



COLENZO

THE NEWSLETTER
OF THE
COLENZO SOCIETY
PROMOTING THE
LIFE & WORK OF
THE

REVEREND
WILLIAM
COLENZO

Yours, Etc.

By Peter Wells.

In Ian St George's collection of Colenso's letters, *Give Your Thoughts Life* we get a remarkably clear sense of Colenso as a public agitator. He was never slow in coming forward with his own beliefs and the letters illuminate a man whose views covered an almost bewildering range of subjects, from teetotalism (against), what were the best pear and apple trees to plant, through to serious subjects of politics and religion (fiercely anti-Catholic). It is probably best to see Colenso's enormous epistolary output in terms of his restless energy, his isolation and his intellectual curiosity. But there is also something interesting in the way in which letters to the newspaper formed almost the same lively function that the internet now displays. That is, people sent letters off without too much serious thought about their intention, legality or even literary composition. Dispute was all and opinion was king.

Recently I was in the Alexander Turnbull Library sifting through a box of *Hawke's Bay Herald's* collected by G.H. Ormond Wilson. The papers basically concerned the pursuit of Te Kooti but a few newspapers caught my eye. They were letters in response to a Colenso missile. And since Ian's excellent work concerns only the missiles raining overhead from one direction—Colenso's—I thought it might interest readers to see how these literary bombshells were received. For what interested me is that readers gave as good as they got. The letters were allowed to be anonymous so people could reply—and taunt—with impunity. Also there seemed to be an extremely lax sense of libel, or even differentiating matters under legal consideration and letters on the same matter in the newspaper. An example of this (and the prickly minutiae of small town life) was a series of furious letters about a house-owner ejecting vegetable waste onto Lincoln Road, Napier. The occupant of the house sent a scalding letter to the newspaper disavowing such disgraceful behaviour while immediately below, his accuser held reign in a letter pointing out the abuse of public health. What makes it even stranger is that immediately above both letters the editor had placed the court proceedings about that very matter.

In March 1869 the issue of the moment was the very public sacking of Donald McLean as General Government agent for the East Coast. The premier of the day, an Irishman called Stafford, disliked McLean's love of power and his less than honest use of public funds and the two men differed markedly on how to conduct the escalating war on the East Cape. (Te Kooti was in between what was called "The Poverty Bay Massacre" and the massacring of Pakeha and Maori at Mohaka. The whole region seemed in flames and nothing seemed capable of stemming a terrifying guerrilla war.)

Unfortunately the private letter advising McLean of his demotion did not arrive before the public announcement, so the latter had the unforeseen (or possibly cherished) end result of McLean, who was virtually regent of the East Coast, being very publicly dethroned.

Colenso immediately inked his pen and wrote his long letter "More in sorrow than in anger" which can be found on page 204 in Ian's book. In this he weighs the fact that McLean had been kicked out against the detail that McLean himself, lo-

cally, liked to kick out “several of the best officers of the Provincial Government of Hawke’s Bay”. “Don’t wince, man. I’ll give you their names. First, myself, William Colenso...”

Not for the first time, Colenso behaved in a way which seemed completely unconscious of how inappropriate this would appear to other people. “...why, man,” Colenso ended up, “he is just served as he himself has served others.” With his usual fiery sense of wounded self esteem, Colenso signed the letter in his own name.

The response to this level of “frankness” may not have been what he anticipated. “As your correspondent *Quilp* I have had occasion to express much wonder at many wonderful things” an anonymous letter satirically began, in the following issue of March 30th 1869. “That (Colenso’s) letter is sophistical and specious, yet utterly unsound, is no wonder, seeing from whom it emanates; that it is plausible and venomous, is equally no wonder.” This was followed immediately below by a letter as long as Colenso’s original. In this a writer calling himself *Settler* opened up his fusillade (and it is an interesting thought that, although the letters were anonymous, the internal style seems to imply that the letter-writers were all male—few women took advantage of anonymity to stir.) “Mr Colenso has favoured the public... with his usual long-winded specimen of an unusually distempered mind—a mind of that ill-natured shape which he erroneously fancies can detect the slight shade of a flaw in the conduct and character of other men, but which in return imagines most erroneously that the public cannot discover the faintest taint or blemish in his own. Poor, deluded mortal! how is it possible we can banish from our memory his conduct as regards his clerical or political existence.”

The response tells us a lot about what Colenso must have had to put up with on a daily basis. This was innuendo about his previous life. This was always a way to diminish him. “But, sir, it is an easy matter to detect the cause of Mr Colenso’s conduct. He is a disappointed man.” *Settler* of Napier now begins to belittle Colenso in earnest. His basic charge is that Colenso has feathered his nest at public expense very well. He left his “monastic retreat” at Waitangi only after receiving £400 public money for improvements “which were almost invisible to the naked eye”. “Dan O’Connell used to assert he was the best-abused man in Ireland, and there can hardly be a doubt that Mr Colenso is the best-illused man in the province”. After all, he was receiving public money for putting together a Maori Lexicon. Local rumour also kicked in—Colenso had allegedly picked up the tidy sum of £40 for “a little hay grass” out at Waitangi. All in all, *Settler* writes, Colenso should keep to his life of monied leisure. He notes in conclusion Colenso has not volunteered to be in the local military force, even though he appears physically able. Why not?

The torch is immediately picked up, relay fashion, by the letter below. XYZ writes: “Mr Colenso has, in his usual prosy fashion, published a long letter in your issue... although of course, principally about that would-be martyr—himself.... Mr C.s self praise and self sacrifice we hear so much of they become a bore. We all know that he is very ‘umble and meek,” he writes in reference to the creepy Uriah Heap of Dicken’s fame... but, asks the anonymous writer, “What has become of the dictionary and the £300 a year of public money for seven years, besides etceteras, that he should disturb his mind about politics, and such-like trifles?” There was this constant refrain that Colenso’s financial affairs invalidated any political point of view.

A letter in a later issue of the *Hawke's Bay Herald* written under the pseudonym of "THE WORKING MAN" addressed Colenso personally, the letter virtually poking him in the chest with its reiterated "you's". "Now William as an old friend of yours, you ought to have told me that the handsome sum of £369 had been given to you as a compensation for this ousting". "After such conduct you should never appear on the political stage again." "I have heard that you have admitted 'that God had given you strong passions'. Don't indulge them. Follow again those peaceful pursuits you seem for a time to have abandoned. Tell us more about the blight bird.... Give us some gardening directions... anything, in fact, useful, ornamental, or scientific; but don't go into politics. They don't agree with you, nor never did."

In this version of "don't put your daughter on the stage Mrs Worthington", Colenso was being offered good advice. He was no politician. Someone so routinely tactless *and* passionate made for a hopeless practitioner of the slippery half-truths that are necessary for a political career. But THE WORKING MAN, in true local fashion, managed to work into his letter something specifically local, wounding and small-town. "When I got home on one occasion, I said to my wife, 'My dear, Mr C. has stood me two glasses of wine, and asked particularly how you are.' My better half replied that 'she always thought Mr C. was a gentleman, and that I ought to vote for him.'"

