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

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CONTENTS

- 128 The unpublished manuscripts of Katherine Mansfield. Part II.
Edited by Margaret Scott
- 137 The baptism of Te Puni. *June Starke*
- 143 Sven Berggren in New Zealand, Section II. *A. G. Bagnall*
- 152 Dickens in parts in the Library. *Sheila Williams*
- 153 Notes and commentary
- 154,155,156 Friends' annual report, balance sheet and statement of
income and expenditure

THE UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD

Part II

Notebook I (described in the *Record* of March 1970) contains all of the *Juliet* material as well as a number of shorter pieces, six of which are given here, and the last few of which will appear in Part III of this series. These six were written concurrently with *Juliet*, between May and October 1906, when Katherine Mansfield had been away from New Zealand for over three years. With one exception they have New Zealand settings, and 'The Tale of the Three' is perhaps an embryo which eventually matured in several directions into the best of the New Zealand stories.

The only one to achieve any kind of completeness, 'Summer Idylle', is also the one with the most contrived New Zealand setting, employing a tui in the bush, sprays of manuka, a Maori or part-Maori girl, a European girl with a Maori name, ferns, rata, kumaras. In the extant manuscripts this is KM's earliest sustained attempt to capture the 'idyllic' flavour of her New Zealand childhood. It is interesting for other reasons too. Marina, although a name she used for herself in 'An Attempt', is here the name she gives to the Maori girl (who is probably based on 'Maata', KM's friend Martha Grace), while Hinemoa seems to be KM herself. (The Hinemoa of Maori legend was forced, for lack of canoes, to swim to an island to join her lover.) Yet Marina and Hinemoa can also both be seen as projections of the uneasy personality of KM's adolescence. At the age of 17 she *was* both imperious and frightened, cruel and suffering, graceful and clumsy, sophisticated and naive, dark and fair. It may be significant that 'Summer Idylle' is the most difficult to decipher of all the manuscripts. To the uninitiated it looks like the seismological chart of an unstable region. I was fortunate in being able to work on this piece with Mr Owen Leeming who had already tackled it independently. By correspondence we made successive contributions until we reached a transcription which seems to be final, in spite of the persistent intractability of a few words and phrases.

Katherine Mansfield's self-destructive impulses are explicit in her juvenilia. One is scarcely surprised in 'What You Please' to find the heroine with an irreparably damaged hand, after such earlier sentences as 'I'll love anything that really comes fiercely' and 'She wished that there were great thorns on the bushes to tear her hands.' And, as in *Juliet*, one is struck by the coincidence of later reality echoing early imagined situations. In 'What You Please' her brother Leslie's misadventure with explosives and her own consequent suffering are a nasty reminder of Leslie's actual fate and what followed.

Editorial principles employed in this series were outlined in Part I, but I omitted to say there that although I have supplied some necessary punctuation I have in no case supplied an exclamation mark. Quite aside from my conviction that no editor has the right to alter the emotional impact of his author's work, there is the fact that the significance of KM's own rare and specific use of the exclamation mark should not be obscured by editorial intervention.

Two of these pieces lacked titles and these I have supplied within square brackets to facilitate reference.

I am grateful to Mrs Middleton Murry for copyright permission to publish in the *Turnbull Library Record* all the unpublished manuscripts which will appear in this series.

Margaret Scott

Chapter 1. An Attempt

Marina stood at the scullery door and called 'Pat, Pat.' The sun streamed over the courtyard, the pincushion flowers stood limply and thirstily against the wall of the feedroom. 'Pat, Pat' she called. 'Here Miss Marina' shouted a voice from the woodshed. 'Pat, I want to go riding.' 'Daisy's in the paddock. The sheep skin I'll bring yer in a minute.' 'Pat, I want to go now.' She put her handkerchief over her head and walked over to the woodshed. 'Phew, it's hot,' she said, shaking back her long braid of hair. 'I'll be a mass of freckles by the time I come back.' Pat put down the tomahawk and regarded her seriously. 'Wait for two hours, Miss Marina.' But the girl shook her head. 'No, I'm off to see Franky Anderson, and it will be cooler in the bush.' Pat took up his big hat and together they walked across the yard, through the great white gates, down the road and into the paddock.

Under the wattle trees Daisy regarded them seriously. 'I feel a bit of a devil to take her' Marina murmured. 'Pat, make it alright with the family if they kick up a shindy. I'm so dead sick of them all I must go off.' She laid her hand caressingly against the arm of his old blue shirt. 'Done, Miss Marina' said Pat, and he stood in the paddock and watched her mount and ride straddle-legs out of sight. Riding was almost as natural as walking to Marina. She held herself very loosely and far back from the waist, like a native riding – and fear had never entered into her thoughts. 'I like riding down this road with the sun hurting me' she mused. 'I'll love anything that really comes fiercely – it makes me feel so "fighting", and that's what I like. I wish I hadn't quarrelled with Mother and Father again. That's a distinct bore – especially as it's only a week to my birthday.'

(pp25-27)

[Mail Day]

On waking next morning Kathie slipped out of bed, ran over to the window, shook her hair back from her face, and leaned out. 'Good morning sea, sky, trees, earth, blessed little island' she said, 'for today the Mail comes in.' She sat on the window sill, her eyes half closed, a smile playing over her face, and thought 'How many years I have waited. How the days have begun and ended, the long days, and never a word about him, and the life here flowed on, and now it is Mail Day.' 'O, Expectation, Expectation' she cried aloud, her voice eager and high, and every pulse in her body beating with excitement. 'I feel [as] though my heart has run up a big flag and it's blowing inside me.' She dressed very slowly. 'My old green linen' she said, pulling it out joyfully. 'Souvenir d'Angleterre. I shall write an Orchestral Fantasie on that.' Two roses for the front of her blouse. She ran out into the garden - her heart suffocated her. She wished that there were great thorns on the bushes to tear her hands. 'I want a big physical sensation' she said, and then she ran back to her room and looked at herself in the long glass. The same Kathie of so long ago - but yet not the same. (pp32-33)

What You Please

And another night was over, and another day came. Kathie lay still and watched the light creep into her room, slowly and mournfully. 'If the sun shone I should go mad' she thought. 'Thank God that it is raining.' Suddenly she buried her face in the pillows. 'O God, O God, O God' she cried, and then 'No, you damned old hypocrite, I won't shout at you.' She laughed suddenly. 'Dear Mr Death, would you kindly send round a sheet this morning as there is a large parcel awaiting your convenience.' Then she lay with her face towards the window, and cried - hopelessly, madly. Long shudders passed through her. She grew icy cold - only her left hand under its bandages seemed to burn into her like a white hot iron. 'I shall go mad, mad, mad' she moaned. 'Hear me somebody. Is the whole place dead? Listen - damn you all - I'm ruined - and there the devils lie in their beds and dream and say "Never mind dear, you can always write." O the simpering brainless idiots. I shall commit suicide.'

She went through the whole scene again. The light in Leslie's eyes, the way his little hands had trembled when he showed her the great beautiful packet - all bought for two shillings, and most of them "double bangers". How they two had crept round to the dining [room] window and looked in and seen all the dull quiet faces, and had to put

their handkerchiefs into their mouths to stop all the laughter. How he had climbed up the fire escape ladder and into her bedroom, and come down with the box of matches in his mouth so he could hold on with both hands, and she had said 'Good Rover – fetch it, drop it, boy.' She seemed to hear again his little agitated staccato voice. 'You hold this big one in your hand, and then light it, and throw it away.' And she had held the big one and lighted a match. A great noise came. 'God, my hand' she said – and fell into the great Dark. Then there came the long long days, and the little voice always telling her to hold it in her hand. And at last the Doctor had told her that a very sad thing had happened – and she had said dear dear – couldn't he sew on five nice neat little crackers instead of the fingers, and she could live at the North Pole and be quite safe. He had left the room and closed the door loudly behind him. 'Bring five hooks' she called, and lay still and laughed.

Kathie thought of it all quietly, calmly now. 'I am well now' she thought – 'if there is anything to be well for. I suppose they want to keep me here as long as possible because they don't know what is to happen next.' Suddenly she flung back the covers and slipped out of bed. She felt as though she was walking on needles, and slowly, carefully, she dragged herself over to the dressingtable. Then she looked at her reflection in the mirror above. A long thin face, lines of suffering deeply engraved by the Artist Pain, an extraordinary pallor in her cheeks and lips. 'That is Kathie' she said hoarsely, 'Kathie', and then suddenly realised the illness was over. Now she was looking back. 'The fact that I have done this proves that it is over' she said. She looked curiously at her bandaged hand and then suddenly bent her head, and kissed it. Then she crept back to bed, and when her Mother came, opening the door very softly and just poking her head in, Kathie said 'Good morning. Can I see the paper?', and Mother, almost unbelieving, rushed into the girls' room and told them, and the three of them clung together and then went in to see her.

