

# eColenso

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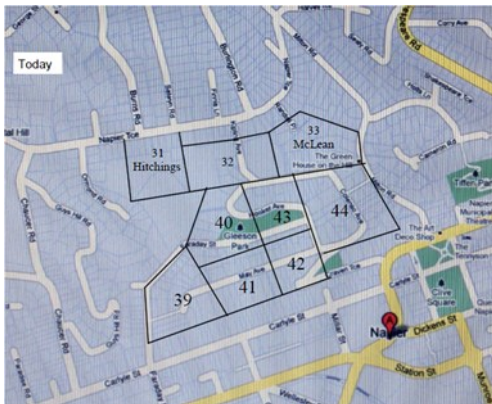
# Colenso's man Anderson

By Ann Collins

In his will, dated September 18, 1895, William Colenso included the following bequests.

*I give and bequeath to my present old servant Robert Anderson, if residing with me at the time of my decease, the sum of fifty pounds and to his son John Anderson the sum of fifty pounds, this latter sum to be paid to him John Anderson even if his father have left my service.<sup>1</sup>*

From an entry in Colenso's journal Robert Anderson had been working for him, when he died, for around twenty years.<sup>2</sup> References to Robert, his wife Mary and their son John are sprinkled through Colenso's late journals and letters — leaving enough information to develop an impression of their relationships with him.



Colenso's land on Napier Hill. eColenso July 2011

Robert Anderson, a gardener, is listed as living in Milton Street, Napier from the 1885/6 electoral roll. This is also Colenso's address. From 1896 Mary and their son John are also listed in Milton Street. Women obtained the vote in 1893. Their son John was born in 1871, therefore eligible to vote from 1892.

Colenso's man was his gardener, tending the more than 30 acres described as Napier town lots 39 to 44 inclusive — the magnificent hill property that formed Colenso's residential estate.

Mary Anderson was his housekeeper, occasionally called “*auld wifie*”. Together the couple maintained Colenso's household during his frequent absences.

Robert Anderson, aged 20, married Mary Patrick, aged 22, on 18 November 1859, in Greenock, Renfrewshire, Scotland, according to the forms of the Church of Scotland. He was a seaman in the merchant service, son of Henry Anderson, a labourer, and Charlotte Clack (deceased). Mary was the daughter of John Patrick, an Irish stone mason and Margaret Thomson. Her parents had married in Ireland and migrated to Greenock around 1838, after Mary's birth. On their marriage certificate Robert signed with his mark and Mary was literate.<sup>3</sup>

In 1861 Mary Anderson was living, without Robert, in Buccleuch Street, Greenock, with a six month old boarder, and her occupation was recorded as “*wet nurse*”. Robert was possibly at sea, and Mary

1. Colenso's will, eColenso, supplement April 2011.

2. Late Journals of William Colenso, May 19, 1895.

3. Scotland marriage certificate Mary Patrick, 1859/564/1 33.

had lost a child and was supplying her breast milk to another baby.<sup>4</sup>

Robert migrated to New Zealand around 1868, perhaps leaving his ship to seek his fortune in the antipodes. Colenso recorded that Mary made her way to New Zealand independently.<sup>5</sup> Their son John was born in Petane, Napier in January 1871. On John's birth certificate his father describes himself as a settler, again signing with his mark.<sup>6</sup> In a letter to Balfour, Colenso mentioned that his man had lived several years in the Petane Valley, prior to working for him.<sup>7</sup>

Despite their eventual tenure of close to twenty years, as early as 1885, Colenso felt that they would leave his employment and NZ.

*I just find, that Robt. & wife are off tomorrow to Hastings leaving me to keep house, & go without tea—I don't mind the hot dinner: from words of late (dropped) I expect they will leave me & N.Z. soon—for Home; her doing, a dreadfully discontented person.—<sup>8</sup>*

John was around 10 years old when his parents started working for and living with Colenso. In the 1896 electoral roll he was working as an accountant. It was probable that Colenso took a great interest in his life and education, resulting in his strong opposition to John's leaving New Zealand. This interest was highlighted in Colenso's descriptions of the events of 1895.

Colenso wrote to Harding that Robert Anderson had given notice that he was intending to return to Scotland in March 1895. Colenso discussed the matter with him, initially raising concerns about the impact on Bob's health:

*...showing him the folly of such a thing — as far as he was concerned, (he has fallen off of late, losing strength, laid up occasionally, &c.) — and that I should oppose to my utmost their son going with them! (Fat in the fire, that night: Rob-*

*ert, however does not want to go, nor to leave me) next day I was asked by Robert, for their son John to come and see me: Yes: & we talked for an hour — he, too, was with me, in not wishing to leave NZ, and to cut it short the “auld wifie” is to go alone (she came out so) in March; and Robert and son, remain here: for a long time (2 years or more). Robert has done nearly all domestic work and we shall toddle along together I dare say: this eases my mind considerably — now, I can go bush, &c, &c.<sup>9</sup>*



Colenso's house in Milton-road around 1895  
(Bagnall & Petersen)

4. 1861 Census Mary Anderson 564/3 18/8.

5. As near a conversation as possible, letter to Harding, January 25, 1895.

6. NZ birth certificate John Anderson, 1871/1034.

7. As near a conversation as possible, letter to D P Balfour, March 25, 1882. David Paton Balfour (1841-1894) was a sheep farmer, who collected plants for William Colenso.

8. As near a conversation as possible, letter to Harding dated between December 1884 and February 1885.

9. As near a conversations as possible, letter to Harding, January 25, 1895.

Colenso described Mary Anderson's farewell in his journal.

