



THE APRIL 2010 COLENZO SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

Brief Bios of members

Ann Collins William is one of the well known members of the Colenso family, which I have been researching for 15 years as part of a One Name Study. I am descended from his brother Edwin, who settled in Australia in 1848. I am particularly interested in how he and his cousin John William Colenso, Bishop of Natal, developed into activists in the British Empire supporting the rights of the indigenous peoples (Maoris and Zulus). On a broader scale examining the evolution of the Commonwealth from the British Empire through the stories of family members brings history alive. There are members of the family who settled in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, USA, South America, India and Burma.

Ann Collins, Colenso & Variants ONS, member 3390 [http://
acollins.customer.netspace.net.au](http://acollins.customer.netspace.net.au)

Mike Harding My father passed to me a copy of Hooker's *Handbook of the New Zealand Flora*. It was owned by my great-grandfather, Robert Coupland Harding, who was a typographer and printer. The book appears to have been given to Robert Harding by Colenso, as there is an inscription in the front of the book: "RC Harding from W^m Colenso:— with kind regards and best wishes. Napier, Aug^t 19th 1880." My grandfather (Robert's son) was Arthur Coupland Harding (1896-1949). The only information that I have regarding William Colenso Harding is on a family tree, where his birth date is listed as 1894, and death 1901.
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Mike Lusk While I do recall learning at school that Colenso was the first printer in NZ it wasn't until our family came to live in Hawke's Bay that I began to feel the need to learn more about him. Quite by chance I read a

collection called 'Great Journeys in Old NZ' in which one of his epic walks features, and about the same time saw the simple commemorative stone at the foot of Colenso Spur in the Ruahines. I've since been down the spur and have no wish to go up it, although I probably will some day. More recently I have become interested in NZ native orchids and have visited some of the places Colenso or his collectors found specimens. Reading of his botanical efforts has reinforced my belief that dedicated amateurs can still make a significant contribution to a scientific field. The study of orchids for example is revealing that a number of his named species may have been unfairly lumped, and living in 'Colenso Country' has given me a chance to help towards sorting out some of these matters.
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Ian St George My interest began with native orchids, of which Colenso discovered many, and described several. I read Bagnall & Petersen's biography keenly, and then discovered the unpublished work of the late Bruce Hamlin on Colenso's New Zealand plants held at Te Papa; I decided it was too good to leave there, so modified and expanded and updated it a little, and, with Te Papa's permission, the NZ Native Orchid Group published "Colenso's Collections" last year. That led me to the realisation that here was a largely unrecognised (at best) or suppressed (at worst) genius, whose ideas on the philosophy of science and the nature of truth were extraordinary for his time. I have collected his published work into two further volumes, and have permission of Bagnall & Petersen's descendants to republish the biography: all 3 are being considered by a publisher now. I have tried to locate all his public letters (to editors of newspapers), and his extant private letters, and these will, I hope, form the next 2 - 3 volumes.
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Gordon Sylvester My family were among the original settlers of Hawkes Bay. One of these is reputed to have built the jail on Bluff hill. He was a Royal Engineer attached to the 56th Regiment. It appears he was living on the Westshore in 1859 when his eldest daughter was born and she was reputed to be the first female child born in Napier. She went on to marry the eldest son of another early resident. Ralph was the Resident Magistrate's clerk and he was also on the register of eligible electors for Hawkes Bay for the first elections. The other two families were domiciled at Meanee at Pukehou, having arrived in the early 1870s. It would be an even bet they knew of Wm Colenso and read his letters in the paper; and perhaps had met the man and talked with him in the street or at the Hawkes Bay Philosophical Society meetings. Having introduced myself with that

information, my interest in our orchids as well as my interest in the Hawkes Bay area is my spur for the project we have engaged ourselves in. Having been to the Hawkes Bay Provincial Museum looking for family history I am aware a lot of information was destroyed in Feb.1931, and this is the perfect opportunity to collate all materials and make them available to a wider audience. We can be that vehicle. Whatever our other interests are will no doubt lead us all on roads of discovery we had never thought about previously.

