SIXTY YEARS IN NEW ZEALAND

A. HOPE BLAKE

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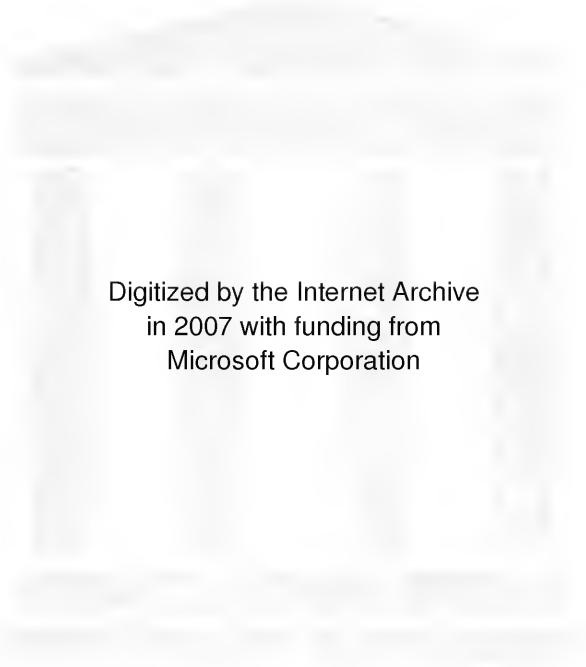

SIR DONALD MCLEAN

SIXTY YEARS IN NEW ZEALAND

STORIES OF PEACE AND WAR

BY

A. HOPE BLAKE

WITH A FRONTISPIECE

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TO

THE MEMORY OF

THE LATE

SIR DONALD McLEAN

WHOSE WISE AND BENEFICENT MANAGEMENT

OF NATIVE AFFAIRS

FOR A PERIOD EXTENDING OVER THIRTY-FIVE YEARS

CONDUCED SO MATERIALLY

TO THE ULTIMATE PACIFICATION OF NEW ZEALAND

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR

PREFACE

I HAVE been asked to write a preface to this book. It scarcely needs one. The author wears the New Zealand war medal, honourably won, and he has known the colony and its inhabitants for more than sixty years. He is, therefore, entitled to tell these tales of the early days. As one of the younger generation, I can only say that I have read them with keen interest. In some of them, simple as they are, the writers of a coming generation may find the germ of a great story or a fine epic.

Pakeha and Maori have long since been at peace, and now mount guard together on the outer ramparts, ready, at any time, to spend money and blood in defence of our Empire to which each is proud to belong. We are friends again, and, as Kipling puts it—"when we bring old fights to mind, we will not remember the sin."

> "Earth, where we rode to slay or be slain,
> Our love shall redeem unto life;
> We will gather and lead to her lips again
> The waters of ancient strife,
> From far and fiercely guarded streams
> And the pools where we lay in wait,
> Till the corn cover over our evil dreams
> And the young corn our hate."

MALCOLM ROSS
Correspondent of
"The Times"

NEW ZEALAND
1909

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THE MAORI UNDER CIVILISATION

SOME LOGICAL SAVAGES

A RETROSPECTIVE glance at the visible effects of civilisation upon the Maoris during the last half-century discloses but little cause for congratulation at the success achieved.

After so many years of toil and the expenditure of such vast sums of money upon sacred literature, educational reserves, etc., what is the result? In the 'sixties we find them — one of the most noble and intellectual of savage races—despite the thirty years of missionary teaching, more savage, vindictive, and treacherous than when first observed.

In 1844 Hone Heke, in violation of the celebrated Treaty of Waitangi, took up arms against the Queen's authority. At Kororareka (now Russell), to this day, may be seen a melancholy memento of the first Maori war—the little plot where the remains of New Zealand's first defenders are laid, their brave deeds commemorated by some loving

hand in the lines inscribed on the stone that marks their last resting-place :—

"The warlike of the Isles,
The men of field and waves,
Are not the rocks their funeral piles,
The sea and shore their graves?

Go, stranger, track the deep,
Free, free, the white sail spread ;
Wave may not foam nor wild wind sweep
Where rest not British dead."

Hone Heke, by a clever ruse, captured the blockhouse. Some few were killed in its defence, and the signalman's wife and daughter were taken prisoners. Yet this Maori warrior, this leader of savages, with a natural spirit of chivalry worthy of a knight of the Crusades, caused the prisoners to be conducted with every token of honour and respect, to their *Pakeha* friends, saying, "We fight men, not women."

This incident speaks volumes in favour of the Aboriginal of that time, for it must be remembered that Heke's immediate antecedents were of the savage and warlike *Ngapuhi*. The redoubtable Hongi, their head chief, at whose feet Heke had been moulded, was a thorough cannibal. Heke had been taught something of Christian civilisation, but the Native mind, bent upon tribal supremacy or *utu* (revenge), was nearly always engrossed by quarrels, generally ending in *Whawhai* (fight, war).

Cannibalism with the Maoris was certainly in-

dulged in more from a spirit of revenge than from a predilection for human flesh. "We have killed and eaten our enemies, and the victory is complete." Such was their motto. The women never indulged in the horrible fare. An old warrior once informed me that the flesh of *Pakeha*, or European, was not at all palatable—"*Kanui te tote, e ngare te Maori ka reka*" (very salt, but the Maori very sweet).

At the time I speak of, this converted cannibal's principal occupation was to ring the *mihinari* (missionary bell)—an inverted pot—and read the *Paipara* (Bible) at the services held in the *Whare Karakia* chapel, or house of prayer.

Twenty-three years after the Kororareka episode, what do we see? Turanga Nui (Poverty Bay), the garden of the East Coast, with its beautiful climate, fertile plains, and rich undulating country, the principal residence, up to that time, of the Anglican Bishop of Waiapu, being devastated by fire and massacre. Alas, for the beneficial effects of civilisation! The raid was accompanied by atrocities of the most terrible character, women and children being slain in cold blood after being subjected to the most revolting indignities.

Hone Heke! Te Kooti! What a contrast of characters! The former, just emerging from what might be called an atmosphere of cannibalism, had the advantage of only a few years of irregular tuition, yet how magnanimous a foeman was the brave and chivalrous Ngapuhi warrior! Te Kooti

had the opportunity of a whole lifetime, and the close proximity of the missionaries, to acquire a knowledge of good, yet he was not on the same plane with Heke. In 1844 Heke, in all probability would never have destroyed that historic flagstaff, the emblem of the Queen's rule, had it not been for the action of a few unprincipled mercenary Pakehas who goaded him on by hints that the *Mana* of the Maori was declining, and the glory of Te Ngapuhi fast disappearing. Their object was to create a commotion—more expenditure and better trade would be the certain result of anything like disaffection on the part of the natives. So it has ever been right through the piece, in this fair and beautiful land of the Maori. The teaching of the various missionaries was counterbalanced, to a great extent, by the debasing influence and example of our so-called superior race.

Again, the zeal displayed by many promulgators of the Gospel was not invariably conspicuous by its preference for the salvation of souls to the cultivation of the soil, a fact which brought forth the following well-known bit of satire from one of this naturally humorous and witty people: "The missionaries are a holy class; they teach us to join our hands, look up to heaven and pray, and while we are doing so, take the land from under our feet!"

A very noticeable feature, and one which appeared very prominently while the Hau Hau fanaticism was at its height, was a marked antipathy

to all English clergymen. Here, again, it will not be difficult to point out a very probable cause. Shortly after the arrival of the French Roman Catholic Bishop, Pompallier, at the Bay of Islands, some of the selfishly narrow-minded white residents had circulated a report of not an altogether favourable nature concerning the " Wee Wee's," a term applied by the natives to Frenchmen, through hearing them use the word " *Oui* " so frequently in the endeavour to make themselves understood. This rumour had the effect of bringing a crowd of Maoris around the Bishop's residence with the avowed intention of expelling him and his *Pikopo* (Catholic) brethren from New Zealand. However, after hearing the Bishop, they retired, expressing regret for their behaviour. A complete revulsion of feeling in the native mind seems to have been the result. This was afterwards strengthened by the rumour that had induced Heke to dispute the Queen's sovereignty, viz., " that England would eventually make slaves of the Maoris." Heke had acquired a certain knowledge of history, from which he gathered that England and France had previously been at war. Consequently he looked upon the " Wee Wee's " as more likely to be the friends of his countrymen.

The action of the notorious Hau Hau prophet, Koreopa, during his raid upon Opotiki in the Bay of Plenty, supplies evidence in support of this contention. Like a hungry tiger, he pounced upon the settlers, and, passing the French missionary's house,

went direct to the residence of the Rev. Mr. Volckner, and, in a most barbarous manner, put him to death.

Contemporaneously with Te Kooti in the East, the valiant Titokowaru, on the West Coast, was giving our forces such a lively time that the settlers fled to the centres for mutual protection. The greater part of that beautifully picturesque and fertile stretch of country, so lately a hotbed of rebellion, is now plentifully sprinkled with smiling homesteads and thriving townships. The crack of the rifle, and the savage yell of the war-dance, have given place to the ring of the bushfeller's axe, clearing the mighty monarchs of the forest from off the virgin soil. Titokowaru, bold and active, was gradually superseded by the passive, prophetic Te Whiti, and once more peace reigned, never again to be seriously disturbed. During Titokowaru's career yet another instance of that strange Maori feeling with regard to the missionaries was exhibited. For many years no minister of any denomination, with one exception, dared venture to travel the coastline between Taranaki and Wanganui. The exception was the Rev. Father Roland, S.M., a Roman Catholic and a Frenchman—the "Soldier Priest," as he was called by some. He was the gallant but unfortunate Von Temsky's attendant in many a hazardous expedition, tending the wounded and dying of friend or foe alike. Individually, foes he had none. The very Hau Hau fanatics apparently recognised the fact of his being a non-combatant, and while our troops on several

occasions were being shot down, he, in their midst, remained unmolested.

A singular event happened about this time, indicating the somewhat novel and peculiar notions entertained by the Maoris in matters theological. A *pah* had been captured by our troops, assisted by a contingent of friendlies, and the enemy, retiring to the fastnesses of the forest, left a few of their dead in the *whares*. Upon entering the *taeapas* (fence or pallisading) one poor little mite was discovered, shivering with fear, in a dark corner. He had been either overlooked in the confusion or considered unequal to the terribly rough task before the retreating warriors.

The little fellow, about six years of age, was taken charge of by the friendly priest with the intention of ultimately placing him where he would be cared for, an act not easy of accomplishment in those primeval wilds.

The friendly natives undisguisedly showed their astonishment at the attention given to so insignificant an atom. The minister baptised the boy, and by way of an object-lesson, explained to the Maoris his reasons for so doing, viz.: "If this innocent child should happen to die on the perilous journey back, or be killed, he will *Haere ki te Atua to taua Matua*" (go to God, our Father). Having done this, he left his young protégé with them for the night.

The next morning a start was about to be made upon the return trip, and the priest went for the

boy, but the natives quite coolly informed him that *they* had sent him to God.

"What did they mean ?"

"Why, your conversation told us if he were killed he would go to God, and our thought was if he kept living he would go back to the Hau Haus. Which was better ?"

Enough ! He was killed ! The good "Oui oui" could not agree with their logic on this point, and gave them a bit of his mind upon the heinousness of their conduct. However, the knowledge of their crime did not have the effect of producing contrition. He was such a small boy that they had knocked him on the head ; and, in such busy times, the matter was scarcely worth a second thought.

CHAPTER II

NIPPED IN THE BUD

A TALE OF THE EARLY DAYS OF SELF-RELIANCE

NEW ZEALAND as an infant colony, nursed and protected by the Mother Country, was not an unqualified success.

When a prompt and vigorous native policy would probably have been successful (and, as subsequent events have clearly proved, certainly the more merciful course to pursue), other influences were brought to bear, upsetting all previous plans for the suppression of rebellion. The Governor was of one opinion, the General commanding the Imperial troops of another opinion, and, in the meantime, the natives, mistaking inactivity for fear, were emboldened to fresh acts of aggression. The Hau Hau fanaticism, originating on the West Coast, received a most extraordinary impetus from a melancholy event that had occurred shortly before. Captain Lloyd, of the Imperial Army, and his escort were ambuscaded by a party of rebels and

nearly all destroyed. That unfortunate officer was taken prisoner and put to death. His head was carefully preserved, after an ancient Maori custom, an art in which some of the enemy were still adepts. The gruesome trophy was then taken from place to place, and exhibited at Hau Hau meetings and *pai mariri* dances, on which occasions it was made to answer questions—the deceptive work of some clever, designing scoundrel, endowed with powers of ventriloquism. During this time many of the natives on the East Coast, after returning from a visit, were heard recounting their personal experiences and expressing their belief in the reality of the supposed phenomena. The prevailing impression left upon them was that the God of the Hau Hau spoke through the head of the conquered *rangatira* (a distinguished personage) to the effect that he would deliver them from their *Pakeha* enemies, by chasing the latter into the sea, from whence they came. Thus New Zealand would, once again, be for the Maori.

A contingent from this hotbed of sedition it was, that under Kereopa (Te Kooti) made a descent upon Opotiki, where the Rev. Mr. Volckner was so inhumanly massacred, Kereopa, in the presence of his followers, plucking out and swallowing the eyes of the unfortunate missionary before he was actually dead, and declaring that his God had revealed to him that, by this means, he would acquire increased *mana* (knowledge, power).

When we consider that, in the face of all this

turmoil, strife, and bloodshed, the colonists had determined to adopt the policy of self-reliance, initiated by Mr. Weld, and that, in consequence, the Imperial troops had to be withdrawn from New Zealand, it may be easily imagined that settlers in the North Island occupied a somewhat unenviable position, surrounded, as they were, on all sides by natives. Some were staunch and loyal; but a vast number were sitting on a rail, like the middle parties in our legislature, or, more vulgarly speaking, waiting to see which way the cat jumped. Such was the state of affairs in and around Hawke's Bay towards the end of 1866, when a party of Hau Haus, numbering about one hundred, led by Panapa, their prophet, made their appearance at Oamarunui, a place situated about ten miles from Napier, where they took possession of a deserted *pah*. They immediately began to strengthen their position. As they had committed no unlawful act, so far, they were not at first interfered with. They had a right to live where they chose in the locality, as many of them belonged to the local *hapus* or tribes, and were ostensibly friendlies. But Makarini (McLean), afterwards Sir Donald, knew the Maori character too well to allow their proceedings to remain unnoticed.

The town was at their mercy on any night they might think fit to make an attack. The magazine, containing a plentiful supply of arms and ammunition, of which they were much in need, was a tempting bait for these turbulent spirits, and, since

the withdrawal of the regulars, it was almost totally unguarded.

Disquieting rumours were rife regarding the intentions of our sinister visitors. Nobody seemed to be aware what course Mr. McLean intended to pursue. Suspense and inaction produced feelings of most painful excitement; and the very thought of that band of savages swooping down upon us any night was maddening.

One evening orders were issued to captains of volunteers and militia companies to assemble their corps, at midnight, in silence, on the parade ground. This was accomplished in a most expeditious manner. With few exceptions, the whole of the available able-bodied men rolled up. Country corps and mounted yeomanry were instructed to concentrate at a given point. We fell in, and in due course were informed as to our destination. Half an hour's grace was allowed for any preparation deemed necessary. Some, considering themselves insufficiently armed, occupied the time in procuring pocket-pistols—from the Masonic Hotel! Others occupied the time in writing their wills—they had something to leave, even in those days.

At length a start was made, the company of volunteers in the advance, numbers one and two companies of militia following, with number three the rear.

The route for a few miles was alongside a lagoon, and the darkness of the night was such that the road and the swamp, with its weed-covered edge,

in places, appeared the same. The consequence was an occasional splash as some unlucky wight had mistaken *toi toi* for terra firma.

Silently and leisurely we march along, any moment we may walk into an ambush. Our captain is extremely careful, giving his directions in whispers. At last we near the river which courses by the enemy's position, still a few miles distant. A halt is made, the order "With ball cartridge! load! no capping!" is given in subdued tones. What's that? A splash is heard on the opposite side of the river. The interpreter challenges, "*Kuai terra?*" (Who's there?) No response. Another splash in the same direction, and another call. Still no answer. Further inquiries were put an end to by a distinct but unromantic sound—one of the mothers of the bovine herd was merely quenching her thirst.

Another forward movement brings us to the main body. We break off, pile arms, and lie down for a spell, awaiting further developments. Daylight arrives. The Hau Haus—who have not evacuated the position through the night—are keeping very close. Their *pah* is plainly visible, not a mile away, on the bank of the river. McLean, with his staff, is on an elevation, reconnoitring the situation. A horseman, with a white flag at his saddle-bow, dashes forward towards the *pah*. All eyes are strained to observe the result. He crosses the river, and gallops up the incline leading to the *pah*, the flag waving till we lose sight of him.

Will they use treachery? No! That dastardly line of warfare was reserved for Te Kooti to initiate.

The message to Panapa informed him that he and his followers might disperse, through their friends around, if they gave up their arms, and promised to act peaceably in future. The prophet's answer was that if we wanted their arms or themselves, we would have to come and take them, adding that the god of the Hau Hau had informed him that he would be invulnerable and victorious, should an attempt be made to capture him.

The interpreter returns with the chief's reply, the staff consult for a few minutes, the major in command of the militia company turns his horse and rides briskly towards us, calling out, "Fall in, boys! We must take these fellows. Quick, lads, we can make a meal of them."

Personally, I must confess, I felt like not taking any; but "fall in!" it had to be, and the curious part of that evolution was that we nearly all evinced a strong inclination for the rear rank. For a minute or so the gallant old major looked on with a smile at the raw material before him. Then three words settled the point. "Remember your numbers!"

Left face; right wheel; forward! On we marched over the dry shingly river-course intervening. The river is reached, rushing and swirling over its bed of boulders, in places little more than

knee-deep, but treacherous. We have to cross in the face of the enemy, scarce three hundred yards away. We sling arms, catch each other's hands, and dash into it.

The first time under fire! Various accounts descriptive of emotions produced on like occasions I have read, but none coming near the reality; up to one's waist in the swiftly coursing river, slipping on the pebbly bottom at each step, holding tightly to each other, right and left, for mutual assistance, and in momentary expectation of a volley from the scrub or *whares* on the bank in front.

The predominant feeling, under similar circumstances, I fancy must be an overpowering desire to be absent altogether, or right in the thick of the impending mêlée, the uncertainty being a thousand times worse than action.

The river is forded without casualty. We re-form and make a slight detour, which places us nearly out of range of the enemy's rifles. Major Lambert gives the word, advance! No sooner is the command given, than several of the fiery spirits rush right away towards the enemy, and, jumping upon the bank, wave their rifles, shouting, "First up! Hurroo!" The rest follow in quick time. Just as the level plateau near the *pah* is reached, a brisk fusillade begins from the southern side. The friendlies have opened the ball.

Then the Hau Hau fanaticism is displayed in its true colours, by Panapa and his followers. The first shot fired is their signal for action. Instantly

forty or fifty of them dash out of the *pah* towards us, firing, dancing, putting out their tongues and rolling their eyes, in derision and defiance, looking more like demons than human beings in their tight-fitting shirts, ornamented with crosses, half-moons, stars, and various fantastical devices.

The order to fire is given, and we are not slow in obeying. The first volley from our Enfields brings the majority of the poor wretches to earth. Three of our men are knocked over—one killed, and two badly wounded. The Hau Haus, such as are not placed *hors de combat*, retreat to their *whares*.

We had sorely dispelled their illusion of invulnerability, as fully twenty of them lay dead within fifty yards of their *taiapas*. Yet they continued firing, confining themselves to the defensive, no doubt thinking we would try to carry the position by assault. But McLean wished to capture them with as little loss as possible. "Take any available cover and let none escape" was the order.

The tops of some woolly heads with feather ornaments occasionally showed above the palisade, a puff of smoke following. They were having a little practice at our expense. One of our best shots had his bayonet knocked off as he was loading. With an exclamation, "Begorra, I'll thry an' sthop yer little game, Mister Ha Ha!" he brought his muzzle-loader to the "present," and soon the woolly head peeped no longer over the palisade. On the north side the volunteers had been getting

it hot, having comparatively no cover, and being exposed to the cross fire of the friendlies. At length "Cease fire!" was sounded, but half the men engaged didn't know the "Cease fire" from "Jack's the Lad." They had no ear for bugle music, and, moreover, had never been taught the calls. Again the bugle sounded, "Cease fire!" A flag of truce appeared; but from another part of the *pah* shots were still being fired at us. Consequently we continued potting anything visible.

The end comes at last—surrender! The white flag is hoisted, and all is over. Upon entering the enclosure, the sight that meets the eye is sickening in the extreme. There lies Panapa, with five bullets in him. Others in various attitudes are writhing in mortal agony, or just gasping their last. No time or inclination to stay here, as some of the survivors are endeavouring to make their escape to the hills, and must be taken dead or alive. There is "no cure for cancer but the knife," and of the ten or twelve who broke away at the rear of the *pah* only three escape.

The wounded were carefully tended, and conveyances were at hand to take them into the hospital at Napier. Some, though badly maimed, curtly refused any assistance, and walked all the way. One magnificent specimen of his race, over six feet, and built in proportion, who had been the leading spirit after Panapa's fall, was hit in the face, the bullet passing through and splintering the lower jawbone, yet he proudly declined help. Quite unable

to speak, he merely shook his head when asked to ride, and, holding his face in his blanket, tramped on with the others.

For the next three or four weeks the hospital authorities had their resources severely taxed; but were most ably and charitably helped by the townspeople, who were unremitting in their attention, bringing delicacies of every description to the convalescents until they were sufficiently recovered. The prisoners were sent off to the Chathams and detained there, until, with Te Kooti, they made good their escape. They were afterwards known to be our most redoubtable and terrible antagonists in the war which followed.

Although this engagement was comparatively a small affair, it occurred at a very critical time and place. Hawke's Bay being the most beautiful and fertile portion of the North Island, and thickly populated by the aboriginal inhabitants, was a province easy of access from any quarter, and so offered tempting opportunities for an invading force bent upon plunder and massacre.

If Panapa had succeeded in routing our forces on that occasion it would have created a revolution amongst the friendlies. Numbers of them, imagining that the Hau Hau prophecies were about to be fulfilled, would have thrown off the restraining influence of their loyal chieftains, and have joined the victorious rebels. But the right man was in the right place—Donald McLean, superintendent of the province, than whom no individual ever wielded

more power over the natives. His tact it was that saved Napier from spoliation and worse, and nipped in the bud a serious revival of the horrible Hau Hau fanaticism.

CHAPTER III

THE HAU HAU OUTBREAK

WHERE VON TEMPSKY FELL

THE lull after the storm of New Zealand's first war was one of great prosperity for the colony. The Maoris had certainly come out of it with honour. Whether their antagonists had an equal right to use Disraeli's historical motto with reference thereto is questionable. The natives appeared to have settled down in a very business-like manner to trade and commerce. It was not an unusual occurrence to see small craft, partly or wholly owned by them, sailing around our coasts with cargoes of fruit and various kinds of native produce—apples, peaches, pumpkins, melons, potatoes, maize, and *kumeras*, the latter an indigenous kind of sweet potato. Or their ingeniously constructed canoes might be seen with their naturally joyous and light-hearted occupants, chanting the musical, though somewhat monotonous, *waiata*—a song in a minor key and varying only about four notes—while gliding over the placid bosom of lake or river, conveying their goods from inland *pah* or

kainga, to be sold or bartered to "my friends the whites," this being a favourite expression with them. Pity 'twas that the friendship was not always mutually sincere, and that some good genius had not arisen at this particular juncture to guide the destinies of the Maori, and avert the torrent of calamity that was about to burst upon this brave and chivalrous people.

After the period referred to, New Zealand enjoyed comparative peace for about ten years, during which time she advanced, so to speak, by leaps and bounds. As her magnificent climate and rich resources became better known, population from all parts flocked to her shores. For a time there reigned Peace and Prosperity—blessings the value of which cannot be fully appreciated, except by those who have endured the reverse.

It was a sad day for the inhabitants of both races when the Government was drawn into that deplorable tribal dispute *re* land at Waitara. The offending *Hapu* had the sympathy of the greater portion of their *iwi* (nation or people), the majority of whom were adherents of the "king movement," and resisted every overture or compromise.

Sedition became rampant, the distant Waikatos sent numerous reinforcements to aid their patriotic but misguided countrymen of the west in preventing the extinction of the native title to their land. The British troops could do very little against them in their natural fortresses of mountain and morass. When they were beaten, which was rarely the case

in these localities, dense forests, impenetrable to the regulars, but easy of access to these intrepid sons of the soil, were within easy reach for purposes of retreat, and any attempt at pursuit was generally attended by disaster and defeat.

Thence the flame of rebellion spread northwards to the Waikato. The turbulent Maniopoto tribe seemed to have decided upon a line of action that meant "war to the knife," or, as Heke had said in 1845, to "Die for the country that God had given them."

As the Maori king movement had been initiated by them for the purpose of conserving the remnant of their lands, so now they unwisely determined to try and recover the portion that had been procured from them by what was known as the fishhook-jew's-harp-blanket mode of purchase.

The operations of ten thousand Imperial troops, and a contingent of irregulars—owing partly to outside interference and conflicting interests—had effected little towards the definite suppression of the insurrection beyond wiping out large numbers of these half-armed, semi-nude opponents, who ever displayed that valorous spirit that was so heroically manifested at Orakau.

That state of affairs so subversive of all discipline and good order in war or peace, divided authority, now threatened to nullify all previous efforts at subjugation. There was procrastination, resulting from the strained relations existing between vice-regal and military command. At length the fiat went forth: we must manage our own internal affairs,

however little contractors, land speculators, *et hoc genus omne*, may relish the withdrawal of the necessarily large sums annually expended by the Imperial authorities. The troops were recalled, or disbanded, the latter feature being a fortunate one for New Zealand, as, thereby, we had our colonial army largely augmented. And a valuable accession these soldier-settlers proved, apparently preferring the comparatively free and untrammelled plan of campaign adopted by the new regime to the inscrutable, excessive discipline and red tape of the authorities under which they had previously served.

We were committed to this horrible war, and whether just or otherwise in its origin, in self-defence it had now to be fought out to the bitter end. There was nothing for it but submission or extermination. This was rendered necessary by the revolting aspect now attaching to the position through the natives adopting their new religion of Hau-Hauism. The founders of this weird religion stoutly maintained the divinity of its teachings and its derivation from the Bible. Their fanaticism was such that, at times, they would rush almost upon our very bayonets, or, when opportunity offered, slay, without mercy, men, women, and children of either Europeans or friendly tribes.

Previous to any contemplated attack upon our scattered forces, or any occasion of importance, offensive or defensive, the Hau Hau divinity was invoked by the rebels for guidance in something after the following manner. A large pole was erected

in the middle of their *pahs*. Around this all assembled, dancing, singing, and praying until they had worked themselves into a state bordering upon frenzy. Ghastly relics of our occasional reverses, or "preserved *Pakehas*' heads," were exhibited, which, by some sort of illusion, were apparently made to utter words of prophetic import, invariably to the effect that the *Pakeha* would eventually be overcome. The gullible and superstitious savages, readily accepting the imposture as gospel truth, were prepared to commit any atrocity at the instance of their leaders.

During the night the guiding prophet generally held commune with the god of the Hau Hau, resulting in a revelation which was proclaimed to his followers, and, of however absurd or impracticable a nature, implicitly believed by them. A prophecy of individual or collective invulnerability was of frequent occurrence. At times they confidently looked forward to the defeat of their enemies by supernatural means, the prophet acting the part of another Isaiah, assuring Ezechias of the deliverance of the children of Israel from the Assyrian Sennacherib.

They were now, however, far more effectually equipped than they had been during the Waikato campaign, having Enfield rifles, carbines, and ammunition. They also had acquired an efficiency in the use of arms not pleasant to contemplate. This was accounted for by occasional defection on the part of our allies, the friendlies, and the action

of the notorious Te Kooti, who, upon making his escape from the Chathams, cleared that island prison of all munitions of war. Many a brave fellow has New Zealand had to mourn who fell by the bullets cast for her own defence.

The Maoris, always noted for their aptitude and ingenuity in the construction of their defence works, had now, to a great extent, abandoned the mode of warfare that relied mainly on the strength of the *pahs*, and they began the practice of luring our forces into ambuscades, and of occasionally, guerrilla-like, making raids where least expected.

One unfortunate instance of this occurred at "Te ngutu o te manu" (The beak of the bird), where the hero of a hundred fights—the gallant Von Tempsky—fell. This *pah* was so called from its being built on an eminence resembling the head of a bird. The approach to it was by a narrow ridge—the beak—covered with *karaka*, *rata*, *rimu*, and other giants of the forest, with the usual dense undergrowth peculiar to New Zealand.

Such was the fatal spot to which Von Tempsky led his brave followers, with the intention of entrapping, if possible, that diminutive but wily and fearless savage Tito Kowaru. They had arrived shortly after daybreak at the edge of the forest immediately surrounding the *pah*. Swiftly but cautiously advancing, and fully aware of their opponents' general tactics of ambush and surprise, from tree to tree they glided, like phantoms in the gloom, but with every sense at the utmost tension.

So far there had been nothing to oppose their progress. All was quiet. They reached a partial clearing within a short distance of the stronghold, and in the exultation of the moment, arising from the prospect of a successful *coup*, they made a dash across the opening, when suddenly a volley was poured into them from the rear. Astounded at this unexpected attack they turned to face the foe, when another fusillade came from their former front, disclosing the awful fact that they were between two fires. Their numbers rapidly decreased with each discharge, and yet the surface of the earth presented not the slightest sign of an enemy until the descending smoke betrayed their presence in the lofty *rimus*' ponderous branches overhead, the thick foliage being a most effectual cover for the cunning savage.

Von Tempsky, mortally wounded, with not one thought but for the safety of his men, in his last moments fully recognised the extreme peril of the situation. To remain there trying to fight an invisible foe would be to turn the spot into a veritable slaughter-pen, so he called as loudly as his remaining strength would permit, "Retire! Look to yourselves, boys! I am done for!" To retire without him and their other unfortunate comrades was not a part of their creed, and every soul was brought from the terrible spot to a place out of the range of the Hau Hau rifles.

This disastrous expedition was made known to none of the men of whom it was composed until

the morning assembly for marching orders, so secretly had preliminaries been conducted. And yet the enemy must have been well posted in the movements of the force to have arranged with such diabolical ingenuity this difficult plan of ambuscade. As during the early Native war the friendlies were credited with giving information regarding the plans of the *Paheka*, so now it was thought that some of them were not quite what their name implied.

This was the closing episode in the career of one of the most prominent and successful of our colonial leaders, as genial in private life as he was brave in battle. It added other names to that melancholy roll of the honoured dead. After many years, New Zealand's permanent pacification was accomplished, but at what a sacrifice !

CHAPTER IV

COLONISATION IN THE 'SIXTIES

SOME DIFFICULTIES OF PIONEERING

TO the casual observer or colonist of more recent times, the appearance of the various homesteads, surrounded by sheep and cattle stations, or the magnificent farms smiling on the plains—the admiration of all—only conveys a superficial idea of the labour and peril, not considering the monetary losses, attendant at the outset upon the establishment of these splendid evidences of the thrift and perseverance of the now much-abused pioneer. Many an instance could be related of hairbreadth escapes by flood and field, and even occasional loss of life, which at the time I allude to were an inseparable condition of the lot of these isolated pastoral prospectors of a terribly rough and pathless country.

New Zealand in '95—with its numerous lines of railways intersecting nearly every county; its superb roads and substantial bridges in every direction; the Native difficulty a thing of the past; its good laws—should occupy a happy position in

regard to general progress. The work of colonisation under such auspices ought to be comparatively easy of accomplishment.

