

COLENSO

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Peter Wells is the 2011 Creative New Zealand Michael King Writers' Fellow

Colenso Society secretary and author Peter Wells has been awarded the \$100,000 Creative New Zealand Michael King Writers' Fellowship to research and write a non-fiction book titled *Sparrow on a Rooftop*. The book looks at the months of December 1871 and January 1872 when Kereopa Te Rau was brought to Napier, put on trial for murder and hanged.

Suspected of spying, the missionary Carl Volkner was hanged from a willow tree outside his own church in Opotiki during the height of the land wars in New Zealand. Kereopa Te Rau swallowed Volkner's eyes and became infamous. On the run for seven years, he was eventually captured, tried and hanged in Napier.

"At the time Kereopa Te Rau was regarded as a notorious man being brought to justice," Wells says. "But there were other points of view. William Colenso published an impassioned tract saying 'Hear the other side' of the story. Sister Aubert visited Kereopa Te Rau in his cell and tried to comfort him. *Sparrow on a Rooftop* is as much a portrait of a time as an event. You have to remember it was Christmas and New Year and in the small colonial town of Napier there were theatrical events, adulteries, lost property, fights. Meanwhile inside a room, a man waits for his death...."

"This story allows me to sink into the rich compost of local history, which is where the small truths - and deceptions - lie," Peter Wells says. "The 19th century was the furnace in which contemporary New Zealand was forged. It's a great privilege to get this support so I can take my own time to go back to a crucial moment."

A writer of fiction and nonfiction, and a writer/director in film, Peter Wells's first book, *Dangerous Desires*, won the Reed Fiction Award, the NZ Book Award, and PEN Best New Book in Prose in 1992. His memoir won the 2002 Montana NZ Book Award for Biography, and he has won many awards for his work as a film director. He is co-founder of the Auckland Writers and Readers Festival. In 2006, Wells was made a Member of the New Zealand Order of Merit for services to literature and film.

This year he is bringing out *The Hungry Heart*, a contemporary look at the 19th century dissident and polymath, William Colenso.

The Creative New Zealand Michael King Writers' Fellowship supports established writers to work on a major project over two or more years. Wells will be the ninth recipient since its inauguration in 2003. It was renamed in recognition of the late Michael King for his contribution to literature and his role in advocating for a major fellowship for New Zealand writers.

Previous recipients of the Creative New Zealand Michael King Writers' Fellowship are Owen Marshall, Vincent O'Sullivan, CK Stead, Rachel Barrowman, Neville Peat, Dame Fiona Kidman, Philip Simpson and Kate De Goldi.

Ridley Latimer Colenso (23 September 1845 – 10 February 1926)

By Gillian Bell

A nice cosy, comfortable house with the sea in front & a good view of ships & boats up & down,” wrote Edith, Lattie Colenso’s oldest niece, of Sylvan Cottage at Hythe, Southampton.

Lattie & his wife Maud had come to New Zealand to attend to his late father’s estate & in May 1900, had attended Edith’s wedding in Rangiatea Church, Otaki & also enjoyed a large family Christmas gathering at Forest Lakes, the home of his sister, Fanny Simcox & of his 79 year old mother.

Elizabeth was 24 when with determination & desperation, she had traversed the nearly 200 miles from Ahuriri to the Turanganui mission at Gisborne & the safety of medical care from Archdeacon William Williams, a doctor, & his wife Jane, a nurse. The journey took over 3 weeks with William Colenso recounting how he shuddered to see his wife’s effort in the awful winter conditions. Those of us who have seen the Mohaka bluffs can appreciate the dangers of the old Maori track. After 2 days rest, William Colenso returned to Ahuriri in 8 days and the baby was born 2 weeks later. He had been absent during her first difficult confinement at Waimate and this time he did not hear of his son’s birth until October 11th in a letter from the Archdeacon. Three months later, Elizabeth returned to Ahuriri & on February 1st, his daughter Fanny’s second birthday, William christened his son, Ridley Latimer.

Edith’s journal tells of her uncle & aunt riding their bicycles around the pretty country lanes although her aunt “suffers greatly from neuralgia” & of herself “walking with Zulu the dog up to the white gate”. Her brother Selwyn Simcox was also at Hythe as Lattie paid 150 pounds of his nephew’s fare to England so he could see an eye specialist.

When Elizabeth took Fanny (17) & Lattie (15) to England in 1861, they were popular with the crew & were allowed to “man the flags”. They also preserved the skins of albatrosses to make muffs: Fanny had been shown this skill by the Austrian scientists, Hochstetter and von Haast, who had stayed at the Taupiri mission station where their mother was teaching—so it is not surprising that Edith talks of preserving a mole skin with her uncle’s help during her stay. Lattie also had a talent for pen & ink drawings and showed her his etched envelopes; there are several drawings of whimsical botanical plants enjoyed today by my family.

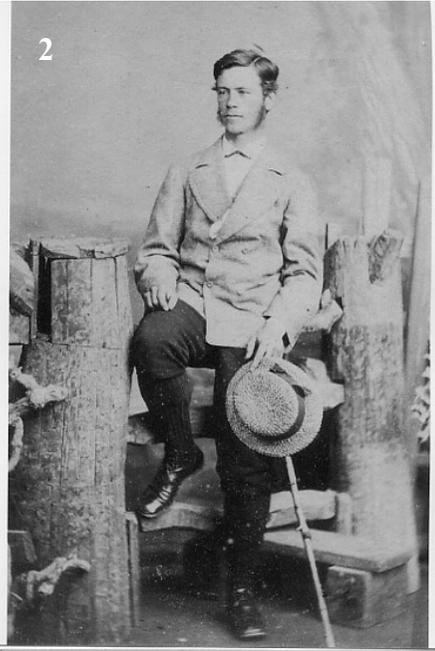
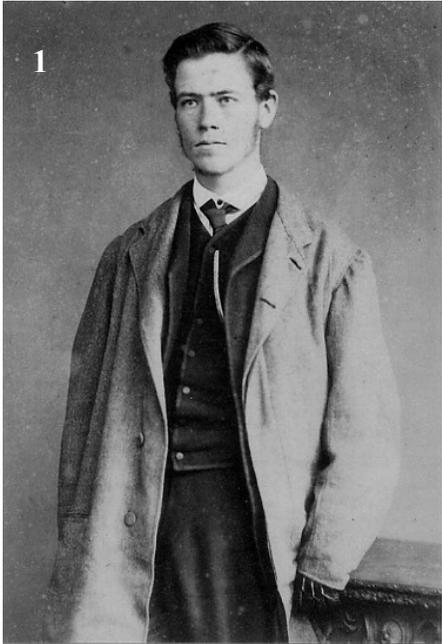
In London, the Colenso children were day pupils at their respective schools, Fanny at Queens College & Lattie at Bruce Castle. Years later, Sir James G Wilson’s book “Early Rangitikei” recounts that “while at school at Bruce Castle, there was a senior boy known as ‘The Bishop’, being a relative of the Bishop of Natal about whom there was great controversy as to his orthodoxy. Twenty years later while a guest of Mrs Will Simcox at Otaki I discovered she was the ‘Bishop’s’ sister!” In July 1864, both Lattie & Fanny were guests at the wedding of the nephew of the founder of Bruce Castle, Sir Rowland Hill, and Fanny’s gloves cost 1/8d. They also enjoyed the company of their mother’s brothers, John en route to Hanover for his children’s musical edu-

