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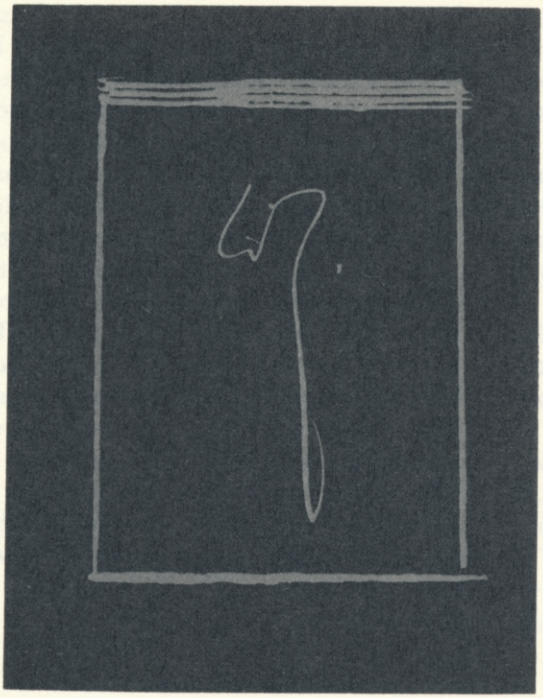
Contents



Katherine Mansfield

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'Mansfield' by Xu Zhimo

TRANSLATED BY SHIFEN GONG

This joy in the inner recesses of my heart,
This vast realm of my feeling,
If Paradise itself should fall, or Hell open its doors,
The treasure within me will never be destroyed.

Dusk on the River Cam[1]

The remembrance of beauty is the most precious possession in life. The ability to perceive beauty is a magic key to Paradise given us by God.

Some temperaments, mine, for example, fluctuate like the weather. There may be sunshine one moment and cloud next, a raging tempest may be followed by a radiant spring day. Sometimes disillusionment makes me profoundly cynical and pessimistic, it oppresses my heart like a leaden weight, like a gloomy winter fog, surrounding me with a frozen, lifeless landscape. I become sceptical about everything: the universe, life, myself. They are all illusions. Human feelings, hopes, ideals, they are all mere vanity.

Ah, human nature, how,
If utterly frail though art and vile,
If dust thou art and ashes, is thy heart so great?
If thou art noble in part,
How are thy loftiest impulses and thoughts
By so ignoble causes kindled and put out?

Sopra un ritratto di una bella donna

The above is from a poem by that most profoundly pessimistic poet Leopardi. On the tombstone of a deserted grave there hung the portrait of a lady, who lay buried within. Its beauty caused the poet to start searching for the answer to this essential question: if life is rational why should it contain so many contradictions? If beauty is an illusion, why should it excite such an intense response in the human heart? If beauty is real, why should it decay like common things? Leopardi's vision was like the beam of a lighthouse. He tore the veil from the illusory phenomena of this material world; he even stripped religion bare and revealed it as a mere dream. Yet he could not deny beauty.

This article was originally published in a Chinese journal *Short Story Magazine* in 1923, and was influential in drawing attention to Mansfield and her work in China. Xu Zhimo (1896-1931) was a well known Chinese poet and critic.

He could only consider the creation of it a wonder. Neither could he deny the nobility of spiritual love, although he did not believe women could attain to so high an ideal. He had to acknowledge the intimations of paradise conveyed by those momentary feelings of pure beauty and love. He recognised these feelings as the most valuable experience in life. Whenever I feel empty or depressed, it is the memory of these feelings that brings a surge of warmth from the depths of my icy heart, and purges away the accretion of ennui, the sediment of pessimism.

To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a Heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour

Auguries of Innocence William Blake

This sense of the mysterious is certainly not universal, nor is it even usual. The practical minded are bound to mock at mysticism. They will never believe that such a thing as the nervous system, the functioning of which can be explained by science, can at the same time produce a sense of mystery beyond the reach of science. Yet there are things in this world that can be talked about only with those who know.

Once in the sixteenth century, an Italian missionary scholar visited the English countryside. He saw a large field of clover in full blossom shining in the sun like a dancing lake of palest gold. He was so overjoyed that he knelt down immediately and prayed to God, thanking him for this experience of beauty, for the wonders of nature. His eccentric behaviour was undoubtedly laughed at by the local villagers. The experience I am going to tell of here is, I think, somewhat similar. But I am sure some of my readers will be sympathetic, and I am not afraid of being ridiculed by the locals!

It was a wet evening last July.[2] Braving the rain I walked alone through the streets of Hampstead, asking policemen and pedestrians the way to No. 10 Pond Street. On that evening I had my first, and, alas, my last encounter with Mansfield—my 'twenty immortal minutes'.

I already knew John Middleton Murry, who was the editor-in-chief of the *Athenaeum*, a poet and a well-known critic, and Mansfield's closest companion in the last ten years of her life.

They started living together in 1913, but she always used the 'pen name' Katherine Mansfield, which she adopted after settling in England. She was born in New Zealand. Her original name was Kathleen Beauchamp. She was one of the daughters of Sir Harold Beauchamp, chairman of the Bank of New Zealand. She had left her native land fifteen years before I met her. Together with her three sisters, she first went to England and studied at Queen's College, London University.[3] Even as a child she was known for her good looks and intelligence. But she always had delicate health. She later lived in Germany, where

she wrote her first stories, published in the collection *In a German Pension*. Then she spent some time in France during the war. In recent years she had spend a lot of time in Switzerland, Italy and the south of France. She had lived mostly abroad because of her poor health. She could not bear the wet foggy London weather. To be with her, Murry had to give up part of his work (this is why the *Athenaeum* merged with the London *Nation*). He followed his angel in her search for health. After the war, she had contracted tuberculosis and a doctor had given her no more than two or three years to live. So Murry's days with her were numbered. With every sunrise and every sunset, her beauty became more and more transfigured by the approach of death, and her last energies were consumed. Her fate recalls the famous words spoken by the Lady of the Camellias, as she passed the days of her critical illness in wine and pleasure: 'You know I have not long to live. Therefore I will live fast!'

It is hard to conceive the helpless sorrow that the tender Murry must have felt as he watched this most beautiful of all sunsets gradually fade.

Mansfield's way of 'living fast' was different from that of the Lady of the Camellias. She never indulged in wine and pleasure. Instead she devoted herself to her writing. Like the nightingale on summer nights in the elm-woods, she sang her songs of love with her heart's blood, until she could sing no more. Even then, she still considered it her duty to dedicate her remaining energy to the task of adding a little beauty to nature, of giving a little artistic consolation to this wretched world.

Her hard work produced two collections of stories: *Bliss*, and *The Garden Party* (published last year).[4] She established herself in the British literary world with the stories in these two collections. While most fiction is mere fiction, hers is pure literature, true art. Mediocre writers crave popularity, the acclaim of the ephemeral public, but she wanted to bequeath to the world a few genuine crystals, whose glory would not be darkened by the 'dust of time'. She sought appreciation from that minority of readers who really understood her.

Because hers is pure literature, its brilliance is not shown, it is hidden deep within. It requires careful perusal to reach the essence. I had the honour of being granted by her in person the right to translate her works. Now that she is dead, I must treasure all the more this task entrusted to me, though I doubt if I can be worthy of it. My good friend Chen Tongbo,[5] who must be better versed in European literature than anyone else in Peking, has lectured on Mansfield at Peking University, in his course on the short story. Lately he, too, has promised to do some translations of her work, and for this I will be deeply grateful to him. I hope that one day he will find time to say something further on her art as a short story writer.

Now let me tell you about the night I met Mansfield. A few days

before, I had a discussion on English and French literature with Murry at the noisy ABC cafe behind Charing Cross. In passing I mentioned the Chinese literary renaissance of recent years. I told him that Chinese novelists had mostly been influenced by Russian writers. He almost jumped for joy on hearing that, since both he and his wife worshipped the Russians. He had made a study of Dostoievsky and written a book entitled *Dostoievsky: A Critical Study*. As for Mansfield, her preference was for Chekhov. It was a source of constant regret to them that Russian literature had been so little noticed by the English. They believed that this neglect had enabled Victorian philistinism to exercise an influence over the content and form of fiction right up to the present day. Then I inquired how Mansfield was. He said that she was quite all right for the moment, and that he had been able to bring her back to London for two weeks. He gave me their address and asked me to meet her and their friends the next Thursday evening.

So I would see Mansfield. I was the luckiest of men. The following Wednesday I visited H. G. Wells at his country house in Easton Glebe and returned to London with his wife the next day. It was raining hard that day. I remember being soaked to the skin by the time I arrived home.

It was hard to find their house. (I always have great trouble finding my way in London. I really hate this labyrinthine city.) Finally I reached the place, a small two-storey house. Murry opened the door. I felt a bit awkward, standing there, holding an umbrella and several Chinese scrolls, paintings and examples of calligraphy that had just been returned to me by a friend of mine. I entered the house, took off my raincoat, and was led into a room on the right. Until then I had had a holy reverence for Mansfield as a famous young woman writer. I had never expected to find in her a creature of 'beauty and grace'. I had presumed her to be a literary woman in the style of Rose Macaulay, Virginia Woolf, Roma Wilson, Mrs Lucas and Vanessa Bell. Male writers and artists have always had a reputation for eccentricity. Today, women writers seem to strive to be even more eccentric. The most conspicuous thing about them is the way they dress: in as simple and plain a style as possible. They try to be unfashionable and 'anti-feminine'. They wear their hair short, never combing it, but just letting it fall in a tangle down on their shoulders. Their stockings are always made of coarse stuff. Their shoes are either muddy or dusty, and always in the ugliest style. As for their skirts, they are either too short or too long. They sometimes have a couple of 'genius yellow haloes'[6] in between their brows, or sometimes they wear those repulsive tortoiseshell American spectacles. They never wear make-up or jewellery. Instead, the occasional cigarette stain can be seen on their fingers. Nine out of ten times their laughter is louder than that of their male companions. They stick out their chests and stomachs when they walk, giving no hint

whatsoever that they are descended from Eve. When they talk, they use language that men would not dare to use. Their favourite topics are probably the Freudian complexes, birth control, or private press editions of works by George Moore and James Joyce such as *A Storyteller's Holiday* and *Ulysses* Their whole personality is a caricature of feminism (Amy Lowell is said to be a chain smoker of cigars!). It is certainly entertaining to spend time with these 'intelligence-above-all' females, who are determined to act against God's will. But sometimes I can not help finding them altogether too pretentious. As a man, I feel an intense antipathy towards them.

Although I never expected Mansfield to be futuristic, I had certainly never imagined her as an ideal of femininity. So when I pushed the door open, I was almost expecting a middle-aged, kindly woman to stand up from the sofa in front of the fireplace, greet me with a smile, and shake me by the hand.

But as it turned out, the room—a long narrow one, with a fireplace opposite the door—contained not a single soul. A lamp cast a calm, pale yellow light. Paintings hung on the walls, and ornaments stood on the mantelpiece, in a variety of colours. A few easy chairs with patterned covers were placed before the fire. Murry told me to sit down in one of the chairs and started chatting with me. We talked about the similarities between the oriental Goddess of Mercy, Guan Yin, the Blessed Virgin Mary in Christianity, the Greek Virgin Diana, the Egyptian Isis and the Virgin in Persian Mithraism. The virginal saint seemed an indispensable symbol in every religion. We were in the midst of a heated discussion when there was a sound at the door. A young lady came in and stood smilingly in the entrance. 'Could this be Mansfield? She is so young . . .' I said to myself. She had brown curly hair and a small rounded face, lively eyes and an expressive mouth. She was dressed in bright colours; patent leather shoes, green silk stockings, a rose-coloured silk blouse and a plum-coloured velvet skirt. She stood there gracefully, like a tulip nodding in the breeze. Murry stood up and introduced us. She was not Mansfield, but the landlady, a Miss Beir or Beek (I forget exactly). Murry was living there temporarily. She was an artist, and most of the paintings on the walls were her work. She sat down in the chair opposite me, taking something like a miniature motor from the mantelpiece and holding it in her hand. Then she put on a pair of earphones like the ones used by telephonists, and when she talked, she leaned over and tried to get very close to me. At first I thought what she had on was some sort of electronic toy. But later I realised that this pretty lady had trouble in hearing (as I had in seeing), and had to use some mechanical means to make good nature's deficiency. (At the time I thought what a good subject it would be for a poem 'The Deaf Beauty'. It would be impossible to 'whisper sweet nothings' to such a lady!).

She had just sat down when the door bell rang loudly; it seemed to me to be unusually loud. The man who came in was Sydney Waterlow, whom I had met at Mr Roger Fry's. He was a very humorous individual. Once, to amuse us, he took out from his huge pocket half a dozen pipes in different sizes and colours. As soon as he came in, he asked Murry how Katherine was that day. I was all ears to hear his answer: 'She is not coming downstairs tonight. It's been such terrible weather today. None of us can stand it'. Mr Waterlow asked him if he could go upstairs to see her, and Murry agreed. Then he politely excused himself to Miss B, and stood up. He was about to leave the room when Murry went over to him and said in a low voice: 'Sydney, don't talk too much!'

