



A Happy Christmas

COLENZO

The e-organ of the Colenso Society Inc.,
 32 Hawkestone St, Thorndon, Wellington 6011;
 dedicated to making-known the life and work of the
 Reverend William Colenso
 and thus creating a spaghetti biography.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

XMAS, 1895. NEW YEAR, 1896.

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 (ESTABLISHED 1879.)

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1257

For Auld Lang Syne

EVERY CHRISTMAS



A MERRY CHRISTMAS

The dog is a gentleman

— Mark Twain

Colenso often mentioned the dogs that accompanied his travelling parties in his missionary phase....

Towards evening my dog caught a fine fat Weka....

A curious little event happened this morning, when near the summit: I was ahead of my party with my dog, and we were crossing a narrow stony ridge, a kind of saddle between two peaks, when striking my foot against a thick withered tussock of grass, two rats started out! no doubt rudely awakened out of their slumbers. My dog caught one and killed it, the other got off; they were the common English rat—here at this altitude on those barren peaks!

Taking my dog with me I went on....

Not even a plant grew on it, and my dog finding he could not well get up on it, staid behind and howled!

... suddenly I became faint, and I found my strength failing me fast. I sat down and deliberated; soon after my dog came up, wet, and covered with red vegetable mud; I tracked to where he had been bathing in a small snow-water pool, between two small hills, the water in which was quite warm, almost hot, and red, and thick with decaying vegetable matter, which had been just stirred up by the dog; I strained, or squeezed, some through my handkerchief and drank, and bathed my head and face.

Dogs are exuberant creatures, do everything at high speed, fear nothing, eat anything, go anywhere, are compelled to test and taste everything new, abuse strangers and show off, waggy-tailed and shameless. They are, in today-speak, non-risk-averse. They live a risk-taking lifestyle. They are like boys, and like boys are prone to injury. But despite that, or perhaps because of it, are quite lovable.

Man's best friend in fact—so where was Colenso's love?

Rarely did he express affection for his dogs. But then this, in March 1851 at Waimarama....

Just as we were about to leave, my faithful watch-dog & travelling companion Keeper—who has ever accompanied me in all my wanderings—unfortunately staked himself in his exuberant joy, in leaping an old fence of the village. Falling outside, he turned round & implored my aid in a most expressive manner. Jumping over the fence I soon had him in my arms, and bringing him in, I had to sew up the wound, a large rent in the lower belly; which done, I was obliged to leave him tied up, as he could not walk....

We travelled on steadily over the hills till star-light, when, quite tired and hungry,

we joined Tuingara [A small cove a few miles south of Paoanui Point on the coast between Cape Kidnapper and Black Head]... They received us kindly and soon cooked us some food, but ere my tent was pitched, a new source of grief appeared—my only remaining dog being convulsed, having eaten a poisoned bait in coming over the hills, which hilly tract, extending several miles, has been let by the Native Proprietors to Messrs. Northwood & Tiffen, for a sheep station. Fortunately I had an emetic at hand, in my box, which with difficulty we administered, & which operated just in time to save him. Had I lost this dog, my journey would have been a very trying one—it being impossible to secure one's provisions and other articles, even boots & soap—from being destroyed by the Natives' dogs.

Keeper: what a good name. But their trials were not yet over, for on 12 April...

Having turned a romantic and craggy point of land, named Ngapihao, about 2 miles from Waururangi, (most of the Natives having gone on before,) I was suddenly accosted by a whiteman armed with a double-barrel gun, who abruptly ordered me to tie up my little dog, threatening, if I did not, that he would shoot it!—suiting too, the action to the word, by raising his gun, which was cocked, to his shoulder!! I, recovering from my surprise told him, I would not tie up my dog, as we were going quietly along in the public path; and assured him, that if he shot my dog, I would seize him, and take him on to Wellington. My determined manner, and my standing before my dog, caused him to give way, saying, that he must obey his master's orders. On my enquiring after his master, he said, his name was Wilson, and that he was not then at home. I desired him to give my compliments to him, and to tell him, that I should report this matter to the Government. Walking on slowly thence, my 5 baggage-bearers overtook me, to whom I related the matter; and we had scarcely advanced half-a-mile further, ere another white man, in rags & native shaggy attire, suddenly emerged from some bushes into the pathway before us, and making towards me (I being the foremost,) abruptly ordered me to tie up my dog, or he would shoot it,—bringing up his musket to the ready as if about to do so! I again refused to tie up my dog, telling the man, that we were going quietly along in the road, and that I thought it quite time enough for him to threaten when he saw injury done, or about to be done, to his sheep. Hearing, however, from him, that the ground was strewed with poison baits, my natives tied up our dog and led him, and we proceeded. About a mile farther we overtook Te Wereta, who, on a grassy mound, where his horse was feeding, awaited our arrival. To him I related the affair, when he replied:—“I strove hard with that white man not to go to meet thee with the double barrel gun, saying, that the dog was thine, and that it was a good disposition dog which always went at large;—but he would not listen to my words.” This vexed me the more, for now I felt assured that the man whom I first encountered well-knew who I was. I had now a personal practical proof of what the Natives have to endure from many of the Settlers; of which I had heard very much. This sheep-station is quite a new one, having been*