cation, Edwin in Stuttgart, whom they visited, sister Esther in Tottenham before her return to NZ, as well as many of the CMS returned missionaries. On August 1st, 1864, the 3 Colensos had a two week family adventure, travelling to Paris via Southampton and Le Havre. Unfortunately, Lattie lost his hat out of the train window so his first purchase in France was a very expensive hat which is recorded in Elizabeth's account book at 15 shillings with, in Lattie's writing, "bel chapeau". As his weekly allowance was 2 shillings, his mother must have blanched at this extravagance although she had an income from her farm at Pakuranga which was successfully managed by her foster brother, Hemi Pepene. In Paris they took lodgings with an English lady, Mrs Boyes in Rue de Corlese, paying two francs (1/8d) for a cab and 10 pence for Fanny & her mother to have a hot bath. They then proceeded to visit many Roman Catholic churches & an Orthodox Greek church, where they found all these churches full of rituals, "idolatrous" symbols and commercial activity of "Popish trumpery selling relics & candles". They did, however, pay 2d to see Voltaire's tomb & the same to climb the 434 steps to see a magnificent view over the city. To lighten their sight seeing, they went to the circus to see trapeze acrobats & visited the usual tourist spots such as the Tuileries and Palace de Versailles as Paris filled up with visitors from around the world in anticipation of the Emperor Napoleon 3rd's Fete (which was celebrated on August 18th with magnificent fire works).

Back in England, Elizabeth rented 2 adjoining stone cottages at Hadfold Herne, Sussex, belonging to Mr George Ireland, for 12 pounds a year as Lattie was to learn something of farming from him before entering St Johns College, Cambridge. Elizabeth & Fanny returned to NZ in 1866 and about this time Lattie, now 21, visited his father in Napier & perhaps this was the occasion on which William showed him the letters from Elizabeth written when she left Ahuriri for Otahuhu. Lattie's enigmatic response was "These letters say it all". Back in England, Lattie studied for his BA degree but enjoyed a reunion with his sister, newly married to Will Simcox, when she visited her in-laws in 1870. Lattie spent Xmas with them and showed off his skating skills on the Serpentine.

In 1875 he married Maud Cordelia Hamilton. She was 18 and Lattie 30 and their honeymoon was a walking tour of the Lakes District. Their only child May was born in 1879 but sadly she died at 18 in 1897. His neice, Edith, was born in Conway, Wales in 1871 & his nephew Martin was born in 1873. Edith always remembered her aunt & uncle as kind, gentle people and before the outbreak of World War, Lattie & Maud had had visits from neices & nephews in England. William Colenso never met any of his 9 grandchildren, two of whom died before he did.

Maud Colenso died in 1917 during a trip on the Continent. There is no family record of Lattie visiting the country of his birth again and on his death in 1926 at Kilmuir, two years before Fanny, his will was as complicated as his father's, in that from his assets he had bequeathed over 4000 pounds in amounts ranging from 2 pounds 10 shillings to 500 pounds, to 80 beneficiaries. There were insufficient funds to honour all these legacies, but the NZ beneficiaries provided from their funds 1200 pounds to pay Mrs H.S. Smith, housekeeper, one pound a week for her lifetime. By 1955, this allowance was still being paid with the capital sum reduced to 558 pounds 16 shillings & 10 pence.



Ridley Latimer Colenso

1. As a youth
2. c.1864: is that the "bel chapeau"?
3. Graduation.
4. 1875: Lattie and Maud Colenso, honeymooning on a walking tour of the Lakes District.
5. May Colenso aged 14.
6. Lattie & Zulu at Sylvan cottage, Hythe.
7. Lattie's grave.
8. Christmas 1899; Lattie, on his last visit to New Zealand, has attended to his father's estate in Napier, and is photographed with his wife Maud, his sister Frances (Fanny Simcox), his mother, Elizabeth (now 79, in the wheelchair) and his niece Constance, at Otaki.





New Zealand's first printer

(*The Inland Printer*, 7 (1889-90), pp.504-506)

WRITTEN FOR THE INLAND PRINTER.

NEW ZEALAND'S FIRST PRINTER.

BY R. COPLAND HARRISON.

AS a constant reader of THE INLAND PRINTER, I can say that none of its special features are more interesting to distant readers than the biographical sketches of eminent members of the craft, especially when accompanied by portraits. It is pleasant to be made acquainted with the personal appearance and life history of those whose names and writings are familiar, and who have done good work in the world. So far, these biographies have been confined almost entirely to American subjects; but in the British colonies in the Pacific there are printers whose skill and energy are as conspicuous in their own particular field, and whose biography would be as instructive, as any to be found elsewhere. THE INLAND PRINTER is now read the wide world over, and its subjects may fairly cover the same extensive field. In placing of record facts concerning prominent printers of Australasia, it is fitting that it should begin with the one who is probably the senior printer in the whole group—the pioneer of the art in New Zealand—the Rev. William Colenso, F. L. S., F. R. S. For the facts which follow, I am chiefly indebted to a small work issued by this venerable printer last year, and illustrated with four plates from his own drawings, entitled "Fifty Years Ago in New Zealand: A Commemoration; A Jubilee Paper." A review of this book in the London *Printer's Register*, by the celebrated literary printer, Mr. William Blades, has brought Mr. Colenso's name prominently before the craft, and particulars of his life history will be interesting.

William Colenso belongs to an old Cornish family, and was born at Penzance in 1811. He is first cousin to the celebrated mathematician, the late John William Colenso, bishop of Natal, who made no small stir in the world of literature and theology some years ago. In his youth he learned the arts of printing and bookbinding, and worked in the office of Watts & Son, 2 Temple Bar, Crown Court, where he was for a time engaged on work for the British and Foreign Bible Society.

