

eColenso

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Kahukura on ongaonga

Kahukura (“red cloak”), now known as *Bassaris gonerilla*, is the endemic New Zealand red admiral butterfly. It is said to be the most beautiful of all red admirals in the world, has a 50–60mm wingspan and may live up to 9 months, feeding on nectar from various plants. It lays green eggs singly on nettle leaves. The larvae go through five growth stages: at first they have a brown body with small white spots and fine hairs (setae). Then they moult and develop a pale stripe along the body just above the legs, the setae develop spikes, then the pale longitudinal lines become more obvious and the setae develop more spikes. They grow to about 36mm before pupating: the pupa is about 20mm long.

Ongaonga (*Urtica ferox*) the native stinging nettle is the main food for red admiral larvae. During the day they roll the edge of the leaf around them or fold it into a tent for protection.

1888 was a good year for William Colenso: his *Fifty years ago in NZ* and his *Presidential address* were published by Coupland Harding and he had eight papers in the *Transactions*, one of them this piece: perhaps, to our plain prose preferences, rather lavishly over decorated with adjectives and verse....

A few Notes on the Economy and Habits of one of our largest and handsomest New Zealand Butterflies (*Pyrameis gonerilla*)

Transactions of the New Zealand Institute 1888; 21: 196-199. Read before the Hawke’s Bay Philosophical Institute, 8th October, 1888.

A FEW years ago, during my visits to our inland forests, I often had to pass close to a large shrubby *Urtica*,¹ and I invariably saw several of our large and handsome butterfly, *Pyrameis gonerilla*, hovering over it or settled on it. The shrub itself was in a sheltered sunny nook; and on one day in particular in early spring I counted no less than seventeen



Image from NatureWatchNZ

1. *U. ferox*, Forst., or a closely allied and undescribed species: *U. pungens*, MSS.

of these beautiful creatures at one time so engaged about that shrub, which none of them seemed desirous of leaving. It was a truly lovely scene which I well remember. Spring's woodland harbinger, the large-flowered clematis (*C. indivisa*) was pretty well-developed overhead, swinging and displaying its long wreaths of peerless and pendulous virgin-white tresses from the lofty trees up which it had climbed when young; around were the many beautiful and stately tree-ferns, while below the ground was thickly carpeted with that neat close-growing bedding plant, with small and regularly-formed emerald foliage, *Pratia angulata*, expanding thankfully its myriads of white and blue star-like blossoms to the morning sun, and so drinking in life. The sun, too, was shining brightly down from the deep concave of the dark-blue sky, rarely flecked by a passing cloud; while the melodious tuis (*Prosthemadera novæ-zealandiæ*—parson-bird of the colonists), having had their breakfast of honey and nectar, were singing away joyfully and with good courage from their tiptop perches on the highest sprays, their dark and lustrous metallic plumage reflecting the rays of the sun. It is worthy of notice that this handsome and highly melodious bird always selects the highest and bare spray of a tall tree for its music-stool, whence to pour forth its gushing notes; and this habit is more particularly observed by them soon after sunrise and at sunset, when to hear them of a fine summer's evening, when all is calm above and still below, is really ravishing. At such times the song by Capern, called "The Old Grey Thrush," has come forcibly to mind. As some of you may not know it, permit me to give part of the first stanza:—

Of all the birds of tuneful note
That warble o'er field and flood,
O, give me the thrush with the speckled throat,
The king of the singing wood!
For see, he sits on the topmost twig
To carol forth his glee,
And none can dance a merrier jig,
Or laugh more loud than he.

The whole of that song is apt (for the tui), and well worth repeating. To return, however:—altogether it was a pleasant time; all nature seemed in harmony; even the murmur of the rippling waters of the neighbouring brawling stream joined in unison, and conveyed a more soothing cadence than usual to the ear; and the briskly flitting butterflies above all appeared to be revelling in luxury, enjoying themselves and making the most of it. At such seasons snatches from the once popular song of fifty or sixty years ago, and long forgotten, "I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower," &c., would come rushing rapidly along through the dark lanes of encumbered memory into broad daylight. I remember well, standing entranced, as it were, for several minutes, contemplating and admiring the scene before me ere I could bring myself to resume my journey, and dive into the deeper and gloomy recesses of the forest.

That is a faint and brief description of what I saw there at that grand butterflies' ball and feast, in the early spring.

On a subsequent visit to that spot, one day in the autumn (28th April), on examining the *Urtica* shrub, I found 3 larvæ and 2 chrysalides of the *Pyrameis* on it: the larvæ feeding on its leaves, the pupæ hanging from it. The pupæ were suspended by a few tiny threads under a leaf, or within a leaf (or sometimes two leaves), the edges being very slightly drawn together with threads, but not closed up, remaining more than half open. In taking these rudimental insects, and gathering some of the leaves of the *Urtica* for the larvæ to feed on, I somehow got stung rather severely, in spite of all my care. I well remember the sharp permanent pain from the sting of that nettle, which lasted four days,² and was always increased through washing or wetting my hands.

2. Since writing the above I find the same fact already recorded—"Fl. N.Z.," vol. i., p. 225, and "Handbook Fl. N.Z.," p. 252—I having forty years before experienced the same discomfort.