* On the south side of the long shallow bay south of Flat Point, on the Wairarapa coast. There is a Māori cemetery at the mouth of the Waikokino Stream, near Glenburn station]

formed since I was last this way. Revolving the whole matter in my mind during the remainder of my journey, and foreseeing that much evil would be sure to follow such an illegal manner of acting if commonly adopted, especially in the newly-acquired District in the neighbourhood of Hawke's Bay and the Mission Station, I resolved to forward a memorandum of the circumstance to Mr. St. Hill, the chief police Magistrate at Wellington.

On his way home on that 1851 journey, at Patangata on 26 May, he would find *a messenger just arrived from the Mission Station, bringing me my faithful dog "Keeper," quite healed of his wounds, and the very welcome news of all being well.*

In later life he kept watchdogs on Colenso hill, but they *did* meet a sad fate (Colenso to Andrew Luff 1 March 1878)....

Now a little of my own griefs (to you). On 13th. Feby. some wretches killed my dog Carlo here near my door—beating his head in! they will trespass—especially by night & the dogs bark after them; our poor dog was here in his old berth, on the mat in the porch, at xi.30 he ran out after some, & they managed it. I put an advt. in papers in hopes! but no, now for the sequel: the next week they poisoned my other remaining dog (the little terrier) here, at my door! he never went to town alone, & never absent at night. James let him out of the kitchen at xii p.m., the dog came to his sleeping mat, folks passed (as usual) & the next mg. the poor faithful dog was cold! My man went sick over the affair, & could not eat. You may guess my feelings. These dogs were the pets of all the boys & others who come here—greatly liked. I am more alone than ever now, & I feel it, do what I may....

I have been laid up a week or more w. severe diarrhoea & vomiting (which left me very weak). James' wife said it was thinking about the dogs, but the disorder has been very prevalent....

Colenso wrote a great deal about the *kuri*, the Māori dog, returning repeatedly to the cooking and eating of dogs by Cook's crew, and especially the cannibal-dogs which ate the dog leftovers and were in their turn eaten by men and dogs. The detached pseudo-objectivity of his scientific-ethnologist-prose serves only to emphasise his distaste...

... It may be objected that the exalted degree of instinct, which we observe in our dogs, inspires us with great unwillingness to kill and eat them. But it is owing to the time we spend on the education of dogs that they acquire those eminent qualities which attach them so much to us.

TEN POUNDS REWARD.

WHEREAS some trespasser on my premises did last night about 11 o'clock brutally kill my brown retriever Dog Carlo, here close to my house: the above reward is therefore now offered to be paid by me to any one who will give such information to the Inspector of Police as will lead to the conviction of the offender.

Public Warning is also hereby (once more) given, that all persons caught trespassing on my grounds, whether by day or night, will be prosecuted.

TWO GUINEAS REWARD will be paid by me to any policeman on conviction of any person whom he may apprehend trespassing on my grounds after dark.

WILLIAM COLENZO.

Napier, February 14, 1878. 773

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Sexual assault punished...

At Petane, 3 June 1851... Occupied, till a late hour, conversing with Paul Toki, the N. Teacher, and others, in my lodging-house. One thing, among many other which they related, pleased me not a little, namely, the seizing and fining by Mr. McLean (who has a magistrate's authority) of two worthless fellows ("Pompey the black; and Charley the limping sawyer;") who have long given us all much trouble. These fellows, notwithstanding their each having a Native woman, (the sawyer brought his from Otaki,) fell upon a young married Native female, (whom I had also baptized in February last, and who, with 2 other Xn. women had come to Ahuriri to sell some wheat,) and grievously insulted & maltreated her, without, however, effecting their vile purpose. This coming to the magistrate's knowledge, (who resided in an adjoining house, there being only 4 dwellings at Ahuriri, and who had previously been informed by myself concerning the conduct of those fellows,) he immediately swore in a Constable, and apprehended and fined them; the black in £3.0.0, and the white in £2.10.0; which money was soon paid, and by Mr McLean handed over to the injured Native. For this summary proceeding I feel very thankful, as I am sure it cannot fail to have a salutary effect.