In the year 1833 the Church Missionary Society—which had long been urged to take this step by the New Zealand missionaries—decided to send out a press and outfit to that distant land, and had some difficulty in finding a missionary printer to take charge. In the end of that year Mr. Colenso was introduced to the secretaries of the mission and was definitely engaged, in the double capacity of missionary and printer. Some six months' delay took place before everything was ready for dispatch, and the entire details were arranged by the under-secretaries of the mission,

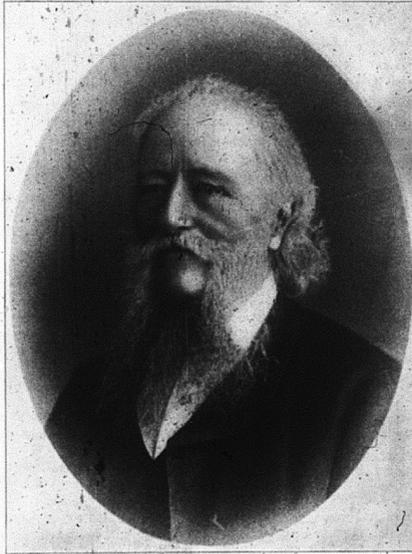
without any reference to the man who was to do the work. The three essentials of types, ink and press were, apparently, in the opinion of these gentlemen, all that any reasonable printer had a right to ask for, all else being luxuries or superfluities. It was not without serious misgivings that the young pioneer printer observed the poverty of the outfit which he was to take, 16,000 miles from the place of manufacture, though it was not till he entered upon his duties in the new land that he became fully aware of the principle on which his plant had been selected. His applications and suggestions were refused and rejected with that superiority which the official so commonly assumes when dealing with the practical man. Among other deficiencies which he thought should be supplied were these of page-cord and an imposing stone. "What?" they said, "Coals to Newcastle? In

that country where the New Zealand flax grows everywhere wild, and the natives are all adepts at making such beautiful lines and cords! and where the handsome greenstone abounds!" The hard-hearted Pharaoh who demanded bricks without straw was out-Pharaohed by the self-sufficient secretaries of the mission, and their obstinacy ultimately cost the society dear, though the chief burden fell on the hapless printer.

After a passage of seventeen weeks the ship arrived at Sydney, and such was the fear of the Maoris that the vessel for New Zealand could be secured for eight or nine weeks. On December 10 he sailed in a comfortable little schooner for the Bay of Islands, and after a voyage of twenty days reached his destination. On January 3, 1835, the large Stanhope press and the heavy bookbinding appliances were landed, not without much difficulty, on an improvised raft made by lashing together two native canoes and fixing across them a platform. It was not deemed safe to open the boxes of type on board, as some of the natives, who crowded the vessel, could not have resisted the temptation to steal the metal for bullets.

Looking back those fifty-five years, it is scarcely possible to realize the changes that have taken place. The journey occupied more than six months; we can now cover the distance in five weeks, while there is daily communication by cable! Nor is the change in the country itself less wonderful. Impenetrable cities now stand and railways extend where then was impenetrable forest, and prosperous sheep farms and fields of grain occupy the sites of ancient lakes and swamps. Half a century ago, the man who came to New Zealand took his life in his hand; the wild and warlike native tribes were still pagans and cannibals, being gradually subdued by the power of the gospel.

The plant landed, the printer was anxious to get to work, and the resident missionaries were equally desirous to secure his



Yours very truly W Colenso

valuable aid. But when he unpacked his stores and took stock of his equipment, he fully realized what it was to have had his plant selected by men who knew nothing of the business and were above taking advice. He had a large and ponderous roller mould. He had no wooden furniture (metal furniture was then unknown); no quoins, no galley nor shooter; no galleys; no composing sticks; no type cases; no brass rule; no leads; no ink table; no potash nor eye-brush; no roller frames or stocks; no imposing stone; no page cord; no paper! He was in a strange predicament, in a lonely island in the Antipodes, and so circumscribed that no deficiencies could be made good in less than a year and a half! Fortunately, he had but his own private composing stick in his pocket, and was, moreover, a man of resource. A joiner made for him cases for the Maori language (in which thirteen letters only are used) after a plan of his own. When he had to set English he put the additional parts in little paper packages on the table or on the floor. The joiner also made some galleys; an ink-table, and, from unseasoned wood, some exceedingly untrustworthy furniture, side-sticks and quoins. The printer made shift, with the press-table as an imposing stone, until he obtained an enormous black basaltic boulder from the Waiikeri river, which was cut in half and squared by a missionary, who was also a stonemason. But as the stone was hard and tools imperfect, the job was expensive, costing some thing over £20 (\$100). When, however, in 1837, they were finished and mounted on a frame with drawers, he says: "I felt happy and thoughts were rich! This is the first, perhaps the only, instance of a pair of large imposing stones made out of a boulder of basalt, and therefore I relate it."

On February 17, 1835, was printed the first book in New Zealand, "the printing office being filled with spectators to witness the performance." This was a copy of the "Epistles to the Ephesians, and Philippians," in the native language, the paper (including a few sheets of pink blotting paper for the covers) having been supplied from their private stores by the wives of the missionaries. Some two thousand copies of this little work were ultimately printed, a sufficient supply of writing paper having been found at the Central Mission store. Of this pamphlet (as well as of all the other early products of his press) Mr. Colenso has preserved a copy—probably the only one in existence. On May 10, 1836, he printed the "first English book," eight pages octavo, the first "Report of the New Zealand Temperance Society." This, by the way, was a society pledged against the use of ardent spirits only—temperance societies in the present sense of the term being then unknown.

Mr. Colenso's great work, however, and a truly wonderful work, considering the disadvantages under which he labored, was that of printing a complete edition of the New Testament in the Maori language—which was taken in hand in March, 1836, immediately on receipt of the first supplies of paper from home. The edition was originally intended to be five thousand copies; but at the earnest request of the Wesleyan missionaries, another thousand copies were added for the use of their denomination. The press-work alone was a very heavy item, and the work, which is printed in small pica, compares very favorably with the bookwork produced in the colony today, with all its boasted modern appliances. Large as was the edition, it is believed that Mr. Colenso's copy is the only one now in existence.

The difficulties under which the work was produced are vividly set forth in the pamphlet aforesaid. Much of the presswork was done single-handed; for, though the printer took pains to train some young Maoris, they could not stand the monotony of the unaccustomed work, and left as soon as they became useful. Help came in November from an unlooked-for quarter. "The crew of the American whaleships, which at that period came into the Bay of Islands to obtain supplies," says Mr. Colenso, "were not wholly trained sailors, but young workmen of almost all trades," of a roving and adventurous spirit. Two of these, trained pressmen, Henry Mann and John Bevan, were engaged, and materially assisted in the work, but only remained nine weeks. After their departure, Mr. Colenso continued his heavy task single-handed, but only for a month. He met two more American pressmen—

James Powell and Charles Upham. The former staid five months; the latter remained till the completion of the work, in December, 1837. They were "quiet, industrious, steady men." They did not touch the types, but took the whole of the presswork, and after Powell left, Upham worked the press single-handed. "He was a very good and trusty pressman, and kept the colors well up, and his rollers, etc., in good working order." This, from Mr. Colenso, is high praise.