Four days after I again visited that spot and *Urtica* shrub for the last time that season (as I was to return to Napier the next day), and found 3 more larvæ and 2 chrysalides, and brought them all away. Arriving at Napier on the 2nd May, I placed the larvæ, with a quantity of fresh leaves, in a large white glass bottle; on the 4th, one of the larvæ had suspended itself to the (bored) cork of the bottle; on the 6th it cast its larva-skin and partly took up the chrysalis appearance, but was very wet at first; and on the 7th it assumed the true chrysalis aspect. On the 9th another of the larvæ hung itself to the cork, head downwards, and commenced its transformation. On the 11th one of the chrysalides dropped off from the cork; I had noticed that this one was smaller and of a lighter colour. On the 18th another of the larvæ entered into its chrysalis state, also attaching itself to the cork of the bottle.

On the 19th one of the chrysalides I had brought in that state from the forest burst, and the perfect insect emerged; but, owing to the shallowness of the glass in which these forest chrysalides were confined, one wing had got stuck fast to the side of the bottle in the process of emerging, and so became contracted and rigid when dry, like a little plaited epaulette; while the other wing, being free, had attained to its full size and shape; but the poor creature was sadly lopsided. On the 21st another of the forest chrysalides split open, and the imago emerged—a beautiful sight,³ once seen, never to be forgotten.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.

This was a fine and perfect specimen of this butterfly.

I regretted much those larvæ that entered into their pupa state here in Napier not emerging therefrom as perfect insects. I suspect this was owing either to their not having been fully fed down to the time of their entering into that state, or that they assumed it too early, and

perhaps in an unhealthy state. As larvæ they were very voracious; it seemed as if they were always eating, night and day; so that my stock of *Urtica* leaves that had cost me so dearly were soon disposed of. On their being used up I tried the hungry creatures with several other leaves of Maori plants, but none would they touch. That shrub itself, though a large bushy and spreading one (about 5 ft. high and several feet round), with several others, smaller ones, close by, almost always presented a sorry sight from their leaves being so gnawed and stripped; hence I had always some difficulty in procuring good specimens of it for drying and preserving. Those *Urtica* plants, however, recovered themselves throughout the winter, and were fully foliated in early spring. I may also mention that, though the plant was said to be well known in that locality, I only met with it in one other spot, and that a single small specimen.

Seeing that the larvæ in their purely natural state always either suspend themselves to a twig or enwrap themselves in a leaf of the *Urtica*, it seemed strange that in no case did one of them so suspend itself to a stem in the bottle, but only and always to the cork (of course there were no leaves left). Was this done on account of more moving air there through the holes—such being requisite to dry their wings quickly when emerging—or to be in a position of more free space?

As I suppose both larva and pupa of this butterfly to be, like the perfect insect, well known, I do not attempt to describe them. The larva is a curious-looking object, from its being so very hairy; the hairs, too, are rather long, rigid, patent, dark-coloured, and produced in little bunches of irregular lengths.

Notwithstanding my partial failure in the rearing of them, a few plain facts in the natural economy of this butterfly seem to be substantiated: (1) That its larvæ feed on the leaves of *Urtica ?pungens*, Col., and are very voracious; (2) that on their entering into the chrysalis state they wrap themselves loosely in a leaf of the same plant, to which they are

3. See the full description of similar emergence of *Danais berenice*, as witnessed by me ("Trans. N.Z. Inst.," vol. x., p. 279).

also fastened, or suspend beneath a leaf from its petiole or branchlet; (3) that the time occupied by the embryo insect in its chrysalis state is more than three weeks; (4) and that if it has not ample room for unfolding its wings on emerging from the chrysalis state they become stunted and useless, and then of course the insect is destitute of flight.

ADDENDUM.

I may here mention a similar case, as to contraction of wings under similar circumstances, that occurred a few years ago. In 1884, in a case of apples received from America (? California), I found a fine butterfly; one quite as large as our New Zealand *Pyrameis gonerilla*, if not much larger. It was but recently dead, and had evidently died in the case during the voyage; both of its wings were much crumpled and contracted, and its back chafed. Its prevailing colours were yellow and black (bluish-black) in broad streaks, the body the same, with broad yellow longitudinal stripes; very hairy at edges of wings in some parts; hairs long, yellow; and two large red spots on the wings; antennæ very dark, slender, naked; tips slightly clubbed; eyes

very large and prominent. Being much crumpled, an only specimen, and tender, I only give its more striking aspect, as it requires to be softened and carefully laid out, before a strictly accurate description could be given. It is wholly unknown to me.



Was Colenso's American the California Sister butterfly?

William Colenso & Samuel Marsden

On 4 June 1838 William Colenso would write to the Church Missionary Society Secretaries in London,

By a Schooner from the Colony, which came in this morning, we hear of the death of our beloved Father in the Gospel, the Revd. S. Marsden: he fell asleep in Jesus on the 12th. May last. No particulars have yet reached us.—

On 24 January 1840 he would write again to the CMS Secretaries,

On Decr. 7, I left the Bay in a little vessel for Wangarei, (Mr. Busby, who was going thither, having kindly offered me a free passage,) arriving there, I visited the different villages in that neighbourhood, found that nearly all were professing to be Christians.—I returned by way of the Coast to Owae, and Bay of Islands, reaching this Station on Decr. 24. I experienced very severe weather during this trip which made travelling very heavy. Wangarei had not been visited since I had carried the Gospel thither in Feby., 1836, 4 years since, although we have had communication from time to time with the Natives, and they have received Books from us. The route by which I returned was the one by which that Venerable Servant of Christ, the Revd. S. Marsden, had travelled over; no Missionary besides himself had ever gone over that ground. Dear Mr. Marsden! his preaching, the places where he slept, where he rested, where he fell in scaling the cliffs, &c., &c., are remembered and pointed out by the Natives, and, at some future day,

may be, perhaps, cherished, as Mementos of the first Minister of Christ who visited the shores of New Zealand!