How very different was the task of both Government and governed even as late as the 'sixties! Few roads there were then except those picked out by the enterprising and hardy toilers, the bullock teamsters. The large rivers were spanned by ferry punts, upon which the teams of from twenty to thirty bullocks, and the dray with its towering load of wool, would be wound across by rope and windlass, and the smaller tributaries, with their ever uncertain and shifting fords and crossings, were to the most cautious a constant source of anxiety, or the cause, occasionally, of the most voluble profanity on the part of the more recklessly inclined persuaders of the bovine team.

This mode of conveyance, in many instances, was available only for a short distance in the interior, the gap being filled by packing. The horses or bullocks employed in this arduous occupation sometimes overbalanced with their top-heavy burthens and went down with a crash to the bottom of some ravine, resulting in broken legs or necks to the poor animals, and very considerable loss and vexation of spirit to the owners.

All these slight defects were, however, of little moment in the daily routine of the times, when compared with the constant state of insecurity produced by the unsettled aspect of native affairs. While the valorous Maniopoto were maintaining that historic

struggle in the Waikato against their thousands of Imperial and Colonial adversaries, the tribes of Hawke's Bay, though nominally friendly, were for the most part thoroughly and openly in accord with their gallant compatriot of the north, Rewi, the hero of Orakau. At this critical period there was no certainty as to what the morrow might bring forth in the extension of a rebellion which had the full sanction of the newly created Maori king. Unhappy indeed must have been the lot then of these "pioneers," situated as they invariably were in isolated localities far removed from the centres of population, their wives and families totally dependent upon the strong arms of their nearest and dearest for protection, while all around surged the discontented tribes, in many cases only awaiting the word for a general outbreak. Thanks to the tact displayed in the administration of Native affairs under the wise and efficient control of Donald McLean, the faithful were encouraged, the wavering converted, and the rebelliously inclined checked, and, the Waikato war being brought to an end, a respite was now enjoyed.

It was but temporary, for immediately ensued what in every country has proved to be one of the most terrible of all scourges—a religious war. Hau-Hauism, with all its revolting detail, became rampant. The plough and shears were discarded for the rifle and sword, and now the horrors of war were brought to our very doors.

Oamaruni was the first place at which the raw

and undisciplined colonists of Hawke's Bay received their initiative lesson in active warfare. I said undisciplined, and to prove this assertion I shall relate an incident which occurred as illustrative of this fact. As stated in a previous chapter, these forces of volunteers and militia were simultaneously warned after nightfall to assemble at given points for the purpose of attacking the enemy. Our leaders, with few exceptions, were all that could be desired, many of them being ex-Imperial officers and gallant fellows; one such, so the story goes, had with his men taken up his position in the fern or scrub in the vicinity of the Hau Haus. As those were days when uniform was not considered a necessity, the captain of the squad had donned as headgear a rough bearskin cap. Shortly after the opening of the engagement all his men were, by general orders, keeping under cover, and the only head visible was the dark woolly-looking one of the leader. As the shots began to whistle freely through the field, the captain's quick ear caught the report of an occasional shot from his rear. Not knowing what to think of it, and being determined to ascertain if they were being outflanked, he hurried in the direction from whence the shots were coming, and caught one of his men just in the act of firing.

"What the d—— are you up to here?"

"Oh, captain," answered the warrior, "I really thought you were a Hau Hau. I could a' swore it was a Maori head I saw."

This volunteer had elected to take up the position

generally occupied by a reserve force, and it was said afterwards that the captain's escape from being shot on this occasion was wholly due to his being made a target of, as the shooter in question had never been known to hit any object he aimed at, either in private practice or, as this proves, in open warfare.

Another incident, but this time one of a most deplorable termination, may tend to show the kind of men of which the settlers of those times were comprised. After Te Kooti's escape from his island prison, a general call to arms was followed by an expedition consisting of colonial troops, volunteers, and friendly natives, organised by Colonel Whitmore for the purpose of intercepting or destroying that wily savage. Amongst the first to offer their services, gratuitously, were two whose names should be immortalised for their unselfish heroism on that occasion. They were Canning and Carr, no feather-bed soldiers, but gentlemen in every sense, who laid down their lives for the country of their adoption.

Up the Wairoa valley the trail of the enemy had been followed, until Ruaketuri was reached, when this scouting party reported having seen a fire in the distance. Some of the enemy, apparently unaware of being approached, were cooking their food. An attempt to take them in the flank and cut off their retreat was now decided upon. This party, with the brave Canning and Carr in the lead, quietly but expeditiously advanced in the direction of the

Hau Haus, gliding from rock to rock, or bush, in the endeavour to take them by surprise. They had not proceeded far beyond the point from which the enemy could be plainly seen, when they received a volley from out the dense bush above them, but not the slightest glimpse of the foe could be got. Several of ours fell, and amongst them were Canning and Carr, both mortally wounded, and New Zealand lost two most promising and noble-hearted colonists.

This was an instance of that strategical cunning, so characteristic of the aboriginal, in the art of planning ambuscades. They had exposed themselves to the risk of being picked off from a distance by our men, for the purpose of decoying these into what unfortunately proved to be a veritable death-trap. Subsequently our half-famished troops returned ingloriously to Te Wairoa, and the seemingly ubiquitous Te Kooti still roamed the island, awaiting a favourable opportunity of making a raid upon some defenceless station or township.

These slight sketches, imperfectly drawn though they are, may give to those readers not acquainted with the history of the times referred to, a faint idea of the pleasures attendant upon colonisation in the 'sixties.

CHAPTER V

"NOT TO BE BATE"

THE STORY OF A NAME

THE shanties, accommodation houses, or drinking shops of the early digging townships or rushes, had their humorous as well as, occasionally, tragic features. It is related that upon the West Coast one of these places of amusement and recreation—where diggers were wont to assemble for purposes of conviviality or the discussion of various ideas, amongst which was whisky—was owned by a gentleman rejoicing in the ancient and—as he maintained—regal name of O'Neil. He was familiarly known as Big Andy, and was the equal of any upon the coast at spinning yarns, drinking "long sleevers," or any of the other accomplishments of the times. Some of his most prominent characteristics were an inordinate patriotism, a great desire for home rule, and an unusually high opinion of the patronymic which he bore. Although of a jolly and good-natured disposition generally, there were two things in particular which he longed for with such intensity as to cause an occasional appearance

of anxiety. One was to become the proud possessor of a flag which would at one and the same time proclaim his nationality, and, waving in the balmy breeze of the South Pacific, be the envy of all his self-exiled compatriots of the coast. The other was to have his name written in bold characters on the front of his thriving though unpretentious establishment.

At length, after many supplications, the fickle goddess smiled upon Andy and sent him a partial fulfilment of his desire in the form of a beautiful green flag with a golden harp in the centre. A flagstaff was erected over the hotel forthwith, and every preparation made by its delighted proprietor for a real right-down good spread in honour of the flying of his bit o' green.

"Now," said Andy, "I've got the flag, an' if I can't get any wan to put the name over the dure, faith an' I'll do ut myself."

He had been busily engaged for some time at these preliminaries when the day arrived upon which the festivity was to be held. Andy had sent invitations right and left, and his friends in response came in considerable numbers, anticipating a jolly good diggers' reunion. Jokes were plentiful and fun abounded. Andy called all hands into the "dining-room" and made a speech as follows: "Come, bhoys, fill up yer glasses, and before it gets too dark come out and dhrink to our flag. I must tell ye this, however, that the divil a wan could I get to put up the name, so I done it meself wid me own hands."

The "boys," as he called them, had seen the pole and flag ready for unfurling, but were surprised at what their host had said with reference to the name, for it had escaped their notice. However, out they trooped, bumpers in hand, the landlord leading the way, when, standing back from the building, the better to see the ceremony, he gave the signal, and as this beautiful emblem of the Emerald Isle rolled out its full length to the breeze, Andy called out: "There she is, bhoys, dhrink to the flag that'll conquer the wurrld yet if they'll only give her time." Then he called for three cheers, which were given again and again. The enthusiasm of the occasion was manifested in various ways by these light-hearted sons of the ould sod, some throwing their hats in the air as though their intentions were to discard those useful coverings for ever, others dancing jig or hornpipe steps with a vigour most amazing, while others again were straining their eyes over the whole building in the vain endeavour to discover where their host had performed this—what was thought impossible—feat of writing.

At last came a voice, racy of the brogue, and like a speaking-trumpet, "Andy, where the divil's the name?"

Andy, who was evidently only waiting for some such inquiry, in mock tones of apology answered, "Well, bhoys, look ut here; I cudn't find any wan on the whole av the diggin's who'd thry the claim, so, as I towld yer before, I done ut meself, and bad luck to the ha'porth o' help had I from anywan."

Then, going close to the house, he pointed to the door, saying, "There it is, me bowld hayroes, I wasn't goin' to be bate."

All eyes were now riveted upon the spot where this evidence of inventive genius was visible. There, plain enough to be seen, was a large letter O, nearly circular, with a substantial-looking six-inch nail driven in the centre, when Andy, with a grin suffusing his broad and humorous face, in triumphant tones exclaimed, "There, bhoys, if that isn't plane enough for the childher to read, 'O Nale,' I'll give in."

Many moments were not allowed to elapse, subsequent to this lucid interpretation, before Andy, in spite of his six feet one inch and sixteen stone of Hibernian bone and muscle, was carried shoulder high in honour of his triumph in fine art.

It is not my intention to try and describe in detail this festive celebration, but from reliable accounts it went off with a certain amount of éclat, and did not have the effect of decreasing to any appreciable extent the popularity of this genial son of Erin—who "wouldn't be bate."

CHAPTER VI

MAORI PECULIARITIES

CHIEFS OF THE EARLY DAYS

IN 1859 I had the honour of making the acquaintance of two native chiefs of Heretaunga, on the east coast of the North Island—Te Moana Nui (Big Sea), and Te Hapuku (Big fish, or Groper). The former belonged to the Ngatikahungunu, and the latter to the Ngatiwhatiapiti tribe. Both of them had been celebrated warriors in their time. Te Moana Nui was a man of splendid physique, a modern Hercules, with a naturally graceful and dignified comportment; Te Hapuku was more of the savage, alike in disposition and appearance. He was thick set, of medium height, and had a face on which was stamped determination and dogged bravery, attributes that were considerably enhanced by the elaborate tattooing with which, with the exception of the eyelids, it was completely covered.

Civilisation with its concomitants, rum, etc., was gradually making itself felt amongst the people. At a race meeting which was held in 1860, Te Hapuku attended with a numerous following, nearly all

mounted, to enjoy the sport. As the fun proceeded one of his men happened to appropriate an apple from one of the stalls ; the owner of the stall being a rather hot-headed Irishman, and not getting a satisfactory settlement—sixpence for each apple in those days—struck the Maori, which had the double effect of " drawing his claret " and the apple at one and the same time.

In an instant went up the cry : " *Ka mate ! ka mate ! ia taua hoa !* " (Killed, killed, is our friend), which must be taken in the Hibernian sense—killed, but not dead.

Then and there a terrible commotion arose, and the dark tattooed faces assumed the most ferocious expressions as they crowded round the bleeding Maori. Shouts of ominous import were heard on all sides. . . . Another moment, and the yell of the war cry would have resounded, and, following that, an almost certain onslaught, " for a Maori never forgives a blow." But just then the burly form of the chief came in sight, towering above all on his immense charger. His men parted right and left upon his appearing on the scene.

" What's this ? " he asked.

All eyes are now turned upon their chief. One word from his lips, or merely a nod of encouragement, would have been sufficient, and there would have been more serious bloodshed. But the old warrior sprang from his horse, and, in a voice of thunder, asked the cause of the disturbance. The stall-keeper, being a capital Maori linguist, and

well known to Hapuku, soon satisfied him of the theft. The chief then strode up to the culprit, shook him by the neck, made him pay a half-crown—*utu ma to tahae* (satisfaction for the theft), and administered to him the kick of contempt.

All was peace once more; there was no appeal from that tribunal.

Towards the close of the second day's racing, yet another change came o'er the scene. The sports were nearly finished, but so also was Te Hapuku's money. Requiring more refreshments of a liquid nature, he demanded some from the publican, who refused, when the chief coolly walked into the booth and handed out case after case of brandy, rum, gin, etc. Remonstration on the part of the publican was useless. "*Turi turi*" (shut up) was the only reply vouchsafed, as his men filed off with the plunder. This was an act worthy of the great chief; the earlier incident was of a contemptible character.

Upon Te Hapuku's receiving his next quarter's rent, he came to town for supplies, and, before purchasing one single article for himself, handed over thirty pounds, "*he utu ma taku waipiro*" (payment for my grog). You can guess the publican's astonishment at receiving fully five pounds more than his loss had been estimated at. However, he made no objection. People were too enlightened in those days to take notice of such trifles.

Hapuku, with his twenty or thirty followers, "liquored up" and adjourned, and thus ended,

happily, what might have been a serious occurrence.

Shortly after the foregoing incident, poor Moana Nui succumbed to that dread disease to which the Maoris seemed so susceptible, and which carried off so many of them—a sort of bronchial affection. He was laid in his grave with greenstone *tiki* (a greenstone ornament worn round the neck), spears, mats, etc. Invitations were sent all over New Zealand to hold a *tangi* (mourning), which took place three moons or so after his demise. The old custom on such occasions had been to hold a little cannibalistic feast in memory of the great departed; but Maori manners were improving somewhat in that respect at the time to which I refer. The natives of Te Mata Iwi, Moana Nui's *pah*, had laid in a store of all sorts of eatables to entertain their visitors with. As each tribe or *hapu* arrived a mimic war dance was performed by the visitors, a description of which I will not attempt, as pen must fail to portray anything like the reality. Anyone with a reasonable amount of nerve cannot but admire the precision and vigour, if not the modesty, for which their national dance is famous. A friend of mine took his newly arrived wife to witness the performance on this occasion, but before many minutes had elapsed, clinging tightly to his arm in a paroxysm of terror, she cried, "Oh! take me home, this is Pandemonium." And he did.

There is a certain etiquette observed by the natives in such cases, the following out of which,

in this instance, led to a peculiar incident. The leading chief of the Uriweras maintained that theirs was the right to first partake of the first course. All others had given way, but Te Hapuku, with that stubbornness for which he was so noted, would not relinquish the post of honour. The bone of contention was a canoe filled with "stirabout," or "*riripi* flour and water, boiled and sweetened with dark brown sugar, which gave both flavour and colour. While the argument as to what tribe should take precedence was at its height, a younger chief of Te Uriwera's put the finishing stroke to it, by slipping off his blanket and jumping right into the canoe. He pranced about a bit, exclaiming, "*Ki iau kimua, ki ia koe kimuri*" (To me the first, to you the last); then, picking up his blanket, he walked away to the river bank, took a header, swam across, and came back as coolly as possible, but nearly too late for his share of the delicacy, which, by this time, had nearly disappeared.

There were about three thousand natives at that *tangi*, and the noise made and the food put out of sight by them was quite a treat to witness; but alas, those good old days have passed never to return.

CHAPTER VII

THE BIG EARTHQUAKES

HOW WELLINGTON WAS SHAKEN

I THINK it was in 'forty-eight—a month or two cannot make much difference—that about midnight a severe earthquake occurred in Wellington. Although it had generally been considered the "heaviest yet," the undulating movement merely had the same effect upon me as the rocking of the cradle from which I had not so very long since graduated. My brothers soon shook me into sensibility, and then their white and terrified faces immediately succeeded in impressing upon my youthful mind the alarming nature of the phenomenon. As far as my memory serves me, there were no more shakes of any consequence that night.

The following day happened to be the one selected for the weekly performance of the band of the 65th on Thorndon Flat. The *élite* of town and suburb generally attended in force on these occasions. On the beautiful green sward were placed chairs and camp-stools for the convenience of visitors. The magnificent band occupied the central position,

their circular music-stand surrounded by the lithe forms of the musicians in their uniforms of snowy white picked out with red, and their glittering instruments looking as spotless as though just taken from glass cases. The officers, in undress uniform, added considerably to the brightness of the scene, and last, but by no means least, there were the ladies—the wives, daughters, sisters, cousins, and aunts of the military, commercial, and professional men of the settlement. "The Flat" afforded exceptional facilities for a promenade, and on this occasion was taken advantage of to the fullest extent.

As the groups of fashionably attired women promenaded, the small fry, with whom I was associated, whiled away the happy summer hour in the engrossing game of marbles. As all were enjoying the harmonious strains of the band, or other recreations of the afternoon, a sound as of distant thunder was heard, but differing in this respect, that it seemed to occupy all space, above, below, and around—one could almost feel it, breathe it. For about twenty seconds this continued, followed by a sudden shaking, which had the socialistic effect of bringing all to the same level. The promenading couples, a moment before gliding around in all their beauty and stateliness, soon found themselves embracing Mother Earth, or prostrated in various and most undignified attitudes. Musicians, music-stands, brass instruments, and fluttering music-leaves were inextricably mixed up.

This tremolo movement, which was not upon the programme, brought the performance to a close.

Although I was very young at the time, I retain a distinct recollection of the fact that everyone left the grounds in anything but a leisurely manner.

My next experience was of a more serious description. Any of those now in Wellington who went through the ordeal must still have a lively remembrance of the scene on the 22nd January, 1855. It was on the night after the Burnham Water races. The town was merrily busy in consequence of the presence of numerous visitors from all parts of the province, who had witnessed the fifteenth anniversary sports and regatta. Shortly after nine o'clock I had retired to rest, and found my companions all in the land of dreams. When the sickening rumble commenced, and the creaking of timbers mingled with it, I called loudly, "An earthquake!" The occupants of the house were soon up and staggering about in the endeavour to don their apparel. There was one exception—he had been to the races and had slept soundly. We went to see why he was not on the move with the rest, and found him in the dark, kicking, and protesting in loud tones against the usurpation of his bunk which was taking place. Then we discovered that numerous packages—luckily soft ones—of various sizes had rolled off a stack right on top of him. We removed the cause of annoyance, when the festive one coolly said, "Lemmelone, 'ts on'y nuthquek." Our outside staircase had been de-

molished by a falling chimney, so that our retreat was cut off, and we were compelled to make our way as best we could out of the windows, along roof-ridge and outhouses, in order to reach the ground, which, during the whole time, was in a continual tremor.

Lambton Quay then consisted of but one street, which ran along the foot of the plateau called the Terrace. Out we rushed to see what damage was being done, and to escape damage to ourselves, when, oh horror ! the sea was slowly but surely bubbling over the breastwork and into some of the establishments. Women and children, half clothed, were rushing to and fro, wringing their hands, praying and crying, afraid to stay within their houses, and terrified at the sight of the encroaching tidal wave. Many immediately fled to the Terrace for fear of inundation, but soon returned upon finding that the sea had receded. The appearance the harbour presented next morning would lead the observer to imagine that it was being drained by some subterranean agency, so far had the tide ebbed. Boats, which had previously been anchored in comparatively deep water, were left high and dry.

The interiors of the business places were in an awful plight, and the odour arising from the sudden mixture of chemicals in the drug stores could be easily detected. As for the hotels, the destruction and loss of fermented and spirituous liquors therein was enough to satisfy the desire of the most ardent

prohibitionist, if there had been any, or to bring tears of sorrow to the eyes of those who were less fond of Adam's ale. The various liquors of Hennessy, Kinahan, Bass, and Allsopp escaped from their crystal bondage, and, mingling, ran over floor and footpath. One could almost swim in them.

With the insatiable curiosity of youth, in company with my companions, I visited nearly every part of the city. In the course of our tour of inspection we met with an adventure that would probably have resulted in broken limbs, or necks, to any but boys on the trot. As we turned up from the Quay, leaving what little light there was behind, we had put on a spurt in order to visit a distant part of Thorndon, and had just got abreast of the Government House, when we suddenly found ourselves sprawling in a crevice of about three feet wide and two deep, which had opened right across the roadway. However, as there were no bones broken, we continued our journey, rather elated than otherwise by the exciting incident. Fortunately brick buildings were scarce in the Empire city at the time. Brick chimneys were equally so on the morning following this event. Whole families might be seen camping on the green outside their houses with their blankets and wraps around them. This, however, was only in the case of those who were fortunate or unfortunate enough—I don't know which way to put it—to have their smoke stacks left standing, as such were in constant dread

of their chimneys tumbling about their ears at any moment.

Numerous smal muddy excrescences could be seen at various places along the foreshore beyond low-water mark, which had been changed now to high-water mark.

The only one of these springs, however, that caused anxiety or trouble, made its appearance near the corner of Boulcott and Willis Streets on the northern side. Of a pale bluish colour it oozed forth as though being forced by a pugmill, and slowly continued its course seaward. As repeated endeavours to gauge its depth had failed, it was at length stayed by placing a *totara* slab of very substantial dimensions over the outlet.

However, for the remainder of the night the earth behaved in a more rational manner, and, with the exception of a few slight tremors, extending over the space of two or three days, no disturbances of a violent nature occurred for many years after. The earthquakes of more recent years have never equalled in violence those of the early days.

CHAPTER VIII

EARLY DAYS IN NAPIER

HOW I WAS CORNERED

IT was in the latter end of the 'fifties, on a Friday morning—I remember well—when I took my departure from Wellington Harbour. I had been cautioned against starting a venture upon that unpropitious day, but I hazarded all, and went on board the good brig *Burnett*. We sailed away from that land-locked basin with a decreasing breeze, and anchored in a dead calm in Worser's Bay. Shortly after midnight came the return of the welcome breeze, and we bowled along past the lighthouse out of the entrance and on towards Palliser Bay. In thick weather the outline of the headlands bears so close a resemblance to those of the Wellington entrance that in the past it has wrecked many a vessel. When seeking refuge from a southerly gale, repeatedly have navigators and coasting skippers discovered their mistake only when, too late, they were running into this bay under the impression that it was the entrance to Wellington. Unless the error was quickly

rectified, a beat-out was hopeless, and a total wreck upon the rocky shore would invariably be the result.

I was determined not to allow the thought of sea-sickness to enter my mind, and to enjoy unreservedly every incident in this my maiden trip to sea. However, as we neared the Cape I found that the novelty of the voyage was gradually wearing off, and the beauties of the rugged coastline had ceased to produce feelings of a very poetic nature. The soul-inspiring, bounding billow, which I had often read of, but never experienced, appeared to me intent upon bearing us aloft to the clouds one moment, and then opening an awful cavity into which our craft slid in so sudden a manner as to make me imagine that I was being left up aloft. Shortly after daybreak, as I was boldly trying to pace the poop, I was accosted by one of the hands, who was scrubbing decks, with a genial "Good morning," and "The best thing for sea-sickness, sir, is a good drink of salt water." I readily and with thankfulness acknowledged the greater experience of my kindly counsellor. In a moment the long lanyard and copper measure was dropped over the side of the ship, and, encouraged by friendly smiles, with heroic determination, I managed to swallow my first half-pint of the South Pacific. It did not take a very long time to convince me that the old sea-dog's prescription was an effective one, but scarcely in the way I had anticipated, as I was quickly in retreat to another part of the boat, there to con-

template the vanity of all things appertaining to the pleasures of a sea voyage.

It is a noticeable fact that when rough weather is experienced on one side of any of the New Zealand capes, the chances are that totally different weather will be met with after rounding it. Such was the case upon this occasion, so much so as to be the reverse of agreeable. After running past Palliser about twenty miles, we were then becalmed for two days.

As in the depths of winter we are inclined to sigh for a return of the warmth of lovely summer, and vice versa, so now we were supplicating Æolus—whose severity a few days since we had so bitterly condemned—to waft our barque on towards our destination. I have a faint recollection that some of those prayers were of a reverse order; however, the welcome breeze was at length vouchsafed, and we were soon sailing along merrily once more.

Three days out and the Kidnappers were not yet sighted. Travelling in the 'fifties was not of a very expeditious character. This cape at length revealed itself. It was named a hundred and thirty-five years ago by Captain Cook on account of the treatment he received at the hands of the aboriginals, who, after coming alongside the *Endeavour* and bartering in a most agreeable manner, suddenly grabbed the Fiji boy, who was scraping the ship's side, and made off with him. This action was frustrated by Cook's ordering a shot to be fired at

the principal actor. This resulted in the speedy rescue of the boy. This being the first case upon record of attempted abduction under the Southern Cross, the gallant old navigator decided to commemorate the event by calling the scene of it Cape Kidnappers.

The fifth day after leaving our port of departure, we cast anchor in the Ahuriri offing. Viewed from the vessel the now important town of Napier presented a very bleak appearance. A few scattered buildings upon the Spit did duty as mercantile warehouses, pilot's residence, and the inevitable public-house—the latter bearing the very suggestive title of "The Bird in Hand." Scinde Island, or Napier, in reality an island only during the periodical floods or spring tides, had scarcely a building or cultivation of any description upon its summit, the barracks, containing a detachment of the historic 65th, being about the only noticeable exception. The scene has changed. Now there is scarcely a rood of it but what is beautified by picturesque gardens and private residences, forming altogether one of the loveliest spots in New Zealand.

I landed at last, and was introduced to "The Bird in Hand," but, so far as I was concerned, one in the bush would have been of equal value to mine host. My first impression, after being a compulsory witness—it was raining heavens hard—of the mixed assemblage at this primitive establishment, was that there existed throughout a predominant spirit of lavishness. Subsequent observations have dis-

closed that this was merely a carrying out of the ordinary routine or second part of that style of existence then in vogue with the horny-handed sons of toil. With the majority of these, apparently, there were but two objects in life, which, briefly summed up, were accumulation and dispersion, in the pursuit of which amazing zeal was invariably displayed. The periodical cheque for forty or fifty pounds was often liquidated, so to speak, in little more than the same number of hours. In this manner would the proceeds of months of most arduous and perilous labour be literally thrown away, and in many cases, that being accomplished, the labourer would be shunted to the backwoods to recruit. If these unfortunates were lucky enough to overcome the effects of their poisonous libations, and negotiate successfully the swollen rivers on the return journey, the same programme would be continued until a " found drowned " or " lost in the bush " would be the melancholy verdict.

Hawke's Bay, at the time I speak of, had just received the honour of being proclaimed a province. The General Government, considering her capable of running alone, had granted the charter for local management. The pleasures attendant upon settlement were in those days of a very mixed order. The guardians of the peace invariably adopted the maxim of Policeman X :—

" When two coves is up a alley,
Havin' of a good set-to,
Don't disturb 'em if you vally,
Two eyes just to see out thru !"

The lock-up was occasionally looked upon as a veritable harbour of refuge. The congested state of the "pubs" at times rendered it necessary that some should find their way to the cells, but durance vile would often be refused unless a *douceur*, in the shape of a bottle of Hennessy or Martell, were procured to propitiate the promoters of law and order. Only a faint notion of the free-and-easy state of society in those times can be given, but an incident that happened in one of the townships on the coast may be illustrative. A J.P. with a few friends one evening had been holding a bit of a jollification, during which a considerable amount of liquid refreshment had disappeared. After breaking up, which occurred somewhere "ayont the twal," one of the convivial party, failing to hit the right track for home, had subsided under a friendly hedge, whence he was conveyed to that more secure shelter provided by a thoughtful Government for such emergencies. The following morning all representations as to respectability were of no avail, the man in blue merely remarking, "Don't thrubble, shure ye'll be let off aisey." The dread moment had at length arrived, when who should be occupying the bench but his J.P. friend of the previous night, who, scarce deigning to look at him, in stern tones, said: "Now, sir, what have you to say to the charge; do you admit it?" This deliberate assumption of ignorance of recent events so startled the accused, that he replied rather hotly: "Well, your worship should be as intimate with the case as I am, seeing

that I had the pleasure of your society the most of the time." "Oh, then," answered the justice, evidently disgusted at such an exhibition of incapacity, "if that is so, the fine will be two pounds, and I advise you to be more judicious in your choice of company for the future." It is scarcely necessary to say that this impartial administrator of the law was of Hibernian extraction.

A short time after my arrival in Hawke's Bay found me established in business in Waipureku, a small town situated upon the banks of the Tuki Tuki, and over the estuary where the Ngaruroro also found an outlet to the Pacific. This locality affords a striking example of the poetical aptness of the aboriginal in nomenclature.

Although it is difficult to give the correct etymology of Maori proper names, as far as I could learn the compound word Waipureku stands for "the meeting of the waters," and certainly no title could be more poetically descriptive of that spot where the two rivers had apparently joined forces preparatory to invading the surf-bound territory of their briny neighbour.

This town consisted of two stores, a butchery, a bakery, a blacksmith's shop, and, of course, two public-houses. During the wool season in particular these houses of accommodation did a roaring trade in more than one sense. The only places of resort during the evenings for the residents, who were mostly single, were the inviting long rooms of one or other of these hotels with their cheerfully blazing

log fires in the wide open fireplaces. However, when an influx of bushmen or others of the same kidney would take place, this comfort would, by force of circumstances, be denied them, for unless prepared to hobnob with this gentry and generally assist in the avocation of painting the town a rich vermilion, a short experience was sufficient to show that discretion was the better part of valour. After a big spree was once in proper order, it was quite likely that any visitor would be requested to drink, fight, or clear out. As far as I was concerned, it was the latter alternative which was invariably accepted, and, although I did not consider myself a coward, I was, through adopting this line of action, often stigmatised as such.

Never but on one occasion was I properly cornered. It happened as follows. I procured a boat, and had arranged for a little fishing excursion across the Tuki Tuki. The party consisted of a friend, with his wife and two children, and myself. It was a lovely morning and the surface of the placid river, mellowed by the genial rays of the summer sun, appeared most inviting. We repaired to where our boat lay on the river's edge, the mother and her two little ones were safely and comfortably settled on board, but we found some difficulty in launching the boat. Down from among the spectators, on the high bank, came Ned S——, a burly bushman, with the exclamation : " I'll give thee a push, laad." I thanked him for his assistance, which soon shifted the boat, but to my surprise and chagrin he jumped

in, and, coolly seating himself, remarked: "Aarm a-going to take a trip wi' ya, laad!" Now what was to be done? The redoubtable Ned, who was never known to have been conquered in any of his fisticuff encounters—which were too numerous to mention—had evidently made up his mind to take part in the outing, whether pleasing to us or not. The trampled worm will at length turn upon its aggressor. So it was on this occasion, and, before the self-confident rough had well taken his seat in the boat, my blood boiling from the indignity, I had him over the gunwale and into the water. At the same time, tripping under the weight I had lifted, I also floundered into the river, which, however, was fortunately shallow.

Fearing I might run away, Ned immediately seized me in his powerful grip, saying, "Now, young 'un, you'll have to faight me after this." Being assured of my willingness to accommodate him, he let go his hold, and, keeping his eye keenly on me, quickly stripped for the fray. This preliminary on my part had been accomplished for me, for Ned had, at the start, torn my light clothing from collar to waist, and it was hanging in ribbons around me. His delight at—as he termed it—having a smack at me was unbounded, and lit up his countenance with a joyous smile. We were soon displaying our knowledge of the "noble art" to the deeply interested spectators, the most of whom were anticipating my speedy extinction, but, strange to say, the bully's first attack, which was a most

vicious one, was cautiously evaded, and he was soon reeling backwards from the effects of a straight from the shoulder return. He fell upon his back, with a gash under his eye, from which the claret flowed freely. Up again he sprang with a smile, saying, "Well dun, laad! ba gumm, ya can shape." At it again we went, and about twenty minutes was occupied with nearly exact repetitions of our first set-to, with the result that I had not a scratch, but my bellicose *vis-à-vis*, with an extremely ruddy complexion, was forcibly being taken away by his companions, loudly assuring them that he was not half beat yet, and I was receiving congratulations at having so completely polished off Ned the unconquerable.