Light footsteps were heard from upstairs. W was already in Katherine's room. Presently two more guests came, a short one, a Mr M, who had just come back from a journey to Greece, and a tall handsome gentleman called Sullivan, who wrote the science column in the *London Nation and Athenaeum*. M told us about his trip to Greece, reciting all the names of ancient Greek sites such as Parnassus and Mycenae. S also inquired about Katherine. Murry told him she was not coming downstairs and that W was at that moment upstairs with her. Half an hour later, the heavy footsteps of W were heard coming down the stairs. S asked him if Katherine was tired. 'No,' he replied, 'she doesn't seem to be. But I can't tell. I was afraid of wearing her out, so I left her.' After a while, S also received permission to go upstairs from Murry, who gave him the same warning not to tire her. Murry then asked me about Chinese painting and calligraphy. I used the scrolls I had brought to give him a brief introduction to Chinese calligraphy. That evening I had with me a painting by Zhao Zhiqian, called 'Plums in Cursive Script', a piece of cursive script by Wang Juesi, and a piece of running script by Liang Shanzou. I opened them and displayed them all. Miss B sat close to me with her hearing-aid in her hand, and seemed to be enjoying what I was saying.

But I was feeling profoundly disappointed. I had braved the rain to see the author of *Bliss* only to find her unable to come downstairs and receive her friends. The way W, S and Murry treated her made her seem all the more precious; it only increased my curiosity. I thought myself exceptionally unlucky. There she was, confined to her own room, into which it seemed that only old friends were allowed. I was a foreigner and a stranger, and it would be impossible for me to gain access. It was now half past ten, and with some reluctance I stood up and said my goodbyes. Murry saw me to the door. As he helped me on with my raincoat, I said how very sorry I was that Miss Mansfield had not been able to come downstairs, and how very pleased I would have been to see her. To my surprise, Murry responded by saying with great earnestness: 'If you wish to, you may go upstairs and see her'. I was

overjoyed, took off my raincoat immediately and followed him step by step up the stairs.

Once upstairs, we knocked at the door, and went into the room. I was introduced, and S took his leave, going out of the room with Murry, and closing the door behind him. Mansfield told me to sit down, which I did, and then she sat down too. This long complicated procedure seemed to happen in an instant. In fact I was not even consciously aware of it taking place. I am just presuming now, in retrospect, that we must have gone through all these motions. Everything seemed so blurred to me at the time. And now when I recall it in my memory, it still seems blurred. Whenever we enter a brightly-lit house from a dark street, or when we leave a dim house and walk into the brilliant sunshine, we feel dizzy with the sudden brightness. We have to stand still for a while before we can see what is in front of us. Our senses are overwhelmed by excessive light. It is not only excessive light; strong colours too have the effect of 'overwhelming' our senses. That evening my senses may not have been overwhelmed by the brilliance of Mansfield's personality, but the lighting in her room and the strikingly bright colours of her jewellery and the clothes she was wearing confused my unprepared senses for an instant. It was perhaps understandable.

I do not have a particularly clear impression of her room. While she was talking to me, I was unable to detach myself and scrutinise my surroundings. All I remember is that the room was rather small. A large bed occupied most of it. Several oil-paintings hung on the papered walls, probably again the work of the landlady. She sat with me on the couch, against the wall to the left of the bed. Because she was sitting upright and I was reclining, she seemed to be much taller than I was (indeed, who would not seem small in her presence?). I suspect that the two lamp-shades were red. Otherwise why should I always associate her room with the image of 'red candles burning on high'? But the setting was in the end unimportant. What mattered was Mansfield herself and that 'purest aesthetic feeling' that she inspired in me. She enabled me to use the magic key to Paradise given me by God; she added new treasure to my soul. But even such high-flown language as this is inadequate to describe her as she was on that night! It is difficult enough to describe my own impressions of her that day, let alone to conjure up in words the very essence of her personality. Once upon a time there was a man who dreamed that he had journeyed to paradise. He was beside himself with joy. The moment he rose from his bed the next morning he went to see his friends, wanting to describe to them in detail his wonderful dream. But instead he found himself quite tongue-tied and incapable of uttering a single word. None of the expressions he had learned in this world seemed to him adequate to describe the paradise of his dream. This filled him with such frustration

and anger that he decided never to speak again from that day forth. And in the end he died of melancholy. I have almost the same feeling when I try to find words with which to bring Mansfield to life. But I would rather risk profaning the sacred than die a wretched death like that honest gentleman. She was dressed in a similar fashion to her friend Miss B. She too had on a pair of shiny patent leather shoes and bright green stockings. She wore a burgundy velvet skirt and a pale yellow silk blouse, with elbow-length sleeves, and a string of fine pearls around her bare neck. She had black hair, cut short like Miss B's. But the way her hair was combed was something I had never before seen in Europe or America. I suspected that she was intentionally imitating the Chinese style, for her hair was pitch black and straight, and cut in a neat fringe at the front. It was extraordinarily well combed. Though I could not hope to do it justice in words, I felt that hers was the most beautiful hair I had ever seen.

As for her features, I would never be able to describe a thousandth part of their crystalline beauty. Before her you felt yourself in the presence of one of nature's masterpieces: an alpine lake bathed in autumnal moonlight; a sunset swathed in roseate clouds; or a clear, star-studded night sky of the southern seas. Or she was like a masterpiece of art: one of Beethoven's symphonies, or Wagner's operas, or a sculpture by Michelangelo, or a painting by Whistler or Corot. There is something about such beauty that is complete, pure, perfect, irreducible, ineffable. It is as if you have been granted a direct insight into the creator's will, a most intense experience, bringing with it a feeling of infinite joy. It cleanses the soul to be in the presence of a truly great personality. Mansfield's features seemed to me like the purest Indian jade, her gaze alive with spiritual revelation, her manner gentle as a spring breeze. She gave me a sense of what I can only call total beauty. She was like crystal. You could not but marvel at the flawless purity of her spirit. The brightly coloured clothes she was wearing might have aroused some trifling criticism had they been worn by someone else. But on her it looked so becoming, like green leaves, the peony's indispensable complement. H. M. Tomlinson, a good friend of hers, once compared her transcendent beauty to that of the pristine snow on the Alps. I think it a wonderful comparison. He said,

> She has been called a beautiful woman. That is hardly the word. Beauty, as we commonly understand it, is attractive. Katherine Mansfield's beauty was attractive, but it was also unearthly and a little chilling, like the remoteness of Alpine snow. The sun is on it, and it is lovely in a world of its own, but that world is not ours. Her pallor was of ivory and there was something of exquisite Chinese refinement in the delicacy of her features, her broad face, her dark eyes, the straight thick fringe, and her air of quiet solicitude. And her figure was so fragile that a man beside her felt his own sound breathing to be too evident and coarse for proximity to the still light of that wax taper, a pale star sacramental to what was unknown.[7]

He went on to write of her penetrating gaze, the way her eyes pierced to the very depths of your soul and brought up into the light every secret hidden within it. There was something uncanny about her, something supernatural. When she looked at you, Tomlinson wrote, what she saw of you was not your outward appearance, but your innermost heart. But she did not wish to pry, she was not inquisitive, merely sympathetic. With her you felt no need for caution. She knew everything about you without having to be told. And when you told her your story she would not be surprised. She would offer neither blame nor praise, nor would she urge you on to any particular course of action. She would never offer any practical advice. She would just listen, quietly, and then offer her thoughts, which contained a wisdom that transcended conventional morality.

These impressions of Tomlinson's were those of a man who had had the benefit of a long friendship with her. In my twenty minutes I could not reach such an understanding. But from the spiritual light that emanated from her eyes, I venture to say that the truth of his words is beyond doubt.

That night, as we sat together on the blue velvet couch, a soft light quietly enveloped her. As if in a hypnotic trance, I stared into her mystical eyes, letting her sword-like gaze penetrate my being, while the music of her voice washed over me and flooded into the depths of my soul. Whatever consciousness I had left resembled Keats's:

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk . . .
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness . . .

Her voice was another miracle. Notes rippled from her fragile vocal cords one after the other, revealing to my common ears a world of wonders, bright stars appearing one by one in a sapphire sky. It was like listening to music which you known you have never heard before, and which yet seems familiar, perhaps from a dream, or from a previous life. Her voice was pleasing to the ear. It seemed to reach directly to the depths of your soul, soothing its hidden pain, kindling half-dead hopes, washing away stultifying worldly cares, and revitalising your spirits. It was as if she were murmuring into the ear of your soul, communicating some news from a fairy land that you had never dreamt of. When I recall it now, I still feel a tragic sense of grief. Tears almost come to my eyes. She is gone. Her voice and her smile have vanished like a mirage. To console myself, I can only believe, with Abt Vogler

Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
. . .
Enough that He heard it once: we shall hear it by and by.[8]

I have already said that Mansfield had contracted tuberculosis. I saw her about six months before her death.[9] She spoke in a high-pitched voice that night. Her wind-pipe seemed to vibrate like a reed, and each time she finished speaking, she seemed short of breath and her cheeks became flushed. I found it most distressing to see how weak she was. The slightest excitement caused her to raise her voice, and when she did so she wheezed and her chest heaved almost visibly. The pity of it! I lowered my voice in the hope that she would do likewise, and for a while she spoke more quietly. But the moment she began to get carried away, she would raise her voice again. Finally I could not bear to see her consuming her energy in this way on my account, and remembering how Murry had repeatedly warned W and S, I took my leave. It was altogether no more than twenty minutes from the time I entered the room to the time she saw me out of it.

Our conversation was an interesting one. Most of the time, she was giving her opinion of some of the novelists then popular in England: Rebecca West, Roma Wilson, Hutchinson, Swinnerton and one or two others. I am afraid few of my readers will be familiar with these writers and so her views might not interest them. But Murry, who is one of the most learned of the younger English critics, and whose speech at Oxford last year, 'The Problem of Style', is judged to have been the most important contribution to criticism since Matthew Arnold, frequently praises Mansfield's brilliant literary judgement, her unfailing critical acumen. So I feel it would be a great shame not to record something of her casual remarks that evening. She told me that she had just come back from Switzerland, where she had lived close to the Russells. They often talked about the merits of the East. She had always had a respect for China, and now she found herself becoming one of its warm admirers. She said that what she liked best was Chinese poetry in the translations of Arthur Waley. She thought that the Chinese art of poetry was a wonderful revelation to the West. But she was disappointed with Amy Lowell's translations. In this context she used one of her favourite expressions: 'That's not the thing!' She asked me if I had done any translations myself, and encouraged me several times to have a try. She believed that only a Chinese could translate Chinese poetry.

She asked me whether I wrote fiction too. Then she inquired which of Chekhov's stories the Chinese liked best, and if they were well-translated, and which other writers had exerted an influence on Chinese literature.

She asked me which novelists I liked best. I said Hardy and Conrad's work was wonderful. She raised her eyebrows and smiled.

'Isn't it! We have to go back to the old masters for good literature—the real thing!'

She asked what I was going to do when I returned to China. She hoped I would not get involved in politics. Politics was such a cruel, wicked mess the world over, she said with great indignation.

After that we talked about her own writings. I said that her work was such pure art that it might be beyond the reach of ordinary people.

'That's just it,' she replied. 'Then of course, popularity is never the thing for us.'

I told her that I might translate some of her stories and that I would like to ask her permission first. She seemed delighted, and agreed readily to my proposal. But at the same time she doubted if they were worth the trouble.

She looked forward to my revisiting Europe at an early date, and invited me to visit her if I was in Switzerland. She told me how she loved the Swiss scenery, and how lovely Lake Geneva was. Listening to her I thought I could feel the waves softly lapping against our boat, and see the mountains across the lake.

Clear, placid Leman!
. . . thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a Sister's voice reproved.
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

Lord Byron[10]

I promised her I would surely visit her when I returned to Europe.

I was worried that she might be too tired. Before I finally left I expressed my regret at not having been able to see her earlier, and also my wish to see her again. She saw me off at the door and warmly shook me by the hand.

Four weeks ago I learned that Mansfield had died in France, at Fontainebleau. I meant to write this piece of mine long ago, while she was still alive, but somehow my innate laziness got the better of me, I kept putting it off. And now it will have to be my tribute to her memory. I have also added a poem, which can perhaps more adequately express my deep sense of grief.

Mansfield: An Elegy

I dreamed last night I was deep in a secluded valley,
Listening to a cuckoo singing its heartblood among the lilies.
I dreamed last night I was high on a mountain peak,
Watching a glittering tear drop from the sky.

To the west of Rome is a quiet garden,
Where a foreign poet lies buried in violets.
A century later the wheels of Hades' chariot
Turn roaring again in the green woods of Fontainebleau.

If the universe is a heartless machine,
Why do ideals shine before us like a flaming torch?
If it is a creation of truth, kindness, and beauty,
Why does the rainbow not dwell forever on the horizon?

Though I only met you once,
It was an eternal twenty minutes!
Who would have thought that such a sylph-like beauty
Would leave this world as swiftly as the morning dew?

No! Life is but a material illusion.
That beautiful soul, forever blessed by God,
Lived a mere thirty years like some rare and short-lived flower.
With tear-filled eyes, I see you smiling as you return to your fairy abode.

Do you still remember, Mansfield, the promise we made in London?
At Lake Geneva, where the snows of Mount Blanc are mirrored in the water,
We were to meet this summer.
Now I gaze sadly into the clouds, and let my tears fall.