This raises two questions.

1. He wrote “Dear Mr Marsden” and “Our beloved Father” but did Colenso know Marsden well?
2. Can we trace his walk back to Paihia, and compare it with Marsden’s route?

Colenso knew Marsden

They met in Sydney when Colenso was on his way to New Zealand in 1834: on 15 January 1835 he wrote to Dandeson Coates at the CMS,

At Sydney We also saw the Revd. Messrs. Cowper, Styles, & Marsden, and were at the residence of the latter at Paramatta.

He helped Marsden with his “ecclesiastical duties” and years later, in Napier, he would reminisce (Appendix Note A of his *In memoriam*) in 1884,

I brought here with me, in 1844, five head; viz., 2 cows, 2 heifers, and a young bull. One of the cows was a red poley, a well-formed creature; one that had been a few years before imported by me from Parramatta N.S. Wales (selected from Mr. Marsden’s celebrated herd) to the Bay of Islands....

He confirmed this in the *Hawke’s Bay Herald* 16 January 1894,

And here I may also mention that my best cow—a pretty well-formed red poley, picked from Rev. S. Marsden’s herd at Parramatta, N. S. W. —was also (unfortunately for me) killed by the large pig dogs of my Maori neighbors.

Furthermore he met and conversed with Marsden when the latter visited Northland with his daughter Martha between 17 March and 4 July 1837. In Note H to page 17 of his *Fifty years ago in New Zealand*, Colenso wrote

... the Rev. S. Marsden with his daughter and voyaging companions arrived at Paihia; they came by the way of Hokianga and Te Waimate, and remained with us till the 4th July.

On 5 January 1891 he wrote to Coupland Harding,

Mr. M[arsden]. was a chatty old gentm. & conversed freely w. me, at his own house in P[aramatta]., & also in Sydney—often: also here in N.Z. ... on printing, press work, books, &c for Maoris.—

A month later (5 February 1891) to Harding,

Rev. Mr. Marsden, also, was a very chatty (garrulous) old man... I was with him at Paramatta,—and in Sydney—and afterwards, at Paihia, on his visiting the P[rinting] O[ffice], & seeing the N.Z. & other books &c, &c.,—and ... walking up & down w. him, he leaning on my arm, on the gravel walk at Paihia, he talking over old Mission matters, (we 2 had nothing else to talk about!)....

Colenso was 26 and Marsden 72 in 1837. On 12 May 1898 Colenso wrote to Harding,

Geography & Histry. of N.Z., by R. Lee Inspr. Schools: printed by Longmans P/O in ’95 & with many blunders & errors,—sent up to school at Woodville from Dept.... Of Marsden:—(p.96.) A hideous drawing (portrait) of Mr. Marsden: utterly unlike.

He was referring to *Longman’s geographical reader for New Zealand* 1895 by Robert Lee. “The portrait” from p.96 is overleaf.



THE REV. SAMUEL MARSDEN, 'THE APOSTLE OF NEW ZEALAND'

From *Longman's geographical reader for New Zealand* 1895 by Robert Lee:
Colenso considered it "A hideous drawing (portrait) of Mr. Marsden: utterly unlike"

Extracts from Colenso's journal, December 1839

7th. This evening at 6 embarked on board of the "Black Joke" for Wangarei....

8th.... About 6, p.m., we made the N. Head of Wangarei... landed on a low Sandy beach, where, pitching a Tent, we passed the night....

9th... to Pihoi....

10th.... Visited Ratu.... Returning to Pihoi.... went [to a] village, called Parakara, about 4 miles further inland.

11th. Started... for Tangihua, a village distant about a day's journey arriving ... at Te Waiti....

12th.... at the little village of Taika, about a mile more to the S., and on an inlet of the Sea....

13th.... Accompanied Mr. B... to Wakahau.... Returned to Taika (about 6 miles distant,)....

14th....[at Taika]

21. Left this place for Pihoi.... Passing through the village of Te Waiti....

15th.... I went to Taika.... Returned to Pihoi....

15th.... 16th. [at Pihoi]

17 [Left **Pihoi** and] proceeded... crossing the river in a canoe... our route lay, at first, over very high and barren hills... [then] through swamps and rushy flats; roads were all under water... [arrived] at **Wareora**....

18 started, at 11, a.m... for **Ngunguru**.... After walking and wading for about 12 miles, we reached the head of the river... got into our Canoe and went for some time merrily down the river After paddling for about 14 miles... we landed at a little "pa" called **Tongakē**... on a dry beach very near the heads....