*This morning at 10, my man's wife Mary Anderson left for Wellington, thence by Tongariro steamer for Scotland! — 14 -15 years residing with me, and not yet acclimatized!! (Alas, discontented and selfish). She leaves her husband and (grown-up son) with me. Only one word at parting, (little love!) "I am come to say goodbye". Taking her hand I rejoined, "I heartily say good-bye, perhaps wishing you more and better than you can wish yourself: I have that feeling that we shall never meet again." Then, releasing her hand, she left. May the Lord have mercy on her — How happy she might have been! How much better for all of us!!—<sup>10</sup>*

She left from Wellington on March 21, 1895 for Monte Video, Rio de Janeiro and London. Colenso reported to Harding that the "Tongariro, with Bob's wife reached England on 6<sup>th</sup>, 4 days after fixed time, and Bob had received no notice of her from Rio, &c — so he is getting better."<sup>11</sup>



SS Tongariro owned by the New Zealand Shipping Company

A few months after her arrival in Britain, Mary wanted to return to her husband and son. Colenso agreed to this but with conditions that were expressed as a written ultimatum. The terms were initially discussed in a long conversation with John Anderson, resulting in a letter for him, his father regarding his mother.<sup>12</sup> This was followed by a long conversation with Robert and John

about the letter, with them agreeing with him.<sup>13</sup>

Colenso included the following in a letter to Harding:

*....on Thursday last Anderson received a note from his wife, saying she was returning by Ruahine, and next day, lo! The Ruahine was in Hobart! And so, her son, John must rush off instanter, on Saturday to Wellington, (in spite of my showing no hurry), and, to the present, no wire from John to his father (9:30 pm a wire to hand — here tomorrow by express) — to me — it is all natural enough. However, her return may be the immediate cause of breaking up here: on no account, should she ever be again here, as before (i.e. during the last 2-3 years) I would rather break-up house-keeping: and so, things are squally and uncomfortable-in-prospect; she may, however, be inclined to do duty, and if so, then all may be well: she knows my ultimatum and so, of course, Bob & Son.<sup>14</sup>*

A fortnight later in another letter to Harding:

*Robert Anderson's wife returned hither on Thursday 2<sup>nd</sup>. Most unexpectedly she rushed in to see me!! I had previously told him — that she was to be as a mere visitor to them (as far as I was concerned) until Monday evening 6<sup>th</sup> when we would have our talk. This accordingly took place, all present, and as she promised to obey &c. and so things have gone on — & much better than before (on a separate bit of paper I will give you my terms — which her son had also*

10. Late Journals of William Colenso, March 19, 1895.

11. As near a conversation as possible, letter to Harding, May 6, 1895.

12. Late Journals of William Colenso, August 4, 1895.

13. Late Journals of William Colenso, August 5, 1895.

14. As near a conversations as possible, letter to Harding, January 1, 1896.

*sent to her in Scotland). — I scarcely need to tell you — that on the whole I was pleased with this.*<sup>15</sup>

Later in the same letter Colenso mentioned that he was losing teeth, driving him to soft foods. He would like a “good, kind and thoughtful housekeeper” who would make “tapioca, rice, arrowroot and cornflour puddings.” Mary Anderson made such commonly for her son John and Colenso had hopes that now he could receive such and begin to call his Napier house his home.

On May 5, 1896 Colenso had a long and serious conversation with John Anderson, possibly including discussion of his mother’s behaviour.<sup>16</sup> A couple of months later, in July, Colenso records that he had “a fracas with his old housekeeper” where she said she was “living in purgatory!!” Colenso told her husband that she was not to come into the house for 3 days. After that time had elapsed “all of us to consider matters.”<sup>17</sup>

John Anderson married Ellen O’Neill on June 23, 1897 in the Napier Catholic Church.<sup>18</sup> No mention in Colenso’s journal or letters — possibly because he was still recovering, in Woodville, from the buggy accident he suffered in April 1897.

In a letter from Dannevirke Colenso wrote to Harding “A wire to hand from my man’s son (John) his wife had a son on Monday night, & all well.”<sup>19</sup> This was Robert Patrick Anderson, born in Napier on April 16, 1898. He was the first of the couple’s 3 sons and daughter — the only one born before Colenso died.

The Andersons, including John and family, continued to live in Milton-road until 1900. From a letter he wrote for Colenso, to Ethel Florance in January 1899, John spent time at Colenso’s bedside in the last month of his life.<sup>20</sup> Mrs Anderson, John’s mother or wife, found Colenso dead in his bed on 10 February 1899.

The Anderson family continued to live in Napier, with Robert dying on 14 June 1913. He was 75 years old, with carcinoma of the tongue and suffering from senility. He was still a gardener and had been in New Zealand for “about 45 years”, born in Suffolk.<sup>21</sup> In contradiction of his marriage certificate his father’s name was given as Thomas, also a gardener. There is no further information about Mary. John and his family lived in Havelock Street, with John (13 August 1966) and Ellen (3 September 1942) being buried in Taradale Cemetery.<sup>22</sup> Aged 95 at his death, it is likely John was the last to have known Colenso personally.



Ellen & John Anderson’s headstone in Taradale Cemetery. <https://billiongraves.com/grave/Ellen-Anderson/9927144#/>

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15. As near a conversation as possible, letter to Harding, January 15, 1896.

16. Late Journals of William Colenso, May 5, 1896.

17. Late Journals of William Colenso, July 6, 1896

18. NZ Marriage certificate John Anderson, 97/2091.

19. As near a conversation as possible, letter to Harding, May 12, 1898.

20. As near a conversation as possible, letter to Ethel Florance, January 27, 1899.

21. NZ Death certificate Robert Anderson 1913/100.

22. Taradale Cemetery Records, section A, item 26.



# Dangers and Fatigues of Missionary Travelling in New Zealand

—from the *Missionary Gleaner*, Vol. 9, 1849

## DANGERS AND FATIGUES OF MISSIONARY TRAVELLING IN NEW ZEALAND.

IN consequence of the great extent of the districts in New Zealand which are placed under the charge of our Missionaries, and the scattered character of the population, long and fatiguing journeys are necessary, in visiting the different villages, and affording to the inquiring Natives the means of instruction. A New-Zealand Missionary must therefore prepare himself, like the Apostle, to be in “journeyings often, in perils in the wilderness, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often.” Of this we find an exemplification in a recent journey of the Rev. W. Colenso from Port Nicholson to the plain or valley of the Wairarapa, so called from the lake of that name; by whose tributary rivers, of which the principal is called the Ruamahanga, it is amply watered. For a portion of the way they proceeded along the new road leading up the valley of the Hutt, and crossed the ridge of the mountain range which divides the flat

open country of the Wairarapa from the western portion of the Wellington District. From this point their sufferings commenced.