There was a feeling that, as an insider in government circles, Colenso had managed to make a very comfy berth for himself by providing something that few Pakeha believed worthy of any intellectual distinction—a Maori dictionary. The slaps were resounding, deeply personal and astonishingly *ad hominem*. Undoubtedly in the manner of all small towns in which secrets are porous everyone knew—including Colenso—who each letter-writer actually was. There was a sense of enjoyment in these tournaments of epistolary engagement. Language was measured by the yard. And you could say virtually anything you liked if you couched it in euphemism. But Colenso was notoriously thin-skinned. He did, indeed, feel he was the "best ill-used man in the province."

But if Colenso's letter-writing risked, on occasion, reaching a level of absurdity, as it does with his "honesty" in admitting he was the best man in the province and hence McLean dismissed him, it should be pointed out that the very next letter Colenso sent to the *Hawke's Bay Herald* was a classic of advocacy.

On the 9th April 1869 Colenso produced a letter in which he argued cogently that the war "should be immediately and everywhere stopped." This was Colenso thinking through enormously important issues—of war, of peace, of race, of the future—which he would present in full, in his stunning piece of anti-war advocacy, "*Fiat Justitia*."

In one way this 9 April 1869 letter showed Colenso's real intellectual stature and how, to a degree, he towered over the petty and irritating provincial environment he found himself in.

It is interesting that this remarkable letter produced not a single response in the immediate issues of the newspaper.



William Colenso FLS

By Simon Nathan

In the nineteenth century one of the ways an amateur scientist from the colonies could gain some recognition was to join one of the London-based scientific societies—for example, the Zoological Society, the Geological Society, the Astronomical Society or the Linnaean Society (concerned with the description and classification of plants and animals). Although it wasn't possible to attend meetings, the reward of membership—called fellowship—was the ability to add initials after your name. It was necessary to be nominated by some existing members, and a substantial subscription was payable, but most societies actively sought new members.

With the encouragement of his friend and mentor, Joseph Hooker, Colenso decided to join the Linnaean Society, one of the oldest biological societies in the world. A successful application would mean that Colenso could add the initials FLS after his name. Never one to do things by half measures, Colenso decided to apply for life membership at a cost of £36, a large sum in those days (equivalent to \$NZ3800 today according to the Reserve Bank inflation calculator) which he raised by selling some land. So on in January 1865 he sent off a bank draft to Hooker, asking him to look after the details of making an application. Communication was slow, so Colenso didn't expect to hear the outcome for at least six to nine months.

At the same time Colenso was corresponding with James Hector about the publication of two essays he had prepared for the Dunedin International Exhibition. While checking the proofs in May 1865 he was startled to see that Hector had added the initials FLS after his name on the title page. Did Hector know something that he didn't? He hastily wrote to enquire.

But Hector was embarrassed to realise that he had made a mistake. He had assumed that Colenso was an FLS, but hadn't checked. And he had already had 1000 copies printed. So he hastily wrote to Hooker, and asked if he would propose Colenso as an FLS if he hadn't already done so.

Fortunately Hooker had already made an application to the Linnaean Society, and Colenso was elected in mid 1865 without any problem. He was proud to add the letters FLS to his name for the rest of his life.

Although it was fairly straightforward to become a fellow of the scientific societies for different disciplines, it was much more difficult to join the Royal Society, which was the meeting place for leading scientists. Colenso noted that Hooker had helped Hector and Haast to gain the coveted initials FRS, and he wanted to join them. It took a long struggle – a story for another issue of the *eColenso* Newsletter.



The Dannevirke taniwha

Some time between 8 and 25 June 1894 William Colenso wrote from Napier, having recently returned from Dannevirke, to James Hector,¹ and his letter ends

I had very nearly troubled, or surprized you w. a letter while there re a living taniwha! I closely examined the young man who saw it, and fired at it to save his dog swimming after a duck shot in the lagoon: but as it occurred in the shooting season of 93'—and had not been seen since—I dropped enquiry. I may however mention, that the young fellow's story was a very coherent one, he, too, being respectable quiet & of good report. He had told me the tale last year at the time, and now the shootg. season coming on it was revived, to warn sportsmen concerning that spot. It is a lagoon, or deep swamp surrounded by high cliffy banks, with an outlet to R. Manawatu and not far from the bridge over that stream, road leading to the Weber District.

Another party of two out riding, had also on a former occasion seen a beast there in the water swimming which they thought looked like a young colt, or some such animal.

My informant was sure he wounded the creature about the angle of its mouth: it retreated to the raupo on receiving the shot, and the dog returned in fear sans duck! its head big, dark grey, about 18 in long.—

The story was now well received, and Rev.E. Robertshawe (stout & strong), Hill Inspr. Schools, and Bamford solicitor there, went thither to the said haunt next mg., in search—and they had a time of it!!!—nearly came to grief in descending cliffs, and got back late—they won't go again. We had much talk pro & con. over the matter: I, of course, got laughed at for my unbelief: however, Tempus revelat! I fancy you will laugh over this.—

*Yours sincerely
W. Colenso.*

I offd. the yg. man £5. for the creature—in any form.

He recounted this story in *Trans.* 1895; 28: 87–91:

1. Museum of New Zealand—Te Papa Tongarewa MU000095/009/0064 R-1M03-128F. The first two pages are missing: it is marked as received on 25 June 1894.

Memorabilia of certain Animal Prodigies, Native and Foreign, Ancient and Modern.

By W. COLENSO, F.R.S., F.L.S. (Lond.), &c.

[Read before the Hawke's Bay Philosophical Institute, 12th November. 1894.]

St. George, that swunged the *dragon*, and e'er since
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence!...
And make a monster of you.

SHAKSP., "K. John," Act II., Sc. I.

I go alone,
Like to a lonely *dragon*, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen.

SHAKSP., "Coriol.," Act IV., Sc. I.

EARLY in the month of May, when the shooting season begins, I was residing, as usual in the autumn, at Dannevirke, in the Forty-mile Bush, and I heard the friendly warning given to "Look out!" or "Beware!" at a certain notorious lagoon, pool, or deep-water swamp, frequented by ducks, lying about three miles from Dannevirke, and not far from the bridge over the River Manawatu.

Curiosity being aroused, I made inquiry, and I found that during the shooting season of the last year (1893) a young man of Dannevirke named George Slade, out shooting, had there seen a *taniwha* (unknown watery monster), and had fired at it and wounded it. Through the kindness of the resident clergyman (Rev. E. Robertshawe) I had an interview next day with the young man, who related the whole matter very clearly, temperately, and coherently; and, briefly, it was as follows: He was out shooting, and, having fired at a duck there swimming, and killed it, his dog went into the water after it; but before the dog got up to the duck a large animal (unknown) emerged from the thickly-growing raupo (bulrushes) adjacent, and, swimming, made direct for the dog; on this the dog retreated howling, *sans* duck. Seeing this, Slade, on the high land above, fired at the strange animal, and struck its head, beyond the eye, and near the angle of its mouth. On receiving the shot the creature turned and swam back into the tall raupo, and was not again seen. Slade further said, its head was raised, as if on a neck, a little above the water, and appeared about 18in. long, with greyish hair or fur. He had related the occurrence at the time on his return to the township, so that it was well known and talked of. This fresh and strange relation by him brought four others to the fore, who stated that, when out riding lately in that neighbourhood, they too had seen a creature, apparently swimming, in the water there, that looked in the distance like a young colt* with its head and neck above the surface.

