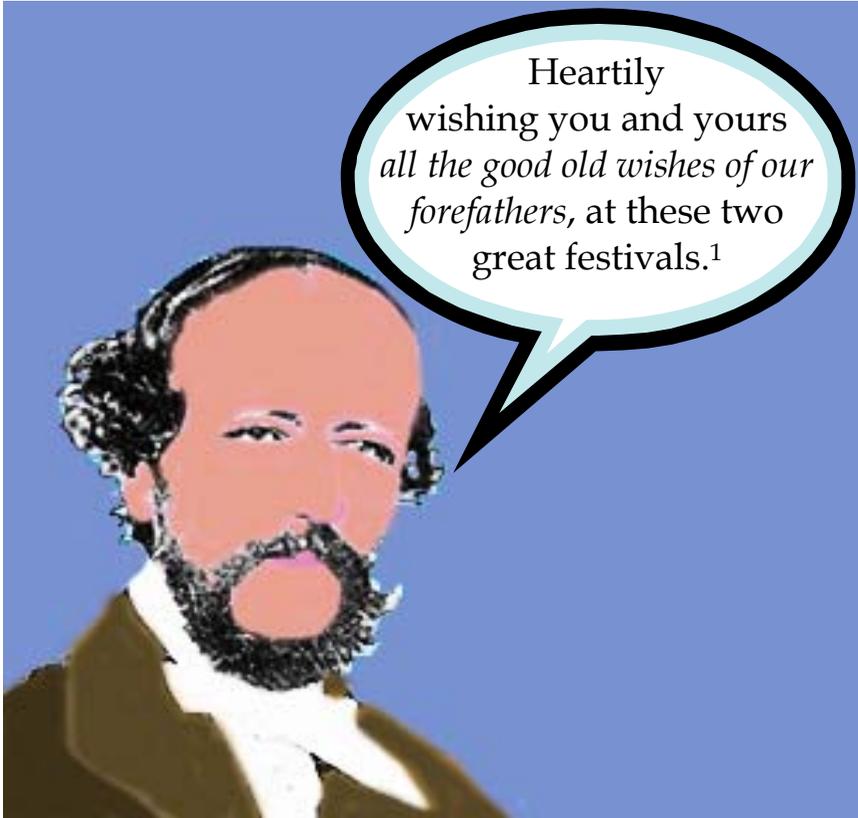


# COZZI

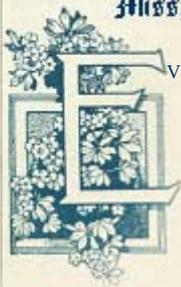




1. Colenso to Harding 20 December 1897.



### Misspelt Māori placenames



VEN MICHAEL LAWS, ex-Mayor of Whanganui might look back now and read, with profit, the history of misspellings of Maori placenames by European settlers.

Bruce Hamlin wrote "In a few cases, Colenso's orthography is more accurate than that currently adopted. I might cite the case of Mangatawainui, which Colenso translates in a letter to Hooker as "the place of the great beeches", *Tawai* being the name for the southern beech. The modern rendering, Mangatewaenui, which has been adopted to mean "the meeting of the great waters" is not only bad Māori but actually makes little sense geographically." Hamlin tried, unsuccessfully, to have the name changed back to the original.

Colenso himself was incensed by the pompously ignorant approach of some Europeans to the language he called "remarkable for its euphony, simplicity, brevity, clearness, and copiousness." His 1883 "Three literary papers" (*Daily Telegraph* Office, Napier. 41p) begins with a longish essay on the subject (I have left out the lengthy footnotes for the sake of brevity).

#### **1. Of Errors on the part of Foreigners and Colonists, arising from their ignorance of the Maori language; especially of Maori proper names for persons, places, and things.—**

That the Maori people had very many highly significant names for things in general, is

pretty well known to those who are well acquainted with their language; although, on account of their plainness, some could only be translated into English by an euphemism. Just so it always was with their names for persons and for places. It is not, however, with reference to the meaning, the utility, or the beauty of such Maori names in their estimation, that I am now about to write,—but of the errors of Europeans respecting them; and these I purpose showing in a few instances (some highly ridiculous):—1. In the *Orthography*:—2. in the *Meaning* of the words. These two subjects, though distinct enough in English, go always together in the Maori language; because (as I have shown before in a former Paper), the two languages differ so widely in their construction. Twenty, or more, orthographical errors may occur in the columns of an English Daily Newspaper, without any one becoming a serious error,—that is, making an entire change in the meaning of the word, the sentence, or the subject; or, even causing the word or words so spelt erroneously to mean anything else, or to be wholly misunderstood; but such is not the case in Maori,—here every orthographical error is more or less of a serious one; and as it is in the writing, so it is in the pronunciation, and, consequently, in the meaning and etymology.

For the present, however, I shall consider these separately: and, first, erroneous orthography.

This commenced early, in Cook's time, as indeed might have been expected seeing the Maoris had then no written language; the only marvel with me has ever been, that Cook and his party on the whole managed so well as they did, which must mainly be attributed to their having the Tahitian native Tupaea with them as a *quasi* Interpreter. Unfortunately, however, these errors still continue! notwithstanding their settled, plain, written and printed tongue. I will give a few instances taken from the earliest and latest.

Although Capt. Cook was so very unfortunate in his first interviews with the Maoris at Poverty Bay, still he managed to obtain pretty cor-

rectly the names of two places there, which he has laid down in his chart,—*Taoneroa* (Te Oneroa = the long sandy beach), and *Tettuamotu* (Te Tua Motu—the little island off the N. head). A few days after, in anchoring and watering a little further to the N.,—first at *Tegadoo* (Te Karu, the headland at Anaura off which his a ship anchored “sheltered by the little island there,”) and subsequently at *Tolaga* Bay,—he seemed to have misapprehended altogether the name of this latter place. How he managed to get hold of, or to misconstrue that word of *Tolaga*,—has ever been to me a mystery,—and that too, after many enquires made early on the spot. The nearest and most reasonable approach thereto (seeing *Tolaga* is given as its Maori name) is *Tuaraki* = the N.W. wind; (*I* and *g* having been often confounded with *r* and *k* by Cook;) which wind, the old Maoris said, was blowing strongly at the time of his entering the bay, and the name was given to him by their fathers in answer to his repeated question of “the name”; they supposing he meant that of the wind then blowing: Maoris too, not generally having proper names for open bays.

In Cook’s chart of Hawke’s Bay, the strait between Portland Island and the Mainland is laid down as being called in Maori, *Hauray*; now the proper Maori name of that strait is the same as this here with us,—the strait, or channel, between the E. and W. Spits (Napier),—and significantly named by them *Ahuriri* = (the) fierce rushing (water).

One of the latest misnamed notable places among us, is the present terminus of the Railway, which has been named and written, and printed and painted, in all manner of ways except the right one! viz. *Makatoka*, *Makatoko*, *Makatoku*; the right one being the expressive and simple word *Maakotuku* = the stream of the white heron; a name very likely given to it in ancient days, from one having been seen or caught there. In the naming of this place (or, rather, the writing down of its old Maori name,) nothing was easier, as there were plenty of Maoris resident there who knew how to read and write, and could have given its proper orthography; and they have often since (when I have been in that neighbourhood,) joined in a hearty laugh at the invincible ignorance of the pakeha (= foreigner) re Maori words.