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Peter Wells Recently I went on a walk round the wetlands near the site of Colenso's Mission house, 9 kms from Napier. It was put on by DoC and in some ways it was a cautionary tale. The crowd was quite large, with a mixture of pakeha elder people, with a smattering of younger people with children. An archeologist spoke briefly about Colenso and the Mission. She left the politics out, as well as the scandal, so everybody listened obediently and it didn't mean anything. The only question asked was a pakeha woman wanting to know, quite abruptly, if there were any sites around there where Maori found black mud for dyeing purposes. This eclipse of meaning epitomises the reason I have become interested in Colenso. He needs to be placed back into the tumult and living breathing powerful world - both Maori and pakeha - within which he lived. He was, above all, a vivid character. I am hoping, in my book of essays, to bring this dissident character alive again, both his contradictions and his contribution. On a more personal level, my maternal family came from Napier and I am fascinated by the fact this extremely lively intellectual chose to spend his life in this small town, in this epic-scaled region. I live just up the road from his former house, along the road from where his bones lie. I like living in the penumbra of Colenso. I find it comforting.

Robert Coupland Harding

Perhaps the best obituary written about Colenso was that of his old friend Coupland Harding, published in the (Christchurch) Press, 27 February 1899...

William Colenso: some personal reminiscences

(By Mr. R. Coupland Harding, Wellington)

Nearly eight and thirty years ago—it was in the month of March or April, 1861—

the writer, a boy of eleven years of age, and a recent arrival in Napier, was in company with his father in a house in which the furniture and effects, including the library, were being sold by auction. Always a book-lover, he with another lad of about his own age, looked longingly at some of the volumes. Many were quite new, for the local bookseller had availed himself of the opportunity to work off a quantity of stock. Popular editions of "Cook's Voyage" and "Bruce's Travels" were put up, but they went beyond his limit. Interesting as the books were, they did not prevent his noticing a gentleman of striking appearance, to whom also the books seemed to be the attraction of the sale. Of medium height, with handsome features, keen and penetrating eyes and broad intellectual brow, he would in any company have attracted notice even if it had not been for his dark and abundant hair, which at that time flowed in heavy curls upon his shoulders, completely framing his countenance and giving him a singularly venerable appearance. As the sale progressed, quite a little pile of books fell to his share; and just as the final lots were passing under the hammer, he bought a parcel of what are known in the trade as "juveniles". One of these he handed to each of the surprised lads. "I have seen enough to know that you are fond of books" he said; "here is one for each of you. You," to the writer, "were disappointed, I know. I hope this will please you." It was a classic in its way—St. Pierre's "Paul and Virginia" and "Indian Cottage", with over a hundred wood-cuts by French artists. It has long since gone the way of all picture books in a large family. A few months later the two lads met again—apprentice and "devil" respectively in a printing office, and compared notes, when the writer learned that the unknown gentleman was "Mr. Colenso. I thought everybody knew him."

Slight as was the incident, it illustrated features of character, which became more and more evident in the course of years—the abiding love of books; the keen observation; the insight into character; and more than all, the kindly and practical sympathy with the young in all their higher aspirations, to which many a school-boy or schoolgirl student of nature in all parts of the country could testify. To all such his time, his paternal advice, and sometimes his books, were freely given.

Boy as he was, the writer had known the name of the stranger, and heard much of him. The three year old province of Hawke's Bay was then in the struggles of infancy. Newspapers then—I do not think there were thirty in New Zealand all told—were live organs in every sense. On a remote coastal sheep-station, visited every two weeks by the mail-man, the "Herald" was read and re-read from title to imprint, and in the literary and political battles of the day,

"Always with a fearless heart,
Taking, giving, blow for blow,"

William Colenso was in the van. Quaint, eccentric, odd, sometimes to the last degree, were his "Tracts for the Times", but always with the sub-stratum of solid argument and practical suggestion; tremendous were his battles with opponents such as George Worgan the aged, and Charles Pharazyn the youthful—both of whom preceded him (the latter very recently) to the Unseen Land. Readers of his voluminous newspaper correspondence could not fail to form some idea of his extensive stores of information, his methodical style, his British pugnacity, and

indomitable energy. They would note certain curious mental “kinks” and personal prejudices ostentatiously displayed, but only personal acquaintance could reveal the beauty and spirituality of the hidden life—the unfathomable kindness of his nature.

