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AND SKETCHES

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AND HISTORY

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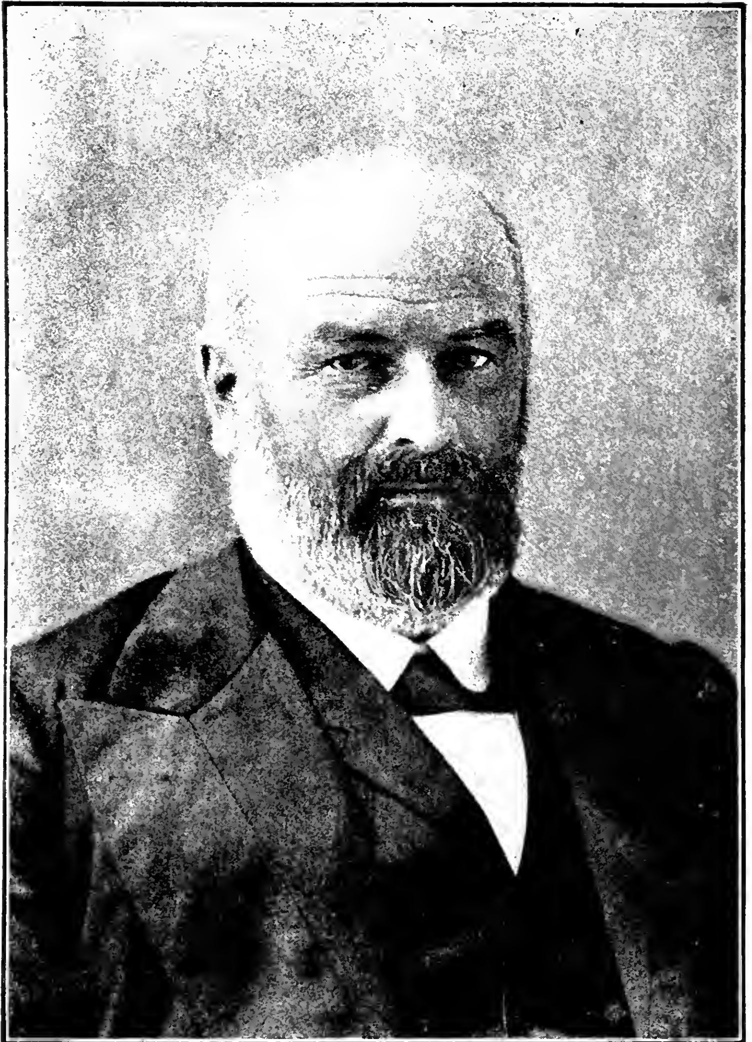

Judge Wilson.

THE STORY OF
TE WAHAROA

A Chapter in Early New Zealand History

TOGETHER WITH

SKETCHES OF ANCIENT MAORI LIFE AND HISTORY

BY

JOHN ALEXANDER WILSON

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Te Waharoa's waiata of defiance to Ngapuhi—a message sung to Mr. Wilson (father of the author) on the 29th March, 1837, at Te Papa Tauranga.

Ko au anake ra te waihou nei, i te ngatu raiaha—Ka tu, raiaha—Ka haere, raiaha—Ka pana, raiaha—Mahia, aha—Onoia-onoia raiaha—Ka kote aha—Korero mai roto, Korero mai roto.

PREFACE TO THE ORIGINAL EDITION.

THE following pages furnish a truthful narrative of some past events, which occurred in New Zealand, during the life time of the father of the present Chief, William Thompson—and form, if the paradox may be allowed, a chapter in the history of Auckland, South of Auckland, before Auckland was Auckland.

In Part I., an effort has been made to clear the early incidents related from the dimness and uncertainty with which time, and lack of written record, has involved them; while the views, submitted in Part II., have been formed by a disinterested, and not unobservant, spectator. And, in reference to Part III., I feel assured that the historical statements contained will be found to be of a very reliable nature.

I would add that the only evidence accepted in this "STORY OF TE WAHAROA" is such as has been directly received from Missionaries, Pakeha-Maoris, and Maoris, who were contemporaneous with, and personally well acquainted with, that remarkable Chief; and though a knowledge of Waharoa and his times, was not acquired by me yesterday, still, I beg to thank those friends with whom I have lately conversed, for their kind efforts to recall circumstances that were well nigh forgotten and lost.

I will conclude by observing that I have not sought to multiply horrors,—if much has been said, much also remains unsaid, for there was no lack of materials. Very repelling scenes have been omitted; and the reader is not to suppose that this slight sketch contains all the dreadful things that were done in Waharoa's time.

J. A. WILSON.

Remuera, Auckland, 1866.

PREFACE.