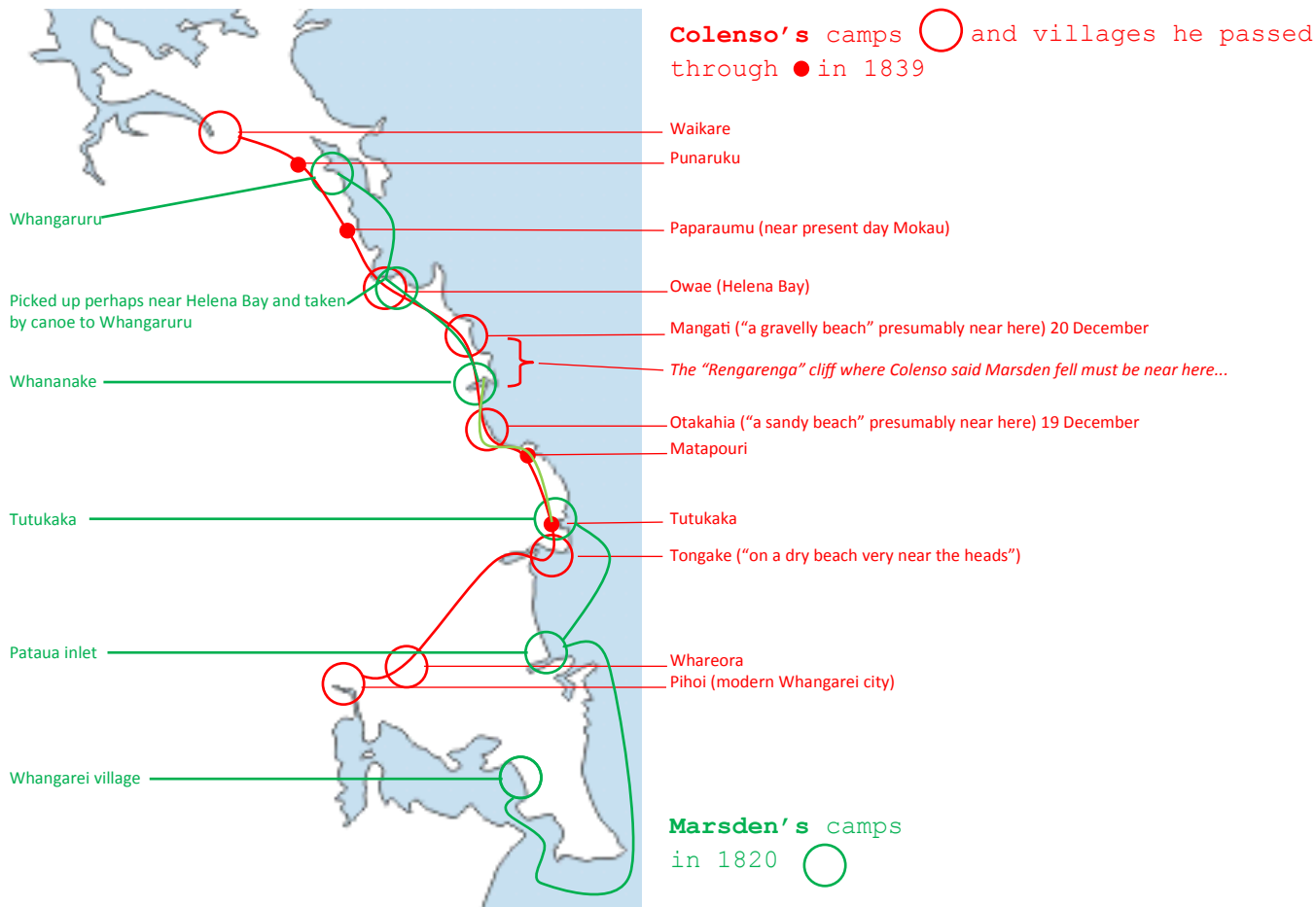
- 19 left ... an hour's walk... brought us to **Tutukaka**, a rather romantic little harbour... proceeded onwards, – our road... lay over high, steep, and densely wooded hills.... about 2, p.m., we arrived at **Matapouri**, another little harbour... at 5 p.m., we brought up, on a Sandy beach, named **Otakahia**....
- 20 ... our route this day was much the same as yesterday, only more of rocks, and cliffs to climb up and get down over; in some places, too, this was not done without difficulty and some danger. Passed over (down) a precipitous Cliff called the “**Rengarenga**”, a cliff from whence the venerable Mr. Marsden fell, some years ago; he was the only Missionary, (Natives say the only white man,) who had ever trod these wilds save myself.... Took a Sketch of the place.... brought up on a gravelly beach, named **Mangati**....
- 21 proceeded.... still by Coast: about 2, p.m., we arrived at **Owae**....
- 22 [at Owae].
- 23 about 9, a.m., we started from Owae, still by Coast, and reached a small village (**Paparaumu**) by 11, a.m... proceeded onwards (striking inland over high hills) for Penaruku (**Punaruku**)... Pushed onwards for **Waikare**, by an... unfrequented road... crossed, and recrossed, the Waikare stream, and, finally reached Waikare... at 8, p.m.
- 24 paddled down the river... and got safely to the Settlement [**Paihia**] by 10, a.m.