These three errors in the spelling of that one word will serve as a simple example of what I have just said, that “every orthographical error in Maori is more or less a serious one”; for *Makatoka* means, (to) cast a big stone; *Makatoko* = (to) cast a walking-staff, canoe-pole, &c.; *Makatoku* = (to) cast my clothing-mat, or garment.

Another wrongly-named place, lately settled, and not far off from the last one, is *Tahoraiti*; this Maori name, as it is now transformed by Europeans is pretty nearly nonsense! whereas its proper name of *Tahoraiti*, is a highly significant one, meaning, the little open wilderness, or, the little desert; which was very suitable for it; it being originally (when I first know it in 1845,) a small open wild surrounded by dense forests. The error however, in the spelling of the name of this place, has been often pointed out by me; but, it seems, the settlers there and others will have it so.

A similar error to this last noticed appears likely to be perpetuated in the name of the ford (and newly-erected bridge) across the Ngaruroro river, at a wild spot high up between the two mountain ranges—Te Kaweka and Ruahine. The old and peculiar Maori name of this ford is *Kuripapango*; which (after running a series of orthographical

changes among the settlers, as usual,) has settled down to *Kuripapanga*. Here, again, you will observe, the terminal vowel is wrong, and this error spoils both the word and its meaning. When I first waded this river at this wild fording-place in 1847, (35 years ago!) and obtained its name I was struck with its peculiarity; as it did not convey to my mind any thought possessing a purely Maori derivation, (although the two words of which it is composed are pure Maori words,)—at all events, I strove hard and for a long time to find out its original meaning, but down to this day I am not satisfied about it. And, I may further say, that one reason is, the name seems to me to be closely allied to a suitable Sandwich Island (Hawaiian) word, or phrase, (like several other *old* and almost obsolete Maori words,—all tending to show the ancient oneness of this great and universal Polynesian language! *Kuripo*,—is a pure Sandwich Island word, meaning, deep dark water, as in pools among the mountains; which meaning would be highly suitable there for that water, with the Maori adjective, *pango* = black, or blackish, added, to intensify it. Of course, I know, that instead of *Kuripo* (in the present name) it is *Kuripa*; that, however, is a slight alteration, which might have occurred in the rare pronunciation of an obsolete or little-used word through non-usage during a long lapse of years,— and there are other known similar instances. In Maori, *Kuri* is a dog, and *papango* is the little black duck, or teal; these two words thus compounded, do not yield to my mind a correct Maori meaning, and the old intelligent Maoris (to whom I have formerly spoken about it,) have always laughed at it as being far-fetched and incongruous. *Kuripango* = black dog, would have been a better Maori term, but still not satisfactory.

Another curious error (not, however, the first of its kind,) is made in the dividing of the Maori name of the place, though spelled correctly, into *two* words, each word beginning with a capital letter!— Onga Onga: and it is pertinaciously stuck to!! Why on earth those settlers, and others, should so choose to write that common Maori word, *Ongaonga* (= Nettle) I cannot conceive. Is it because of its reduplication? Then, analogically, they should so write the English words, —mur mur, tar tar, pa pa, do do, &c.,—beginning each fragment also with a capital letter!

Some of the notorious old errors in the Maori names of places around us, I regret to say, still continue, (though many, happily, have been corrected,) as, for instance, the name of the rising township of *Kaikoura*, erroneously spelled *Kaikora* (sometimes *Kikora*), here the difference in the European pronunciation of these two words is not so great to the untrained ear, but the difference in the two Maori words is extreme (as well as in the Maori and true pronunciation of them); besides, the commonly used one is simply ridiculous and unmeaning. The old proper name, *Kaikoura* = (to) eat freshwater prawns, or, (an) eater of fresh water prawns,—arose from the fact of that crustaceous shellfish (*koura*) being formerly found in the little stream there, where the Maoris used to go and catch them for food; whereas *Kaikora* literally means, to eat sparks of fire!— if indeed it can be said to mean anything at all in Maori.

Another place still nearer Napier,—well-known in its modern history as being notorious in bloodshed and in Law Courts!—is *Omarunui*, commonly called *Omaranui*: the first and proper Maori name meaning,—the residence (or cultivation) in old times of a Chief named *Marunui* = Great Slayer (a common name for a Maori chief); whereas the second and incorrect word —the residence &c. of a chief named Great Cultivation!

which, according to Maori customs, was degrading and impossible, and, as in the former case of Kaikora, both wrong and ridiculous.—

Another place not far from the foregoing and nearer Napier, (and close to the present rising township of Taradale,) was called by the Maoris *Taipo*; this the settlers easily miscalled *Taepo*,—and then mark the consequence!, *Taipo*, means the night tide, (or, no doubt in this case, from onomatopoeia, = the night sounding surf; as there, although 4 miles from the outer sea-beach, the surf resounds loudly from its curvilinear range of hills on a still night, as I have often heard it,) hence *Taipo* was, again, a highly suitable natural name. But *Taepo*, means to visit, or come, by night,—a night visitant,—a spectral thing seen in dreams,—a fancied and feared thing, or hobgoblin, of the night or darkness; and this the settlers generally have construed to mean the Devil!—and, of course, their own orthodox one!! Worse still are the many errors concerning the names of two well-known places near Napier; both possessing rather long Maori names, which, while quite easy and mellifluous to the Maoris, and to those few Europeans who well-know their language, are a real *pons Asinorum* to the many! I could not take on me to repeat or recount the several broken and twisted *patois* names I have heard given to *Kohinurakau* and to it adjoining high hill *Kahuraanake*. Perhaps I had better give pretty fully the meaning of those two names (of places celebrated in the olden time), as such is not only interesting, but will again serve to show how correctly the ancient Maoris often named their localities. 1. *Kohinurakau*: when I first knew this place it was a delightful spot; a small grove of fine trees (some being pines), a perennial gushing streamlet of delightful water, and very fertile soil,—all in a small open dell or natural terrace near the summit of a very high hill (one of a long range), commanding an extensive view; where, for several years, the Maoris had their cultivations and a small village: *Kohinurakau* = choice-fat-of-the-woods,—including Maori game,—birds and delicious wood-rats, fruits, and pure water. 2. *Kahuraanake*: the name given to this high hill is a most expressive and very peculiar term, being really not a noun but a sentence including a verb, and meaning,—(It-is-only-by-it-revealed, shown or made known; or, The only, or pre-eminent, revealer. There are, at least two derivations of this name:—1. The peculiar peaked and isolated broken summits of this big and lofty hill are seen from the N. shore of Hawke's Bay, 60–70 miles distant, as well as from all the intervening country; and towards it the eye of the old Maoris was always directed in steering their canoes in a Southerly direction across the Bay, or in travelling thitherwards from the N.—2. Whenever the summits wore a hood of mist or cloud, it was an unfailing sign of rain and of bad weather coming on; and so, with the old Maoris, It was the great revealer, or indicator, of the place to which they were going; and also of the coming weather. A short time ago I received a letter from an old and respectable settler, in which the name of *Kohinurahu* was written “Queen Arata”! which for some time, there being no clue in the letter to its true meaning, puzzled me pretty considerably.