Such were the pleasures of life in the 'sixties. In concluding, I may just add that my subsequent sojourn in Waipureku was one comparatively free from molestation, with one exception. I had repeatedly either to "faight" Ned or drink at his expense, and not being a prohibitionist, of the two evils I always chose the lesser.

CHAPTER IX

GATE PAH AVENGED

THE MAORI'S CHALLENGE AND THE PAKEHA'S ANSWER

EARLY in 1864 the Imperial troops under General Cameron, assisted by a strong detachment of navals, experienced that terrible reverse at Pukehinahina, better known as "Gate Pah," caused through a most unaccountable panic on the part of our troops.

The Maoris, under their valorous Ngaiterangi chief, Rawiri, having evacuated Pukehinahina, had retired some four or five miles further inland, when one afternoon about two months after their recent victory, elated no doubt by his success, a messenger arrived at Tauranga with a challenge from Rawiri to Colonel Greer, who had been left in command of the garrison stationed there, to come and fight, or take him, at Te Ranga, in three days. He insolently added that if the colonel wasn't *mataku* (frightened) he would come.

Greer, as gallant a soldier as ever drew sword, had

been in the late engagement, in charge of the 68th as reserve, and was only too glad of an opportunity to wipe out the disgrace of their recent repulse. He answered "*Kapai* (good); I'll go." Colonel Greer was a man of promptness and determination, and the bearer of the message was scarcely out of the barrack yard ere he issued orders for an immediate advance.

Very soon the whole encampment was alive, and the orderlies silently glided to and fro, but there was no assembly by blast of trumpet, or warlike march, to arouse the ardour of our men. Colonel Greer had no intention of proclaiming to the world his movements. Darkness coming on, he was enabled the more secretly to carry out his plans, which were to assemble in perfect silence and advance under cover of night. The men of his command needed nothing to stimulate them to action, for was there not many a dear comrade to be avenged, whose remains, as yet scarcely cold, lay sleeping his last sleep on the picturesque banks of Tauranga Harbour, scarcely a stone's-throw from where they were now assembling?

A stranger coming upon the scene might easily have mistaken Greer's command for some phantom regiment, so noiselessly were orders imparted and obeyed. Nothing was heard but the occasional click of the "examine arms" or the rattle of a subaltern's scabbard as he passed along the ranks.

Anxiety to know the destination caused many a heart to flutter with excitement.

"Forward! Quick march! Perfect silence!" the words passed from file to file as the men moved off with military precision, so pleasant to see on a field day; but so suggestive of ambuscades and a thousand other contingencies incidental to an attack under such circumstances.

Slowly and stealthily they proceed. The commanding officer, evidently considering all things fair in war, intended to make a *coup*.

After leaving quarters at Tauranga, the force was compelled, by the nature of the country, to march with advance- and rear-guard only. The one available road, in many places scarce wide enough for two deep, was flanked by thick fern, *tutu*, and *manuka* scrub, so dense in places as to be almost impenetrable. Nothing was to be seen, and, save the screech of an owl, or the plaintive cry of a *pukaki* or *weka*, scarce a sound was to be heard.

After a few miles thus traversed a halt is made. The excitement increases. No enemy yet. It wants two hours or so till daylight. A quarter of an hour spell, then places are again quietly filled in the ranks, and another forward movement made. Every step is taken with the greatest caution. Colonel Greer, no doubt, has a due appreciation of the position, and acts accordingly. His foe, one of the bravest warriors of the Ngaiterangi, is certainly not to be despised. "Rawiri!" yes, that name is one that should be ever remembered with respect as that of an honourable and chivalrous antagonist, as was

amply evidenced in his actions towards our dead and wounded at Gate Pah.

After another hour's march, wearisome enough in the surrounding gloom, faint crimson streaks on the horizon now make their appearance, heralding the approach of morn and conflict. Gradually the outline of the enemy's position is being revealed. They have selected a site on the brow of a spur, or narrow ridge, three or four hundred feet above where the Imperial troops have taken cover. The ground on each side slopes steeply down to deep water, or impassable morass.

No flank movement is possible. A few flickering lights are seen. The enemy, probably working at their pits, little think that before half an hour has elapsed some hundreds of rifles will be pouring their deadly contents into them. They don't expect the *Kooti Whero* (red coats), as the soldiers are termed by them, to show up for another day or two—procrastination and "red tape," the curse of our army in New Zealand up to that time, having created a feeling of contempt for the *Kooti Whero* amongst the rebel Maoris.

But we have made a forced march, and our men, with bated breath and beating hearts, are lying under the sheltering fern awaiting the signal for a general attack. Then the first note of the bugle, sounding the charge in the calm morning air, is scarcely sounded when that wilderness, a moment before as still as the grave, is alive with soldiers.

Officers with waving swords lead to the attack, shouting, " Remember Gate Pah, boys ! " Onward and upwards they rush. The Maoris, taken by surprise, are in a state of confusion. They send a straggling volley from their unfinished pits, but the bullets go mostly over the heads of their assailants, who, with rifles at the charge, dash uphill through every obstacle, until they are within twenty or thirty yards of the enemy's earthworks. Then a crashing fire is returned. The outer line of pits is held but for a few moments, during which, bayonet on one side, *toki* or *mere* (tomahawk or greenstone bludgeon) on the other, clash. A desperate hand-to-hand struggle ensues ; the dark, semi-nude savage grasping at the opposing rifle with one hand, and slashing right and left with the other. There is no time to reload, for the onslaught has been too sudden, and the soldiers are fast pushing them back. For a moment they waver ; but Rawiri is not easily conquered. Although caught napping, he rallies his men and retires to where a second line of rifle pits is in course of construction. But the impetuosity of the regulars allows him no chance to make a stand. They dash on, their bayonets glistening in the now fully risen sun, and the blood-curdling yells of the Maori, and wild cheers of the *Pakeha* fill the air, as white man and Maori meet again at close quarters.

The cold steel proves too much for the latter. They break and retreat. Rawiri, fighting like a lion at bay, as yet apparently unwounded, seems ubiquitous in

his endeavour to draw the remnant of his braves off. He retires in good order, ever keeping in the forefront of the fight. He has nearly reached a spot where he would be comparatively safe from pursuit, when he falls pierced by the avenging bullets of his pursuers. His men now fly in disorder, and disappear in the thick scrub.

The "retire" sounds repeatedly ere our troops, reluctantly, retrace their steps to the main body.

Here a terrible spectacle presents itself, dead and dying lying in each other's embrace almost. The determined nature of the engagement may be imagined from the following incident. Here lies a stalwart Maori, a model of symmetry and strength, stark dead, a bayonet through his body. His hand still grasps the rifle, while side by side with him, quite unconscious, lies his opponent, his head nearly cleft in two by the *mere*—evidently a simultaneous cut and thrust.

The rebels, out of five hundred, were supposed to have lost fully a hundred and fifty. One thing is certain—their rifle pits, and other impromptu graves at Te Ranga, contain nearly seventy of their slain, buried where they fell. Our dead and wounded were carefully taken back to Tauranga.

This action, short, sharp, and decisive, would, if any delay had been made, have taken more men than were available at the time, and could not have been concluded without an alarming sacrifice of life.

After the fight, congratulations were the order of

the day. Our troops had shown, once more, that when properly handled they could uphold the prestige of the flag, and Gate Pah had been avenged.

CHAPTER X

THE UNSOPHISTICATED MAORI

A DENTIST'S DILEMMA

WHEN quite young I was thrown very much amongst the noble aboriginals of this country; although nearly a native, I managed to avoid that honour by making my appearance just before our arrival in New Zealand.

Wellington then could boast of two *pahs* or *kaingas*, one Te Aro and the other Pipi-Tea, both pretty well peopled. But a constant ebb and flow of Maoris was always taking place in the Empire city. Te Rauparaha and Te Rangihaeata, rebellious and defiant, kept things lively for a time; but with the former a prisoner, and the latter defunct, our town soon became almost deserted by the Maoris. A solitary old *wahine* (woman) might occasionally be seen with a kit of *taiwas* (potatoes) on her back, looking very much like an overgrown snail with its shell. Sometimes she would be accompanied by her lord and master, who filled the position to the letter, doing all the bargaining, but allowing his gentle spouse the privilege of carrying potatoes,

etc., from house to house for sale, which she always did uncomplainingly. In those good old days the Maoris' knowledge of the value of money was somewhat mixed. An incident, in which I was chief actor, will illustrate the position. Being sent on an errand with about three shillings in small change in my possession, I met one of the dear old creatures with the usual kit on her back, and, to show my unlimited supply of money, I boldly said, "*Ehia te utu mo te taiwa?*" (What price for the potatoes?). She no sooner saw the number of pieces of silver in my hand than down she squatted, and, pulling out a very dirty piece of rag, which contained a crown piece, offered to make an exchange for my many coins.

Although very young at the time, I was fully imbued with that spirit of civilisation that had induced the New Zealand Company and others to people this colony with the superior race, so I accepted the offer. I may just add that my bargain was greeted, upon my return home, by a warmth which I have never forgotten.

The natives were very strict then in their actions regarding what was held to be *tapu* or sacred.

A well-known dentist of Wellington, Mr. Moffatt, once took a trip inland through the Wairarapa district, but, being benighted, and somewhat damp through having had to ford a river or two, he reluctantly sought the shelter of the nearest *pah.* Not being able to say much that was intelligible to the inmates, he was astonished to find his wants

anticipated, warm blankets and the best food procurable being placed before him. The trait in the Maori character of hospitality is most conspicuous. After a good rest and plenty of refreshments, consisting of potatoes, pork, pumpkin, etc., cooked *à la* "Kappa Maori," Mr. Moffat in the morning sought the chief, with the intention of thanking him as best he could, but the old fellow was rather taciturn, being troubled with—what was seldom known amongst them up to that time—a toothache. With feelings of gratitude, Moffatt offered to cure him. The Maori, not knowing the nature of the remedy, showed his willingness, and the dentist at once got at the offending molar, which he whipped out in a twinkling. Not a move of a muscle could be detected in the old warrior during the operation, but the worst part for our dentist had now arrived. According to native custom everything touching the head of a chief is *tapu*, and not to be used for any other purpose, so Moffatt, with horror, saw the Maori attendants coolly gather up his paraphernalia, and bundle it away in a corner of the *wharé* (house). Expostulation on his part, if understood, was not heeded. The Maoris merely shook their heads and looked serious. Our friend was at his wits' end almost as to how to get possession of his case, when a happy thought occurred to him. Nature, fortunately for him on this occasion, having deprived him of his hair, and the various hair restorers not being then invented, he had supplied the deficiency by a wig.

He also happened to carry about with him, as an advertisement, no doubt, a beautiful set of artificial teeth, so, acting on the impulse of the moment, he doffed his wig, pulled out his teeth, and, extending his arms, in a loud voice, and with much gesticulation, demanded his property. The poor savages, fully believing that he could pull off his head if he chose, and thinking him some supernatural sort of being, or the very *Taipo* (devil) himself, fled from the *wharé*, chief and all, leaving Moffatt master of the situation. Then, quietly replacing his headgear, and quickly gathering up his instruments, he decamped, meeting no more opposition than furtive glances and frightened looks, the Maoris doubtless being well pleased to be rid of so uncanny a visitor.

CHAPTER XI

IN CHASE OF TE KOOTI

AN UNSUCCESSFUL EXPEDITION

TE KOOTI, that wily, treacherous, and blood-thirsty fiend (I cannot help feeling uncharitable when recalling some of his dark deeds) had recently returned from the Chatham Islands, where he had been a prisoner with some fifty or sixty others—a choice lot of desperadoes. They had been treated with kindness, and allowed all sorts of latitude. Being on an island some six hundred miles or so from their homes, the Government never imagined them capable of making escape from their sea-girt prison. Among other amusements provided for them was rifle practice, which they were not slow to avail themselves of. Then they seized a schooner that had just arrived, compelling the captain, under pain of death, to take them back to their homes. Eventually they landed near Turanga, well equipped with rifles and carbines, a plentiful supply of ammunition, and proficient in the use of the arms and ammunition provided by the sapient Government of the day. The volunteers and settlers of Turanga made a desperate attempt

to capture them, but were outmanœuvred and beaten back. The escapees were hunted again by Whitmore, who might as well have chased a will-o'-the-wisp, the only result being the loss of many courageous fellows, notably Canning and Carr, both brave soldiers and gentlemen, who fell, the first victims of an ambuscade into which the party was led.

Te Kooti made good his retreat inland, and no one seemed to have had any knowledge of his whereabouts until that terrible midnight visit to Turanga (Poverty Bay). One night a Maori knocked at Captain Wilson's door, calling to him to hurry away, for Te Kooti was coming to kill everyone. Wilson went to the door, rifle in hand, always ready for the worst. Seeing only the unarmed native, one whom he had known as belonging to the friendlies, and whose assumed professions of assistance had seemed so real, he, with all suspicion disarmed, immediately made preparation, the native giving a hand, for starting at once with his wife and children to a more secure place.

A tramp of three miles would bring them to the blockhouse at Turanga. The Maori picked up one of the little ones, not equal to the task, the father another. A start was made, but scarcely had they reached the little gate, when down crashed the tomahawk through poor Wilson's skull. The rest of the family were dispatched and left for dead, with the exception of little Jimmy and his mother, who was found in a dying condition by the relief

party three days afterwards. It seems that the boy being terrified at seeing his father struck down, fled to the scrub and hid himself, remaining there all through the night.

In the morning the horror-stricken child (only six years of age) crawled back to the remains of the house, that had been burnt by the wretches, in the hope of finding his parents; but alas! what pen could describe the sight that met his view? It is not my purpose to give the harrowing details, suffice it to say that his mother was the only one living in that scene of desolation. What must have been the feelings of the mother in beholding her boy, whom she had given up for lost, bending over her. For three days that heroic little fellow managed to keep his poor mother alive with eggs which he found in the scrub. The relief party arriving took the mother and son to Turanga, and thence to Napier. She, however, did not long survive her brave husband, and now lies in that God's acre which overlooks Napier Harbour.

The arch-fiend, after massacring many more, retired again inland. His next exploit happened in 'sixty-nine. News was received from Mohaka (a small village situated at the mouth of the river of that name) that Te Kooti was raiding the settlement, slaying everyone—friendly natives and whites.

It would appear that the way the authorities managed not to capture him would account for many of his so-called hair-breadth escapes subsequently, if similar tactics were followed.

The officer in command at Napier, upon receiving the intelligence, might have got volunteers in ample numbers, as had been done, and with a successful result, at Oamarunui. Taking them down by a small steamer then in the harbour, he could have landed them at daybreak the following morning and surprised the murderous fanatics in the midst of their drunken orgy. But the colonel, not being one of "Old Nelson's" sort, called a parade for Sunday morning, when, with band playing and red tape flying, we fell in for the purpose of capturing the redoubtable scoundrel. Away we marched across the eastern spit, and arrived at Petene Valley at dusk, having accomplished the distance, three or four miles, in about fifty hours—quite a record!

We camped for the night in the valley, keeping a sharp look out against a surprise, for we scarcely numbered two hundred all told, while the enemy numbered some twenty or thirty warriors. This made us careful, you see! Morning came without anything having occurred of a very exciting nature. A company was then dispatched along Moeangiangi beach to the scene of disturbance. We trudged on over miles of sand and boulders, the pomp and glorious circumstances of war not being greatly in evidence. An unusually hot sun poured down its nearly vertical rays upon our devoted heads. On the left was a brackish lagoon, and the water of Hawke's Bay dashed almost to our feet. We continued our journey in Indian file, and soon any warlike

ardour we might have entertained at starting seemed to have sunk to our boots. At last we had passed the horrible sand spit, and halted for refreshments, only to discover that there was no water within two miles of us. Then another forward move was made, but some of the troopers, returning after reconnoitring, met us with the information that the bird had flown. Te Kooti had retreated inland. We doubled round and started back again to headquarters.

After a short respite twenty-five volunteers were called for, and ordered to take another route inland, up the Petene Valley, for the purpose of intercepting, if possible, the rebel leader at the Purahutangihea Pass. Now this was variety, and 'tis said 'tis charming, but to follow the valley right up to the track leading to the pass necessitated the crossing of the river over twenty times in about three or four miles. Plenty of water now !

The beauties of that picturesque little valley, with its lovely scenery, were unseen by us, or, if seen, were not appreciated. Poetry and wet feet don't go well together.

The extra heat in the morning was only the prophetic forerunner of a change in the weather, quite characteristic of New Zealand. Arriving at the base of the mountain, up whose precipitous side lay our line of march, Lieutenant Koch " in charge," ordered a halt for the night. The bell tent was pitched, and fern cut for bedding. The cooking was accomplished with as little smoke and noise as

possible. The threatened rain was now upon us, and there was no sleeping out in the fern *mai mais*, so all hands, with the exception of the officer commanding and the sentries, sought shelter in the all too small tent. We retired to rest, but not to sleep, for we were packed like sardines in a box. Once down, there was no turning on the other side, a feat practically impossible under the circumstances.

Hail, smiling morn! Once more it has cleared up, so after breakfast up the side of the mountain, through scrub and fern, we push ahead. An occasional wild pig, startled from his slumbers, dashes away through the titree, or *manuka*. We advance right valiantly until we reach the summit of the pass; nothing to be seen but a small bush fire across the valley, and a lovely panorama of Napier and suburbs.

An old dilapidated *wharé* is taken into requisition, and only just in time, for the rain has returned again, but in a frozen state this time—variety again. Double sentries are posted in various quarters to prevent the passage of any living being without the password.

Amid hail, rain, and snow the night passes with no sign of Te Kooti.

The morning reports are uninteresting, with the exception of some unaccountable noises heard through the night watch. Several days and nights follow in a like manner, and with the exception of shooting a wild pig or sheep nothing occurs to break

the monotony. All hopes of catching the enemy have been abandoned, or our meat supply would not have been augmented by pig-shooting.

Our last day at the pass has arrived. Orders to retreat—no, retire—have been received. Our last meal is in process of being prepared. Meat has been short, and there is no time to hunt for more. Our *chef* has excelled himself by inventing a wonderful dish for our delectation, soup without meat—a concoction of wild parsley, biscuit remains, bones that had done service in a like manner more than once, and no salt.

All hands helped themselves, but when nearly the last one's turn came, he, dipping his pannikin into the pot, exclaimed in a rich brogue, "By Gar, I've the best of it at the bottom! Och! be the powers, what's this?" Then he fished up what he took to be meat; but alas, for the uncertainty of all human expectations, 'twas only one of the cook's hose, which had dropped from its drying-place in the chimney into the pot of soup! I must draw a veil over the scene that ensued. There was no "pub" within five or six miles of us. Consequently no one felt much the worse for the repast.

The return trip was uneventful. Like Bonaparte, we went up the hill and came down again. As we approached the town, an unusual bustle was noticeable. Yes, of course, the band was there, ready to play us back, which they did, to the parade ground. The warriors had returned, without effecting a capture, yet they had bravely tried, and so were

worthy of all honour—which they got, and nothing more.

And the notorious Te Kooti still lived to bless the country with, as Artemus Ward would say, "A fust-klass rebellion."

CHAPTER XII

THE TRAGEDY AT "THE STAR"

A BLOODY DEED BY NIGHT

A VERY noticeable feature in the early settlers of New Zealand, or at least of a great many of them, was their utter want of appreciation of the value of money. It was the recognised custom amongst the hardy bushmen, shearers, sawyers, and such-like, to slave at their various callings until a "decent cheque" had been earned. Then they were off to the nearest place of amusement, apparently in a most anxious state of mind until the "pay bearer" was safely deposited in the hands of their banker, the publican. He, in return, would most obligingly supply all requirements until such time as it was deemed advisable to give notice that the reciprocal term was drawing to a close, a term which generally lasted fewer weeks, or at times days, than it had taken months to acquire the necessary funds.

Society was at that time in a very primitive condition. Aristocracy and democracy were delightfully blended, younger sons of noble families occasionally

figuring as sawyers, cooks on stations, or even bullock drivers. These were "remittance men," who, being shunted from the old country, would have been in an infinitely better position, morally and socially, if the periodical draft had never had an existence, for the fact was that, while busily engaged in menial occupations, they were gentlemen, but, with rare exceptions, upon funds becoming plentiful, they were the reverse.

The Gambling and Lotteries Act had not then found a place on our Statute Book. Consequently many a boisterous night was the result of indulgence in dicing. Oftentimes dire forebodings were expressed of some calamity being the outcome of this, and the "Tragedy at the Star" apparently fulfilled these predictions.

It was after a race-meeting, at which everyone was allowed to wager with fullest liberty, the restraining influence of the totalisator not being in existence to curb this evil.

To give or take the odds was—to use a colonialism —"quite up to Dick." The hotel that night was more than filled with visitors. After closing time, which was not so early as in the rigorous days we live in, but rather an indefinite hour, some of the reckless spirits, as usual, adjourned to the privacy of a back room for a quiet game. As the night wore on, mine host, seeing the stakes and excitement rapidly increasing, occasionally hinted at the advisability of, as he put it, knocking off. But the appeal was merely responded to by sinister looks,

coupled with the request that he would go to bed, or to a warmer locality, but leave some refreshments, or they would just take French leave and help themselves. The proprietor was in a dilemma. For various reasons he dare not call in the assistance of the police to clear the house. Many of his guests were good customers whom he could not afford to offend. He was well aware that, even if he left the keys in their charge, many of them were too honourable not to see him fully remunerated for anything they might require, but they were, he thought, "fou enough" already. Now, what was he to do? Almost dropping to sleep from weariness, and being of a nervous temperament, he decided to leave out some Guinness, Hennessy, etc., and to retire. He entertained some misgivings, which had the effect of banishing sleep for a while, although he knew that most of these gentlemen were worthy of that designation; yet amongst the number were some individuals unknown to him, and whose appearance caused him a certain amount of anxiety.

Exhausted nature at last prevailing, he fell asleep, but for how long he could not imagine. He was aroused by a frightful yell, accompanied by the noise as of a heavy body falling upon the floor beneath. Not being over-endowed with courage, he contented himself by quietly listening. No further disturbance occurring, he felt assured of its being nothing that ought to cause uneasiness, and decided to ascertain the reason at daylight.

Soon after morning's light, however, he was again

startled from his repose by a cry, which this time froze the very blood in his veins. "Oh, sir!" came the voice of one of the servant-girls from the foot of the staircase, "quick, there's something dead on the sofa in the back parlour." Trembling in every limb, the landlord hurried down to the scene of the tragedy. There, sure enough, lay a body, completely covered, the boots only being visible, by a large white tablecloth, which was stained with blood in many places. Ghastly faces thronged around the door, but no one ventured inside. Was it murder or suicide? The landlord, filled with visions of a coroner's inquest, and probable loss of licence, or good name, excitedly forbade any attempt to see who was the victim until the arrival of the police, who had been sent for directly. The employees, with awe-stricken countenances, freely discussed who the probable perpetrator of the foul deed could be. A very short time elapsed before the law officer made his appearance. Followed by the morbidly curious crowd, he made his way into the room where the melancholy evidences of the previous night's carouse remained undisturbed. Going direct to the sofa, he turned down the gory covering and exposed to the view of the horrified spectators the headless carcase of a prime Lincoln sheep, which had been surreptitiously procured from one of the local butchers' verandahs and fitted with a pair of the lodger's boots, which protruded from underneath the end of the sheet, for the purpose of concocting a tragedy at the "Star."

The revised prayers of that much-injured publican upon this discovery were both loud and deep, and if heard and granted, certainly his late guests would have had uncomfortably warm quarters ever after.

CHAPTER XIII

HOSPITALITY OF THE MAORI

A BREACH OF "TAPU"

OF the many good qualities in the Maori, I know of none more strictly adhered to or more unostentatiously displayed than that of their—at times—almost self-sacrificing hospitality.

In the pioneer days of New Zealand settlement, the traveller had to face difficulties that in the 'nineties would appear of an almost insurmountable nature. The journey from one province to another, over mountains and gullies with nothing but a faint track for guidance, was one of much vicissitude and peril. The lovely and magnificent scenery of the Southern Alps, the Rimutaka Passes, the wonderful Tokaanu or Rotorua Hot Springs, or the Ruapehu and Tongariro volcanoes of the north, now enjoyed with so much zest and astonishment by admiring tourists from all parts of the world, were then only considered obstacles void of all poetry. Macadamised roads and railway carriages have supplanted the *Huarahi* (Maori track) and snail-paced bullock

teams. Splendid bridges now span the once treacherous fording-places where many an early settler, in the attempt to cross, was swept away and lost.

The natives always displayed commendable promptitude in trying to prevent such casualties, often at great personal risk rescuing the wayfarer. Regardless of who or what he might be, they took him to their *pah*, where the "motherly *wahine*" with the utmost solicitude would tend to his wants until he was fit to resume the journey.

Many an instance of such generosity could be recounted which would put to shame many of the superior beings in their midst, who, in the natural order of things, were supposed to elevate them from their state of barbarism, and by precept and example lead them on to light.

One incident may not be uninteresting as showing the sincerity of their feelings in this respect.

In the 'fifties I had recently started in business, and was advised by some who had a more intimate knowledge of native peculiarities than myself never to give *nama* (credit) for eatables of any description, as the notions entertained by the Maoris with regard to such were in most cases, to say the least, strange. Where a blanket, a bridle and saddle, or such-like, had been sold to them on credit, little difficulty was experienced in eventually getting a settlement; but, when edible commodities were in question, they seemed to have an indefinite idea that, as there was

nothing to show for the money requested of them, they should not be expected to part with their substantial silver in lieu thereof.

Te Moana Nui (Big Ocean) was a splendid specimen of his race, standing about six feet high upon legs which might have been envied by a Roman gladiator, with broad square shoulders, from which gracefully hung the blanket fastened with a shoulder-knot of dressed flax, with a fine shapely head, a face full of intelligence and dignity, rather improved than otherwise by the lines of tattoo (emblems of aristocracy), which curved with such artistic regularity around the defiant nostrils and at each side of a lofty forehead. The whole figure was surmounted by such a volume of hair, that wearing a hat was not to him an absolute necessity.

Such is a faint description of the chief who came to my place one morning, with an abrupt "How d'ye do? Give me some food for my men, tomorrow I'll pay."

Not caring to positively refuse him, I thought I might adopt a line of policy, at little cost, which would raise me in his estimation ever after. I replied: "No, Moana Nui, I don't give credit; take what you ask for—a gift from me to you."

Instead of accepting my offer with thanks, as I had fondly anticipated, guess my surprise and alarm when, bounding from his squatting position, he advanced close to my face, and, in a thundering voice, shouted, "What to me is your gift? I am Moana

Nui ; am I a thief ? Very little would make me send your shop, goods, and yourself floating down the Tuki Tuki." As the river referred to was swiftly coursing in dangerous proximity to my one-room store, and as I knew that a single word from the chief would have brought to his aid fifty or more of his followers if it were necessary, I had no ambition to be launched upon a cruise of that description, and so kept a very discreet silence, while he stalked away like an enraged lion.

The following Sunday morning I went for a ride with a young Maori—of Te Mataiwi (The Face of the Nation), Moana Nui's *pah*—who had lent me a horse for the occasion. Returning home at midday, my friend asked me to come and have some dinner. Having a certain amount of misgiving as to the probable nature of my reception if I accepted his invitation, I informed him of my being in disgrace with the chief. His answer was, "If you wish to keep up his anger, don't come."

I went, saw, ate, and conquered. The meal not being quite ready, I was regaled by the ever-thoughtful warm-hearted women with some delicious watermelons, in a *wharé* opposite to where the chief sat in the midst of his elders of the tribe, apparently ignoring my presence. The dinner, consisting of meat, potatoes, pumpkin, etc., was brought to the various *kainga* (eating-places) in large tin dishes. A knife, fork, and plate—seemingly the only ones in requisition, and nice and clean—were placed on a mat before me, and the first dish was presented to me.

Upon the accomplishment of this part of the ceremony, Te Moana Nui called out, "Has the *pakeha* taken food?" The young waitress answered in the affirmative, when the chief again cried, "*Tena*," or "Go on," which was obeyed with alacrity.

I am sorry to say that this ordinary act of generosity on the part of the Maori was only too frequently abused. Occasional recipients, the scum of society, gave full vent to their brutal proclivities, taking advantage of the good-nature of their hosts by acting in a manner not describable without transgressing the laws of decency. They thereby created in the aboriginal mind a very low estimate of European gratitude or morality, and often aroused bitter feelings of animosity against the whites in general.

The next time I met H.R.H. Te Moana Nui we shook hands. The *status quo* was once more as completely established as if nothing had ever transpired to disturb our peaceful relations, and I was happy.

Another peculiarity of the aboriginals, and one which often led to curious, and sometimes serious, complications, was their observance of *tapu*. The burial-places of their great warriors were so strictly *tapu* (sacred) that many a venturesome explorer or amateur sketcher has been within an ace of losing his life by incautiously overstepping the *aukati* (boundary) of some such place.

The head of a chief in the flesh is very much *tapu;*

in fact, that portion of the Maori anatomy is considered too sacred to be even referred to in conversation. To say "*to opoko*" (your head) would be taken as an insult, but to add "*to opoko he kai maku*" (equivalent to expressing a desire to have it as a side dish) would be sufficient to cause an immediate declaration of war.

Natives having daily intercourse with the Europeans were not so scrupulous regarding the verbal application of the *tapu* as were the inland tribes. One incident in this connection which occurred to myself was of rather a tragic nature.

Tribes had been invited from all parts of New Zealand for the purpose of honouring the remains of my friend the great Moana Nui. Amongst the many *hapus* represented upon this occasion the Urewera were the most savage aud uncivilised, retaining all their ancient customs, cannibalism excepted. After the funeral war dances and the various attendant formulæ had been concluded, many of the younger men took a turn round the town of Waipureku for the purpose of inspecting the wonders of "*he mahi pakeha*" (the white man's work) previous to returning to their distant mountain homes. Of the various commodities provided for the *tangi* (mourning, weeping) they had a superabundance of Negro-head tobacco, which some were endeavouring to barter for provisions necessary on the journey.

One morning there came to my house a vigorous-looking young Urewera, attired in the usual *kakahu*

(mat) with a monkey-jacket over all—the latter article no doubt worn out of respect to civilisation, though it added little to the improvement of his general appearance. Standing in front of my door, with a look of pleased astonishment at my work, he exclaimed "*Tana mahi*" (His work), signifying surprise. Wishing to air my knowledge of the Maori language, I said, in as humorous a manner as possible, "*To opoko*" (Your head). Instantly his face assumed a fierce expression. "*Mo te aha to korero kino ki a au?*" (Why your bad talk to me?) he shouted, jumping back a pace or two, his stature seeming to increase with his anger. Not wishing to create a disturbance, and with the intention of trying to mollify him by showing that I was joking, I repeated laughingly, "*To opoko he kai maku*" (Your head for my food). I had practised as a linguist among the semi-civilised in a like manner before, and with a happy result, but this time I had overshot the mark and raised a storm in earnest.