* Lest this should seem strange, I mention in a note that Maori horses, half wild, are very numerous in those parts.

The place itself is isolated, surrounded by high, broken, cliffy banks that are deeply wooded, and rather difficult of access, the water having a narrow outlet into the River Manawatu.

This newly-repeated narration of that strange event of 1893, together with the simple, honest, unpretending manner in which it was told, and the knowledge the residents had of the character of the relator, made such an impression on the minds of some of my friends who heard it, that three of them (strong and determined, and used to heavy bush-travelling) arranged to visit that out-of-the-way spot the next day, the weather, too, being fine at the time. They did so, and, after much and heavy exertion, descended the cliffs, and explored pretty much of the shores and surroundings of the lagoon, but saw nothing of any strange animal, and, after extricating themselves with some difficulty, they returned late at night to Dannevirke.

While we were conversing with Mr. Slade, I expressed my opinion that the animal seen by him in the water might be one of the seals of the New Zealand seas, which I had seen in former years on our sea-shores, and whose hair was also of that colour described by him; but how a marine mammal should have found its way so far inland, and particularly through and against the current of the rough and rapid waters of the notorious Manawatu Gorge (the only way of access), seemed an insurmountable obstacle. However, I offered him a good round sum for the animal, or for any pretty large portion of it. Mr. Robertshawe, also present, related the capture of one of those seals far up in the River Waikato several years ago.

In writing to Sir James Hector shortly afterwards (on other matters) I mentioned this phenomenon, and, in reply, Sir James says, “Your *taniwha* is no doubt *Stenorhynchus leptonyx*. Several years ago I heard the same tale from the same district, and on inquiry found it to be so. Ten years ago a *taniwha* was captured in a lagoon near Hamilton on the Waikato, and exhibited in a butcher's shop, and it proved to be a *Stenorhynchus*.”

An instance of the capture of one of these marine animals I may mention, as it came under my own observation, and the circumstances attending its seizure were strange, if not unique. It happened early in the forties. I was then residing at Waitangi, on the immediate southern shore of Hawke's Bay, and close by the Maori pa (village) Awapuni. One morning there was a great outcry, and a big movement of a body of natives from the village on to the beach. I went thither to see what was the matter, and I found they had captured a large greyish-blue hairy seal, and this in a peculiar way. Some children were playing on the beach, and they saw at a little distance what they supposed to be a woman asleep on the warm and dry shingle, a short distance above high-water mark. By-and-by they went towards her, when they soon found out their mistake, and immediately raised a cry, not knowing what it was. The chief, Karaitiana,*—who happened to be walking on the beach not far off, ran up and saw the big seal; and now the creature, alarmed, was scuttling away fast towards the sea. Karaitiana had nothing in his hands with which to bar its progress, while the animal, turning its head from side to side, snapped its jaws fiercely; so he threw himself

* Karaitiana, in after years, became an elected Maori member of the House of Representatives.

down flat on the beach and grasped the seal with his two hands just above the tail and held on firmly, and, being a tall and stout man, the seal could not draw him along the beach, but in its exertions threw up stones and gravel with its flippers, and knocked Karaitiana about pretty considerably. In a little while, however, other Maoris came running up to the spot armed with axes, hatchets, and clubs, and soon put an end to the struggle, carrying off the seal in triumph to their village; and some time after, while the earth-ovens were being prepared for cooking the animal, I was astonished at seeing its jaws open and snap loudly several times, although its skull had been broken into with axes and brains protruding, the head not yet being severed from the body. I was also struck with the appearance of its large and formidable 3-cuspidate molar teeth in both jaws, which also regularly locked into each other. I obtained the head as my perquisite, and buried it in my garden *pro tem.* as a step towards preserving the bones; but long after, when I frequently sought it, after submerging floods, I never could find it.

On several occasions I have had the dried skins of these animals (taken on the outer coast, as at Waimarama, near Cape Kidnappers, and further south) brought to me for sale, but, not having any use for them, I only purchased one. They were all nearly alike in general appearance as to size, hairiness, and colour of their hair, quite dry and hard, having been carefully flayed from the animal, and stretched out and dried on a hollow frame of sticks, according to the ancient Maori manner of drying their dog and other skins. Of course, they were all captured by the Maoris when on shore.

As seals are known by us to be of gregarious habits, a peculiar proverbial saying of the ancient Maoris respecting these animals may be fitly adduced here as showing they also having had some knowledge of that kind: “*No, to tamahine kapai i takina mai ai tenei kekeno ki koner*” = “It was thy exceedingly pretty and willing daughter which drew this seal to land here.” “This speaks for itself, and would be doubly suitable for such a chief to say coming by *sea*—along the coast: in the olden times nearly all peaceful visits were made by water.” “N.B.—The verb *taki* (pass. *takina*), here used, means to forcibly draw a captured fish to land out of the water.”*

To return to the *taniwha*, or *ngarara* (water-monster), or crocodile and dragon: During my long residence in this country (now considerably more than half a century) I have repeatedly heard from old Maoris of somewhat similar, though much more marvellous, occurrences; I have also been shown the lairs and “bones” (*calcite*), and the remains and signs of the wonderful doings of such monstrous creatures = *ngataniwha* (in the big slips of earth from the hill- and mountain-sides, caused by their sudden throes and emergence from beneath or within the solid earth); but of the creatures themselves I have found nothing, not even the slightest remains.

And here, I think, I may properly call your attention to those transcendent Maori stories and legends of the olden time, in which the taking and destroying of several huge and hideous animals of the reptilian class and of the saurian (or crocodile) order by some of their valorous and skilful ancestors is graphically and clearly related. To them I would refer you, my audience, this night; I have faithfully translated them, and you will find them recorded in the Transactions of our Institute;† and

* Trans. N.Z. Inst., vol. xii, p. 144.: “Maori Proverbs,” No. 207.

I assure you they are well worthy your perusal, and in reading them it should ever be borne in mind that the Maoris firmly believed in their truth; hence, too, it was that they did not care to venture into strange, unfrequented places, from fear of those immense *ngarara* infesting them: this is nicely shown by Dieffenbach, in his quaint relation of the opposition made by the Maoris against his ascending Mount Egmont, lest he should be destroyed by the *ngararas*.[†]

But, while those ancient Maori stories partake so very largely of the marvellous, and are also mere relations, orally handed down from generation to generation—

Till their own tales at length deceive 'em,
And oft repeating they believe 'em.[§]

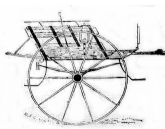
—obscured in the night or twilight of the dim past there are similar and well-authenticated European narrations contained in written history. Some of them, being but little known, I purpose bringing to your notice this evening.