Polygamy: intolerance, doctrine and the Colenso cousins

In his *Ten weeks in Natal* (1855), Bishop JW Colenso wrote,

We had a conversation upon the much-vexed and difficult question of the treatment of polygamy, among Christian converts from heathenism. The most painful case, Mr. Posselt told me, which he had ever had before him, was that of a young man, who had two wives, both of whom he loved, and both loved him. The man wished to be baptized, and so did one of the wives—the other not. As the two converts gave evident signs of their sincerity, he said, he knew not what to do, but at length decided to marry them. “The word of God was sharper,” he thought, “than any two-edged sword.” He “could not, with the examples of the holy men of old, enforce separation, as if polygamy were in itself sinful.” But he “set before them the Lord’s will—one husband, one wife—and the order of the Church;” and then said that “though, for the present necessity, their state was permitted, yet it was not sanctioned by Christianity; and he hoped the good Lord would teach them what to do in the matter.” The two, accordingly, were baptized, and admitted to Holy Communion. But the man’s mind, after his pastor’s words, was uneasy; the congregation complained of his being allowed to have two wives; and the baptized wife threatened to leave him, if he did not put the other away. At last he did so; but the poor woman bitterly felt the separation; for “she loved him best,” his mother said, “and was the most dutiful daughter to her;” and she came to the Missionary, with tears in her eyes, to say, “You have not only taken my husband from me, but you have taken my child also,”—which, by law, became the property of the father.

I must confess, that I feel very strongly on this point, that the usual practice of enforcing the separation of wives from their husbands, upon their conversion to Christianity, is quite unwarrantable, and opposed to the plain teaching of our Lord. It is putting new wine into old bottles, and placing a stumbling-block, which He has not set, directly in the way of their receiving the Gospel. Suppose a Kafir man, advanced in years, with three or four wives, as is common among them,—who have been legally married to him according to the practice of their land, (and the Kafir laws are very strict on this point, and Kafir wives perfectly chaste and virtuous,) have lived with him for thirty years or more, have borne him children, and served him faithfully and affectionately, (as, undoubtedly, many of these poor creatures do,)—what right have we to require this man to cast off his wives, and cause them, in the eyes of all their people, to commit adultery, because he becomes a Christian? What is to become of their

children? Who is to have the care of them? And what is the use of our reading to them the Bible stories of Abraham, Israel, and David, with their many wives? I have hitherto sought in vain for any decisive Church authority on the subject. Meanwhile, it is a matter of instant urgency in our Missions, and must be decided without delay in one way or other. I may add that I returned to England in the Indiana, with an excellent old Baptist Missionary from Burmah, Dr. Mason; and I was rather surprised to learn from him, that the whole body of American Missionaries in Burmah, after some difference in opinion, in which he himself sided decidedly with the advocates of the separation system, have, in the early part of the year 1853, at a Convocation, where two delegates attended from America, and where this point was specially debated, come to an unanimous decision to admit in future polygamists of old standing to Communion—but not to offices in the Church. I must say, this appears to me the only right and reasonable course. In the next generation, but not in this, we may expect to get rid of this evil: for, of course, no convert would be allowed to become a polygamist after baptism, or to increase the number of his wives.

He was attacked for this as an apologist for polygamy, and quickly defended his position. *Remarks on the proper treatment of cases of polygamy, as found already existing in converts from heathenism* (By John William Colenso, D.D., Lord Bishop of Natal, Printed by May & Davis, Church Street, Pietermaritzburg. 1855) was a piece of devastating scholarship, beginning with,

I need scarcely say that, as a Christian, and more especially as a Member and Minister of the Church of England, believing that the holy estate of Matrimony represents to us in a mystery the “Spiritual Marriage and Union which exists betwixt Christ and His Church,” I am not likely to have said anything, in my *Ten Weeks*, or elsewhere, to invalidate the sanctity of marriage, or to represent the state of polygamy as in any way desirable or commendable. I believe, of course, that the practice is at variance with the whole spirit of Christianity, and must eventually be rooted out by it, wherever it comes. And I believe that it is our duty, as Christian men and Ministers, to aim at its extirpation among the natives of this land, as speedily as possible.

But I certainly expressed a doubt, in my published Journal, whether the method, at present adopted by the Missionaries, of requiring a man, who had more than one wife, to put away all but one, before he could be received to Christian Baptism, was the right way of accomplishing this end. I have since given much closer consideration to the question, and I have now no hesitation in saying, that I believe the above-mentioned rule to be unwarranted by Scripture, opposed to the practice of the Apostles, condemned by common reason, and altogether unjustifiable.