* * * * *

She wondered why – what could have happened? Then she crept out of bed and ran to the head of the stairs. Leslie sat there whistling and plaiting a piece of flax. At the sight of her he stopped and uttered an exclamation. 'Dear little chappie' she said, 'fly and bring me a paper – just for a secret don't tell a soul darling.' He slid down the bannister and in a moment he was back, the paper inside his sailor blouse. Kathie sat down in her armchair. It was a difficult matter to manage a newspaper with one hand. She had to¹ lay it on the table. Bah! "Wool rising", "Fashionable wedding", "Trouble in Russia". Surely all this was very harmless. She turned over the page. "Visit of Prominent Musician. Recital tonight at Town Hall. Interview by our Special Correspondent"

– and then the name flared out, and she understood. The paper lay at her feet now. ‘I shall go to that concert’ she said. She felt not the slightest emotion or surprise. She only wanted to lay her plans carefully . . . but no inspiration came. At lunch time Chaddie brought in her tray. ‘We’re all going over to the Hutt this afternoon till tomorrow’ she said. ‘You won’t mind being here, just with the Cook, as you’re so much better. Dick has asked us all and the Governor is going to be there.’

When they had all gone it was already six o’clock. The Recital commenced at eight. She rang the bell, and when the maid appeared she motioned her to a chair. ‘Now please listen’ she [said] authoritatively. ‘Look what lies on the table.’ Ten sovereigns were² (pp34-43)

The Tale of the Three

³Vera Margaret, Charlotte Mary and K.M. were cleaning out the doll’s house. There were three dippers of water on the floor, three little pieces of real monkey brand,⁴ and in their hand they held three little rags – of various degrees of dirtiness. They were being systematic thorough little souls and their cheeks were flaming, their hands aching with the exertion. ‘It’s the chimleys’ said K.M., polishing these articles with tremendous verve. ‘All the dust seems to fly into them.’ ‘On them’ corrected C.M. in her careful cool little voice. ‘They haven’t got any regular insides you know.’ Vera Margaret was working at the windows, trying to clean the little square of glass without washing away the thin red line of paint which was the dividing line between the bottom and top panes. ‘How pleased all the family will be’ she said, ‘to find everything so fresh and neat.’

Outside the nursery window the rain was falling in torrents. They peeked through and saw the long wet garden, the paddocks, and, far away the bush-covered hills were hardly to be seen . . . Early in the morning when they had been allowed to put some sacking over their heads and run across the courtyard into the feedroom to see Pat and get the clean boots, he had called the day a “Southerly busted” and they knew that meant “a big wetness and then a blow” as K.M. graphically described it. (pp44-46)

[London]⁵

Away behind the line of the dark houses there is a sound like the call of the sea after a storm – passionate, solemn, strong. I am leaning far far out of the window in the warm still night air. Down below in the Mews the little lamp is singing a quiet song . . . it is the one glow of light in all

this darkness. Men swilling the carriages with pails of water, their sudden sharp exclamations, their hoarse shouting, the faint thin cry of a very young child, and every quarter of an hour, the chiming of the bell from the church close by are the only sounds . . . impersonal, vague, intensely agitating.

It is at this hour and in this loneliness that London stretches out eager hands towards me, and in her eyes is the light of Knowledge. 'O in my streets' she whispers, 'there is the passing of many feet, there are lines of flaming lights, there are cafés full of men and women, there is the intoxicating madness of Night Music. O the great glamour of Darkness, a tremendous Anticipation, and over all, the sound of laughter, half joyous, half fearful, dying away in a strange shudder of satisfaction, and then swelling out once more. The men and women in the cafés hear it – they look at each other suddenly, swiftly, searchingly . . . then the lights seem stronger, the Night Music throbs yet more loudly. Out of the theatres a great crowd streams into the street – there is the penetrating rhythm of the hansom cabs. Convention has long since sought her bed – with blinds down, with curtains drawn she is sleeping and dreaming. Do you not hear the quick beat of my heart? Do you not feel the hot rush of the blood through my veins? Your hand can pluck away the thin veil, your eyes can feast upon my shameless beauties. In my streets there is the answer to all your searchings and longings. Prove yourself. Permeate your senses with the heavy perfume of Night. Let nothing remain hidden. Who knows but that in the exploration of my mysteries you may find the answer to your Questionings?'

I lean out of the window – the dark houses stare at me and above them a great sweep of sky. Where it meets the houses there is a strange lightness . . . a suggestion . . . a promise . . . Silence. Now in the Mews below the cry of the child is silent, the chime of the bell seems less frequent – but away beyond the line of dark houses there is the sound like the call of the sea after a storm – it is assuming gigantic, terrible proportions. Nearer and nearer it comes . . . a vast uncontrollable burst of sound that springs consciously or unconsciously from the soul of every being. Yet, it is one and the same as the faint, thin cry of the very young child – the great chorale of Life . . .

The sobbing for the moon. It is the old old cry for the Moon that rises forever into the great Vastness. (pp46-51)

Summer Idylle. 1906.

A slow tranquil surrender of the Night Spirits, a knowledge that her body was refreshed and cool and light, a great breath from the sea that

skimmed through the window and kissed her laughingly – and her awakening was complete. She slipped out of bed and ran over to the window and looked out. The sea shone with such an intense splendour, danced, leapt up, cried aloud, ran along the line of white beach so daintily, drew back so shyly, and then flung itself onto the warm whiteness with so complete an abandon that she clapped her hands like a child, pulled the blinds high in every window and filled the room with brightness. She looked up at the sun – it could not be more than four o'clock and away in the bush a tui called. Suddenly she grew serious, frowned, and then smiled ironically. 'I'd forgotten she existed' she laughed, opening the door. She peered into the passage – the sun was not there, and the whole house was very quiet.

In Marina's room the scent of the manuka was heavy and soothing. The floor was strewn with blossoms. Great sprays stood in every corner, and in the fireplace and even over the bed. Marina lay straight and still in her bed, her hands clasped over her head, her lips slightly parted. A faint thin colour like the petal of a dull rose leaf shone in the dusk of her skin. Hinemoa⁶ bent over her with a curious feeling of pleasure, intermingled with a sensation which she did not analyse. It came upon her if she had used too much perfume, if she had drunk wine that was too heavy and sweet, laid her hand on velvet that was too soft and smooth. Marina was wrapped in the darkness of her hair. Hinemoa took it up in her hands and drew it away from her brow and face and shoulders.

'Marina, Marina' she called, and Marina opened her eyes and said 'Is it day?' and then sat up and took Hinemoa's face in her hands, and kissed her just between her eyebrows. 'O come quick, come quick', cried Hinemoa. 'Your room is hot with this manuka and I want to bathe.' 'I come now,' Marina answered, and suddenly she seized a great spray of manuka and threw it full in Hinemoa's face and the blossoms fell into her hair. 'Snow Maiden, Snow Maiden' she said laughing. 'Look at your hair. It is holding the blossoms in its curls.' But Hinemoa filled her hands with manuka and they ran laughing out of the house and down to the shore.

And the [sea] was before them. They stretched out their arms and ran in without speaking, and then swam swiftly and strongly towards an island that lay like a great emerald embedded in the heart of a gigantic amethyst. Hinemoa fell back a little to see Marina. She loved to watch her complete harmony. It increased her enjoyment. 'You are just where you ought to be' she said, raising her voice. 'But I like not that' said Hinemoa shaking back her hair. 'I like not congruity. It is because you are so utterly the foreign element . . . you see?'⁷

They reached the island and lay on a long smooth ledge of brown rock and rested. Above them the fern trees rose, and among the fern trees a rata rose like a pillar of flame. 'See the hanging beautiful arms of

the fern trees' laughed Hinemoa. 'Not arms, not arms. All other trees have arms saving the rata, with his tongues of flame, but the fern trees have beautiful green hair. See, Hinemoa, it is hair, and, know you not, should a warrior venture through the bush in the night, they seize him and wrap him round in their hair and in the morning he is dead. They are cruel even as I might wish to be to thee, little Hinemoa.' She looked at Hinemoa with half-shut eyes, her upper lip drawn back, showing her teeth, but Hinemoa caught her hand. 'Don't be the same'¹ she pleaded.