For a long time, and until lately, our Newspapers constantly erred in confusing the names of two important seaports here on the E. Coast, viz. *Turanga* (Poverty Bay), and *Tauranga* (Bay of Plenty): also, in the names of *Waikari* (the river between Napier and Mohaka), and *Waikare* (the name of the lake in the interior of the County of Wairoa),—and this latter still continues! Some even go so far as to laugh at the difference! But the etymological meanings of those two names of waters are widely distinct, and,

severally, are again very suitable; *Waikari* = water running through a deep cut, narrow cliffs, or channel (which that river does); and *Waikare* = rough, agitated, or surging water (which that open exposed sheet of water, high up among the mountains, often is).

A similar error on the part of the Newspapers, and the Settlers generally, was made in the name of the late principal Maori Chief of these parts,—*Te Hapuku* = the Codfish, (par excellence!) and its common name throughout New Zealand; this name was by them lowered to *Hapuka*,—a most unmeaning word in Maori,—with the further depreciation through the omission of the definite article,—*Te*. Of course, from the time of his being so called, here, on this Coast, another name was always used for that fish, viz. *Kauwaeroa* = long jaw; and time was when it would have been death to the offender if of *Te Hapuku*'s tribe to have wilfully called this fish by its old name of *Hapuku*.

Just so it is, again, respecting a place of anchorage and shelter from southerly ales on the N. side of Table Cape, its Maori name being *Whangawehi* = Fearing, or Apprehensive, Bay, or stopping-place, (a very good and suitable name, indicating its being exposed and open); this, the Colonists, and the Government too, have altered to *Whangawehi!* a word that has no good meaning whatever in Maori.

Here I may also briefly notice two modern Maori names of lately settled places near us, and that because of their ambiguity as those names are now printed and set up; viz. “*Tomoana*,” and “*Awatoto*.” By the Maoris of these parts, who well know how to pronounce those two names, the orthography though incorrect would be understood; but any Maori coming from a distance, and not having heard the true pronunciation intended, yet not shown, would be almost sure to pronounce them wrongly,—and so, perhaps, be laughed at; at all events, if not set right, he could not know their true Maori pronunciation and therefore their meaning; and this arises from their not being spelled as a Maori understanding their intended meaning would spell them. Sometimes the vowels in a Maori word are long, and sometimes short, (as in Latin,) and if such are not distinguished in the writing, an error in reading is almost sure to be made,—unless, as I said before, the meaning is previously known to the reader. Thus, *Tomoana* should be *Toomoana*; and *Awatoto* should be *Awatootoo*; for the meaning of the word *Tomoana* (as it is now printed and painted up), is, To enter a cave; whereas, *Toomoana* means To be dragged or drawn from the sea; the true and intended meaning here. So *Awatoto* means, the bloody river; but *Aroatootoo* = the dragging river or passage;—which that little long and narrow winding creek was in former days truly enough! as I have known to my sorrow in early travelling (toilsome canoe-voyaging, or dragging) through it.

As we travel further S. into other districts, such errors thicken; witness,—the ugly and unmeaning “*Taurakira Head*” (the W. head of Palliser Bay), for the old name full of meaning of *Turakirae* = Windy Head, (*lit.* Forcibly-throwing-down-point):—the *patois Petoni* (near Wellington), for *Pitoone* = end of the sandy beach,—another suitable and highly significant name :— *Wanganui* for *Whanganui*, &c., &c. In the Middle Island it is still worse! An appropriate well-timed modern example thence, we have at hand in the name of the fine new steamer from Dunedin, which arrived here in our roadstead

only yesterday her *patois* name (it appears) is *Maniapori*, (a most incongruous unmeaning compound name or term in Maori, which has been disputed over, and further altered in the Newspapers of the day, to *Manipori*, *Manapori*, *Manapouri*, &c.) — whereas the same—being the name of a large S.E. lake of the South Island, situated far inland among the mountains,—is *Manawapore* = anxious, or apprehensive, heart. No doubt another proof of a highly suitable name once given to that sheet of water, expressive of the feelings of those who might have had to cross it in their small and frail fresh-water canoes, or rafts. Surely if it is deemed right to keep up the ancient Maori name of any place or thing, such should be spelled correctly according to the grammatical rules and construction of the Maori language? Such would prove of no small service hereafter in philological pursuits. For, as I have said before,—”Language adheres to the soil, when the lips which spoke it are resolved into dust. Mountains repeat, and rivers murmur, the voices of nations denationalized or extirpated in their own land.” But, in order to this being done, care must be taken to transmit the same truly, whether by oral tradition or in writing. Strange thoughts arise at times within me, when I contemplate, on the one hand, the uncivilised unlettered Maori carefully handing down the names of places and things obtained from his forefathers from time immemorial, without error or change; and, on the other hand, the civilised lettered European, who, while apparently desirous of retaining the same names, neither speaks nor writes them correctly, and, worse still, does not care about doing so! The great Provincial District of Otago still adheres to its erroneously spelled Maori (*sic*) name; (some, however, here among us, knowing that it is not Maori, might think it derived from the Gaelic!) That is still further outdone by their keeping the horrid ungrammatical term of “*Maori kaik!*” for, *Kaainga maori*. And worst of all, those errors (with many more of a like kind) are taught to our children in the Colonial Schools throughout the land.

And as I have here just touched upon the Colonial School-Books (Geography of N.Z.) and their Maps in use in our Schools, one other great and glaring error contained therein I feel bound to notice more particularly, and that is the Maori name of the Southern Island. I do this the more especially as its true and proper name was early given correctly by Cook himself. Its old name is *Te Wai Pounamu*, or *Te Moana Pounamu*; meaning,—the water in which the Greenstone dwelt. For with them, the Greenstone (their greatest valuable) was a living being, and dwelt in the waters of the S. Island, whence it was obtained by the N. Maoris (through barter) at great expense and trouble, and believed to be only caught at certain seasons, and then only by the powerful use of many prayers, &c. In our School Books, however, all this is set aside; and we are plainly and unpoetically told, that the S. Island is called in Maori,—”*Te Wahi Pounamu*, or the place of the Greenstone.” This name, however, is not of Maori origin; it is another attempt on the part of the Colonist to correct the Maori name, and then to give to his own thought his own meaning! (*supra*,—Taipo, &c.)

Some of the errors in Maori nomenclature made by the early Naturalists and Botanists in this Country are highly amusing if not interesting; the more so because not unfrequently they also give their own safe (*sic*) deductions therefrom! First, making the mistake themselves in the orthography, &c., and then (secondly and consequently,) giving an erroneous meaning:—A few of them I will here briefly notice.—

The French Naturalist Lesson, (who accompanied Adm. D’Urville in 1826-1829),

gives the Maori names of several plants, a few of them are quite correct; of some, however, it is impossible to know what was originally said by the Maoris to him, or intended by the writer; one, in particular, has often made me to smile,—it is the little seaside plant *Spergularia marina*, whose Maori name, Lesson says, is “*Notenoho*.” This, however is not the name of a plant, but a pure Maori sentence, (given, no doubt in answer to a question,) meaning,—From the, sitting or resting-place; i.e. (gathered by you) from the spot (where you were) resting, or sitting.