His cousin William Colenso was to express similar views in his essay *On the Maori Races of New Zealand* written in 1864 and published in 1868,

Polygamy being encouraged, and divorce allowed, all chiefs had several wives; which increased their power and influence considerably. Polygamy was

not the cause of disagreement or jealousy among the wives, who lived together in great harmony. Nor did it cause a disproportion of marriageable women, as many males were being continually killed in their frequent battles. The sudden bringing home of a new wife, which sometimes happened, (perhaps a slave, or from a distance,) as a matter of course made quite a sensation among the old wives, but it was only temporary. Often the old wives themselves encouraged their husband to take another, and aided efficiently in his doing so. Their injudicious early betrothals, (marriages of policy, not love,) which must take place; their great desire of offspring; their belief that barrenness always proceeded from the female; and their rule of a brother always taking the widow of his deceased brother; were among the main causes of polygamy. Politically speaking, had polygamy and divorce not been too early and rudely ecclesiastically interfered with and prohibited, the New Zealanders as a nation would, in all probability, have now been very much more numerous and better off. . . .

... The sudden termination of polygamy, slavery, and the taboo (tapu) system, without any things to replace the last two, has been the chief causes of their decline as a people in status and influence. Had some comprehensive mind early arrived in New Zealand, to point out to the first Missionaries the sure consequence of the utter and sudden removal of what then upheld the tribes and nation,—unless renewed with something equally strong and equally suitable,—more cautious and better adapted means for preserving them might have been used. However distasteful these three things might be to an European and Christian, they were the life of the New Zealander. They were perhaps the three rotten hoops round the old cask, but they kept the cask together. Slavery (though an ugly word) might have been ameliorated in New Zealand, where its form was mild compared with what it was in ancient Rome,—even as it was both there and in Asia Minor by Paul. Polygamy might have been far better dealt with, for the time, according to the lenient dealings of God with the Jewish fathers, and with New Testament teaching, than according to ecclesiastical dogmas. And much of the taboo might have been softened and altered, and borne with too, for a time, until a better, and not altogether distinct, scheme, suited to uphold and expand the moral character of the neophyte Maori Christian, had been got ready. An Eastern sage has said, “In time the mulberry leaf becomes satin.” The writer of this Essay has seen a chief,—a lineal descendant of ancient kings,—whose nod yesterday was life or death, who had several wives, many fine children, and a number of slaves; whose home was full of merry laughing faces, food, and hospitality;—he has seen him afterwards a baptized man, without servants or helpers, with little food and less clothing, ashamed and vexed at not having the means to be hospitable; with one weak wife (soon brought to be so through extra daily labour), and three children, for whom he himself had daily to work very hard, and yet could not procure for them the fish and birds and pork of former days;—while any one of his late slaves was far better off than he. The writer has seen with secret grief that man (and several such) more than once, and he has asked Christianity, “Was there really a necessity for all this?” Very likely, had those notable Maori kings been

only gradually altered, and not so suddenly and rudely abolished; and had fitting short Christian services obtained instead of wearisome long ones, the principal chiefs, heads of tribes, would have kept their status,—order would have prevailed,—the rising generation would have both known and kept their proper place,—the decrease in their numbers would have been considerably less,—they would have confidence in the Government, missionaries, and settlers, instead of suspicion;—in all probability there would have been now no war with the Government,—and the degrading fanaticism which now obtains would never have found support. *Fuit ilium!* Cook found the New Zealanders healthy, happy, and contented in the midst of all their wars and poverty.—*Are they so now?*

In fact, William Colenso had expressed similar views much earlier: the following extracts from his journals demonstrate his liberal attitude towards those still practising polygamy,

22 March 1851. The chief of the village, Tuahu, (who, with his wife Tungou, and daughter Tarewa are Candidates,) wished to be admitted to Baptism; and I, having been for some considerable time past been pleased with his conduct, had no objection; but, unfortunately, he has 2 wives, one of whom I Baptized here about 2 years ago. I had hoped, that he, knowing the “Common usage,” would have either voluntarily relinquished one, or, have absented himself from the second examination of the selected Candidates; but not so; he came, and I was obliged to deal very plainly with him, and tell him what is the rule of the Church. He said, that he was willing to separate from one of his two wives, (the one already Baptized,) but not for her to leave him altogether, nor to marry during his life to another man, she being the mother of several of his grown-up children; which kind of separation, while I could not help honouring the sentiment, I could not on the part of the Church agree to. And, in the dilemma, after a long conversation, I recommended him to remain for the time unbaptized; to which he consented.