Mr. Colenso sets forth his principal hindrances at great length. The frequent absence of the translator, and his other heavy duties, the full share of ordinary mission-work devolving on the printer; the state of the weather and native tracks, and dilatoriness of Maori messengers causing delay in transit of copy and proofs; and inter-tribal quarrels, sometimes resulting in bloodshed, unsettling all arrangements.

The New Testament, consisting of 356 pages, was at last—in the middle of December, 1837—accomplished; and the next work was that of binding. Throughout the islands many were waiting in eager expectation for the books, and by hard and persevering work Mr. Colenso was enabled to furnish a few copies in call as a New Year's gift to the missionaries, after which "the demand for copies became great beyond expression."

It is not necessary to follow any further the record of Mr. Colenso's experience as a printer. In his little book already referred to, and in many papers in the "Transactions of the New Zealand Philosophical Institute," he has given interesting reminiscences of the old heathen and cannibal days, which are the more valuable as he is a most methodical diarist, and the incidents are described from memoranda made at the time. For many years he was actively engaged in mission work, in the course of which he traversed almost the whole of the North Island on foot—a tremendous undertaking in days when no roads existed. He even on more than one occasion crossed the dividing range of the Ruahine—a feat which has only been repeated once by white men (and unintentionally, as they lost their way, and narrowly escaped with their lives), and very rarely by the natives themselves. In 1844 Mr. Colenso took orders. For two years he resided with Bishop Lehohn at St. John's College, Waimate.

Mr. Colenso is a many-sided man. He has long discontinued regular clerical work, but has always been actively engaged in literary, scientific or public duties. As a botanist, he occupies the front rank, and his reputation is world-wide. He is a Fellow of the Linnean Society, and a few years ago was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, in recognition of his distinguished services in the cause of botanical science. He was the first to identify the fossil bones of the long-extinct moa (*Dinornis*) as those of a gigantic bird, and very accurately indicated its place in the animal kingdom. On the subject of ferns, lichens, and the humble but beautiful hepatica, he is one of the greatest authorities. In the year 1861 he was elected representative of Napier in the general assembly, and was many times re-elected to the same honorable position. In the days of the provincial system he represented Napier in the provincial council, and also at various times filled the offices of provincial treasurer and inspector of schools. On the subject of Maori history and tradition, there is only one other man—Sir George Grey—who will bear comparison with him as an authority. He has in manuscript a voluminous lexicon of the Polynesian language, which he was commissioned by the government many years ago to write. The work was approaching completion when a change of administration reversed the order, and succeeding governments have declined either to carry out the work officially or to permit the author to find a private publisher. Mr. Colenso was one of the founders of the Hawke's Bay branch of the Philosophical Institute, and has always been the largest and most valued contributor to the "Transactions." For precise, exact and well-authenticated information, his "Contributions toward the better knowledge of the Maori people" excel all that has been written or collected by any other writer.

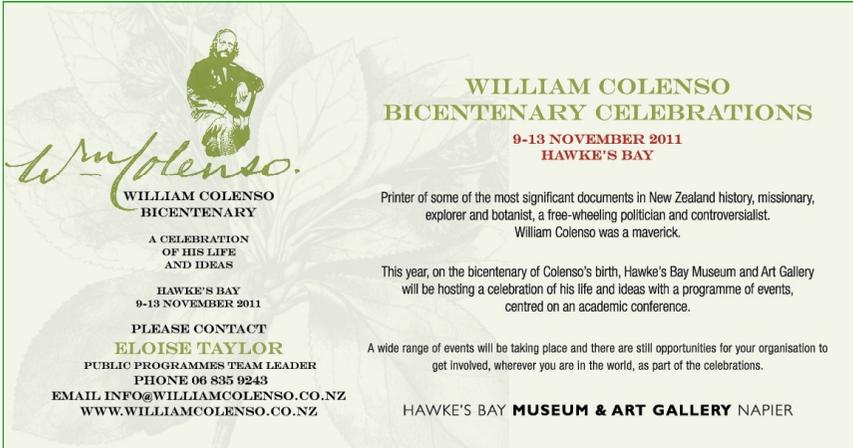
He is the only surviving European who was present on the important occasion of the signing of the treaty of Waitangi

(February 6, 1840) and wrote at the time a very full account of the proceedings, which was afterward revised by the British resident, the late James Busby. This important and very interesting document is now in the hands of the government printer, and is to be issued with annotations by the author, on the occasion of the celebration of the jubilee of the colony.

Advancing age has brought with it some physical infirmities, but has not quenched his old fire nor dimmed his intellect, and as his years increase, so does his love of nature. Most of his time is now spent in his beloved forests, where he still finds lovely ferns and rare plants hitherto unknown to science, and where he watches for the blossoming or seeding of favorite plants. No man in the colony is more widely known or esteemed—and by the craft he is specially revered. Though he has long given up the active work of the ministry, he sometimes acts as "supply" in a country pulpit; and so lately as Christmas of the present year (1889), in the Napier Cathedral, he preached to a large congregation from the old yet ever new message, "Peace on earth: good will to men." He still looks back with pleasure to the period of his long connection with the church mission and the first press in New Zealand; and among the reminiscences of a long and exceptionally useful life there are none that afford him such pleasure as the printing of the first Maori New Testament; nor in all his unique collection of ancient curiosities, natural history specimens, nor in the whole of his valuable library, is there an object so highly prized as his copy of the sacred volume.

The Inland Printer

The Inland Printer began as a trade catalogue distributed from 1883 around Chicago and New York to various print and publishing houses. It featured the latest and greatest printing technologies and services available; Linotype printing machines, steel engraved ornaments, and a variety of printing, folding and cutting machines, as well as advertising for the various printing and engraving companies. It is now regarded as a trend-setter for Art Nouveau, Arts & Crafts, and Art Deco printing styles. It continues as *The American Printer*.



**WILLIAM COLENZO
BICENTENARY CELEBRATIONS**

9-13 NOVEMBER 2011
HAWKE'S BAY

Printer of some of the most significant documents in New Zealand history, missionary, explorer and botanist, a free-wheeling politician and controversialist.
William Colenso was a maverick.

This year, on the bicentenary of Colenso's birth, Hawke's Bay Museum and Art Gallery will be hosting a celebration of his life and ideas with a programme of events, centred on an academic conference.

A wide range of events will be taking place and there are still opportunities for your organisation to get involved, wherever you are in the world, as part of the celebrations.

HAWKE'S BAY
9-13 NOVEMBER 2011

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Have you visited the website? <http://www.williamcolenso.co.nz/>

... and here is a link to the Te Ara blog:

<http://blog.teara.govt.nz/2011/06/22/william-colenso-scientist/>

eColenso is a free email Newsletter published irregularly by the Colenso Society. Please forward it to anybody. Past issues are at <http://www.colenostudy.id.au/>. 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 a carpet design by William Morris.