Dr. Dieffenbach, writing of our N.Z. Birds, says,—”the Cormorants have something solemn in their aspect, and are called by the New Zealanders *Kauwau* or the Preacher;” (!! and, again, in his “Vocabulary,” appended, (*not*, however, wholly of his own collecting!) he has, “*Kawau*, a Shag; preaching.” This arises, (1) from his mistake in the orthography and pronunciation of two words, here by him confounded, which widely differ; *Kawau*, being the common name for the Shag; and *Kauwhau*, to address an assembly, speak formally and lengthily, as the old Maori orators and chiefs; hence, to preach (modern). One might as well say, that the two English words, *Cat*, and *Cart*, were alike, in sound and meaning! (2) but this notion (like very many others in Dieffenbach’s work) was not original with him; he had got it from Polack’s book on New Zealand, published few years before; who of course, characteristically adds thereto; and the Doctor, having once got hold of the ludicrous idea, (and not heartily liking the Mission-body,) evolved, German-like! the added “solemnity of the Shag’s aspect” from the depths of his own mind!

Dieffenbach also, (*passim*.) delights in reduplicating common names of birds &c.,—e.g. the *Kiwi* (*Apteryx* sps.) is with him *Kiwi Kiwi*; the *Ruru* (owl) is *Rurururu*; the *Weka* (wood-hen), is *Wekaweka*; the *Paraoa* (sperm whale), is *Paraparaua*, &c., &c. Errors of this kind however were very common with most early foreign visitors, as I myself have often heard them used. The worst was, that the younger Maoris (always apt imitators, especially in the olden time,) not unfrequently copied from their visitors, especially if such were of some note, and hence those errors became perpetuated.

In the List of Maori names of Plants appended to Sir J.D. Hooker’s “Hand-Book N.Z. Flora,” there are several errors; some, no doubt arising from the writers jotting down the Maori name they had just heard, according to their own foreign notion of writing it,—forgetting, that no Maori name or word, ever ends with a consonant. I will select one, *Toumatou*, because its pseudo-Maori name has been unfortunately made into a specific botanical one for the plant, by its describer M. Raoul,—*Discaria Toumatou*. Now this, I am sorry to say, is worse than rubbish! The correct Maori name of this plant is *Tumatakuru* = the demon-smiter, or striker of faces; which name, from its thorny structure and dense habit of growth, is very expressive, particularly to a Maori of the olden time—almost naked! *Toumatou*, however, is not a Maori word at all, and scarcely even a grammatical phrase; and if translated can only mean, thine-our, —or thy-we,—or *albus-anus-tuus*! But one of the grossest errors in that List, is the (*pseudo*) Maori name of a small plant said to be obtained by the Rev. R. Taylor from the interior, and given in full by him; Taylor calls it, “*Te-pua-o-te-reinga*”; and he translates it by “The flower of Hades (or hell)”! [This, however, was nothing new for Mr. Taylor, his book abounds in such!!] I have made many enquiries after this plant (partly at the pressing request of Sir J.D. Hooker,) which seems to be scarce, or, more likely, local

and overlooked, —being but a small leafless parasite on the roots of trees in the forests. Very likely the Maoris who were with Taylor on that occasion, gave it the name of “*Pua reinga*,” from noting his eagerness to get it, (which Taylor amplified into *To pua o to reinga!* adding thereto his own mis-translation). Now *Pua reinga*, as given by them, means,—A (or the) flower eagerly laid hold of, grasped, sought after, or desired: just as in the common Maori term “*Wahine reinga*”;—a (or the) woman eagerly followed, sought, &c. No such idea as “the flower of Hades,”—as we understand that term,—was ever associated by any Maori with that, or any other flower. The error, or strange jumble of ideas wholly foreign to the little plant, was evolved from Taylor’s mind.

We meet again, in his book, with a conceit very like this, which it may be well briefly to quote, as one will serve to illustrate the other: he says,—“A small fish is also found in the Rotoaira Lake, and in the streams which gush out of the sides of Tongariro, called *the fish of Hades*, and is of a buff colour and spotted like a Leopard’s skin,” &c., (*loc. cit.*, p. 499.) That there is such a little fish to be found there in that small lake, I well know, having dined on them, and it is delicious eating. It is called by the Maoris, *Koaro*, and is only found in that lake in the summer season. The Maoris say, that it comes out of the watery recesses of the neighbouring mountain Tongariro, whose waters feed that lake lying at its immediate base. But here, as before, the calling it a “*fish of Hades*,” —because, forsooth! the summit of Tongariro is an active crater—a burning mountain,—is not Maori at all, but is wholly a foreign fancy! another strange aberrant one of Mr. Taylor’s; with such, however, his book abounds.

A notable instance of a similar strange and far-fetched notion arising from the same root ignorance of the true meaning of the Maori term or name, (accompanied with the dissonant English idea in the mind of the writer, or speaker, with whom “the wish was also father to the thought,”)—I find in the last volume of the “Transactions N.Z. Institute,” (XIII., p. 440.)—where it is recorded, that at a meeting of the Auckland Branch,—a Mr. Bates greatly interested them in informing them, that in the Maori tongue, “*Wai* meant water, *roto* meant lake, *motu* meant an island, and *puke* a hill,” &c., &c.; and then the President, Dr. Purchas, in the chair, said,—“The derivation of some of the Maori names was very interesting. *Rangitoto*, signified “red” or “bloody” heaven, which pointed clearly to a period when the Volcano was in active operation. The word *ranga* was usually connected with Volcanic appearances,” &c., &c.

Here, as I take it, in the President’s remarks (as well as in what followed), is an extra large amount of error,—or, rather, several errors!—

1. I doubt if ever any Maori so understood, or so used the word, or words, *Rangi toto*; the whole conception or idea is utterly foreign!
2. There are several hills known to me scattered throughout New Zealand, bearing this name, besides others, islets in the surrounding seas, which are not volcanic; but they are all rough and peaked, and more or less craggy at top, and are isolated, and generally higher than their neighbours;—e.g. four, at least, in the neighbouring county of Waipawa,—one near Tamumu, one near Takapau, one at Kairakau, and one near Black-head; one at the Mahia the N. side of Hawke’s Bay; another in North Taupo; two in the country N. of Auckland; one at Wairarapa; and the Rangitoto islets in Cook’s Straits.

3. The word “*toto*” has other meanings besides blood; one of which is, to ooze forth (as from minute leaks, and from pores of skin, rind, &c.), to trickle down; another is, to arise in the heart or soul, to rise up within, to gush as strong feelings,—e.g. “*Katahi ka toto ake te aroha o te ngakau!*” = Then the heart-felt love arose, or, gushed upwards.

4. With the ancient Maoris all blood was not only of a red colour.

5. The word *toto* was not commonly used by the old Maoris for red-colour,—for which they had several proper names according to its hue; they rarely ever used “*toto*” at all in that way save figuratively.—

6. A red sky was never termed *Rangitoto* by the Maoris; they have several proper names for it, according to the time of the day, its peculiar appearance, and the intensity of its red colour.