We travelled on for several miles over dry stony plains, on which a rambling thorny shrub, of stunted growth, abounded. This plant was peculiarly trying to the Natives’ feet, although they had endeavoured to protect them as they best could with sandals, ingeniously woven of the leaves of the New-Zealand flax. At one P.M. we determined to cross the swamp, and cut through the wood before us; having taken proper notice of the situation and bearing of the high hill near Huaangarua, on the opposite side of the valley. The water in the swamp—walking warily—proved not to be more than two feet in depth; but on entering the wood we found, to our confusion, that it was entirely composed of a net-work of deep pools of water, among which various species of a grass, appropriately named by the settlers cutting and razor grass, most luxuriantly grew, attaining to the height of ten or twelve feet and upward; and all this in addition to what we had, as a matter of course, expected to find—rotten logs, and broken-off branches, and prostrate trees. We, however, little suspected that we were entering on Kaitara, a forest which, for its entangled denseness and deep swamps, has been proverbial for ages with the New Zealanders; nor did we conceive, bad as everything around us appeared to be, a tithe of the miseries which awaited us during the closing hours of this day. We had been about half an hour advancing into the wood, when I found that three of my party—among whom was my old lad, Samuel—were missing; so I immediately called a halt, and we shouted together with all our might, but there was no answer. Leaning against the trees among the pools of water, we waited some time, when one of my Natives went back to the entrance of the wood, and by-and-bye two of the three came up, but Samuel could not be found. Some of my party now recollected his having severely hurt one of his feet in crossing the thorny plain, while one of those who last came up had seen him sitting down on the opposite side of the swamp. In this dilemma we agreed to wait awhile, Matthias again returning, shouting as he went, to the entrance of the wood, while I made my dog to bark with all his might with his deep and power-



William Colenso and companions in Te Ruahine: Conrad Frieboe's drawing from AH Reed's *Explorers of NZ* 1960, p15.

*Would he have needed a machet? They were following old Māori tracks.*

ful voice, until, between us, we alarmed all the parrots upon the trees, who flew screaming about, the whole forest resounding with the uproar. In about an hour Matthias returned, bringing Samuel with him, to our great comfort. He had halted to tie up his wounded foot, and, losing sight of us among the reeds, &c., of the swamp, had crossed it lower down, and was entering the wood when Matthias's voice reached his ear, and he found his way to us. Being all very hungry, I shared up a little bread to each; yet, fearing it possible we might not get out of the forest this evening, I withheld a little for to-morrow. The Tawara fruit being now ripe, and growing plentifully about us, we gathered and ate as we went. We had proceeded on for about two hours in moody silence, each one vainly hoping that the worst was past, and that we were near the exit, when we found the wood to become so bad as to be all but quite impassable, even to experienced New-Zealand travellers. Philip, a stout and kind Native Chief and Teacher, who had come with me from Te Kōpi, had taken the lead; and now, being worn out, and his hands, knees, and thighs bathed in blood, he threw himself down upon the ground, declaring, in the most melancholy manner, that he could do no more. I spoke a few words of encouragement, and another Native took the lead; but we soon found that what we had passed through was as nothing compared to what we had now to contend with. We were now in an extensive and deep morass, surrounded on all sides by impervious forests, filled with sharp reeds, scratching brambles, and cutting grasses, which exacted a severe tribute from our person and clothes for our trespassing upon their hitherto unvisited domain. At every step we sunk *at least* to our knees, often to our middles, and it was sometimes a difficult matter to get out of the bottomless holes into which we had fallen, there being nothing better than the wretched vegetation last mentioned to lay hold of. My old and tried walking-stick, which had been so often proved, broke in two; and this circumstance, small as it was, made my party quite downhearted, as if it were ominous. Often did I see my poor baggage-bearers sink down into the mud to their loins, being kept only by the box or basket on their backs resting on the rushes from sinking further. About 5 P.M., seeing no end to our misery, and now scarcely knowing whither we were going, I induced Edwin, an expert climber, to ascend a high pine-tree, and look about him. How

anxiously did we beneath wait to catch his words! And when he shouted down, "Alas! such a forest, such a forest; stretching away interminably!"—our hearts almost sank within us. But there was no time for idling; so we again went to work. Another Native taking the lead, we kept on, as before, for another hour, when I again got Edwin to climb a tree, and to make observations. As before, so now, we gained nothing to cheer us. Only a swampy lake, having apparently deep water in it, we found to be just ahead, between us and a dense forest which stretched away as before; so we sloped away to the South-West in order to avoid the water. We thus continued to force our way for another hour, the wood seeming to get more watery as we advanced, when, it getting dark, being near sunset, and now only wishing to find a dry and firm spot to halt upon, I again sent Edwin up a tree, but with very little better success, save that he saw a hill in the distance, in the direction in which we were going, and also the hilly route behind us which we had yesterday come over. We now sought about for a dry and firm spot to pitch the tent on, knowing that it would soon be pitch-dark in the wood, and fortunately we soon found a small space among the pools of water, where we thankfully halted. But our troubles were not yet at an end; for Edwin, poor fellow, wandering to a little distance to seek some Totara bark, to form the roof of a rudely-constructed hut—the wind being very high, with every appearance of rain, and to-morrow being Sunday—lost his way back, and we saw him no more till 9 A.M. on the morrow. All the night we were very uncomfortable about him. I was quite shocked at the appearance of some of my Natives this evening, especially Nathaniel, whose knees and legs were dreadfully torn and lacerated. I, myself, though protected by more clothing, &c., and walking either second or third in the column of march, had nearly twenty cuts and wounds in my hands alone. I divided our scanty stock of flour, rice, and bread, into four small meals, one for this evening, one for the morning, one for the evening of to-morrow, and one—and that the *last*—for Monday morning. No rest throughout the night, through thinking upon Edwin—fearing that he had fallen from a tree and been hurt—and the incessant noise of the parrots, scared by our fires, and the dolorous rheumatic pains in my ears, teeth, and face, now greatly increased in consequence of having been so very wet and cold all day. Rain during the night.

*Lord's-day*—Very early this morning Philip arose, and, without saying a word, left his companions. About 9 A.M., to our great joy, Edwin returned. It would appear that he lost his way in returning with the bark; and there being no discernible sign whatever in the pitchy darkness of the night, and the noise of the wind effectually excluding all hearing of his or our shouting, after having in vain climbed a tree to look out for some glare from our fires, he wandered about for some hours, when, finding a dry spot, he laid himself down and slept until daybreak, when, by retracing his steps, &c., he found his way back to us quite exhausted. I gave him half a glass of wine in a little warm water, and a small piece of bread, which revived him. We did not get up till 10 A.M.; soon after which Philip returned with a smiling countenance and light heart, and a small basket of potatoes on his shoulders. He had found his way to the river Ruamahanga, thence to the Cattle Station of a kind Scotch Settler, where he got some breakfast, and thence to a small native village near by, the people of which had all gone to Huaangarua, save one, who supplied him with a little food for his companions, and then left for Huaangarua, to inform the Natives there assembled of my being in the neighbourhood. We now thanked God and took courage, and rested during the Sabbath in the wood, holding our two Services and Bible Class as usual.



William Colenso: scraper board by George Woods, 1950.