The savage danced about in front of the house, picked up an axe which was at hand, and, flourishing it over his head, requested me to come out and get struck or killed with the axe. Not having my will made out, and a few other minor considerations, decided me not to accept the invitation, but I took the precaution for defensive purposes to arm myself with a piece of firewood of substantial size, and to call my dog. Now Bosun was of the bulldog breed, and, being the principal actor in this drama, is

worthy of a descriptive line or two. He was cream-coloured, brown-muzzled, with eyes of a golden hue which fairly blazed when anything happened to ruffle his equanimity. He was the favourite dog of Waipareku. His perpetual display of under-teeth, when in repose, gave the impression that he was laughing, but when angry he had a decidedly formidable appearance. He could do anything in reason—don't condemn the expression yet—retrieve wild duck, catch pigs, goats, bullocks, swim through the roughest surf in the roadstead, or stem the torrent of the freshet-swollen river to secure anything pointed out to him. To show his sagacity, one instance will suffice. During one of the periodical floods in the Tuki Tuki, a man and myself put off in a canoe for the purpose of recovering various objects which were floating past. Our skill in the management of the frail craft being about on a par with our better part of valour, the only paddle slipped overboard, and we went drifting on towards the estuary, where the boiling breakers and swiftly rushing river met, and to reach which meant certain destruction. Bosun was on the bank eyeing us. I called him. He took the situation in at a glance, and, scampering along the river edge, dashed in to our relief, swimming downwards so as to intercept our course. He arrived alongside ere we had entered the strongest part of the current. I threw the tow-rope over and said, "Take it back, lad." He did right valiantly, and we were saved. If that was not reason, I am lost for an expression.

But to return to our Urewera friend. I may say that Bosun had been very carefully trained not to indulge in Maori flesh unless by positive order. The Maoris were my best customers, and he seemed to be aware of the fact. At my call Bosun came trotting in past the infuriated native, cocking his ears and looking from me to my besieger, until I said, "Look out, lad," when he turned towards the Maori with a deep growl.

Now, if there was anything which thoroughly scared the aboriginal of that time it was a "bull-dog," but especially one such as mine. When the savage saw the dog making for him, he dropped the axe, and, without even saying good-bye, went as fast as he could leg it, but Bosun was not going to let him off so easily. He had orders to put him off, and he did. Across the clearing in the direction of the *pah* literally flew the Urewera, giving full vent to his fear, with Bosun hanging on to his nether garments for about a quarter of a mile. I whistled again and again, but it was of no use. He held on until he had either lost his hold—which I knew from experience was seldom the case—or the piece had come out. Then he heard me and reluctantly returned.

As Bosun came back I saw that he had a mouthful of something which was evidently not to his liking. Upon examination I found traces of Maori mat and monkey-jacket. For half an hour he was trying, as well as any quadruped could, to expectorate, every now and then casting an upward glance of disgust

at me, which plainly meant, "A nice treat this!" That Maori never returned for his lost *kakahu*, and I am pleased to be in a position to add that our acquaintance was never afterwards renewed.

CHAPTER XIV

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF NEW ZEALAND

BROWN BESS AND A "NGARARA"

ONE of my earliest impressions was the importance of the structure of earthworks known as "Clifford's Redoubt," situated on Thorndon Flat, and called after Mr. Clifford, afterwards Sir Charles Clifford. Its armament consisted of one cannon, intended, as I imagined, to have the effect of awing the natives. Probably it was the knowledge of the presence of this formidable weapon that deterred Te Rangihaeata or Te Rauparaha from attacking the town of Wellington.

The piece of ordnance was primarily intended for defence purposes, but the disaffected never ventured within its deadly range. It was, however, of use as a medium of alarm in case of a surprise, the sound of its brazen throat being intended to send forth the order for all to assemble at the redoubt, the women and children for refuge, the men to prepare for immediate action. So far there had been no necessity

for its services being put into requisition, as all the fighting was being done at Pahwhatanui, Tai Tai, Wanganui, or elsewhere outside Wellington proper, to which fact I am probably indebted for being able to pen these few lines.

The Maoris never were, and it is positively certain never will be, advocates for open fighting. Even when they might have sacked and burnt the principal part of the town, without incurring extreme risk, they never attempted to do so, but preferred to act on the defensive while being pursued through the wilds of their mountain forests. Then, indeed, it was a very hazardous undertaking to bring them to book.

The townspeople were all either militiamen or volunteers. The saying that one volunteer is worth two pressed men was rather pointless in those times; for, if the spirit of patriotism was not sufficiently ardent to cause them to volunteer, it was a matter of "Hobson's choice," and they were compelled to serve under the less meritoriously sounding title of militiamen.

I use the third person in mentioning these facts, as my turn had not yet come, but "everything comes to those who wait." All turned out, our fathers, brothers, cousins, "and aunts," I was nearly adding, only women's franchise was not *un fait accompli* till forty-seven years later. Each man had a Brown Bess, and all were being drilled and marched and practised, so that in the event of the notorious Te Rangihaeata or any of his colleagues putting in

an appearance, our defenders would be less likely to harm themselves than the enemy.

Fearing my readers may not be conversant with the "Brown Bess" alluded to, and to prevent a misunderstanding that might result in this statement's being handed down to posterity as something aspersing the morality of New Zealanders, aboriginal and otherwise, I may, by way of explanation, say that she was not of colonial origin, but pure Brummagem, intended for use rather than ornament. Her locks were not of what the poet would call the glossy raven order, but were known by the name of old flints. The natives were greatly enamoured of her appearance, and, without insinuating anything against their conjugal fidelity, they would make almost any sacrifice to become possessed of her. Brown Bess was of cumbrous proportions, and, fortunately, was soon expelled from our colonial armament.

The settlers were cautioned not to discharge firearms of any description after a certain hour in the evening. The transgression of this order upon one occasion caused a serious panic. The report of a gun was heard during the night in the vicinity of the redoubt. Very soon all was confusion, everyone rushing about to ascertain the cause, and all hands to the rendezvous. However, the father of the lad who had made use of his Brown Bess, charged with slugs for the purpose of peppering a hungry Maori pig that was occasionally in the habit of making too free with his potato plot, hastened to head-quarters,

and allayed the excitement by making an explanation. The boys of the early days and the one of the present time in many respects are not dissimilar ; the one in question, making up his mind to put a stop to these frequent and exasperating incursions, had taken his pater's rifle, and, to make quite a certainty of the job, had half filled it with powder and small pieces of lead (slugs). Taking cover, he patiently waited until the robber came in view and had commenced business, when the loud bang from the rifle, and the squeal of the unfortunate porker, aroused the parents, and subsequently nearly the whole of Wellington. The father, rushing to the scene of action, arrived in time to hear the retreating squeal and pick up his precocious son, who, in a semi-conscious state, lay some distance from the gun. The youth never again adopted this method to punish midnight marauders, and for years afterwards he would always give an evasive, or positively uncivil, answer when requested to give an opinion as to which end of " Brown Bess " was the most effective.

A little later on, after the arrival of Kawana Kare (Governor Grey), civilisation began to make rapid strides amongst the aboriginals. The Governor's first lesson was a good drubbing, ending in the capture of the bellicose chieftains of Heretaunga. Then followed kind and thoughtful consideration for them, a line of action which has always characterised the conduct of the great Pro-Consul, and is the history of Sir George Grey's native policy in a nutshell.

To show the rapidity with which the sun of en-

lightenment had dispersed the clouds of barbarism, we had natives appointed as guardians of the peace. Their generally fine physique was set off by the blue jacket with red facings, and the figure topped by a cheesecutter cap that had a look of being constantly forced upwards by the rebelliously inclined crop of luxuriant and abundantly oiled hair. They were very proud of all their uniform, with one exception—the regulation "Blucher." Those feet that, shortly before, had defied the roughest gravel road or shelly beach, now pined for release from their not too comfortable leather home. Hohepa, one of these men—very slightly embellished with tattoo—was a splendid-looking fellow, in facial expression more resembling a Spaniard than a Maori. Besides possessing many other good qualities, he was considered very amiable, until one day I made a discovery which slightly altered my opinion on that point. In Maori mythology there are many things—plants, birds, beasts, and fishes—to which the natives attach feelings of reverence, awe, or downright horror. The lizard *Ngarara*—although the most harmless and beautiful of the reptile tribe in a colony possessing complete immunity from anything of a seriously venomous character—is one which the aboriginal vocabulary, until the arrival of European tutors, did not contain adjectives sufficiently strong for them to express their abhorrence of. A legend there is to the effect that a monstrous lizard at one time had destroyed a whole *pah* of their ancestors. Whether there could have

been alligators disporting themselves in New Zealand waters about the time that the moa was in the habit of stalking through the land, and one of these alligators was mistaken by them for a *Ngarara*, I will leave to the erpetologist to determine.

Knowing the native antipathy to the reptile in question, but being undecided whether the full-fledged policeman would be above the superstition common to his race or not, by way of experiment I caught a pretty silver-grey lizard, and with a few of my companions approached Hohepa with the glossy little creature in my closed hand, saying, "Here is something for you." The native, probably expecting a piece of tobacco or other luxury—he was a favourite with us—took the gift, but no sooner had the diminutive reptile touched his outstretched palm than, with a terrified yell, he jumped back shaking his hand as though it had been scalded. We had anticipated some fun over this little freak, but the awful transformation which so suddenly took place in the stolid, dignified, and self-important bearing of this aboriginal patrol of our footpaths was appalling. As pale with rage as his copper-coloured skin would allow, his eyes almost starting from their sockets, he gave chase, and I feel thankful that a kind Government had provided him with boots on that occasion, for, if it had not been for his Bluchers—he had mastered the art of walking in them fairly well, but running was out of the question—we should all have fared badly that day.

Experientia docet. My motto ever after was, no more practical jokes with *Ngararas* in connection with a Maori, unless that aboriginal has chronic rheumatism, or what is equivalent, wears new boots.

CHAPTER XV

SOME REMARKS ON EXPLORATION

HOW ANDY WAS ROBBED AND GOT THE GOLD FEVER

THAT New Zealand is destined to become as famous for her magnificent scenery as she is at the present time for her salubrious climate, is a matter that admits of little doubt. Her Alpine peaks and ranges, now being persistently explored each year by new and courageous climbers, are becoming more interesting to tourists, European and Colonial. The accounts recently published of feats performed by these determined battlers in search of fresh routes through the icefields of the Southern Alps, give the impression of an amount of energy approaching the superhuman, and worthy of all honour. The men who risk their lives in such a cause are benefactors of the country to an extent that cannot be duly estimated in our time. But there is a class that, in this general laudation, appears to be ignored or completely forgotten, viz. the survey parties of the 'sixties. Some remnants of the magnificent manhood of which these were composed may yet be met in our midst, but, unfortunately, betraying in their

persons the effects of the hardships endured in their work.

It must be remembered that, in the days referred to, roads were few and far between, and that the packhorse mode of conveyance could be made available for only a limited distance. Then the surveyor, engineer, or whatever he might be, and his chainmen, had to shoulder their swags, theodolite, and other requisites appertaining to the profession, tents, tucker, etc., the last item being various, including, of course, the indispensable pipes and tobacco, without which life in the wilderness would have become unendurable. The party arriving at a point beyond which, in all probability, no human footstep had ever trod, would then pitch tent and make ready for traversing the trackless sides of gorges, or for piercing dense forests at the base of towering mountains. In many cases the billhook or small hand-axe would have to be resorted to for days, in order to make headway through supplejack, bush-lawyer, or the hundreds of other species of flora for which the undergrowth of New Zealand forests in particular is so celebrated. Arriving at the entrance of the interior gorges, in fine weather the water-worn basalt in places afforded fairly good travelling. But when rain commenced to fall the streams in those gorges would be, as if by magic, transformed into seething, boiling torrents, carrying in their downward course immense boulders and detached rocks, as though they were merely pumice. Then a hasty retreat to the rough mountain-side would have to be made,

and the pioneer would have to climb rocky prominences, or struggle along the dense, bushy sidelines. When night came, very often to pitch tent was an utter impossibility, as often there was not enough level ground. In these instances a *mia-mia* would be fixed under some of the sheltering trees for the night, a fire would be lighted, and the billy boiled.

At times two miles a day was considered a good record, but often less than half that distance could not be made. The higher the altitude attained, the more difficult and tedious became the progress, and frequently the route would be found impassable. Six weeks at a stretch, with wet clothing and "damper" diet, was often the happy lot of many of these hardy toilers on the survey. There was no half-way house or tourists' refuge to fall back upon for supplies or shelter. When tucker ran short it could be only obtained by returning to the nearest station, which in itself was ever an arduous undertaking. It was quite probable, even then, that the food would be at low ebb, necessitating another and longer journey before the flour, etc., could be procured.

Upon one occasion a packer was returning with supplies, when he was overtaken by a party of exceedingly rough and determined-looking diggers, *en route* from the goldfields of Otago to the new El Dorado of the west; but in order to give a correct idea of the ethical condition of touring society in those times, it will be better to relate in his own

words how Andy was robbed of his precious damper-dust (flour), and took the fever.

"I was thravelling along, makin' good way afther gettin' over the worst av the journey, whin I was overtook by a lot of boys bound for the Hokitika rush, an' as rough a lookin' lot as ever I clapt eyes on, they wor.

"'Hould hard, mate,' says one av 'em. 'You've got some shtuff on yer ould horse there we want bad, an' we'll buy it from you.'

"'No,' says I, 'the divil a buy, it's all sould.' With that I made a shtart off again, when another av 'em sayzed the horse's head, while another lays a grip on me arum like a vice, an' says, 'Just look here now, mate, we've offered to buy an' ye refused, so we're just goin' to take it, an' if ye cut up anyway crusty we'll be afther tyin' you up till yer curridge is cooled; what we want is the flour, an' have it we will.'

'Ye murtherin' thieves!' says I. 'If ye wor not tin to wan, I'd knock blazes out o' ye before I'd let ye take an ounce av it! An' if there's any of ye that ud like to try me, I'm yer Moses!' An' I pulled off me coat for I was rale wild. They just burst into a loud laugh, showed me a six-shooter and wint to work straight away, unstrapped me pack, an' commenced to ladle out the flour wid a pannikin, laughin' and jokin' all the time, an' I foamin' but powerless, lookin' on. When the flour had been shared out, so many pannikins to aitch, the layder came to me an' said with a grin, 'How many panni-

kins of yer flour have we tuk ? ' I tould him to go to the divil, an' I'd thry an' make it hot fur him before he raitched that far, if I ever got the chance. A louder laugh than ever followed this ; although I expected, perhaps, to be tied up or worse, I couldn't keep me timper down ; but be the powers what did happen, I was not at all expectin'.

" ' Look here, ould man,' said the divil-may-care-lookin' six-footer of a layder, walkin' up to me wid the revolver in his belt an' a wicked look in his eyes, 'as ye wouldn't sell, ye see, we tuk yer flour.' 'And may it burst ye,' says I. 'Aisy now, me bould hayro ! We've been thinkin' of which is the best way to sarve ye. They say dead men tell no tales.'

" Just then me hair felt like risin' the hat off me head, for I had heard of some dark deeds lately done on the road between Otago an' Hokitika, an' I felt very quare. Some of these reckless divils were grinnin' jist as if the matter of takin' a life was one of the best jokes out, when the cruel-lookin' chap with the revolver continued :

" ' We can't be losin' any more time with you. We don't intend to shoot ye right out, nor tie you up aither, which would be worse, for ye mightn't be found for a year or two, an' that 'ud be too long to lave ye out in the cold.'

" ' Oh, for the love of heaven," says I, ' shoot me before that.'

" ' Take time now,' says he, ' an' listen. The sintence of this court is, that the punishment you're to receive for making us commit a robbery on this

very highway, will be a bob for aitch pannikin of dusk we tuk from ye, wid the thanks of the same court.' His last words were almost dhrown'd in the roar of laughter which followed at my expinse, but in which I was too much flusthered to take part; then dhroppin' his hand on me shoulder, something like a sledge-hammer, he added, 'How does that sthrike ye, my boy?' 'Oh, be the piper that played before Moses,' says I, whin I'd come to meself, 'I'm awfully sorry that it wasn't a ton o' flour I was afther bein' robbed of at the same figger.'

"Well, to make a long shtory short, their thrack an' mine soon afther wint in different directions, an' we separated. I was short of flour (they didn't take it all), but had enough money to pay for ten times the quantity. This little caper of these diggers, bein' my first expayrunce of 'em, in spite av the fright it gave me, somehow or other, shtarted the gold faver on me, and it wasn't long afther till I was taken so bad wid it that I had to give up the survey chain—after two years av it—and take to the road which led across the ranges an' the Teremakau to the coast."

CHAPTER XVI

A NIGHT OF HORROR

A TALE OF THE HAU-HAU DAYS

AFTER a lapse of over forty years, when looking back on those days of trial and vicissitude, which New Zealand's early settlers experienced, one cannot help drawing a comparison between past and present.

Especially is this so when hearing latter-day immigrants complaining in bitter terms of the hardships they are enduring, they having had free passages from the Old Country, board and lodgings provided upon arrival, and every assistance rendered them in obtaining employment, which has seldom been long in coming. And yet the majority of these appear to be like Paddy just arrived in America, "agin the Government."

Immigrants of the 'forties didn't grumble half as much. There was nothing to be gained by it. They landed in Wellington, a city of one street, and that nearly always a mud puddle, while the now beautiful Thorndon and Te Aro Flats

were a dense mass of *manuka* fern and flax. House accommodation was so arranged that no possible objection could be made on the score of insufficient ventilation; many of the people of the 'forties also had the advantage in fine weather of being able to study astronomy after retiring to rest, if so inclined.

Wars, and rumours of wars, kept everyone in a continual state of pleasant excitement. At one time the Nominee Government was wholly engrossed in the endeavour to quell rebellion, at another an inter-tribal squabble occurred, and, again, it was an unfortunate surveyor shot for crossing the *aukati* (Maori boundary) while in the act of laying out some probable Government purchase, the miscreants generally getting away scathless.

Pleasant times! As illustrative of what colonists had to go through in those days immediately after being eased from the apron-strings of the Mother Country, I shall relate an incident which occurred nearly thirty-five years ago in Poverty Bay, or Turanga Nui, which, for the courage, endurance, and presence of mind displayed, has seldom, if ever, been equalled in any part of the civilised world.

Three miles from Gisborne, the seaport of Poverty Bay, there resided upon a farm which they had lately purchased, a family consisting of father, mother, several sons, one daughter, and an infant of twelve or eighteen months of age. The sons were either at business in the township, or their avocation

took them away from home, often for days together.

The time I refer to was subsequent to the escape of Te Kooti and his companions from the Chatham Islands, and their being driven inland.

For a considerable time every precaution was taken against a surprise. Eventually, the whites, thinking all danger past, gradually relaxed their watchfulness.

One day the farmer and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Parker, having important business to transact, had to go to Gisborne, intending to return the same day if time would permit. The sons were away, but were expected home that night.

Minnie, the daughter, a brisk, handsome, intelligent, and, as the sequel will prove, courageous girl of about fourteen, readily consented to take charge of her baby brother.

The parents leave for town, and, though the distance is not great, travelling is not an easy matter; in short, they find it impossible to return the same night. Their anxiety is put at rest by the assurance that some of the boys will certainly be at home. Night comes to Minnie, but no brothers make their appearance. The brave girl keeps a stout heart.

All is quiet. After putting the child to bed, she waits up awhile, every moment expecting to hear the sound of her brothers' footsteps. They do not come, and, feeling lonely, she retires to bed, but not to sleep. Some indefinite presenti-

ment keeps her from closing her eyes. An unaccountable rumbling noise in the distance catches her ear. To rise and dress is the work of a moment.

The glare of a fire is reflected on her window. She rushes to the door to ascertain the cause, and is transfixed with horror. There is the distant fire. She divines the real cause of it.

"Oh! my God, help me! The Hau Haus are here!"

Without an instant's hesitation her mind is made up. The baby, without being awakened, is folded in warm wraps. Clasping the precious burthen to her heart, she starts out in the black night on her journey, through three miles of swamp, flax, and titree scrub. All her thoughts are for the safety of the child, of whom she is passionately fond. Dashing along, through mud and scrub, ever and anon casting terrified glances through the almost impenetrable gloom, she hears, after travelling about a mile, the sound of horses' feet behind.

A most agonising feeling of dread now takes possession of that heroic girl. She darts swiftly into the shelter of the thick titree to allow the Hau Haus to pass—and not a moment too soon. Her absorbing fear now is that the little one may cry. Fortunately he is slumbering as peacefully as if in the cot. What pen could portray the emotion which filled the breast of this delicately nurtured girl during that terrible ordeal! The murderers are passing within fifty yards of her place of refuge, their hands reeking

with the blood of the gallant Captain Wilson and his family. Thirsting for fresh victims, they nevertheless pass by.

Trembling, in an agony of fear, the brave girl is thanking God for her deliverance. She is well aware that those inhuman brutes, from whose destroying hands she has so far escaped, are intent on massacre and plunder. She must endeavour, under cover of the darkness, to gain the shelter of the blockhouse at Gisborne. If the daylight overtakes her ere this be accomplished, her destruction is inevitable.

Crawling out on the roadside, and skirting the swamp closely for fear of detection, slipping and floundering through all obstacles, she slowly and painfully wends her way. Another conflagration is now springing up, which revives her failing energies, as the locality in which it appears indicates the route taken by these incarnate fiends.

Venturing again to take the main road, she now boldly continues her journey, feeling more confidence in the probability that the Hau Haus are wholly engrossed in their nefarious work in another direction.

The terror and excitement of the last hour or so have nearly produced delirium, but the indomitable spirit in that slight frame carries her at last beyond the point of danger, and, more dead than alive, she reaches Gisborne.

Some time after the foregoing event this sweet and accomplished young lady was, by order of the

Governor, publicly decorated with Her Majesty's New Zealand war medal as a reward for her bravery, and as a memento of that night of horror.

CHAPTER XVII

A SHARK STORY

A TRAGEDY IN WELLINGTON HARBOUR

IT was Anniversary Day in the early 'fifties. The whole population of Wellington was *en fête.*

The harbour, during the earlier part of the day, presented a most enlivening spectacle. Whaleboats and other boats in the sculling or pulling races, and Maori canoes in the paddling races, created intense interest. Sailing races of different kinds also added to the gala appearance of the bay, as the craft glided over the silvery waters. The regatta and land sports had been brought to a close. This was at a time when wharfage accommodation for sea-going vessels was an unknown convenience in the Empire City, and presumably, owing to sparseness of population, bathing regulations were never even thought of.

Induced by the calm and cool appearance of the water, and the pleasure of an invigorating dip, some six or seven men belonging to the 65th Regiment, then stationed in Wellington, made up their minds for a swim out amongst the ships lying at anchor in the middle of the harbour.

From the unfrequented Te Aro shore they struck off, each one vying with the other in order to reach the central ships, *Lord Duncan* and *Maori*. After swimming a considerable distance, all of them but one had turned for the shore again. A lad, who was sculling about for pleasure, noticed the solitary swimmer, and, thinking that he might be of service to him, went in pursuit. He arrived within hailing distance of the athletic young soldier, who, evidently enjoying the relaxation, in answer to the inquiry if he would like a lift, laughingly replied that he could go on for another hour or so, and intended going back the way he came. The words, however, were scarcely uttered, when the sight that met the youthful sculler's eye nearly caused the oar to drop from his hands.

There, within thirty yards, rose from the water the dorsal fin of an immense shark. Screaming at the top of his voice, "A shark! a shark! Johnny, come to the boat!" he redoubled his efforts to reach the swimmer. Looking, he saw that he had heard him and turned, but was terrified to see him disappear beneath the water, pulled down by the voracious monster. Still the brave lad strove to reach the spot, and with delight saw that the soldier had reached the surface, and was again striking out vigorously in his direction. He had got to within twenty feet of the boat, when a swirl of that horrible tail above the water, followed immediately by a second disappearance of the ill-fated young soldier, showed how completely he was at the mercy of the

terrible fish. The bright handsome youth was again lost to sight as completely as if he had never been there, but the sudden crimsoning of the sea told a fearful tale of the tragedy that was being enacted beneath. Again he rose to the surface, but this time quite close to the boat. He had once more freed himself from those cruel lancet-lined jaws, and, grasping the gunwale, scrambled on board, and in doing so narrowly escaped swamping the small boat. All the vitality of which he was apparently possessed had been expended in this last supreme exertion, and lying down, in less than five minutes every drop of his life's blood had left his veins, and he was dead.

When the body was taken from the boat, it presented a most melancholy appearance. Marks of the shark's teeth were plainly visible on the knee-cap of one leg, the fleshy part of which had been partially torn away. The effect of the second attack of the monster was shown upon the other leg, fully fifteen inches of the back part of the thigh being completely gone, leaving bare a considerable portion of the bone. The wonder is that any human being, after receiving such mortal injuries, could have sufficient strength left to have gained the shelter of the boat.

This dreadful calamity, it is needless to say, cast a gloom over the whole city. The victim, Johnny Balmer, was a most promising musician in the splendid band of his regiment. Though barely having attained the full age of manhood, he was truly a fine specimen of a British soldier.

Previously no sharks of any size had been noticed in Wellington Harbour. The presence of this one was accounted for by the arrival of two whaling ships, the *Lord Duncan* and *Lord Nelson*. The formidable creature was supposed to have followed these vessels in from the ocean, no doubt attracted by the offal, or whale blubber, constantly being thrown overboard. A general resolve was then made to endeavour to destroy the monster. It was caught once or twice, but first hook and then line proved unequal to the task of landing the bulky shark. As a last resource, a specially stout hook was made, and fastened to a strong manilla line by a piece of chain, and this, with a large bait, was secured to a cargo boat in mid-harbour. The intention was, if successful in hooking the fish, to play it about until the harpoon could be brought into service, which, once fastened to the brute, would assure its destruction. At night the bait was laid, and at 4 a.m. the cargo boat was noticed to be veering in all directions. "Hurrah! the devil's hooked this time and no mistake," was the exclamation of Houghton, the owner of the boat. Very soon were they aboard, pulling in and easing off as the shark, never coming to the surface, darted backward and forward. At length, thinking it must be pretty well played out, they pulled steadily to the boat's side, but no sooner was the sinister-looking head brought to the surface and the harpoon poised to give the finishing stroke, than, like a flash, the enormous fish shot away with lightning speed, until the full length of the line had

run out. Then snap! something had given way, the line lay slack in the water, and the unconquerable shark was free again, the hook, strong as it was, being snapped off.

Judging by the length of the boat, alongside which it had been hauled, the monster was estimated as from twenty to twenty-four feet in length. I may say that this terrible scare to bathers was not seen again, and most likely followed the ships before-named out to sea when they took their departure, a week or so afterwards.

CHAPTER XVIII

A PLEASURE TRIP IN THE 'SIXTIES

THE ADVENTURES OF A JONAH

THE Hawke's Bay Steam Navigation Company, to meet the requirements of their rapidly increasing sheep and cattle trade, had decided to procure a first-class boat. The s.s. *Ahuriri* was forwarded to our order from her builders in the land o' cakes, and we were in possession of the nucleus of our fleet.

Delighted at having a share in such a handsome boat, and after having a chat with Flowerday, her captain, regarding her steaming and seagoing qualities, I made up my mind for a trip to Auckland.

The fares, return saloon, £8 15s., were very reasonable. Why, they were £12 or so not long since. A clear saving of £3 5s.! Another inducement was the opportunity of seeing the way ports, Gisborne, just budding into importance, and Tauranga.

It was a lovely afternoon when we left the " Iron

Pot," the poetic name of Hawke's Bay's principal harbour. Scarce a breath of wind rippled the surface of the waters as we glided onward towards Portland Island, the north-eastern headland of the Bay. The passengers were all in high glee at the prospect of a pleasant trip, and the glassy appearance of the Pacific as we rounded the island gave renewed confidence. *Mal de mer ?* No fear ! I never felt better in my life, was my answer to an inquiry from that old seadog the captain. Whether my facial expression belied my words or not I cannot say, but he was kind enough to dilate upon the necessity of taking in a "good feed," calling over everything he could think of in the way of edibles rich and luscious, until I felt, as the steamer increased her rolling, that I didn't care if I never again saw the accursed stuff he was recommending. Now we were fairly out of the bay the choppy swell was altogether different from what I had anticipated.

" She is pitching a good deal, isn't she, captain ? " I remarked.

" Oh, that's nothing, old man ; we'll get a touch of a sou'-wester to-night, and then she'll be as firm as a house. Bin sick yet ? "

"Oh, no, nothing to speak of ; I'm all right enough."

" Did you take my advice and stow away a good cargo of that roast pork and——"

I suddenly thought of an important duty I had to perform in another part of the steamer, and retired abruptly without apology before he could finish the

sentence, feeling charitably enough disposed to wish that he could never utter another.

After spending some time in watching the phosphorescent effect produced by our boat dashing through the ocean, I went below and rolled into my berth, feeling so happy that, if we had foundered there and then, I firmly believe I would have made no attempt to save myself, considering it a happy release.

After an hour or two occupied in trying to sleep, rolling, pitching, clutching anything within reach to try and prevent myself now from standing on my head, or again from tipping over the edge of the berth, an unusually heavy roll caught me napping, and I went floundering on to the floor. Happy thought! I had now found a lower berth. Then I thought of the captain's prophetic words, the sou'-wester was on us, but the "firm as a house" I could not fit in. I hurried on deck again. Eight bells had gone, and the captain had just returned to his post after his nap. As soon as I made my appearance, his broad face became broader as, with a loud laugh, he called out: "Didn't I tell you how we'd slide after we got this puff? We'll be past Young Nick's Head before you know where you are."

I retired without comment, but thought the more. At break of day we were easing up to the anchorage off Gisborne. The rough rolling surf dashing on the shore in the distance soon dispelled the illusion of a visit to the township. With great difficulty the

cargo was transferred to the surf boat, and we resumed our voyage ; but strange to relate, the breakfast bell had not to be rung very often to remind me of attending to the pressing requirements of the inner man. After doing justice below, I betook myself to the deck without fear of any more pleasantry at my expense, and thoroughly enjoyed the scenery.

After quitting inhospitable Poverty Bay—named by Cook after having been refused barter by the natives upon his first visiting it—we bowled along with a stiff breeze on our quarter, viewing the rugged coastline till the shades of night shut out from view the picturesque scenery.

The following day we rounded the East Cape, and opened out the bay which Cook, out of gratitude for the friendliness of the Maoris, who treated him with great cordiality, christened Bay of Plenty. From this point to Tauranga, by making a slight deviation in our course, we were to visit White Island, that perpetual if somewhat mild volcano of the East Coast. The captain said time would permit, and we were to be allowed that privilege. Very soon the ascending vapours from its summit were visible. As we picked it up, the appearance it presented was not unlike a huge pot which has accidentally had the side knocked out. From this the steam arose, leaving the whole of the interior plainly visible, and terminating in a condensed cloud at the highest point of the island. Our steamer slowed up to within a few hundred yards of the shore. The sea

was like a millpond, consequently there was no necessity for anchoring, even if it were possible, which was doubtful, for the depth was very great. Some of the passengers preferred fishing from the deck, others took to the boats, and were rowed to this eastern extremity of New Zealand wonderland. The whole of the country, in nearly a westerly direction towards Mount Egmont on the West Coast, was dotted with lakes and springs of all temperatures, with Ruapehu, Tongariro, occasionally active, and Egmont, standing like mighty sentinels over this land of mystery and *tapu*.

Upon landing, the aspect of the interior is like a vast sulphur works, the semicircular sides of the crater being thickly spotted with the crude mineral. Everything is still as death, the placid bosom of the warm pool occasionally betraying some signs of the disturbing force beneath. We have little time at our disposal for exploring, so hasten on as far as possible in order to test the temperature of this peculiar-looking pot of water, until some of us sink in the apparently hard scoria nearly to the knee, with every probability of going farther in the same direction but for timely help. This, and the steamer's shrill call, ends our all too short tour upon White Island. The Waltonians have caught nothing. The fish evidently do not relish the sulphurous waters.