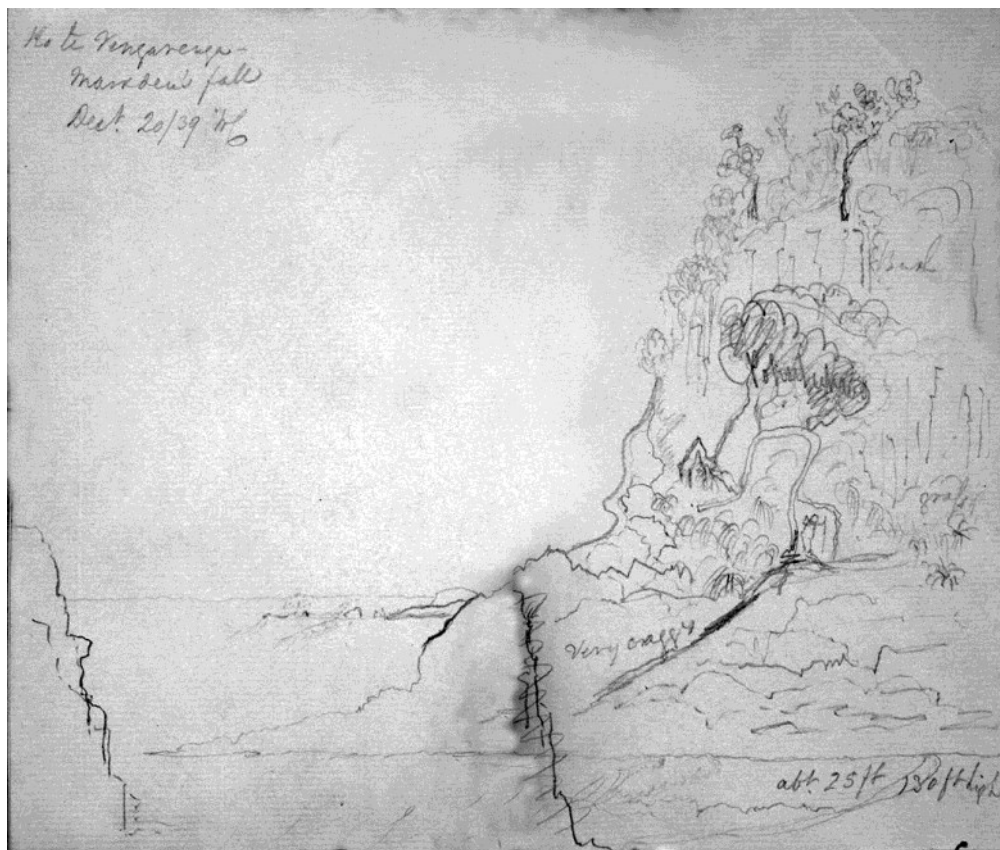
Extracts from Marsden's journal August–September 1820

Colenso must have been referring to Marsden's third visit to New Zealand in 1820, the only visit in which he travelled up the east coast of Northland partly by land. Marsden wrote,

- 22 August in the Kiperro (Kaipara), leaving via the Wyeroa (Wairoa) river.
- 25 Tangiteroria via Maungakarama at the head of Mangapai river.
- 27 Arrived at Wangaree (**Whangarei**), then a village about 3 miles inside the harbour mouth.
- 29 by canoe to Picanakka (**Pataua** inlet)
- 31 by canoe to Tootoo-Kakka (**Tutukaka**), but too rough to continue, so, “I resolved to travel by land to Winnanakkee (**Whananake**) The road would be very difficult.... We pushed forward as fast as we could, and, after walking for a few hours up and down precipices and rocks, and wading through the water at the head of the coves which we could ford.... We reached the village before it was quite dark, very wet and weary....”
- 2 September: tried to go by canoe to Wangadoodoo (Whangaruru) but, “In less than half an hour the wind and sea rose again and compelled us to return.... We set off by land. We found the road very bad, as it lies along the sea-coast. We had continually to strike off into the woods in order to cross the high necks of land which run out into the sea, and then to descend again down to the beach. Several swamps and runs of water we met with on our road through which we had to wade. In the evening we arrived at a small native village....”
3. “... arose at the dawn.... After we had walked about half an hour I observed a war canoe coming after us.” Weather cleared, picked up in canoe & taken to **Whangaruru**.

Marsden's and Colenso's coastal land routes therefore coincided from Tutukaka northward as far as an indeterminate point, perhaps near Helena Bay, a day's walk north from Whananake (see map overleaf).





Colenso's sketch of the Rengarenga cliff (20 December 1839) "Ko te Rengarenga – Marsden's fall Decr. 20/39 WC"].

(An aside): the black joke

In 1839 Colenso had sailed to Whangarei on Busby's vessel the *Black Joke*.

Robin Hyde wrote (*Check to your King*, Ch.20) ,

From Auckland's main streets blew an appalling reek of horse-dung,
beer and carcases, the latter dumped by the stockships, which unloaded
right at the gates of the town and thought nothing of leaving dead beasts
in the roadway. These roads were nothing but tunnels of mud, triumphantly
bridged by one tavern-keeper with empty barrels, sawn in two
and placed end to end, like a series of fantastic Japanese bridges. Yet
there were livery stables, carriages, flutter of fine ladies... a bloom of
quickly grown beauty, an orchid thriving on a dung-heap.

Other ladies, quite as fine in their own way, with their lavish bosoms and
long feathers, leaned bawling from the red-and-white brothels in Fort
Street and Chancery Lane. Should the passer-by seem curt, they emptied
their chambers on his stove-pipe hat, and thus had the better of him
either way. The taverns had beautiful, lusty names: the "Fortune of War",
the "Naked Indian", the "Spread Eagle", the "Black Joke".

(<http://nzetc.victoria.ac.nz/tm/scholarly/tei-HydChec-t1-body-d20.html>)

The Black Joke brothel was named after a popular bawdy Irish song,

No mortal sure can blame the man,
Who prompted by Nature will act as he can
With a black joke, and belly so white:
For he the Platonist must gain say,
that will not Human Nature obey,
in working a joke, as will lather like soap,
and the hair of her joke, will draw more than a rope,
with a black joke, and belly so white.

The first that came in was an English boy,
and then he began for to play and toy,

With a black joke, and belly so white:
He was well vers'd in Venus's School,
Went on like a Lyon came off like a fool,

From her coal black joke, as will lather like soap,
and the hair of her joke, will draw more than a rope,
with a black joke, and belly so white.

Another eight verses list various hapless chaps who visit the lady, then—last verse...

The Bishop in his Pontifical Gown,
Would tumble another Susanna down,

For her black joke, and belly so white:
The Lawyer his Clients cause would quit
To dip his pen in the bottomless Pit

Of a Coal black joke, as will lather like soap,
and the hair of her joke, will draw more than a rope,
with a black joke, and belly so white.