[He went on to relate various European sea creature stories. The taniwha lagoon is still there, an old oxbow of the Manawatu river just north of the bridge on the road between Dannevirke and Weber—Ed.]

† Vol. xi., pp. 82–100.

‡ Dieffenbach's "New Zealand," vol. i., p. 140.

§ Prior.



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

Please forward to anyone interested. Back issues are at <http://www.colensostudy.id.au/>. The

editor invites contributions on any matter

relating to the life and work of the Rev. William Colenso FLS FRS,

emailed to Ian St George (istge@yahoo.co.nz).

The cover of this issue is from a design by art nouveau illustrator William H. Bradley.



William Colenso MHR

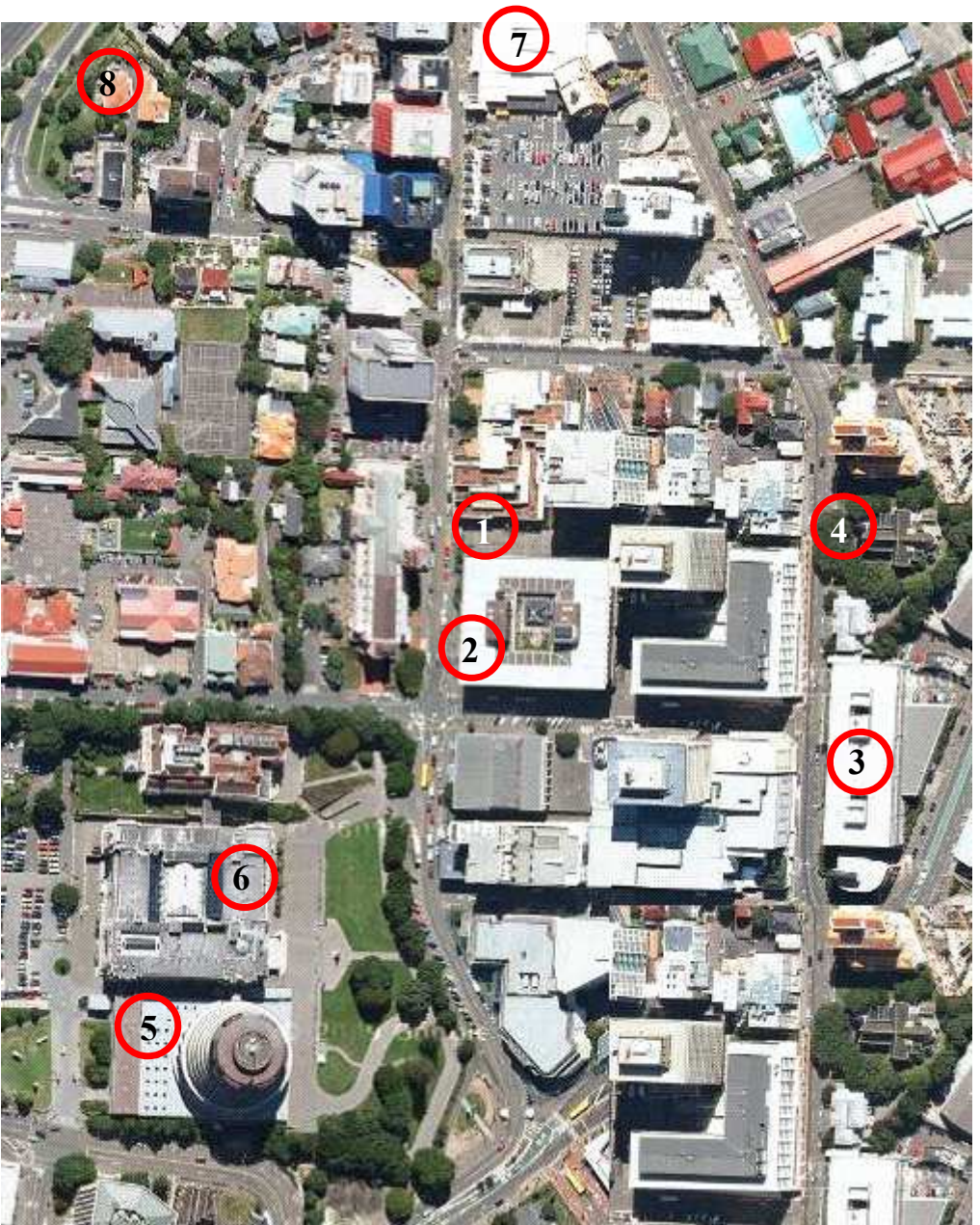
On 2 August 1865 William Colenso wrote to his friend Edward Catchpool in Napier, from the General Assembly Library in Wellington. Colenso, (so much a sufferer from seasickness that he never made a nostalgic trip Home, nor contemplated seriously Governor George Grey's invitation to him to explore the botany of the subantarctic islands), began by describing his voyage from Napier to Wellington. In the days before the break-water, passengers were taken out to waiting ships in small craft...

To begin: we had an ugly embarkation (as you may have heard)—*twice* attempted ere we got out & on board: 39 hours doing the passage, to me it was a time of little else but perfect misery, *almost* causing me to vow, that if I ever set foot on land again, catch me going &c &c. Our Capt. made Wellington lightho. at one a.m. on Thursday, but, not liking to enter (!) boxed about in the straits until daylight (to the disarrangement of his stewards' pantry)—at x. a.m. we anchored. An ugly Wellgn. morning rain & wind—& severe *hail* storms: it cost me 10/- *cab hire* alone that day. Lyon very kindly came on the wharf to meet me—at first I went to an Hotel away beyond Rhodes'—in the evening to my lodgings (taken for me by L.) in Wingfield St.—not far from the Ho.—& arranged for 15/- extra (i.e. £2.15.0) per week to get *Breakfast* & firing &c. My rooms are small, but the *only* 2 in the little cot. (save the skillion & garret, into which the man & his w. & child stow themselves!) the front door, open to the S.,—opens bang into the sitting room, ditto the back-door, ditto their ladder & trapdoor to the upper, & the fire place (such as I never saw) just large eno. to roast a lark, & chimney smoky! The Bedroom, on the ground floor, is very damp—from which I have a good share of Rheumatism.—And I fear, I cannot well leave it (the lodgings)—although I *may*. I spend most of my time in "*the* House"—or its Library, and Dine at Bellamy's at 6.—

Colenso was a Member of the national House of Representatives 1 July 1861 to 27 January 1866—during the Fox Ministry (1861–2), the Domett (1862–3), Whitaker-Fox (1863–4), Weld (1864–1865) and Stafford (1865–1869) Ministries. Initially he was William Colenso, M.G.A. (Member of the General Assembly), later M.H.R. (Member of the House of Representatives); Members were not designated M.P. until 1907.

Edward Catchpool had been in public service in Wellington, and at this time was Postmaster at Napier. Colenso reported political gossip and the doings in the House to him—five letters survive, the first from Auckland dated 6 November 1863, announcing, among other things "Domett Ministry *out*, Fox Ministry *in*." In 1865 Wellington replaced Auckland (capital since 1841) as the capital city of New Zealand. At that time, the population of Wellington was 4,900. Parliament officially met in Wellington for the first time on 26 July 1865; Colenso was there; Lyon (probably William Lyon, Lambton Quay bookseller) had found him lodgings in Wingfield Street, and met him on the wharf.