When first I knew life
I sensed in a dream the grandeur of love.
Life's awakening is the maturing of love,
And now death shows me both life and love hang by a thread.

Sympathy is an unbreakable crystal.
Love is the only way to live a life.
Death is a great and mysterious furnace,
Tempering the divinity of creation.

Would that my grieving thoughts could fly like lightning
To touch your soul in heaven?
Shedding tears I ask the wind,
When can the gate between life and death be broken?

REFERENCES

I would like to acknowledge the assistance of Prof. John Minford, of the University of Auckland, in preparing this translation.

1 The poem was written by Xu Zhimo himself.

2 Xu Zhimo must have made an error in remembering the actual date of his meeting with Katherine Mansfield, for she left Murry for the Hotel Chateau Belle Vue, Sierre, with L. M., on 29 June, because of a rift between them. She did not return to London until 16 August, when she was accompanied by Murry and L. M. to Dorothy Brett's house, No. 6 Pond Street, Hampstead. They both stayed there till the end of August. Then, Murry went to live in Vivian Locke-Ellis's house at Selsfield in September while Katherine remained at Pond Street, meeting Orage, Koteliansky and attending lectures by P. D. Ouspensky. On 2 October she left for Paris, with L. M., and two weeks later she went to Fontainebleau. Hence Xu Zhimo must have seen her sometime during the last two weeks in August 1922. Likewise, the address he gave is also a mistake of rememberance. It should be 6 Pond Street instead of 10 Pond Street.

3 The author made a mistake here, for the Queen's College which Katherine Mansfield attended in 1903 when she was fourteen was not connected with London University. It was situated in Harley Street and was the first institution to be created in England for the higher education of women.

4 *The Garden Party and Other Stories* was published by Constable in February 1922.

5 Chen Tongbo (1896-1970), writer and critic, was originally named Chen Yuan and later, Chen Xiying. Tongbo was his literary name, a name the old Chinese scholars used to indicate their status as men of letters, and as a creative writer he used the pen name Xiying. He met Xu Zhimo in England in 1920 shortly after the latter arrived from America, and the two became good friends. Chen Xiying went to England at the age of sixteen as a student and stayed there for ten years. He majored in Literature and Politics, and completed his doctorate in 1922, returning to China the same year where he was offered a professorship at Peking University in English Literature. In 1924 he and a number of other men of letters started a literary weekly *Literary Criticism*, of which he was the editor-in-chief in the Division of Literature. He wrote personal essays and literary criticism, and at the request of Xu Zhimo, translated some of Katherine Mansfield's stories. Altogether he translated five complete stories, 'Sun and Moon', 'The Doll's House', 'The Man Without a Temperament', 'Taking the Veil', and 'The Lady's Maid', as well as excerpts from 'At the Bay' and 'Prelude'.

6 I have been unable to discover whether this phrase refers to an actual cosmetic habit of the time. In ancient China pretty women with good manners painted their eyelids yellow to make them appear prettier, and it is said that Indian women also had the same convention.

7 This is a quotation from Tomlinson's article 'Katherine Mansfield' published in the *Nation and Athenaeum*, v. 32, 20 January 1923, less than two weeks after Mansfield's death.

8 The lines are taken from the tenth stanza of Robert Browning's poem 'Abt Vogler'.

9 Mansfield died on 9 January 1923.

10 These lines are taken from *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Stanza 85, Canto III.

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An Educational Venture
The Bennett Family in England

BERYL HUGHES

On 18 February 1878, the *Parramatta* sailed from Sydney, carrying away to England Agnes Bennett and her seven children. Her husband, William Bennett, Commissioner for Roads and Bridges in New South Wales, stood on the wharf. He wrote several times to his wife about the last glimpse of his family, when she lifted two-year old Harry to the rails. Mr Bennett did not see his children for three and a half years. He was never to see his wife again.

The purpose of the move to England was educational. There were no secondary schools for girls in Sydney and the two older girls, as well as five-year old Agnes, later a well-known Wellington doctor, had been taught by their mother. I presume that the boys had been taught at home, too, when they were small but they had also been to school in Sydney. There is nothing in the correspondence about this except that the travelling had proved a nuisance. The Bennetts lived in Neutral Bay and communications between the North Shore and the city before the ferries operated were poor; Mr Bennett often rowed himself to work.

There are no letters from the period immediately before the family left to tell about the decision-making behind the move. In their biography of Dr Agnes Bennett, who was one of the children, Cecil and Celia Manson wrote, 'Her parents had always planned to have the children educated in England at modern schools',[1] which does not take one very far. But by exploring the lives of the parents, I think I can make the move intelligible.

William Bennett was born in Dublin in 1824, son of a traffic-manager on the Union Canal. After his father's death, he was articled at sixteen as an engineer. He had outstanding abilities and soon outgrew Ireland. After working in South America for some years, he arrived in Sydney. He reached his position of Commissioner and his salary of £1,000 p.a. through great skill as an engineer and as an administrator, and hard work.[2] He was thirty-nine when he married, fifty-four when the family left, aware that he might die before the children were established in life. He believed that good careers were essential if middle-class standards were to be kept.

Mrs Bennett also had middle-class aspirations and no rich relations. She was born in England but went when young with her family to New York. Her father made a living by tracing pedigrees at the New

York College of Arms and Pedigree, 649 Broadway, which he had established. He and his wife let part of their house and did a little importing. One of Mrs Bennett's sisters worked in a mantilla showroom but, wrote her mother, 'The owner is a friend of Papa's. It is a very respectable position'. No doubt, but the family's situation does seem rather precarious. I find it easy to see how Mrs Bennett, too, would welcome steady careers for her children.

Mrs Bennett's brothers do not appear to have considered the United States as a land of opportunity. Three of the four left in their teens, one, who was drowned not many years later, for New Zealand and two for Australia. Only Henry, an opera singer, remained in America. William and Agnes Bennett met when, aged only nineteen, she travelled alone to the southern hemisphere to check on her brothers' welfare.[3] A few years after their marriage in 1862, he built a house in Neutral Bay and called it Honda after a place in South America, which he had visited. Honda was for him the fulfilment of a dream, but his wife hated being left with babies (and a servant or two) in an area where for years there were only five other houses. Letters from the early period of the marriage reveal her unhappiness when he was away and the tension between them.[4] She was strong and independent, not one to give in easily. Mr Bennett took everything the hard way. He admitted to being a 'real old croaker' and a worrier. Neither of them had much sense of humour.

Who decided on the move to England? Presumably they were in agreement. He could hardly compel her to go against her will, she could hardly compel him to spend almost all his salary on the venture and to endure great loneliness. Mrs Bennett sometimes wrote[5] as though she were carrying out his intentions: 'your wishes ever uppermost in my efforts & thoughts' (letter of 18 December 1878) and 'my charge', 'my mission', and 'If I can only keep my health and fulfil my duty and charge to your satisfaction'.

But he wrote (2 September 1878) 'the great reason that I consented to you going that you might not be a slave to the caprices of Australian domestics' and 'it was one of my great inducements to part with you to think that you yourself would have some rest and pleasure' and 'one of my reasons for letting you go was that you might have some pleasure'. These words make me think that she may have been the initiator. She was a forceful woman with a more clear-cut personality than her husband, as he recognised: 'you have so much more decision & force of character in the matter of decision'.

I am inclined to think that the idea of the move originated with her but that he laid down the rules for the children's education. A stay of about three or four years was planned. Neither guessed the problems this would bring: he found the loneliness more crushing than he had expected, she found the practical details burdensome and there were unexpected difficulties with the children's health.

The family stayed a few weeks in London, then after taking advice from friends moved to Cheltenham which had the attractions of good society and good schools. Cheltenham Ladies' College, where the famous Miss Beale was head, was one of the top girls' schools in England and one of the largest, with almost five hundred pupils. Al and Fan coped satisfactorily, a tribute to their mother's teaching. Agnes, the brightest of the seven, began in the kindergarten but was soon promoted to the main school, where she was the youngest pupil.

The boys attended Cheltenham College, which was never as famous as the girls' school. They settled in less easily than their sisters.

Health quickly became a problem. The isolated existence which the girls—and Harry—had led made them vulnerable to infectious diseases once they started school. Fanny was asthmatic and there was fear of tuberculosis. After a few months she was sent to Bournemouth which has a better climate than Cheltenham. She went to school there and lived in a boarding-house for schoolgirls, which must have been an exemplary establishment since Mrs Bennett had nothing but praise for it.

Mr Bennett's letters rolled on steadily. Long, laborious, with the last pages usually crossed, they must have presented difficulties to his wife, who had to try to carry out his directions and respond to his changing ideas. He had definite views on education but a limited understanding of the way that schools worked. Mrs Bennett had to tell him more than once that you could not order the subjects you wanted; you took what schools offered.

Both parents faced hardships. We may suppose that they missed each other, although he wrote of missing the children much more than of missing her. He spent his spare time in visiting people with whom Mrs Bennett and the girls corresponded; sometimes he made copies of the letters these people had received from them. He took great care of his own letters from the family, eventually giving Frank, the oldest son, a separate file. He led a cheerless existence, camping out in a room or two and looked after by a handyman. Since he could not return hospitality, he seldom accepted it. Over his bed he hung a spade of Harry's and two hats of the older boys. But he did not pine away; his weight rose from fifteen and a half stone to nearly eighteen.

Mrs Bennett was faced with heavy responsibilities; she had to choose houses and schools and justify her choices to her husband. She had to itemise her expenditure carefully. I doubt if she washed a cup or peeled a potato (though she helped to put out a fire) but she was busy. Harry did not go to school and she kept him with her most of the time. She heard the lessons of the other six children and supervised their homework. The girls were with her most afternoons, since they had the short hours typical of nineteenth century girls' private schools. She shopped for the children's clothes, repaired and refashioned them. She

wrote long letters to her husband, who wanted a progress report on the older ones in every letter. She had to make him understand that their progress could not be quantified weekly.

As well as two excellent servants whom she kept throughout her stay in England, she had a succession of nursery-governesses. Miss Chambers, an Australian, accompanied the family to England. On the *Parramatta* she was at times seasick, at times flirtatious. In Cheltenham, she asked for Thursday evenings off to attend church but was found to be taking secret French lessons. A few weeks later, she became delirious with fever and violent, and was then shipped home, having to pay half her fare herself. Mr Bennett was amazed at her presumption when she later accosted him cheerfully in Sydney, apparently unaware of her disgrace. Two or three other governesses succeeded her; at one point Mrs Bennett had fifty replies to an advertisement for the position.

It was hoped that the three or four year stay would give Al and Fan a secondary education which would complete their schooling. The boys were to get a good grounding which would give them an advantage over other boys in Australia. Their father's chief concern was careers for the boys, though he wanted to equip the girls, too, to earn a living. 'I would bring all the children up thoroughly to understand they must work for their living, life is uncertain dear wife & so are colonial appointments. . . .' (21 May 1878) He did not discuss careers for the girls, understandably, since there were hardly any; there were occupations. He hoped they would not have to teach, since it was a poor livelihood but he looked on teaching as something they could fall back on if necessary; possibly they could run their own school at Honda. He wanted Al and Fan to be taught modelling, drawing, telegraphy, astronomy, electricity and galvanism and suggested that they might earn their livings as engravers. There is virtually no mention of the main occupation for girls at that time, marriage, even though Al was seventeen and a half when the correspondence ended. Mr Bennett several times mentioned that the girls might care for their parents in their old age.

Mrs Bennett wanted the girls to be well taught and to make the most of their opportunities, but she was temperate in her support for women's education. 'I am rather afraid of overtaxing the brain', she wrote, 'there have been several such cases of it in the Ladies College & I really do think the education of women is being overdone, with the numberless domestic and other cares that are allotted to them'.

Although Mr Bennett was concerned with careers for the older boys, he did not specially favour them in other ways. He was fond of all his children but his preferences went like this: Harry, then Agnes ('my two little dots', as he called them) then Al and Fan, with the three eldest boys at the bottom. But Frank as the oldest son was the most important in career terms, followed by Alf and Wal.

Frank, although not clever, was conscientious and hardworking. Mr Bennett had decided—I think before the family left Sydney—that Frank was to be a doctor. Frank was squeamish about blood and would go out of the room if anyone cut a finger; he resisted the idea of a medical career. Mr Bennett pressed on with his arguments. Occasionally he wrote that he did not want to force Frank but he appears to be doing precisely that. The plan was to leave Frank behind to study medicine when the family returned. Although Sydney University had a medical faculty dating from 1856, no medical courses for students were yet available.

If Frank refused to become a doctor, and with other professions mentally reserved for Alf and Wal, Mr Bennett was afraid that Frank might have to be put to a trade, to be a cabinet-maker or a sugar-refiner. 'Everything is so completely overdone over here', he complained of Australia. 'Swarms of lawyers Architects bank clerks it is impossible to get a lad in anywhere. Trades are the only thing'. But in general it was the professions that Mr Bennett went over and over, though he usually drew the line at lawyers, 'a profession of tricks'.

The next boy, Alf, was considered the weakest in intellect, health and character ('like my unfortunate brother George', said Mr Bennett). Mr Bennett had a solution. 'Alfy I think should be with me and stick to Govt he I think will not be very bright & that is the best line for him'. Part of the point of this was that his father could look after him.