Of all places, perhaps the printing office was the best to make such an acquaintance. No reference was ever made to the first meeting for nearly thirty years, when the writer found that it had not been forgotten. A constant contributor to the Press, Mr. Colenso knew every person in both printing offices. When the late Mr. James Wood, an admirable journalist, but with no practical knowledge of the trade, started the “Herald” in 1857 with no assistance save two half-trained lads from Auckland (both of whom are in New Zealand still), the press work of the paper was sometimes open to criticism. The tradition still lingers, and it is perfectly true, that Mr. Colenso paid the office a visit, and removing his coat and turning up his sleeves, instructed the boys in the art of washing the inking-rollers.

Thirty-eight years ago Mr. Colenso had not entered actively into politics, save as a disputant or advocate in the Press. Often I have regretted that his unbounded energy led him into so uncongenial a field, withdrawing him from pursuits for which he was better fitted, and in which his work, being such as none other could do, was of immeasurably greater value to his fellows. At the time of the incident narrated in the opening paragraph, he had just unsuccessfully contested the Napier seat in the first General Assembly. The auction sale was in the house of his successful opponent, who, to the disgust of his constituency, and his supporters in particular, after travelling to Auckland at the public expense as M.H.R. resigned immediately on arrival, never even taking his seat, and sent instructions to his agent to realize his property. Small as this incident was, it had large results, including a change of Ministry. Mr. Colenso at once offered himself for the vacant seat, and was championed by the newly-started paper “The Times”. He was opposed by the late H.B. Sealy, of the Provincial Lands Department and in later years Resident Magistrate, but this time was elected by a substantial majority. Meantime, Parliament had met and Napier was unrepresented. Steamers did not run to Auckland every week. Telegraphs as yet were not dreamed of. Those were troublous times when Browne (also passed away) was Governor. Hostilities were still smouldering at Taranaki, and bands of disaffected natives were stirring up strife on the West Coast to the very gates of Wellington, while in Central Auckland the powerful “King Movement” was being steadily organized. Worst of all, there was no unity of counsel or purpose in the Colony. House and country alike were almost evenly divided on the ever-lasting Native Question. All unknown to the Napier folk, a direct motion of want of confidence in the Stafford Ministry had been tabled by the late Sir William Fox. What they did know was this—that questions of far-reaching import were under discussion, and that, thanks to the prank of Mr. H.P. Stark, they were without a vote in the matter. By the first opportunity the new member left, and after a leisurely passage his steamer entered the Waitemata, and was signalled at Port Albert. A longwinded orator was eloquently denouncing the Stafford Ministry and all its work when a slip of paper was passed to him, and, to the surprise of the House, he at once collapsed. So did the debate, and the vote was taken. That slip

contained the significant words, "Cut it short—Colenso's coming!" Directly afterward, the member for Napier arrived and took the oath and his seat—but all too late. The Stafford ministry had just been defeated by a majority of one! But for Stark's resignation, the whole course of New Zealand history might have been changed. Hawke's Bay was Staffordite almost to a man. Stafford had drafted and carried the New Provinces Act, which had given Hawke's Bay its constitution; "the three F's"—Fox, Featherston, Fitzherbert—had been its uncompromising opponents. The change of administration was one of the most revolutionary and far-reaching in its effects that New Zealand has known. For with the Fox Ministry came in the "new institutions" which were to settle for ever the native difficulty; and the failure of which, well-intentioned as they were, was demonstrated by ten successive years of strife and bloodshed.

Mr. Colenso was a notable figure in all the Parliaments he attended, and I still remember the criticisms of an Auckland scribe who had been strongly impressed by his grave and imposing figure, and specially by his flowing locks. A year or two afterwards he cut them off, and the portrait taken in 1855 might easily be taken to represent him as he appeared ten years later. No more conscientious or industrious member ever sat in Parliament; but as a politician he was not a success. He grew less popular and less in touch with his constituents as years went on, and seemed to be the only person who did not realise the fact. Conscious of duty faithfully performed, he came forward as of old—on the last occasion receiving a paltry a number of votes, and being out-numbered by candidates of such inferior calibre, that he withdrew finally from the political stage.