## Richard Watts, printer, Crown Court

When, in February 1834, the young William Colenso applied to the Church Missionary Society to go to New Zealand as missionary printer, he wrote, “With Regards to my Character, I would refer you, Sir, (in London,) to Mr. Watts, your Printer, (in whose employ I have been near four months)....”

When, eighteen years later, in December 1852, the older and wiser (and recently dismissed) Deacon William Colenso appealed to the CMS secretaries, he wrote,

I recollect well the year 1833, when I was in London, in the office of the Society’s Printer, Mr Watts. He had been previously speaking to me about going to N. Zealand, when one day he suddenly and publicly exclaimed (after his manner.)—“But, Colenso, the men and women go about naked in New Zealand; however will you, a youth, manage when you get among them?” “GOD can keep me, Sir,” was my reply. “Very true, very true,” he immediately rejoined, “I will tell Mr. Pratt and Mr. Coates that.”—Yes and GOD did keep me throughout ten years of active service as a bachelor in your employ.—

There is a letter from Richard Watts to Colenso dated 20 June 1837 (it is an AG Bagnall typescript at ATL 88-103-1/26, apparently—from the ellipses—abbreviated; I cannot locate the original). Watts was replying to an order by Colenso for more type,

My Dear Colenso,  
Your very friendly letter was most acceptable, as well to inform me of your welfare, as to assure us that we of the Printing House were held in your estimation .... The imper-

fections of the long primer\* have been carefully cast, according to your list and I have personally seen that every part of your order has been attended to, and disposed in solid boxes.... In calculating the Bill of List of New Zealand type we confused the letters in the New Zealand grammar; but think the orthography has been much changed since Mr Kendall with Ongehee and Wykatoo used to visit us at Crown Court.

You complain of the intractability of your New Zealand assistants. Surely they cannot be more barbarous than our drunken pressmen, whose intemperance has much increased! and I am sorry to say there is not yet any satisfactory machine made to free us from their services—none that I can yet recommend to you. Several simple machines are in contemplation.

It is but just to your ability, patience and attention to give you the praise in setting your establishment to work under many difficulties, and executing your work with much taste and neatness. You have, Providentially become of great value in your situation....

In mercy my health and strength are improved so that I attend on my business with cheerfulness. The office is nearly the same as when you were with me.... We have nearly the same routine of work, with Bible printing in Mod. Greek, Taheitean, Amharic, Persic, and Zend and in the foundry at Edmonton we have a great variety of Oriental characters in hand....

Three books suggest the importance of Colenso’s London employer, the printer Richard Watts 18??–1844, in forming his notion of going to New Zealand.

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\* Long primer: an old size of type (about 10 point) between bourgeois and small pica .



The first is the magisterial\* *A History of Cambridge University Press: Volume 2, Scholarship and Commerce, 1698-1872* by David McKitterick (Cambridge University Press 1998). The second is *Terrains of exchange: religious economies of Global Islam* by Nile Green (Oxford University Press 2015). The third is Judith Binney's *The legacy of guilt—a life of Thomas Kendall* (Bridget Williams Books 2005).

Chapter 13 of the CUP history, pp259–284, is titled “Richard Watts and the beginning of stereotyping.”

The dominant figure at Cambridge at the end of the 18th century was the evangelical Isaac Milner and it was he who appointed Richard Watts as Cambridge University Printer in 1802. Watts's father was a shopkeeper near Oxford who briefly ran a newspaper; Watts had worked in Fleet Street but had left London to settle in Surrey. He introduced new machinery and the new technique of stereotyping at Cambridge and printed, in Welsh and English, a large number of bibles for the British & Foreign Bible Society.

At Cambridge he knew Samuel Lee, the university's leading evangelical, oriental linguist, former protégé of the CMS, Professor of Arabic, but from tradesman origins. Watts was regarded not only as a meticulous printer of scripture but also as a caster of non-Roman type, with sets for Greek, Arabic, Amharic and eventually 67 multilingual type sets. Watts transformed the Cambridge University Press, but at such expense that he had to resign in 1809. He moved to Hertfordshire and then to Crown Court in London.

\* “Magisterial” means simply masterly—“Salve, Magister,” we responded to our Latin master's greeting at the start of each class—but the reverberant tones of “majestic,” “magnificent” and “magistrate” lend the word a regal/legal gravitas. Sadly it has been devalued by promiscuous use on too many books so it now has about as much punch as a cliché with chronic fatigue syndrome. But these volumes do merit the name.



Thomas Kendall, circa 1815.

*James Mackenzie  
Sam Lee*

In 1815 the missionary Thomas Kendall's *A korao (korero) no New Zealand; or, the New Zealander's first book; being an attempt to compose some lessons for the instruction of the natives*, the first book published in Māori, had been printed in Sydney. In 1818 Kendall sent a manuscript spelling book to the CMS. ◀ Professor Samuel Lee, colleague of Richard Watts, raised doubts about Kendall's book.

In 1816 Richard Watts started printing *The Missionary Register* (“Containing the Principal Transactions of the various Institutions for Propagating the Gospel: with The Proceed-

ings, at Large, of the Church Missionary Society”).

In 1820 Kendall made an unauthorised visit to England (Marsden had told him not to go) accompanied by Hongi Hika ► and the younger chief Waikato. The three went to Cambridge to work with Lee on the compilation of a Māori grammar. The book, *A grammar and vocabulary of the language of New Zealand*, was published at the end of 1820, and it laid the orthographic foundations of written Māori. It was printed by Richard Watts, whose letter to Colenso (above) refers to Hongi, Waikato and Kendall's visiting his printing office at Crown Court, no doubt to check the proofs.



Hongi Hika, General Maori Warrior. From a famous painting.

The painter James Barry portrayed Kendall and the two chiefs. Kendall looks like a naughty schoolboy before the powerful Māori men, his Bible no match for Hongi's taiaha.

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# A Korao no New Zealand;

OR, THE

NEW ZEALANDER'S FIRST BOOK;

BEING

An Attempt to compose some Lessons for the  
Instruction of the Natives.

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SYDNEY:

PRINTED BY G. HOWE.

---

1815.

[i.e. 1957]

A  
GRAMMAR

AND

VOCABULARY

OF THE

LANGUAGE OF NEW ZEALAND.

---

PUBLISHED BY THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

---

LONDON:

PRINTED BY R. WATTS,

AND SOLD BY L. B. SEELEY, FLEET STREET; AND  
JOHN HATCHARD & SON, PICCADILLY.

1820.