Towards the end of their stay, Alf broke his arm, which Mr Bennett characteristically treated as a major calamity which might blight his career. He began to search for other possibilities, writing, 'I think we must bring him up at the University' (he sometimes wrote as though Alf were half-witted) and 'he is very Quiet do you think he would like the church?'

The third boy, Wal, was the brightest of the three, a lively and likeable child. Wal wanted to be a squatter—so did Frank—but Mr Bennett could not consider this because of lack of capital. He reviewed various careers for Wal, including being a chemist and making up prescriptions for Frank. Or Wal might go into a merchant's office in Sydney or farm in Queensland with Mrs Bennett's brother. He could even be a doctor if Frank could not be driven to it. 'I should like to have one boy a doctor', Mr Bennett admitted. Doctors at this time were far from being the godlike beings they later turned themselves into. I suspect that what attracted Mr Bennett was that developments in anaesthetics and antiseptic surgery in the middle of the nineteenth century made medicine appear modern, scientific, progressive. Another attraction may have been that medicine, unlike most of the professions at the time, had already developed a definite career structure.

Mr Bennett did not apparently consider his own profession, engineering, for his sons, unless we count his taking the least capable

of them, Alf, into his own office so that he could be looked after. A strictly honest man himself (and rather a touchy one), Mr Bennett loathed the involvement with politicians which his work brought.

It was decided that Wal should have a career in the navy. Wal was content and Mr Bennett asked the Governor of New South Wales to nominate him for a cadetship. After nomination, he would have to go for an interview and sit an examination in competition with four other boys. Mr Bennett knew the arrangements well in advance and laid down guidelines. Wal was to be 'brisk and smart in manner without being saucy'. Mrs Bennett must have him 'neatly and plainly dressed, not too young looking no colour except grey with a little dark coat and round hat or cap with short hair & very clean hands and nails'. Meanwhile Wal must prepare for his naval career with plenty of dictation and to steady his nerves he must practise climbing the towers of the Crystal Palace, and if the captain would permit, the rigging of the *Parramatta* when she was next in port.

These instructions about climbing—which were never carried out—were given after the family had moved in late 1879 to Dulwich, on the southern outskirts of London. This was done to bring Fan back into the family, with the hope that Dulwich would be better for her than Cheltenham. Fan wore a respirator in the streets and stayed healthy.

The boys were to attend Dulwich College but had first to pass an entrance exam. Wal passed, Frank and Alf failed. They were coached hard by tutors. Frank, aged sixteen now, rose at five or six, swotted all day and was seldom in bed before eleven.[6] After a few months the two boys passed but then had to face a stiff regime. School was followed by drill sessions, more private coaching and then homework supervised by their mother. Neither parent favoured sport; as Mrs Bennett wrote, 'I do not think any of them should play football, an accident might keep them away from school for a long time'. Athletics were considered undesirable for the same reason.

Their time at Dulwich College overlapped by a few weeks with that of Alexander Turnbull. He was born in the same year as Alf so it is possible they were in the same class.[7] The letters do not refer to the Turnbulls.

The girls attended Dulwich Girls' High School, one of the Girls' Public Day School Trust schools, and seem to have been happy there. Mrs Bennett preferred the headmistress to Miss Beale but did not say why. Mrs Bennett was horrified to discover that her girls might sit next to tradesmen's daughters but came to see that this might have its good side.[8] She would not allow the girls to accept invitations to other girls' homes on the grounds that she did not know their mothers and did not have time to get to know them.

Living on the edge of London the children were taken to see the

sights. They glimpsed Queen Victoria, whom Mrs Bennett called 'a dreadful bundle'. The older ones went to the opera, to hear the great mezzo-soprano, Zelia Trebelli, in *Carmen*. 'A fine opera', wrote Mrs Bennett, 'but the characters lower-class, the heroine a factory girl. We should not choose the same opera again'.

Towards the end of the family's stay, Mr Bennett grew despondent, wondering if the boys' undistinguished progress justified all the trouble and loneliness. He urged his wife to push them even harder. 'I am so afraid', he wrote, 'of their not being any brighter than the ordinary colonial boys they will have to compete with in the struggle of life here & indeed it is a greater struggle than in England'.

Mrs Bennett did not believe the children would have done better in Australia. 'The girls certainly would not and Walter is certainly on the way to be far ahead of what Frank was. Our boys are not particularly bright but I think have done as much as abilities and health permit'.

The girls did better than their brothers. Fan gained a prize at school which earned her in addition a white camellia, Al was awarded a certificate and a red one. Mrs Bennett thought more highly of girls' schools in England than of boys'; she considered correctly that too much Latin was taught at boys' schools and that the mathematics teaching was inadequate.

Mr Bennett continued to worry about his three older sons, then aged eleven to sixteen. Occasionally, he wrote as though irrevocable steps had been taken, writing, 'Poor fellows it would have been better for them if they had been able to follow the paths I have traced out for them'. And of Alfy, aged about thirteen, he wrote sadly, 'I sometimes think I should have selected some other line for him', as though no change was possible.

The parents began to discuss the date of return. Mr Bennett was torn between wanting them back and wanting them to get the utmost benefit from their stay. He suggested later and later dates; December 1881, March 1882. Mrs Bennett felt bound to stay till December 1881, when Wal would have heard the result of the naval examination. She proposed to leave immediately afterwards, bringing Wal back if he failed, leaving him in the navy's care if he passed. She wanted to bring Frank back, too, so that he could take the medical courses that would soon be offered by the University of Sydney. (They began in 1883.)

Mrs Bennett's death from smallpox in June 1881 changed everything. A smallpox epidemic led her to have the children vaccinated but not herself, since she did not want a sore arm at a time when she might have to nurse the children. She intended to be vaccinated a week later but by then Harry had developed scarlet fever. She hardly left his side for ten days and was not vaccinated until after she had developed smallpox. Ironically, the children had little trouble with their vaccination.

The identification of her illness was delayed by her doctor's insistence that all she had was a bilious attack, even after she had come out in spots, even though an epidemic was raging. Sixteen-year old Frank called on the doctor and convinced him that he was wrong. The children were sent to lodgings. Barred from school because of possible infection, they continued their studies. Al and Fan taught French and arithmetic to the younger ones and gave them dictation. Frank spend his days running messages between the doctors, the chemist and the house where his mother was dying.[9] Mr Bennett was telegraphed for and took the children back to Sydney except for Frank, whom he left in London to prepare for a medical course.

The long visit to England was over. Had the children gained great advantages in their careers from their stay in England? Mrs Bennett wrote (24 September 1879), I presume not really meaning it, that she would die rather than fail. I am inclined to say that she died and she failed and that her death and its consequences contributed to her failure. There are, of course, great difficulties involved in making judgments of this sort.

Mrs Bennett's death, a result of the the visit to England (it is highly unlikely that she would have died of smallpox in Neutral Bay) can be counted as the major misfortune which ensued from it, since it involved considerable emotional trauma for the family. It led also to a curtailment of their stay by about six months, with a change of plans for some of the children. It brought, nineteen months after Mrs Bennett's death, a very unwelcome stepmother. The death of the first Mrs Bennett, and then the arrival of the second, damaged the children's relations with their father.

In itself the curtailment of their stay probably had little effect on most of the children, but because of it Al could not sit for the senior Cambridge examination for which she had been working. Perhaps that was of no great moment. Wal may have been more seriously affected. If he had sat the examination in November 1881 and had come out top of the five boys, he would have had a naval career, a different kind of life and possibly a happier one.

Frank was affected, not so much by the shortening of the stay as by Mrs Bennett's death. She had wanted Frank to return with her and I think she could have prevailed over her husband. She was in many ways the firmer of the two.

Almost the only source for what happened to the children back in Sydney is Mr Bennett's letters to Frank but the run of these is very incomplete.[10] Al and Fan had, I think, no more schooling. They taught Agnes and Harry for some time and Al mothered all the younger ones. Alf and Wal went to school, possibly Sydney Grammar. Agnes eventually went to a school called Abbotsleigh and later attended Sydney Girls High School. After some years Harry went to a boarding school

in or near Sydney. Mr Bennett paid out considerable sums for their education, with a large slice going to Frank.[11]

Their mother's death brought the children into the sole care of a father whom they had not seen for three and a half years, fifty-seven-years old and I suspect taking his grief hard. Dr Agnes Bennett later wrote that her mother had mediated between them and their father. Now they used to run off and hide when they heard him coming.[12] These difficult relations with Mr Bennett were made worse by his remarriage. His choice of wife was linked with the overseas venture. Her sister had taught Al in Dulwich and put Jane (the stepmother) in touch with the Bennetts when Jane arrived in Sydney for health reasons.

Jane was twenty-five, delicate and not at all capable. The children disliked her and in time relations became appalling.[13] There were faults on both sides (as Frank wrote later, 'We are all masterful people and like our way'). But Jane's letters over the years to Agnes[14] suggest that she was silly and tactless, or as Harry once called her, a 'galoot'. She and Mr Bennett had two children, whom Al and Fan had to help to bring up. The animosity must have been distressing to Mr Bennett, whose letters to his first wife had rejoiced in the family harmony. There is a suggestion in the letters (it is not completely clear) that Alf and Wal as young adults refused to eat with their father and stepmother. It is possible that the miserable situation may have led to or accelerated the heart attack which killed him in 1889 at the age of sixty-five.

His death left the family relatively poor and must have made more difficult the provision of tertiary education for the children, if indeed this was ever considered. Only Agnes, apart from Frank, had any and she won a state scholarship to Sydney University. The estate was valued at £8000 but there was no pension. He had set up a trust to provide for his family. Only two of the nine children were working, Alf and Wal, twenty-one and twenty, and their wages were small.

* * *

I want to look now at the lives of the seven children and to try to estimate what the English venture had done for them. I intend to ask to what extent their parents' hope that an English education would improve their opportunities for successful careers was realised; I intend to examine also the effects that their stay in England had on their future happiness.

Al seems to have been crushed by the experience of bringing up the younger ones, battling with Jane on their behalf and later in keeping house for them. Agnes wrote of the life being taken out of Al by her responsibilities. In later life, Al's gloomy religious outlook depressed her family. At the age of thirty-seven she trained in Liverpool as an

Anglican deaconess and then managed a girl's hostel in India for some time. She also worked briefly in a mission to Maoris but there is virtually no evidence about this in the correspondence. In 1912, she asked Agnes if she could keep house for her in Wellington and Agnes very painfully had to refuse her. Al gave up work in her fifties and spent her later years in England. It is hard to think that her English education, even though she was reasonably successful at school, helped her career in any way.[15]

Fan at the age of twenty-six began training as a nurse in Sydney. She became a sister, nursed in France in World War One and like Al retired in her fifties (all the family had small but useful incomes from the trust by this time.) She too ended her days in England. Al and Fan wanted to live with Wal in Sydney but since Wal had for a long time been sharing a house with Jane and her daughter, this was impossible. They recognised, moreover, that England had much to offer them, in particular a subculture of single women and widows, into which they fitted. They lived in boarding houses and private hotels, always in touch, seldom together; I suspect each preferred more cheerful company. It seems unlikely that Fan's career gained significantly from her English schooling.[16]

Frank studied medicine at King's College, London, and wrestled with letters of advice from his father. In one letter Mr Bennett complained that Frank gave too little detail when he wrote, a little later he complained of too much. He criticised Frank for showing off, and emphasised how much money he spent on him and what a poor return he seemed to be getting for it. Above all he urged Frank to work hard and 'to cultivate all the Australians you can', two things which were not very compatible, as Frank pointed out. Frank failed several examinations and did not complete his degree until after his father's death. Although Mr Bennett hoped he would return to Australia to practise, Frank, whose professional contacts and friends were all in England, never did this.

When about thirty, Frank was appointed as doctor to the Army and Navy Stores in London and stayed there till just before his death in 1927. He also had a private practice in ophthalmology which he gave up as it dwindled to nothing. He served in Paris with the Red Cross in World War One. His salary at the Stores after the war was £1500, a good one for the time, but his work does not sound like the sort of thing that anyone seriously interested in medicine would pursue for thirty years.

At the age of forty-five, he married a woman not much younger, whose family had known the Bennetts in Sydney, a woman Frank had known for twenty odd years. The relationship between her and Al and Fan was poor. Not getting on with in-laws was a Bennett tradition, firmly exemplified by Frank's parents. Frank carried this a stage further

by writing about his own wife as though she were an in-law. It was not a particularly happy marriage.

Frank probably received a better medical education in London than he would have received in Sydney at that time, though whether he personally gained from it is more doubtful. His obituaries in medical journals emphasise what a good chap he was and how active in the British Medical Association. I doubt if he was a particularly good doctor and I doubt if his thirty years at the Stores, sole doctor on the staff, stimulated him. He missed his family and as he grew older he began to regret the life style which had been denied him. A few weeks before he died, when he must have known that the end was near, he wrote to Agnes, 'I sometimes regret that one's parents took one away from the land and its amenities for which one was so well suited and seemed to be inherent in ones own nature'.[17]

The distancing style—'one's parents'—was not the way he usually wrote. Was the severance from his family, forced upon him in his teens, something which he could not contemplate except in a remote way?