'Now we dive' said Marina, rising and walking to the edge of the rock. The water was here in shadow, deep green, slumbering. 'Remember' she said, turning to Hinemoa, 'it is with the eyes open that you must fall – otherwise it is useless. Fall into the water and look right down, down. Those who have never dived do not know the sea. It is not ripples and foam you see. Try and sink as deeply as [you] can . . . with the eyes open, and then you will learn.' Marina stood for a moment, poised like a beautiful statue, then she sprang down into the water. To Hinemoa it seemed a long time¹ of waiting, but at last Marina came up, and shook her head many times and cried out exultantly 'Come. Come.' A flood of excitement bounded to Hinemoa's brain. She quivered suddenly, laughed again, and then descended. When she came up she caught Marina's hands. 'I am mad, mad' she said. 'Race me back, quickly, I shall drown myself.'

She started swimming. Marina said 'little foolish one' but Hinemoa swam on, her eyes wide with terror, her lips parted. She reached the shore, wrung out her braid, and ran back into the house, never pausing to see if Marina would follow. She shut and locked the door, ran over to the mirror and looked at her reflection. 'What a fright you had, dear' she whispered, and bent and kissed the pale wet face. She dressed slowly and gravely in a straight white gown, just like a child wears,¹ then she drew on her stockings and shoes. Her hair was still wet. She went to dry it on the verandah. Marina had dressed and prepared breakfast. She was standing in the sunshine, combing her hair and catching hold of a long straight piece and watching the light shining through it.

'See how beautiful I am' she cried as Hinemoa came up to her. 'Come and eat, little one.' 'O I am hungry' said Hinemoa going up to table. 'Eggs and bread and honey and peaches, and what is in this dish, Marina?' 'Baked koumaras' . . . Hinemoa sat down and peeled a peach and ate it with the juice running through her fingers. 'Is it good?' said Marina. 'Very.' 'And you are not afraid any more?' 'No.' 'What was it like?' 'It was like . . . like . . .' 'Yes?' Hinemoa bent her head. 'I have seen the look on your face' Marina laughed. 'Hinemoa, eat a koumara.' 'No, I don't like them. They're blue,⁸ they're too unnatural. Give me some bread.' Marina handed her a piece, and then helped

herself to a koumara, which she ate delicately, looking at Hinemoa with a strange half-smile expanding over her face. 'I eat it for that reason' she said. 'I eat it because it is blue.' 'Yes' said Hinemoa, breaking the bread in her white fingers. (pp57-62)

NOTES

¹An uncertain reading.

²The narrative breaks off here, though the same situation is explored further in another, longer piece to be published later in this series.

³The original opening of this piece, crossed out, reads: 'The first one was Vera Margaret. She was just 10 – a tall thin child with commonplace features, a great braid of light brown hair and a rapt, intensely good expression in her hazel eyes and eager . . .'

⁴Monkey Brand Bon Ami: the proprietary name of a white domestic cleaner in block form.

⁵KM has crossed out this piece with a single stroke through each page. Its content is important, however, as also is the fact that it is more worked than most of the pieces in this notebook.

⁶The spelling of this name (given by KM variously as 'Hinemoa', 'Hinemoi', and 'Hinemoia') I have standardized to 'Hinemoa'.

⁷'Hinemoa' seems to have been written here instead of 'Marina', but this passage remains obscure.

⁸The kumara (mis-spelt by KM) is the New Zealand sweet potato which often has a bluish tinge when cooked.

THE BAPTISM OF TE PUNI

The Rex Nan Kivell collection of early Australian and New Zealand pictures in the National Library of Australia includes an oil painted by Charles Decimus Barraud generally entitled *Baptism of the Maori chief Te Puni in Otaki Church, New Zealand*. It is signed and dated 1853 and the catalogue records that Sir George and Lady Grey were in the congregation. The baptism was performed by Archdeacon Hadfield. This painting is historically significant in that it gives expression to the ideal of British colonial policy of the day which saw the peaceful and successful colonisation of New Zealand achieved through the rapid assimilation of the Maori race into the pattern of civilisation accepted by Victorian England. The work, commissioned by Sir George Grey, graphically supports his despatches, which unfortunately concealed as much as they revealed, reporting success to the Colonial Office towards the achievement of this aim. The central figure, an aged and influential chieftain, had facilitated the establishment of the New Zealand Company settlement in the Wellington area to the advantage of both the settlers and his own tribe. He had gained the affection and respect of the settlers from their first landing near his pa at Petone. Sir George Grey must have held Te Puni in high regard as he was one of the retinue of chiefs with whom he surrounded himself and was, with Tamati Waka Nene, chosen by Grey as an esquire on the occasion of his investiture as KCB by the Chief Justice, Sir William Martin, in November, 1848. Rangiatea Church would have been a fitting background for Te Puni's visible acceptance of Christianity. Completed in 1851 it was the largest native church in the country and revealed the skill and artistry of the Maori in building a Christian edifice while employing his traditional means of decoration.

However history poses queries as to where the baptism actually took place and research, sparked off by a continuing study of Bishop Hadfield, soon reveals that the artist built up a composite picture. It is only in recent years (probably no earlier than 1950) that the venue of the baptism has been cited as being at Rangiatea Church in Otaki. Mr Nan Kivell when he acquired the painting only identified the church and not those portrayed and considered that 'the very interesting painting by C. D. Barraud dated 1852 showing a tattooed chief being baptised . . . was apparently painted at the same time as the picture of the interior of the Otaki Church which was lithographed and coloured'.¹ There is no doubt that the carving on the Altar rail, the tukutuku panels, the rounded pillars and the placing of the windows are those of Rangiatea. But Archdeacon Hadfield made it impossible to accept that the baptism took place there. This indomitable missionary struggled valiantly to see the colony established on a firm basis where Maori and

European could live on terms of equality to their mutual advantage. He considered the event of enough importance to write of it in a letter to his mother which recorded not only his feelings on receipt of the news of the death of his father but also his marriage a few weeks earlier to Kate Williams. On 28 June 1852 he wrote:

'Last Sunday week I was in Wellington to baptise the oldest and most influential chief in that district – Te Puni. Sir George and Lady Grey were present also a Mr Dundas. I saw a Mr Barraud who sends sketches to the *Illustrated News* [sic] so perhaps you will see a sketch of it.'²

His regard for Te Puni is revealed in his annual report to the Church Missionary Society for 1852. Archdeacon Hadfield expresses his sense of gratification in admitting the old chieftain into the Church 'because of the high character he had borne among the English for integrity' and for his deep interest in Christianity. He found –

'... his humility in many respects very remarkable. As an instance of this I may mention that in the selection of a name, though several great names were suggested to him, he asked me to recommend some very simple one, and finally took the name Johnson – the name, I believe, of Dr Johnson, who had showne [sic] him kindness when on a visit to Auckland.'³

The Wellington Independent of 23 June reflects the Archdeacon's feelings towards Te Puni in its account of the baptism. There is no mention of the venue.

'Our readers will learn with great pleasure that their good old friend E'Puni was, on Sunday last, received into membership with the Church of England – the ceremony of baptism having been performed in the presence of a large congregation of natives by the Rev. Archdeacon Hadfield. It was indeed a sight, no less interesting than instructive to witness the venerable old chief with his long grey beard, meekly kneeling at the Altar of the white man's God, after having probably served in the capacity of Priest among his countrymen under very different circumstances, during several years of his life. E'Puni has long been known as the warm friend of the settlers, and the promoter of good feeling between the two races, and he will, no doubt, be remembered in this settlement with feelings of attachment and respect. Sir George and Lady Grey with several ladies and gentlemen attended to witness the ceremony, and the Governor's presence on this occasion, cannot but be viewed by the natives generally, as a mark of that respect which is justly due to E'Puni, and in which we cordially desire to unite.'⁴

But to begin the story of the painting it is necessary to go back to a comment made by Kate Williams shortly after the completion of Rangiatea Church in 1851. At this time she was living with her brother Reverend Samuel Williams at the Otaki mission. In a letter of 11 Octo-

ber 1851 to her brother Henry she observed that Mr Barraud had been at Otaki to 'take some sketches of the church for Sir George (Grey) to send to the Church Missionary Society'.⁵ The result of this expedition must have been the drawing of the interior of the Church which was lithographed in colour and referred to by Mr Nan Kivell. An engraving of the lithograph appeared in the *Illustrated London News* of 9 April 1853 and later in the *Church Missionary Intelligencer*.⁶

There is no reference to the Governor's commissioning of the painting amongst the Grey papers held by the Auckland Public Library but the Barraud papers in Alexander Turnbull Library produce the first reference to this commission. Sarah Barraud, wife of the artist, wrote to her brother William Style on 18 November 1852:

'We had an old chief to dine with us last week – E Puni. He behaved very well using knife and fork as dexterously as any European. When we were going to help him again he patted his stomach and said he was "nice nice full". Charlie has been taking his portrait for the Governor representing him being baptised by Mr Hadfield. Sir George and Lady Grey and several other persons were present and also included in the picture.'