Following the footsteps of William Colenso: Lester Masters, twentieth century Ruahine hunter and poet

By Tony Gates

Lester Masters was an iconic Hawke's Bay bushman from the early midtwentieth century. Like William Colenso, William Howlett, and Norman Elder, he was passionate about the ranges and his writing. We are lucky to have such an important slice of our history so well recorded. The writings of Lester Masters have inspired many.

Masters hunted extensively throughout the Kawekas and Ruahines from the early 1900s till about the 1950s, spending much time following the footsteps of William Colenso. He penned many a fine poem and story. I smile when reading some of Masters' poetry, and I hope that you will too. His four books are aptly titled *Back Country Tales of Hawkes Bay*, *The Waiting West*, *Unfenced Country*, and *Tales of the Mails*. His tales were a combination of his own, as well as some that he had heard from old timers—including the legendary exploits of one Willy K'lenso. Masters even quoted the poem "Billy K'lenso" by the inimitable Mr Thatcher (January 1863), reprinted in "eColenso" January 2011.

*Oh dear! Raggedy oh!
Long life to his reverence Billy K'lenso*

Kuripapango was a busy place during the late nineteenth century. Beside the mighty Ngaruroro River, the location is between the Ruahine and Kaweka mountains, and with some imagination, forms the "natural route" between Hawke's Bay and the Taihape district. Pre-European Maori, then explorers, stock men, mail men, and hoteliers all travelled through Kuripapango. During the late 1840s, Colenso had forged a trail there, following Maori trails from Hawke's Bay to "the Inland Patea", and Masters made this area his home for much of the early twentieth century. *Tales of the mails* is about Lester as a youth in the early 1900s. He is reminiscing about what old people were telling him of early days of European settlement in Hawke's Bay, and rehashes their stories in his typically humorous and interesting style. (Some of these had been printed before, in Newspapers of the time). Period photographs, line drawings, and poems (by Lester) are provided. There are many short stories of the mail service to Kuripapango and inland Hawke's Bay during the late 1800s. Horse drawn wagons, controlled by often very whiskey influenced drivers, were the order of the day. Masters spins many wonderful yarns about these places, and he specialises in telling stories about the characters of the day, and points of interest such as botanical features and wild animals.

Masters had a particular interest in hut log books. Waterproof, vermin proof containers were made for many Ruahine and Kaweka huts, so their history could be well recorded. He loved huts like Ruahine Hut (in from Big Hill Station) and the old stone rabbit-ers' hut built during 1920 beside the Taruarau River, and named after its long time resident Alex Shute. Shute's hut still stands in 2011, in some ways in much the same state as when Lester Masters knew it. The original Ruahine Hut has long since suc-

cumbed to the elements. Many huts in the northern Ruahines and Kawekas were made into real homes by Lester Masters. After his death in 1961, a memorial shelter hut was constructed in the northern Ruahines near his hut site, and named Masters Shelter. It bears the inscription, from one of his poems;

To the memory of Lester & Margaret Masters

“We have drunk from mountain streams
Here breathed the mountain air,
Here have we made our memories
That only we can share”

High Hills. By Lester Masters, published 1958

Gently let my ashes rest
‘Mid the high hills of the west,
Where the golden tussocks grow
And the graceful red deer go.
Where down in the gorges dim
Blue ducks of the mountains swim,
And the red stag’s roar resound
Through my happy hunting ground.
While through beeches straight and tall
Mountain breezes softly call,
And the mad world’s worries cease
‘Mid those ancient hills of peace.
There forgotten tracks I’ll tramp,
Forgotten make the final camp
Where bellbirds sing the best
‘Mid the high hills of the west.
For remembrance only these,
Lofty hills and stately trees,
Azure lake and rippling shore,
Grace of life for evermore.

The Ruahines. By Lester Masters

Now the mustering is over,
And the flock has all been shorn,
Let us to the Ruahines
At the coming of the dawn,
Load the gear upon the pack-
horse,
Take the track into the west,
Underneath the lofty beeches,
Up beyond the saddle’s crest,



Lester Masters at Ruahine Hut, 1926. Courtesy of David Logan.



Lester October 1936: Heretaunga Tramping Club at Ruahine Hut.

Free old Brave and Ben and Ginger,
 There'll be pigs among the fern
 Boars in the misty gorges
 Where the lawyers twist and turn
 Bring the little blackened billy
 That the social Sallies scorn
 It belongs to the Ruahines,
 And the coming of the dawn.
 Now the harvesting is over,
 And we've done with storing corn,
 Let us to the Ruahines
 With the coming of the dawn
 Take the rod and take the rifle
 Reel and minnow, spool and fly
 In the Ngaruroro's waters
 there'll be rainbows, worth a try,
 Bring the matches and tobacco,
 There'll be time to have a yarn,
 As we linger at the Herrick,
 Or beside the summit tarn,
 Let's away where it's no matter,
 Whether clothes are old and torn,
 Up along the Ruahine,
 At the coming of the dawn.
 Now the picking days are over,
 The orchard looks forlorn,
 Let us to the Ruahines
 With the coming of the dawn,



Lester July 1951: Heretaunga Tramping Club at Ruahine Hut.

There'll be bellbirds in the beeches,
 Tuis testing mistletoe,
 Falcons flying in the azure
 O'er the ranges that we know
 Friendly wren's to whisper greetings,
 As we wander on our way,
 Blue ducks whistling in the gorges,
 At the gloaming of the day,
 And along the Waitutaki,
 Stag and hind and dappled fawn,
 On the way to the Ruahines,
 At the coming of the dawn.

KICKED BY HORSE, HUNTER SEVERELY HURT

Evening Post 15 May 1934. (By Telegraph—Press Association).

HASTINGS, This Day. Severe chest injuries and shock were suffered on Sunday by Lester Masters, a resident of Twyford, as a result of his being kicked by a horse upon which he was riding in the Ruahine Hills, behind Kereru, on a deer-stalking expedition. Masters, who was 35 years of age, was accompanied by his nephew, Eric Burge aged 12. Apparently the girth of the saddle slipped and Masters' foot was caught in the stirrup. He was dragged for some distance head down, and evidently was kicked by his alarmed horse. Burge went back and quietened the horse, and extricated his uncle. The two managed to reach a whare [Shute's Hut], where they spent Sunday night. Next morning Burge walked to the Big Hill station, whence a rescue party set out at noon. After an arduous journey over rough country the rescue party returned to the station at 2.30 this morning. Masters was brought to Hastings, and though his injuries are serious he is making satisfactory progress.

Meeting at Pa Whakairo, 20 July 1863

The *Illustrated London News* of 31 October 1863 carried a full-page engraving from photographs by Charles H Robson of a hui held near Napier on 20 July 1863 (opposite). Mr Grindle, the Government interpreter was there. Colenso was not: the year before he had been found guilty of illegally occupying the mission land at Waitangi; his old chapel at Te Awapuni was burned by Hauhau; he was appointed School Inspector for the Province; and in September wrote to JD Hooker, so recommencing regular correspondence. In 1863 he was re-elected to the Provincial Council, but resigned, writing *To the electors of the town of Napier*; he was re-elected in March but was dropped by McLean as Provincial Treasurer. He was not happy and his relationship with McLean was at its lowest ebb.