17 May 1851. Among the Natives at present residing here was Rameka (Lamech).... I had... heard of his living with his 3 wives; I, therefore, refused him my nose when he came with the others to salute me; which public affront vexed him not a little. During the day I examined and Instructed a class of Catechumens, 5 in no.; one of whom, a middle-aged man, is new. Two of them, who were readers, I found to be 2 of the 3 wives of Lamech; these woman had now been some considerable time Candidates for Baptism, and their answers and deportment were of a pleasing kind. Having concluded my Instruction, I dismissed the Class; retaining, however, the 2 women with whom I privately conversed, & found, that Lamech had ever cohabited with them from the time of his Baptism, now about 9 or 10 years ago. I told them, that I could not, according to the rules of the Church, Baptize them, until Lamech should select one and put away 2 of them. This, they said, they had often spoken about to him, but he had hitherto obstinately refused to listen to them....

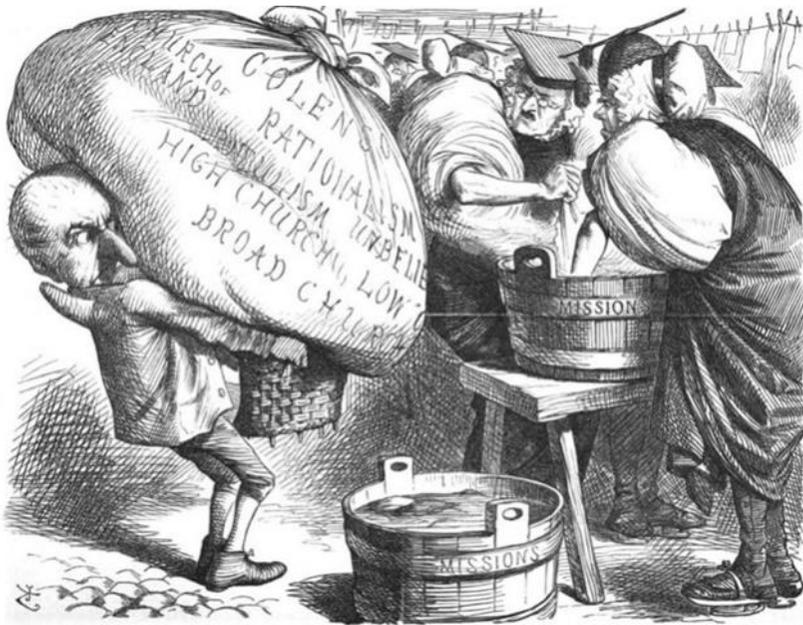
20th. ... returning to my tent, I sent Joseph to fetch Lamech; on his bringing

him, we sat down together and spent the evening in conversation. I was pleased with Lamech's manner, and his serious and frank narration; which recital Joseph verified. And could not but think his case to be a puzzling one; which, though fully & tediously related by him, a few words will serve to explain. It seems, that (about 10 or 12 years ago) the Natives of the lower Manawatu had heard of the Xn. faith from some Native Teachers who had been sent among them by Archdeacon Hadfield, and that a few of them, among whom were Joseph Paewai and Lamech, who then resided in those parts, determined to embrace it. They visited those N. Teachers several times for Xn. Instruction, by whom they were subsequently taken to Archdn. Hadfield, who, after having examined, Baptized them. Some time afterwards Lamech heard (as he says) for the first time, that it was wrong for a Baptized Native to have 3 wives at once; at which he said, "Why did you not tell me this before? You knew that I had 3 wives. Had you told me this I should not have been Baptized, because I cannot turn away my wives: I love them." He was afterwards rejected from Confirmation, and from the LORD'S Supper, on account of his wives, with whom he still dwells, and by whom he has since had several children. I recommended him to consider attentively the matter, as to whether he could put away 2 of them; but, at all events, not to give up attending Christian worship.—The question of N.Z. polygamy has never appeared to me a difficult one. I dare not say to a Native, that it is a positive sin; simply, because I cannot find such to be determined in the word of GOD:—rather (reasoning from analogy) the contrary.—The making it, in N. Zealand, a bar to Baptism, and a cause for expulsion, has been ever attended by many and serious evils.

Such views were remembered and recalled by his enemies when the opportunity presented itself. One "Junios" wrote a long letter to the *Herald* (31 July 1858), in which, among other insults, he hurled this,

... seriously, is not this nauseating trash of Mr. Colenso somewhat insulting to the electors of Ahuriri. Such presumptuous dogmatising from any one would be most offensive, but from Mr. Colenso it is insufferable. Who is Mr. Colenso that he should give himself these airs of superiority and read the electors of Ahuriri a political lecture.... Should Mr. Colenso dogmatise a little on matters with which he is known to be conversant, no one would be disposed to censure him—very severely. Should he write an elaborate article on the plants of New Zealand from the "Monandria" to the "Polygamia," the style Mr. Colenso usually adopts might be suitable enough. Or were he to discuss biblical questions and give us a dissertation on the destruction of the cities of the plain, his opinions, simply as his opinions, would carry some weight, for with such subjects he may be presumed to be intimately acquainted. (*My underlining*).