Alf went into his father's office and worked for the rest of his life in the Department of Roads and Bridges, steadily failing exams. There is very little about him in the letters. He died at the age of twenty-five. The meagre information about his death is compatible with something like pneumonia. His schooling in England can have had little effect on his later life.[18]

Wal worked in the wool trade in a Sydney office. In his mother's letters he appears as the most normal and mischievous of the boys, who is hardly recognisable in the man he became. A bed wetter at sixteen, presumably as a result of the family tensions, Wal was pushed by his father's death into too many responsibilities. After Alf's death when Wal was not yet twenty-four, Wal was the only adult male in the family in Australia. He took on most of the work involved in the family trust and showed considerable financial flair. In time the family got useful small incomes from the trust and as some of them died, the rest became comfortably off. Wal became increasingly involved with the trust; his letters to Agnes sometimes contain nothing but financial information. He aged quickly. If I had to choose one word to describe Wal it would be 'self-punishing'; although generous to others he was very hard on himself. He was Agnes Bennett's favourite brother and was much loved by his half-sister Mary.[19]

His English schooling can have made little difference to his career. The emotional maelstrom which followed his father's remarriage and his responsibilities for others in the family, seem to me to have spoiled his life up to a point.

Agnes was considered by her parents to be the brightest of the children. She was the only one to have an outstanding career, though it seems to have been her character rather than exceptional intellectual

gifts which earned her this. Her University marks in medicine suggest a very good 2/1 student. After taking a BSc honours degree in Sydney, she found that there was no work for a woman scientist though there was for men with a lesser qualification. Borrowing money from her family, she went to Edinburgh in 1895 and took a medical degree. She returned to Sydney, where she found it hard to establish a practice. In 1905, she had the chance to buy the practice of a woman doctor in Wellington and she worked in Upper Willis Street until she retired. For twenty-eight years she was also medical officer at St Helen's Hospital, Wellington. In World War One she was head of a hospital in Serbia; this was financed by the Scottish Women's Hospitals, an outcome of the women's suffrage movement.

She was proud of her connection with Cheltenham Ladies' College and attended the celebrations there on the centenary of Miss Beale's birth. But it is difficult to know what she may have gained from her schooling there and at Dulwich, both because she was a very bright child before she went to England and because she was barely nine when she left.[20]

After going to boarding school in or near Sydney, Harry trained as an engineer in England, leaving Australia at the age of twenty-three. He built up a reasonably good business in Newcastle. His success cannot be attributed to his English schooling because he had none. I feel bound to point out, however, that Harry is no advertisement for Australian schools since he was the least literate of the seven. Frank claimed that Harry's inability to write properly harmed his career. Like Frank, he married in England someone already linked by family friendship with the Bennetts. He was the only one of the seven to have children and was to prove an irritable father to his daughter and two sons, taking little pleasure in their company on the whole, an attitude very different from his own father's. Al, Fan and Frank believed that Harry's marriage was unhappy. I do not consider them to be unbiased witnesses but from what evidence I have seen it does not seem especially happy.[21]

The plan to take the children to England was, I believe, misconceived. The schools were good but three or four years in England could not help all of them: the seven were inevitably at different ages and stages. The ones most likely to benefit were the three oldest, thirteen to fifteen when they arrived. But no careers were planned for Al and Fan and all they did for many years after returning was help with the family and visit friends. Their mother's death was certainly the cause of their domestic load but I am not sure whether any training would have been planned for them if she had lived.

Alf, Wal and Agnes were probably too young for their English schooling to have had any serious long-term effect.

If the plan was not a success in career terms, in personal terms it was a disaster, leading as it did to Mrs Bennett's death and Mr Bennett's

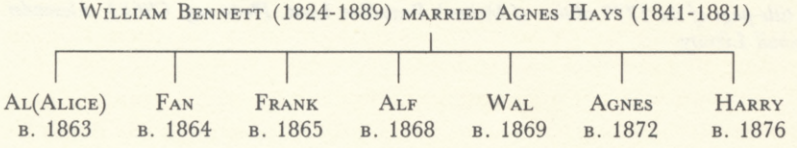
remarriage. This brought great unhappiness to the children and I think to him, too. The children ended up scattered around the world, wishing they were all together, which they never were, even briefly, after 1881. Their personal lives, overall, do not seem particularly happy. I believe that the seven Bennett children would have been at least as successful and probably happier if the venture to England had never taken place.

REFERENCES

This article is based almost entirely on the papers of Dr Agnes Bennett held in the Alexander Turnbull Library, MS Papers 1346. Items in this collection are referred to below by their folder numbers.

1 Cecil and Celia Manson, *Doctor Agnes Bennett* (London and New Zealand, 1960), p. 12.
2 Folder 388 includes newspaper items relating to his career.
3 Letters in folder 397 give details of Mrs Bennett's family of origin.
4 Folders 373, 374, 375.
5 W. C. Bennett's letters to his wife while she was overseas are in folder 376 for 1878, 377 for 1879, 378 for 1880, 379 for 1881. Her letters to him are in folder 394 for 1878 and 1879, folder 395 for 1880 and 1881.
6 Frank's gruelling day is described in his mother's letter of 24 March 1880.
7 E. H. McCormick, *Alexander Turnbull: His Life, His Circle, His Collections* (Wellington, 1974), p. 57.
8 Manson, p. 19.
9 Frank's letter to his father of 21 June 1881, folder 416.
10 Folder 382.
11 Letters in folder 382 give information on the family after their return from Sydney.
12 Manson, p. 21.
13 Many letters over the years make this clear. Letters in folder 406 give Al's view of the situation in the early years of the relationship.
14 Folders 146, 147, 204.
15 Folders 84, 85, 86, 106, 107.
16 Folders 87, 112, 113, 114.
17 Folders 416, 116, 117, 118, 119.
18 Folders 382, 412.
19 Folders 89, 90, 91, 98, 99, 101, 102.
20 A large number of the items in the Agnes Bennett Papers naturally relate to Dr Bennett. Manson gives a summary of her life.
21 Folders 140, 141, 117, 118. 119.

THE BENNETT FAMILY



PARADISE LOST,

A POEM.

THE AUTHOR

JOHN MILTON.

GLASGOW:

PRINTED BY ROBERT AND ANDREW FOULIS,
PRINTERS TO THE UNIVERSITY,
M.DCC.LXX.

The title-page of the 1770 edition of Milton's Paradise Lost. *Photo neg. C9683, Alexander Turnbull Library.*

The Foulis Press

MOIRA LONG

The first printing press in Scotland had been set up in Edinburgh in 1508, but it was not until 1638 that printing was introduced to Glasgow. George Anderson, an Edinburgh printer, opened a printing establishment there at the invitation of the Town Council and the University of Glasgow. The introduction of printing to Glasgow thus also marked the beginning of the Glasgow University Press.

The quality of early Scottish printing was poor in all respects, with low standards of design and typography, paper stock and proof-reading. Until the mid eighteenth century Scottish printers were no match for their European counterparts. This was a reflection of the generally impoverished state of Scotland in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when resources were too scarce to permit the widespread printing and purchase of books. The turning point in Scotland's economic and social conditions came with the Act of Union in 1707.

From the early eighteenth century Glasgow was home to several printers, although only one, Robert Urie, produced work of any quality before Robert Foulis set up his own press and became Printer to the University. Glasgow was not yet a large city—its population in the 1740s has been estimated at around fifteen thousand. But in the mid eighteenth century it fostered a flowering of Scottish intellectual and cultural life that was to have a profound impact abroad, through the work of such figures as Adam Smith, David Hume, Allan Ramsay and William Adam. Glasgow University was a fertile and stimulating environment thanks to a gifted body of teachers, notable among whom was Francis Hutcheson, Professor of Moral Philosophy from 1729 to 1746. He was the teacher and friend of Robert and Andrew Foulis and was instrumental in securing for the Foulis Press the appointment as Printer to the University.

Andrew Faulls (also spelled Faulds) was a Glasgow brewer whose two eldest sons, Robert and Andrew, were born in 1707 and 1712. The brothers became partners in the Foulis Press, which produced some of the finest printing in eighteenth-century Europe and was highly influential in title-page design and matters of typography. At some point

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From July to September 1989 the Turnbull Room featured an exhibition of eighteenth century books from the Foulis Press, Glasgow. Robert Foulis began publishing in 1740, and the Press continued to operate until 1799. The books on display, all from the Turnbull Library's collections, spanned the years 1742 to 1785.

prior to the establishment of the press, the brothers changed the spelling of their name to the more aristocratic looking Foulis. Robert Foulis had served an apprenticeship as a barber and followed this trade for several years. However, enrolling in Francis Hutcheson's classes at the University in 1730, he soon earned a reputation as a scholar. Andrew Foulis, unlike his elder brother, had an academic education from the start. On graduating from the University of Glasgow, he became a teacher of Greek, Latin and French. It was this scholarly interest, maintained by both men throughout their lives, that ensured the accuracy of the Press's classical texts, for which it was renowned throughout Europe.

Robert and Andrew began selling books after two book buying trips to the continent in 1738 and 1739. In 1741 Robert was appointed University Bookseller, and was joined later by Andrew as his partner. They never abandoned the retail side of their business, and their shop was a popular meeting place for students, teachers and book lovers. From 1740 to 1742 Robert published several titles that were printed by Robert Urie, among others. Frustrated by the inadequate supply of books to meet the needs of the University, he set up his own printing press in 1742. He was appointed University Printer in the following year.

Even the early products of the Foulis Press indicate the advances in typography that it was to continue to develop. The standard of the books was due in part to the high quality of type that had recently become available from the Glasgow type foundry of Alexander Wilson. Apart from two early titles, Robert Foulis used Wilson's type exclusively and the Foulis Press books were a good advertisement for these outstanding founts. Wilson was a Scot who had learned his trade in London, but had chosen Glasgow for his business in order to take advantage of the market it offered in trade with Ireland and America. He was a scholar in his own right, and in 1760 was appointed Professor of Astronomy at the University of Glasgow.

The output of the Foulis Press falls into three main categories: philosophy; classical literature, especially Greek, on which the reputation of the Press was built; and miscellaneous books in English, mainly reprints. There were also a number of religious tracts published between 1741 and 1743. The second edition of Philip Gaskell's *Bibliography of the Foulis Press* (London, 1986) lists seven hundred and six editions, of which thirteen were printed by Robert Foulis between 1740 and 1742, five hundred and eighty-nine printed by Robert and by Robert and Andrew Foulis between 1742 and 1776, and one hundred and three printed by Andrew Foulis the younger from 1776 to 1800. Apart from a marked peak in the early 1750s the Press averaged fifteen editions a year, but showed a noticeable drop when Andrew the younger took over.

The Foulis Press was not a large establishment and its printing methods were typical of the time. It is probable that two presses and a proofing press were used by two press teams. From 1768 Foulis Press books regularly used press figures, and these indicate that two journeymen were normally involved. Special paper copies, which were reasonably common in the eighteenth century, were a standard feature at the Foulis Press. Variant issues on paper of different sizes were regularly printed, as well as issues on vellum, silk or satin, so catering for all sectors of the book buying public. The paper used was generally of a higher quality than average in the eighteenth century, and fine-paper issues tended to be produced in larger numbers than common-paper. Blue-tinted paper was used from 1771, and even more frequently from 1778, while wove paper was first used in 1795. Foolscap was the average size, though paper up to Demy Royal was used.

Until Andrew Foulis the younger took over, Foulis Press books were distinguished by their high standards of typography. This extended even to the avoidance of cancels, in preference to which the whole sheet was reprinted. The books have distinctively different type-faces and layouts from other contemporary books. Type was supplied consistently by the Wilson Foundry, which gradually altered its various founts over the years, some more dramatically than others. The Greek type-faces developed by Wilson were particularly innovative. A new fount was commissioned especially for the folio issues of the *Iliad* in 1756 and *Odyssey* in 1758, deliberately doing away with the excessively complicated ligatures and contractions that had made traditional Greek type so difficult to set and to read. The result was a type-face of great legibility and handsome proportions.

Plainness and lack of ornamentation were hallmarks of the Press's publication. The only exceptions were in the period 1742 to 1747, when two varieties of printer's flowers and a few blocks were used in a small number of publications. After 1747 an increasing number of the Foulis Press books were printed without catchwords (a word inserted at the right-hand lower corner of each page which repeats the first word of the following page), until this became a standard feature of the Press. Another typographical innovation was the replacement of the long 's' with a regular 's'. Editions in the early years were characterised by small type-faces, but few other criticisms can be levelled against the designs, which became models for other eighteenth-century printers. Founts were cast long-bodied and leading between the lines was avoided.