Having made those observations by way of preliminary, I would further state, that, out of several archaic meanings pertaining to this word or phrase known to me, I should select this that follows, as being what an ancient thoughtful Maori might probably assign as originating that word or phrase; although there are others :—

With the primitive Maoris, *Rangi* (= Sky) was a personal being, their common Great Father. In their highly figurative early Myths, the Dew (*Tomai-rangi* = Drawn-downwards-from-the-sky) was his affectionate tears, dropping on his ever-parted wife Papa (= the Earth) beneath; and it was but a step in the same direction with them to conceive, that when he lovingly descended, seeking and grieving, and came nearer to his lost spouse, the jagged rocky hilltops, which they often saw separating the low clouds, and trickling with wet, were so through his blood; thus those ragged stony-crested hills bore the common name of *Rangitoto*,—or, the causing the blood of *Rangi* to ooze, or trickle down. Moreover the ancient name of the blue sky was *Kikorangi* = the flesh of *Rangi*. And of this opinion it may be further said, that it is in agreement with their old *tapu* or sacred customs on meeting after separation,—crying largely with many tears, and cutting themselves to cause the blood to ooze forth and to trickle down.

Moreover, in support and further illustration of what I have just stated, I will here, give, an extract (translated) from an ancient East Coast version of the Creation and Beginning of all things, (written many years ago by an intelligent Maori *tohunga* = priest, or skilled man):—

—”After the separation of the husband and his wife, *Rangi* and *Papa* (Sky and Land,) *Rangi* = Sky, the husband was (fixed) at a great distance off (from her); then the loving head of *Rangi* began to work strongly (*ngau* = bite) towards *Papa*, and just so did the feelings of *Papa* work towards her separated husband; and they were continually affectionately lamenting their separation and each other’s absence. The lamentations of *Rangi* above descends in his copious falling tears, namely, mists, heavy rain, showers, dew, and thick wet hazy clouds ;these are given down by him as refreshment (*kai*) to her; while the usual rains are also sent down to moisten and comfort and feed *Papa* and her numerous children (trees and plants) growing on her back, which she always : maternally carries without feeling the heavy load.”

For the present I make no remark on that other grave error; that “the word *ranga* was usually connected with volcanic appearances”; [which, however, I have yet to learn!]  
—only this, If it were so, what connection is there between *ranga* and *rangi*? Neither on what immediately follows, just as erroneous. I can only regret that such information (*sic*) respecting the ancient Maoris should ever have been admitted within a volume of the “Transactions of the N.Z. Institute,” although not among the “Transactions” proper.

At the same time I would observe, that the study of ancient Maori names of places, plants, and animals,—with, in many instances, their metaphorical meanings, is deeply interesting, and philologically useful; but it is a difficult one and should only be prosecuted by a person very well skilled in the general Maori language, including old tribal or District dialects, (and that not merely colloquially,) as well as in their History, both legendary and real, and who, also, CAN THINK IN MAORI,—i.e. after the old Maori manner,—otherwise he would be sure to make a mess of it; for, as Schiller remarks,—“Against stupidity even the gods fight in vain.”

Having shown the error arising from the mistake made in the etymology of the name of one of our noted hills, I may also briefly mention another, and a similar case. It is well known that one of the high mountains in the N. Island, and the only active volcano in N. Zealand, is called by the Maoris *Tongariro*. On this, the Rev. R. Taylor having brought forward a few extracts from “Mariner’s Tonga Isles,” respecting the natives of Tonga, and having summed up, says,—“the identity of the Tonga natives with those of New Zealand is evident,” (!) and then he goes on, characteristically, to state, as a clencher,—“Tonga is the name given by the Maoris to the S. wind, the highest (*sic*) mountain is also honoured with the same, being called *tongariro*. *Tonga riro* simply means, Tonga which has left or departed from its old position in the Tonga islands, and gone to the South.”

Was such a far-fetched and utterly incongruous idea as this ever before hatched? It is far more likely that the said mountain got its name from the snow often deposited by the S. wind on it, (by a figure of metonymy, so common with the Maori,)—*tonga* being also commonly used by them for biting cold, hence for snow,—the cause for the effect; and then, owing to the heat arising from the crater, the fallen snow remained but a very short time on the cone or peak, and thus became *riro* = gone! So different, in this respect, from the neighbouring and higher crest, on which the snow permanently remains during many months of the year; which crest also bears the highly appropriate name of *Para-te-tai-tonga* = Dirt (or dregs) from the Southern Sea. (N.B. The term *tonga* is here again used.)



*Colenso* is a free email Newsletter published irregularly by the Colenso Society. 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@rnzcgp.org.nz. The cover of this issue is based on

“Jugend”, 3 October 1896, design by JR Witzel.





*Cookeina colensoi*: Photograph (above) reproduced with permission

from “Fungi of the Kai-  
mai Bush”. The original  
can be found [here](#).



A cup fungus of the  
Ascomycetes group.  
Named *Peziza Colen-  
soi* Berk. in Hooker's  
1853 *Flora novae ze-  
landiae* from a speci-  
men Colenso had found  
on dead sticks near the  
Manawatu River.

Miles Joseph Berkeley  
1803-1889, had also  
written the section on  
fungi in WJ Hooker's  
*The English Flora*,  
1836.

[Fitch's lithograph](#) from  
Berkeley's drawing is at  
left.

## Mme Vitelli, the inimitable Thatcher and Billy K'lenso

The *Hawke's Bay Herald* reported on page 3, 10 January 1863, "Thatcher's Last Entertainment was given on Thursday evening to a crowded chamber. It was for the benefit of Madame Vitelli, and that lady surpassed herself in the effort to please. "Riflemen form," "Will you love me then as now," and a number of other songs, sung with power and feeling, constituted of themselves a pleasing and intellectual entertainment. Amongst the novelties by Thatcher were songs entitled "The Clive Celebrities," "Ye Scotchmen, hide your heads," and "Billy K'lenso"—the two last of which, based, of course, upon the late election proceedings, were received with convulsions of laughter. The manuscript of both has been kindly handed us by the eccentric writer, and may be reproduced, some of these days, for the benefit of those of our readers who did not hear them sung. Mr. Thatcher and Mdma. Vitelli proceed to Wellington this morning by the *Queen*."

Thatcher's second song was so popular he delivered it to the Napier Council Chamber ("amidst roars of laughter"), and on 13 January the *Herald* printed it in full (mercifully, his "Ye Scotchmen hide your heads" seems to have been lost).

BILLY K'LENZO,  
AIR—"BILLY BARLOW."

I was reading the *Herald* to pass away time,  
In a back number I twigged a bit of good rhyme,  
It was set to the ditty of William Barlow,  
And every verse ended with Billy K'lenso.  
Oh, dear! raggedy oh!  
I'll give you my version of Billy K'lenso.

Now William declared he had come to the scratch  
'Cause the lot nominated were such a bad batch;  
To put up once more he'd have been very slow,  
But what could they do without Billy K'lenso.  
Oh, dear! raggedy oh!  
So retiring and modest is Billy K'lenso.

