibited at the N.Z. Academy of Fine Arts, February-March 1972. 12p. illus. 20 cents nett.

ALL THE ABOVE PUBLICATIONS MAY BE OBTAINED FROM THE
ALEXANDER TURNBULL LIBRARY, BOX 8016, WELLINGTON.