Kendall's two books



James Barry's oil of (from left), Waikato, Hongi Hika and Thomas Kendall

This then was Richard Watts, the printer for whom young William Colenso started work in October 1833—an evangelical man who had a good knowledge of New Zealand from the accounts in the *Missionary Register* and from his contact with Kendall, Hongi and Waikato during the printing of Kendall & Lee's book. He probably had a significant influence on Colenso's decision to go to New Zealand.

Watts wrote of Colenso's Māori assistants, "Surely they cannot be more barbarous than our drunken pressmen, whose intemperance has much increased!" ►

## Swearing, blaspheming, barbarous and drunken pressmen

Bagnall and Petersen wrote of Colenso's arrival in Sydney,

Shortly after landing he wrote to Mr. Coates informing him of his safe arrival at "this halting place from which we are soon to proceed to New Zealand," requested to be remembered to Mr. Watts and his old companions in the printing office (Colenso to Dandeson Coates, 1 November 1834).

Now that cannot be right—Colenso disliked his colleagues at Watts' printing office. In fact on only his fifth day at work (31 October 1833) he wrote in his diary, "A very gloomy day, amongst a most dreadful set of shopmates, swearing and blaspheming, they delight in trampling on the Holy Scriptures and even ridiculing the Trinity...."

Two days later, "... am daily surrounded by profligate crew...."

8 November, "I pray God, that the bad company I am among will not contaminate me...."

20<sup>th</sup>, "What an ungodly set of persons I am among...."

2 December, "In consequence of the overseer of our office being out drunk, I have no new work today,—oh the folly of intemperance."

3<sup>rd</sup>, "Idle today in consequence of his being still away, Lord keep me."

4<sup>th</sup>, "Idle today, he being still out."

What he actually wrote to Dandeson Coates (as a postscript to his letter from Sydney) was, "Please remember me to Mr Watts—and to the Clerks in your office"—ie, the CMS office.

# Gideon Smales

## Smales on Colenso and the moa

On 4 January 1894 Colenso wrote to Coupland Harding,

*This day I sent you... a long tirade from some Methodist Minister named Smale arising (in part) from your report—printers errors included—of our Paper; read it carefully: you will discern the animus of the writer. Unfortunately for him (& all his brethren) I never knew a single Methodist Minister who was even slightly acquainted with Science: indeed, the old ones steadfastly set their faces against all such—and Smales, evidently, wishes to pose as one of the old lot (whose shoes he was not worthy to carry!)—but Brett's work won't allow of it. One thing I could—I might (?) remind him of—viz. that when he came to N.Z. he had a New Testament in Maori ready for him, & also his connexions 1000 copies of the same painfully worked by me, & for which extra work I never had a Id. But "Heoi ano." I don't know who at Auckland sent me the copy of the Paper.*

This is what he was complaining about. ...

The French naturalist Armand de Quatrefages had written, in the *Annals and Magazine of Natural History*, an essay challenging Haast's (and Colenso's) view that the extinction of the moa had occurred long before the arrival of Māori. De Quatrefages considered the extinction recent. The *Transactions* republished de Quatrefages' essay in 1893.

Colenso wrote (and Harding read at the Wellington Philosophical

Institute) a paper criticising de Quatrefages. The *New Zealand Herald* of 18 December 1893 carried a report of their paper.

The "long tirade" by Methodist Minister Gideon Smales appeared in the *Herald's* "Supplement" of 23 December. It was highly critical of Colenso's arguments (with a touch of *argumentum ad hominem* thrown in) ending with,

... whether Mr. Colenso's views are objective or esoteric, it matters little as to the fact. But it does matter whether the public are to be led by his paradoxical myths or not. Having been a man of sensuous tastes, there is abundant scope for his objectivity in the extensive field of botanical research in which it is stated he meets with greater success. His pursuit of the mythical is deluding him, and there is great danger of his esoteric myths and the technical dreams of his imagination landing him in the conclusion, that he himself is a myth, and thus his esoteric light will be like the "ignis fatuus" which will only lead some poor wandering investigator into the swamp and bog of error.

## Smales on Colenso and te reo

Colenso wrote to Harding again on 20 January 1894,

*Re your remark on Smales correcting my erroneous Maori (as Smales says), I never knew of it—never heard of it: I recollect, when at Auckland and, hearing of a Gideon Smales living retired there in the suburbs—I suppose, the same person.—*

It is hard to be certain what Harding told him, but an unsigned and



very acid criticism of Colenso's grasp of te reo, as shown in the published specimen of his *Maori Lexicon*, was carried by the *Evening Post* of 22 July 1880. It was similar to Smales's "tirade" on Colenso's moa paper: it ended with,

... the author lacks the power of distinguishing between the essential characteristics of a word and its accidental surroundings. The consequence is an amount of confusion in his attempted explanations, which would prove in the highest degree embarrassing to any student of the language. The country can ill afford the luxury of printing such shallow lexicography as this.

### Gideon Smales 18??–1894\*

Gideon Smales was an early Wesleyan missionary who arrived in the Hokianga in May 1840.

He served in Nelson and among Te Rauparaha's Ngati Toa people in Porirua before moving north to a new Station at Aotea, near Kawhia in 1843. After 12 more years as a missionary in difficult circumstances, he left

Aotea to farm land he bought from the Government in East Tamaki. Hampton Park became one of the largest farms in the Auckland area and Smales a dominant pioneering figure. His first 2 wives both "died tragically" before he married for the 3rd time at St John's in 1873. He had 18 children altogether, 11 of whom died before him, "all in tragic circumstances".



◀ Smales was a fearless and courageous individual, an accomplished writer and speaker, and a friend of the great Nga Puhi chief, Tamati Waka Nene and many of the early Colonial and Māori leaders.

### The reason for Smales's hostility?

In Colenso's letter to Harding of 6 June 1895 we read,

... among other old MSS., I found a copy (rough draft) of a letter to Ed.