Wingfield St, Thorndon (named for JR Wingfield of the New Zealand Society) ran between Molesworth and Mulgrave streets in Thorndon, and is now a pedestrian precinct, misnamed Pipitea St on the Google map (which also has the real Pipitea St).



Thorndon now: 1 = Wingfield St, 2 = National Library, 3 = National Archives,
4 = Old St Paul's, 5 = the Beehive, 6 = Houses of Parliament, 7 = supermarket,
8 = Ian St George lives here.

Just south of the pedestrian mall is the National Library, fittingly close to where Colenso lodged: the repository of many of his surviving manuscripts.

His letter is an interesting documentation of the first sitting of a Wellington Parliament...

The Govr's. speech, (given the day before I arrived,) and our (precious) reply, you will see in the Papers. Yesterday we commenced in good earnest at noon, & sat till 1 this morning, mostly on the *reply*: sharp & bitter things were said on both sides:—by Stafford, agt. *Weld* (!) & Sewell—by Weld in reply—by Williamson agt. the Ministry, & by sarcastic Richardson.—Though opposed to much of the reply, we had promised *not* to divide on it: at 1 this mg., Weld, *unwisely*, called for a Division (amid loud cries of “no, no,”) & persisted in having it: on which, we left the Ho. joined by several Otago & Southland Members: even Featherstone & Harrison, did so: Ormond also: so that there were only about half left—when the Division was *not* taken. I spoke, *against* some parts of the reply—*i.e.*—the Natives into Parliament—their love of “law & order”—their loyalty—peace being partially established—and the absurdity of *thanking* (!!) the Governor for taxation. Such *may* appear in the

Wellington papers: if so, you will see it. We go at it again this day: the Native franchise Bill, against wh. I shall speak—and *lots* of other work. There will be lots of *sparring* this Session—Stafford seems to be regularly primed: & now that Weld has come out, too, so bitterly & *tauntingly* (which Stafford cannot stand)—mischievous will be brewing.—There is a strong



Wellington's first Parliament Buildings, watercolour by L.B. Temple, 1867. Alexander Turnbull Library, B-079-008.

feeling, however, to support the Weld Ministry—especially from the South. But it is weak: Fitz. (one of their best) is very weak in health.—The increase of duties is from *stamps* (but this perhaps includes *more* than we know—*perhaps* Papers! among others.) All say we are in for 3 months *certain*. Bunny has been returned to the disgust of many Wellingtonians: It made us laugh to see Fitz. & Waring Taylor march him up to be sworn!

Wellington is wonderfully improved outwardly. The Asphalte foot pavement all along Lambton Quay makes it dry & nice walking. The day I left you, “*Tract*” published in the “Herald” a letter against me—I wrote a reply, wh. Wood *may* have pubd.—I hear Ormond was the writer—but I believe *Carr* (as before) was.—Good bye

It is less clear where Colenso had his Auckland digs during General Assembly sessions. He wrote to Catchpool from Mechanics Bay on 6 November 1863 (“I am now writing this [on edge of water close to Wynyard place]”). (Parliament buildings were above Mechanics Bay). He seems to have been familiar with the landlord of the Royal Hotel, remarking that conscription to the Reserves was robbing him of his staff (“[At] the Royal Hotel for instance the want of servants is felt—waiters, Cook, &c., go on M(ilitary) duty, & yesterday evening the landlord himself was ordered off! He refused to obey, saying 2 nights in the week must suffice, or he must shut shop”).



Parliament Buildings (far left) above Mechanics Bay, Auckland. Known as “the Shedifice”.
Andrew Robertson, 1859. Auckland Art Gallery.

Bagnall & Petersen sum up Colenso’s performance as a politician...

In the House Colenso was a failure. He duly took his seat on 30th July [1861], being presented to the Speaker in the customary manner by Messrs. Ormond and F. D. Bell. As soon as he had grasped the forms and proceedings of the Assembly he talked on every subject as frequently as was allowed, so it was reported. Some little while later “he gravely assured his fellow representatives that he had come to an understanding with himself that he would speak on no subject which he did not understand. Roars of laughter greeted this confession... few hon. members have made greater shipwrecks of very considerable talents than Mr. Colenso, for the decided hits he has made have been buried forever under the pyramids of words on trifling topics he has reared above them....” [*Daily Southern Cross* article in 1861, quoted in *Herald*, 20th March, 1866]. Another paper, the *Nelson Colonist*, is reported to have commented more pithily, “Mr. Colenso then spoke and—the members went to lunch.”

But was his performance as bad as has been reported? all reports of Colenso the national politician are newspaper reports, and the editors were too often in the pockets of the squatters, the wealthy landowners, his harshest critics....

At first, New Zealand’s Parliament relied on newspapers to report its debates, but the reports were usually biased. In the 1850s, newspapers openly supported particular politicians, who sometimes supplied their own notes for the news reports. Other politicians accused them of distorting the record. In 1867, Parliament solved this problem by setting up an independent service for recording debates—Hansard.

[*Parliament on record: newzealand.govt.nz*].

Colenso politicked before the objectivity of Hansard. How then are we to judge his performance, if the contemporary newspaper reports were hostile for the wrong reasons?

In the Mitchell Library in Sydney there is an undated document in Colenso's hand, referring to his speech on the Native Lands Bill. It is exactly what was printed on page 3 of the *Wellington Independent* of 16 September 1862 (<http://paperspast.natlib.govt.nz/cgi-bin/paperspast?a=d&d=W118620916.2.12&e=-----10--1----0-->) and that suggests, that at least in this case, Colenso supplied the newspaper with his own copy. The *Independent* duly reported, as follows,

Mr. COLENZO, said he felt a much greater degree of responsibility than usual in rising to speak to this Bill. He had given it every consideration that he could think of—and had patiently waited till now—the end of an unusually long debate, in order to hear all that might be adduced both for and against the Bill, if thereby he might be the better enabled to come to a correct decision on so grave a subject. He confessed, however, that he was scarcely yet decided as to how he should vote, but he believed he should vote for the second reading. As a Northern member from an almost isolated constituency, among maories and maori lands,—the very novel yet grave subject of this Bill made him very thoughtful—as, undoubtedly a very great change was sought to be effected by it. He believed, however, that they had come to this pass, that some change for the better must be attempted, and seeing that they could not do what they would, they must be content to do what they could. He thought there was some similarity in the circumstances of the present time in connection with the Bill before them, and of that time in which Captain Hobson arrived in New Zealand. Captain Hobson came mainly to direct and systematize colonization in New Zealand—a colonisation which could not be stayed:—and just so this Bill is an attempt to direct and systematize a dealing which he feared could not now be stayed the irregular dealing of Natives with their lands; it was of no use now to talk of what would have been best ten or twenty years ago. And it was of little use to talk of what may be best, unless the great Maori element was at the same time fully considered. A Bill of this nature seemed to be absolutely necessary; for it was very clear that the Natives would no longer sell to the Government any land, and would most certainly do as they pleased with their lands. England's decision was “make peace,” and the colony generally wished for peace; but, he confessed, he saw little hopes of any such peace, unless what had long