We go on to Tauranga, the entrance to which is marked by that extraordinary mount, nearly a thousand feet in height, Maunganui, which has the

look of having been dropped in its present position, or, pyramid-like, constructed in some unaccountable manner, so abrupt and so isolated amid the adjoining lowlands does it appear. We glide through the perfectly safe but rock-bound estuary, and in another half-hour the anchor is dropped off the wharf at Tauranga. The Waikato war, with its expenditure and attendant speculation, has left its mark here. A great many Imperial troops have been recalled, consequently the town has an appearance of desolation.

"Sunday morning, four hours' grace; we start about three." Such was the warning to passengers. An old friend I meet shows me the principal places of interest, notably the sorrowful spot where are interred the remains of the gallant fellows who fell in the calamitous storming of the Gate Pah. About one o'clock, while chatting with the veteran over the all-absorbing topic of the Maori War, "What's that? By heavens, the steamer's whistle!" exclaimed my friend.

Up and away, a mile done in record time brings me to the wharf just in time to see my steamer slowly but surely leaving a very breathless passenger behind. Half a sovereign for a boat! Two stalwart fellows jump in and, with vigorous strokes, make the attempt; but the confounded smoke, instead of reasonably ascending, stubbornly adheres to the surface of the water in rear of the now fast-receding *Ahuriri*, and aggravatingly prevents our being seen from her deck. A stern chase is a long chase, but,

when it is an unsuccessful one, as mine was on that occasion, doubly vexatious. I return to Tauranga a wiser but much sadder man, my traps all forwarded safely to Auckland, but their owner destined to ruralise for an indefinite period in a town of almost deserted stores and tenantless habitations.

I find, upon inquiry, that a swift sailing coaster leaves the next evening, so I console myself with the thought of being enabled to catch my steamer in Auckland.

My misfortune in one respect was my gain, for next day I rode out to Pukehinahina (Gate Pah) and Te Ranga, where the valorous Ngaiterangi (Rawiri) repulsed our troops in the first instance, and shortly afterwards was totally defeated by Greer after a desperate struggle. Thus far my time has been so interestingly spent, hearing anecdotes and viewing all the sights, that I have nearly forgotten my own troubles. After bidding adieu to my kindly friends, Captain Tonks and family, I take up my berth on board the *Jane*, and when under way she shapes so well that I am inclined to believe the assurance of the skipper that we can catch my boat.

Our little "fore-and-after" slips over the water and out of the harbour with a nice leading breeze. The "captain's cabin," a capacious apartment containing two bunks, is occupied by a mother and her two children, and, of course, I have to be satisfied with a shakedown in the hold, with the sand ballast for my bed. Feeling tired, I quickly fall asleep, but

soon become aware of the presence of strange bedfellows, whose attentions I object to. So up on deck again I go, fill my solacing pipe, and endeavour to have a chat with the man at the wheel, who happens to be a Deutscher, and whose volubility consists in about one word per minute. This has the effect of sending me off to sleep once more, this time stretched full length upon the deck. But no sooner is this attempted than this individual of monosyllables displays musical powers of vast extent in the new and popular "Johnny Comes Marching Home." It has about forty verses or so, or it may have been the same over and over again, for the only part of the refrain I could catch was "Hurrah! hurrah!" and I could have dispensed with that. What between the poetry of "Ven Yolly Cum Marshing Home Aken," the dashing of the sea against the side of the frail craft, and occasionally over her drowsy deck voyager, the novelty and pleasure of the trip were fast becoming more than he could endure and yet keep sane.

Yet another treat was in reserve for me. When we had nearly got abreast of the Great Mercury Island, the vocalisation of this son of the land of brass bands and my rolling repose was suddenly terminated by a most terrific crash for'ard. All hands rush to the bows of the vessel. She must have run upon a rock. But no. Another schooner, well named the *Saucy Lass*, has run into and nearly over us. The first thing I see is the bowsprit of the other vessel right across ours, and the water rushing into

us like a millrace. Sailors, captains, and passengers, mostly *en déshabillé*, work and swear in a most vigorous manner, each accusing the other for not showing a light, a regulation which neither had complied with. However, by dint of almost superhuman effort, we are at length extricated from the perilous situation resulting from the kiss of this very *Saucy Lass*, and we find that we are making but little water.

Our anchor, which had been cut away from its lashings and dropped into the deep, is restored to its place, and the *Jane* with her "Jonah" abouts ship and bears towards Mercury Bay—which is on the mainland—for repairs. The other lady, unwounded, sails around, occasionally hailing us to make sure of our being equal to the task of beating up the harbour, as the wind is freshening. But our good little boat does it like a bird. The ensuing day is taken up in repairing the breach, and I fill in my time by going through the sawmill, and watching the ponderous junks of *kauri* being rafted into position, preparatory to being sliced for universal use. This is accomplished with a celerity truly amazing. If it had been possible I would have chartered a horse straight away and steered for my destination, but I had no compass, did not know the lie of the land, and the horse couldn't be got for love nor money.

The *Jane*, after having her nose patched, makes a fresh start. The captain says we can do it yet, and I am consoled. We are going now, and no mistake,

now and again gunwale under. We pass the islands, Alderman's, Mayor, and I don't know how many more, and sight Cape Colville, the turning-point of the Hauraki Gulf ; and, what most concerns me, we meet the confounded *Ahuriri* on her back trip. All my hopes vanish. We reach Auckland at last, and, luckily, I find the *Star of the South* nearly a full ship for Napier direct. The captain says in a day or two he'll cast off. My detention won't be so long after all.

The next day I happen to see the *Jane's* commander, who tells me there is to be an inquiry held next week *re* the collision, and I would be subpœnaed to attend, as I was the only passenger on deck when it took place. Here was a go ! another week ! and all because I would not submit to be eaten alive in the hold of the *Jane !* Müller, the German skipper, had given the authorities my name, and I shall ever entertain a feeling of gratitude to that nationality on that account, for at his dictation they had crowded about ten consonants into my name, while in reality there should be but three.

I told the captain of the *Star* of my trouble, thinking it would certainly keep me back.

" They don't know you're going with me ? "

" No ! "

" All right, keep quiet, and we might pull you through."

Some time before we started the blue paper made its appearance. The captain was asked if such a person was aboard, when he called to me with a loud

voice, and with a look which meant more than he said : " Do you know anybody of that name going by this steamer ? " showing me the document. I almost broke down trying to master it, and answered truthfully, " Certainly not." The captain told him he knew the person wanted, and he would most likely be found at his friend's place at Newtown. We were away before being favoured with another visit, and I wasn't sorry.

The *Star* had nearly got past the Mercury Island again, when a stentorian voice was heard :

" Hard aport ! "

" Hullo, what's up, captain ? "

" I don't like the look o' things," he replied, " and I'm just a-going to leeward of that island for a day or two, for we are only about two planks free, and as coal won't float, you see 'tis better to be safe than sorry."

We only just reached the shelter when the wind began to blow a perfect hurricane.

For two long days we had to make the best of it. Some of us landed and went to the top of the island. To windward the ocean, as far as the eye could reach, was one white sheet of seething, foaming billows, and then indeed we felt thankful for what I had considered a disappointment. Nothing could have prevented us from going down, if it were not for the watchfulness of the jolly and kind-hearted skipper. The mercury had indicated the gale, and the Mercury had provided the shelter.

Hawke's Bay once more is safely reached at last,

and for days I am greeted by such an amount of what they considered wit, and what I called chaff, that I almost make up my mind to wait till the railway is through, ere attempting another pleasure trip to Auckland.

CHAPTER XIX

DANGEROUS DESERTERS

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF THE LATE MAJOR SCULLY

TWO of the most notable regiments engaged in New Zealand during her early troubles were the 58th and 65th, or, as the aboriginals respectively dubbed them, "Whiffety ate" and "Hickety whiff." A noticeable trait in the character of these two regiments was, that while there appeared to be any likelihood of work to be done, in the shape of fighting, few cases of desertion from the ranks were recorded; but as the process of colonisation advanced and sparseness of population caused labour to be at a premium, many attempts were made by these veterans to break their oath of allegiance to Queen and country by—as they termed it—taking a trip to the country for the good of their health, or by making straight for the most remote part of the inland stations.

It was the current opinion amongst the evil or restlessly inclined of the 65th, that if they contrived

to get as far as Hawke's Bay—about two hundred miles north of Wellington, where they were stationed —they would be outside the bounds of civilisation, so to speak, and comparatively safe from pursuit.

The various tribes inhabiting the wild country through which they would have to pass were seldom known to give information that would lead to the capture of fugitives from either the civil or military law.

These very tribes, many of whom, shortly before, had been fighting our troops to the very death, now magnanimously extended the hospitality of their *kaingas* to all wayfarers.

It was an open secret, also, that the white settlers were only too glad to receive and shelter these escapees, provided it could be done in safety; but the risk attending such action was very great, as proved complicity rendered the shelterers liable to heavy fines, or even imprisonment.

The 65th, Lieutenant-Colonel Gold commanding, were quartered at Mount Cook Barracks. At the time referred to—the early 'fifties—their strength was about eight hundred.

The military prison was under the charge of Provost-Sergeant Scully, a courageous and determined soldier, whose activity, daring, and powers of endurance pre-eminently fitted him for the arduous and often dangerous duties inseparable from his position as military gaoler.

Many clever and exciting captures were made by this indefatigable officer. But amongst many such,

for indomitable pluck and determination, none equalled that of running down the notorious trio, Darcy, Doran, and McGee. Darcy, the ringleader, had been in durance vile on more than one occasion for various offences against discipline, consequently his aversion to superiors in general, and—as he expressed it—" that —— Scully " in particular, was ever on the increase.

Darcy made no secret of his feelings in this respect; but, on the contrary, had used indirect threats to the effect that if he ever cleared out, and was followed by Scully, he, Darcy, would take his oath that it would be Scully's last attempt at soldier-hunting. This menacing language had never been conveyed to the provost-sergeant until shortly after the absence of the three men had been reported.

Arranging for an assistant—Sergeant Blanford—to follow, and leaving directions for his guidance, within an hour of receiving the report, Scully, nothing daunted by the intimidating threats, was on the trail, disguised as a swagger.

The deserters had a good day's start of their pursuer, but the best pedestrian of the regiment was after them, and his intimate knowledge of the rough country they would have to cross before reaching the refuge before mentioned, gave him an immense advantage over them.

The sympathy of the settlers for deserters arose from the consideration that they were merely endeavouring to give up a useless and monotonous state of existence. As, at the time, the natives over

the whole island were peacefully inclined, and none could foresee the terrible outburst which occurred only a few years subsequently, it appeared ridiculous to keep a lot of able-bodied men pipe-claying and polishing accoutrements at fourpence per day, while they might be earning seventy or eighty pounds a year on any of the farms or stations throughout the land.

But, luckily, the Imperial authorities were of a different opinion, hence it was a very rare thing to hear of one of the "Royal Bengal Tigers" having successfully eluded the vigilance of the provost.

In spite of difficulties often put in the way of getting information, the sergeant got a clue to the course taken by the runaways, and followed with such keenness and rapidity that he soon placed a big gap between himself and his colleague. He was of the opinion that he might possibly reach D——'s station as soon as those whom he shrewdly guessed were heading in that direction. After two days' hard walking, over mountains and through forests, and the crossing of several rivers, it was drawing towards dusk when he at length arrived at the outer edge of the bush nearest the homestead of the station.

Scully soon formed a plan of campaign. He knew it would not be prudent to go in daylight and look for his men there, as this course might prove fatal to the success of his mission. Before making his presence known he must endeavour to ascertain whether they were about the premises.

He had not been long concocting his plans for all emergencies, and hoping against hope that Blanford might put in an appearance, when he was startled by seeing three men coming towards the station buildings by a different track from the one he had just left. Although darkness was gathering fast, he knew, in spite of their disguise, that they were the men he wanted. From their bedraggled and jaded appearance, he judged that they were sorely in want of a night's shelter and rest. Although equally requiring these necessities, Scully made up his mind to camp out for the night, and content himself with the cold comfort of biscuits and water.

It was springtime, and sleeping in a New Zealand bush was not the least agreeable way of passing the night. The sergeant was soon enveloped in his rug, awaiting the return of daylight.

Before the *mako mako* and *tui's* beautiful bell-like notes could be heard—or, as the natives poetically describe that time, before the calling of the birds—Scully was on the alert. Fortunately he had a full view of the rear of the premises. Shortly after dawn he had the double satisfaction of witnessing preparations for breakfast, and of seeing his three erratic comrades in arms performing a hasty morning ablution. Keenly observant of what was going on, he waited until a general movement was made to the outhouse, where he knew all hands would be soon engaged replenishing the inner man.

When the proper moment came he advanced rapidly to the open doorway; stepping boldly in-

side, revolver in hand, he told the three, who were sitting at the large table, that they were his prisoners in the name of the Queen. Then apologising to the overseer for the intrusion, he informed him that these men were deserters from Her Majesty's 65th Regiment, and that he had a warrant to arrest and convey them back to Wellington.

If Scully had been a supernatural visitant, his appearance could not have caused more astonishment or consternation. The fugitives felt confident that he could not have reached that place within the next twelve hours at least, even if he had been successful in picking up their trail at the outset. The men apparently saw no way of escape, and made no show of resistance. When breakfast was finished, at which the sergeant, nothing loth, assisted, he told the men that if they came with him quietly, they would be kindly treated, but come they must, one way or the other.

With a few muttered curses they submitted. Doran, who had been the trusted servant or batman of the adjutant, being considered the most harmless of the trio, was allowed to go fetterless, while the only pair of handcuffs was used for coupling the other two.

After a short time, taken up in preparing for the return journey, a start was made through the forest. For the greater security of his charge, Scully made the two, Darcy and McGee, go in advance, while the harmless Doran was allowed to march behind them.

The captor chatted pleasantly with his prisoners

as they passed through the gloomy bush. Scully, though a strict disciplinarian, was of a generous disposition, and evidently intended to make the men feel their humiliating position as lightly as possible while their conduct admitted of such a departure from the usual course.

They had got over about three miles of the forest track, when Doran, stepping backwards and pointing up to a tree where the white breast of a pigeon was showing through the foliage, exclaimed, "I'm sure you could bring that chap down, sergeant!"

Scully, completely taken off his guard, raised his revolver and fired.

As the report rang out the treacherous Doran was upon him, and administered a terrific blow on the side of the head which sent his captor reeling to the ground. In an instant the three men set upon Scully, and, in spite of a desperate resistance, his feet were tied together and his hands lashed behind his back. They could not get the key of the handcuffs, nor would Scully, under threat of being shot, give any information as to where it was. During the scuffle he had got rid of it. However, they managed to smash them. Darcy then took up the revolver from where it had fallen, saying, "I wonder if it's loaded," and, as if by accident, fired a shot which passed within an inch or two of their prostrate captor. They now left the unfortunate man to his fate and departed.

Scully was fully alive to the fact that his chances of escape from his horrible position were very remote.

In the middle of a wilderness, and off the ordinary route to the station, he knew that unless, before night set in, he could break the strong flaxen fibre with which he was bound, he would run the great risk of being torn to pieces by the wild pigs, with which the country was infested. Hour after hour he struggled, straining every sinew in the endeavour to free himself from his cruel fetters, until exhausted nature provided her merciful relief and he became unconscious.

When he recovered, he had the great satisfaction of finding himself surrounded by friends. Sergeant Blanford had reached the station by a different route. He had arrived some hours after Scully's departure. Having taken a hurried meal, he was just in the act of leaving again, when McGee came running breathlessly into the place, exclaiming : " For God's sake come quick ! Scully is tied up in the middle of the bush. They've left him there to die. I couldn't bear the thought of it, and when I said so, Darcy threatened to shoot me if I didn't go with them, so I gave them the slip in the bush and thought the best thing to do was to make my way here for help."

In a very short space of time, Blanford and three hands from the station, under the humane McGee's guidance, were speeding in the direction of the unfortunate officer. When they reached the spot, Scully was found in the state already described. He was lying on his face in a semi-conscious condition, his hands and clothes covered with blood. In his struggles he had torn the flesh from his wrists nearly

to the bone, and his ankles were swollen and bruised. He was soon restored to consciousness, and a few words of explanation showed him how matters stood. His first words were : " Thank God ! Come now, Blanford, you must try and get me back to the station ; I know I shall not be able to walk very well just yet, but we will have those scoundrels again in a day or two."

They got him back to the station with some difficulty, and there his cuts and bruises were dressed and bandaged. After the much-needed night's rest, Blanford proposed that Scully should stay there for a day or two to recover from the effects of his mauling, while he scoured the surrounding country. Scully, however, would listen to nothing of the kind. McGee had given information which led him to believe that it would not be a very difficult matter to put his hand on them again, and that very soon. Consequently, McGee was left at the station to wait their return, being assured of pardon on account of his recent action, and the two sergeants started off again. Scully, although suffering acutely, kept pace with his companion, and improved as they advanced. Having a good idea of where the fugitives were making for, he intended, by taking a short cut, to intercept them in their flight to the Maori country.

They travelled at a great rate that whole day, and far into the night. Scully had been supplied with another pistol ; but in consequence of the injuries to his wrists, could only just manage to handle it. They continued their tramp while they could see the

track, and then halted for food and forty winks. As soon as the dawn made the gloom of the forest visible, they were once more on the trail. About two hours after noon they reached a small clearing, upon which was a shepherd's hut. After reconnoitring the position and finding no sign of life, it was decided to approach the place under cover of the fern and scrub, so that in case of their men being inside, they might be unprepared to receive their visit.

This manœuvre was carried out cautiously, and when near the house, a rush was made for the door. Pistol in hand, they entered the house, but found that their precautions were unnecessary. As far as human beings were concerned, it was empty. However, there were signs which told of there having been more than one person there, and that quite recently. The fire in the chimney-place was still burning, and several pannikins were on the rough table. As this was noticed, Scully quickly closed the door, and it was decided to keep quietly inside and await the shepherd's return, hoping that he would have company. After waiting an hour or two and keeping a sharp look out, they heard the bark of a dog. This was soon followed by the appearance of the shepherd and two dogs, but not the men they wanted. Upon entering his hut and seeing the two strangers there he gave a start of guilty surprise, which did not escape the notice of the sergeants. Then he said: "Hullo! Where the deuce did you fellows come from?"

Scully informed him that he was in pursuit of two

deserters, and asked if he had seen any strangers about lately. The shepherd at once said, "The devil a soul, good or bad, has been near this hut, barrin' myself, for the last six weeks." This answer showed the sergeant that he was telling a lie, and that he had a motive in putting them off the scent. "Well," said Scully, "I believe very little of what you say, and what I want to impress upon you is this: if you do anything contrary to what I wish, I will lay an information against you for harbouring and assisting deserters from Her Majesty's regiments."

The shepherd was most voluble in his protestations against such an aspersion on his character; but finding that he was suspected, did as he was told, which was to stay quietly inside the hut until night.

Mumbling something about his not being to blame, if anyone should happen to call at his place, he said, "Well, we must have some tucker," and started the fire under the billy. Scully kept a keen look out, as he felt assured that this uncouth-looking host knew more of the renegades than he would admit, and that the fear of being implicated in having shielded them prevented him from giving any information.

Just as it was getting dusk, two figures were seen approaching from the direction of the bush. Scully told Blanford and the shepherd to go to the inner room, cautioning the latter as he valued his liberty or life not to interfere. "Now be quick! and come when I call you." He then took up his position behind the door. Scarcely had these preparations

been made, when footsteps were heard outside, and without any hesitation the door was pushed open, and the two men, totally unsuspicious of the greeting awaiting them, walked in. Doran came first, and Darcy, following, turned to close the door. Then in an instant the butt of Scully's revolver dropped on Darcy's head. A moment later, calling out "Come on," he covered Doran, and Blanford dashed out and seized and handcuffed the latter. Then Scully stood over his would-be murderer while the steel bracelets were being added to his personal adornment. The *coup* was so complete and rapid that the deserters were pinioned before they had recovered from their surprise.

Darcy's muttered words, intended only for the detested Scully's ears, uttered with the utmost malignity, were: "You hell hound! I'm only sorry you didn't get that bullet in the bush."

Throughout the night the two sergeants relieved each other in mounting guard over their sullen prisoners. By peep of day they were well into the bush on their way back to D——'s Station, which they reached shortly after midnight—truly a forced march.

The third day after this saw them marching into Wellington without further mishap. Grave fears had been entertained at head-quarters as to the safety of the two courageous sergeants. They received many congratulations from the colonel and others, but nothing more.

The trial resulted in McGee being pardoned, Doran

getting three years' and the notorious Darcy ten years' penal servitude.

In more recent times, a sum of five to seven pounds was paid by the Imperial authorities for the apprehension of deserters. But at the period I allude to no bonus of any description—or blood money as it was termed—was offered. This feature it was that caused the many courageous and clever captures by this officer to be looked upon by some as downright folly, but by the majority as most meritorious achievements.

In after years, as inspector of police, this characteristic was always most prominent in Scully. In cases of difficulty or danger—and during the Hau Hau rebellion in the 'sixties these were fairly plentiful—with that modesty of expression so peculiar to old soldiers, he would state that he had sent the best man. And that man was invariably himself.—*Requiescat in pace.*

CHAPTER XX

MOUNTING GUARD

TRAGEDY AND COMEDY IN THE OPEN

SOME strange and tragic incidents have been experienced during the war between the Maori and his invading enemy, the white man. It is recorded that the opposing parties have been, at times, in such close proximity to one another that the Maoris would occasionally give vent to their humour by mimicking the call, "Number one, all's well!" of the British in something like the following terms: "*Nama wana, aora 'kapai'*" (good), the next morning revealing the humiliating fact that it was not all *kapai*, but that the satirical savages, during the dark and gloomy forest night, had taken advantage of their highly disciplined and red-tape-bound adversaries and stolen away with their sapping and mining appliances while ironically agreeing that all was well.

None except those who have gone through the ordeal can have the faintest conception of what the pleasures were attendant upon "mounting guard,"

or doing a sentry-go, in the New Zealand wilds during war time.

On one occasion a sentinel was reprimanded by his officer, and ridiculed by comrades, for alarming the contingent by challenging and shooting a pig, he having mistaken it for an enemy crawling towards him.

At another time and place the relieving rounds discovered the sentry-box empty and the sentinel a short distance off, lying stone dead, his skull crashed in evidently by the formidable *mere*, his rifle and cartridge-box gone.

This post was next filled by a comrade of the unfortunate soldier, who begged hard for the privilege.

From midnight till about daylight, for two or three nights, the brave and determined fellow had watched without seeing or hearing anything save the occasional melancholy note of an owl, the screech of a *weka*, or the splashing of eels as they disported themselves in adjacent pools.

The fourth night, when he had almost given up the hope of having the wished-for opportunity of avenging his comrade's sad fate, his attention was attracted by a sound like the grunting of a pig, accompanied by a noise as of that animal moving through the fern. In the position he occupied there was but one direction whence an attack might be attempted. Clear away to the next sentry, to the right and left, was the palisading and earthworks of the redoubt. Directly in front, a track on a scrub-covered incline led down to a deep tributary.

This quarter was considered the most dangerous one, and had to be very keenly scrutinised. With his rifle at the ready, all his faculties at the extremest tension, he crouched down for a twofold purpose, in order thereby to be the better enabled to make out anything approaching, and also to present a smaller front to an enemy's bullet. He had not long to wait until he could just discern a dark object which had all the appearance and movements of a wild pig. He could hear, quite distinctly, sounds as of the munching of fern root. The incident he had heard related of a pig having been mistaken for a Maori and shot, with its accompaniment of ridicule, now flashed uncomfortably upon him. However, determined that no living creature should pass, he kept his eyes riveted upon the spot where it had momentarily shown itself. Whatever it was, its movements were exactly like one of the denizens of a New Zealand forest. What struck the guard as somewhat peculiar was that its movements, as it crossed the track and recrossed a few times and disappeared in the fern on either side, each time brought it nearer to his post.

When at last it made its appearance within a distance of about twenty-five yards of him, he felt so confident of " things not being what they seemed " that he made up his mind to fire without challenging. As the report of his rifle rang out through the darkness, it was accompanied, not by the squeal of a porker, but by the death-yell of a human being. A stalwart savage bounded in the air, in the action

partially throwing off a boar skin which had been used as a disguise.

Instantly the shrill blast of the alarm bugle was heard, but there was no necessity for it. An examination of the spot where the Maori was lying, stark dead, shot clean through the body, his *mere* fastened to his wrist, proved that in all probability it had been the second attempt of this adventurous brave to take the life of an enemy and obtain the much-coveted prize, a rifle and ammunition. The sentinel had succeeded in avenging the death of a dear comrade.

It is an acknowledged fact that the most courageous of mankind, even when cosily sitting reading by the family hearth, may occasionally be seriously startled by any noise which cannot be readily accounted for. The uncertainty it is which causes the nerves to become unstrung.

What must then have been the state of nervous excitement of a youthful volunteer during the two or four hours, as the case may be, of a midnight watch, with the possibility of a Hau Hau springing without warning from bush of flax or fern.

What I am going to relate happened during one of the many futile endeavours made by various colonial commanders to secure or destroy the wily and treacherous Te Kooti.

A squad had volunteered to go inland to the Purahutangihea Pass, over which it was considered most likely that Te Kooti's retreat would lead him subsequent to his massacre of the Mohaka settlers.

The first night at the pass was a memorable one.

Patrols were placed in four different positions, the main body occupying an old *wharé*, which kept out some of the weather, but not much. The heavens seemed to have opened and hail was showering down like broken glass.

We of the main body were busily occupied trying to keep ourselves warm, and snatch what we could in the way of sleep, but in both cases with little success, when one of the sentinels came into the *wharé* apparently almost frozen, and shivering like an aspen. "Hullo! George," called out Lieutenant Koch; "what's up?" "Well, Lieutenant," answered the guard, in gasps between his chattering teeth, "there's sounds out there I can't make out. They're like signals from one side of the gully to the other, and I can see nothing." At this one of the other fellows jumped up and volunteered to take his place. This was sanctioned by the officer, and he was marched to his post. In a few hours' time No. 2 returned, after being relieved at daylight; but he had the same report to make—unaccountable and weird sounds such as he had never heard before.

I spent two hours after daylight trying to unravel the mystery, and at length succeeded.

Our two pack-horses had been tethered one on each side of the ravine, and, grass being an almost unknown commodity in the locality, they had recourse to the young and succulent flax-leaves; a sudden jerk from the hungry animals occasionally bringing the long leaf from its socket with a sound so

peculiar that it might easily mystify any but the most experienced in life in the New Zealand forest.

We all had a good laugh when the explanation of the supposed Hau Hau signals was given, and, after our four days' sojourn on that black mountain pass, returned to head-quarters, having good reasons for congratulation that our company, comprised as it was of young and inexperienced men, did not have the honour on that occasion of coming into actual contact with that arch-rebel of the east, Te Kooti.

CHAPTER XXI

THE SAVAGES OF OTAKI

AS SOME SCHOOLBOYS SAW THEM

IT was in 1851, a few months previous to our Christmas vacation, that we schoolboys were all set to work with needle and thread, under the direction of our master, Mr. R. Huntley. We were off for an overland trip to Otaki, and were manufacturing our own canvas houses for the journey. What a treat for us youngsters to invade the territory of the late notorious chieftains, Rangihaeata and "Robulla," as we called them!

But on this occasion the expedition, though armed, was of a peaceful character. A few years before, the very route we intended taking had been the scene of some tragical events in the history of New Zealand.

When the day arrived for our departure, the company, twenty-five strong, mustered ready for action. The baggage train consisted of an aged mule and a cart. Two of the monitors were allowed fowling-pieces for the purpose of providing a supply of game, which was said to be in abundance.

We were drilled. The master, who had been at Kororareka in '46, had experienced a taste of Heke and Kawiti's quality, and wanted to make soldiers of us, as far as order and discipline went. We had bugles ingeniously shaped out of scraped and polished bullock horns, with which the reveille was was sounded to rouse up the sleepers, also the breakfast, dinner, and tea calls.

We start away by the Kaiwarra road, which skirts Wellington Harbour for a couple of miles, then goes westward to Porirua, a precipitous zigzag, leading up the side of the mountain, the pretty valley of Tinakori stretching away to the left. Wild pigeons occasionally sail over our heads, their snow-white breasts shining in the morning sun, but too high for our sportsmen's guns. The captain's orders are restrictive, and the time and place for fowling have not arrived.

Our journey lies over ground the history of which is related as we march along. Here we pass the house where the unfortunate settler, with his five children, victims of *utu*, were tomahawked.

A few miles further must we make ere pitching our tents for the night and so complete our first day's stage of twelve miles.

An hour or so before our halting-place is reached, as we are merrily and leisurely tramping along, a battle royal in the air is witnessed by us between a hawk and a *tui*. The former, six times the size of his antagonist, is soaring along, his diminutive adversary some distance above, when, quick as lightning,

the parson-bird pounces down with the evident purpose of striking the large bird on the back of the head with his needle-like bill and claws. The hawk turns upwards to meet the attack, but the unwieldy movements of this skulking pilferer of defenceless broods or helpless lambs are a laughable contrast to the quick, determined, and fearless onslaught of the beautiful songster. Higher and higher they rise, the same mode of attack and defence being rapidly repeated, until the last *coup* is given and the two appear to be in close quarters. We are quite excited at seeing them descending through the air. Oh's ! of sympathy are heard from all, for we have given up our little combatant as lost, when—hurrah ! —the two separate, the hawk to the shelter of terra firma, while the *tui*, victorious and apparently scathless, rises and sails away to his mate, where, with the cosy nest of little open mouths, she is doubtless awaiting the return of her champion. Of all the feathered tribe indigenous to New Zealand, the handsome, glossy black *tui*, with his snowy white neck tuft, certainly bears the palm for valour and song.

Our first exciting incident has ended. Away to the south-west lies the Makara Valley, so thickly wooded as far as the eye can reach that it has the appearance of an undulating meadow, the density and verdant uniformity of the tree-tops, which at intervals are dotted with the crimson Christmas flowers or *rata* blossoms, heightening the illusion. This strange vine, in its peculiar growth, reminds one of occa-

sional vagaries in that other part of creation, *genus homo*. The *rata* may be seen in any New Zealand forest, presumably an independent tree, with its innumerable blossom-tipped boughs, but an examination of the trunk will invariably reveal a *kahi katea*, a *rimu*, or some other of the giant tribe, included in its embrace, and either dead or in a moribund state. The *rata* first softly creeps to the feet, gently insinuating itself, then, gradually but tenaciously embracing the stately pine, it soon boldly asserts equality, and shoots its branches, covered with bright foliage and flowers, even higher than its sustaining sister. Lastly, in its gorgeousness, apparently oblivious of the assistance rendered at the primary stage of its struggle for existence, it ignores the commonplace ladder by which it has climbed to its giddy eminence, and leaves it to wither and die away. However, with all these ungrateful tendencies, it is valued, on account of its toughness and eccentric growth, in the manufacture of harbour- or whale-boats.

I'm afraid at this rate we'll never reach the settlement of Otaki.

Nothing worth noting occurs till the too-too-too of the bugle-horn sounds the halt. Tents are pitched, fires started, and everyone has his allotted duty. Two of the elder boys, with the master, are off to hunt up provender for breakfast, in the shape of *kakas* and pigeons.

The meal is soon ready, and so are we, for the bracing country air and long walk—a safe cure for

fourteen-stone dyspeptics—have converted us into very willing cook's mates. The tea bugle is echoed by the rattle of the plates and pannikins, which are being filled and refilled with considerable dexterity. Every article of food has come to hand correctly, only the chief cook happened to put sugar in the mock-turtle in place of salt, but this is soon rectified by the addition of an extra quantity of the latter. Too-too-too, "make beds, fern to cut and be laid one foot deep in the tents." No feather-bed with eider-down cover ever equalled it. After an hour for strolling about, it is 9 p.m. and tattoo-call for bed-time. All collect in the two tents, which are door to door, and the master recites the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan until Morpheus asserts himself, and I remember falling asleep and imagining the prophet had commenced to snore most vulgarly and in various keys.