The artist must have worked in a leisurely fashion as it was not until 20 August 1853 that both the Wellington newspapers announced that they had been favoured with a private view of a picture which Mr Barraud had just finished. The commissioning of the painting by Sir George Grey is noted as is the artist's intention of sending the work to England to be chromo-lithographed. *The Wellington Independent* describes the picture:

'The painting delineates the interior of a Maori church, the Rev. Octavius Hadfield, Archdeacon of Kapiti, at the altar, his hand being extended forward, and E Puni receiving the sacrament of baptism. To the left of the altar are His Excellency the Governor and Lady Grey, with Sir Godfrey Thomas⁷, J. H. Wodehouse, Esq.⁸ and G. Dundas, Esq., Commissioner of the British Whaling Company at the Auckland Islands. On the right we recognise H. T. Kemp, Esq. Native Secretary; and in front several members of E Puni's family and other chiefs and natives belonging to his tribe.'⁹

Both papers make reference to the faithful likenesses of those portrayed and see this as adding to the value of the 'commemoration of an interesting event'. But the *New Zealand Spectator and Cook's Straits Guardian* although failing to recognise the Church portrayed actually records the venue of the baptism and comments on its significance:

'[The painting] represents the interior of the native chapel at Petoni [sic] in which the venerable chief – the days of whose age are three score and ten – having almost reached the term of his earthly pilgrimage, is about to become a Christian . . . With reference to the incident

which forms the subject of this picture and which is intimately connected with the colonisation of our country, among the associations which it wakens in civilised minds are those connected with infant baptism; for in old Christian countries that anyone should arrive at the age of maturity without being admitted by baptism into the pale of Christianity is a most unusual occurrence. But here – in this country and in this rite – we see old men and children praise the name of the Lord, and confess that his name alone is excellent.’¹⁰ Such was the reaction of Wellington colonists to the acceptance of Christianity by a highly regarded chieftain of the proud race on which an alien culture was making its impact. Sentiments expressed, moreover, by those who had come to the infant colony to make a better life than that offered in their homeland where Englishmen were forcibly coming to recognise that hundreds of thousands of their fellows worked and suffered and lived in as much ignorance of Christianity as any ‘noble savage’.

It is significant that on the same page of the *New Zealand Spectator and Cook's Straits Guardian* a reference is made to the engraving in the *Illustrated London News* (of 9 April 1853) of the interior of Otaki Church from Mr Barraud's drawing but the two works are not linked. The inference that can be taken from this is that contemporary Wellingtonians knew where the baptism took place, especially as the *Wellington Independent* did not find it necessary to mention the venue.

The Petone pa at this time is recorded as being the largest and best fortified in the Wellington district, and its 136 residents better off as regards ‘comfort and wealth’ than all other Wellington natives.¹¹ William Colenso writes ‘they have built themselves a weather boarded Chapel with shingled roof . . . their *one* glazed semi-gothic window in the East End of their Chapel had a large plain cross in it – painted red on the outside.’¹² He makes no mention of distinctive Maori decoration in the Chapel. In marked contrast to this, Rangiatea Church at Otaki was remarked upon by clergy, travellers and the Governor himself. Archdeacon Hadfield reported to the Church Missionary Society that it was ‘the finest native building in the country’;¹³ Reverend Richard Taylor termed it ‘a noble Maori edifice’;¹⁴ Charlotte Godley while not admiring its ‘barn-shape’ found the ‘inside very handsome in effect in the peculiar Maori style’.¹⁵ Sir George Grey in a letter to Reverend H. Venn, secretary of the Church Missionary Society, referred to the building of the church by native labour, its cost to build and observed that ‘being built of the most durable materials will stand for a century at least’.¹⁶

To return to Barraud's painting, there is no evidence to suggest that it was in fact lithographed and it would seem to have remained unknown and forgotten until acquired by Mr Nan Kivell. It can be assumed that Sir George Grey did not bring it back to New Zealand



'Interior of Otake church, New Zealand . . .'

A lithograph in colour by Charles Decimus Barraud, 1822-97.



'Baptism of the Maori chief Te Puni in Otaki Church, New Zealand,' 1853
Oil painting by Charles Decimus Barraud, 1822-97.
Original in the Rex Nan Kivell collection.

when he returned for his second term as Governor. It is likely that it was Eric Ramsden who filled in the details of the chief participants in the painting for Mr Nan Kivell.¹⁷ Mr Ramsden assumed that the baptism took place at Rangiatea from the evidence of the picture in spite of Archdeacon Hadfield's letter and a firmly expressed opinion of Miss Amy Hadfield. She wrote to Mr Ramsden and pointed out that:

'Te Puni was . . . as my father said a Wellington chief and his monument is at Petone. There wouldn't be any reason to go to Otaki when my father could be in Wellington . . . My uncle, aunt and my mother are not in the picture . . . I wonder whether Mr Barraud took a picture of the Otaki Church and then put in his sketch. It's rather shaken my faith in artists . . .'¹⁸

This leaves Miss Hadfield with the last word to date on the story of Barraud's painting the composition of which can only point to collusion between Sir George Grey and the artist with a linking of the lithograph of the interior of the Church and the painting. A letter from Sir George Grey to Reverend H. Venn, of 28 May 1850, encloses a drawing and an account of the baptism of an aged and dying chief (Te Ngahue). 'The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr Chapman of Rotorua and was one of the most interesting and impressive sights I have ever witnessed'.¹⁹ This correspondence clearly indicates the Governor's use of the Church Missionary Society as a valuable agency for bringing the apparent success of his policy before the British public.²⁰ It reveals, too, Grey's feelings on witnessing the baptism of a chief who was unknown to him prior to the event and who, moreover, had played no part in relations between European settlers and Maori people. It is natural, therefore, that Sir George Grey should consider the splendid church at Otaki as a fitting background to the recording of the baptism of an influential chieftain whom he held in high regard to illustrate at its best the progress towards Europeanisation of the Maori.

June Starke

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Note: Unless otherwise noted all manuscript material cited is held in Alexander Turnbull Library.

¹Nan Kivell to E. Ramsden, 20 September 1950, in Ramsden papers.

²Hadfield to Mrs J. Hadfield, 28 June 1852, in Hadfield papers held by City of Wellington Public Libraries.

³Annual report to the CMS for year ending 31 December 1852, in Hadfield, O. *Letters to the CMS*. Typescript MS p101.

- ⁴*Wellington Independent*, Wednesday 23 June 1852.
- ⁵C. Williams to H. Williams, 11 October 1851, in Hadfield papers.
- ⁶*Church Missionary Intelligencer*, Vol. 5, 1854, p267.
- ⁷Step-brother and private secretary to Sir George Grey.
- ⁸Son of a prebendary of Norwich who came to New Zealand for health reasons. See Marshall, M. to Isabel Percy, 1 September 1850, in Marshall, M, *Letters*. Typescript MS in Alexander Turnbull Library, p15.
- ⁹*Wellington Independent*, 20 August 1853. My thanks are due to Miss Margery Walton for pointing out this item and thus facilitating further research.
- ¹⁰*New Zealand Spectator and Cook's Straits Guardian*, 20 August 1853.
- ¹¹Kemp, H. Tacy, Notes embracing statistical Returns in connection with the Native Population . . . in the beginning of 1850. In *New Zealand Government Gazette. Province of New Munster*, 21 August 1850, p74.
- ¹²*Journal*, 25 March 1845, in *Colenso papers*. Typescript MS Vol. 1, p176-177.
- ¹³Hadfield to Venn, 28 March 1850. Hadfield, O. *Letters to the CMS*. Typescript MS, p69-70.
- ¹⁴*Journal*, 25 October 1849. Typescript MS, Vol. 7, p17.
- ¹⁵Godley, Charlotte. *Letters from early New Zealand 1850-1853*. Christchurch, Whitcombe and Tombs, 1951, p111.
- ¹⁶Grey to Venn, 21 April 1850, in CMS micro MS CN/014.
- ¹⁷See Ramsden, E. *Rangiatea*. Wellington, Reed, 1951. Appendix C, pp336-8.
- ¹⁸Hadfield, A. to E. Ramsden, 19 January 1951, in Ramsden papers.
- ¹⁹Grey to Venn, 28 May 1850, in CMS micro MS CN/014.
- ²⁰An example of the use made of this information by the CMS is indicated by the quotation of Grey to Venn (note 16 above) in the description which accompanies a coloured engraving of the interior of Rangiatea in *Illustrations of missionary scenes*. Mayence, Joseph Scholz, 1856, p15.