In the Provincial Council, on the contrary, where he represented the town for many years, he was always one of the most useful members, and his services were appreciated, as he was, I believe, always elected until he purposely disqualified himself in order to give undivided attention to his lexicon. His intimate knowledge of the district and people, his good sense and unquestioned integrity, here met with a suitable field. For some years he was Provincial treasurer, and as he rode daily to his office on a tall and ancient white horse, his figure was a familiar one to young and old. In later years, as Inspector of Schools, he visited the length and breadth of the Province, and endeared himself to the children throughout its bounds, giving to many of them their first impulse to the study of natural history, in which, as he always insisted, they would find delight yielded by no other pursuit,

I must not be understood to disparage his work in the Assembly, much of which was of a solid and substantial kind, such as more popular men could have done. He had a keen eye for flaws in a Bill or in an argument. He was a very advanced Liberal as the times went; but would not be recognised by the Party who claim the title to-day. One of his most notable speeches was on the Masters and Servants Bill of an old Canterbury veteran, who had seen service in India, and whose ideas had been largely shaped thereby. Possibly the Labour leaders of to-day never heard of that Bill. Their fury if they could read it would be worth contemplating. It received unmeasured condemnation from Mr. Colenso, sustained a signal defeat, and was never again beard of.

On the painful subject of the Maori Lexicon I will not dwell. Its history could not

be even briefly told in a column of the paper. In 1861 (his first session) he moved a resolution to the effect that the time had come for the state to make an organised attempt to rescue the dying language of New Zealand from oblivion; and the resolution was carried. At that time he was not in a position to undertake the work, and it was his intention to hand over all his thirty years' collection of words, proverbs, songs, &c., gratis, as a nucleus. Numerous old chiefs and tohungas, possessing vast stores of legendary lore—some of them men who had seen Captain Cook—were then living, and could have assisted. In 1865 the Government, urged by Mr. Mantell, took up the subject, and in 1866 Mr. Colenso, then to some extent at liberty, was urged, as the one man in New Zealand best qualified for the task, to take it up. Seven years was fixed for the completion of the work, the remuneration to be £300 a year. A change of Government took place, and the petty jealousies which are the curse of party politics, came into play. First, the free postal facilities were withdrawn. A circular requesting the co-operation of officers in native districts was so framed as to imply very clearly that the Government were quite indifferent on the subject. Then, before half the appointed time had passed, the author was notified that it was time that a large portion of the work should be in the press! Replying that this was impossible as he had not so much as begun his fair copy for the printer, he was notified that payments were stopped, pending investigation. The manuscript was examined by qualified persons, who reported that a vast amount of work had been done; that thousands of pages had been written, from the first letter to the last, involving, as such work does, much cross-reference; that seven years was altogether too short for a work of such magnitude, and that the author had more than performed his part during the time he had been engaged.

All this was withheld from Parliament, and the House and country were officially informed that the author had undertaken the work three and a half years ago, had regularly drawn his money, amounting to over a thousand pounds, and had not a single page ready for the printer. Supplies were stopped, and all remonstrances and suggestions from the author were unheeded. He had retired from his salaried public offices, cut down his correspondence, dropped all his favourite scientific pursuits, and now found the work thrown back on his hands. The breach of faith was monstrous, and a litigious man would certainly have recovered heavy damages. Then a sample portion, in completed form, was demanded, to be laid before the House. The A portion was so prepared. The Government printed the title, preface, preliminary notes, &c. with a wealth of blank pages, followed by a few lines of actual text, apparently to throw contempt on the work, and then "lost" the copy, which was discovered 18 years after in a pigeon hole, and was printed (partly at the author's own cost) only last year by the present Government. The manuscript, which will probably equal some two thousand or more pages of printed matter, has been bequeathed to the State, with the request that they take up and print the work. It may be noted that Mr. Colenso's rough manuscript is far better than the bulk of the fair copy that passes through a printers hands.

Mr. Colenso's books—his historical ones in particular—while possessing a singular charm for many readers, repel others by their discursiveness; in fact I have known a schoolmaster condemn his style as "vicious". So, with his oratory, his

style was peculiar and never popular. Two causes contributed to this: his long practice in writing minute, technical and scientific descriptions, and his habit for many years of thinking, speaking, and writing in Maori. To one or other of these habits all his singularities of diction may be referred. I remember once hearing him describe how he carried some point in a large assembly of natives. "First", he said, "I quoted a proverb of the olden time—that always gains their attention and approval—then I followed it up with the old fable of the fight between the land and water birds. By that time they were in a mood to follow my argument." And as the memory of one of the most unfortunate of his hustings speeches flashed on my mind, I could not but think how entirely unsuited such methods are for an audience of free and independent electors, and with what impatience and occasional derision such a gathering will greet an oration which starts with a proverb and an apologue. I had, years before, on his last appearance as a candidate, heard him begin a speech with a fable (by Southey, if I rightly remember) about a certain "little water-wagtail". The larrikins guffawed and jeered, but they did not know their man. He was not to be put down, and not one jot of the water-wagtail story did he abate. So, once, at a Wesleyan anniversary, he provoked a smile by reference to the Cornish Methodist-maidens with, "their pretty sulphur-coloured ribbons". Years afterwards he published in the "Transactions" a valuable article on the colour-sense of the Maori. Therein may be found the origin of the quaint comparison. His inveterate habit of marking off, numbering, dividing and sub-dividing his points, may be traced to the natural history methods of classification.