5 a.m.—Reveille. All hands to their post, pigeons to pluck and prepare, potatoes to scrape (*à la* Maori). Breakfast over, and the second day's journey is very soon begun. We come in sight of Porirua Harbour, which is, or was, a pretty spot. As we near it, we make out the dilapidated, but once almost impregnable, *pah* "Whatanui" (large elevated storehouse), the stronghold of the late splendid-looking, but notorious and bloodthirsty, Te Rangihaeata.

Skirting the harbour, which is about seven or eight miles across, we enter the most interesting part of our march. At the time I speak of, the Horokiwi

Valley is all too beautiful for description at my hands. The road leading through is a gradual, almost imperceptible ascent, cut out of the mountain side, on the left, which is thickly covered with bush. On our right lies a deep gully, with the summer's rivulet bubbling and gurgling at each miniature waterfall, while overhead the monster *puketia* or *tawas* almost meet. We pass through a natural avenue. The locality is pointed out where the gallant Blackburn of the 99th fell, while in pursuit of the starved and vanquished Rangihaeata, in the last stand that this Maori chieftain ever made against British rule.

Pitch tents. The same routine is repeated, with the exception of the sugar in the soup, and another pleasant night is commenced. The Fire Worshippers have now taken the place of the Veiled Prophet, and one and all are now determined to keep awake to hear the finale. I hear nearly every word till the poet comes to—

> "Oh! for a tongue to curse the slave!
> Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
> Comes o'er the counsels of the brave,
> And blasts them in their hour of might."

Another supreme effort to keep the audience awake, then comes—

> "And when from earth his spirit flies,
> Just Prophet! let the damned one dwell,
> Full in the sight of Paradise,
> Beholding heaven, yet feeling hell."

I got no further than this, but just subsided into my patent fern spring-mattress.

The sun had scarcely made his appearance when the *tui* and *mako-mako* called us with their sweet songs to rouse up, then away for a dip in some of the mountain pools. Our feathered friends were in scores doing the same thing, and showed little alarm at our presence. They have since learned to distrust the invaders of their country.

A short time after, we arrive at the summit of Paikakariki. Mana and Kapiti Islands come in view, favourite retreats of the rebel chiefs of bygone days.

The road leading down to Scotch Jock's accommodation house, which we fancied we could almost throw a stone upon from where we stood, was, we were informed, just upon three miles of a zigzag. Half-way down, our progress was completely blocked by an enormous landslip, which had covered up every bit of road. Fortunately for us, there had been for some days a gang of labourers clearing away the debris, and our delay was not long. We arrived on the smooth, hard strand of the coast without casualty.

From there to Otaki is a monotony of sea on one side and sandhills upon the other. We are met at the river-crossing by some Maori guides, who soon whip us upon their brawny shoulders and dash across.

The Catholic Mission, under the control of the Rev. Father Le Comte, is a few miles further in-

land. On the way are met scores of smiling and good-natured faces. We notice that many of the small fry, dressed in Dame Nature's habiliments, keep well in the background. *Pakehas* are a novelty to them, and, seeing so many together, they are evidently awed by our unnatural appearance. Our course lies past the residence of the Anglican missionary, the deservedly esteemed and popular Archdeacon Hadfield. At length we reach our destination. The kindly French missioner is quite prepared for our arrival, and the natives vie with each other in amusing us. We are given the freedom of the orchard, and the thought that during our stay there will be no necessity for the display of our culinary abilities adds zest to our enjoyment.

Otaki then was one vast stretch of low-lying, rich alluvial land and swamp, hemmed in by sandhills near the sea, and towards the south and eastward by the Tararua and Ruahine ranges, the latter's peculiarly jagged appearance being accounted for in the mythical tradition relating to the origin of Aotea Roa (North Island). When it was hauled up from the ocean's depths by that celebrated hero or demi-god Maui, with a hook made from a human jawbone, it appears that the enormous fish became restive, and had to be quietened by repeated strokes from the paddles of Maui and his companions. The marks of this *patu* are visible to this day upon the back of "*Te ika a Maui*" (the fish of Maui).

Our first night's experience at Otaki was an uncommonly lively one. The sunset was magnificent; but its effect was spoiled by the myriads of mosquitoes, which, like the Maoris, seemed to have assembled to give us a welcome. We were unsociable enough to reject their attentions, but were only partially successful, for in spite of mosquito nets, nose-bags, etc., they intruded upon our privacy with such effect that it was late next morning before we could be quite certain whether or not daylight had arrived, so swollen had our eyes become. However, their attentions had been pretty equally distributed, and no one had the laugh of the other.

Our holiday was a continued round of feasting, bathing, and canoeing, the hospitable Otakians accompanying and instructing us in all their arts and recreations with obliging readiness.

One instance of gubernatorial tact occurred not far from here, the authority for the accuracy of which, I believe, is reliable. Sir George Grey was anxious to see the country made habitable and prosperous; but the want of good roads, especially through native lands, was a great hindrance, the owners positively refusing this improvement, saying they had roads enough. One individual, particularly stubborn in this respect, was rewarded by the Governor, for his otherwise amicable behaviour, by the presentation of a handsome four-wheeler and pair. The chief, highly pleased, with great difficulty got the turn-out to his *pah*, but it was a white ele-

phant. There was no place within twenty miles where he could cut a dash, the result being the Kawana was asked to make a road through to the *pah*, a request which the wily knight was neither slow nor illiberal in complying with. If the colonisation of New Zealand in the first instance had been managed more in this spirit and with less appearance of coercion, the appalling sacrifice of human life would not have assumed such proportions.

With reluctance we bid our kind hosts good-bye! We make "Wharé Roa" (long house) the first night, but get a good ducking before reaching there, the rain catching us on the open beach. Gladly we avail ourselves of one of the *wharés* in this deserted *pah;* but our arms, faces, and legs bore evidences next morning of there being a very industrious tenantry in that Maori *kainga*, or else we were unanimously developing measles at its eruptive stage. After considerable salt-water ablutions, we left Wharé Roa and its lively recollections behind without regret.

In the ascent of Paikakariki we had ample opportunity to enjoy the beautiful scenery, as our mule took an occasional notion to act in a like manner. By dint of great persuasion on our part, the summit was at last reached. From there to the Empire City it was all plain sailing and pigeon-shooting. Our mule had recovered and was on his good behaviour, downhill travelling evidently suiting him best.

We reached home again safely, and with a conscious feeling of being quite the heroes of the hour, after that memorable trip to the savages at Otaki.

CHAPTER XXII

MAORI PECULIARITIES

STORIES OF REVENGE AND MISTAKEN IDENTITY

NEW ZEALAND'S exceptionally rapid progress, though an established and unparalleled fact, has been of the most fluctuating character throughout. The first of the New Zealand Company's emigrants got a free grant of land, to which they were entitled upon certain conditions, occupation being one. This proviso was the cause of many of them never deriving any benefit therefrom, the disaffected state of the colony rendering residence, in many cases, impossible, the result being that many valuable tracts of land reverted to the promoting company. Misunderstanding between the two races was often productive of serious trouble, the *pakeha* expecting the Maori to see things through European spectacles, and vice versa.

When the rebellion, headed by Te Rangihaeata and Te Rauparaha in the southern portion of the North Island, had ceased, the natives still remained restless and suspicious. They evidently had a theory, no doubt originating in the insurrection at Korora-

reka in the north, that eventually it was the intention of the *pakeha* to take their country from them.

The Maori would be kind, generous, and hospitable to a degree, but would never overlook an offence or forgive an injury. He was a believer in *Utu*, which means revenge, retaliation, an equivalent, price, satisfaction, and various other things.

Towards the close of the 'forties the residents of Poneke (Port Nicholson or Wellington) were horrified by the intelligence that a family had been massacred a short distance from the town. The perpetrator of the deed was quickly captured, and proved to be a Maori who had been imprisoned for a theft which he denied being guilty of. After completing his sentence he was heard to threaten that he would have a *pakeha* for every moon he had been in gaol as *utu* for the persecution he had endured.

At the trial it transpired that he had procured a tomahawk and had gone in the direction of Porirua, a suburb a few miles from Wellington, where resided the unfortunate farmer with his five motherless children. The Maori knocked at the door, was told to come in. The good parent, after seeing his little ones to bed, was sitting by the fireside reading his Bible ere retiring to rest. Looking up he beheld the native, who requested "*he ahi ma taku paipa*" (fire for my pipe). Suiting the action to the word, the Maori handed the pipe to his unsuspecting victim. The farmer turned towards the fireplace, when the cruel tomahawk went crashing through his skull, killing him on the spot. The children were then

literally hacked to pieces by the maddened savage. He had truly taken the life of a *pakeha* for each month's incarceration. This Maori I saw executed. Without denying the murders, he maintained his innocence of the theft, for which he had been punished, to the last, and went to the fatal drop quite unconcernedly.

This was an instance of Maori *utu*, no benefit to the murderer beyond satisfying the thirst of revenge for an injustice, whether real or imaginary I cannot say.

We have on record occasional instances where *utu* has been exacted by our own most enlightened nation—as we delight to hear ourselves titled. For the murder of a boat's crew, or something of the kind, in one or other of the South Sea Islands, a whole village was blown to Jericho by some of Her Majesty's gunboats—the glory of the Empire must be upheld. I wonder if the women and children destroyed on those occasions had anything more to do with the crime than had the unfortunate farmer and his offspring of Porirua to do with the Maori's sentence of six months. The latter *utu* was savage and natural, the former civilised and unnatural—truly a distinction and a difference.

Heke's *utu* in 'forty-four was for an imaginary injustice. He was led astray by evil reports, which he took for facts, and consequently considered the Treaty of Waitangi a delusion and a snare for his countrymen. This his sensitive and highly-strung temperament could not brook.

Another custom of the Maori, and one which at

times led to dissensions, was their Foreshore Rights. In other words, anything floating ashore near their *kaingas* (places of residence) was generally looked upon by them as their exclusive property. Wreckage of any description was appropriated as their own by right. Upon one occasion, before the Waitara rebellion had assumed very serious proportions, a steamer ran ashore on the West Coast. The passengers were not only not interfered with, but assisted by some of the natives in getting through to Wanganui, the nearest port. The vessel quickly went to pieces, a quantity of cargo was washed ashore, and of course was annexed by the *hapu* of the locality. Amongst the various articles recovered by the Maoris were some kegs, one of which was opened by the chief's directions. A discussion followed as to what the yellowish luscious-looking substance was. At length one better informed than the rest, in *pakeha* manners and customs, settled the question right off by calling out, "*He kinaki o te pakeha mo te paraoa*" (It is the butter or dripping : the *pakeha's* relish for bread).

The evening meal was nearly ready ; the *hakuis* (old women) busy about its preparation. The keg of butter was put aside, Maori etiquette being that the chief first partakes of food, unless a visitor should be present, in which case their hospitality places the guest—especially if he happens to be a *pakeha*—in the post of honour. The repast consisted of potatoes, pork, pumpkin, etc., cooked *à la* "Koppa Maori," this process being somewhat as follows. A hole is

dug in the ground, in which is placed firewood and round boulder stones. The wood is ignited, and gradually the stones become glowing hot. A flaxen mat saturated with water is placed upon the heated mass, then layers of potatoes, meat, etc., alternately, till the pit is nearly full. Another wet mat is then spread over all, and water poured over the surface, which is quickly covered by earth, thus preventing the generating steam from escaping, the result being that in less than an hour every article is splendidly cooked, especially the pork, which is done to such perfection as to render the use of knives and forks a superfluity. The pork is laid on a mat, the other things, pumpkins and potatoes, are put in small wicker baskets made from the broad flax leaves (*Phormium tenax*). At a signal from the chief everyone helps himself by the aid of nature's carvers. The *déjeuner* has begun, and the bread is in great request on this particular occasion, as each one is eagerly wanting to try the *pakeha kinaki*, or butter. Many hands are dipped into the keg and the relish plentifully spread on the "damper" bread. The action is nearly as possible simultaneous, and the resulting expression of opinion upon the merits of the *pakeha* luxury equally so. If there is one feature in the Maori character more prominent than another it is that of being able to control emotions proceeding either from pain or the reverse. All are now masticating most industriously—novelty adding zest to the operation—but certainly without exhibiting much of that facial expression which generally indi-

cates the pleasure derivable from partaking of any delicacy. At last the chief breaks the monotony by throwing down the remains of his "damper" and in a most emphatic manner exclaiming, "*Ka kino tenei kinaki o te pakeha he pirau*" (Very bad is this relish of the white man's; it is rotten). All look towards him, and seem to concur in his sentiments, as one after another expectorate and make wry faces.

Then there was much rinsing of mouths, in which had accumulated a kind of froth, unaccountable, ere the balance of the collation could be disposed of. The remarks subsequently made by those natives were not in praise of the white man's taste—the delicacy they had found happened to be merely "soft soap," not butter!

For some considerable time afterwards there was a slump in the butter trade on that coast.

CHAPTER XXIII

CHARACTERISTICS IN TRADE AND RELIGION

A FUNERAL "À LA PAKEHA"

THE natives of our Britain of the South, though full of warlike propensities, are a magnificent type of the human family, whose natural failings are more than counterbalanced by their inherent good qualities. Over sixty years' residence in their midst only confirms my opinion in this, that they have been more sinned against than sinning.

Many a startling announcement have we seen in our colonial journals, such as "Terrible Maori Outrage," which, being perused in England, or anywhere outside New Zealand, would give the idea that the Maoris were a race which, if they got their deserts, should be swept from the face of the earth.

In forming an opinion of the Maori character upon such evidence, the reader is apt to come to a wrong conclusion or to receive very erroneous impressions, unless the facts leading up to the so-called atrocity be fully known. If we take into consideration their standard of morality prior to the advent of Cook, which to a great extent was an eye for an eye, or a

tooth for a tooth, who can be surprised at what has often happened ?

In the early days what were in the eyes of the casual observer outrages, and, of course, could not be tolerated, were, according to their creed, *utu*, or revenge or retaliation for real or imaginary acts of injustice, to forego which would be considered cowardly, unjust to the tribe or individual concerned, and discreditable in every sense.

Some of the most influential chiefs of the North Island, the courted and flattered *hoas* (friends) of the hungry land-seekers of fifty years back, have ended their days in almost absolute penury, after having been coaxed and wheedled into purchasing all sorts of unnecessary commodities and luxuries. But in the eyes of the natives, the highest-prized and most-sought-after possessions were firearms of any description ; particularly any newly invented complication, which they could fire without muzzle-loading, in other words, what they termed a *puhia kaha* (quick shooter). A repeating-rifle was looked upon as something mysterious in the extreme. A friendly chief once becoming enamoured at the sight of one such belonging to a storekeeper, importuned the Government agent for a permit to purchase, and became the proud possessor at a cost of about £50, a few hundred cartridges being thrown in into the bargain. But when these were expended, there being no more procurable—a fact of which the astute vendor was fully aware—the repeater became a perfectly useless ornament. However, it was quite a

legal transaction, and resulted in a trifling profit to the tradesman of something like £40 !

It needed small powers of persuasion to induce them to invest, especially on such an occasion as the death of any noted *tangata* (man), a marriage, or festivity of any description. Some such conversation as this would take place :

Maori : E kore moni aku (literally, " I have no money ").

Tradesman : Oh, never mind ; just write your name on this paper. Pay by and by.

The paper would be a mortgage deed, to which the signatures of the chief and his subordinates were eagerly sought.

The Maoris in those times were most profuse in their hospitality, occasionally inviting the *pakeha katoa* (all the whites) who chose to come. And right royally were they received at all times, the first and best of everything being handed round to their visitors before the head chief would touch any. But the Maoris, though naturally very intelligent, were not noted for their acuteness in finance, and consequently often became hopelessly involved. Unhappy, indeed, was the lot of the minor members of a *hapu* whose head was of a spendthrift disposition. The liabilities once incurred, the storekeeper, acting often for third parties—too wary to be directly concerned in anything of the kind—became pressing. No money was forthcoming, so a lump sum would be tendered, together with a clean receipt for the *tupeka, rama, paraoa, huka, perakite* (tobacco,

rum, flour, sugar, blankets), and sundries *ad infinitum*. The chief would induce the unfortunates to sign, and finally their land liquidated the debt. Is it to be greatly wondered at if some of these, upon beholding their heritage dwindling away in this manner, did feel an inclination to do almost anything that would lead to its restoration ?

The law in force prohibiting the supply of intoxicating liquors to the natives was more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Gala days were those for the tradespeople and hotel-keepers when a payment was to be made for the purchase of a block of land, either by Government or private speculator. Early morn on such occasions saw the Maoris wending their way towards the town, mostly on horseback, the ladies being quite as good equestrians as their lords. Side saddles were at a discount with them, seldom or never being used. Four-wheeled buggies, drawn by well-matched pairs of ponies or horses, were the fashion, especially in the case of a *rangatira nui* (big swell).

Each chief was generally accompanied by the gentle spouses of his household. Don't be shocked, dear reader. They had, as soon as convenient, and with few exceptions, all embraced Christianity under one form or another ; but could or would not be made to understand why a chief should be restricted to one wife only.

Missionary : It is against the teaching of Christianity in the Bible.

Chief: Doesn't the Bible teach the Christian religion ?

Missionary: Yes. But you must know——

Chief (interrupting) : Weren't Abraham and Solomon chiefs, then ?

Missionary: Yes, but remember——

Chief (abruptly) : Well, Abraham and Solomon were *rangatiras* and had plenty wives—I am also a *rangatira* and so will I.

At that he would stalk away, quite contented with his own interpretation, but still remaining a Christian, with that slight reservation.

On these occasions the ladies, decked out in their silks, ribbons, and ostrich feathers, looked quite charming as they rode or drove by, their husbands handling the other ribbons about as nimbly as the proverbial cow would a musket. They would ride and drive to an open space in the town where the fair ones alighted without assistance. The general brilliancy of their variegated array was very striking. One lady would wear a beautifully ornamented fichu of black silk and bangles, over a sparkling yellow dress of cotton stuff, commonly called a roundabout, and no boots. Boots were a neglected commodity then. A bootmaker's wife once induced a Maori lady to purchase a pair similar to the ones she wore herself. The chieftainess had never previously attempted to wear leather ; but being taken by the shapely-looking foot of this daughter of Eve, fell under the temptation, and took a pair home to be used on the next state occasion. When the time

arrived she got them on, though about three sizes too small, and mounted the buggy; she was going to astonish them all. Her lord by her side bestowed no attention on such petty affairs. During the six-mile drive she winced occasionally, but was determined to wear those beautiful boots, whatever happened. The town was reached, but the short distance she had to foot it was not so easily accomplished. Descending from the vehicle she started off after her husband, with the approved slightly raised skirt, and, for a short distance, succeeded remarkably well. But gradually her gait altered to something approaching the gracefulness of an elephant on stilts, till, at last, with a yell of anguish to her lord, who was some distance in front, she squatted down on the nearest doorstep, and, sticking out her feet, cried, "*Kanui te ma mae taku wae wae kumea atu taku puti*" (Great is the pain of my feet, pull away my boots). He tried his utmost, but the tenacious elastic sides would not be moved, and the chief's patience becoming exhausted, he, taking his knife, ripped them open, pulled them off with a jerk, and flung them into the street in disgust. The next pair this lady tried would be about size ten!

The adoption of European manners and customs by the natives was always productive of ludicrous incidents. Part of the outward and visible sign of mourning observed by them, upon the death of a relative, was peculiar. The female cropped the hair off one side of the head. The males, in addition, would shave half the face; but, previous to the

introduction of razors, the hair was simply plucked out. A funeral procession under such conditions presented a somewhat lop-sided appearance. I was very much impressed by the first of these Anglo-Maori funerals that I witnessed. The cemeteries of Wellington seem to have been chosen on account of their picturesque surroundings, and the lovely panoramic views of the splendid harbour, with its distant islands and indigenous evergreen-clad shores. As a Hibernian friend of mine once said, "Purtier nor healthier shpots could not be found in the whole of Wellington for the purpose."

The cortege alluded to consisted of six male mourners, who bore the coffin upon their shoulders after the most approved manner, with the exception of an occasional grunt from one or other as he received what he considered more than his share of the burden. Proceeding slowly and sadly, with great difficulty they managed to ascend the steep pathway that led to the graveyard. During the latter part of that mournful journey, owing to excessive zeal and absence of discipline on the part of the bearers, the coffin several times narrowly escaped slipping down the ravine at the roadside.

Having arrived at their destination, a minister was in waiting to consign the mortal remains to Mother Earth. Nervousness was manifest in their every movement. This was their first funeral attempt *à la pakeha* (white man). The rash step had been taken at the instance of their good old spiritual adviser, whose sole desire was to promote their

civilisation in every respect. The coffin was placed above the open grave, the ritual ended, and the word given to lower. They did lower, but not quite in orthodox fashion ; the two at the head of the corpse, instead of lowering gently, let the ropes go altogether, the result being that the coffin, after nearly turning a somersault, went down with a thud to the bottom of the grave end first. For a few moments there was a dead silence as the awe-stricken relatives witnessed this unexpected catastrophe. Then one cried out : "*Au e ki runga ki tana upoko !*" (Ah ! she is standing on her head). This pathetic exclamation was too much for their pent-up feelings, and one and all burst out into a loud laugh, to the intense disgust of the *Tangata Karakia*, or "man of prayer." They rectified the mishap with much labour and perspiration ; but I feel certain that not one of those six mourners ever afterwards attended another funeral excepting his own.

CHAPTER XXIV

A PIG-HUNT IN THE EARLY DAYS

WITH A SHORT ACCOUNT OF A WELL-KNOWN COLONIST

CLIVE GRANGE, at the time I allude to, was the property of an old identity and genial sheep farmer, a gentleman popularly known throughout the whole of the North Island as Joe Rhodes, a junior member of a family intimately associated with the early settlement of Canterbury, Wellington, and Hawke's Bay.

This lovely estate is situated between the river Tuki Tuki and the mountains which terminate in the Kidnappers, the southern headland of Hawke's Bay. The difficulties and dangers attendant upon country settlement in those days, prior to the introduction of bridges and railways, if recounted, would scarcely be credited by colonists of more recent times.

It is not my intention now to enter upon this phase of colonisation, but merely to touch upon the brighter side of life as it then rolled on.

A harvest-home gathering at Clive Grange, once

experienced, was an occurrence, from fond memory never to be effaced.

Forty-five years of the varying vicissitudes of life since have not been able to erase from the record of bygone events the enjoyment thus afforded through the kindly hospitality of the master and mistress of Clive Grange.

The spacious wool-shed had served its purpose. Thousands of sheep, beneath that roof, had quite recently been shorn of their fleecy clothing to the accompaniment—so musical to the ear of a station owner when "wool's up"—of the click, click of some twenty or thirty pairs of shears. Then the scene was changed. The large building was draped and decorated. At one end stood an immense table, groaning beneath its abundance of liquid and solid refreshment. The other part of the floor was reserved for a general indulgence in the terpsichorean art, and various interpretations of the "light fantastic" were given by the assemblage of burly teamsters, shepherds, shearers, mechanics, and country damsels.

At the head of the table sat the host, his face beaming with pleasure, derived from witnessing the general enjoyment. His amiable and kindly spouse, with her two handsome and affable young daughters, entered fully into the spirit of the occasion.

High and low, gentle and simple, all were made to feel, in the widest sense of the term, at home.

The guests of such festivals comprised every employé on the estate, and, apparently, as many

as the jovial proprietor could procure for miles around.

Prosperous in his undertakings, a shrewd man in business, a fluent speaker in the provincial political arena, Mr. Rhodes generally made his mark in debate. As one of the late lamented Sir Donald M'Lean's executive advisers, he was assiduous in his endeavours to frame the laws and to guide the destinies of that fair and beautiful province during a very trying period. Yet, in any of these honourable positions, he never exhibited an appearance of such unalloyed pleasure and contentment as at the head of a " Harvest Home at Clive Grange."

The foregoing may be considered slightly digressive in a yarn describing a pig-hunt, but I could not take my readers straight to the " bristly boar " without giving some details characteristic of the principal hunter.

It was in 1860 I received a memo. from the Master of the Grange, intimating that he had promised two young officers of the Imperial army, then stationed at Napier, a day's pig-hunting, and, if I could come and bring my two dogs, we would have a good day's sport. The following day a lad brought me my mount, a fine little grey mare, from the Grange. Upon my repairing to the rendezvous, Mr. Rhodes and his two friends, ready for the fray, were anxiously awaiting my arrival. The officers were well mounted, each with a rifle slung across his shoulders. It was their maiden attempt in chase of the New Zealand boar. Mr. Rhodes, with revolver

in his belt, slouch-hat, knee-boots, and nonchalant air—I may say it wasn't his first attempt—looked more like a Spanish hidalgo than a sheep farmer as he led the way at a rattling pace along the base of the mountains, through fern at times up to the horses' backs, and again over a stretch of native grass-land intersected by swampy creeks. These our leader, sitting his horse like a centaur, would fly over with as little concern as if he were in an arm-chair. Not so, however, the main body and rear-guard—of which I was the rearmost. With these, it would be pull up, and carefully negotiate. After traversing the undulating country for a few miles, Mr. Rhodes stopped. A consultation was held, and it was decided to keep my dogs back, in order to afford our visitors an opportunity of displaying their prowess with the rifle. We then advanced as noiselessly as possible in the direction of a noted feeding ground, keeping well to the leeward, in order to prevent our quarry getting scent of their enemy. In such a case they would quickly be among the most impenetrable fern, or go where following upon horseback would be out of the question.

The dogs were now showing unmistakable symptoms of pigs ahead, and, but for their being well trained, would have broken bounds. As it was, they were casting most imploring upward glances at their master for the word "Go on!" A short distance further, and we reached a slight elevation covered with high fern. Our captain raised his hand now for

silence. We cautiously ascended the rise, where a good view was obtained of the feeding ground, and—good luck !—of some seven or eight pigs busily engaged with their snouts deep in the earth, in search of the succulent fern-root. The distance was judged as two hundred yards, rather far in those days for making a certainty of a pot shot. To try and get nearer, however, was not deemed advisable.

Adjutant Butler fired at the largest of the herd, but the bullet struck the ground some ten yards short, the elevation being wrong. The pigs did not wait for another hint to go, but cleared out at a great rate, the smaller ones leading, their guardian and defender remaining in the rear to cover the retreat. My two dogs—Dick, a lurcher, and Bosun, the bully—were soon in full cry. The speedy lurcher was at the heels of his boarship in less time than it takes to write it. The boar turned upon him at once, the bristles on his back, fully six inches in length, standing up like porcupines' quills, while all the while he was munching and grinding his formidable tusks. The dog was too active to allow the pig to practise upon him. He had done his part, and brought him to bay. And now the slow, but sure, bulldog was upon the scene, and, without any preliminaries, dashed in and cleverly caught the old warrior by the lug, while the nimble but discreet lurcher was here, there, and everywhere, both nipping, barking, and harassing their now furious victim.

The boar, thus beset, had recourse to that well-

known instinct, when acting on the defensive, of backing into a flax-bush, a hollow tree, or any corner, to prevent his hunters from taking him in the rear. Once in such a position, it would be a brave dog indeed that will face him. Nothing short of a bullet, planted in the right spot, would make an impression upon the natural armour coating the hide, at times four or six inches in thickness, of a "good old boar." When he got sight of the cavalry force upon his track, off he dashed, carrying the dogs as though they were not the least impediment to his flight. In a few moments both pigs and dogs were completely lost to sight. He had bounded over the brink of a deep, narrow gulch, or water-course.

When we arrived at the spot where they had disappeared, we saw, about ten or twelve feet right below us, the fierce brute dashing the bulldog from side to side of the ravine in the endeavour to rid himself of his diminutive but extremely tenacious foe.

It was necessary now to dispose of the maddened boar, or there was no saving my trusty and fearless companion Bosun.

Mr. Rhodes would not countenance the use of the rifle for this purpose, as that would endanger the life of the noble dog. Instead, he jumped into the ravine, and, with revolver in hand, he advanced, in the most deliberate manner, upon the infuriated animal. Every moment we were in dread of seeing the dog shaken from his hold, as he was being

furiously dashed against either side of the very narrow defile. Both dog and boar were partially covered with blood and foam, but no sound was heard from either combatant save the usual savage, hoarse, bark-like grunt of the boar. The second dog helped occasionally by snapping and biting at that end of the enemy which was furthest from the terrible tusks.

Mr. Rhodes's position, had the dog lost his hold then, would have been a most perilous one ; as in a similar instance a boar has been known to charge, and rip the entrails out of a horse that barred his way of escape. The dog, however, held on like grim death, and our plucky leader, always a capital shot, found a vulnerable spot, and left a bullet there. The boar gave a few staggers and fell dead. Then, and not till then, did Bosun relinquish his mouthful of pig's ear, appearing rather annoyed at not having a little more fighting on hand. Poor Bosun had received an awful battering, and could not get out of the ravine without assistance. He was not actually ripped—a few slight cuts and stabs of no consequence were all the damage he had sustained as far as we could see—but the continued dashing against the rough banks had nearly knocked his life out.

I carried him in front of my saddle for a few miles, and was much rejoiced to find that he had recovered sufficiently to follow, and even displayed a renewed inclination to look up another scent, although this was a privilege peremptorily denied him.

In due time we reached the Grange, and our genial entertainer had something for us which was much appreciated, coming as it did after what we had so thoroughly enjoyed—a jolly good afternoon's "pig-hunt."

CHAPTER XXV

EXPECTING TE KOOTI

A FALSE ALARM

THE nomenclature of Napier's various surroundings had evidently been suggested by the Indian Mutiny, as witness its Clive Square, Hyderabad, and other roads, Meanee and Havelock suburban villages. This beautiful district in Hawke's Bay is equally noted for its salubrious climate and its fat mutton. It is neither as cold as Canterbury in the south, nor as roasting as Russell in the north. The Hawke's Bayians, while the gold fever was raging all over New Zealand, imagined that they had discovered their El Dorado in the Kaimanawa Mountains. The supposed precious metal, however, proved to be useless mica. Great was the disappointment felt, but particularly by shareholders. We wanted a gold mine—it was fashionable to have one—never thinking at the time that we had, as in Canterbury and many other parts of New Zealand, what was unquestionably of greater and more permanent value, viz. magnificent agricultural and pastoral lands, which, as statistical returns have repeatedly

shown, are capable of producing enormous yields of cereals of every description, and the best mutton and wool in the world. The plains, bordered by undulating limestone downs and ranges, appear as if designed by nature for the production in particular of those valuable commodities, bread and meat.

The two political milch cows of the Provincial Abolition era, Canterbury and Hawke's Bay, resemble each other very much in many respects, each having experienced a more or less severe attack of the auriferous epidemic prevalent in the 'sixties. Grass and grain have in both cases happily superseded that metal of which Hood wrote as—

> "Hard to get, and harder to hold,
> The price of many a crime untold."

While the prosperity established by its discovery has always been of a fluctuating character, that produced by grass and grain, like Tennyson's brook, runs on "for ever."

Amongst the various occupations of the early settlers, that of amateur soldiering had its humorous as well as inconvenient and perilous side, the dangerous element being an exclusively North Island prerogative.

While Her Majesty's troops had been fighting our battles in Auckland, we in the middle of the island were enjoying the privilege of learning the art of war under not altogether unpleasant auspices.