SVEN BERGGREN IN NEW ZEALAND

Section II

TAURANGA AND ROTORUA (continued from vol 3 no 1 p42)

After some days in Auckland Berggren arrived in Tauranga by sea on 20 December 1874. He seems to have accepted the enforced break of the Christmas season and in his journal lets himself go in recording impressions and incidents more fully and fluently than on any previous occasion. Appropriately he described the Maori celebrations, the Boxing Day carnival – and the Europeans. While the events are probably little different from other end-of-year festivities which would have been reported in the *Bay of Plenty Times*, no file covering Berggren's visit appears to have survived. Not that Mr Langbridge or any part-time contributor would have viewed the contemporary scene quite with Berggren's vision, which, after all, is why we have invited attention to him.

The following extracts from his diary, which it has seemed desirable to leave in journal form, are from the end of his Diary no 3 (to 27 December) and the commencement of Diary no 4. Diary no 4 is supplemented by separate *Notes of New Zealand visit 1874–5*. The paragraphs *Tauranga*, *In Oropi* and *Rotorua* have been added in square brackets at the end of this section.

Wednesday 23 December. Excursion with Silver¹ in his boat to his island Motuhoa.² Strong adverse wind. The captain a tattooed Maori. He was bearing up against the wind. Silver's kotiro 'Pourangi', stupid. On the beach some Maoris were painting a boat for the yacht-races. A dark, tattooed man, eating some stinking corn out of a tin mug: 'kapai tena' and with a shell as his plate. . . . Walked with Silver up to a Tapu place, where peaches and high grass were growing. An old pah with an old sap where peaches now grew and their trunks, dead or living were now forming a thicket, like *Pinus Punito* [?] . . . On a wooden frame, dry sharks were hanging, their bellies full of oil and full of flesh – large wheat cultivations. Potatoes and Kumaras. Dinner in the house of our guide's. Fish, potatoes, coffee and bread. Silver left a bit of fish on his plate, and a Maori pointed to it when he thought he was unnoticed and showed it to the others. This is a sign of an undignified man. The guests always start to eat first and either finish their meal or get well into it before their hosts start eating and this happened all the time, since they ought to have an appetite so that nothing should be left of the food that had been prepared. The women always stay outside and hardly pop their heads within the door when they hand in the food. Mats spread

out of course. Silver could get the chief's . . . 'Kotiro'. Went for an excursion out into the settlement. . . . Came to Tauranga on the Monday. Then into a peach tree forest – a red-yellow haired (brown in the sunlight) halfcast – group on the hillside to the north, peeling potatoes, had a gulp of wine made from Coriaria-berries (was sick after dinner, possibly because of this, possibly because of the tehe . . . kaufka diarrhoea).

Promised to meet in Tauranga. Kapai, soft and heavy, the returning raft aground in the evening at 8 o'clock in the moonlight. Difficult to get afloat. Silver and the Maori in the water, while I was shoving along. Neither now nor on the crossing of the lake did the kotiro lose her cheerfulness . . . landed at the pah just on the other side Tauranga (opposite T.)

Thursday 24 December. Went by boat at 10 o'clock to the settlement [Mohitipu?]. Wide wheat plantations, potatoes and kumaras. Walking a long way before finding a road. As usual, I could not see a single person around the settlement. Came suddenly to a spot from which there was a good view. A Maori saw me, peeping out dressed only in a shirt; his people were moulding up the kumaras – he came towards me on to the road; I jumped over the fence in order to meet him. Got a drink of water and when asked, I promised to give him 'wai pirau' and in return he came to Tauranga; then he accompanied me for one mile, showing me the way to the sea.

(As I write this (Sunday after Christmas) I can see in the street a red-bearded, foppish but pleasant-looking Scotsman going to Church with his family. He carries four hymnbooks, gilt-edged and shining in his gloved hand, which he holds in front of him in the same manner in which the barmaid carries her tray – In order to show himself off as much as possible he turns back to drag his dog, who wants to come along too, back to his house!!! It is good form, it furthers one's satisfaction and bliss: but the aim is worldly. If one passes judgement on a sermon, it is only the form that one considers, the outer form, the turns and phrases of the preacher, how he has approached the subject and how he has treated it – but never does one hear anything about the moral effect, about how it has affected one's heart – Religion has a purely worldly end in this people – a cult – It cannot touch a heart that does not exist.)

'Come back and get some dinner' he said to me, he was a missionary, limping, tattooed. Went to the sea shore across the swamps and Manuka moor, the Maketu road. Sandy beach, with Convolvulus, Cassinia, Coprosma, Desmoschoenus and other grasses, many shells but no algae. He saw me when I returned, called out to me, waving his hat, This one a utu of tekau bobs, but Ahea 'Toana' – by and by . . . 'Koia-apopo-ki Tauranga'. But first the day for the races – Ki ta moenga au

i ano – the other one a utu of $2\frac{1}{2}$ bobs showing to te moenga i te kainga, and wanted – otira ka kitenga tangata, which was looked for and thus returned. He was a missionary . . . His wahine $2\frac{1}{2}$ bob disappeared. He brought me in a canoe to Tauranga and got $2\frac{1}{2}$ bobs.

Friday 25 December. Christmas day – Good dinner with Champagne at Cook's hotel where I stayed. After dinner Langbridge,³ newspaper editor, offered a bottle of Champagne.

Saturday 26 December. Boxing Day – Holy Day – Races –

- (1) Rowing race – two canoes
- (2) Yacht race – schooners and boats
- (3) Horse racing on the beach
- (4) Men running race on the beach
- (5) As above, but with boys
- (6) Rowing race, in war canoes with 12 pairs of oars
- (7) Catching of a pig in a sack, hanging from a mast sticking out from the prow of a boat.

Wonderful sunshine on this midsummer day over Tauranga harbour. Its azure blue (a colour of the South) surface more beautiful than usual. The constant breeze was not missing, however. The peninsula rising outside the harbour was at its fairest, and the wheat fields beautifully green climbing the mountain sides, cultivated by some industrious Maoris and the swelling, soft, swinging willows. Beautiful peach trees on the shore stand out as . . . the grey-brown colour typical of New Zealand and that you find on the mountains covered with fern and manuka – and at a distance other more deeper bluish forest-covered mountains. A row of Pohutukawas (Christmas tree) with their blood red crowns draw a line along the shores of the peninsula and many of the houses in Tauranga have their windows and walls decorated with this. Already early in the morning one could notice a bustling throng of people at a distance, boats with white sails, paddling canoes coming from all places inhabited by the natives and on the beach riders . . . And soon the whole beach is full of anchored canoes (two brown war canoes . . .) . . . and boats. Groups of women, men and children squatting down on the green grass, on the sandy beach etc. A more colourful scene can rarely be seen. The women by themselves, the men by themselves, the young men in groups among both men and women, but mostly walking around, foppishly dressed. The children stay with those to whom they belong and the young beauties sit apart from the others in groups according to [social] position, descent and dress. The free and graceful movements of the Maoris, the lively conversations . . . the wider groups mixed with Europeans often dressed in clothes adapted to the season and the climate, all this makes a colourful picture. But the native part of it is by far the most appealing to look at, because here one is able to see all the different ways of adapting the original

costumes to the foppish European ways of dressing with black top-hats, silk waistcoats and scarves and fine white linen and the same [?] with the native women. (1) First, as far as the men are concerned – one sees them with a bare head, tattooed naturally, greenstone earrings, wool or linen shirts and shawls around the waist hanging down to the calves and bare feet. (2) the same plus felt hat and linen trousers, bare feet. (3) the same but a shawl over the shoulders. (4) Only shirt and a shawl or (more seldom) a blanket covering the whole body and which is held together on the shoulder, sometimes a patchwork quilt made up from cotton squares. Now . . . all sorts of mixtures such as a black top-hat, black cloth coat, but a dirty woollen shirt without a collar and a bare chest, linen trousers, bare feet. Generally the feet seem to be the last part of the body to be covered, while the shoulders, after the waist, get covered first. The European workers in the Colony always have boots but often bare arms. Some carry a sharp edged greenstone club, hidden underneath the cloak . . . the only one of the owner's . . . dressed in a shawl over the shoulders and another shawl around the waist. One had brought a fencing weapon decorated with feathers. They seem to have a preference for the black cloth coat but also for suits, grey, and grey top-hats with crape bands!!