The New Zealand Institute, while appreciating his unequalled scientific papers, were curiously blind to the value of his historical memoirs, the most original records of our early history ever published. If he had not had the means to print them privately they would never have seen the light. The paper on his early crossings of the Ruahine range was rejected. It is now nearly out of print, and highly prized by collectors. His "Jubilee Paper", describing the first establishment in New Zealand of the printing press, and the printing of the first Maori New Testament, was accepted, conditionally on his submitting to its abridgement by the Council. His reply was a most emphatic negative. With some difficulty he recovered the manuscript, and, he said, "It was a spectacle! Three hands had been over it in succession; on with a blue pencil, one with a B.B., and another with red ink, and there was little enough left when the third had done with it. The man with the blue pencil seemed to have had quite a vindictive pleasure in striking out everything of historical interest." The manuscript was enlarged, an appendix added, and lithographed plates, from beautiful pencil sketches of his own, made in 1838, and forms a most important historic document.

Well do I remember my parting with him (not for the last time, I am glad to say), on leaving Napier eight years ago. When I rose to leave, he brought out certain small mementoes he had laid aside for me from his stores of early printing. But there seemed an unspoken thought behind, and a most inopportune faculty of mental induction came into play, sad I seemed to divine, to my real disquiet, what each word and action was leading up to. And, last of all, as a climax he produced a copy of his precious book, the rarissima Maori New Testament of 1837, composed and

bound by his own hands, as his parting gift. I could not but dissemble—it was intended for a surprise, and as such I received it; but much was the transparency of his nature that I had, all unwittingly, perceived is secret thought for a quarter of an hour. Need I say that the little volume in pigskin is the one most precious volume of my library?

He was wonderfully methodical with his letters, registering all he wrote and received (and he sometimes wrote over a thousand in a year), and docketing his inward correspondence in the original envelopes, fastening them in parcels with a band. In fact, some of his old correspondence was on the curiously-folded letter paper in use before envelopes or postage stamps were invented. Several times I told him that he possessed a small fortune in old New Zealand stamps alone yet a few months ago he told me that he had lately destroyed over a thousand very old envelopes with their letters, without remembering the value of the stamps.

He has lent me for perusal letters of some of the earliest missionaries (Mr. Woon, the Wesleyan, another Missionary Printer, whose venerable face and figure I remember with affection in the village of Wanganui—“Petre”, then, according to the postal department was one of them). Treasured among them were affectionate childish notes—commissions to buy trifles in some far-away town—thanks for welcome gifts. One of the little boy writers lies in a northern cemetery, having passed sway in middle age; another is a grey-headed grandsire. Parted by death—long parted by estrangement; but the old letters, mementoes of the old affection, were treasured to the end.

Of his charities time would fail to speak. His munificent gifts to the poor of his native town are known by all, and had the undesirable results of flooding him with begging letters. Like all generous men, he was sometimes deceived by a plausible vagabond but as a rule his help was as judiciously as it was kindly given. In his friendly assistance to students and lovers of nature he always acted as if he was receiving instead of conferring an obligation. Some years ago, botanising in the woods far inland, he chanced upon the humble abode of a foreigner. The man had quite a collection of coins and medals, gathered at various times, and was an enthusiast, displaying unusual knowledge of the subject. His visitor’s face beamed with pleasure—the pleasure of a kindly deed in anticipation. For his mind reverted to a neglected volume in his library at home—a standard authority on numismatics, with many fine copperplate illustrations. On his return to town the book was looked up and despatched, with his regards, as a gift to his friend in the bush, who would be able to do what its possessor had hitherto failed to do—make good use of it.