given them (the natives) offence in the matter of their lands was removed. And here he could not refrain from speaking his thoughts, and telling those hon. members, and the hon. members for Wellington in particular, who had two years ago so joined in opposition to the Government on maori matters, that a Bill of this nature would not now have been needed, had there not been then that unseemly opposition. (Hear, hear). He could not help viewing it in the light of a righteous retribution on those who had so loudly spoken of an “unjust and unholy war.” Being a landholder to some extent, he was of opinion that this Bill would be for a time at least, injurious to himself and to other landholders; he was quite sure it would be injurious to the Province of Hawke's Bay, which he represented, as a Province, in cutting off her land revenue; and he also believed it would in like manner, be injurious to the province of Wellington—and perhaps to other provinces; but viewing the colony as a whole, as one, it would certainly be productive of good; good to the colony, good to colonization, and good to individuals. (Hear, hear.) He thought that much of the injury which the cutting off of the land revenue would cause to the provinces, might be provided for by the equally laying on of a land tax on future open purchases. He had heard one hon. member say, that it was his intention to vote for the Bill, because he intended to go in for a slice for himself. (laughter.) But he (Mr. Colenso) could assure this hon. House, that he had no such intention; he never had obtained any land for himself from the Natives, (though scarcely another person had had the opportunities he had had to do so,) and he never should. He had heard many arguments against the Bill, but he had not heard one of a strong, conclusive kind. He would briefly tell the House his own thoughts on the measure before them; and in doing so, he begged the attention of hon. members—particularly of those who were opposed to the Bill; as, if any hon.

member could point out to him a better way, by which the colonization of the country could be effected—or in other words, by which land could be obtained from the Natives, and they, at the same time satisfied, he would go with him, and vote against the Bill. It was a well known fact, that the Natives would not sell to the Government. At the Bay for instance, if the Natives were offered ever so much beyond the value of their lands—say, £10 per acre, for the Ahuriri plains,—he was sure they would not sell. Therefore, as he took it, they must be prepared to do one of three things; viz., to take the waste lands—to wait patiently for the reversion of the same—or to support the principle of the Bill. Now the first, they could not do; the second it was ungenerous, and unchristian to think of;—and, therefore, it followed, that the third was the only feasible plan. Then, in adopting the third, he had considered how it had better be effected—as to tenure, and as to quantity, could they limit either? take tenure:—Should the Natives be only allowed to lease, or sell with occupation, or sell absolutely? He believed from what he knew of the Natives, that they must be left to do as they pleased with their own lands. Then as to quantity:—he had thought that it would be very much better, if possible, to limit, or restrict the sale; to except such spots as would hereafter be wanted for townships and for landing places, also monopolies of wood and water in certain localities. But, here again, he was obliged to confess, that such exceptions would not be relished by the Natives, not even a useless mountain range, or the mere apex of a mount, like Mount Egmont or Maungataniwha. For any such exception would be sure to rouse the jealousy of the Natives, and go a great way to render the whole bill nugatory. Moreover, he had considered it almost useless for the Government to talk to the distrustful Natives of peace and good intentions with such a large army before their eyes, and the restrictions on powder and arms on the one hand, and on their lands on the other. And it was equally of little use to talk to them of Sir G. Grey's scheme of Native policy (however good), unless this concession was first granted to the Natives—to let them “do what they will with their own,” and so remove their suspicions and distrust, (hear, hear.) Unless indeed such concession should come too late. At the same time he (Mr. C.) hoped he should be clearly understood, that he did not believe this Bill to be a panacea. He had heard hon. members say that it would “revolutionize the whole country,” and “open doors in every direction to ‘land-sharks’” He, however, believed, the Natives were much too shrewd, too wide awake to their own interests now to be taken in by any ‘land-sharks’; he thought it was much more likely to be the reverse, had little fear of any one buying land largely from Natives for at least the next two years,—if at all. He was of opinion the Bill would tend to sour those chiefs and tribes who had early sold their lands to the Government, and who had hitherto been mostly loyal and Queen's Natives; for they had commonly and for a long time been taunted by the disloyal or King's

Natives with the selling of their lands. As to the Provincial Bankruptcy in consequence of this Bill, which the hon. member for the Hutt (Mr. Fitzherbert), had spoken of, he (Mr. C.) did not fear it, such, however, could be met by a tax on European purchases of Native lands. He recollected coming to Wellington in 1846 or thereabouts, and seeing on his way into town large staring proclamations offering £100 reward for information of any squatter on Native lands: that proclamation was particularly levelled at squatters in the Wairarapa. The Natives had asked him the meaning of the proclamation, and some among them seemed desirous of easily getting a £100, but he advised them not to think of it. He had, both in conversation and by writing, suggested to Governor Eyre, that it would be far better to offer a £100 to the squatter who would go farthest into the interior and that such should be encouraged by the Government, as the Natives being then desirous of having respectable whites dwelling among them, would be sure to protect their own pakeha, and so prove a standing militia to the country, so that the military could be dispensed with. Such would prove the strong bond of common interest so much needed. And when Governor Eyre asked, “what of the rights of pre-emption? What of the land revenue?” he replied meet it by a small land tax. He might also inform the House, that when, subsequently, Governor Eyre wrote officially to him—both with his own hand and by his Colonial Secretary. (Mr. Domett) to assist him (Governor Eyre) in purchasing the whole of the land in one block, from Cape Turakirae to Ahuriri inclusive; he (Mr. Colenso), after some consideration, informed Governor Eyre, that he could only consent to do so on his agreeing to a reserve for the Natives in one piece from the back mountain range to the sea of one fifth or one sixth of the whole, and give him two years to do it in.—Governor Eyre in the meanwhile keeping out all squatters. That was his proposal then, and he still believed though it was refused, that that would have proved most advantageous to both colonist and Native. The hon. member for Timaru, (Mr. Jollie) had said, “there was no present necessity for such a measure as this before them” he (Mr. Colenso) would heartily agree with that hon. member if possible; but, unfortunately, he could not help believing in the necessity. That hon. member had also said, that “that this House had not the power to pass such a Bill as this, that they were unable to do so by the 73rd section of the Constitution Act” of which he had read them a portion; but he (Mr. Colenso) had read the whole of that section; the latter part he did not read. Now the latter portion especially when taken with the words in the Duke of Newcastle's Despatch of June 5th, 1861, certainly shewed there was no difficulty whatever in the way. He (Mr. Colenso) had heard with very deep regret the speech of the hon. member for Wallace, (he greatly wished that hon. member was now in his place, the more so from the fact of this speech of his being the second that he (Mr. Colenso) had heard him give on Native affairs, both of which were utterly at variance with all he knew. [Hon. J. Russell, which of the hon. members for Wallace? Mr.