Text here is from a single sheet song with music, c.1730. There are at least
three copies extant. "Joke" is also later given as "Joak" and "Jock."

(<http://sniff.numachi.com/pages/tiBLCKJKE:ttBLCKJKE.html>).

Several seagoing vessels were named *Black Joke*: a naval brig, an Atlantic
buccaneer and a 20 ton schooner brought by the New Zealand Company
which may have been the "little vessel" Busby "engaged" and Colenso sailed
in from the Bay of Islands to Whangarei.

Hogarth knew the song, as he showed in his third painting in *The Rake's Progress*, depicting an orgy at a brothel. On the floor at bottom left are a night watchman's staff and lantern—souvenirs of Tom's "Wild Night" on the town. The prostitutes are stealing the drunken Tom's watch. The ladies have black spots on their faces to cover syphilitic sores. The scene takes place at the Rose Tavern, a famous brothel in Covent Garden. The pregnant girl at right is singing her words from memory, without the need to refer to her song sheet with the lyrics of "The Black Joke".



O, Pandey of Youthful Blood,
Is by Death to poison food,
Woman, for all her Social Love,
Is still the Gift of Poverty above.

Every of every Household Affair,
All Charms and Amours pursuing,
And turn'd to Love, all Phlegmatic Love,
See to the Thing, see to the Love.

Spent Picnic to eat up all his Wine,
After Myster of his Wine,
And then, as his of his divine,
Sweet Pardon of Richard Wine.

With Freedom led to every Part,
And secret Chamber of St. Mark,
But then the friendly Night is long,
And then the morning comes of day.

So enter in with every Freedom,
Perknew the dancing young of France,
So raised the abundant Flow,
And now there with wild Love.

Seventeenth Century, London, &c. Published by W. B. Bognath Lane, 1775. According to the 1st of the 17th Century.

Another letter from Bishop Natal

The letter at right was auctioned on Ebay last year. Bishop JW Colenso was in London in 1862 defending himself against charges brought by the Bishop of Capetown. But who was the recipient?

Gwil Colenso emailed, "I think it is likely to be a book on theology/ Biblical criticism as (a) Bishop Colenso was so immersed in Pt II of his *The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua Critically Examined* (The Pentateuch is the first five books of the Old Testament – Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy), that he wouldn't be reading and giving so much attention to books on other subjects; (b) the tone of his letter is a bit conspiratorial—he talks of the 'coming book of which you speak' as if he can't name it; (c) there are two books (possibly by the same author): the one he is to get at once to read tomorrow on the train (or 'travelling', anyway), the other is the 'coming' book—which is still to be published."

Ann Collins found John Rogerson's *Old Testament criticism in the nineteenth century* which mentions Samuel Davidson's *Introduction to the Old Testament*—and that Colenso read it in 1862.

In the middle of 1862, Colenso travelled to London in connection with charges brought against him by Bishop Gray of Capetown and others, resulting from his *Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans*. In England, Colenso continued his reading, his revision of earlier drafts, and his writing. Of Davidson's *Introduction* of 1862–3, Colenso described the first two volumes, which he saw after he arrived in England in 1862, as "the most able work which has yet appeared in England on the subject of biblical criticism".

4 Luccombe Terrace
10
Nov. 21. 1862

My dear Sir

I shall get your book
at once, & take it for a
handy companion
tomorrow. I had hardly
said that I shall expect
with great interest the publication
of the coming book, of which
I speak - Excuse my saying
none at present, as I am
hard pressed by the winter
in Part II of my work.

Yours truly
J.W. Colenso

Gwil responded, “Rogerson is referring to the preface to Colenso’s Pentateuch Vol I where he says: ‘And, since my return to England, I have had an opportunity of consulting Dr Davidson’s *Introduction to the Old Testament*, (OT) Vols I and II ...’ This was published in three volumes and the date is 1862–3. So Colenso may be referring to volumes I and II of this in his letter.

“Rogerson says that Davidson’s latest publication was his most radical critique of the Pentateuch—e.g. that it derived from different sources, was composed after the age of Moses, etc., all very similar to the position that Colenso was adopting in his critique. So Colenso would have been very interested (as he says he is in his letter).

“Davidson had been Professor of Biblical Criticism in Belfast and then at Lancashire Independent College from which he had been forced to resign due to his biblical criticism. So he may have felt sympathetic to Colenso as moves were soon afoot to silence and condemn Colenso and eventually to oust him from the church. The letter is hasty but cordial and suggests a relationship of familiarity, mutual agreement and understanding. Davidson moved to London in 1862, so it would have been easy for the two to communicate.”

“The real significance of Colenso’s letter is that it shows Colenso in correspondence with someone whom he has discovered he has common cause with and who is an expert in the field. Davidson was a well established British scholar of Biblical studies of nearly 30 years standing (his first post as professor of biblical criticism had been in 1935), who had published major works of criticism on the OT. Davidson’s experience and academic credentials are important as one criticism levelled at Colenso was that, in academic terms, he was a mathematician, not a biblical scholar—in which field he was self taught, and this for only a year or so. Furthermore, much of the existing literature on criticism of the OT that Colenso had had to absorb was German—which he taught himself in order to read!!!). But

in Rogerson’s words, Davidson possessed, ‘an unrivalled knowledge of German critical Old Testament scholarship,’ so Colenso might have felt vindicated if his conclusions were supported by Davidson.