Subsequent to the conclusion of the Waikato invasion, the town of Napier was favoured by being

the head-quarters of several of the regiments. Imperial orders had been given to concentrate their battalions at convenient points, prior to some of their number being paid off and discharged, or conveyed back to the Mother Country, or any of the Australian ports, if preferred. The Second 14th, Second 70th and 12th, each in turn paid us a visit. The Second 70th, under Colonel Mulock, which was what may be justly termed the flower of the Imperial army in New Zealand, had been drafted direct from India in the enormous transport s.s. *Himalaya*, to take part under General Cameron in suppressing the rebellion. A finer-looking body of men it would be difficult to find. They were of splendid physique, with their grizzled beards and sun-tanned faces bearing the impress of their sojourn in the mutinous portion of that Empire upon which the sun never sets. The strains of their fine band created quite a furore, causing a very rage of military enthusiasm in the breasts of colonists, young and old. Their best drill sergeants were sent to put us through our facings. Our parent, out of her maternal solicitude for our future welfare, was teaching us to walk, preparatory to leaving us to run alone, and very trying to the patience of some of those crusty old warriors was this elementary process. Not but what we were apt enough pupils, but a fellow with a comfortable few hundreds at his banker's felt rather inclined, at times, to resent the occasional remarks of the instructor, such as "Damn it, can't ye tell yer right fut from yer left?"

But of necessity Militia or Volunteers we were,

and had just to grin and bear it; 7 a.m. drills in winter were really exhilarating, especially when going through the evolution technically known as the "goose step," with the thermometer at about zero. Clerks, merchants, bankers, all had to go through this drill, some with scabbard appendages, the rest in rank and file. Of all the field movements in those times the "prepare to charge bayonets" produced the most interesting *dénouements*. The front rank bring their bayonets to the charge, the rear rank remain at the shoulder, but the chances were that at the word "charge" one or more of the rear rank, forgetting that they were such in their eagerness to charge, would bring their rifles down, bayonet and all, on top of the cranium of his front rank man, quite spoiling the effect of the movement, and causing a cessation of drill until the wounded had recovered their equilibrium.

Our uniforms were not exactly uniform, consisting of blue smocks, black leather belts and pouches, shakos, as per individual fancy, from the four-and-niner to the wide-awake. Some of us very soon acquired great proficiency in the use of the rifle, others, the instructor declared, would not hit a house unless they were locked inside, which was scarcely a true statement. We considered the Government of the day very careless about the Volunteer movement, by not giving more prize money to be competed for annually.

Some time after the departure of the troops it was found necessary to mount guard at different

parts of the town, but especially over the depot for arms and ammunition. Everyone had to take his turn at this not very pleasant duty, or find a substitute. One such had taken the place of a militiaman, who preferred the bosom of his family to the bell tent and fern-covered-floor bed of the midnight bivouac. The improvised guard in question was marched with his companions up Sebly's Gully to where the magazine was situated. Shortly after midnight, our substitute was duly installed in his position of responsibility with rifle and fixed bayonet. He had not been very clearly instructed as to the watchwords : " Who goes there ? " " Rounds ! " " Which rounds ? " etc., and " All's well."

The more absorbing topic of the likelihood of Te Kooti making an attack upon the town, together with a slight taste of something to purify the water, which was not very good, had the effect of rather mixing up watchwords and other matters. However, pacing to and fro within the prescribed limit, he was determined that no one should approach that spot without his knowing what for. After a while he observed a horseman approaching slowly, who, unknown to him, happened to be the Grand Round, in the person of the colonel commanding. He challenged, " Who goes there ? " " Rounds ! " "All right," answered the sentinel, continuing his patrol. " Ho, my man, who put you on heah ? " " Corporal Bryson, sorr." " Ho, what instructions did you get as to passwords ? " " Passwurrd is id ? well, sorr, the divil resave the wurrd that was said to me,

barrin' that, if I saw Tay Kooti goin' by, I was just to give him a touch up wid this thing," looking up at his bayonet. This was too much for the gallant old colonel's nerves, and, completely nonplussed, he rode straight away to the next post.

The uncertainty of Te Kooti's movements kept the townspeople in one continuous state of apprehension. Places of rendezvous, where the various corps of Volunteers and Militia had to assemble, were appointed in case of an attack by night. A big gun was to be fired as a signal for the women and children to repair to the barracks lately held by the Imperial army, No. 3 Company of Militia, and the reserve, or all over forty-five, were told off for their protection.

On one occasion the Mohaka mail-man, returning after nightfall, described some unusually suspicious-looking lights flickering across the inner harbour, and galloped post-haste with the information that he had seen about twelve canoes filled with armed warriors silently paddling in the direction of the township. Instantly, through the stillness of the night, the bugle was heard ringing out the assembly to arms. All sorts and conditions of Volunteers and Militia were rushing here and there looking up weapons and accoutrements. Rifles that had been oiled and put aside, in some instances for months, were being hurriedly examined, preparatory to the struggle for hearths and homes. Amidst a Babel of tongues were heard exclamations of varied import. One lusty militiaman was overheard calling,

"Bridget! Bridget! the Ha Ha's are comin', an' me bloomin' ould gun won't gee." He was by profession a carter. Hysterical cries from the women and yells of children added to the general confusion. But the majority of the former were of the sterling material of which the superstructure of our greater Britain was composed, and their behaviour on that occasion proved them well worthy of the franchise so long withheld.

A party was despatched to reconnoitre the strength and movements of the enemy. The various companies were silently but rapidly marched to each point of danger. There we were kept in a state of watchful excitement, every moment expecting the approach of the dreaded canoes, or to hear the signal-gun intimating the presence of the Hau Haus at some other point, which meant that our wives and children would have to make their way as best they could to the barracks, there to be watched over by the "Old Fogies," as the Reserve was termed.

After the expiration of about an hour of this terrible suspense, a horseman was heard coming towards us. All sorts of alarming thoughts now fill our minds! We are in the wrong quarter! The Maoris have landed at some other place, and we are to be hurried up to repel them! But no! The messenger's despatch is merely a verbal one, informing the captain commanding the company to march his men back to the parade ground and dismiss.

The reconnoitring party had accomplished their

task expeditiously. They discovered canoes and Maoris on the inner harbour, as had been reported, but their numbers and object in being there scarcely warranted the excitement and display of military valour which had just taken place.

There were two old women, the reverse of warlike-looking, and a like number of men, all armed to the teeth with the inevitable tobacco pipe. When interviewed they replied that they were taking advantage of the low tide to gather the festive *pipi*, or collect eels caught in their eel traps. Fabulous history repeats itself, and this was a veritable repetition of the Three Black Crows.

The scare, though rather annoying, was subsequently productive of much good in showing up our defects, and causing us to keep our rifles free from cobwebs and rust for many a day after.

CHAPTER XXVI

SOME MAORI AND PAKEHA NOTABLES

HOW TROUBLE WAS AVERTED IN NAPIER

THE management of native affairs in the beginning of that dark and calamitous period in New Zealand history—the latter end of the 'fifties—was, I repeat, one of almost insurmountable difficulty. With the Waitara insurrection in full swing, a depleted exchequer, and agricultural and other industries at a standstill, the outlook was anything but a cheering one. There were no immediate hopes of capitalists, large or small, investing in colonial ventures, and to expect such as immigrants seemed quite out of the question. Our friends in the Mother Country could not on any account be induced to try their fortunes in, say, Canterbury or Otago, in the South Island, in consequence of the Maori war in Waikato or other parts a thousand miles away, with the additional security of Cook's Straits in between. In fact, emigration from England to all parts of Australasia was, I firmly believe, seriously retarded by the dread of the Maori tomahawk!

Ahuriri (Hawke's Bay), the particular locality I now refer to, situated between Auckland and Wellington on the east coast, was in 1858 disturbed by one of those events so productive of trouble between Maori and *pakeha*—a tribal dispute. At the boundary of the splendid Pakohai and Karamu Plains stands Tanenui-a-rangi, commonly called Karaitiana's Pah, that chief having acquired his name through a request made by him, previous to being admitted into the fold of Christianity, that he might be named after the greatest and noblest *rangatira* mentioned in Holy Writ. The Anglican missionary endeavoured to explain the impropriety of following such a course, and after many weeks of determined wrangling on the part of the Maori, he was at last induced, somewhat reluctantly, to give way, and was duly introduced into civilised society as "Christian" (Karaitiana) Taka Moana, the nearest allowable approach to the name so persistently coveted.

Te Moana Nui, with Karaitiana, and other minor chiefs of Ngatikahungunu, claimed a block of land upon which Te Hapuku and Puhera, with their followers, were residing, intending to establish their right to its possession. Both parties were equally determined to have the *whenua* (land), and neither would relinquish its claim.

The quarrel had assumed very serious proportions, as several skirmishes had taken place between them. A detachment of H.M. 65th Regiment was hurriedly despatched from Wellington to the seat

of disturbance ; but, luckily for the settlers, they were not called upon to offer armed mediation, or in any way to interfere. The great diplomatist in affairs aboriginal, Donald M'Lean, to use a native idiom, paddled the canoe across the swollen waters, and without displaying any appearance of using coercive measures—always so galling to the high-spirited Maori—persuaded Hapuku to retire and settle some thirty miles inland. If similar counsels had prevailed a few years earlier on the western side of the island, what irreparable losses and stoppage of colonisation might have been averted !

It was a treat to witness M'Lean in the act of addressing the Maoris. Tall, robust, of a fine commanding presence, he appeared to be more like a father advising his children, and they looked up to him as such, rather than as a Government agent and interpreter, whose principal duty it was to negotiate with them for the sale of their lands. His great popularity and success were achieved by the thorough straightforwardness of all his transactions, and a generally decorous life, which was fully appreciated by the untutored savage.

Did any of the *hapus*, or chiefs, maddened by *pakeha* rum, commit any act of dishonesty or violence, Makarini (M'Lean) was the counsellor who adjusted matters without apparent difficulty, thereby often preventing a serious fracas between the two races.

" Makarini," as the Maoris called him, was esteemed by all for his kindness and geniality. His

unassuming and almost womanlike gentleness of manner, under all circumstances, was a very remarkable trait in the Herculean Scot. But under the mild exterior firmness and decision were not wanting. In fact, the latter qualities were legibly written on every line of the broad and massive face.

Many an instance could be given of his astuteness and tact in the treatment of knotty questions which came within his province. One such occurred in Napier, which, although of a trivial nature at first, was fraught with danger to the inhabitants of both town and suburbs, as it took place at a very critical time in our history. The natives were fully aware of our position, viz. that of being left to our own resources to cope with them, and were often most insolent and defiant in their language and manner to the whites. Two hundred or so, principally of the Uriweras, with their ferocious old chief, Te Rangihiroa, at their head, had arrived in town, ostensibly for the purpose of purchasing provisions, blankets, etc.; but, in reality, as it was subsequently proved, to induce the friendly tribe of Hawke's Bay to join with him, by adopting the Hau Hau religion, of which he had become one of the first and most ardent devotees. While perambulating the town their investments unfortunately embraced luxuries other than of a solid nature, and, although the law strictly forbade the sale of spirits to the natives, some publicans were of loose morality in those days, and for the sake of turning the nimble shilling they would, *sub rosa*, dispense the firewater poisons right and left,

regardless of consequences. One of these children of the wilds, unaccustomed to a draught of anything of a more ardent or intoxicating nature than their thermal or other springs would afford, having imbibed rather freely, became dangerously aggressive, smashing the hotel-keeper's wares, and committing other acts of an equally violent character.

No sooner, however, had he been induced to leave the bar for the highway than he was promptly taken into custody by one of our constabulary, whose lot forthwith became "not a happy one." Whether the Maori was arrested for drunkenness or being an accessory before the fact, by causing the innocent Boniface to violate the prohibitive enactment, will never be known, as the indiscreet act was almost immediately followed by a tumult, the end of which no one could foresee.

The natives, upon seeing one of their number in the hands of the stalwart officer, became frantic. Thinking, in their hazy knowledge of European laws, that their fellow-tribesman was about to be lost to them, perhaps for ever, they danced about, brandishing their evil-looking *meres*, apparently waiting for someone to take the initiative by splitting the skull of the too impetuous policeman, who, sticking manfully to his prisoner, was quite ignorant of the gentle suggestions being made about scattering his brains, and many others of an equally mild nature, in order to effect a rescue. As the crowd augmented and surged around the now somewhat sobered Maori and his captor—no hand had

been raised so far to interfere—the form of Te Rangihiroa was noticed quickly advancing, his tattooed features almost livid with rage as, casting aside his blanket and flourishing a newly purchased tomahawk, he rushed upon the astonished policeman. The latter, who suddenly appeared to have acquired a better knowledge of Maori logic when put in such a strikingly forcible manner, then allowed the old ex-cannibal to carry off his man, much to the chagrin of the *pakeha* onlookers.

After a hurried consultation, we unwisely determined upon a recapture, and followed the chief up closely, waiting for our chance. When it came, he was seized round the arms by one, while another tore the weapon from his grasp and flung it far amongst the thickly growing fern ; but in the confusion the culprit escaped to his companions, who immediately closed around him, and we were as far off our object as ever. The excitement was intense, as at every step fresh faces of Maori or *pakeha* were being added to the rapidly increasing crowd. Our route took us past the private residence of the General Government agent, M'Lean, who fortunately happened to be upon the spot, and whose counsel—the *pakehas* to retire and leave the other race to him—being followed, appeared to have the effect upon the natives as of oil on troubled waters.

A few eloquent sentences delivered with his usual fluency in their beautiful language, of which he was such an accomplished master, sufficed to show the old warrior his breach of *pakeha* custom by obstruct-

ing the over-zealous officer in what was merely an endeavour to preserve order and prevent *whawhai* (fight). Rangihiroa, somewhat mollified by the assurance that neither he nor any of his tribe would be further molested, marched away towards their almost inaccessible mountain *kaingas*. Well might the townspeople have thanked God that night that no blow had been struck; as these natives, the savagest of a savage race, had upon their persons hidden weapons of various kinds, which appeared as if by magic when the disturbance arose, while, on the other hand, the Europeans of the town were scattered, only partly armed, and too deficient in organisation to be able to stand against such a gathering of infuriated demons, as these Uriweras would have proved, had blood been spilt.

As I said before, Te Rangihiroa was an enthusiastic disciple of Te Ua's; and as far as the peculiar theology taught by him went in the direction of the annihilation of the *pakeha*, was heart and soul in the movement. His undoubted mission on this occasion was to feel the patriotic pulse of the friendly tribes, and, if possible, to arrange a simultaneous attack from east and west; but meeting with no encouragement from them, he had to restrain his ill-concealed and inveterate hostility till a more favourable opportunity offered.

It was in fulfilment of his plan that Panapa, the prophet and leader of that band of Hau Hau warriors, stole round the western inner harbour and established himself at Oamarunui. His deeply laid

plot was, however, not allowed to mature, as upon the very morning of the engagement at that place a detachment of military settlers in the Petene Valley successfully intercepted the vicious old rebel in his flank movement to the support of Panapa, destroying him and his fanatical followers with the exception of two, who managed to run the gauntlet to the mountains.

This was the last of the fearless and indomitable Uriwera chief Te Rangihiroa, and the end of Hau Hau proselytism in Hawke's Bay. To the wisdom of Sir Donald M'Lean, his thorough knowledge of the native character, his kindly and at the same time firm manner of dealing with them, may be attributed the successful piloting of that provincial barque through a most stormy period of rampant Hau-Hauism.

CHAPTER XXVII

REWI MANIOPOTO

THE MOST NOTABLE CHARACTER IN MAORI HISTORY

AFTER the Waitara rebellion had lasted some time it spread to the country of the Maniopoto tribe in Waikato, where the Maoris made up their minds to fight for the recovery of their lands.

The far-seeing Rewi was for peace. When the *Hapus*, in order to gain his countenance, made use of the old argument—which in many cases had truth for its foundation—" We have been tricked and deceived in the past ; our lands have gone like the smoke of the forest fire, leaving us merely the ashes ; we must recover them or their value ; we are strong and determined ; we can fight, we can conquer, or die in the strife," Rewi gave a characteristic reply : " Fight if you must ! Kill all if you choose ! And what then ? They will be replaced. More *pakehas* will come. Kill them, if you are strong enough. England will send ships with swarms from across the waters, and you will die in the end. But which way you will. If it is peace, good ! I am with you. Is it war ? I have shown you my mind. You have

heard my words, but I am no traitor! Where my people are, there am I. In peace I can guide, or in war I will lead you, for I also can fight or die for our country and our rights."

Rewi's remarkable behaviour upon being requested by General Cameron to surrender at Orakau was quite in keeping with his noted and indomitable bravery. Standing out boldly upon the parapet with head and breast bared to the fifteen hundred besiegers, by whom he and his three hundred warriors, with their women and children all in a famishing condition, were completely surrounded, his arm extended towards the heavens—like another Ajax defying the thunder—in ringing tones he is said to have uttered the memorable reply, "*Ka whawhai tonu ake, ake, ake*" (Fight we for ever, ever, ever). As to whether he was actually the warrior who made this speech there has lately been some controversy. But it does not matter; Rewi was a man, and a brave warrior. Finally he cut his way through a double line of the 40th, escaping with many of his followers.

This grand old warrior of such noble parts seems to have had no very prominent share in the stirring events that followed. Apparently aware of the futility—as he had foreseen—of continuing the struggle, satisfied that he had acted loyally by his tribesmen, and having by his strategy and skill in the construction of his strongholds excited the admiration and surprised and perplexed the whole engineering talent of his British antagonists, he re-

tired to the seclusion of his quiet *kainga*, covered with glory and renown.

And now this "Grand Old Man" of Aotea Roa is no more. Rewi Maniopoto, noble-hearted and dauntless advocate of his people, lies at rest beneath the monument at Kihikihi, erected by Maori and *pakeha*, to the memory of the hero of Orakau, the most distinguished leader of a noble race. Conscientiously he fought the good fight; may he receive the reward of the good and faithful.

CHAPTER XXVIII

PUBLIC WORKS IMMIGRANTS

HOW THEY BECAME COLONISTS

NEW ZEALAND'S Public Works policy was initiated by the versatile Sir Julius Vogel, and its principal features were free immigration, railway extension, and a three-million loan. A programme of such an attractive nature was well calculated to draw big audiences, and it did.

The entertainment at first contained rather much of heavy tragedy to suit the new arrivals, some of whom, having seen active service before coming here, declared their intention of seeking fresh fields and pastures new, sooner than stay to be feasted upon by the adjective "niggers." Very few, however, ultimately carried out this threat. The Englishman's privilege of growling—a kind of safety-valve—was freely made use of. In fact, all sorts and conditions of immigrants, upon stepping ashore, had first of all a good growl at the Government, the country, and the accommodation. Yet, how strange to see these very grumblers looking the picture of contentment, their small farms, suburban market gardens, dairies, etc.,

just getting into workable order, or the teamster with his waggon and horses, connecting the inland sheep and cattle stations with railway or seaboard.

In fact, in any industry on which a reasonable amount of energy and perseverance had been brought to bear there was no such thing as "can't get on."

In those times the arrival of an emigrant ship was an event of excitement and interest, apart from the consideration that the additional population would be, from a commercial standpoint, a help to the greater prosperity of the colony. The arrival of a ship had another and not less romantic aspect, because there was, at that time, a deplorable dearth of the "matrimonially disposed" gentler sex, without whom it was scarcely probable that those ornaments and consolations of all well-regulated homes would be in evidence in the near future to assist in the development and perpetuation of that Empire of which we were so proud.

On these occasions, farmers, storekeepers, and artisans of every description might be seen within eyeshot of the wharves, some out of pure curiosity; others, disgusted with their state of single-blessedness, on business intent, casually observing the appearance of the seventy or eighty ladies who had just completed the sixteen thousand miles' voyage for the purpose of casting their lot in with the Britishers of the south.

The system of free immigration was extensively taken advantage of, but it could scarcely be asserted

that the selection of the individuals was always characterised by any great amount of discrimination on the part of the philanthropic lady promoters.

One enigma in connection with some of the budding colonists was the aptitude they displayed in so short a space of time in trade or barter with the natives. In this respect they were quite as successful, and often more so, than the old identities, with all their vaunted knowledge of the character and vernacular of the aboriginal inhabitants.

The new-comers at first generally appeared to be dubious about the colony when they saw it in the rough. In their imagination they had seen it as a land overflowing with milk and honey, and with gold freely showing in the roads and hill-sides. The milk and honey part of the picture was certainly on the canvas, for were there not herds of magnificent cattle all over the islands, only awaiting the persuasive manipulation of the dairymaid, while showers of honey could be had by going through the nearest flax field while that plant was in blossom. But, alas! the dairymaids were not forthcoming. As far as the gold was concerned—although New Zealand was not an exact counterpart of Aladdin's Cave—tons of that precious metal, for a certainty, were only awaiting the necessary capital and appliances for its recovery from Mother Earth.

It was a rare treat to witness the scared looks of the people when coming into close quarters with any of their Maori observers, the womenkind especially being exceedingly active in giving them as wide a

berth as possible, to the infinite amusement of the admiring and keenly humorous natives. However, our brethren from the Old Country very quickly dropped into the groove of colonial life. The occasional long-tailed coat, home-cut nether clothing, and hard-hitter hat were soon doffed for the blue jumper, moleskins or corduroys, and wideawake, a rig more useful, and—when covered with New Zealand soil in a liquid state—quite as ornamental as any other.

The workers and the drones! Unfortunately there were some of the latter; but of the former I cannot bring to mind one single instance where success did not follow deserving effort, excepting when accident or unforeseen misfortune occurred to delay or prevent it. Their healthy and robust looks and the air of independence soon assumed by the colonists, as compared with the awkward and nervous appearance they presented upon landing a few short years before, was always agreeably surprising; the threatened desertion from their colonial home was indefinitely postponed, and grumbling had died of inanition.

Their business relations with the aborigines—such as took to that line—were apparently prosperous, but in the initiation of such the difficulty experienced by them in getting over the unpronounceable Maori was perplexing—jaw-breaking they termed it—and they only conquered by dogged determination. Educational attainments were not always a guarantee of success, unless supported by bone and

muscle and an inclination for steadiness and hard work.

Many of the most prosperous of early and even later-day settlers could scarcely sign their names. I remember one of the very earliest, who having accumulated some considerable wealth in cash and landed property, on one occasion bewailing in piteous tones this inability, exclaiming, "I've made a bit, an' I'm no schollard, or I'd a made a millyun." He was worth a quarter of that amount, but, like Oliver Twist, wanted more. I might here mention that this gentleman later on imported a relative whose caligraphic and book-keeping capabilities were of the first order, and by whose unremitting and assiduous devotion to the business he was enabled in a few years to retire—through the bankruptcy court!

As instancing some of the pains and pleasures experienced by these recent accessions to our population during their first struggles one story may be here told. There arrived amongst the rest one young, strong, verdant-looking son of the Emerald Isle. Before leaving for his new home in the Antipodes, he had never ventured five miles away from the paternal cabin in the "Black North." His appearance at first sight was extremely interesting. He was dressed in a swallow-tailed coat, which must have been built for one of his illustrious ancestors about the time the great "Dan" was agitating for their emancipation, and he wore a hat and other garments to match. Mick was a strange compound

of shrewdness, simplicity, and good nature, yet he never disgraced the part he hailed from by the driving of a soft bargain. He was called the "patent Hibernian mowing-machine," from the vigour he displayed at piece-work during the harvest. To use a colonialism, he "stuck" at nothing. A railway excavation or peddling amongst the natives was all the same to him. The account of his first attempt in the latter line of business, as given by himself, was original and characteristic.

"Well, Michael, was the speculation as remunerative as you expected?" someone asked.

"What's that! Made it pay is id ye mane? Well, purty well. On the plains close about, they seemed to know what it was I was manin' to say, and begor they were as jolly as sandbhoys. I did bizniz widout thruble. But farder up the country I cud nather make head nor tail av 'em; I thried English till me hart wus sick, an' I losht me timper an' let out at 'em in Irish. 'Twas not a bit of good, the black naygurs jist shquated down arun' me, an' jabbered an' laffed till I thought sum av 'em ud loose the tops of their heads intirely. However, they thrated me as well as they could, seein' that their pigs and praties were all biled in big holes in the groun'; but the divil a pinny could I get out av 'em, so I made thracks back again."

Some time afterwards this same individual, who could work like a horse, or enjoy a holiday in true light-hearted fashion, on one occasion—his birthday I think it was—had invested in a splendid verge

watch of substantial proportions, to add importance to the event. Previously he had never taken the trouble to provide himself with such a necessity. Waterburys were not then in fashion. He intended to celebrate his natal day in style, a not infrequent occurrence in the good old days.

Mick would most obligingly give information relative to the exact hour upon the slightest provocation, and was proud of the time-keeping qualities of his recent purchase. During the course of the jollifications an argument was raised upon the merits of Mick's watch, when one of his companions, after serious examination, impressively remarked that it ought to be a very valuable adjunct for the purpose of imparting warmth to the wearer, or as a protector of the respiratory organs. Another, looking at it with a critical eye, exclaimed that it had a vertical escapement, and that surely it must be an heirloom! Now Mick had heard the former remarks, but couldn't quite make out whether they were in disparagement or praise; but the last was a statement which he knew to be contrary to fact, consequently, in loud and positive tones, he answered: "By gorra! thin that's jist where you make a mishtake; it's naythur an 'air lume, nor any other sort o' lume, but a verge, that's what it is!" That convivial assemblage had for some time been on the verge of an explosion; but after Mick's emphatic explanation, I could truthfully say, with the poet, that very soon there was not a dry eye in the crowd.

Many years, however, have elapsed since then, and a gold repeater occupies the position upon that now rotund form where once the humbler verge reposed.

But, if Mick had chosen to wear an eight-day clock subsequent to the incident just mentioned, few there were of sufficient temerity to make inquiry if he preferred it to a verge.

CHAPTER XXIX

SOME TYPICAL FRIENDLIES

ROPATA WAHA WAHA AND RENATA KAWEPO

THE aboriginal allies of the New Zealand Government were, with few exceptions, worthy of the greatest praise for their co-operation at all times; but particularly so for the assistance rendered during that period of fanaticism following immediately upon the Hau Hau outbreak. The tact required for the successful management of the Maori was a quality which our earlier governors had not acquired in a great degree; and had it not been that there were some friendlies from the outset, much more disastrous results would have been recorded.

At the Bay of Islands, Waitara, Waikato, Turanganui (Poverty Bay), and other centres of insurrection, an incalculable amount of help was given by these truly loyal and brave tribes. Tamati Waka, whose deeds have been chronicled by numerous early writers, was about the first to offer his services for the purpose of protecting life and property at a time when Hobson was in terrible straits for want of men and money, and by his timely aid was prevented,

to a great extent, the spread of the rebellion of 1844, and most probably a wholesale massacre of the Bay of Islands and Auckland residents generally. For it must be remembered that the rebels of that time were not all imbued with the same spirit as their chivalrous leader Hone Heke.

Later on we have instances of most unswerving fidelity to our cause by many chieftains of the 'sixties. During the Hau Hau troubles there were two tribes deserving particular mention. These might be termed the Ghoorkas of the North Island, the Arawa and Ngatiporou belonging to the Bay of Plenty—a hardy race of mountaineers who were distinct from other aboriginals in many respects. The native custom of tattooing was only occasionally adopted by them, the absence of this facial and bodily embellishment being very noticeable during their *hakas* or war dances. Rather below the average New Zealander in stature, they appeared to be cut out for the part of the country they inhabited. They were thick-set and agile, with a general physique giving the impression of their being a compound of wire and indiarubber. They were tireless, watchful, and catlike in their movements before an enemy, and never known to be entrapped by an ambuscade. So remarkable was this that some of our fellows swore they could smell the Hau Haus.

These tribes it was who, with their redoubtable Ngatiporou chief, the grave, valorous Ropata, struck terror into the hearts of all Hau Hau fanatics crossing their path.

Ropata was a man of determination and indomitable resolution, amply evidenced in his support of Whitmore during the East Coast campaign. His followers were ever eager to be in the forefront of the hazardous scouting or storming parties. He apparently bore a charmed life. Always where was the greatest danger, there would be seen the stern, almost emotionless face of this "lion of the Ngatiporou." When Te Kooti, succeeding in breaking away from our forces, had reached that almost impregnable stronghold, Ngatapa, which was situated upon the brow of a mountain with a dense bush in rear, keenly upon his track followed Ropata, and, although under the nominal control of Colonel Whitmore, he was the guiding and sustaining spirit of the whole expedition. His presence acted like a charm upon all; the Europeans of both rank and file relied implicitly upon his thorough knowledge of Maori warfare, his intrepidity in action, and well-proved resolution to destroy the enemy at every opportunity. Whitmore and M'Lean had the good sense on many occasions to consult and act upon his better judgment in conducting the campaign, and never did they regret doing so, though they sometimes had cause to regret having ignored his exceptional capacity for meeting and defeating the peculiar strategy of the foe.

Te Kooti, who had a wholesome dread of the Ngatiporou, finding that he was being outflanked by Ropata, made his escape by a precipitous declivity into the forest. Ropata was ably supported by the

Wanganuis under Kepa, their leader ; but the whole of the tribes inhabiting the mountainous country between Opotiki in the Bay of Plenty and Lake Taupo were aware of his being on the warpath, and fear of his vengeance deterred many of them from joining the rebellious Hau Haus.

With tireless energy he surmounted every obstacle, and without going into a history of his exploits, diplomatic or militant, I will mention a few. When other friendlies after months of marching, starving, and fighting, had cried enough! Ropata persisted, and, bloodhound-like, followed the trail. His repeated successes stayed the wavering and induced pronounced rebels to give in their allegiance. One short epistle from his hand at this juncture had converted the Ngatikohatu chief Rakiroa from an inveterate enemy into an ally, showing the effect of moral suasion under certain conditions.

An instance of his fearlessness was displayed when, in defiance of the terrible threats of extermination made by Tuhoe if he ventured into his country, Ropata, nothing daunted, proceeded on his way, through the winter's snow, for many days being compelled to subsist upon wild berries, or fern-root, until he finally bearded the wild Uriwera in his mountain fastness, and straightway informed him of his intention of building a *pah* at Ruatahuna, and thereby preventing either Kereopa or Te Kooti from being harboured by them in future. This threat had the desired effect. Tuhoe, the admirer, apologist, and ardent supporter of the Hau Haus, now struck

his colours to this man of iron. Very shortly after the foregoing, Captain Porter, acting with Ropata, captured the notorious Kereopa, the murderer of the Rev. Mr. Volckner. Kereopa expressed surprise at the leniency shown him, fully expecting to be immediately despatched; but, not being Ropata's prisoner, he was reserved for British trial and a Napier rope.

In Hawke's Bay the chiefs of the numerous *hapus* were mostly well disposed towards the whites, but as the Hau Hau fanaticism gained ground serious signs of disaffection became manifest. The erection of Hau Hau poles in some of the *pahs* was the first alarming indication of this, followed by the muttered threats of these recent proselytes, to the effect that soon we should all be driven into the sea from whence we came. The emissaries of Te Ua were numerous and indefatigable in their endeavours to alienate our friendlies. All sorts of absurd prophecies were indulged in, supported by assertions that the preserved *pakehas'* heads had miraculously spoken in favour of the Maori adopting the new religion. However, in spite of all temptation, the most influential chieftains remained firm in their allegiance, and rendered yeoman service when called upon — Renata, Tareha, Karauria, Karaitiana, Henare Tomoana, and many others. To these chiefs, New Zealand in general, and Hawke's Bay in particular, owes an everlasting debt of gratitude for their staunch and ready support at a most trying and critical time.