*"Wkly. News", Auckland, written in 1878, walking-in to Gideon Smales!! which fully explains his recent hostility: I shall send it on to you as it will both interest & amuse you. You will be able to make it out—but do not fail to return it—anon. I had completely forgotten it!!—"*

The *Herald* had carried a sketch of William Williams's life, and Smales had written briefly, pointing out that Williams's te reo grammar and dictionary was not the first,

### TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In perusing your yesterday's issue, with deep feelings of veneration and sympathy I read your sketch of Bishop Williams's life. The natives, the colonists, and the Government of the colony are deeply indebted to the late Archdeacon H. Williams, who died a few years ago, and to his brother, the venerable Bishop, who has just passed away. It is not in the least to deteriorate from the high respect with which their names will ever be held by all thoughtful readers of the history of New Zealand, but simply to correct an error which you have unwittingly fallen into with respect to its literary or bibliographical history. You state, "The first grammar and dictionary were compiled by him [Bishop Williams]. Much has been done since, notably by Archdeacon Maunsell, and by the Bishop's son, Archdeacon Leonard Williams; but in point of time the Bishop led the way." The facts are, Captain Cook published the first

\*<http://www.historicstjohns.co.nz/history.html>

vocabulary of the language, as may be seen in his works. Several other vocabularies and notes on the language were published from that time to the time when the Rev. Mr. Kendall published his grammar and dictionary, which were put into form by the late Professor Lee, of Cambridge, from information supplied by the two native chiefs, Hongi and Waikato, and Mr. Kendall, when in England. Various publications were printed by the different missionary societies and others up to 1842, when Dr. Maunsell published the first Maori grammar. In 1844, Bishop Williams's dictionary, with a short grammar, was published. Since then several other works in and on the language have been issued from the press by various persons.—I am, &c.,

GIDEON SMALES.

East Tamaki, February 12, 1878.

Colenso's response, published in the *New Zealand Herald* of 9 March 1878, is an attack on Smales. Colenso "walked in" to him angrily, emotionally, unmercifully—but quite illogically.

#### TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I was not a little surprised—pained, perhaps, I might better say—to see in the *WEEKLY NEWS* of February 16th, a letter from Mr. Gideon Smales, dated the 12th inst., correcting (as he says) an error of yours respecting Bishop Williams and his "New Zealand Grammar and Dictionary." Mr. Smales professes to have had "deep feelings of sympathy and veneration" for the late Bishop, when reading your short sketch of his life, but those feelings were soon overcome by Mr. Smales's greater love of truth ;

hence he proceeds instantaneously to correct your serious error. I fear, however, with Mr. Smales it has been *dictum de dicto*, and therefore what he has written will not stand the test of sober scrutiny. And, as no one in New Zealand (not excepting our late Bishop's own family) knows more about the matter in question than myself, I cannot but consider that in some measure it devolves on me to say a word or two on behalf of the truth and of my dear and lamented deceased friend. You had, in your short sketch, briefly and simply stated, "The first grammar and dictionary were compiled by him [Bishop Williams.] Much has been done since, but in point of time the Bishop led the way." And no doubt, in your saying so, you were generally correct. I have carefully said "generally correct;" I would prefer saying quite correct; but I do this in order to allow Mr. Smales the full benefit of the few true items he has adduced. At the same time I cannot help thinking that even supposing all he has mentioned were quite correct, they would altogether be but of small amount, and surely not imperatively required to be brought forward in the columns of a newspaper in unseemly opposition just at that sad moment when the mortal remains of the late Bishop were not yet conveyed to the grave? Mr. Smales says:—"The facts are, Captain Cook published the first vocabulary of the language, as may be seen in his works." (Yes; at vol. iii., p. 474, we have that vocabulary, containing 32 common words, nearly all nouns, and the first 10 figures, making a grand total of 42 words.) Then Mr. Smales says:—"Several other vocabularies were published from that time (1776) to the time (1820) when Professor Lee published his grammar and vocabulary at Cambridge." (Has Mr. Smales ever seen them? those "several other vocabularies,"

which, he states, were published during those 50 years, before Professor Lee's? And would Mr. Smales prefer Professor Lee's orthography, based on an alphabet of 20 letters?) Then, Mr. Smales proceeds:—"Various publications were printed by the different missionary societies and others up to 1842, when Dr. Maunsell published the first Maori grammar. In 1844, Bishop Williams's dictionary with a short grammar was published." (I have partly compressed both your own and Mr. Smales's remarks.) Now, "the facts are" to use Mr. Smales's words):—1. That the first sheets of Bishop Williams's Maori Grammar were composited and printed by me early in 1838 (soon after the printing and binding of the first Maori New Testament were completed). 2. That the Grammar would have been printed early in 1835, only for the pressing want of school books and of the New Testament. 3. That it was again set aside (in 1838) in order to print, &c., the whole Prayer Book of the Church of England (nearly 400 pages), which, with much other pressing work for schools, was only finished in November, 1841, when the printing of the Bishop's Grammar and Dictionary was resumed; and, as it always gave way to the printing of works for the Church Mission (and for the newly-arrived Government), it was again delayed, and so not commonly published until 1844. The Bishop, however, in his preface to the first edition, says "That the whole of the work was prepared for the press six years ago." Further, I may remark, that Bishop Williams's MS. Dictionary was always at the service of every one who cared to avail themselves of it; and several gentlemen (outside of the Mission) did so—among whom were Mr. Busby, Dr. Marshall, Baron Hügel, Dr. Ford, Mr. John Busby, Captain Clendon, Mr. Allan Cunningham, Dr. Dieffenbach, &c., besides those Church Missionaries who

came after—as Dr. Maunsell, Rev. R. Taylor, and others. To me, Bishop Williams's MS. Dictionary was an invaluable help, especially in 1835, when I was acquiring the language. In conclusion, I will just copy from the old printing-office account books of the Church Mission which I have now before me (records, I may call them!) a few entries of my having (as Superintendent of the Church Mission Society's Press) issued copies of the first sheet of Bishop Williams's Grammar (and also of the Maori New Testament complete) in 1838-9, to Mr. Busby, Rev. N. Turner, Dr. Day, Dr. Ford, Commodore du Petit Thouars, Rev. Dr. Lang, Bishop Broughton, of Australia, Capt. O. P. King, R.N., Rev. R. Maunsell (now Archdeacon), Rev. R. Taylor, &c., &c. Some, no doubt, of your early Auckland and Bay of Islands settlers will remember many of those persons, most of whom, with our lamented Bishop, have preceded us a short way in our journey.—I am, &c.,

WILLIAM COLENZO.

Napier, February 23, 1878.

Why such an outburst? William Williams and Colenso had been travelling companions as young men and it seems each valued the friendship highly. Yet the friendship was soured: Colenso criticised Henry Williams. William Williams was appointed Archdeacon and Bishop of Waiapu and so had to exercise authority over Colenso. Williams's wife criticised Colenso for leaving Elizabeth with them for the birth of Latimer. There were many many incidents of increasing distance between the former friends. At the

last, trying to visit his old friend on his deathbed, Colenso was turned away.

There is a kind of benign perversity in Colenso's ability to forgive, in the alacrity with which he leapt to Williams's defence when he thought he perceived a sleight.