Polygamy is one subject among several where the cousins' liberal but iconoclastic views appear to have developed in concert, and, thrown together in extraordinary experiences yet separated by impossible distance, no doubt they corresponded about them. William wrote of his cousin that, "Not a few of his views were mine".



A PAN-ANGLICAN WASHING DAY

CHORUS OF OLD WASHERWOMEN: "THERE! TAKE 'EM AWAY—WE CAN'T BE WORRIED WITH THEM THINGS."

"If the seventy-five members of the Pan-Anglican Synod have not a single word to say upon any of the great questions, theoretical or practical, which concern the very existence of the Church of England, their impotent caution and misplaced decency will do more to endanger it than any external attack with which it is at present threatened."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Tenniel's cartoon from Punch 5 October 1867: Bishops at the first Lambeth Conference in 1867 who have supposedly met to resolve divisive issues crucial to the Anglican Church busy themselves instead with discussing missionary work abroad. Mr. Punch meanwhile struggles with the heavy burden of the church's dirty linen—Bishop Colenso, rationalism, unbelief, and High, Low (or Evangelical), and Broad Church factions.

In fact day 3 of the conference was given over to discussing the situation in the Diocese of Natal and its controversial bishop Colenso. Longley refused to accept a condemnatory resolution proposed by Hopkins, Presiding Bishop of the Americans, but they later voted to note 'the hurt done to the whole communion by the state of the church in Natal'. Of the 13 resolutions adopted by the conference, 2 have direct reference to the Natal situation. Day 4 saw the formal signing of the Address. There had been no plan for further debate but the bishops unexpectedly returned to the subject of Colenso, delaying the end of the conference.

Credo

eCol and spag. Bol.

Masterchef has replaced Mastermind, food is more important than ideas, and I meet more fat people than clever people.

Marcella Hazan is, however, one of the clever ones and her spaghetti Bolognese recipe ends with, “Cook uncovered for 3 hours or more, stirring from time to time.” This gets all the flavours beautifully combined....

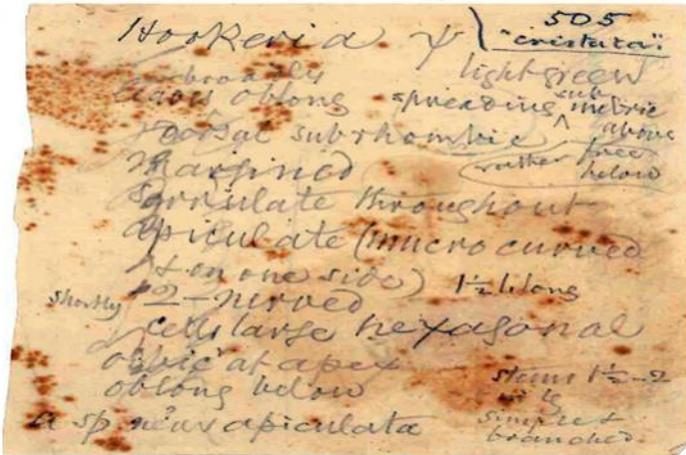
Nah. That is for people who don't like the individual tastes of garlic, herbs or chilli.

I prefer to do the mince and onions, then add hunks of tomato and then five minutes later, add big bits of garlic, several cloves sliced longitudinally, 3 or 4 slices to the clove, then decent sized chunks of chilli (with the seeds), a cup of shiraz and as it comes off the ring another five minutes later, chuck in the handful of herbs and serve at once, grating parmesan on top. Thus you get pleasant surprises—flavour bursts: the zap of a bit of chilli, the intense taste of the raw herb, the powerful smack of a piece of just-soft garlic, the tang of fresh tomato hunks. A range of different flavours and textures. Exciting. Perhaps not authentic to a burgher of Bologna, but to me more interesting.

Biography is spaghetti Bolognese. We can have a logically and chronologically sequenced and nicely blended biography, an agreeably coherent whole, a single unified flavour throughout. Or we can have a biography like *eColenso*: separate big and little chunks of different flavours, chaotic, distinct, unconnected, sometimes surprising, raw, inconsistent, discordant (whoops, wrong metaphor), unsequenced, unruly—but tasty.

Ian St George

Scraps...



Colenso, not one to waste paper, often used old envelopes for making his notes. This one is dated 22 January 1885, and records (1) an Old German reference to chapters (capitel) in the Gospels of St Luke and St John; and (2) his draft description of a moss (*Hookeria cristata*, a synonym of *Lepidopilum cristatum*) which he numbered 505 in his cryptogamic herbarium, sending specimens to Kew and to Felix Reader in Melbourne. Francis McWhannell kindly photographed these ephemerae before they were auctioned at Bethunes at Webbs in 2012.