That's why he came forward for Napier again,  
Trusting Tracts for the Times were not written in vain;  
He thought at the head of the poll he would go,  
And they'd fall down and worship their Billy K'lenso.  
Oh, dear! raggedy oh!  
Rather too cock-sure was Billy K'lenso.

Seven covies came forward—we wanted but five:  
A poll was demanded: folks rode in from Clive.  
When the poll was declared, what a sad overthrow!—  
A long way from the top was poor Billy K'lenso.  
Oh, dear! raggedy oh!  
What a regular take down for Billy K'lenso.

With the Shakespeare pet Billy found he was a tie,  
A tear of vexation I twigged in his eye,  
At Curling he looked with such heart-broken woe,  
Imploring him thus to save Billy K'lenso.  
Oh, dear! raggedy oh!  
The casting vote did it for Billy K'lenso.

### ***The election for Napier:*** *Hawke's Bay Herald 10 Jan. 1863:*

Mr. COLENZO had not intended to come forward; nor did he now intend to do so, but finding that he had been nominated, why there he was.... The batch that had been nominated (himself included) was not such as to meet his approbation.

The state of the poll was declared at 4 o'clock the same day by the Returning Officer, as follows:—  
Smith 62; Kennedy 61; Wood 59; Hitchings 57; Colenso 45; Edwards 45; Wilkinson 32....

The Returning Officer said that Messrs. Colenso and Edwards being equal, it devolved upon him, under the Regulation of Elections Act, to decide by a casting vote, which he would give in favor of William Colenso....

And the publican eyed Curling as if he'd say,—  
You're right for a drink if you come down my way.  
It's such thirsty weather, oh what made him go  
'Gainst the nobblers and put in old Billy K'lenso.  
Oh, dear! raggedy oh!  
Spencer would'nt have gone in for Billy K'lenso.

In his turn he came forward: to rave he began;  
He thank'd his stars he was a true Englishman;  
He said the Scotch clique all around him did go,  
To try and depreciate Billy K'lenso.  
Oh, dear! raggedy oh!  
Down with the Scotchmen! says Billy K'lenso.

Some Scotchmen were there, and Begg flew in a rage,  
And in language emphatic with him did engage;  
So angry he got, then I feared that a blow  
Would have swept from the doorway poor Billy K'lenso.  
Oh, dear! raggedy oh!  
Unlimited cheek has this Billy K'lenso.

He raised too his voice against Donald McLean;  
With the natives he owned Donald once was serene.  
Elect him for Superintendent? Oh, no!  
I'm the man for that billet, thinks Billy K'lenso.  
Oh, dear! raggedy oh!  
In native affairs none can lick Billy K'lenso.

I'm sorry to say, in the midst of the strife,  
Some chap 'gan to meddle with his private life.  
And to slew the ex-parson proceeded to go  
Into the back numbers of Billy K'lenso.  
Oh, dear! raggedy oh!  
You can't get a blush out of Billy K'lenso.

I wonder if Billy is in here to-night,  
You'd know him at once by his choker so white;  
If he's in he must pardon my freedom, you know,—  
I've been taking a wind out of Billy K'lenso.  
Oh, dear! raggedy oh!  
Long life to his reverence Billy K'lenso.

Mr. Colenso said that he . . . was low on the poll, but the fact was, he was neither an Oddfellow nor a Freemason, and, above all, he did not belong to the miserable Scotch clique of Napier. He was an Englishman; he thanked God he was an Englishman; but had he not been born an Englishman, he would wish to have been born an Irishman, a free, open hearted, generous Irishman—anything rather than a mean, crawling, sly, close Scotchman.

. . . He had no illfeeling towards Mr. M'Lean—quite the contrary, but he considered him unfitted for the Superintendency of this province for several reasons. . . .

Mr. WOOD just alluded to the foul-mouthed abuse which had been heaped upon his fellow countrymen, and remarked upon the exceedingly bad taste displayed by Mr. Colenso in the attempt they had just heard to create national distinctions in so small a community—to pit one country against another.

“Native affairs” was rather beneath the belt.

Who were Mr Thatcher and Madame Vitelli? The Te Ara website has a brief biography at <http://www.teara.govt.nz/en/1966/thatcher-charles-robert/1>. (See also *Goldfield balladeer - the Life and Times of the celebrated Charles R. Thatcher the “Inimitable” songster of the New Zealand Goldfields* by Robert Hoskings). They were Victorian goldfield entertainers who came to the Otago gold rush in 1862, staying in NZ 5 years. In Dunedin they were hugely popular, though “the entertainment was hardly one to which one could take a lady, as occasionally his songs were somewhat coarse and vulgar” – but he was so popular that a special morning concert had to be arranged so that ladies could see it. The *Otago Daily Times* of 12 June 1862 reported,

“Mr. Thatcher was particularly fortunate in having so fine a day yesterday for his morning concert. The room was well filled, and with a company such as, it may be safely asserted, was never in it before. The large proportion of ladies in the audience was a subject of general remark, and it was not unreasonably concluded that a pardonable curiosity, inherited from Mother Eve, had something to do with the matter, this being the first opportunity that the ladies had of hearing, and seeing the man of whom they had heard so much. The room was made to put on its best appearance, being decorated with evergreens for the occasion, and lighted up as if it were night. This was a very good plan, artificial light being much more favorable for every amusement of the kind than the “garish light of day.” The ordinary forms also were all turned out, and chairs substituted, and altogether the room made a very presentable appearance.

“The concert commenced with the Overture to l’Italiani, which was very carefully played by Messrs. Cousins, Thatcher, and Livingston, on violin, flute and piano. This was followed by the descriptive song of the Boar Hunt, by Mr. Leeman. Madame Vitelli then sang the celebrated Leonora song, from the opera of Trovatore, with much care, and considerable effect; indeed, we were quite surprised to hear her sing it so well. Thatcher followed, and plunging at once, *in medias res*, went off with the song of the “Old Identity.” The song “took” immensely, and it was easy to see that the ladies were extremely entertained with the hits at their lords and masters. An encore was insisted on, and Thatcher substituted another song from his extensive repertoire, which was equally-well received. Our limits will not allow of our noticing each piece separately, but we may say, in general terms, that the concert went off exceedingly well,

**“INIMITABLE THATCHER.”**

When Jupiter sent down King Stork  
To rule amongst the boys,  
His Kingship (scorning knife or fork)  
Gulp'd down the rebel frogs.  
A Stork has dropped in Napier town,  
A canny money catcher,  
Three hob the mob! the nob's a crown!  
To hear the comic Thatcher!  
The Napier press at once proclaimed  
You couldn't find his match-er,  
And so they dubbed him as “the famed,  
Inimitable Thatcher.”  
The Council Hall he soon secured,  
His Honor's leave obtained;  
The Super doubtless felt assured  
Some wrinkles might be gained.  
For “local hits” and “witty squibs”  
Come in at nomination,  
And candidates must tell such fibs  
As whip the whole creation.  
Then Thatcher at the Star Hotel,  
He joined his head with Ferrers,  
Who with the gossip prim'd him well  
About the great men's errors.  
He being crammed for local song,  
With scandal, fun, and talk,  
Hits off the folk he's come among—  
Celebrities of Hawke.  
Thus Thatcher quizzed both small and great,  
And dealt out many a scratcher,  
A “knock down blow” for each man's pate—  
Inimitable Thatcher!  
The Napier boys rushed in pell-mell,  
And ladies fair were going  
The motley audience to swell;  
The house was overflowing.  
The gaping crowd roar'd with applause  
When “prominent men” got hit,  
Tho' some (says the *Herald*) had cause  
To wince, who felt the cap fit.  
Applause and tin came tumbling in,  
And Thatcher, quite contented,  
Not caring a pin whose skin was thin,  
More local squibs invented.  
Says Thatcher (pocketing the tin  
And laughing in his sleeve)  
The Napier geese I've taken in,  
So now I'll take my leave.  
This Thatcher he's a knowing file,  
His “rubs” went down like lollies;  
And each man paid his cash in style,  
To laugh at neighbours' follies.  
'Tis but an act of self-defence,  
If you your neighbours quizz,  
That they should laugh at your expense.  
Your humble servant,