It is forty years since the Story was published, during which time not a single statement of fact therein regarding Maori history has been questioned, much less refuted. So far as I am aware, only one fact has been questioned, and that is outside the range of Maori history, namely, whether the disappointed immigrants who arrived at Sydney from New Zealand, went pearl fishing. A gentleman attempted to verify the statement by searching the records in Sydney. He found that the disappointed immigrants had arrived from New Zealand; their port of departure, as stated in the Story, being Hokianga; but he failed to trace them to the pearl fisheries, which is not surprising, as other vessels suitable to pearl fishing would be used by the immigrants, and not the deep sea ship in which they had come from New Zealand.

I was asked for my authority and gave it, namely the late Mr. Fairburn, of the Church Missionary Society, formerly a resident of Sydney, who told the story of the immigrants and their wanderings to my father in 1833, when weather-bound together at the same sand-spit island, while voyaging in an open boat from the Thames to the Bay of Islands.

The information contained in this Story was gathered by me from many sources, my principal informant being my father, the late Rev. J. A. Wilson, of the C.M.S., also the late Rev. T. Chapman, C.M.S., the Rev. J. Hamlin, C.M.S., Mr. H. Tapsal, and many other persons both European and Maori, also from personal observation.

Here I would note that the Story of Te Waharoa served a useful public purpose in rectifying an error that the Native Land Court, then new to its office, had fallen into, when laying down the dictum called its 1840 Rule (*vide* Oakura judgment delivered by three judges, including the Chief Judge, while sitting in the Compensation Court). Apart from its circumlocution, this decision meant that the Maoris had killed and eaten each other and taken each other's land without rhyme or reason, and the N.L. Court, after two years' search, had failed to find any. Whereas the Story of Te Waharoa shewed that native movements, political, in war, or otherwise, were subject to cause and effect, not to blind chance. It also showed that the natives were accustomed to defend their lands with their lives. At Rotorua, in 1836, the chief cried: "Let me die upon my land." The tribe rallied and repulsed the invaders. At Maketu, another chief used the same words, his tribe stood firm, and they died almost to a man in defence of their land. Thus we find that the following passage in the decision does not hold good:—"Land with its

places of strength, concealment, and security seems to have been regarded more as a means of maintaining and securing the men who occupied, than the men who occupied it as a means of defending and maintaining possession of the land." Many other examples might be added, not contained in the Story, in which the natives state that they fought for their land to the death.

Again, in vesting ownership the decision drew an arbitrary line across the threads of native tradition and custom, a course that necessarily failed when a better way was found; this was aptly pointed out by the late Judge Heal, of the Native Land Court, who remarked to me some time afterwards, saying, "Since your little book appeared we heard nothing more of the 1840 Rule." This was a useful public purpose served.

I have now to amend, on my own initiative, certain details that led to the Te Haramiti expedition. Instead of two girls quarrelling in the water while bathing at Kororareka beach, there were four girls, or rather two pairs of sisters. The first pair had lately been the favourites of one Pereri (Freddy), a Pakeha-Maori of Kororareka. They belonged to a hapu on the north side of the Bay. The second pair were their successful rivals, and belonged to the tribe at Kororareka. The first pair seeing their enemies bathing entered the water and assaulted them so violently that their mother waded in to their rescue, and submerged

the assailants until their insensible bodies were drawn out of the water by their friends. The mother seeing this exclaimed, "What does it matter, they will make a nice relish for our new potatoes." This allusion to the girls as food was a curse, greatly offensive to their hapu, who requested Hongi Hika, chief of their side of the Bay, to avenge the insult. Hongi prudently declined to bring about a civil war, but other chiefs were less circumspect, and, raising a war party, attacked Kororareka and were repulsed with loss that led to the disastrous Te Haramiti expedition described in the Story.

The Sketches of Ancient Maori Life and History may receive some slight additions, which I will briefly state. The Tawhitirahi pa mentioned as overlooking Kukumoa stream, at Opotiki, lately became the property of a gentleman who proceeded to level the ramparts; along the line post holes were found, time had removed the wood, but in each hole there was a human skeleton; the workmen disliking the look of the thing abandoned the job. Tawhitirahi was no doubt a pa of great antiquity, and the men that built its battlements are a mystery. Their manners and customs, judging by this glimpse, appear to have resembled Fijian horrors described by the early European visitors to that country. They could not have been of the Hawaiki-Maori race, whose traditions, generally precise, would have furnished a clue. The same may be almost as certainly said of earlier Maui-Maori people. Other pas

have been levelled in many places, but no such ghastly remains, so far as I am aware, have been discovered.

It is known however, that a people other than the Maui-Maori nation inhabited New Zealand before the advent of the Hawaiki-Maori. These were the Urukehu, or white New Zealanders, with red hair. This tribe, possibly a remnant of a larger people, lived as lately as nine generations ago at Heruiwi and country westward and southward from there, along the margin of the forest towards Mohaka River. The Urukehu were not a martial people. They were unable to resist the Hawaiki-Maoris, who attacked them under the chiefs Wharepakau and Patuheuheu, his nephew, who drove them from Heruiwi and other possessions, until they took shelter in a large and strongly-fortified pa. This pa was carried, and thereafter the Urukehu ceased to be a tribe.