In title-page layout the Press set new standards and was widely imitated. Avoiding the clutter of mixtures of type styles and sizes, the Foulis Press title-pages are characteristically plain and legible, conveying a sense of lightness and delicacy that marks the setting of the text also. The extreme accuracy of the texts themselves won the Press a high reputation among scholars, and was the result of painstaking care in

Οὐχ ὁράας, ὅ μοι υἱὸς ἐπέπταρε πᾶσιν ἔπεσσιν;
Τῷ κε κὴ ἐκ ἀτελὴς θάναλος μνησῆρσι γένοιλο
Πᾶσι μάλ', ἐδὲ κέ τις θάναλον κὴ κῆρας ἀλύξοι.
Ἄλλο δέ τοι ἐρέω, συ δ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ βάλλεο σῆσιν,
Αἴκ' αὐτὸν γνώω νημερτέα πάντ' ἐνέπονλα,
Ἔσσω μιν χλαῖναν τε χιτῶνά τε, εἵματα καλά.
Ὣς φάτο· βῆ δὲ συφορβὸς, ἐπεὶ τὸν μῦθον ἄκυσεν·
Ἀγχῦ δ' ἰσάμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
Ξεῖνε πάτερ, καλέει σε περίφρων Πηνελόπεια,
Μήτηρ Τηλεμάχοιο· μεταλλῆσαί τί ἑ θυμὸς
Ἀμφὶ πόσει κέλεται, κὴ κήδεά περ πεπαθυίη.
Εἰ δέ κέ σε γνοίη νημερτέα πάντ' ἐνέπονλα,
Ἕσσει σε χλαῖναν τε χιτῶνά τε, τῶν συ μάλιστα
Χρηΐζεις· σῖτον δὲ κὴ αἰτίζων καῖὰ δῆμον,
Γαστέρα βοσκήσεις· δώσει δέ τοι, ὅς κ' ἐθέλησιν.
Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε πολύτλας δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς·
Εὔμαι', ἦ ῥά κ' ἐγὼ νημερτέα πάντ' ἐνέποιμι
Κέρῃ Ἰκαρίοιο περίφρονι Πηνελοπείῃ·
Οἶδα γὰρ εὖ περὶ κεῖνε, ὁμὴν δ' ἀνεδέγμεθ' ὁϊζύν.
Ἀλλὰ μνησήρων χαλεπῶν ὑποδείδι' ὅμιλον,
Τῶν ὕβρις τε βίη τε, σιδήρεον ἀρανὸν ἵκει.
Καὶ γὰρ νῦν, ὅτε μ' ἄτος ἀνὴρ καῖὰ δῶμα κιόνλα
Οὔτι κακὸν ῥέξανλα βαλὼν ὀδύνησιν ἔδωκεν,
Οὔτε τι Τηλέμαχος τόγ' ἐπήρκεσεν, ἄτε τις ἄλλος.
Τῷ νῦν Πηνελόπειαν ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ἄνωχθι

A page from the 1758 edition of Homer's Odyssey. *Photo neg. C9682, Alexander Turnbull Library.*

the proof-reading process. This involved up to five separate checks being made: by the author where appropriate, by Robert or Andrew, or by another highly skilled corrector.

In 1751 Robert Foulis undertook to found a Scottish Academy of Fine Arts under the auspices of the University. Financial responsibility, however, was vested in Robert Foulis himself, and this was to prove a serious drain on the funds of the business. Glasgow was not wealthy enough to support such an ambitious and expensive venture and the debts continued to mount for twenty years. The death of Andrew in 1775 was a serious blow to Robert, who decided to auction the Academy's stock of paintings in London. The sale was a financial disaster and Robert himself died in Edinburgh in 1776 on his return journey to Glasgow. Robert's son, Andrew, inherited the business together with all its financial problems, from which he never succeeded in extricating himself. From this time there was a decline in the number and quality of books printed at the Foulis Press. In 1795 the University terminated Andrew's appointment and took legal action against him for recovery of the premises he occupied. Andrew continued to print in Glasgow for a few years, then moved to Edinburgh, where he died in the poor-house in 1829.

However, the decline of the Press under Andrew the younger does not diminish the achievement of Robert Foulis. His reputation as one of the most skilled and accurate printers of the century was well founded on the correctness of the texts, the beauty of the layouts, the quality of the founts he employed, and the convenience of the range of issues he produced. He avoided ornamentation or illustration to enhance his work, preferring to rely on the proportions of type and page, the beauty of the fount itself, and the employment of impeccable workmanship. The Foulis Press was the product of, and a vehicle for, the tremendous renewal of Scottish creative and intellectual activity that marked the mid eighteenth century. Its output embodies the achievements of that movement.

FOULIS PRESS CHECKLIST

The Turnbull Library has sixteen Foulis Press books, listed below in order of the date of publication. Three were part of Alexander Turnbull's own collection: the quarto and folio editions of *Paradise Lost* (1750 and 1770) and Pope's *The Poetical Works* (1785). The bequest of A. R. Atkinson in 1935 included the 1750 edition of the works of Horace, and the bequest of Robert and Mary Hogg in 1941 included the 1749 edition of William Hamilton's *Poems on Several Occasions*.

Terence, *Publii Terentii Afri Comoediae Sex* . . . Glasguae: Cura & impensis Roberti Foulis, typis Robert Urie & Soc . . ., 1742. Gaskell 13

Cicero. M. Tullii Ciceronis *Tusculanarum Disputationum Libri Quinque* . . . Glasguae: in aedibus academicis excudebat Robertus Foulis . . ., 1744. Gaskell 45.

Hamilton, William. *Poems on Several Occasions*. Glasgow: printed and sold by Robert and Andrew Foulis, 1748. Gaskell 110.

Hamilton, William. *Poems on Several Occasions*. Glasgow: printed by Robert and Andrew Foulis, 1749. Gaskell 131.

Horace. *Quintus Horatius Flaccus ad Lectiones Probatiores Diligenter Emendatus . . . Editio Altera*. Glasguae: In aedibus academicis excudebant Robertus et Andreas Foulis . . ., 1750. Gaskell 155.

Milton, John, Milton's *Paradise Lost, Book I*. Glasgow: printed and sold by Robert and Andrew Foulis, printers to the University, 1750. Gaskell 161.

Tacitus. *C. Cornelii Taciti Opera Quae Supersunt. Ex Editione Jacobi Gronovii Fideliter Expressa . . .* Glasguae: in aedibus academicis excudebant Rob. et And. Foulis, 1753. 4 vols. Gaskell 265.

Euclid. *Euclidis Elementorum Libri Priores Sex. item Undecimus et Duodecimus, ex Versione Latina Federici Commandini . . .* Glasguae: in aedibus academicis excudebant Robertus et Andreas Foulis . . ., 1756. Gaskell 315.

Τῶν Τοῦ Ὁμήρου σεσωσμένων ἁπάντων Τόμοι Τέσσαρες. Glasguae: in aedibus academicis, excudebant Robertus et Andreas Foulis . . ., 1758. 4 vols in 2. The individual title-pages for the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are dated respectively 1756 and 1758. Gaskell 319.

Plato. *The Republic of Plato. In Ten Books. Translated from the Greek by H. Spens. D.D. . . .* Glasgow: printed by Robert and Andrew Foulis printers to the University, 1763. Gaskell 423.

Shakespeare, William. *The Tragedy of Macbeth . . . According to Mr Pope's Second Edition*. Glasgow: Printed and sold by R. and A. Foulis, 1768. Gaskell 460.

Boswell, James. *An Account of Corsica, the Journal of a Tour to That Island: and Memoirs of Pascal Paoli . . .* Glasgow: printed by Robert and Andrew Foulis for Edward and Charles Dilly in the Poultry, London, 1768. Gaskell 473.

Milton, John. *Paradise Lost, a Poem. The Author John Milton*. Glasgow: printed by Robert and Andrew Foulis, printers to the University, 1770. Gaskell 510.

Mason, William. *Poems by William Mason, M.A.* Glasgow: Printed by Andrew Foulis, 1777. 2 vols. Gaskell 622.

Shenstone, William. *The Select Works, in Verse and Prose, of William Shenstone, Esquire, The Fourth Edition*. Glasgow: Printed by Andrew Foulis, 1777. Gaskell 628A.

Pope, Alexander, *The Poetical Works of Alexander Pope, Esq. In Three Volumes*. Glasgow, Printed by Andrew Foulis, printer to the University, 1785. 3 vols. Gaskell 678.

Sketch of the Work of the Catholic Church A Bibliographic Note

JULIA MORIARTY

Alexander Turnbull in May 1910 was given a printed report by R. Coupland Harding entitled *Sketch of the Work of the Catholic Church for the Last Half-Century, in the Archdiocese of Wellington*. A. G. Bagnall recorded this in the *New Zealand National Bibliography*, adding a note:

> Prepared for presentation to Pope Leo XIII on occasion of Golden Jubilee. WTu copy unbound in folder with one leaf ([2] p.) letter of transmittal from Archbishop Redwood forwarding "purse of gold (£500) . . . and this Book-Album . . .". Coupland Harding & J. R. Blair told A. H. Turnbull that only 3 or 4 copies printed and apart from the Pope's copy this the only survivor (with p. 49-56 in photocopy only).

In September 1987, the author identified the presentation 'Book-Album' in the Vatican Library in Rome.

The heavy leather-covered volume is 40 cm tall and has some kinship with Victorian leather-bound ledgers in its corded and tooled spine. The front and back covers are overlaid with marquetry work in native timbers, the design being based on their colour variations. The craftmanship is superb but not as high a standard as the Austrian work in the National Museum. The Alexander Turnbull Library copy would appear to be an offprint of the printed section. The title page in varied colours is the same but the three page illuminated address is missing as is the mounted portrait of the Archbishop on the following page. The Turnbull copy has the page with its ornate friezes but the space for the portrait is blank. The remaining pages are the same, seven missing earlier being supplied in photocopy from a similar offprint in the library of the Marist Fathers. There is no Album section. This comprises 196 photographs, each individually numbered to coincide with their reference numbers in the printed text. They are mounted on 38 cm leaves in appropriate clusters.

The collection and compilation of material took just under six months. On 12 May 1887, the Archbishop issued from Hawera a circular to each of his priests calling for 'photos of themselves and their confreres, and of their churches, schools, presbyteries, etc. together with a short sketch of [their] mission from its origins down to our day'. These were to be forwarded before the end of June. The proceeds of special collections for 'the purse of gold' were not required until 16 September. A letter in French by the Archbishop dated 5 November 1887 to M. Le Commandant Filippo Tolli in Rome explains that the 'Book-Album'

had been crated and despatched that day to be sent through San Francisco. He mentions the bindings 'en bois divers de la Nouvelle Zélande'. The 'purse of gold' is to be transmitted as a draft for £500 or 12,500 francs drawn on the Bank of New Zealand in London. The photographs, the Archbishop points out are a means of drawing closer a country 'au bout du monde'. He adds a postscript that the 'Book-Album' cost £100 or 2,500 francs. No mention is made as to who has done the work on the covers or the illuminated address. After 1885, Scoullar and Chisholm set up a branch in Wellington trading as North and Scoullar. They had done similar work in Dunedin, Mother Cecelia Benbow, an English woman belonging to the Sisters of Mercy excelled in illuminated work. To date, no proof of either possibility has been traced. The only name identifiable among the photographs is J. Connolly. It is unlikely that they are all his work because of the wide area they represent. A few are tinted very pleasingly.

Apart from the presentation 'Book-Album' only two offprints of the book section are known to exist.

Research Notes

A pilot project for the proposed 1990 Historic Records Search was carried out in the Wairarapa during April and May this year by Diana Meads. She identified a variety of documents and photographs held in private hands, and by businesses and community organisations. This material reflects the rural nature of the district, including records of farms, saw mills and women's institutions. It also extends to such disparate topics as Cook Islands administration in the 1920s and gold mining in Collingwood in the 1930s.

The Turnbull Library was involved with the project, with Sharon Dell, Keeper of the Collections, providing liaison and advice. It is proposed that the information gathered will be entered on a database in the Library, from which a register will be produced. The New Zealand 1990 Commission is to decide on the feasibility of a nationwide historic records search in 1990.

Dr Nelson Wattie is the 1989 Fellow at the Stout Research Centre, Victoria University. He is working on New Zealand fiction prior to 1914, and has been using the Library daily since he arrived at the beginning of August.

Professor Marvin Sundstrom, Department of Geography, University of Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada, is currently working in the Library. He is in the preparatory stages of a work on Sir James Hector, and is investigating Hector's contribution to New Zealand science.

Wharehuia Hemara, the Kaitiaki o nga Korero Maori librarian at the Turnbull, travelled to the United States and Canada on a James Cook Bicentennial Scholarship, funded by Blackwells Publishing, Oxford, from August 1988 to March 1989. He has completed a report on the different tribal archives he visited and their relevance to New Zealand.

In 1988 the Manuscripts and Archives Section launched a programme to collect the papers of selected women writers. The first results of this drive are the papers of Fiona Kidman. The collection is a comprehensive one, including drafts of novels, short stories, scripts from radio and television plays, correspondence, newspaper clippings and tapes. Her involvement in the New Zealand Writers' Guild, New Zealand Book Council and PEN are recorded. A feature of the collection is the tapes of interviews with New Zealand literary figures collected during her time working for the Concert Programme in the early 1970s. These are the only remaining copies.

Grants have recently been made from the Endowment Trust's funds to assist with the publication of Kate Buckland's *Rainbow and Tussocks* (John McIndoe, Dunedin), based on the Kate Buckland diaries; and Frances Porter's biography of Jane Maria Atkinson, *Born to New Zealand* (Port Nicholson Press/Allen and Unwin, Wellington), based on the Richmond-Atkinson papers. Both collections are held in the Turnbull's Manuscripts and Archives Section.

