

lengths to affirm through successive military campaigns and sporting encounters, both on and off New Zealand soil.

The Making of New Zealanders is a valuable contribution but must be read with with some qualifications and one important caveat. Palenski defines national identity as tangible, real and identifiable, but then goes on to suggest that historians should put to one side differences of interpretation regarding this national identity. He enlists Arthur Marwick's aphorism that concentrating on the differences of interpretation of the past misses 'the main purpose of historical study: deepened understanding of the past' (p.306). If this is meant to suggest that defining or critiquing national identity is off-limits, and that we should accept it and move on, then I would question the purpose of history. Surely, the historian has a responsibility not to be just a cipher, time-traveller or a conduit to the past, but should always place a critical lens on the past in order to better understand ourselves, our present and (dare I say) even our future.

GISELLE BYRNES

Charles Darwin University

Poenamo Revisited. By John Logan Campbell with essay and notes by R.C.J. Stone. Godwit/Random House, Auckland, 2012, 664pp. NZ price: \$45. ISBN 9781869797980.

This handsomely produced book, enhanced by the reproduction of numerous paintings and photographs of early Auckland, was reissued to commemorate the centenary of John Logan Campbell's death. First published in 1881, *Poenamo* has long been considered a 'New Zealand classic'. What the reader-cum-historian should make of this curious mixture of exotic travelogue and playful reminiscence is discussed below, but it certainly is a good read. Campbell provides an interesting if sometimes mischievous account of how a young man of 'good family' moved across the globe to make even more money and secure greater fame in a rapidly developing colony. After establishing that he had connections with the 'baronets' of the Highlands, Campbell reveals that his father, like himself, was trained as a surgeon in Edinburgh. Such upbringing and training guaranteed young John a comfortable livelihood, but lured by a sense of adventure he set off on the *Palmyra* to try his luck in Australia, possibly as a sheep squatter. By accident he met one William Brown in Adelaide, who persuaded Campbell to give up squatting and instead join him as a trader in the proposed new colony of New Zealand.

Initially the two Scottish would-be entrepreneurs with modest capital settled at Waiiau or Coromandel, but soon moved to Motukorea (Brown's Island). There they waited to see if rumours that Governor Hobson would move the capital to Auckland were true. Even before Auckland was officially established in September 1840, they made good money from trading with local Māori iwi, especially Ngāti Whatua, Ngāti Paoa and Ngāti Tamatera. Once Hobson made the move south from the Bay of Islands, Campbell and Brown prospered from being the earliest traders and merchants in Auckland.

Campbell described this world as a kind of unspoilt Arcadia leaching out extensive Māori gardening and pā building in the area. At the same time he deliberately raised the profile of the indigenous people, whom he genuinely admired for their hard work, enjoyment of trade, and enthusiastic engagement with capitalism. The dual Māori/Pākehā economy, revealed in more recent research carried out by the likes of Manuka Henare, Paul Monin, Vincent O'Malley and Hazel Petrie, helped Campbell and Brown make rapid fortunes. Campbell also commented on Māori custom in much the same mode as Frederick Maning in *Old New Zealand: A Tale of the Good Old Times* (1863). Yet despite his admiration and some understanding of Māori beliefs

and practices, Campbell's Māori are once devious and credulous, and border on caricature. They are also shown as being brave yet non-threatening, and the book ends by describing the fearful response of settlers to a supposed Ngati Paoa attack which turned out to be a delivery of timber. The Māori party floating logs down the harbour supposedly yelled out after being shot at, "Hullo on shore there! What the devil are you up to, bang, banging away with bullets in your guns? Do you want to kill some of us?" (p.353). While this representation of Māori as relatively harmless might be preferable to hard-nosed racist condemnation of Māori as violent savages, it is still condescending. And it is consistent with Campbell's dislike of the missionary endeavour, 'Exeter Hall' and its humanitarian impulse. By the 1870s, when he was still writing the book (sometimes on long holidays in Italy), Campbell adopted a Social Darwinist view of Māori as a 'doomed' race, little different from that held by the majority of settlers. Yet the 'towering obelisk' he erected to the tangata whenua a few years before his death represented a qualified compliment, in that he greatly admired ancient Egypt.

Russell Stone has added much to this charming if problematic account with his elegantly written and learned introduction. Who else could bring Voltaire into a discussion of early Auckland without sounding pretentious or forced? Stone also makes a key point by drawing upon John Mansfield Thomson's point that Victorian memoirs were meant to entertain as much as inform and 'jocosity' became a 'prevailing norm'. His expert annotations and crisp biographies of personalities referred to in *Poename*, based on his deep knowledge of the topic as both Logan Campbell's biographer and an authority on the early history of Auckland, add necessary context.