The women always wear dresses, often a jacket on top, not seldom silk dresses, often in bright colours but also much white and black. A half fan-shaped hair ornament made of feathers that I saw for the first time here on women and children. Sometimes just three feathers put in in different ways. The elegant young people in full European attire with shoes and white stockings and flower hats, but some of them bare-foot. Their love for bright clothes, their free and graceful gait, the forceful bearing of the men, all this makes the mixture of people a strange and interesting thing to watch.

The rowing was vigorous between the competing canoes. The men naked, with only a girdle, following an ancient custom. One was standing up in the middle of the canoe, commanding and encouraging the others . . . swinging his club. 'Ehoa, Ehoa, haere mai' was called out from the shores, and when they had reached the goal and a salute announced that the race was finished, a glistening oar was raised in the winning canoe by a strong-looking man with a victorious expression. And when the redbrown crowd jumped into the water and waded ashore with their oars, they grouped themselves on the beach in order to start a war dance, which did not last long, since one of the men asked for £10, which was not collected.

When the sun was setting, there was general departure and the white sailing boats of the natives reached their own shores at the same time as the sun disappeared below the waves of the Pacific Ocean.

During this picturesque departure, a Maori woman in civilised [?]

dress, was carried as a sack on the back of her partner while . . . [another?] carried onboard one of the men who did not want to wet his pants or his boots.

Sunday 27 December. Today everything is just like an ordinary Sunday here; quiet, boring.

Monday 28 December. In the English character religion has a superficial, cold form.

Often this type of motivation: you 'beat' me, I feel inferior to you, but here is a *neutral spot* where we both bend our knees, here I want to be *superior* to you and then you are *beaten* since those things that elsewhere push you forward such as energy, riches etc. are here counted for nothing and I have as much as you –

Tuesday 29 December . . . Left Tauranga by coach at 6.30 in the morning – the only passenger. Cultivated fields near the town but also much fern. The ground consists of dry alluvial sand, very light but still fertile . . . The river has steep banks just as in Taupo . . . The ground sloping down evenly, the upper part consisting of white pipe-clay and yellow clay. Then into the bush with a grey-violet rock, easy to carve and because of this not easily weathering. A whole gorge of this rock in the bush with vertical sides and in the valley a little river. From Tauranga to Orope many *Coriaria* species mixed with fern and growing high up onto the mountain sides in rounded shrubs more abundantly than I have ever seen before. To the left on the side towards the sea the mountains become higher, likewise to the right to . . . Colville Peninsula . . . The bush very luxuriant with lianes. By the road as always *Aristolelia* and *Fuchsia* . . . The *Tawa* is particularly abundant throughout the bush – enormous trees especially on the western side. Of the coniferous trees mostly *Dacr cupr*, thereafter *Podoc* more seldom. *Spicat* [?] and even more seldom *Totara* [?]. *Panax Col.*, *Schleffera*, *Rata*, *Hinau*, *Griss lucida* higher up *Weinmannia* and *Ixerba* in many mixed . . . The road zigzags up to the top. The barometer down to 28.50 from 30 in Tauranga. When the top of the hill is behind us we go downwards. Soon we are at the end of the bush and Rotorua with *Mokoia* expand in front of me as well as the lime-like hill of *Whakarewarewa*. There is a flat field between the mountain *Nga*—? [*Ngongotaha*] and the lake . . . where on both sides of the road there are several boiling pools looking like little lakes with grey or white water, and also many boiling mudholes. One turns over the bridge and is met by natives, lost my hat which is picked up by Maori boys who come to the hotel to get paid and who understand to divide my belongings in 3 parts in order to carry them some steps to the other hotel in *Ohinemutu*.

Friday 1 January 1875 (Frederick). Got my foot in a hot pool in *Paterika's* house

Saturday 2 and Sunday 3 January. Rough and cold easterly wind and a heavy rain.

The English government does not want and the English people are not able to understand other than what is useful.

Saturday 16 January. Left Ohinemutu at 6 o'clock and came to Tapuaeharuru

Monday 18 January. On horseback with Davies, Young and Warbrake [sic] to Omatangi.

Wednesday 20 January. Returned from Omatangi to Tapuaeharuru.

Thursday 21 January. Left in the steamship Victoria for Tokano where I arrived at 6 p.m.

In Ohinemutu Capt. Mair and 50 men 'native force'. Hakas in the evening at Mair's. The more important of the military there – Taipoa, the chief and Pererika. More lively than it was in September, more people and more young people – still many were absent – more summer clothes. Boys on horses. The little chief – halfcast and adopted by Ngahuruhuru [?] begged for sixpence all the time. Boys asked to be paid for picking up my hat. Storekeepers, [?] Allom and Dr Cowan⁴ with native wives. Dancing in Wilson's new house. Haka in the meeting house, the sick Mr Carter from Australia. The rich . . . from there too [Australia] have both stayed at Tikitere. The rest of the company mere oafs with shirts patched all over and in shirtsleeves or barefoot with a shawl around the waist a la Maori – walked in . . . slippers. Got the letters from [home] . . . Old Tairua 'ka kino kahore riwai kahore moni' A boy fencing . . . the young people ask if wahine are desired. Bathing in the lake shamelessly.

Races on the 14th and sports on the 15th January in this place. Philips in a red coat. Silver plays a very minor role, Maori the important person here. Contributed with £1. First two men. (2) the same (3) . . . more (4) twice round the course. Then the military and finally Maoris and Maori women. Many fell off their horses. Two hurdles to jump over. Racing is just the thing to amuse Maoris and this brings money to the hotel owners – mostly Pakeha took part. Many Maoris from Maketu and Paeroa with horseloads of potatoes and pork, hanging . . . the trees and the church and the school and eat raw potatoes and peaches that were not yet ripe. Colourful groups the red and white on the women, less colourful clothes at home.

I could not see Edward Rodger⁵ nor Taipo with his bare legs during the first day. But the elegant Parerika was faithful at the bar. Both publicans . . . between Ohinemutu and Whakarewarewa. Terrible noise. Maoris laughing. A stand had been built for the judges. Many drunks. The Maoris unmanageable, hitting and kicking and showing their ill will against Pakeha. But otherwise more calm than in a group of drunken Europeans. The women gather around a reeling drunk

Maori . . . and stands on his head . . . holes and . . . himself in the fat. Loud cheers for the winners 'Haere mai' – Many in silk . . . with a handkerchief on . . . boots and only a few with bare feet. The winning Maori girl in a red jacket and her hair streaming in the wind (riding astride) came a long way before the others. One of them fell off and the polite . . . and a lot of people were on the spot immediately. A lot of Tauranga [ale] was consumed. The people were sitting on stones (silicone blocks), the spectators in different groups on a little hill. Pipes were lit and passed from mouth to mouth. Such is the Maori . . . Groups according to family or village. One could often see them rub their noses together. First a handshake, then they pressed their noses together, then another handshake, then they part in silence, or perhaps there are some wailing sounds during the 'nose rubbing' about what has taken place since they last met. Already early in the morning everybody was up and about, shouting and talking and Scott said that yesterday everyone had been a bit flustered and full of ideas for the races.

The following day at one o'clock there were sports. Not nearly as many people watching and many in their working clothes and with bare feet. (1) boys race (2) girls race (Scott's [daughter?] won) (3) racing two by two with legs tied together (4) riding on each other's backs running on all fours (5) putting sticks through rings while riding. A halfcast man was the most skilful at this. One Maori behaved very clumsily; Skinner likewise. Finally a swimming contest. Earlier there had also been some fencing with Maori type staffs. An old man, tattooed and naked except for a linen cloth tied around his waist, stepped forward. No one wanted to fence. The Maoris easily forget their old customs. Finally a man, not tattooed, about 30 years old stepped forward and thrust his staff against the old man's chest. Shouts of 'Patu, patu' were heard. . . . tightly with the staff in one hand and the other hand hanging straight down with rigidly separated fingers, moving now to the right and now to the left, the staff is forcefully grasped and thrust forward. The tongue is poked out, the features are distorted, the eyes wide open in order to give the face as terrifying a look as possible and frighten the adversary. There had also been boxing earlier, a white man and a Maori. Like ordinary boxing . . . The place for the sports was alongside the river with the camp in the background.