The gathering at Pa Whakairo was ostensibly to celebrate the opening of a flour mill, but the Waikato wars were raging, and there was anxiety among the Hawke's Bay iwi that they would also be seen as enemies, and among the settlers that local Maori might aid invading Waikato warriors.

Many "ladies and gentlemen from Napier" attended, as did the Superintendent of the Province, Donald McLean. The *News* reported, "This gentleman was for many years the head of the Native Department under the general Government of the colony, and is a man of great experience in all matters affecting the natives. Possessing the entire confidence of both races, and a perfect knowledge of the Maori language and character, no man could be better adapted to allay the feelings of distrust naturally awakened in the breasts of these bold and warlike people by the stirring events passing in other parts of the colony.... His Honour spoke at some length, and the result was that the natives were fully satisfied...."



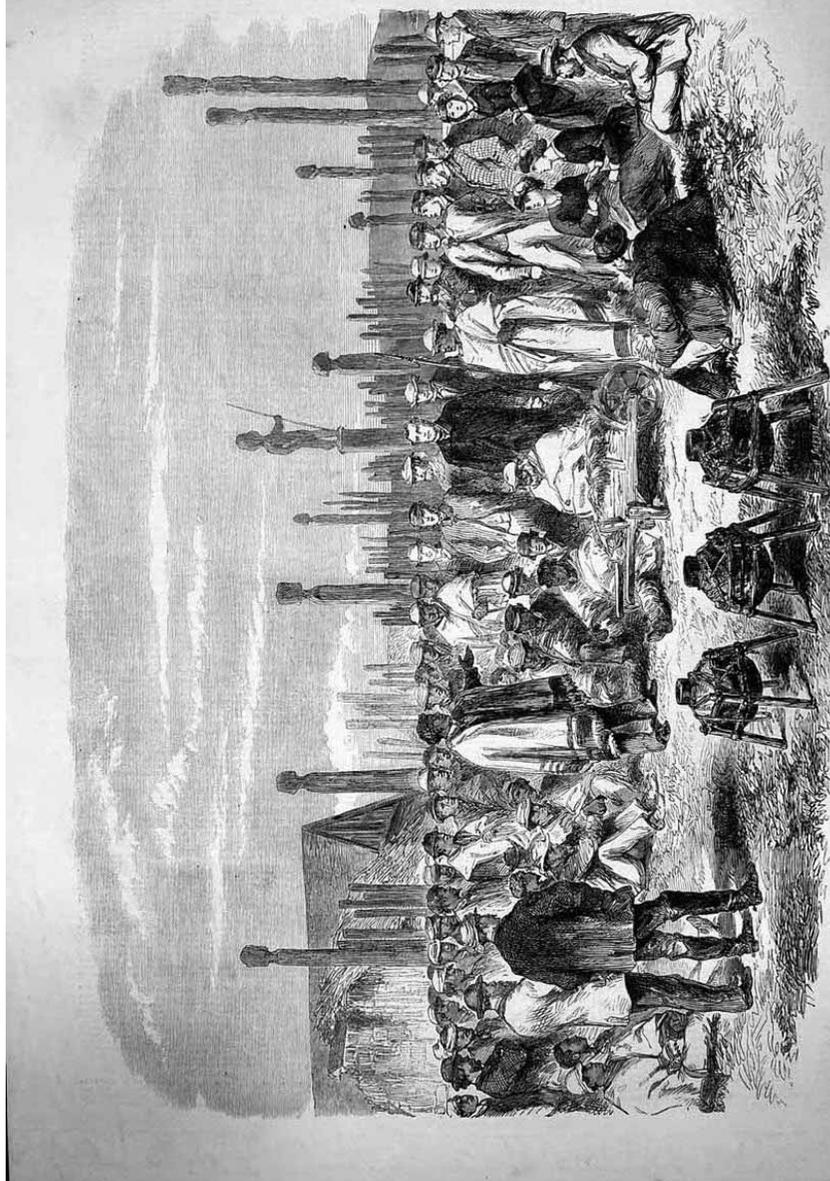
Donald McLean

"The gentleman near the centre of the engraving, with his head uncovered, is Mr. McLean. At his feet is an aged chief, named Porokoru, seated in a wheelbarrow, in which he had been conveyed to the spot, being unable either to walk or to stand erect from age and decrepitude...". (The imperialist symbolism is striking!)

"During the course of the day the meeting adjourned for the purpose of partaking of the refreshments provided by the natives for their European friends."

But what did they eat? "In the foreground are a number of calabashes, containing 'titis' - small birds, cooked and preserved in their own fat."

Titi are of course mutton-birds, very much an acquired taste, and perhaps one not readily attained by the Napier ladies and gentlemen!



LARGE MEETING OF BENTUCK AND MAORIS AT A NATIVE VILLAGE NEAR NAPLES, HAWKES BAY, NEW ZEALAND.—(SEE PAGE 444.)

From the Illustrated London News 31 October 1863, p.436.

The *Evening Post* and the Māori Lexicon

On 4 May 1876 William Colenso wrote to his friend Andrew Luff in London about the Maori-English lexicon he had long before been contracted to prepare for the government. There is a voluminous correspondence from Colenso to politicians and public servants on this matter, and equally voluminous but more self-revealing and bitter references to it in Colenso's private letters.

The rights and wrongs of it would take an age to unravel. Whatever the truth there is no denying the tragedy: obstacle after obstacle delayed its completion until its author, at first uniquely qualified for the task, was in his old age no longer capable of it. (On the other hand, its abandonment did give him time for botany).

Coupland Harding attempted a summary (in "William Colenso: some personal reminiscences", *The Press* [Christchurch], 27 February 1899):

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

All this was withheld from Parliament, and the House and country were officially informed that the author had undertaken the work three and a half years ago, had regularly drawn his money, amounting to over a thousand pounds, and had not a single page ready for the printer. Supplies were stopped, and all remonstrances and suggestions from the author were unheeded. He had retired from his salaried public offices, cut down his correspondence, dropped all his favourite scientific pursuits, and now found the work thrown back on his hands. The breach of faith was monstrous, and a litigious man would certainly have recovered heavy damages. Then a sample portion,

in completed form, was demanded, to be laid before the House. The A portion was so prepared. The Government printed the title, preface, preliminary notes, &c. with a wealth of blank pages, followed by a few lines of actual text, apparently to throw contempt on the work, and then “lost” the copy, which was discovered 18 years after in a pigeon hole, and was printed (partly at the author’s own cost) only last year by the present Government. The manuscript, which will probably equal some two thousand or more pages of printed matter, has been bequeathed to the State, with the request that they take up and print the work. It may be noted that Mr. Colenso’s rough manuscript is far better than the bulk of the fair copy that passes through a printers hands.