Stone's balanced assessment of the work as a mixture of travelogue and playful memoir rather than reliable 'history' or significant 'literature' provides a convincing reading of the text, and he concedes that Campbell downplayed Brown's contribution to their business partnership. He also establishes beyond any semblance of doubt that the book was much more than a 'record' for his three children (only one of whom, ironically enough, lived to read it), as Campbell claimed. The inclusion of Latin tags and French phrases was typical of the genres of memoir and travelogue and peppered the writing of such well-known adventurers as Mungo Park and A.W. Kinglake (author of *Eothen*). It is, therefore, clearly more than just an 'eccentric', 'highly mannered' and 'idiosyncratic' memoir, as historian of New Zealand letters Eric McCormick judged it in 1959.

Stone's perceptive essay and insightful annotations actually make many other readings possible. Someone like Alec Calder would probably concentrate more on unpacking Campbell's attempts at deception and mythologizing, just as he has done for Frederick Manning. Campbell was clearly a teller of tales, but how reliable are those tales and what do they reveal about the man, his times and the broader colonialist project? Peter Gibbons, in his essay on 'Non-Fiction' in the *Oxford History of New Zealand Literature in English*, has already classified *Poename* as belonging to the 'literature of occupation' and the genre of 'pioneer' reminiscence, at once nostalgic and full of justification for the large-scale acquisition of Māori land and appropriation of Māori culture, opening the way for a much fuller postcolonial reading. In direct contrast, Campbell has won praise as an exemplar of a successful, risk-taking entrepreneurial Scot from economic and business historians. Yet even this positive interpretation opens up more readings. My own small businessman grandfather thought that Campbell was a pretentious self-promoter. I am sure that many others on the left, or even the centre, shared and still share that view. Environmental historians would most likely focus on Campbell's failure to acknowledge the transformative efforts and impacts of Māori and unpack his argument that settlers converted an 'empty' into a bustling city. Scholars such as Tony Ballantyne and Angela McCarthy might rather view Campbell, both as story-teller and entrepreneur, as a weaver of webs who brought benefit to Edinburgh as well as London and Auckland itself. In short, this beautifully presented and superbly annotated edition is open to multiple readings and will make an ideal text for interrogation by postgraduate and senior history classes. More astute Year 13 students would

also enjoy wrestling with its ambiguities, elisions and misrepresentations. Congratulations must also go to Godwit for producing such a handsome book, wonderful to look at and delightful to hold.

The publication of this superb edition of a 'New Zealand classic' – even 'taonga', given how much it has been used in Waitangi Tribunal claims – along with Stone's earlier *From Tamaki-Makau-Rau To Auckland*, ensures that Russell Stone is not only a living Auckland treasure but a national one as well.

Tom Brooking

University of Otago

Migrations: Journeys in Time and Place. By Rod Edmond. Bridget Williams Books, Wellington, 2013. 256pp. NZ price: \$39.99. ISBN: 9781927131466.

This is a most intriguing book, and one not easily categorized. It is at once memoir, biography, family history, travelogue, research log, mission history, and literary and postcolonial analysis. Above all it is, as the title suggests, an extended meditation on the experience of migration.

Rod Edmond explores the lives of two of his migratory ancestors, visiting the places where they lived, seeking out traces in local archives and oral traditions, and using history, fiction and anthropology to contextualize their experiences. Catherine McLeod, Edmond's great-grandmother, was born into a near-destitute crofting family in Ardmail, in the Western Highlands of Scotland, in the late 1840s. At the age of five she became part of an extended group of families from the Coigach estate who travelled to Tasmania; they were one of the first groups of 'free' migrants to settle in that colony. After marrying James Edmond, Catherine moved to Melbourne, where she lived the rest of her life. From the maternal side of Edmond's family comes Charles Murray, born in 1858 to a tenant farming family in the parish of St Fergus, on the east coast of Scotland. He graduated in arts and theology at Aberdeen University before training for ordination at the Aberdeen Free Church College; he then travelled across the world to Ambrym, in the New Hebrides (now Vanuatu), to serve as a missionary. Following a crisis in health and confidence, Charles Murray left the mission and became a successful Presbyterian minister in various New Zealand parishes.

Edmond selected these two forebears 'because of the representative value I sensed their histories possessed' and 'to capture in heightened form many of the defining features of the nineteenth-century experience of displacement, migration, settlement, and the fractured relation of settler colonists to their place of departure' (p.12). This is family history of the best sort: not the pursuit so readily dismissed by 'the academy and its auxiliaries ... as amateur and recreational', but rather a richly contextualized 'history from below' (p.48). It is in many ways a deeply scholarly book, engaging with debates within history, anthropology and literary scholarship. But the book wears its scholarship lightly: the writing is compelling and a model of clarity, and Edmond has enjoyed the opportunity offered in retirement to write 'with a freer stride, "a book without footnotes" as I put it to myself' (p.14). (In case anybody is troubled by this, he does clearly note his sources at the end of the book). He brings to life a wide range of colourful characters, from ni-Vanuatu entrepreneurs to Scottish librarians to stranded whales.

The book is as much about Rod Edmond as it is about Catherine McLeod and Charles Murray. As he explores the lives of his ancestors, Edmond reflects on his own experiences as a migrant, one who left New Zealand for a scholarly career in England many years ago, but retains close ties to his motherland. The most powerful parts of the book for me were the paired