The *Daily Southern Cross*, 25 April 1871:

Several specimens of the New Zealand thrush have lately made their appearance in Napier and the suburbs. These unwonted visitors have probably been driven down from the Ruahine Mountains. One specimen is now in possession of Mr Colenso, who intends having it stuffed.



The Northern thrush and the Long tailed cuckoo,
watercolour by Rev. Richard Laishley, c. 1865.
British Museum of Natural History.

Cape Kidnapper



William Colenso's journal, Waimarama, March 1851

25th I received an interesting account from Zachariah Ngarangikamau, concerning Capt. Cook's visit to these parts in 1769; and the plan and abduction of "Tayeto," the son of Tupaea the Otaheitian, who accompanied Capt. Cook. This was done by Zachariah's maternal grandfather, Te Ori. In this affair (which took place on the 15th of October in that year, and which has given name to the S. Cape of Hawke's Bay,) the Natives lost 2 men, Wākaruhe and Wākaika; Te Ori himself being also badly wounded by a ball, which lodging under the knee and never extracted, caused him to limp to the grave. This account agrees with the statement in Cook's Voyages; wherein he says,¹—"Some of the gentlemen who traced the canoes to shore with their glasses, said, that they saw 3 men carried up the beach, who appeared to be either dead, or wholly disabled by their wounds." Zachariah and other old men, in relating the circumstance, said, that their fathers were warned by Tupaea not to approach the ship hostilely; he saying, "*mai, mate koe*" (here, thou wilt be killed); but that their priests & Chiefs contemptuously overruled all Tupaea said, with "*Kahore he rakau o te hunga o Hawaiki; he pu kakaho, he korari!*" (The people of Hawaiki² have no other arms than reeds, and stalks of flax—i.e. *Phormium*.) It was, however, from this vessel, and at this time, that these Natives received the cabbage, and another plant which they call a "*Haaria*"; this latter has become extinct, but, from the Natives description, and from their identifying and confounding it with my Sunflowers at the Station, I presume it to have been an Artichoke, or its near ally a Chardoon; especially, too, as the name, "*Haaria*", which they traditionally remember, is the nearest approach which their language will allow of to the word "chard", the edible part of the plant. The Cabbage, which still grows wild where it was first sown at the Cape, was a great benefit to them, and is still very extensively used by the Natives.

1. Vide, 1st Voyage, vol. ii., p.306, 4to. ed., 1773.

2. Note. Hawaiki is the name by which the Sandwich Islands are called, both by the New Zealanders and the inhabitants of that groupe, the latter merely dropping the k, (which letter is not in use among them,) thus Hawaii. The universal tradition of the New Zealanders, is, that their ancestors came from Hawaiki, and they also supposed Cook's vessel to be from thence.

James Cook's journal, off Waimarama, October 1769

Sunday, 15th. P.M. stood over for the Southermost Land or South point of the Bay, having a light breeze at North-East, our soundings from 12 to 8 fathoms. Not reaching this point before dark, we stood Off and on all night, having Variable light Airs next

to a Calm; depth of water from 8 to 7 fathoms; Variation 14 degrees 10 minutes East. At 8 a.m., being abreast of the South-West point of the Bay, some fishing Boats came off to us and sold us some stinking fish; however it was such as they had, and we were glad to enter into Traffick with them upon any Terms. These People behaved at first very well, until a large Arm'd boat, wherein were 22 Men, came alongside. We soon saw that this Boat had nothing for Traffick, yet as they came boldly alongside we gave them 2 or 3 pieces of Cloth, Articles they seem'd the most fond off. One Man in this Boat had on him a black skin, something like a Bear Skin, which I was desirous of having that I might be a better judge what sort of an Animal the first Owner was. I offer'd him for it a piece of Red Cloth, which he seem'd to jump at by immediately putting off the Skin and holding it up to us, but would not part with it until he had the Cloth in his possession and after that not at all, but put off the Boat and went away, and with them all the rest. But in a very short time they return'd again, and one of the fishing Boats came alongside and offer'd us some more fish. The Indian Boy Tiata, Tupia's Servant, being over the side, they seiz'd hold of him, pull'd him into the Boat and endeavoured to carry him off; this obliged us to fire upon them, which gave the Boy an opportunity to jump overboard. We brought the Ship too, lower'd a Boat into the Water, and took him up unhurt. Two or 3 paid for this daring attempt with the loss of their lives, and many more would have suffer'd had it not been for fear of killing the Boy. This affair occasioned my giving this point of land the name of Cape Kidnapper. It is remarkable on account of 2 White rocks in form of Haystacks standing very near it. On each side of the Cape are Tolerable high white steep Cliffs, latitude 39 degrees 43 minutes South; Longitude 182 degrees 24 minutes West; it lies South-West by West, distant 13 Leagues from the Island of Portland. Between them is a large Bay wherein we have been for these 3 days past; this Bay I have named Hawkes Bay in Honour of Sir Edward, first Lord of the Admiralty; we found in it from 24 to 8 and 7 fathoms, everywhere good Anchoring. From Cape Kidnapper the Island Trends South-South-West, and in this direction we run along shore, keeping about a League off, having a steady breeze and Clear weather....