Colenso wrote to Luff about an editorial in Wellington’s *Evening Post* of 6 March 1876. The editorial was wickedly hostile, and Colenso suspected it had been inspired—if not written—by Donald McLean:

I sent you a “D.Tel.,” which (some how,—conscience-struck, it *may* be,) had suddenly taken my part—in 2 successive arts. *re* Mao. Lexn.—Sir D. did *not* like it, I know: Carlile wod. not (? could not) defend his Patrons. But *suddenly* the “Evg. Post” (Wgn.) comes out with a most atrociously twisted article about *me* & it:—& curiously enough *this appeared 2 days after Sir D’s. return to the City!!* A friend there sent me a copy: I send this to my eldest son, I would I had another—but I think the “Evg.Post” is filed somewhere in London—if so, try & see the number of March 6/76. The Parly. Paper contg. my offl. Letter was printed in Jany. & known in Wellgn. early in Feby., the “Dy.Tel.” (& “Weekly Mercury,” too,) commented on it *fully*,—so that there is no *apparent* reason why the “Post” should have been so long silent—& at last, & at *that* peculiar time, break out: it seems to me as if manufactured, & *made to order*.—I have not since heard from D. although he promised to write to me *about it* (in reply to mine to him, Official, of Feby. 16)—I dont think he (or they) *can* reply. The publicn. of that Parly. Paper has done me (or my cause) a world of good. I dont think I shall ever again have that Lexn. matter hurled (or hinted) at me. I got copies of the Parly. Paper (buying them at 3d. ea.) & sent them round to *several*—in N.Z. Judge Johnston, Sir G. Grey, Sir D. Bell, Dr. Haast, Macandrew, & many others;—some old settlers here have said to me, “How could you remain so quiet?”—only by *knowing & feeling I was right: that* sustained me.—

Editorial, *Evening Post*, Monday 6 March 1876.

The name of Mr. W. Colenso and his celebrated but never-finished Maori Lexicon cropped up once or twice during last session of the Assembly, but it is only lately that the papers on the subject have been printed. Hitherto a general idea has prevailed that the whole thing was a job; that Mr. Colenso had received a considerable sum of public money, and that the work he contracted to do had not been performed. In the papers before us Mr. Colenso tells his own story. The Maori- English and English-Maori Lexicon was a project originating with himself. He brought it before the House, of which he was a member, during the sessions of 1861, 1862, 1863, 1864 and 1865, and as the result of these persistent efforts he in 1865 received an appointment to prepare the work. The terms of the appointment were as follows: — He was to get £300 a year

while employed at the work, and a small supplementary bonus of £100 at its close. The book, was to be finished in seven years. There were a whole lot of other stipulations made by Mr. Colenso as to being furnished with a clerk and obtaining information from Government officers and others, but it does not appear clearly that the Government consented to them. However that may be, Mr. Colenso “commenced his arduous task with all his heart,” working sometimes sixteen hours a day at it. Despite these tremendous efforts, the work did not make much progress. Two years passed, and still no manuscript was forthcoming for the printer. Then the Government made an official enquiry, 1867, and another in 1868, as to how the magnum opus was progressing, but Mr. Colenso still stuck to his manuscript, and nothing could be made either of him or it. Then the Government became impatient, and informed Mr. Colenso that the work must be finished by the end of March, 1870, and that he would receive no more pay on account of it after that date. Mr. Colenso drew his pay up to that time, and then by a curious coincidence, the stoppage of the supplies, and an affliction to his thumb and forefinger preventing him from writing, were events of almost simultaneous occurrence. From this moment, indeed, the ardour of Mr. Colenso about the Lexicon materially cooled down. It is a very disheartening business working without pay, so that even after his power of writing was restored, Mr. Colenso only did a little to the Lexicon “at spare times.” He had got £980 out of the Government for preparing a few pages of manuscript, and as no more money was forthcoming, he was inclined for a time “to rest and be thankful.” After an interval, however, Mr. Colenso appears to have come to the conclusion that it might still be possible to make a little more out of the transaction, and hence he addressed a final appeal to the Native Minister on the subject. There is a pathos and eloquence about this appeal which affect us deeply. Mr. Colenso tells the Native Minister “that the flame is now burning low in the lamp, and that this, therefore, is as the last appeal of the sybil to Tarquin.” After this lofty and impassioned language, the transition to the hard pecuniary aspect of the question is somewhat sudden. Mr. Colenso makes four proposals to the Government: — (1.) He proposes that the Government should pay him £200, in which case, he will hand over all his (unfinished) Maori manuscripts to do with as they please. (2.) That he will give the Government his acceptance for £500, being half the money he has received, on condition that they give him a full acquittance, and cede to him all right of property in the manuscripts. (3.) That the Government should put him on full pay again of £300 a year, provide him with a clerk, and give him three or four years, more to finish the job. (4.) That he should go on “leisurely” with the work, and finish it some day — that is if the low burning flame in the lamp does not get snuffed out altogether before that happy consummation is achieved — and that he should trust to the General Assembly to give him a fair remuneration for his labor. The matchless audacity of Mr. Colenso is perfectly astounding. Here is a man employed to prepare a book, yet, after an interval of ten years, during which he gets £980, he can only forward some thirty-eight pages of manuscript to the Government! How precious must this manuscript be when it costs the country some £26 a page! Even the poet laureate, for his happiest effort, never received such munificent remuneration as that. Only to think of it makes the mouth of a journalist to water with longing and his heart to swell with envy. No wonder that Mr. Colenso desires “to get on again with the work on the old terms.” Unfortunately, however, for Mr. Colenso, the country and Parliament have had more than enough of both him and his Lexicon. The whole thing from first to last

has been about the most flagrant job that could have been perpetrated, and if strict justice were enforced, Mr. Colenso should be compelled to disgorge every penny of public money he has received. The mischief however, has been done, and is needless to be hard on a man, who in his time has occupied a pretty prominent position in public life. We do not believe that the Government will ever get a penny back of this money, which has been literally thrown away. Nevertheless, they had better take Mr. Colenso's bill for £500, give up all claim to the rubbishing manuscript, and if its author bothers Parliament any more with his case, he can readily be made to subsidise by being sued for the money. That is the only feasible plan by which Mr. Colenso and his memorable Lexicon can be consigned to the dark limbo of oblivion.



Marine Parade, Napier, from Colenso Hill, 1880

William Colenso to Andrew Luff, 23 August 1876:

“The day (as yesterday) is really beautiful! Blue sky, blue Bay!—the Acacias *still* glorious in their dazzling yellow embroidery: flowers blooming; Almond trees in full dress, & Peaches preparing to follow soon: so *you* may observe that our shortlived Winter *has passed* & spring *is come!*—”

William Colenso to Andrew Luff, 10 October 1877:

“This is a most glorious day, even here, where fine weather is so common. The blue above, the blue below, the sun shining (not too hot), the *gentle* Sea breeze, the white rippling waves on the beach . . .”