Colenso, Mr. Mantell] That hon. member had told them of his 7 years experience in the Middle Island as Government agent, or Native Lands Purchase Commissioner and of his having bought more land for the Government, than any other of their agents—"some 30 millions of acres for £7,000," he had told them, that "it was a dirty business" and that it was nothing less than cheating the Natives," and much more of the same kind. Now he, (Mr. Colenso) should like to know, how it was that that hon. member had managed to do all his "dirty work," to serve his full time of 7 years before he found out that it was a dirty business." Hear, hear.) He (Mr. C.) was really sorry such remarks were made; and he would ask, whether such statements were not likely to increase the distrust and suspicion of the Natives, as well as to impede and embarrass the Government in all their schemes of Native policy, and in the settlement of outstanding claims. (Hear, hear.) He had also noted, when that hon. member had so spoken that he was loudly applauded by many hon. members: that he was also sorry to have heard. Now, for what was the applause given? and that too by those who now opposed this Bill, particularly by Wellington members—was it for the so-called "cheating" or for the 30 millions of acres obtained for £7000?—or for discovering the dirty nature of the work, at the end of 7 years, when all was done? He left it to them to choose which; but in his opinion, it must have been for the getting the land at so little cost; which clearly showed in spite of all they had said against such a system, that they wished to see it continued. This certainly seemed very strange from those who spoke of themselves as being pre-eminently the lovers and friends of the Maoris. He believed, however, that he could very clearly show the gross error which existed in that hon. member's calculation. From a report which he (Mr. Colenso) had before him, being "Mr. Buller's final report on the partition and individualization

of the Kaiapoi Reserve," one of the papers laid on the table for the information of the House, he gathered.

"Kaiapoi Reserve:—distant only 13 miles from Christchurch, lying midway between the townships of Rangiora and Kaiapoi, within a mile of a shipping port, having 2 miles frontage on the main north road; contains 2640 acres of land, perfectly level, and for the most part of excellent quality. About one fifth of the reserve is densely wooded:—owing to the general scarcity of wood in the Canterbury Province, the bush on this reserve commands a ready sale and high price, whether as sawn timber or firewood. If we take the bush land to represent an average value of £48 per acre, and the open land £10 per acre, (a very moderate estimate) we have a result of £45,000, as the present market value of the Kaiapoi reserve. This estate belongs to about two hundred natives, about half of whom are absentee owners." (Hear, hear.)

Besides this, there are other rich and valuable reserves spoken of in the same report. While that hon. member was speaking, he (Mr. C.) had thought on the value of the potatoe and the pig which Cook had landed on the shores of New Zealand. In his opinion, that first potatoe and pig were of value incalculable to the New Zealanders, worth more than 2 million acres of their lands. (Hear, hear.) The hon. member for Wallace had entirely overlooked the greater benefit. In his (Mr. C.'s) estimation the £7000 was but as the potatoes and pig given by Cook—the seed as it were of future prosperity. The great benefit to the Natives was the advantage arising from civilization and colonization, through which one acre of their land was made to be worth more than 10,000 acres originally. (Hear, hear.) The hon. member for Wallace had also said, that "he would give the Natives as much for their lands, as settlers had given the Crown for them, 5s. or 10s. per acre." This was another great error, one too, which would be sure to have a bad effect out of doors. He could tell that hon. member, that some of those lands so told at 5s. and 10s. per acre, had not paid the outlay upon them. Further, the hon. member for Ellesmere had said, "that it was impossible for any such courts as were proposed by this Bill to go into all Native Titles, and that in order to accomplish this, such should be investigated and settled only in an English Court, after the manner of the Land Claims Court." He however, could tell that hon. member, that if those courts could not do so, there was an end to all colonisation; for nothing was more certain, that if such investigation, such disentanglement was ever to be done at all, it could only be on the spot, in their *runanga* courts. If however, that hon. member meant the English Court, constituted after the manner of the Land Claims Court to be a moveable court—then he (Mr. C.) would agree with him. The hon. member for Ellesmere had spoken against the Bill, as keeping the administrative and judicial functions mixed in the village *runangas*, which were better separated—but he had overlooked the fact that while his observation was perfectly true in the abstract, they must deal with the abnormal irregular maori element as they best could; and he (Mr. C.) assured that hon. member, there was no help for it,—he feared there was really no other present way of doing the Natives any good, in the matter of their lands save through their village *runanga*. In them, he hoped, as he had said before, lay the germ of future good; which, carefully trained and directed by a fit supervising hand, would by-and-by produce fruit. Thus order would spring from

disorder. The hon. member for the Hutt, (Mr Fitzherbert) had also spoken of this Bill as "abrogating the Treaty of Waitangi, and rending it in twain"; and of the three contracting parties to the Treaty—the Crown, the Natives, and the Colonists—whose consent to abrogate such Treaty was first necessary. While however, he (Mr. C.) doubted if any such "three parties" being so concerned, and should like to hear the hon. member prove it, he (Mr. C.) saw no political difficulty whatever in the matter—certainly none of the kind which that hon. member had attempted to show namely, to refer this Bill during the recess, to the various constituencies. For were not such "three contracting parties" now engaged, or to be engaged in the carrying out of the Bill? They had already heard of the Governor's approval of the Bill—which, as to its main principle, had been indicated in the Despatch of the Duke of Newcastle, and it was to be reserved for the further consent of the Crown: the Natives, they all knew, were but too desirous of being allowed to do as they pleased with their own land, and had clamoured over and over for such liberty, and the colonists were represented by themselves in this House. If that hon. member's objection was real, what more could be needed to remove it? That hon. member had also spoken of the "relinquishment of the right of pre-emption as damaging to the North Island." He (Mr. C.) would only ask how is it to be prevented? There were the facts, the natives would no longer recognise it and would sell or lease, the colonist could no longer recognise it, and must buy or rent. Could that hon. member or any other hon. member devise a better mode than the one proposed in the principle of the Bill?—one in which the natives would co-operate? If so he (Mr. C.) would heartily support it. While however he professed himself of necessity to be favorable to the principle to the Bill, it was his duty to inform the hon. the Native Minister that there were clauses in it which he (Mr. C.) did not like and could not support. He should seek to have those clauses amended in Committee. At present he would merely call the attention of the hon. the Native Minister to clause 2, which stated the whole of the North Island of New Zealand save that portion the Native title to which had been extinguished to be the absolute property of the natives:—to clause 15, which provided for the surveyors of all the unsold lands, ten twelfths perhaps of the island, at the expense of the Colony, and to clause 17, which made null and void every contract for the purchase, lease or occupation of native land made prior to the granting of a certificate. He greatly doubted the propriety, not to say correctness of such a statement as that

in the 2nd clause. If by the extinguishment of native title was only meant such lands as had been actually transferred to the power, and also decided on in the joints of the Crown, then such statement was wrong. He believed there was yet another class of lands over which the native title had been long ago *bona fide* extinguished such as those lands sold by them to the settlers in Poverty Bay and elsewhere; as well as lands given by them in trust for certain purposes. Then there were also lands which several years back had been offered to the Government, surveyed and mapped at the expense of the Government and monies advanced upon them by the Government. Such as the Waimarama block in Hawke's Bay. If every contract, &c. which the natives had freely entered into was thus by statute to be disannulled they would be taught another agreeable lesson which would be very sure to re-act most injuriously. Now that the Crown's right of pre-emption was about to be waived to benefit the Maori and the future settler, surely settlers just claims should not be forgotten! (hear, hear.) A claim, be it remembered, which for many years even the semi-savage strenuously supported against the "law" of the civilised government—although from a later time, he too has found it convenient to disallow and repudiate it. He hoped he should not be misunderstood, as if he were speaking in favor of any recent purchases leases or contracts entered into, to the great injury of Government and of the Colony. As to surveying their extensive lands which they might never sell, at the colonists expense he was sure the colony would never consent to it, in fact the Government could not do it. It might be expedient to advance the money to do so. He would not detain the House any longer, but all those clauses with others of less importance he hoped to see amended in Committee, and believing this, he should support the Bill.