Two years ago, corresponding with Mr. Leo Grindon, the venerable botanist and philologist of Manchester, I sent him a copy of the “Ruahine” pamphlet. He wrote of it in enthusiastic terms. “The narrative reads like a romance, and is far more delightful and interesting to me than anything I have had in my hands for a very long time. The botany is splendid. Happily, I have sufficient idea of almost all the plants mentioned, to absorb all that is said about them.... I lay the little book with my treasures for perusal again and again. Many of the adventures and recitals an charmingly novel. I appreciate, also, I hope, the piety of many of the sentences,

and am simply delighted with the poetic extracts. Some are new to me; all are appropriate.”



RC Harding

Of his really beautiful and genuine piety, his simple and unflinching trust in Divine Providence, it is well to speak, as it shaped and influenced his whole character, becoming more apparent with advancing years. His daily habit, in his morning devotions, was to read the Church Lessons for the day not only for private edification, but to share in the communion of fellow believers. When from infirmity he could attend only the Sunday morning service, he made it a practice in the privacy of his home to mentally review Church after Church where his ministerial friends were engaged—those of other denominations as well as his own—and pray for a blessing on each by name. To strangers he might seem to be merely a polemic; by some of the rigidly orthodox he was rated as something of a heretic; but his religion was of the soundest—the kind that shapes the life and action.

When he landed in 1834, drunkenness was fearfully prevalent, and he and others formed the first New Zealand Temperance Society, the “rules” of which constituted the first book in English printed in New Zealand. His temperance pledge he faithfully kept throughout his life. It was a pledge of an early phase of the movement and did not apply to fermented liquors. To the end of his days he held spirits and tobacco in utter detestation. To prohibition orators and leagues he had an almost equal aversion.

The Napier papers have published some lines: “I am weary; lay me low,” apparently under the impression that they were his own. This is a mistake. They were adapted from a little poem, anonymous, I think, which went the rounds about twenty-five years ago. He had the habit of copying lines which took his fancy and sending them to friends. There were stanzas in the original which, not suiting his purpose, were omitted. He was not, to my knowledge, addicted to verse-writing. The only rhyme I know of his composition is a playful political squib, making no pretensions to poetry, published anonymously in the “Herald” early in 1860.

Much more might be written from the memoirs of thirty-eight years of close friendship and intimate correspondence, but I forbear. More than a week has passed since he was called hence, departing gently in his sleep, but I have not yet realised the fact. “To me he had seemed”—to use a striking expression, from Fennimore Cooper’s story of “Mark’s Reef” where the hero speaks of the blank that followed his father’s death—“to be one of the fixtures of the earth.”

Harding’s bookplate shows Colenso reading—Ed.



Bookplate designed for the late R. Coupland Harding by D. H. Souter.

William Colenso Who?

In his "Brief Bio" Mike Harding mentions his grandfather's brother, named William Colenso Harding, who died in 1901 aged seven years. The health of Harding's children is a recurring concern in Colenso's letters to Coupland Harding.

This little boy was not the only one whose parents did Colenso the honour of naming a child after him. Colenso wrote to his Cornwall nephew William Colenso (26 February 1895) about the portrait painted by Gottfried Lindauer,

You also rightly remark, that this large oil portrait of me, presented to me by our Philosophical Institute, is an honour to you and our family, as well as to myself. But, as I take it, I (or we) have still greater honours, here in N.Z.—viz, last month a prominent Settler of Wellington, Christened his son "William Colenso"—this making the 7th. so named and known to me in the colonies.—

He was referring to William Colenso Harding's christening, and to...

William Colenso Drummond 1888–1918, son of John Drummond, blacksmith at Ongaonga, died at Dannevirke after serving as Captain in the New Zealand Rifle Brigade in Suez and Egypt.

Walter Colenso Winkelmann, son of Charles Winkelmann, Te Aute teacher and later Northland teacher and vaccinator. Nephew of Henry Winkelmann, celebrated Auckland photographer.

Walter Colenso Johansen, Norsewood.

Bernard Colenso Blacklock, b1887 Mt Roskill.

William Colenso Reader, son of Felix Reader, chemist of Melbourne, a moss collector who lived for a time in Hawke's Bay, and to whom Colenso sent many specimens.

I do not know who the 7th was.

This free email Newsletter will be published irregularly. The editor invites contributions on any matter relating to the life and work of the Rev. William Colenso FLS FRS. Such contributions should be emailed to ian.stgeorge@rnzcp.org.nz.

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