PHIZ.

and that Thatcher himself was invariably encored. Some of his songs seemed to please the audience more than others, we may especially instance “Sir George Grey,” “The Old Dunedin Gaol,” in which the story is very humorously related of the sailors who were let out of gaol with a shilling a-piece for spending money, with the distinct understanding that they must be back in time in the evening, or they would be locked-out.”

They had performed at the opening of Bully Hayes’ United States Hotel in Arrowtown, and they toured most of the New Zealand towns and cities.

One Napier wit had even out-Thatchered Thatcher with a skit of his own (*Herald* 21 December 1862, reproduced at right).

Thatcher admitted in the first couple of lines that Billy K’lenso was based on an earlier version, and indeed, in the advertisement columns of the *Herald* on 12 July 1861 these anonymous verses had appeared. They would have been placed by one of Colenso’s opponents during the elections for Membership of the House of Representatives.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE DISTRICT OF NAPIER.

AIR,—“BILLY BARLOW.”

BROTHER-SETTLERS & Fellow-Electors; good day!

If you’ll listen one moment I’ve something to say,—

“I cannot any longer refrain;” high and low

Are all wishing to nominate Billy K’lenso.

Oh, dear! raggedy oh!

Such a fine requisition to Billy K’lenso.

Altho’ more than two months since I heard the sweet sound,

I just thought to myself I would take a look round,

And wait if you’d find some one abler to go

To the General Assembly than Billy K’lenso.

Oh, dear! raggedy oh!

There’s no more “fit person” than Billy K’lenso.

I’ve no “private desire” myself to embroil,

“In political life with strife and turmoil,”

Without vich on my hands I’ve got plenty, you know,

And I don’t like to leave it, says Billy K’lenso.

But it’s oh, dear! I’m afraid I must go,

Such a numerous call on poor Billy K’lenso.

There’s my friend Captain C. takes the paper about,

For to get in the chap he once tried to put put;

Vot he wants to be at now, I really don’t know,

There must be “fascination” in Billy K’lenso.

Oh, dear! it’s a very rum go,

Ven the Captain hoists canvas for Billy K’lenso.

“I believe I say truly, you pretty well know,”

The vay I should hact if up yonder I go,

Vith the “honestest pride” my opinions I’d show,

And would never say die to three F.’s in a row.

Oh, dear! I’d be happy to go,

Just to “tickle their tobys” with Billy K’lenso.

As I don't mean to get myself into a mess,  
 Please just to refer to my printed address,  
 Vere you'll see "the whole hog" I'm determined to go,  
 So you'll never do better! send Billy K'lenso!  
     Oh, dear! raggedy oh!  
     I'm a "rum un to look at, but a good un to go."

Perhaps I once said rather more than I meant,  
 Ven I stated the tin vas "right royally spent;"  
 There's no doubt of the fact that it quickly did go.  
 But you can't lay the blame on poor Billy K'lenso.  
     Oh, dear! raggedy oh!  
     Don't let that stop the way of poor Billy K'lenso.

"Thanking you for the honor you've done me," again  
 To the "opinion expressed" I vill staunchly remain,  
 And ven at the hustings I make a grand show,  
 You must vote like old Harry for Billy K'lenso.  
     Oh, dear! raggedy oh!  
     Your most faithful servant is

BILLY K'LENZO.

Interestingly, it suggests Colenso may have tended to mispronounce his "W"s as "V"s, an impediment I had not heard of before reading this, though his early stammering is well recognised. In his very long acceptance speech Colenso referred to the doggerel with good humour:

"... Englishmen would never cease to act as their forefathers at election times: such periods were ever a time of Saturnalia with the people. He (Mr. C.) had been for a long period abused and vilified, more so perhaps than any other man in the whole Province. And he confessed he had felt it; such to him was as barbs in his liver, or as fish-hooks dragged over his skin. He, however, had never done anything to his abusers; having long ago determined to live it down. (Cheers.) There was only the other day the song of 'Billy K'lenso'—(laughter)—in which he was styled 'a rum 'un to look at, but a good 'un to go'—(he hoped the latter would be fulfilled)... Well, he had laughed as heartily as any one over that production, and had said that, if he knew the author, he would give him a guinea for his wit."

Colenso (among other candidates for election) had been the subject of earlier verse—one effort, also by "Phiz", in the 15 January 1859 *HB Herald* contained this stanza:

This is the West country terrier bold  
 Who cares not for sops although' of gold  
 Who could not be diddled and would not be sold  
 But what he knew of the truth he told...

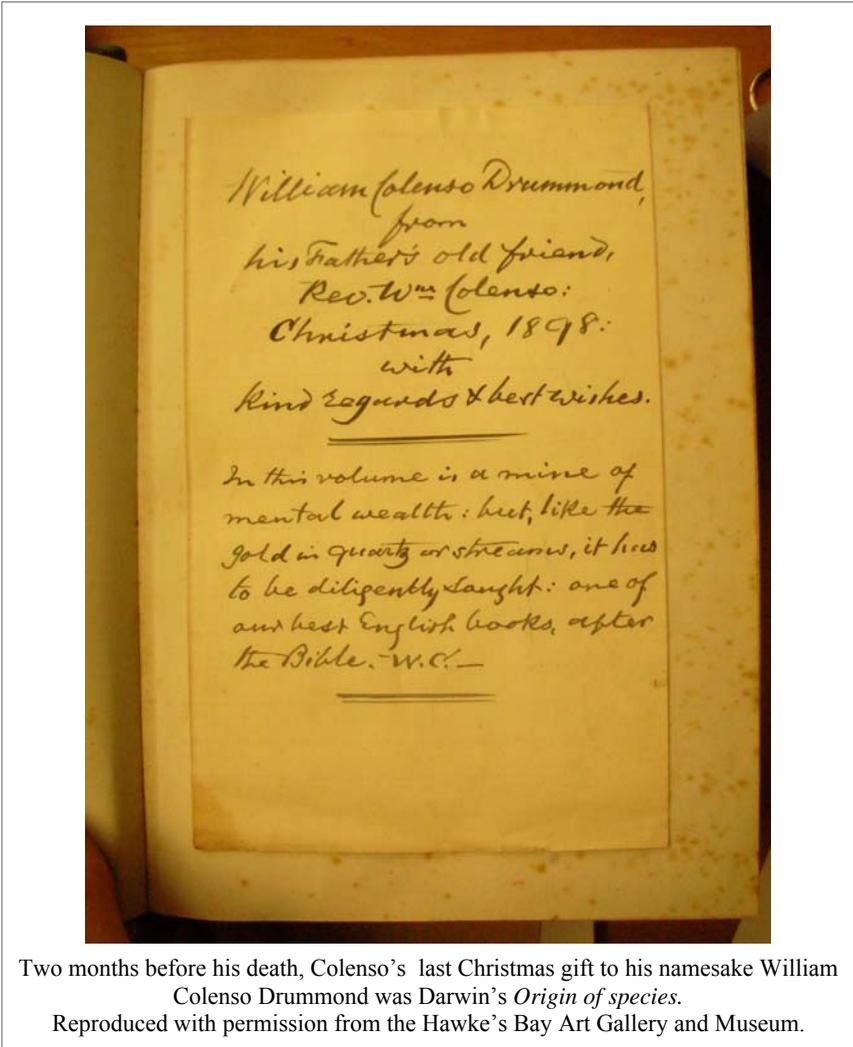
The composition of nonsense verses was a favorite amusement of William Makepeace Thackeray. Here are his lines on Bishop John Colenso and Bishop Sam Wilberforce (a lesson in rhyming for the writers of "Billy K'lenso")