Tic douloureux

T*rigeminal neuralgia* (“Tic douloureux”): a syndrome characterized by recurrent episodes of excruciating pain lasting several seconds or longer in the sensory distribution of the trigeminal nerve. Pain may be initiated by stimulation of trigger points on the face, lips, or gums or by movement of facial muscles or chewing. (http://www.wrongdiagnosis.com/medical/trigeminal_neuralgia.htm)

Colenso’s neuralgia

Colenso gave a good description of trigeminal neuralgia in a letter to Andrew Luff on 5 May 1875, “... all the while I was absent I was ½ mad with Neuralgia (Rheumatism in ear, temple, & jaw, & there only *all the time*,)—which began a week before I went inland, & still continues—I had but *one* night’s sound sleep all the 3 weeks I was absent: Oh! it was misery, misery, and no relief.”

By 25 Aug 75 he was desperate, and, attaching an advertisement he had clipped from one of the London papers Luff had sent, he wrote, “During the first week of this month I suffered severely from Neuralgia—day & night—*no relief!* & I was nearly mad, & nearly gone too. I enclose an advt.; could you get me a bottle, & put it into a tin box in cotton, & send it:—of course I will pay *all* expenses.”

It duly arrived, and Colenso thanked Luff on 8 March 1876: “Thanks for the bottle of *Neuraline* per Hudson; I have it *all right*—I may soon require it, & in using it, shall think on *you* more than ever.”

On 2 May 76, “I carry your *Neuraline* w. me, but have *not yet* used it” followed later in the letter with, “(A customs) note from Tabuteau, infg. me, of a small box per Capt. of “*Madeline*,” contg. a *Watch*—& to appear, to pay duties, &c. Well, I did so, yesty., & opened it before him—of course it was your (2nd.) box of “*Neuraline*”: stamped value ‘from 1/- to 2/6’ & now, Mr. T., how much duty? the proper Fraction of 1d. he cod. not assess—so I escaped! full thanks to *you*, nevertheless.)”



Colenso’s Neuraline

Neuraline was made by Leath & Ross, who sold homeopathic medicines, mahogany medicine chests and homeopathy books. This, however, did contain an active ingredient: tincture of aconite; it was meant to be painted onto the skin.

As with many “natural” remedies today, it was toxic and as with every remedy at that time, unregulated.

All parts of aconite (Monkshood, *Aconitum napellus*) are poisonous. [Alfred Swaine Taylor](#) wrote in his 1875: *On poisons in relation to medical jurisprudence and medicine*, p94, “A

liquid sold for external use under the name of Neuraline appears to be a preparation of tincture of aconite mixed with chloroform and rose-water.... It operates by causing numbness or paralysis of the parts to which it is applied. The death of the Hon. G. R. Vernon was ascribed to the too frequent use of this preparation externally. (Pharm. Jour., Jan. 1872, p. G18.)”

A number of deaths were reported after people mistook the application for an oral medicine and drank the stuff. Even more deaths from aconite poisoning followed the mistaken use of monkshood roots for horseradish sauce.

Neuraline bottles are collectors’ items now – one sold recently on EBay for \$100.

If Colenso did use it, it clearly did not provide a permanent cure—he wrote again to Luff on 12 Apr 1889: “...also neuralgia of face and jaws &c. —sometimes *nearly wild* with pain: I came here in *much pain*....”

He dwelt in his letters on his suffering since his thirties from recurrent back and joint pains and bouts of diarrhoea; it is somewhat arrogant to attempt retrospective diagnosis, and one must remember he was a superb athlete, but colitis/arthritis/sacroileitis seems very possible.

NEURALINE,
THE NEW REMEDY,
GIVES INSTANT RELIEF
TOOTHACHE,
NEURALGIA,
RHEUMATISM,
GOUT, and
ALL NERVE AND LOCAL PAINS

NEURALINE, most valuable for Toothache, by its timely use, frequently saves teeth from being extracted.

NEURALINE is of decided service in all cases of Neuralgia.

NEURALINE is indispensable to sufferers from Nerve Pains caused by Colds.

NEURALINE penetrates through the skin to the actual source of discomfort, is an external remedy, and should be freely used.

NEURALINE is a reliable medium of cure for Rheumatism, Gout, and Sciatica.

NEURALINE is very effective in removing Congestive Headache.

NEURALINE relieves Lumbago, and Diseases of the Loins-Muscles.

NEURALINE is a genuine instant cure for Surface Pains. Mr. Edgar, of Duke Lighthouse, Island of Lewis, writing to Sir James Matheson, says: "Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for the Neuraline. It proved the most successful remedy she had ever applied. The relief experienced was almost instantaneous."—Dated Nov. 24th, 1867.

NEURALINE is now in demand in all parts of the world. It gives relief in every case; in most cases, cures permanently; and in some cases, is successful by a single application. It is protected by Government stamp. Neuraline is prepared by LEATH and ROSS, Homoeopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all chemists, in bottles 1s. 1/6d. and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d., add 3s. Each bottle is accompanied by illustrated directions for using.

From the *Graphic*, London, 26 June 1875
(<http://newspapers.bl.uk/blcs/start.do>)



Colenso's land on Napier Hill

On 15 April 1858 Colenso wrote from Waitangi to Donald McLean: “Perhaps you will hear from Mr. Curling that I have contracted w. Gebley & Thomas to build me a Ho. at Napier; for which Kauri, &c., has been ordered. I have also offered nearly all my Lands (Town and Suburban.) for sale, ditto the *Trees* of this place—as the ‘Herald’ will shew. And a surveyor is now laying-out the whole of that Basin (Nos. 39–44, suburban) Town of Napier, where I have projected a Street, or Place, in the Centre of the hollow, & a Terrace on the hill. I will send you a plan when ready.”

He wrote again on April 22: “A few days ago I gave you the Nat. news; promising you a *tracing* of the Land I am getting laid out at Napier, which I now enclose: the tracing is rather rough, but correct; the Land will *not* be opened for sale for 2 or 3 weeks (depending on the Surveyor), so that if you care to have any of the best sections (all $\frac{1}{4}$ ac.), you will be in time. I consider the situation the best in the Island, while it is *retired* & in the *heart* of Town. And as I (& Dr. H. and others) wish it to be respectable, I have planned it so as to have no thoroughfare, & given for a belt of Trees, &c. — ‘Banks’—after Sir Jos. B. who came with Cook, & published (& indeed, brought out Draughtsmen with him at his own expense!) & ‘Hooker’, after our N.Z. Flora Botanist.” (The letter and map are online among the McLean papers. Letter: object