“It must have been gratifying to Colenso to be in correspondence with a scholar of such standing in the field, expert in German OT scholarship, and obviously sympathetic to his own approach to OT criticism.

“Colenso’s Pt I was published in late October 1862 when, according to Guy, ‘It caused a sensation. Within a week the second edition was ready for sale and arrangements had been made for publication of a further two editions making a total of some ten thousand copies.’

“It seems likely Davidson had seen Colenso’s Pt I and had realised they were working in the same field and had similar viewpoints. So he had written to Colenso to let him know that Vol I of his own *Introduction to the OT* had been published and Vol II was forthcoming. Colenso writes back to say he’ll get the first book ‘at once’ and ‘expect with great interest the publication of the coming book’.

“By 21 November Colenso had already been admonished by Bp Wilberforce not to publish and, after publication of Pt II on 4 November Colenso says there was a ‘great commotion’ with ‘every journal (except the *Times*) publishing ‘a leading article or long notice about it’ (he counts 24 notices). According to him, these were not abusive. But, by 21 November 1862, there would probably have been a torrent of letters to the press, further editorials, etc., no doubt some of which would have been condemnatory. And so, by then, Colenso may have felt beleaguered and glad to hear from an OT scholar with similar views to his and who had suffered for holding them !!!

“So this letter is quite significant in providing evidence of this relationship.”

"One letter causes more thought than half a dozen sermons"

The Bury and Norwich Post of Wednesday 1 November 1848 reported,

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY'S JUBILEE.—The day which our present publication bears date is selected for the celebration of the fiftieth year of this Society's existence, and the natural inquiry suggested is, what has the Society done during this period? Contrasting its present scale of operations with the earlier years of its history, we find its design at first so coldly regarded by the heads of the Church, that for fifteen months after its formation by some five-and-twenty individuals it remained inactive in regard to missionary proceedings; for some time after the only spot on which had planted the banner of the Cross was the pestilent colony of Sierra Leone; and up to its tenth year the annual subscriptions were little more than two thousand pounds. It now numbers 102 missionary stations in East and West Africa, the Mediterranean, India, Ceylon, New Zealand, the West Indies, and North America; it employs nearly 1500 teachers, of whom 158 are Europeans and 1313 native converts, 118 of former and 14 of the latter being ordained clergymen; and its income amounts to about 100,000l. per annum But what is most important to be known is the efficiency of this instrumentality in the propagation of the Christian faith; and in this point the returns of the

Society exhibit a total of 13,010 communicants, who are only admitted to this ordinance after strict examination and under Christian discipline; whilst the schools of the Society number 23,965 in course of instruction. Small as are these numbers, when compared with the hundreds of millions of heathen world, they are sufficient to afford abundant ground for thankfulness to all who reflect upon the value of a soul, whilst the vast field of human nature which remains untilld calls for the strenuous exertions of every professing Christian to give extension to the work. The Missionaries agree in bearing testimony to an awakened spirit of inquiry and a favourable disposition towards Christianity in almost every scene of their labours. In short, as the annual report informs us—"That which one missionary reports respecting New Zealand, may be said of every other missionary field—it seems as if the whole population would soon become nominally Christian—either as Protestants or Papists." That it is not only nominal Christianity which is advancing, is nowhere more strikingly displayed than in that very country—New Zealand—a few years ago inhabited by the most barbarous savages in the world. One missionary relates that on Christmas-day, 1846, a con-

gregation of 2000 assembled from all the various tribes who a few years ago could not have been induced to meet on any terms, but were now content to sit down side by side as brethren; and no fewer than 382 partook of the memorials of the Saviour's death. And that it is not a mere indolent acquiescence in a new form of religion is shewn by another missionary (the Rev. W. Colenso), who states that he has encouraged letter-writing amongst the natives, believing that one letter causes more thought than half a dozen sermons, and that he now has in his possession above a thousand letters from New Zealanders, some of which exhibit the working of the native mind, and others inquire the meaning of various texts, his answer to one which occupied twelve pages, and to his great surprise he afterwards found that several copies had been made by the natives. And this in a country which forty years ago had not so much as a written language! We have given these samples of the fruits of the Society's labours, in the hope that some who would not look beyond a newspaper may be led by them to take an interest in the proposed celebration and the great work to which it seeks to give a new impulse.

The Illustrated London News of 25 March 1899



Photo. Cornhill, Nagler, & Co.
THE LATE REV. W. COLESEN.

One of New Zealand's earliest and most distinguished colonists passed away on Feb. 10, at the good old age of eighty-eight—the Rev. W. Colenso, F.R.S., F.L.S. Arriving in New Zealand as missionary printer in 1834, with the first press and types seen in the islands, he composed and bound with his own hands the first edition of the New Testament in Maori. Six thousand copies were printed, but it is now one of the rarest of early New Zealand books. In missionary work, in after years, he went through extraordinary toils. Later still he took an active part in public and political life, and for the past thirty years had lived the life of a student of science. Many scientific societies in various parts of the world elected him to honorary membership.



Actress Fran Kelly plays Elizabeth Colenso in tonight's "Pioneer Women" story. 14/6/83

Lonely life for pioneer woman

Elizabeth Fairburn, born at Kerikeri in 1821, had an austere and lonely upbringing as the daughter of one of Marsden's earliest missionaries.

In "Pioneer Women," screening on One tonight, the life story of this young woman is told.

By the time she was 19 she was experienced in mission work and was teaching at her father's mission at Otahuhu, Auckland. Her fluency in Maori impressed Bishop Selwyn and when, in 1842, Selwyn established his own missionary school, Elizabeth was summoned to Pahi to teach.