The road leads from Ohinemutu, very near Whakarewarewa, and when I had come up through the pass I was met by the sight of grass covered fields when . . . earlier were only Ferns and Manuka. Then grass meadows alternate with Ferns. But around Tapuacharuru there is grass and Manuka, while between Opotiki [?] there is only grass. Soon we reach the high mountain edge in the west (Horohoro?) and just in front of this is Paeroa which as well as Orakeikorako can be seen to be not far from the bridge across the Waikato river and where the horses

are changed and where dinner, consisting of boiled eggs, bread and butter and tea can be obtained for 2/-. The coachman [bought] one bottle of Rum for 10/- I pass some small Maori cultivations and a pah. A group of completely naked Maori children.

A field . . . at Waikato (see map). Near Waikato a beautifully shaped conelike mountain; many blocks spread all over the place, and the beautiful, swift river and all the way from Waikato to Taupo these very peculiar deep furrows (riverbeds) [diagram]. Often like terraces rising . . . from the ground. Also I pass the Tuahuru (?) mountain and advance towards Opepe where the road leads through just such a canal. *Sunday 17 January.* Lunch together with the two Australians . . . with Davies⁶ and Young to Pihipi's⁷ place (ex postmaster). He came towards us all dressed up in an elegant blue uniform jacket with a kind of gold embroidered collar that he had obtained from the government. He received us outside at first and after a little while gave a speech full of polite allusions to Pakeha 'they are the ornaments of the Maoris' and other beautiful things 'The Whare was greeting the subjects of the Queen'. Then reply from first one and then the other of the Australians adorning their speeches with images . . . 'Kapai' Pihipi said when the images pleased him. Then, on behalf of the ladies, one of the Australians greeted Mrs Pihipi, who without embarrassment and with great eloquence had welcomed the ladies (a Mrs Neil and a Mrs Hasteley [?]) The lunch was excellent; fried chicken, fish and roast pork. The Pah and the houses were inspected. Afterwards we went to the Huka waterfall. We discussed the matter of boats and Young asked whether we would be allowed to take the big boat. Finally Davies, Kleote [?] and I went in a canoe which the fat Pihipi himself was rowing together with another Maori. A fascinating trip in a rapid pace on the beautiful, blue Waikato's waves; small islands, potato cultivations, shores edged with high ferns, bending their tops deep down into the water, the handsome *Arundo Australis* with its swinging, yellow plumes.

High walls . . . white . . . we pass the crow's nest . . . the boiling steam, like an irregular steam engine. Many torrents in places. Finally we land and walk (the others were in the boat) to the field. A narrow furrow (15-20 ft wide) with shimmering white (150 ft approx.) . . . forming a real waterfall . . . beautiful white foam . . .

TAURANGA

The man who is in charge of the coach service between Tauranga and Napier (Hannon) is paid £1,500 a year by the government - he wants sixpence for the road between Taupo and Tauranga . . . Generally not many passengers and the Tokano landlord was in some despair about his future livelihood. Twice a week from Tauranga (Tuesday and Friday) and on the same days from Rotorua to Tauranga. I had an excellent coachman, George; and was the only passenger. Great dif-

ference in the condition of the road now and during the winter. No bush before one comes to Oropi. First one passes Gates Pah.

IN OROPI

It seems to be an unsuccessful enterprise to build an inn, since only transit passengers and coach travellers come here. The bush is magnificent and there are more ferns and mosses than there usually are in the bush. One species I have not found before. Then all the way through the bush, the road winds itself up the hill which is almost 2,000 ft. Once out of the bush one can see Rotorua and the people on the shore. Came to the bridge; my hat blew off, Maori boys picked it up, later came to the hotel and demanded reward; not one but two, one picked up the hat and the other handed it over.

ROTORUA

Nothing much has changed here. The only exception is the military camp and the slightly more violent manners of the population, possibly a result of the warmer season or a result from the amount of money that is in circulation here due to the presence of the military camp. Gilbert Mair⁸ . . . is now magistrate. He saw me first . . . then he came to the hotel with a newspaper in his hand, I introduced myself and he took up the paper and sat down to read in a corner. I left without a word. Later made an effort to show his botanical activities . . . Generally no pleasant company here . . . churlish manners in more or less everyone. Scott is the best of them. Travellers seem to be dressed in the Maori fashion . . . shirt . . . and bare legs. Cowan (doctor and school-master) has taken possession of . . . those who are married to Maori women are more or less half wild. Allum seems to be a decent fellow; however. Especially the younger ones are very much given to begging.

NOTES

¹Silver would probably be W. A. Silver who appears in a list of officials for the Tauranga annual regatta, St Patrick's Day, 17 March 1875 (*Journal of the Tauranga Historical Society*, no 21, September 1964, p26)

²Motuhua Island, Mr L. W. Melvin tells me, is still under Maori title so if Berggren had not misunderstood the situation Silver's interest could not have been firmly based.

³William Bartlett Langbridge with H. W. Penny was the founder in 1872 of the *Bay of Plenty Times*.

⁴Dr Cowan was apparently teacher at Lake Tarawera School in 1873 and at Pukeroa Hill in 1875 (see D. Stafford, *Te Arawa*, Wellington, Reed, 1967, pp521, 513.)

⁴Edward Roger or Rogers of whom Berggren made an interesting sketch may have been living at Rotorua during this period.

⁶Davies would be C. O. Davis who at the time was engaged in Maori Land Court work in Rotorua and Taupo.

⁷Pihihi was Poihihi, the well-known chief of Tapuacharuru or Taupo who was a consistent supporter of the pakeha during the Maori wars. Numerous travellers of the post-war years met him and were indebted to him for hospitality and assistance.

⁸Unfortunately the Library's set of the diaries and notebooks of Captain Gilbert Mair does not appear to contain one for this precise period so we have no record of what he thought of Berggren if he even registered his visit.

DICKENS IN PARTS IN THE LIBRARY

1970 marks the centenary of the death of Charles Dickens; an event which has brought forth renewed interest in the works of this great Victorian novelist. A correspondent to the TLS on 16 April this year reveals the surprising information that very few major British libraries have copies of Dickens' novels in the original parts. The British Museum has only one; Victoria and Albert Museum two, while the Bodleian Library holds seven. Turnbull is fortunate in possessing the original parts for seven of the thirteen novels so published. These are *The Posthumous papers of the Pickwick Club* (issued April 1836 to November 1837); *Master Humphrey's Clock* (issued April 1840 to November 1841); *Dombey and son* (issued October 1846 to April 1848); *The personal history of David Copperfield* (issued May 1849 to November 1850); *Bleak House* (issued March 1852 to September 1853); *Little Dorrit* (issued December 1855 to June 1857); *Our mutual friend* (issued May 1864 to November 1865). All these titles were published in twenty numbers, bound in nineteen monthly parts, price one shilling per number, except the last two (19 and 20) which form a double number, priced at two shillings. Each part contains, in addition to the text, coloured wrappers, pages of advertisements and plates. The final double part also contains the title page and preliminary leaves for the complete work. In the case of *Master Humphrey's Clock*, which includes *The old curiosity shop* and *Barnaby Rudge*, the library does not have the monthly parts but instead the earlier form of 88 weekly parts issued at threepence each. These weekly parts were issued as a folded sheet of sixteen pages, the inner twelve pages of letterpress and the two outer leaves forming the wrapper. These have been fully described in *A bibliography of the periodical works of Charles Dickens, bibliographical, analytical and statistical*, by Thomas Hatton and Arthur H. Cleaver. This comprehensive work lists the differences between the various issues of each part as for example in the early parts of *Pickwick Papers*, where owing to its unexpected popularity, the text of the first eight monthly parts was actually reprinted many times at very early dates with minor variations. The Library's holdings have not yet been fully collated against this bibliography.

K.S.W.

NOTES AND COMMENTARY

Hugh Walpole letters. The Library recently purchased from the Friends' Hugh Walpole Endowment established by the late Miss J. Tomlinson some thirteen autograph letters to A. J. A. Symons. The letters written during the period 1936-41 show something of this literary friendship but in themselves are of limited significance. However, the purchase is a worthwhile addition to the Walpole collection and is an example of what an endowment of this kind can enable the Library to undertake. The March issue of the *Record* will list the more important manuscript accessions during 1970.