"This is the bold Bishop Colenso  
 Whose heresies seem to offend so,  
     Quoth Sam of the Soap,  
     'Bring fagot and rope,  
 For we know he ain't got no friends, oh!'"

—*Ballads and Verses and Miscellaneous Contributions to 'Punch'*.

Samuel Wilberforce was known as “Soapy Sam” from a comment by Disraeli that his manner was “unctuous, oleaginous, saponaceous”. He opposed Darwin’s theory of evolution—at a famous debate in 1860 he asked Thomas Henry Huxley whether it was through his grandfather or his grandmother that he claimed his descent from a monkey.  
—Wikipedia.

By 1904 it was all forgotten and Klenso was being advertised as a washing powder.  
*I am grateful for much of the above to the National Library of New Zealand’s “Papers Past”, an extraordinarily valuable resource—Ian St George.*



Two months before his death, Colenso’s last Christmas gift to his namesake William Colenso Drummond was Darwin’s *Origin of species*.  
Reproduced with permission from the Hawke’s Bay Art Gallery and Museum.

## Victoria Summer Scholar studies Colenso's lexical legacy

Jenna Tinkle



I am currently carrying out a research project on the lexical legacy of William Colenso in the New Zealand Dictionary Centre for Dr. Dianne Bardsley. This project is part of the Victoria University Summer Scholar Scheme, which gives students the opportunity to work full time over the summer as paid research assistants. Over the past four years, I have been a student at Victoria University, majoring in English Language and Classics. I have recently completed my honours in Classics, with plans to pursue a career in publishing and editing. Having worked in the Dictionary Centre last summer, I jumped at the chance to do further lexicographical research, especially on the works of a man who played such an important part in 19<sup>th</sup> century politics, Maori relations, awareness of Maori language and culture, early printing, the Christian mission, and the discovery and naming of several plants.

An enthusiastic writer, Colenso expressed his opinion and demonstrated his knowledge in several published essays, lengthy letters to the editor of various newspapers, and private letters to friends and acquaintances. His interest in a wide range of subjects and his familiarity with and advocacy of te reo Maori make his numerous published and unpublished works a storehouse of New Zealandisms, words or meanings that are distinctive to New Zealand English. My job is to find these New Zealandisms and enter them into a database, recording the term, source and date, along with a citation that gives sufficient evidence of meaning and/or usage. I have designed the database so that each term is put into one of five categories that fit Colenso's interests and occupations: missionary/print, political, botanical, Maori and other. This database will not only be an invaluable collection of early citations of New Zealandisms, but a tool that will help us investigate Colenso's use of New Zealand English and his contribution to our lexis.

I am currently at the data collection stage, which I have discovered requires careful methodology to ensure accuracy and efficiency. First, I read his works closely, with an alert lexicographical eye. When a New Zealandism crops up, or a word that seems suspiciously like a New Zealandism, I look it up in the Dictionary of New Zealand English (DNZE). If already in the DNZE, this term can be recorded in my database as a definite New Zealandism and either adds to or antedates the DNZE's citations of the

term. For instance, in a private letter dated 1860, Colenso uses the term “drafting pen”. In the DNZE, the earliest citation of this lexical item is 1934, 74 years later than my citation. Therefore, I have recorded “drafting pen” in my database as an antedating. The end result of my research project will be a database of hundreds of terms and citations and a lexical analysis of Colenso’s language.

It is, of course, more difficult to ascribe NZE status to words that are not already in the DNZE. One way of determining whether or not these words are distinctive to New Zealand English is to look them up in the Oxford English Dictionary (OED). If the OED lists the term as *N.Z.*, or it supplies later citations than the one I have found, the term is recorded in my New Zealandism database. If the word is in neither the DNZE nor the OED, I Google it. When a Google search finds only New Zealand pages and citations, the word is entered into my database with a note that the term warrants further investigation; it is possible that it is not only distinctive to New Zealand English, but a Colenso coinage. Several words are discarded at this stage of the data collection process because they are clearly non-distinctive to New Zealand English.

Even at this early stage of the project, certain aspects of Colenso’s language stand out as significant. In particular, Colenso’s use of *te reo Maori* is interesting; not only does he use it frequently, he also uses it in such a way that suggests it is fully integrated into his English. In his private letters, Colenso uses words such as *utu*, *mana* and *taua* without glossing, suggesting both his and his correspondents’ familiarity with Maori. A favourite citation thus far is “The day you left a *taua* of ducks – 11 in number – gobbled up all the remaining gooseberries!” (Private letter to McLean, date unknown). The comedic image of a hostile “war party” of ducks relies on McLean’s understanding of the meaning of *taua*; Maori is so fully assimilated it can be used as a joke. In other cases, the assimilation of *te reo* into English is demonstrated by Colenso use of Maori words like English participles or phrasal verbs, such as *tangiing* and *panaing* and English infinitives: “...the Natives (having repeatedly heard that the Bishop and the Governor were coming to “*pana*” me,) were all against me!” (Private letter to McLean, 1858). Colenso has also coined Maori/English compounds, such as *runanga-fashion*. I cannot find evidence of this term elsewhere and I have recorded it in my database because it is an interesting use of *runanga* and Colenso uses it on more than one occasion. He also clearly describes its meaning in a private letter to McLean:

If English Law (or a portion of it) could be dispensed “**Runanga**”-*fashion*, (i.e. by an itinerant Magistrate, or R.M., acting in concert with the Chief of each Tribe, and openly and at his Native Village hearing cases & giving judgment,) such would tend to remove much existing discontent. (1859)

My database of New Zealandisms is already full of over 200 hundred citations with terms ranging from *grog* and *bush hotel* to *Maori earth oven* and *kaitaka mat*. I look forward to adding to this list over the next two months and progressing into deeper analysis, hopefully reaching conclusions that will provide us with an insight into the language and character of William Colenso.