But Smales's original comments on Williams were mild, accurate and far from derogatory and they should not have attracted such an outburst from Colenso. On the other hand, Smales's comments in reply to Colenso were devastating (see sample at right ►).

You can read it in full in the *NZ Herald* of 6 April 1878.

Smales's response to Colenso's moa paper is in the *Herald's* "Supplement" of 23 December 1893; he began,

**In last Monday's HERALD is an abstract of a long paper read from the Rev. W. Colenso, of Napier, at the Wellington Philosophical Society. It is now several years since I had occasion to expose several errors made by Mr. Colenso on the question of the origin and progress of the written and printed language of the Maori. I feel now called upon to offer a few remarks on the natural history of the moa.**

... but *heoi ano*.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In your issue of March 9th, you publish a letter from Napier signed "William Colenso," which purports to be an answer to mine of February 16th, and I now, with your permission, proceed to answer that letter. In my former letter I simply stepped forward to correct a misstatement with regard to a matter of fact, and I felt constrained to offer a tribute to the memory of the honoured; and I now feel bound (as I have it within my power) to show that what I stated was in all respects correct, notwithstanding Mr. Colenso's objections. Mr. Colenso's letter opens with a reflection upon my expression of those better feelings of our nature which the removal of the venerable Bishop Williams from his labours had called forth. On such a subject and on such an occasion surely Mr. Colenso might have given me credit for sincerity; but no; I "profess" to have had "deep feelings," &c., and "those feelings," he remarks, "were soon overcome by my greater love of truth." I could scarcely expect a casuist of Mr. Colenso's school to sacrifice the impulse of feeling, however high and honourable, to stem truth. Still, I should have expected that a gentleman who lately held public positions both in the Church and State, would have had courtesy enough to give me credit for those better feelings, which, though spontaneously uttered, were the long cherished mementos of past observation. The labours of the two brothers, Bishop and Archdeacon Williams, do not need my commendation, but in passing I could not but give expression to my feeling on the subject, nor was it in the least to detract from the esteem and veneration in which they will continue to be held that I ventured to correct what is a mistake with regard to the publication of the first grammar and vocabulary. And it required a man of Mr. Colenso's peculiar mental and moral idiosyncrasy to extract that bitterness with which his letter seems charged. Neither acrimony nor ungentlemanly reflections however will overturn the truth. What I stated is not only generally correct, but particularly cor-

## Assistant masters GA Selwyn (Eton) & JW Colenso (Harrow)

The letter on the next page was auctioned recently on Ebay.

George Augustus Selwyn, 29 years old and starting as an assistant master at his old school, Eton, wrote in October 1838 to his friend Christopher Wordsworth (great-nephew of the poet and headmaster at Harrow), to ask about the conditions of employment of John William Colenso, similarly employed as an assistant master at Harrow.

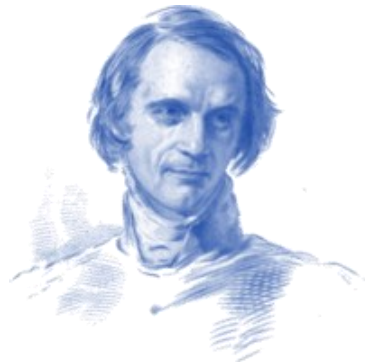
Selwyn had heard about the fire at Harrow, and seems to have assumed it was in the house of George Frederic Harris, Assistant Master (Classics) 1837–68. Instead, it was the disastrous fire in the Harrow boarding house that severely set Colenso back financially.

Selwyn went on, in the letter, to congratulate Wordsworth on his imminent marriage—in 1838 Wordsworth married Susanna Hartley Frere. Selwyn seemed to hint that he too would soon marry and that his beloved may have been a friend of Miss Frere. On 25 June 1839 he married Sarah Harriet Richardson.

Christopher Wordsworth was the younger brother of the classical scholar John Wordsworth and the cleric Charles Wordsworth—Charles founded the Oxford–Cambridge boat race and Selwyn rowed in the inaugural event. All three men were distinguished as athletes as well as in scholarship. All three would become bishops.

So would John Colenso, who in 1838 was appointed, at age 24, mathematics tutor at Harrow school. At the time the school was in a poor financial state and Colenso's salary was low. In order to supplement his income he followed a common practice among schoolmasters at the time, of running a boarding house for boys studying at the school.

The boarding house was destroyed by fire and, having inadequate insurance, he found himself deeply in debt. He stood no chance of paying off his debt as a mathematics tutor so he decided to return to St John's College, Cambridge, and try to make some money through his mathematical talents.



Left to right, Selwyn, Wordsworth, Colenso



Oct. 23<sup>rd</sup> 1898.

Will you tell me (in confidence, if necessary) the exact nature of the arrangement under which Colenso is engaged to your Body: and what are his powers and privileges as a Master of the Word: particularly in answer to queries such as Nos. 18. Whether he bears an Academic title:

Whether he has any share in  
maintaining the discipline of the Hall  
Whether he is allowed to take boarders.  
and if so, whether he is allowed to be  
the Classical tutor of such boarders.  
Whether he ranks on equal terms with  
the rest of the Assistant Masters?

We are all anxiously desiring the particulars of  
the first, which I am not at all right. We hear  
to day that it was in Larn's house. If so pray  
Christie write with him to me.

If I may venture to hint, can possibly  
be natural, I will congratulate you on the new

approach of an union with one of the Sweetest  
and most amiable of her sex. It is most  
deeply interesting to me, as involving not  
only many feelings of old & valued friendship,  
but also more recent sympathies, which  
I am not at liberty to mention at  
present; but which I hope at some future  
time may strengthen our present intimacy  
by concords of the feminine as well as of  
the masculine gender. After this personal  
business, I must make haste to conclude;  
therefore believe me

My dear Handwork.

Yours most sincerely

G. H. Schorn

Eton College: Windsor.  
Octr. 23<sup>rd</sup>. 1838.

My dear Wordsworth,

Will you tell me (in confidence if necessary) the exact nature of the arrangement under which Colenso is engaged to your Body: and what are his powers and privileges as a Master of the School: particularly in answer to queries such as these, viz. Whether he wears an Academical Dress:

Whether he has any share in maintaining the discipline of the School:

Whether he is allowed to take boarders?

and if so, whether he is allowed to be the Classical tutor of such boarders?

Whether he ranks on equal terms with the rest of the assistant Masters?

We are all anxiety to know the particulars of the fire, which alarmed us last night. We hear today, that it was in Harris's house. If so pray condole with him for me.