Joseph Banks's Journal October 15 1769

Snow was still to be seen upon the mountains inland. In the morn we were abreast of the Southermost Cape of a large bay, the northermost of which is Portland Isle; the bay itself was calld Hawks bay. From this point several canoes came of with nets and other fishing implements in them; they came along side with a little invitation and offerd to trade, we gave them Otahite cloth for their fish which they were excessively fond of, often snatching it from one another. With us they dealt tolerably fairly tho they sometimes cheated us by bargaining for one thing and sending up another when they had got their prise; after they had sold all their fish they began to put the stones with which they sink their nets into baskets and sell them but this was soon stoppd as we were not in want of such commodities. About this time an armd boat came alongside and offerd to trade for their Jackets. One of them had on one made of furr, this the Captn wanted to buy and bargaind for it offering a peice of Red baize; the bargain was struck and the baize sent down but no sooner had the man got hold of it than he began with amazing coolness to pack up both it and his furr jacket in a basket, intirely deaf to the Captns Demands, and the canoe immediately dropt astern. A small consul-

tation now ensued among the boats after which they all returned alongside and the fishermen again offered fish to sale which was accepted and trade renewed. The little Tayeto, Tupias boy, was employed with several more to stand over the side and reach up what was bought: while he was doing this one of the men in a canoe seized him and dragged him down, 2 then held him in the fore part of the Canoe and three more in her paddled off as did all the other boats. The marines were in arms upon deck, they were ordered to fire into the Canoe which they did; at length one man dropped, the others on seeing this loosed the boy who immediately leaped into the water and swam towards the ship; the large boat on this returned towards him but on some muskets and a great gun being fired at them left off the chase. Our boat was lowered down and took up the boy fringed enough but not at all hurt. What number were killed in the boats we cannot tell, probably not many as the people who fired at the boat in which the boy was were obliged to fire wide of her lest they should strike him, and the other boats had only a few shots fired at them; when they attempted to return some of the gentlemen who looked through glasses said however that they saw three carried up the beach when the boats landed who were either dead or much wounded. From this daring attempt the point was called Cape Kidnappers.

Sydney Parkinson's journal October 16 1769

On the 16th, we had several fisher canoes come to us; and, after much persuasion, they gave us some fish for cloth and trinkets; but none of their fish was quite fresh, and some of it stank intolerably. They went away very well satisfied, and then a larger canoe, full of people, came up to us, having their faces shockingly besmeared with some paint. An old man, who sat in the stern, had on a garment of some beast's skin, with long hair, dark brown, and white border, which we would have purchased, but they were not willing to part with any thing. When the captain threw them a piece of red baize for it, they paddled away immediately; held a conference with the fisher boats, and then returned to the ship. We had laid a scheme to trepan them, intending to have thrown a running bow line about the head of the canoe, and to have hoisted her up to the anchor; but, just as we had got her ahead for that purpose, they seized Toobaiah's little boy, who was in the main-chains, and made off with him, which prevented the execution of our plan. We fired some muskets and great guns at them, and killed several of them. The boy, soon after, disengaged himself from them, jumped into the sea, swam toward the ship, and we lowered down a boat and took him up, while the canoes made to land as fast as possible.

The speech of these people was not so guttural as the others, for they spoke more like the Otaheiteans. Many of them had good faces; their noses rather high than flat; and some of them had their hair most curiously brought up to their crowns, rolled round, and knotted.

In the evening, we were over-against a point of land, which, from the circumstance of stealing the boy, we called Cape Kidnappers. On doubling the cape, we thought to have met with a snug bay, but were disappointed, the land tending away to a point southward. Soon after we saw a small island, which, from its desolate appearance, we called Bare Island.

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eColenso is a free email Newsletter published by the Colenso Society.

Please forward to anyone who may be interested.

The editor invites contributions on Rev. William Colenso FLS FRS.

Such contributions should be emailed to Ian St George, istge@yahoo.co.nz.

The cover has advertisements from the *Hawke's Bay Herald* of Christmas Day 1895.