Where all were so entitled to praise, it seems invidious to particularise. The youthful but intrepid Karauria was the first to fall to the Hau Hau bullets, at the outset of the Te Kooti raids at Poverty Bay, when that notorious and apparently ubiquitous rebel and murderer of defenceless women and children successfully eluded all attempts at capture.

The death of Karauria would appear to have intensified the feeling of hatred that had been previously entertained by our allies towards Te Kooti and his fanatical followers. Renata, a second edition of Ropata, though an older man, was determined to go any length or submit to any sacrifice for the purpose of obtaining *utu* from this slippery and fox-like monster.

An expedition to the interior, across Waikari-Moana, on the borders of the Uriwera country—a general *refugium peccatorum* and Te Kooti's rendezvous—had been organised. Renata, at the head of a portion of the native contingent, had but one object now in view, to which every other must be subservient, viz. the capture or destruction of Te Kooti, whose *mana* had ever been on the increase with his followers since the day he threw one of them into the ocean as a propitiatory offering for favourable weather, thus causing a fair wind to arise within a few hours, and with it Te Kooti's renown as a prophet.

The war party on this occasion, a mixture of our colonial troops and friendly allies, under Colonel

Herrick, had hunted the rebel from cover to cover. He would be driven from a *pah*, or almost surrounded, but the conclusion of each engagement ever told the same tale: "Te Kooti just got off by the skin of his teeth." Still, our forces followed over hill and dale and through ravine and swamp. The friendlies began to entertain doubts of Te Kooti's existence. Latterly no one in the desperate and frequent engagements that were fought could answer for having seen him. Some of them half believed him to be defunct, as such was often rumoured. The idea of his being sustained by a supernatural agency inspired many of them with feelings of anything but a courageous nature; but, be he man or devil, Renata, in particular, was bent upon wiping him out. He had been incessantly and relentlessly pursued until his last stronghold was reached at Kaiteriria, situated on the Tokaanu Oasis, where he was almost surrounded by a desert of pumice plains, scrub-covered hills, and boiling springs, within a short distance of the volcanoes of Ruapehu and Tongariro.

An attempt to carry the place by assault was made, during which the gallant and promising young soldier, Major J. St. George, fell. Renata in the advance, like a tiger in search of his prey, with an utter disregard for consequences, impulsively rushed through the outer palisading, and right into the *pah*, supported by a few fleet of foot and equally determined fellows of both colours. With a terrible yell of defiance the grand old warrior dashed on-

ward, but the cunning fox was beating a hasty retreat through the rear of the *pah* with other Hau Haus. Five or six women were standing as a sort of covering party ; but Renata, with rifle in hand, was too manly to fire on the women, who were directly between him and the retiring enemy. He made a dash to pass this female bodyguard, ignoring their presence, but unfortunately he had reckoned without his hostesses, for no sooner did he arrive within arm's length than they one and all, like a lot of tigresses, attacked the too gallant old chief, and quickly placed him *hors de combat.* Indeed, they would have torn him limb from limb in their fury had it not been for timely assistance. As it was, his face was scored beyond recognition. One eye was destroyed, and, for the time being, he was rendered completely blind. Yet a witness related how Renata never even struck one of his Amazonian assailants during the struggle.

But the greatest sorrow of the aged warrior's after-life was—as he often with lugubrious expression of features and dolorous tones bewailed—his having been prevented by a lot of *hakius* (old women) from catching Te Kooti at Tokaanu.

CHAPTER XXX

THE PAKEHA, THE MAORI, AND THE KURI

SOME REMINISCENCES OF THE 'FORTIES

ONE of the few recreations allowed the boy of the early days was that of fowling. Wellington in the 'forties being a city more celebrated for its bush than its buildings, it was an easy matter to take a gun, and, within a short distance of the present Houses of Parliament, get a good bag of *tuis*, *kakas*, or pigeons, all of which were very plentiful.

The surrounding hills and gullies were covered by a dense growth of the *ngaio*, a beautiful shrub, now rarely seen, to all appearances gradually sharing the fate of its aboriginal owners, and succumbing to the effects of civilisation, its concomitants, and the superior race.

Flitting through these trees, none of which reached an altitude above thirty feet, could be seen thousands of New Zealand's most beautiful songsters, the parson birds or *tuis*. Their glossy black plumage, with snow-white neck tufts, glistened

in the morning sun, delighting the eye, while the ravishing bell-like notes poured forth filled the air with harmony.

The æsthetic notions of young New Zealand colonists in those days could not have been of a very high order, for, there being no legislative restraint, wholesale slaughter was the order of the day.

Pity 'tis that Providence had not decreed that the *tui*, as an edible commodity, should be placed on a par with that of the cockatoos or other of the singing species ; then, indeed, there would have been a possibility of our lovely and fearless warbler being spared for the enchantment of the " unborn millions " in our Britain of the South.

Relations, then, with our aboriginal brethren were often attended by somewhat ludicrous, or at times tragic, incidents. As an instance, upon one occasion, a youth with gun and bag proceeded to a locality known as Kelham's Gully (now one of the most beautiful parts of Wellington), in order to replenish his parents' larder, for very acceptable the *tuis* were, with mutton at one shilling per pound and beef still dearer.

The boy had been, after a few hours' engagement, very successful, for the birds at that time betrayed little fear. Thinking of returning home, he saw a Maori lad, rather bigger than himself, slowly coming towards him. A friendly greeting followed. Another *tui* had fallen to his piece, but the report of the shot was accompanied by something quite

unlooked for and not on the programme. The native, taking advantage of the situation, struck the youthful sportsman a terrible blow on the head with some weapon he had concealed about his person, and the boy knew no more for probably half an hour.

When consciousness returned, he found that his face was covered with blood coming from a deep scalp wound. The perpetrator of the outrage was nowhere to be seen, but his gun and game were as he had left them. With some difficulty the boy reached home, but in a dazed condition.

Many years had elapsed, during which time all sorts of action had been taken to secure the assailant, or unravel the mystery, or cause of the atrocity, without avail; and it was not till both parties had grown to manhood, and had placed hundreds of miles between them and the scene of the fracas, that they met once more.

The native, with that quickness of perception so peculiar to his race, at once recognised his former enemy, and, frankly stepping forward, introduced himself. With many apologies, he explained that he had only acted according to the dictates of his tribesmen, who could not see why the *pakeha* should come to their country, shoot their birds, take their lands, and eventually make slaves of their people; adding, in broken English, "I me tink me kirra you, and I crea right away prom te *pakeha*." Ever after, no closer friends existed than this Maori and *pakeha*.

One of the many mountains surrounding Wellington's land-locked harbour was known as " E Huka's Hill." This locality was a base of supplies for firewood, whither the youths of Thorndon Flat generally resorted for the purpose of increasing the stock of this valuable commodity in their parents' yards.

On several occasions a Maori had warned and threatened dire vengeance if the *aukati*, or line of demarkation, were crossed; but, when this did occur, the native did not appear to relish the actual chastisement of about a dozen youths, some of them sturdy, fearless, and all armed with axe or billhook.

One of these boys, an elder brother of the writer, on another occasion, failing to get companions, made up his mind to accept the risk and go alone, but not quite alone, as he had with him his dog, a bull mastiff of substantial size.

Proceeding very cautiously to the spot where the best *manuka* was procurable, and this was on supposed Maori territory, he set to work felling and splitting.

He had carried the most of his logs to the brow of the hill, whence they would roll or slide nearly to the bottom. Returning again, he was just taking a spell of rest, and congratulating himself upon having evaded the ferocious E Huka, or one of his tribe, when a growl from the dog put him on the alert.

Taking cover behind a tree from the direction in which the dog had located danger, and fearing the

dart of a spear or other missile, he watched, for a time, the dog, with bristles erect and determined muzzle, keeping his eyes on the one place.

At last the youth detected just the slightest move of a woolly head above the dense scrub not far away. He was certain now that he was in for it ; a Maori was there without doubt, and trying to take him off his guard.

Previously he had never experimented with the dog on the aboriginal—there had been no need. But of one thing he was sure, and that was, the dog would tackle anything when ordered to do so. Consequently, pointing in the direction in which he had had a glimpse of the woolly head, he called loudly, " Put him off, boy."

Straight as an arrow darted the dog away ; then nothing was seen or heard but the determined rush of the faithful animal through the almost impenetrable fern. Then, suddenly, a dark figure sprang from cover, high above the fern, accompanying the action with a fearful yell, "*Katai ano te kuri!*" (Oh! the dog). For some distance that Maori made rapid progress up the side of the mountain, all the time giving vent to his lung powers, with the dog hanging on behind.

The dog, well trained, seldom let go a hold once obtained, unless by positive orders. The boy called orders, whistled, shouted at top of his voice, all to no purpose ; his commands had been all lost in the louder yells of the terrified Maori to be released from the *kuri* that was going to eat him.

After a short interval the dog returned, apparently pleased at having performed a meritorious act. The native was not recognised by the lad at the time or afterwards, but the amount of respect subsequently shown this dog by the natives of Wellington while carrying round their potatoes, pumpkins, fish, etc., for sale to the *pakeha*, was very noticeable.

CHAPTER XXXI

LARRY'S YARN

DIGGERS' LUCK AND THE STORY OF A PIG

"GOLD diggin', is it? I tell you, sir, I've had about twenty years of it in different parts of the world. I've dug for gold, sluiced for gold, and, without using bad language, I've dammed and blasted for gold. I've dammed rivers and creeks, and blasted rocks." The speaker lit a well-seasoned pipe, puffed a few clouds of smoke, and continued. "A digger's life is mostly one of luck, good or bad, but it takes a lot of bad luck to make a digger give up hope.

"At Gabriel's, in '61, four of us had a claim. The only fault with it was that we did too well. One of my mates, thinking himself a bit of a millionaire, took it into his head to go to Dunedin and do a bit of shopping. We knew right well that most of his purchases would be of Kinahan, Hennessy, or Dunville's manufacture; but we couldn't make him change his mind. A few days afterwards our claim was 'jumped,' as three men were not allowed to work four men's ground.

"We had to shift right off, and soon had the pleasure of knowing that the new party were making a good haul out of our claim. Bad luck for us! With my mates I've shepherded one claim on the Molyneux River for over three months till the river went down. Then, one day, just as we had finished work, the gold could be seen here and there on the bottom—a splendid prospect for the next day. I tell you, sir, we were in high spirits that night, and you may bet your bottom dollar that the peep o' day found us on the banks ready to scoop up our pile. But, bad luck had returned. The river, with never a sign of rain about us, was bank high and running like a huge mill-race. I swear, sir, that put us out of conceit with the great New Zealand river. We there and then struck tent, and made off in the direction of Miller's Flat, Mount Benger, or Fox's: we weren't quite sure where we'd pull up.

"Did I do any good afterwards? Well, sir, I tell you we struck it pretty thick in one claim on Miller's Flat. Diggers' luck again, but the other way this time. I'll tell you how it came about. We were digging and washing for some months with varying luck, sometimes making 'tucker,' often not that, so we decided to strike across the range for the west coast.

"Next morning one of our mates, old 'Dutchy,' a very stubborn character when he was in the mood, made a speech on the question. 'Vell, mates,' he said, 'I'm goin' to dry six more puckets, and den if no kuller show up I gif her up for a ploomin' shicer.'

Just by way of humouring our staunch old Dane, we agreed. Going to the mouth of the shaft he was lowered down with a lot of good-humoured banter, the parting shot being, 'Don't pocket any of the gold, Dutchy.'

"We waited at the mouth of the shaft, showing more impatience than interest in old Dutchy's whim. After a while a voice from below was heard calling out, 'Mein Got, boys! pull up an' vash.' This was a startling cry for us, coming as it did from the quiet Dane.

"Judging from his joyous shout to wash, he must have struck a rich vein, or perhaps, better still, a pocket. He had surely 'bottomed' in his last six buckets.

"I tell you, sir, we pulled up with a will, and were soon rewarded by feasting our eyes on the precious metal which was freely showing on the surface of the bucket.

"To make a long story short, we each put a good few hundreds by from that claim after having condemned it, and never once complained of the trouble we were put to by our 'good old Dutch' on that occasion. Diggers' luck again. Well, it doesn't take diggers long to make up their minds, so after working out this claim, the wonderful stories of the West Coast goldfields, like a loadstone, drew us in that direction. It was too much of a roundabout and waste of time going back to Dunedin and shipping for the coast. Steamers were scarce in those days, and waiting for one meant a loss of three or four

weeks. No, sir, we weren't built that way. We started on foot! We knew there was the range ahead of us to be crossed, but didn't reckon on many more that we afterwards discovered.

"It took us about ten days to get over those hills, and I'm certain 'twould take me longer than that to tell you of all the fun we had before we got through.

"There were places, sir, that would make a goat turn pale at the thought of having to go up. At times we'd come to a full stop at the head of a precipice, and it was either a case of go back and follow another spur of the mountains, or go down the face of the cliff. We overcame this little trouble by making a strong rope of flax and wood-vines from the trees which were plentiful, and by this means saved miles of travelling.

"The trip took longer than we reckoned upon, and our 'tucker' was running very low, but the knowledge that we were coming to inhabited country once more kept up our spirits. There would soon be a chance of getting a fresh stock of provisions.

"Now I'm going to tell you something I shouldn't perhaps tell, but it took place so many years ago that it must be forgotten long since.

"It was the only time I ever took a hand in a highway robbery, and this is how it came about. I tell you, sir, we were a pretty rough-looking lot then. Following the track to the coast, we happened to overtake a man with a pack-horse going to some of the out-stations.

"The most pleasing sight to us was a bag of flour on his pack. He was asked to sell some to us as we had run right out of flour and were starving for a bit of 'damper.' His answer came very quickly, 'Be gorrah, I'm not afther packin' sixty miles over mountains and through rivers to sell it to you fellows. I tell yez it's not fur sale,' and with that, giving his horse a touch of the whip, he moved on.

"One of our mates took hold of the horse's head, pulled out his revolver, and, covering the man, said, 'My dear friend, since you won't sell, we will just help ourselves,' and suiting the action to the word, he commenced to unstrap the load.

"This was too much for our friend, who, pulling his jacket off, wanted to fight any of us singly, threatening all sorts of vengeance when he got the chance.

"Taking no notice of this, our mate, with the shooting-iron in his hand, put on his fiercest look and ordered the 'damper dust' to be served out, each one taking so many pannikins full, and all the time our Hibernian friend was cursing us for robbers and everything that was bad. This part over, our mate, still keeping up his savage look, spoke to the packer as follows: 'Look here, old man, you've threatened a lot and you were a fool for doing so. Ye see we must protect ourselves. Now what to do with you I hardly know; they say dead men tell no tales, and if we tied you up here and left you, you mightn't be noticed for a year or two, and you might catch cold, you see.

"'Well, we've been thinking seriously over the matter and have decided that the sentence of this court is that for refusing to sell and using threatening language we condemn you to receive one shilling for every pannikin of flour we took from you, with the thanks of the court for giving it so cheaply!' The effect of these words on the carrier was as good as a play to look at. First he showed fight, then fear at the idea of being tied up or shot; but, when the sentence was fully given and the money placed in his hands, he shouted:

"'Och, be the powers! I'm only sorry it wasn't a ton of the same you were afther robbin' me of at the same price.'

"After this we continued our journey, leaving Pat to continue upon his way rejoicing.

"It was a law amongst diggers, and a law seldom broken, that when anything in the way of tucker was refused after payment was offered, such as a sheep or other necessaries from a station owner, it would be taken, and the owner might whistle for payment.

"Well, we got over the pass from Canterbury, and safely across the treacherous Teremakau River. The next claim we took up was in Hokitika, and were doing first rate when 'diggers' luck' again intervened, and a flood came down, covering the whole place and nearly putting us past any more digging.

"We, very luckily, managed to place some provisions in the fork of a tree, out of the way of the

water, or we should have starved. As it was we were for six weeks cut off from the rest of the world, and had to do the best we could on bacon and flour—we had plenty of fresh water! It was bacon and 'damper' for breakfast, 'damper' and bacon for dinner, right through, till I felt I could never look a pig in the face again.

"Well, sir, this puts me in mind of something. Ha! ha! ha! the very thought of it makes me laugh.

"I must tell you about a pig we once had. We were steering for one of the rushes, when, going through some fern-covered country, our dog bailed up a sow with a litter of young ones. We called off the dog, and I managed to catch one of the youngsters. I said, 'Well, boys, we'll keep him till he's fat enough, then he'll make a nice roast.'

"We hadn't far to go, so we carried the little beggar until we got to where we pegged out a claim and built a shanty.

"We worked there for a good many months, and did fairly well. Mick, as we called the pig, had grown, and got in good condition; but somehow or other he never got fat enough to tempt us to make a meal off him.

"We used to leave him and the dog—the two were great friends—outside our hut when we went to our gold-washing. At times they both followed us, Mick nearly always. On one occasion, however, just after we had laid in a fresh stock of provisions,

we noticed that he had not shown up at all. The dog was there, but no sign of Mick.

"When we went back to our shanty we saw signs in plenty of him. I swear, sir, you never saw such a mess. The pig had rooted a hole under the house, and had sorted out our tucker in a very thorough manner. He had tasted and tried everything within his reach. Such a mess you never saw. Butter (a great rarity), flour, sugar, tea, cheese, bacon, and I don't know what beside, all in one beautiful mixture on the ground floor. Our chaps were raging mad, and I'm afraid if Mick had shown up just then he'd have got a knock that would have put an end to *his* prospecting. But that pig was a born politician in his way, for I swear, sir, he never came near till he heard us all roaring with laughter. Then he came to the door, looking more like a miller or a baker than a decent pig. I saved his bacon that time, as I couldn't help but admire his intelligence.

"Another time during the night it started hailing and raining something terrible. We heard the dog snapping and snarling in his kennel, and the pig squealing and grunting like mad. This concert went on for a long time, then all was quiet once more. In the morning we found the dog standing outside his kennel shivering like a leaf, and the pig sleeping like a top inside. There was intellgence for you!

"Well, the worst part for us now was coming. You must know that diggers, after slaving for a long

time, especially when successful as we were, dearly love a good spree, by way of recreation, so we started for town, which was about fifty miles away. Although we didn't mind a dog following us, we drew the line at a pig, however clever, doing the same thing.

" We made it up to give Mick a big feed in the hut, shut him in, and clear away as fast as we could. He'll think we are at the claim, and will be jolly well sold when he can't find us, was the general opinion expressed. This was done most successfully, and we were all laughing at having outwitted his pigship. We were fully four miles away from our place, when what do you think we should hear, sir, but the pig in full cry after us, and squealing as if he was being butchered ! When he caught us he just gave a few satisfied grunts and followed on with the dog as cool as a cucumber. We decided then to sell or give him away at the first place we came to. This happened to be a small accommodation house. Before getting our dinner we had made a bargain with the owner for him. Dinner over, we once more made tracks, feeling quite a weight off our minds at having got rid of our friend so easily. But I tell you we were soon undeceived on that point. We hadn't got as far away from him as in our first attempt when we could just make out Mick's melodious tones being wafted by the gentle breeze to our delighted ears. We stood and looked at each other almost spellbound for a minute or so, and then—well, if that pig could only have heard the

remarks passed on his accomplishments, and the warm wishes expressed for his future welfare, I think he would have turned back and walked with us no more. Mick was covered with mud, and had evidently rooted his way out again. 'Look here, boys,' says one, 'there's no use trying to get rid of him to-night. We'll reach town to-morrow sometime, and I guess I'll fix him and his little capers.' Upon my mate's promising not to hurt him, I agreed. Being chief owner and greatest friend of Mick's, I didn't like the idea of our chaps killing him ; he seemed to me almost like one of our party, and it looked as if he meant to remain so. We reached town at last, went to an hotel, and left our swags and Mick at the same place. As capital always has its dignity to keep up, we soon put off the diggers' smocks, and replaced them with up-to-date outfits, as becoming men of means. We were delighted to find that Mick's imprisonment had been successfully accomplished this time. Six o'clock came, and a big crowd for dinner. Ladies and gentlemen, the rough and the refined, all had to take pot luck in those times. The dinner was about half-way through—our first decent meal for about eighteen months—when I swear, sir, if there wasn't the pig again, fighting his way from the kitchen through the door into the dining-room, singing out his top notes all the time. Some of the ladies looked like fainting. I felt as if I were falling down a shaft. Mick, after running here and there, sniffing and squealing, and running between the diners' legs, and

again under some ladies' petticoats (he was no respecter of persons), made straight for me and, with a grunt of satisfaction, came to a standstill. Then, pushing his greasy snout between the rungs of my chair, he showed as plainly as if he said so, 'I've found my master at last.' I didn't acknowledge the ownership, but a fool of a fellow at the table asked out loud if I could tell him the breed of my dog!

"The next day that pig was sold to a butcher as prime dairy-fed; and I don't think I've eaten a bit of bacon or owned a pig since."

CHAPTER XXXII

A GREAT CANOE RACE

AND SOME FURTHER REMARKS ON MAORI CHARACTER

IN the early days sports of every description seem to have been more enjoyable than in recent years. While making allowance for the natural decrease of appreciation attendant upon increase of summers, one feels such to have been the case. In those good old times everyone appeared to be happy in the thought that all were deriving pleasure in an equal degree.

The hurdle and flat races held on Te Aro—now the most populous and active centre of business in the Empire City—were the fêtes of the year. As we were then in a semi-civilised state, only one or two meetings were held each year ; but the fun at these, with their hundred and one side-shows, made up for their limited number.

Successful racers then were horses that could carry their owners forty or fifty miles a day over very rough country and be fresh at the end of the journey. The programmes embraced three-mile hurdle and flat events, and other distances—all weight-for-age.

I don't think the word handicap was then known to half our enthusiastic sportsmen. Many an exciting struggle has been witnessed on the Te Aro and Burnham water-courses at Wellington between the progeny of such grand old sires as Riddlesworth and Figaro.

Wellington's carnival of two or three days was not restricted to sports on shore. Her magnificent land-locked harbour—an expanse of some twenty thousand acres, with Ward's and Soame's Islands standing out in bold relief against the dark green background of the mountains, which tower above Lowry Bay and Waiawetu at the northern extremity —was a yachting Elysium, where, on Anniversary Day (22nd January), the anchorage would be dotted over with the canvas of the small coasters, or of an occasional pleasure yacht, waiting to try conclusions in their various classes. The somewhat discoloured and patched sails of the coasters bore evidence of many a perilous trip to the Sounds, to the coastal sheep stations, or to Auckland, the northern emporium for that peerless timber, the *kauri* pine. There would also be whaleboats with their motley crews composed of the pick of the hardy ship's company, and canoes beautifully carved by aboriginal artists, their occupants all eager for the fray.

The Maoris were by far the most interesting combination, the crews numbering between twenty and thirty each, being all in full warlike rig. Their costume on these occasions consisted of the loin-mat made from the native flax, treated in various ways,

the inner part being composed of the softly dressed fibre tightly platted with long drooping ends that were of a mottled shiny black colour, in appearance resembling inverted porcupine quills, and hanging in such profusion that with one of the larger kind the Maoris, apparently, had as little fear of the stormy elements as a paradise duck.

Natives from all quarters assembled in Wellington for these fêtes, each *hapu* endeavouring to outshine the other in decorative display. The appearance of these for the time being peaceful savages going to do battle with each other was a sight not easily forgotten. There were seldom more than two first-class war canoes present at these competitions, but these were really such works of art that to do anything like justice to them in description would necessitate the infliction upon the reader of a whole chapter. They were generally made from the *totara*, on account of its imperviousness to the attack of the terrible teredo, an insect which completely honeycombs nearly every other description of timber in a very short time when exposed to the sea. Some of the war canoes were eighty feet in length, the bottom part composed of a single tree, dug out. The raised bulwarks of tougher wood were secured by innumerable interlacings of prepared flax, and caulked with leaves of the *raupo*. The artistic work, the carving, was exhibited in the prominent stern-post and figure-head, slightly curving aft and forward respectively, with lattice-like work beneath. Some of these were extraordinary specimens of talent,

more remarkable for fertility of design than beauty of expression, the principal feature invariably being the representation of a Maori figure, with hands folded across the stomach, lolling tongue, and staring eyes of *pawa* shell, the whole figure having an ogreish expression of contempt and defiance, apparently an object-lesson for the young in that most essential of aboriginal accomplishments, the war dance.

When we consider that in the construction of these magnificent evidences of ancient handicraft the carvers had nothing better than a stone adze, a shell, or a shark's tooth to hew and carve with, the result achieved is simply astounding.

When a canoe race was on the *tapis*, the interest in other events dwindled into insignificance; the excitement was great, but especially so amongst our dark brothers.

Just previous to starting, the chief or leader, without any preconcerted plan, but evidently upon the impulse of the moment, would jump up shaking his *tao* or *mere* in the air, accompanying the action with a long-sustained note in the upper register, then suddenly dropping his voice and terminating in a sort of grunt, in which all of his tribe—men, women, and even children—joined with the accuracy of clockwork. The men kept time to the staccato music of the *haka* by the stamping of feet, while extended in the right hand was the paddle, spear, or gun—peaceful or warlike, as the case might be—their feet striking the earth exactly at the first beat

of a three-four time measure, the other two notes being made in the act of inhalation, and thus producing a very coarse and guttural sound. The women contented themselves by acting a kind of accompaniment with the vigorous but, to European eyes, not over modest contortions of their bodies, at the same time rolling their eyes so that the whites alone were visible, and opening their mouths to the utmost extent, which was sometimes considerable. Thus with lolling tongues—in crimson contrast to their dark skin—and the white, perfectly formed teeth glistening like pearls in the light of the sun, the whole movement, but especially that of the gentler sex, at first sight was likely to give the impression that they were trying to accomplish the impossible task of reversing the order of nature by turning the other side out.

This part of the entertainment was always looked forward to with eagerness, as it was a noticeable trait in connection with their national dance that money alone does not procure its thorough performance unless there were circumstances attached calculated to bring out the true savage, such as the demise of an illustrious person, a victory, the beginning of a fight, or trial of prowess.

And now the canoes are placed in position, their crews, splendidly shaped men, and in the pink of condition, but with features disfigured by a dab of red and black here and there, giving a rather hideous expression to their otherwise manly type of beauty. The chiefs stand erect in the bows, confronting the

determined and vicious-looking faces, their heads dotted with white feathers stuck through the woolly hair. Some of the ears and necks are adorned with carved greenstone or shark-tooth ornaments; the handsomely worked mat drapes from the waist, the upper part of the body being bare.

The race is a struggle for supremacy between two rivals of many years' standing—Te Puni, one of the first friendly chiefs hailing from Petone; and Wi Tako, the young and handsome chief of Te Aro. This, like all classic races, is generally keenly contested, and with varying results. Everyone is breathlessly awaiting the start; the crews are being harangued in true Maori fashion, something to the following effect: Let your flight be like the bound of the porpoise through the sea, the rush of the torrent, etc., ending in "*Kokiri! Kia tere, kia tere rawa!*" (or, Drive ahead quick, very quick).

The pistol is fired and off they dart, the headman —who, by the way, is sometimes a woman—giving the time by flourishes of the spear, and indicating each stroke of the paddles by graceful inclinations of the body, at the same time shouting, "*Tena! Tena! Toia!*"

The course is round a flag-boat off Ngahauranga, two miles distant. There appears to be very little advantage gained by either till nearing the winning point on Te Aro beach, when an unearthly yell announces victory for Wi Tako.

The winners, despite their four-mile spin, immediately spring from their canoes, which have been

driven up on the sandy beach, and treat the onlookers to another but more furious dance than before.

As the prizes given on these occasions were pretty substantial, some of the successful competitors for weeks afterwards might be seen wearing fanciful tokens of victory, purchased by themselves for the purpose. These were various and wonderful in the taste displayed. The officers of the 65th Regiment, or of the *Pandora* or *Calliope* warships, were the beau ideal to the native mind in the way of dress; and some of the lords of the soil constantly adopted the naval gold band and braid, or as near as they could get to full dress. Others wore it only on state occasions, when their gorgeousness was amazing; at first they looked extremely happy, but later on the tattooed faces would gradually assume an expression of anxiety, caused not by fear—they never experienced the feeling—but through an overpowering desire to retire to the refuge of the *pah* and get rid of their highly polished Wellington boots. One old celebrity made a point of regularly jogging into town upon the 24th May and honouring her Most Gracious Majesty's natal day by singing through the streets, with loudest warlike voice and action, his version of "Rule Britannia": "*Ruree Paritania, Paritania ruree te wafe, Paritania, nawa nawa nawa, hara pe harafe.*" I must add that Paora Kaiwhatu was one of those friendly diplomatic chieftains who never betrayed his intimate knowledge of English, except on such

occasions, and even then only after loyally toasting Her Gracious Majesty's health several times.

An instance of the kindly, sensitive disposition of the Maori women that occurred on one of these gala days is perhaps worth relating. In the latter part of that exceedingly troublous decade, ending in 1870, there resided in a prosperous little town of the North Island a certain tradesman. Though a young man, he was an early colonist. His better half, however, was a recent arrival. Their place of business was a favourite resort of the natives for refreshments, a private sitting-room being provided, to which the better or cleaner class were invited to retire. Mrs. To Moana, the wife of that splendid young chief who was afterwards a member of the House of Representatives, came one day carrying an infant in her arms, accompanied by her Maori servant-girl. Making her usual salutation she ordered some refreshments, and went to enjoy the privacy of the inner apartment where the proprietor's infant son was quietly slumbering in his little bassinet, its mother being engaged in household duties elsewhere. Mrs. To Moana, womanlike, must see and compare; the little aboriginal, although about the same age, happened to be twice the size of the infant *pakeha*, and the chieftainess, in astonishment, exclaimed, "*Au e! Katai ano, ka paku*" (or, Oh, my! How very small). The father explained the reason, premature birth, and consequent absence of the natural maternal nourishment. She still contemplating the cradle's occupant, the

father left her to attend to his shop, but shortly returned to find that Mrs. To Moana had taken the baby from its cradle and was nursing it instead of her own, her good-natured countenance wreathed in smiles, while her bright hazel eyes sparkled with amusement and delight. Waving the parent away in a playfully authoritative manner, she said tell *Meri* (Mary) that he is all right. The mother, coming into the room just at this time, stood as if riveted to the spot, amazement and fear being depicted upon her now pallid face. She had a sincere regard for the Maori lady, but this new and startling development in their friendship she had never anticipated. With the keen powers of perception peculiar to her race, Mrs. To Moana saw at a glance the conflict of feelings in the European mother, and by many signs of endearment made her sit beside her while the husband interpreted. However, the appearance of satisfaction which gradually spread over the face of the diminutive child, together with the spotless cleanliness of the aboriginal mother's habiliments, seemed to have the effect of allaying the maternal nervousness, and thus another and closer bond of love and sisterhood was established between the Maori and *pakeha* mothers.

The last words of this estimable and voluntary wet nurse before taking her leave, expressed the tender feelings of her sympathetic nature. "My sorrow is great that my residence is far away, or I would often return to see your little son"; (correctly prophesying) "he will be a big man yet."

I have occasionally heard disparaging remarks concerning the virtue of Maori women, but give myself credit for never allowing such to pass unchallenged, and have invariably found these ignorant maligners to be of the class pictured eighteen hundred years ago as those " whose glory is their shame," etc.

Numberless instances could be cited of most heroic fidelity on the part of the native *wahine* to her Maori or *pakeha* lord, which, occurring amongst Europeans, would be considered romantic in the extreme, but in their eyes were quite matter-of-fact incidents. A long experience has convinced me that by far the greater part of such laxity as does exist in this respect may be traced to the debasing example and encouragement of the white savage, and that prior to his advent it found scant favour with the Maori people.

THE END