If I may venture without fear of being premature, I will congratulate you on the near approach of an union with one of the sweetest and most amiable of her sex. It is most deeply interesting to me, as involving not only many feelings of old & valued friendships, but also more recent sympathies, which I am not at liberty to mention at present; but which I hope at some future time may strengthen our present intimacy by concords of the feminine as well as of the masculine gender. After this Professional enigma, I must make haste to conclude.

Therefore believe me

My dear Wordsworth,

Yours sincerely,

GA Selwyn.

### EXTENSIVE FIRE AT HARROW.

Shortly before seven o'clock on Monday evening the village of Harrow-on-the-Hill was alarmed by the sudden outbreaking of one of the most extensive fires which have occurred in that neighbourhood for many years. The premises in which the fire was first discovered are well known to all the visitors of Harrow. They are situated on the left-hand side of the road coming up the hill, directly opposite the Rose and Crown Inn, adjoining the entrance into Harrow School, and were until lately occupied by the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., the head-master on the foundation, but so recently as the 7th of September last a considerable portion of the premises was transferred into the hands of Mr. J. W. Colenso, one of the mathematical masters, who at the same time undertook the direction of the young gentlemen of the school who, until that period, had boarded with Dr. Wordsworth. In addition to the front edifice a large building had just been erected in the rear by Mr. Colenso, which was scarcely finished, and was intended for sleeping rooms for the scholars. As is usual, the young gentlemen retired to their rooms shortly after six o'clock, at which time no symptoms of fire were perceivable to the attendants. Mr. Colenso was the first person who discovered the fire, and he instantly gave an alarm, and proceeded to open the doors of the pupils' rooms. Some of them, on hearing the cry of "fire," jumped out of the windows, at the imminent hazard of their lives. The flames soon exhibited themselves through the front windows at the upper end of the building, at which moment many persons rushed into the burning premises and into the Gothic dwelling of Dr. Wordsworth adjoining, and commenced throwing the furniture into the road. The Rev. Mr. Drury, second master, the Rev. J. W. Cunningham and the Rev. J. Roberts (the rector), two of the governors of the school, were soon on the spot, and with the assistance of the Messrs. Marellier, and other of the junior masters, succeeded in saving the plate, pictures, and libraries of Mr. Colenso and Dr. Wordsworth, the books being conveyed to the residence of Mr. Drury, nearly opposite, and a considerable portion of the furniture to the cloisters of the school. Within a few minutes of the first alarm being

given a mounted express was dispatched to town for engines by Mr. Beazley, the landlord of the King's Arms Inn, and other expresses were also dispatched to all the neighbouring parishes. The first engine which arrived was that belonging to Harrow, which was shortly followed by one from the premises of Mr. Greenhill, an extensive farmer at Roxeth, both of which were speedily put into operation by means of buckets supplied from pumps on the premises of the immediate neighbours. That source, however, soon failed, and the flames, being unchecked, illuminated the atmosphere for twenty miles around, being distinctly visible at Kingston, in Surrey, and the neighbourhood. The fire quickly communicated to the house of Dr. Wordsworth, through which it spread from room to room with great rapidity. At that juncture two engines arrived from the seat of the Marquess of Abercorn, and shortly afterwards another from Watford; but for some time they were of no use, owing to the great scarcity of water. An engine belonging to the County Fire-office arriving soon afterwards from Brentford, followed by those from the Baker-street, and King-street stations of the brigade from London, which reached the spot soon after nine o'clock, enabled the firemen, by working from one engine into another, to obtain water from a large pond on the premises of the Rev. J. F. Steel, about a quarter of a mile from the fire. The King-street engine had no less than 40 feet lengths of hose extended, and the Baker-street eight and a half, which were cut in several lengths by some of the numerous ruffians and excavators by whom the neighbourhood is infested, and for whose apprehension a reward of five guineas was immediately offered by Mr. Colenso's butler. In the mean time a party of men were set to work to cut off the communication by a corridor from the studies and rooms of the scholars and the new buildings erected by Mr. Colenso on the one side, and from the Gothic residence of Dr. Wordsworth and Mr. Frederick Bowen, jun., surgeon, on the other, and the adjoining premises of Mr. Blake, silkmonger. This operation was happily attended with success. Another party of men were at the same time set to work to force into the ruins the front walls of Mr. Colenso's premises, which was with considerable difficulty effected. By the judicious arrangement of the engines, the hose from that belonging to Mr.

Greenhill being directed by that gentleman from the top of Mr. Bowen's premises, the fire was about three o'clock yesterday morning so far got under as to allay all fears of its extending further. The premises of Mr. Colenso and of Dr. Wordsworth, which are totally destroyed, extend over a frontage of upwards of fifty feet, with a depth, at some parts, of 40 feet, and an altitude of full 60 feet. The buildings are the property of the governors of Harrow School, as are those belonging to Mr. Row, saddler, and Mr. Harris, baker, on the lower side, which are injured, and the residence and assembly-rooms of Mr. Webb, in the rear, which are also injured. They are all insured in the Westminster Fire-office. Mr. Colenso is insured in the County Fire-office; Dr. Wordsworth's furniture is insured in the Phoenix Fire-office; Mr. Bowen and Mr. Blake are also insured in the County; but it is not known in what office the buildings are insured. Messrs. Harris, Row, and Webb are uninsured. The whole damage is estimated at upwards of 10,000*l*.

From an early hour yesterday morning thousands of persons from miles round crowded to Harrow to witness the extent of the conflagration; and from the want of an organised police much confusion ensued. The engines were kept in operation during the day.

About five o'clock, at the recommendation of Carter, the foreman of the County Fire-office, a high stack of chimneys on Mr. Colenso's premises were safely pulled down, under the direction of Major Abbs, one of the magistrates, and the churchwardens of Harrow.

Towards evening the friends of several of the pupils continued to arrive in rapid succession, a report being extensively circulated that the whole school was destroyed; but according to an arrangement made at a meeting of the governors in the morning, none of the scholars were permitted to leave; and we are requested to state, on authority, that the business of the school will not at all be impeded by the conflagration.

# UNEXPECTED CONNECTIONS

Colenso *and his*  
Contemporaries

14 Nov 2016 – 09 Mar 2017

TURNBULL GALLERY

1/1-025795-G (detail)

The Colenso exhibition at Alexander Turnbull Library has been extended to 9 March.

Osneloc is for auction  
[www.realestate.co.nz/3011884](http://www.realestate.co.nz/3011884)