Suitable wife

There it was decided she would make a suitable wife for the newly arrived printer William Colenso, who hoped to be himself ordained as a priest.

Although she had no love for Colenso, Elizabeth married him in accordance with the bishop's wishes and after the birth of their first child, they set off to open a mission station at the outpost of Ahuriri, Hawke's Bay.

Life not easy

Life was far from easy. It took three years for a permanent house to be built and for five of the eight years she spent at Ahuriri, Elizabeth did not see another white woman.

Colenso made frequent journeys on foot, and during his long absences Elizabeth was responsible for the mission and its stores, always under threat of raids by Maoris.

□ "Pioneer Women" screens at 8.00 tonight, on One.

The N.Z. Listener of 14 June 1983

An Anglican missionary and his retinue in New Zealand

Missionnaire Anglican avec sa suite

Steel engraving by A. Chaillot after a drawing by Victor Marie Felix Danvin. From M. G.L. Domeny de Rienzi's *Océanie, ou Cinquième Partie du Monde*, Vol.3, p.653; published in 1836 by Firmin Didot of Paris.

Grégoire Louis Domeny De Rienzi 1789–1843, illustrator, adventurer and travel writer, published *Océanie; ou, Cinquième Partie du Monde* in Paris in 1836-1837 (the section on New Zealand begins at p.124 of volume 3).

Domeny de Rienzi described himself as a traveller in Oceania, the Orient and elsewhere, a member of several French and Italian academies, the Société de Géographie and the Société Asiatique of Paris and Bombay. His book was intended as a comprehensive general and historical survey of the Pacific region and drew on information gathered on past voyages to Oceania, including the five voyages claimed by the author himself. In addition to illustrations taken from previously published works, the author stated, engravings after his own hitherto unpublished drawings were featured in the three volumes. Some doubt remains as to whether Domeny de Rienzi produced any original art work or, indeed, actually visited Australasia. After 1820 he settled in Paris working as a professor. He committed suicide in 1843.



There was an edition with Spanish subtitles.... ►

Misionera de la Nueva Zelanda con sa comitiva

Did the missionaries really carry sun umbrellas and wear tailcoats on their journeys? Or was this an attempt by the rival Roman Catholic French to make the Englishmen look foppish, effete and out of place?

Certainly the Māori clothing is unlikely, and Colenso's drawings and accounts show loads on his bearers' backs, not their heads. ▼



On the other hand Colenso chided his London agents, Dixon & Co, for a "Drab umbrella sent—white one ordered; such as the Quakers use: I believe they are made of W. Brown Holland.—"

But while several times in his journals and letters he mentioned taking an umbrella to shelter from the rain, he never mentioned using one to shelter from the sun.



Colenso's big bell

You will recall, from p18 of the August 2017 *eColenso* that Colenso wrote to the CMS about their big bell in his possession,

I have been often asked—both by the former as well as by the present Minister of our Church in this small town, as well as by some of the Congregation, to lend this Bell—which I have at length consented to do on the conditions expressed in the Memorandum.

I may add, that I have this day written to Rev. S. Williams enclosing the Duplicate of the within Memorandum (keeping the triplicate).

I wrote, “The first church of St John the Evangelist had been built in 1862.... I can find no further record of its bell, but it seems more than likely the CMS bell was used”.

Sarah Carter emailed with a photograph of Colenso's Memorandum, from among the Colenso CMS papers at the Hocken Library. It is annotated in Colenso's hand, “Original. Duplicate sent to Rev. S.W. Williams, at Te Aute, N.Z.—July 21st, 1865. Wm. Colenso.” and reads (also in Colenso's hand),

Memorandum concerning a Church Bell

This Church Bell (at present, and for several years past, in the possession of William Colenso of Napier,) is the property of the Church Missionary Society of London Great Britain. At the request of the Minister and Churchwardens of St. John's Napier; the said Bell is now lent for the use of the Church and Congregation of St. John's, but on these conditions:—1. That whenever the Owners of the said Bell the Church Missionary Society, or their Agent in New Zealand acting for

them, shall request the Bell now lent to be returned to them, it shall be so returned to their Agent in Napier free of any Expense or Charge: 2. That should the said Bell be broken or otherwise injured while being lent as above, the Minister and Churchwardens of St. John's hereby bind themselves to replace, or pay the Church Missionary Society for, the said Bell, on the Owners, or their Agent acting for them, requesting them to do so. Dated, Napier July 3, 1865.

Lemuel Saywell		Minister
H.S. Tiffen	}	Churchwardens
J. Wilkinson		
G. Fanshawe	}	Vestrymen
R.W. McCarver		

Clearly Colenso's big bell was used at St John's which was demolished in 1886 to make way for the cathedral which was demolished by the 1931 earthquake and replaced by the new cathedral.

I still wonder what happened to the bell.

“Manawatu Gorge alternative urgent”

was a headline in “Stuff” on 24 July, after the big rains: the closure is likely to be permanent now.

“I told you so,” Colenso might have thought (but would never have said): he wrote to Coupland Harding on 29 November 1892, “On Monday morning I was driven in buggy thro’ the Gorge, nearly to Ashurst: scenery romantic, but a very *sad waste* to place Railway there, it must be abandoned, & sooner the better. Day very hot; don’t admire Coach road!”



*YES... YES...
3RD COLENZO
CONFERENCE?
22-23 FEBRUARY
2019? IN NAPIER?
YES OF COURSE...
I'LL BE THERE !!*