W. MASON,
BLACKSMITH AND FARRIER,
Lambton Quay.

RETURNS his sincere thanks to his friends and the public, for the very liberal patronage awarded him, when previously in business and begs to intimate, that he has commenced business again as Blacksmith and Farrier, and is prepared to execute all orders intrusted to him on the shortest notice, and most liberal terms.

July 14, 1862.

A genteel blacksmith

What books would you take on a voyage to Mars?

21-year-old William Colenso took these on his voyage to New Zealand....

BOOKS

1 Wanderer of Scandinavia
 1 Stanford Domestic chaplain
 1 Voyage to St. Domingo
 1 Pinnocks Guide to K
 2 Herveys Meditations
 1 Phedon
 1 Herveys Sermons
 1 Thomsons Sermons
 1 Youngs N. Thoughts
 1 Dorneys Contemplations
 1 Fletchers Portrait
 1 Naval Histry. of England
 1 Pulpit
 1 Pilgrims Progress
 1 Keepsake
 1 Loaf of a Sinner
 1 Taylors lectures
 1 Rousseaus Ind. Dicty.
 1 Myles Histry. of Methdm.
 1 Life of Fletcher
 1 Scenes in Scotland
 6 Histry. of ye. Church.
 1 Lives of Eminent Miss.
 1 Pompeii
 1 Life of Sir I. Newton
 1 Dictionary
 2 Jamieson's Univ. Science
 1 Mounts Bay
 1 Snellon on Coins
 1 Leighton on St. Peter
 1 Walton & Cotton's Angler
 1 Newtonian system of Philosophy
 1 Owen on spiritual mindedness
 1 Olney Hymns
 1 Romaine's Life of Faith
 1 Wesley Chrtm. Perfection
 1 Clarke's Promises
 1 Saints Rest
 1 Remarks on P. Lost
 1 Akenside's Poems
 2 Iliad
 2 Pocket Albums
 1 Peter Parley's Tales
 1 Spl. Quixote
 1 Stone's Short hand
 1 Thomas a Kempis
 1 Psalms
 1 Heathen Mythology
 1 Byron's works
 1 Chamber's English Journal
 4 Decameron
 1 King Arthur
 1 Don Juan

New Books

1 Crudens Concordance
 1 Domestic chaplain
 2 Wesley's Sermons
 3 Halls Contemplations
 1 Malkins Sermons
 1 Paleys Philosophy
 1 Pearson on ye Creed
 3 Herodotus
 2 Demosthenes & Sallust
 1 Leightons Sermons
 5 Dwights Systm. Theology
 1 Campbell on Miracles
 2 Horne on ye Psalms
 1 Sherlock & Dodd on Death
 1 Virgil
 1 Adams Roman antiquities
 1 Lollards
 2 Lives Eminent Miss.
 1 Walkers Dicty.
 1 Baxters Saints Rest
 1 Watts Hymns
 1 Thomas A Kempis
 1 Miltons poetical works
 2 Leighton on St. Peter
 1 Buchans Medicine

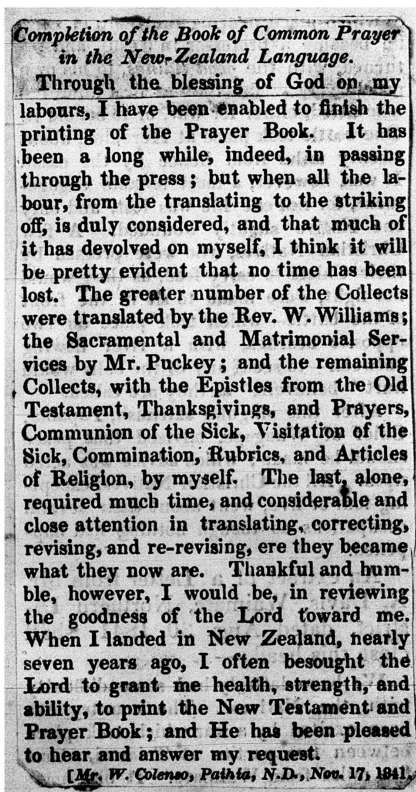
1 Caesars Commentaries
 1 Caesars Comentarii
 1 Greek Grammar
 1 do Delectus
 1 Latin Grammar
 1 Taxidermists Manual
 1 Alphabet of Botany
 1 Conchologists text Book

Old books

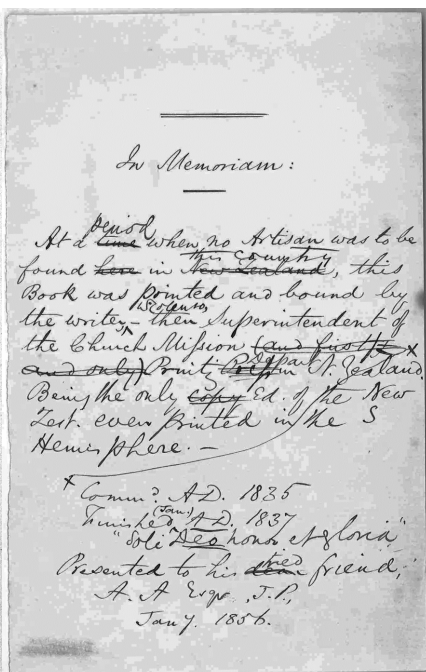
((Those not listed in 1st col.)))
 1 Compann. to ye altar
 1 Histry. King Arthur
 1 Gethsemane
 1 Omnipotence of the Deity
 2 Gentl. Magazine
 1 Derhams Astro-Theology
 Jones Xn. Biography
 1 Remarks on p. host
 1 Ossian's Poems
 1 Taylors Lectures
 1 Fenelons Existence of God
 1 Friendships offering
 1 Plato on immortality
 1 Confn.s of a sinner
 1 Phillips Poems
 1 Drawing Book

Soli Deo honor et gloria?

Were Colenso's early printing efforts motivated solely by the ensuing honour and glory that *God* would enjoy?



This clipping is in the Cotton journals at the Mitchell Library, Sydney.



This draft note was in a copy of Colenso's account of his Ruahine crossings offered for auction on 21 March at Bethunes at Webbs—"In Memoriam" (published 1884). It appears to have accompanied his gift of a copy of the New Testament in Māori to Alexander Alexander in 1856.