Mrs Joan FitzGerald of the English Department at the University of Rome has published some of the results of her research at the Turnbull in 1985 in an article, 'Images of the Self: Two Early New Zealand Autobiographies by John Logan Campbell and Frederick Edward Maning', *Journal of Commonwealth Literature*, 23 (1988), 16-42. Mrs FitzGerald's research was assisted by a grant from the Turnbull Library Research Endowment Fund.

The Library has appointed Dr T. M. Reedy to edit Sir Apirana Ngata's text for the fourth part of *Nga Moteatea*. The typescript of the text of the songs, with notes, was transferred to the Turnbull with the archival records of the Maori Purposes Fund Board several years ago. The editorial work is being supported by a grant from the 1990 Commission. Publication will take place late in 1990 under the joint imprint of the Turnbull and the Polynesian Society.

Van Deren and Joan Coke, two United States art historians, visited the Photographic Archive in August. They were interested in holdings of daguerreotypes and other early photographic processes, and were able to provide much valuable information on them. They were impressed by a daguerreotype by Antoine-Francoise-Jean Claudet of London, probably dating from the 1840s, and fourteen early English caloptypes from the Glaisher collection. Joan Coke delivered a lecture in the auditorium on nineteenth century landscape photographers in the United States, and was able to study work by several of them in the collection. Van Deren is currently in New Zealand on a Fulbright scholarship.

The Library has recently acquired the letters, diaries and photograph albums of Thomas Berry Cusack Smith, British Consul to Samoa, 1890-1898. Cusack Smith was a more than competent amateur photographer and a witty and engaging correspondent. His papers and photographs complement each other to form a valuable record of the diplomatic, commercial and social activities of the British, Americans and Germans in late nineteenth century Samoa. His delightful images of amateur theatricals in Apia are of particular interest.

Henry Raine, Senior Cataloguer at the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, arrived at the beginning of October to take up a year's fellowship sponsored by the United States Information Service. He will be working in the Turnbull Library, editing the catalogue records for all books printed before 1801 which are held in New Zealand's public collections. Copies of these records, in machine-readable form, were sent to the British Library in July. They will be added to the appropriate databases for early imprints, and then tapes of the New Zealand holdings will be loaded on to the New Zealand Bibliographic Network. Henry Raine's work will provide multiple points of access to the records on NZBN.

The Library's major exhibition in the National Library Gallery next year is being curated by Carol O'Biso, who was closely associated with the 'Te Maori' exhibition when it toured the United States. The exhibition will run from 23 November 1990 until 23 February 1991. It has a working title of 'Toi Te Kupu' People of the Treaty.

The 1989 edition of the Library's catalogue of publications is now available, free of charge and post free, from Publications Sales, Alexander Turnbull Library, P. O. Box 12349, Wellington. The catalogue contains illustrations of all the prints still available (10 sets have completely sold out and some others are close to it) and details of books, pamphlets, cards, posters and maps. All publications are on sale at the National Library Shop and can be ordered through local booksellers or print shops.

The Charts and Coastal Views of Captain Cook's Voyages, volume I, the Voyage of the *Endeavour* 1768-1771, edited by Andrew David and published by the Hakluyt Society at £100 is now available from Stratford Books, 223 Dominion Road, Mt Eden, Auckland for $300 +GST.

Mrs Hobson's Album was launched on 20 October 1989 at the old Government House in Auckland by the Govenor-General, Sir Paul Reeves, and is now available from bookshops at $54.95.

Notes on Manuscript and Archive Accessions

A SELECTIVE LIST OF ACQUISITIONS, DECEMBER 1988 TO JUNE 1989

Acquisitions of manuscripts and archives are listed selectively in the *Turnbull Library Record* to alert scholars to newly acquired material judged to be of research value. For items marked 'Access subject to sorting' or 'Restricted' the Library would welcome notification that access will be sought, preferably with an indication of a likely date. This will help staff in establishing priorities for sorting collections. The following list updates the Notes in the *Record* for May 1989. Material produced by the Pacific Manuscripts Bureau and the Australian Joint Copying Project is not listed except for items copied under the latter's Miscellaneous series. New accessions for the Archive of New Zealand Music are listed in *Crescendo*, the bulletin of the International Association of Music Libraries (New Zealand Branch).

BETT, ELVA. *Papers, ca. 1960s-1980s.* 3.3m. DONATION.
Elva Bett was the owner of a Wellington dealer art gallery. The material includes the gallery's records as well as working papers for numerous publications on New Zealand art.

CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF SAINT PAUL. *Records, 1840-ca. 1982.* 6.3m. PERMANENT LOAN.
Records include Vestry minute books, Registers of Births, Deaths and Marriages, Churchwarden's Registers, financial papers and subject files.

HARPER, GEORGE S. *Diary, 1864-1865.* 1 folder. DONATION: Mrs Pat Booth, Wellington.
The diarist was a Methodist minister who took passage from Gravesend to Lyttelton on board the *Rachel*.

HARRIS, WILLIAM. *Journal, 1879-1880.* 1 folder. DONATION: Mrs M. E. Harris, Hamilton.
William Harris's shipboard journal written on board the *British Empire*. Also included is a copy of the ship's passenger list, a history of the ship and a biography of Harris. Photocopy of the original.

HAWK PRESS. *Records, 1978-1987.* 3 folders. PURCHASE.
Material includes annual accounts, correspondence, printer's proofs and documentation of printing.

KIDMAN, FIONA, b. 1940. *Papers, ca. 1962-1985.* 8m. and 104 tapes. DONATION.
Collection of tapes, correspondence, newspaper clippings, radio scripts and drafts of novels and poems of a prominent New Zealand author.
Partly restricted.

NEW ZEALAND CITIZEN'S ADVICE BUREAU. *Records, 1975-1987.* 3m. DONATION.
Collection includes both central and regional branch correspondence, newsletters, legal submissions, minutes, annual reports and accounts.

NEW ZEALAND FEDERATED NEWSPAPER PROPRIETOR'S INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION OF EMPLOYERS. *Records, 1916-1970.* 1 folder. DONATION.
The collection consists of the Association's minutes 1916-1970, and accounts 1938-1970.

NEW ZEALAND LABOUR PARTY. *Minute Books, ca. 1910-1980s.* 3.3m. DONATION.
Minute books from the branch level of the New Zealand Labour Party.

NEW ZEALAND LABOUR PARTY. *Scrapbooks, 1938-1975.* 22v. DONATION.
Scrapbooks of newspaper clippings relating to Labour Party activities.

NEW ZEALAND NEWS LTD. *Records, 1881-1980s.* 24m. DONATION.
The collection includes both the records, and bound copies of the *Auckland Sun, Lyttelton Times* and *Oamaru Mail* as well as the records of Brett Printing and Publishing and the New Zealand News Company itself. The Company's archive includes photographs, oral histories and newspaper clippings, as well as financial papers, subject files, staff files, Board files and Editor's files.
Restrictions on oral histories and publishing files.

NEW ZEALAND NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS' ASSOCIATION. *Minute Book, 1898-1907.* 1v. DONATION.

NEW ZEALAND WOMEN'S HOCKEY ASSOCIATION. *Records, ca. 1910-1988.* 3.3m. DONATION.
Records include minutes, reports, correspondence, financial papers and newspaper clippings.

NEW ZEALAND WOOLLEN MILLS INDUSTRIAL UNION OF WORKERS. *Records, ca. 1910-1982.* 3.6m. DONATION.
Materrial includes minute books, correspondence, cashbooks and material relating to submissions, industrial disputes and resulting arbitration
Restricted.

NORWOOD, HUGH. *Notes, ca. 1908.* 1 folder. DONATION.
Photocopy of notes made by Katherine Mansfield in a copy of *A Shropshire Lad* given to her by Sylvia Payne, Christmas 1908.

PEARSON, DR WILLIAM (BILL). *Papers, ca. 1958-1988.* 1m. DONATION.
Papers include material relating to and about *Coal Flat*; and also to the writer Frank Sargeson, with emphasis on his collected stories.
Restricted.

PETERSON, MAJOR H.W.R. *Papers, ca. 1940s-1970s.* 30cm. PURCHASE.
Diaries, Company reports and other material relating to the writer's experiences during the Malayan Emergency and the wars in Korea and Vietnam.

RANSTEAD FAMILY. *Letters, 1914-1919.* 1 folder. DONATION: Mrs Pat Kay, Te Awamutu.
Letters written by George Ranstead to his parents whilst on active service in Palestine during World War One.

REVANS, SAMUEL STEBBING, 1808-1888. *Letters from his Uncle, Samuel Revans, 1858-1871.* 1v. DONATION: Mr S. A. Robertson, Tauranga.
The Rev. Struan Robertson's transcription of letters written by Revans, a prominent New Zealand newspaper proprietor.

STANNAGE, S. GILLMAN , b. 1910. *Letters, ca. 1920s-1950s.* 1 folder. DONATION: Stannage Estate, England.
Letters from Sir Ronald Storrs and D'Arcy Cresswell to Gillman Stannage. The letters are accompanied by photographs and newspaper clippings.

STUBBS, CHARLES. *Diary, 1886.* 1 folder. DONATION: Mr R. Ellingham, Wellington.
The diary is an eyewitness account of the eruption of Mount Tarawera in 1886. The diary's existence, and the diarist's identity was unknown during the writing of R. F. Keam's publication *Tarawera: The Volcanic Eruption of 10 June 1886* (Auckland, 1988). Photocopy of original manuscript.

WELLINGTON ROWING CLUB. *Records, 1890-1959.* 1v. DONATION.
Register containing the Club's annual reports and balance sheets.

WELLINGTON WOMEN'S CLUB. *Records, 1926-ca. 1980s.* 3m. DONATION.
The Club was established in 1924. The records include minute and account books, correspondence and photographs.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION. *Records, ca. 1906-1983.* 4m. DONATION.
The Association's material includes registers, minute books, correspondence, photographs and plans.

Notes on Accessions to the Drawings & Prints Collection

A SELECTIVE LIST OF ACQUISITIONS, JANUARY 1988 TO JULY 1989

Acquisitions of paintings, drawings, prints and sculpture are listed selectively in the *Turnbull Library Record* to alert scholars to newly acquired material judged to be of research value. The following list updates the 'Notes on Art Accessions' in the *Record* for May 1988. Only original works and significant engravings and prints are included: photomechanical reproductions recently published are excluded.

ARTIST UNKNOWN. *[Elizabeth Atkinson, nee Smith. ca. 1840]*
Pastel and black chalk 65.6 × 52.9cm. Subject was the wife of John Atkinson, English architect and builder. Six of her children settled in New Zealand, including Premier Harry Atkinson. DONATION: Mr Tudor Atkinson, York Bay.

——— Five magic lantern slides. ca. 1880s?
5 hand-coloured glass slides in wooden frames 10.1 × 16.5cm. Subjects drawn from originals by artists including C. D. Barraud and Henry Williams. PURCHASE.

——— *[John Atkinson. ca. 1840?]*
Pastel & black chalk 65.7 × 51.3cm. Husband of Elizabeth Atkinson. DONATION: Mr Tudor Atkinson, York Bay.

——— *Maori Conference. Before: After. [1880s?]*
Ink 12.1 × 19.2cm. Cartoon possibly referring to the Orakei Conferences, 1879-1881. DONATION: Mr David Forbes, San Francisco, U.S.A.

BARRAUD, WILLIAM FRANCIS, 1850-1926. *[From Belmont Rd., Tauranga] 1880.*
Pencil & watercolour 21.4 × 31.7cm. DONATION: Miss Florence Allman Shaw Hughes, Wellington.

[BARRAUD, WILLIAM FRANCIS], 1850-1926. *[Farm cottage in landscape]*
Watercolour 10.3 × 20cm. (sight). DONATION: Miss Florence Allman Shaw Hughes, Wellington.

DAY, MELVIN NORMAN, b.1923. *Te Awaite. 1986.*
Oil 91.5 × 152cm. View of Riddiford family farm, Wairarapa. DONATION: Melvin and Oroya Day, Wellington.

——— *D. F. McKenzie. 1985.*
Oil 152 × 83.5cm. Subjecet is former professor of English at Victoria University. DONATION: Melvin and Oroya Day, Wellington

FOX, SIR WILLIAM, 1812-1893. *Part of the Great Plain of the Canterbury settlement. 1850.*
Ink 20.6 × 32.1cm. Original sketch for the 1851 etching by T. Allom, published in *Four illustrative views of the Canterbury settlement.* PURCHASE.

GULLY, JOHN, 1819-1888. *[The Inland Kaikouras, from the Awatere Valley, Marlborough] 1871.*
Watercolour 35.3 × 64.5cm. (sight). ANONYMOUS DONATION.

GRADY, ETHEL, fl. 1916-1931. *[Interior of Old St Paul's]*
Watercolour 48.3 × 34.1cm. DONATION: Margaret Alington for the Church of Old St Paul's, Historic Places Trust, Wellington.

HARPER, LAURA, 1833-1887. *Laura Harper's sketchbook. No. 10. 1884.*
33 pencil, 4 pencil & watercolour in sketchbook. Shows scenes around Whangarei, Auckland, Rotorua, Waikato River, Mount Egmont and Mount Ruapehu. BEQUEST: Mr Cranleigh H. Barton, Christchurch.