The Alexander Turnbull Library Endowment Trust at its meeting on 1 September appointed Mr A. D. McIntosh, CMG, to the vacancy created by the resignation of Sir John Illott. Mr McIntosh who returned to New Zealand at the end of October has also been appointed Chairman of the Trustees of the National Library vice Sir John Illott. Mr McIntosh, during his term as New Zealand Ambassador in Rome, was of considerable assistance to the Library. He initiated the negotiations with the Order of the Padri Maristi which led to our acquisition of a microfilm copy of the New Zealand records of the Order to 1875, and was responsible for the purchase by the Library of the rare set of Busching's *Nuova Geografica* in thirty-five volumes.

A feature of the New Zealand pavilion at Expo 70 in Osaka was the impressive arrangement of a series of screen prints prepared by Miss Susan Skerman entitled *The Bush Walk*. By arrangement with Expo 70 the Friends of the Turnbull Library in April were given the opportunity of selling the only public release of copies of the prints. Ten sets of ten separate prints entitled, Ferns, Epiphytes, Lancewood, Kiekie, Kauri, Rangiora, Karaka, Cabbage Tree, Karo and Toe Toe were available. The Committee of the Friends decided to give a complete set to the Library, and most of the balance were sold within a few weeks.

At the annual general meeting of the Friends of the Turnbull Library on 29 September 1970 the report and balance sheet printed elsewhere in this issue were adopted. In reporting on the increase in membership of the Society the Chief Librarian mentioned that the membership had recently passed the 400 mark. Professor D. F. McKenzie who presided was appointed President for the forthcoming year vice Canon N. Williams whose resignation was accepted with regret. The other officers were as follows: Immediate Past-President Canon N. Williams; Secretary Miss M. Walton; Treasurer Miss D. Sherratt; Committee Messrs J. Berry, D. Glover, L. C. Staffan, C. R. H. Taylor, J. Traue, and I Wards, Mrs I. Winchester. A motion expressing appreciation of the service to the Society by Canon N. Williams during his five years as President was carried with acclamation.

FRIENDS OF THE TURNBULL LIBRARY

ANNUAL REPORT 1969/70

Membership. It is pleasing to note that the increase in the Society's membership has been sustained, the total as at 31 March 1970 being 327, an increase of twenty during the year. Further exchanges for the *Record* have been arranged. The Committee decided that in view of the earlier increase in the annual subscription the Annual General Meeting in 1970 should be asked to amend the rules to increase the Society's Life Membership to \$50.

Officers. In June 1969 Miss Darea Sherratt kindly agreed to act as Honorary Treasurer following the resignation of Mrs S. Beeby. Miss Sherratt also acted as Honorary Secretary during Miss Walton's absence on leave. In November the Committee accepted with regret the resignation of Mr A. S. Helm on his appointment to a position in the Cook Islands. Mr Helm has been an active member of the Society's executive for sixteen years and his support and counsel will be greatly missed. The President, Canon N. Williams, left for overseas early in the year, since when Professor D. F. McKenzie has acted as Chairman.

Meetings. Following the Annual General Meeting on 22 May 1969 Mr I. McL. Wards spoke on the career of Lieutenant G. Bennett as a Royal Engineer in Ireland and New Zealand. At a meeting on 23 October Mrs I. M. Winchester discussed the background and brief career in New Zealand of the architect and artist Edward Ashworth. In both cases the speakers' addresses were based on the work they are doing in editing for publication manuscripts acquired by the Library.

Sale of Publications. Sales of publications associated with the Library and its interests have continued to provide an increasingly significant proportion of the Society's income. The Committee is pleased to place on record its appreciation of the generosity of the Directors of the *Evening Post* in donating to the Society the entire profits from the sale of the *Post's* reproduction of the Cook chart of New Zealand. In addition to ordering a further printing of the Library's own reproduction the Committee decided to issue two sets of greetings cards, the first in colour of Webber's aquatint of *Ship Cove in Queen Charlotte Sound* and Cleveley's aquatint of the *Death of Cook* and the second of six drawings of botanical subjects from Parkinson's sketches made during Cook's first voyage.

M. Walton, *Honorary Secretary*

FRIENDS OF THE TURNBULL LIBRARY (INC)

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31 MARCH 1970

Last year			
\$		\$	\$
	ACCUMULATED FUNDS		
2,844	Balance 1 April 1969	2,571.33	
—	Surplus for year	427.77	
73	Deficit for year	—	
200	Tasman Blocks written off	—	
<hr/>		<hr/>	
2,571			2,999.10
<hr/>			<hr/>
	These are represented by:		
	ASSETS		
1	Cash on hand	13.10	
677	Cash at bank	256.16	
1,157	Post Office Savings Bank	817.11	
427	Stock of publications	1,603.68	
20	Crockery	20.55	
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2,282			2,710.60
	INVESTMENTS (Hugh Walpole Endowment)		
482	Post Office Savings Bank (Other)	496.56	
600	HVEP and Gas Board Debenture	600.00	1,096.56
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3,364			3,807.16
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	LESS LIABILITIES		
10	Subscriptions paid in advance		10.00
	HUGH WALPOLE ENDOWMENT		
464	Balance 1 April 1969	482.10	
18	Interest received	14.46	
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482			496.56
301	LIFE MEMBERSHIP RESERVE		301.50
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\$2,571			\$2,999.10
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STATEMENT OF INCOME AND EXPENDITURE
FOR YEAR ENDED 31 MARCH 1970

Last year		\$	\$
	INCOME		
558.79	Subscriptions	542.45	
176.97	Profit on sale of publications	532.89	
85.44	Interest and donations	73.70	
<hr/>		<hr/>	
821.20			1,149.04
	EXPENSES		
41.34	Printing and stationery	8.15	
17.42	General expenses	18.73	
15.00	Audit fee	16.50	
10.00	Treasurer's Honorarium	10.00	
656.59	Journal - Printing	623.76	
126.40	Blocks	—	
27.18	Meeting expenses	44.13	
<hr/>		<hr/>	
893.93			721.27
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—	SURPLUS FOR YEAR		\$427.77
\$72.73	DEFICIT FOR YEAR		—
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AUDITORS' REPORT

We have examined the records of the Friends of the Turnbull Library (Inc) for the year ended 31 March 1970. In our opinion, the Balance Sheet and above Statement of Income and Expenditure correctly sets out the financial position and the transactions for the year, according to the records and explanations given to us. We have accepted the Secretary's Certificate as to quantities and values of stock of the Society as at 31 March 1970.

Wellington
12 August 1970

PATRICK, FEIL & CO
Honorary Auditors

PUBLISHED BY THE FRIENDS OF THE TURNBULL LIBRARY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Aste Audrey

SELECTED PUBLICATIONS FROM THE
ALEXANDER TURNBULL LIBRARY

Published for the Library by the Government Printer:

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

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

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

Published by the Alexander Turnbull Library Endowment Trust Board:

The FOX PRINTS and the FOX PORTFOLIO

Three reproductions in colour of watercolours by Sir William Fox, two being in the Nelson area and one of Otaraia Pa on the Ruamahanga. Coloured surface of each, approximately 9 x 12 ins. \$2.00 each, with descriptive leaflet. ALSO six other prints — Kaiteriteri; Lake Rotoroa: Tiraumea river; Tuakau; Hokitika; Pohaturoa rock — with a brochure by Dr E. H. McCormick. Edition of 2,000. Portfolio 14½ x 18½ ins. Sold as a set of 6, at \$10 or singly at 3\$ each.

The BARRAUD PRINTS 1967:

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

The EMILY HARRIS PRINTS

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

MAPLESTONE PRINTS

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

The CYPRIAN BRIDGE PRINTS 1970

HMS North Star at the destruction of Pomare's Pa, Otuihu, Bay of Islands, 30 April 1845; Capture of Kawiti's Pa, Ruapekapeka, Bay of Islands, 11 January 1846. Format as for the Barraud, Harris and Maplestone Prints. \$2.00 each; the pair, in illustrated folder, \$4.00

The JUBILEE PRINT

Encampment of the Forest Rangers, attacking Te Putahi Pa, on the Whenuakura River, Taranaki, 7 January 1866. By Major G. F. von Tempsky. Coloured surface, 12 x 17 ins. Hand-numbered edition de luxe, limited to 500 copies, in illustrated folder. \$10.00

All Friends are entitled to a 10% discount, on request, on all Turnbull prints except the Jubilee issue (von Tempsky) which will be available to Friends at the special price of \$7.50.

(See also inside back cover)