HEAPHY, CHARLES, 1820-1881. *Sketch of North West Cliff Brown's Island Thames . . . 2/12/[18]67.*
Sepia ink on paper 25.4 × 35.3cm. Detailed view of cliff with two Maori canoes, one with sails, in foreground. Geological notes on the volcanic formation of the island on verso. PURCHASE.

LANCELOT, DIEUDONNE AUGUSTE, 1822-1894. *Le havre d'Auckland. Dessin de Lancelot. [Paris?, 188-]*
Engraving 11.6 × 14.7cm. Plate detached from *La terre à vol d'oiseau.* PURCHASE.

LISTER, JOSEPH JACKSON & ISABELLA. *[Lister album] 1886-1890.*
71 watercolours, pencil drawings, ink sketches and photographs in album. Contains views of New Zealand, Australia, Pacific Islands and Indonesia. PURCHASE.

LOW, DAVID, 1891-1962. *[Portrait of Sir Thomas Wilford. ca. 1909].*
Pen on white card 48.5 × 40.1cm. Caricature of Wilford, Mayor of Wellington, 1909-1911. PURCHASE.

——— *[25 political caricatures and cartoons. 1906-1911]*
Ink, and ink, pencil & wash. PURCHASE.

LYNCH, JULIA B., 1896?-1975. *Nocturne: [Portrait of Dorothea Franchi. 1962]*
Oil 112.5 × 84.3cm. (sight). DONATION: Dorothea Franchi, Auckland.

MATHEW, FELTON, 1808-1847. *[Scrapbook. ca. 1845].*
69 engravings, lithographs, pencil and ink sketches, and photographs in album 28.8 × 24cm. Contains some views of New Zealand, including engraving of St Paul's Church, Auckland, with Mathew's house in foreground. PURCHASE.

MEDLEY, MARY C. (TAYLOR), b. 1835.
7 sketchbooks, illustrating voyage from England and scenes throughout New Zealand. BEQUEST: Mr Cranleigh H. Barton, Christchurch.

PAGE, EVELYN (POLSON), 1899-1988. *[John Mansfield Thomson] February 1974.*
Charcoal on paper 28 × 22.8cm. Subject is a Wellington musicologist. PURCHASE.

SALISBURY, FRANK O., 1874-1962. *Prime Minister of New Zealand. [between 1930 & 1935].*
Charcoal & white chalk 40.3 × 30.2. (sight). Portrait of George William Forbes. PURCHASE.

——— *The Rt. Hon. Walter [Sic] Savage, Prime Minister of New Zealand. 29/6/1937.*
Charcoal & white chalk on card 55.2 × 45.7cm. Shows Michael Joseph Savage. PURCHASE.

David Low, 'K. "I must find room for this one." ca.1910', *Drawings & Prints Coll. B25/36. Photo neg. C5548.*
(Sketch for publication on the front page of the *Spectator* ca.1910. Depicts King Edward VII holding a medal showing the New Zealand flag and a portrait of Sir Joseph Ward.)

SCRIVENER, HENRY AMBROSE.
25 ink, watercolour and pencil sketches, mainly of Pacific Islands, Taranaki and Bay of Islands. PURCHASE.

SMITH, MAURICE CROMPTON, 1864-1963. *[Sketchbook. 1885-1891]*
42 pencil, sepia, ink and pastel sketches in album 13.7 × 20cm. Includes route sketches from Bay of Islands and views of Coromandel, Wairarapa, Upper Hutt and Cheviot districts. PURCHASE.

——— *[Sketchbook, ca. 1890]*
13 sepia and watercolour sketches in album 17.6 × 25.3cm. Contains views of Makara, Tararua ranges, Mangahao River, Mangatainoka and Cheviot. PURCHASE.

SPEED, HAROLD, 1872-1957. *[Reginald H. Owen. Between 1918 & 1934?]*
Oil 90 × 71cm. (sight). Subject was Bishop of Wellington from 1947 and Archbishop of New Zealand, 1952-1960. DONATION: Anglican Diocese of Wellington.

TAYLOR, RICHARD, 1805-1873. *Richard Taylor (sketchbook], the gift of his father, Doncaster, 1816.*
24 pencil, 1 ink, 39 pen & wash, 38 watercolour, 2 collages, 1 embroidery sampler in sketchbook. Shows variety of English scenes, nature studies, genre scenes, figure studies, ships and castles, mostly copied, and all non-New Zealand. BEQUEST: Mr Cranleigh H. Barton, Christchurch.

H. V. Worth, '[Maori princess]. 1896', *Drawings & Prints Coll. Rack 547. Photo neg. C6835.*

TEREORA COLLEGE, RAROTONGA. *Maori culture: Tereora College Rarotonga: A. Scott (First Assistant). [1960s or 70s?]*
12 lino-cuts, 3 lino-cut blocks, 2 collages, 1 gouache stencil, 1 crayon rubbing, mounted on 6 sheets 8 × 14.8cm. to 29 × 44.8cm. School children's work illustrating legends and customs of Cook Islands. PURCHASE.

Le tour du monde: nouveau journal des voyages. [Paris: M. E. Charton, 1890?]
8 pages with engravings detached from publication 29.7 × 21.6cm. Show views of New Zealand by Huyot, Kohl, Maynard, Sargent, and Trichon & Guillaume after various artists. PURCHASE.

TURNBULL, MARIE ELIZABETH, b. 1917. *Myosotidium hortensia: Chatham Islands "Forget-me-not". The largest in the world, and endangered on its home islands. [1978?]*
Watercolour 30.9 × 22.9cm. (sight). DONATION: Marie Elizabeth Turnbull, Rangiora, 'in celebration of Alexander Turnbull's birthday and the opening of the new Library'.

WALLWORK, ELIZABETH. *[Portrait of Richard Wallwork]. 8.11.[19]11*
Pencil 19.4 × 23.7cm. Subject was Director of the Canterbury University College School of Art from 1927 to 1945. The artist was his wife. PURCHASE.

WARRE, HENRY JAMES, 1819-1898. *The Missionary Station, Sugar Loaf rock near New Plymouth. 1861.*
Pencil & watercolour 22.1 × 30.7cm. (sight). Shows Wesleyan Mission Society's boarding school at Ngamotu, called They Grey Institute after Governor Grey, and run at the time by Rev. John Whiteley. PURCHASE.

WORTH, H.V. *Keepa te a Rangihiwinui] 1896.*
Oil 122 × 96.5cm. (sight). Possibly painted from photograph, in England. PURCHASE.
——— *[Maori princess] 1896.*
Oil 122 × 96.5cm. (sight). Bought as pair with the above portrait. Could show wife of Kepa te Rangihiwinui (Major Kemp). PURCHASE.

YOUMANS, CHARLOTTE BEATRICE, b. 1869. *Interior of Old St Pauls Cathedral, Wellington. 1896.*
Watercolour 52.9 × 37.5cm. (sight). DONATION: Anglican Diocese of Wellington.

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Publications, Lectures etc., by the Staff 1988-89

COOK, W. *The Botanic Garden, Wellington: a New Zealand History 1840-1987*, by Winsome Shepherd and Walter Cook. (Wellington, 1987), 396p.

——— The Botanic Gardens: address to Wellington Botanic Society, 19 June 1989.

——— Nineteenth and early twentieth century Wellington landscape: address to Karori Historical Society, 6 June 1989; Adult Education class, May 1989; Wellington Early Settlers and Historical Society, 17 August 1989.

——— Turnbull and National Library resources for garden history: address to National Library Society, 19 July 1989.

——— Victorian and Edwardian Wellington landscape and public gardens; talks during Mansfield exhibition, September 1988; Royal New Zealand Institute of Horticulture and N.Z. Institute of Landscape Architecture, 25 July 1989.

——— The Wellington Town belt; address to the Wellington Farm Forestry Association, 13 August 1989.

HEMARA, H. Maori language resources; address to Mokatit (Indigenous Language Conference), North West Territories, Canada, September 1988; address at Museum of New Mexico, Santa Fé, February 1989.

——— Maori resources at the Turnbull and access to them: address to ARANZ Conference, August 1988.

LOVELL-SMITH, T. The oral history database: address to NOHANZ Conference, June 1989.

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——— Family history in the National Library: address to the National Library Society, Wellington, 7 March 1989.

——— Institutional sources in New Zealand, the Alexander Turnbull Library; panel discussion at First International Congress on Genealogy and Family History, Sydney, 21 October 1988.

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——— Albin Martin: address at opening of the Albin Martin exhibition, National Library gallery, 26 January 1989.

——— Drawn from nature: address at opening of exhibition, Drawn from Nature, at the National Library gallery, 30 March 1988.

——— Research libraries in the United States; address to the Friends of the Turnbull Library, 14 July 1988.

——— Treasures from America's great libraries: public lecture in the National Library auditorium, 11 August 1988.

Staff members also gave lectures at the Department of Librarianship at Victoria University during the year.

Notes on Contributors

SHIFEN GONG is writing a doctoral thesis at the University of Auckland on Katherine Mansfield's influence in China.

BERYL HUGHES formerly taught in the History Dept, Victoria University, Wellington.

CAROL LEGGE has recently completed a PhD thesis on Dumont d'Urville's novel at Victoria University.

MOIRA LONG is Special Printed Collections librarian at the Alexander Turnbull Library.

JULIA M. MORIARTY was formerly the librarian in the Beaglehole Room, Victoria University.

ALEXANDER TURNBULL LIBRARY

Chief Librarian: Mr J.E. Traue, MA, FNZLA

Assistant Chief Librarian: Margaret Calder, BA, DIP LIBR, DIP SOC SCI

Systems Librarian: Mr K. Moffat, BA, DIP LIBR
Acquisitions Librarian: Miss D. M. Sherratt, BA
Acquisitions Assistant: Miss Sharon Roe, NZLS CERT
Serials Librarian: Mr P. G. Parkinson, BSC, DIP NZLS
Supervisory Cataloguer: Mr C. Stiles, BA(HONS), DIP LIBR
Assistant Cataloguer: Ms Maria Heenan, BA, NZLS CERT

Keeper of the Collections: Ms S.E. Dell, BA(HONS), DIP NZLS

Curator of Manuscripts & Archives: Mr D. Colquhoun, MA
Music Librarian: Miss J. Palmer, MA, DIP NZLS
Editor, National Register of Archives & Manuscripts: Penelope Feltham, MA
Manuscripts & Archives Assistants: Ms H. Cormack, NZLS CERT;
Ms E. Kitchingman, BA, DIP LIBR; Mr T.J. Lovell-Smith, MA;
Mr D.C. Retter, MA, DIP LIBR; Mr K.L. Stewart, MA, NZLS CERT
Te Kai-tiaki i nga Korero Maori: Mr W. Hemara, BA, DIP LIBR
Curator of Drawings & Prints: Ms M. F. Minson, MA, DIP NZLS
Assistant Curator of Drawings & Prints: Anne Upton, MA, DIP LIBR
Curator of the Photographic Archive: Mr J.P. Sullivan, BA, DIP NZLS
Curator of the Cartographic Collection: Ms C.S. Olsen, MA, DIP LIBR
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Reader Services Librarian: Miss J.V. Horncy, BA, DIP NZLS

Pictorial Reference Librarian: Ms J.M. McCracken, NZLA CERT
Pictorial Reference Assistant: Mr I. Snowdon, BA
Reference Librarian: Mr P. Rainer, MA, DIP NZLS
Reference Assistants: Ms A.W. Brownlie, BA, DIP LIBR;
Ms J. Goodwin, BA, NZLS CERT; Ms R.C.A. Havell, BA, NZLS CERT;
Mr E.J. Hyde, BA, DIP LIBR; Mrs B. G. Matthews, BA, NZLA CERT;
Mr N. Murphy, NZLS CERT; Mr B. Ralston, BA, NZLS CERT;
Ms D. Woods, BA, DIP LIBR

HONORARY CONSULTANTS

Professor D. G. Lilburn, O.N.Z., HON D.MUS (OTAGO)
Honorary Curator, Archive of New Zealand Music

Mr P. G. Parkinson, BSC, DIP NZLS
Honorary Curator, Lesbian and Gay Archives of New Zealand

Mr K. F. Quinn, MA
Honorary Curator, Turnbull Photographic Portrait Collection

Mrs J. E. Paul, BA(HONS) *New Zealand art history and Typographical design*

Mr D. G. Medway, LL.B., FLS *Historical ornithology*

Mr H. C. L. Price, MA, DIP TCHG, MNZSID *Publication*

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The Society known as the Friends of the Turnbull Library was established in 1939 to promote interest in the Library, to assist in the extension of its collections, and to be a means of interchange of information on all matters of concern to those interested in books generally as well as in the manuscripts, sketches, maps and photographs with other materials which throw light on our history.

The Society carries out its objectives by means of periodic meetings and the production of publications, including the Friends' *Newsletter*.

The annual subscription of $20.00 entitles members to receive the *Turnbull Library Record* free. Members of the Society are also able to purchase Library publications, including those of the Alexander Turnbull Library Endowment Trust, at a discount.

Correspondence and enquiries regarding membership should be addressed to the Secretary, the Friends of the Turnbull Library, P.O. Box 12-186, Wellington North.