Wharepakau and Patuheuheu had landed at Te Awa o te Atua, thence they secured themselves and their followers in a pa on the mountain of Whakapoukorero, from which point they made war on the Urukehu. I incline to the opinion that these adventurers were of Ngatiawa lineage, thrust out from the Bay of Islands.

Traces of the Urukehu red hair were frequently visible in the Bay of Plenty fifty years ago.

I now come to my last topic, namely, the occupation at the Bay of Islands and Hokianga

by Ngatiawa, and their expulsion therefrom by Ngapuhi. When Ngatiawa, of Mataatua canoe, under Muriwai, their chieftainess, arrived at Whakatane, they seemed to have deliberately wiped six generations of sojourn at the Bay of Islands off their traditional slate, and landed at Whakatane as though they had come straight from Hawaiki. This may have been devised by their leaders in order to appear with prestige, and to avoid the danger in their new location of appearing as a beaten people. This revised tradition is still firmly held at Whakatane, the head-quarters of Ngatiawa, and has been set forth by me in the "Sketches."

The true story of Ngatiawa is that Mataatua, after the meeting at Ahuahu described in the "Sketches," went north like Tainui and Te Arawa canoes, but, unlike them, did not turn back south. She landed at Tako, at the bottom of the first bay, immediately north of the Bay of Islands. Here her immigrants settled and spread; thence to Rangihu, on Te Puna peninsula, where they had a strong pa, and, where, known as Te Whanau o te Hikutu—a thoroughly Ngatiawa tribal appellation—they ascended Waitangi and Kerikeri Rivers, and, crossing their watersheds, descended into Hokianga country by the Waihou River. They had strong earthwork fortifications, some of great size and ruas—underground food stores—at Puketonu, and near Waimate East. At Hokianga they held much of the land extending along the left bank of the river, from above Utakura to Motu River.

Another Ngatiawa canoe from Hawaiki landed at or near Doubtful Bay. Her people extended their settlement through Kaitaia to the south side of Hokianga Heads, where they had a pa near Oponini. Communication subsisted between these and the Ngatiawa opposite Kohukohu. Such was the state of Ngatiawa settlement in the north 150 to 180 years after the landing at Tako, when war arose. Rahere, a half-caste Ngatiawa-Ngapuhi chief became offended with his Ngatiawa relations, and attacked and destroyed the pa near Hokianga Heads. The war became general, Ngapuhi joined Rahere, and Ngatiawa, with few exceptions—including Te Whanau o te Hikutu, were driven out of the Bay of Islands and Hokianga districts by the all-conquering Ngapuhi.

It was then that Mataatua, under Muriwai, went to Whakatane, or it was probably another canoe named after her—150 to 180 years being possibly too long a time for a canoe to remain in a seaworthy condition. It was probably a result of this war that the chiefs Wharepakau and Patuheuheu, who seem to have been of Ngatiawa connection, landed at Te Awa o te Atua.

From the landing of Mataatua at Tako, the number of the generations of the descendants of her mixed people at Hokianga tallies exactly with the number of generations for Tainui and Te Arawa.

A singular feature of this war is that the descendants of the belligerents on both sides,

apart from a few at Hokianga, know little or nothing of its history. My late father in the thirties saw the earthworks at the Bay of Islands, and sought to learn their origin, but he was only told that they had been built by Ngatiawa, nothing more could the natives tell. The late Dr. William Williams, Bishop of Waiapu, who had lived many years at the Bay of Islands in the twenties and thirties, said exactly the same thing to me thirty years ago, when he asked me if I had solved the mystery which I had not then.

The Ngapuhi, coming from Hawaiki, landed on the south side of the Bay; the Ngatiawa, as we have seen, landed on the north side of the Bay of Islands; necessarily, therefore, the boundary between the tribes, tacit or acknowledged, would probably be in the vicinity of the bottom of the Bay. Accordingly we find Ngatiawa, with strategical skill, fortifying the Waitangi valley, and westward of the same, where the river takes a bend. As time advanced and population increased, each tribe doubtless became a menace to the other; friction would ensue, and the Ngapuhi, recognising the strength of the position in their front, made an outside movement *via* Kaipara and the coast road to Hokianga Heads as a beginning to the war.

In this preface I regret I have not always been as precise as I could wish in the names of persons and places in the story of the Urukehu—white New Zealanders—and in the

account of the occupation in the North, the reason being that I am not permitted to peruse my Judge's notes in the records of the Native Land Court without payment, which I cannot consent to, seeing the information is required for historical purposes only.

J. A. WILSON.

AUCKLAND,
2nd October, 1906.

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THE STORY OF TE WAHAROA.

PART I.

The following fragment of "*Biographie Universelle*" contains the sketch of a "fine old Maori gentleman, one of the olden time," and may perhaps prove interesting to some readers.

The history of Te Waharoa shows something of the condition of the ancient New Zealanders, who separated into various tribes, inhabited the valleys of the Thames and Waikato. who occupied the shores of the Bay of Plenty, and held the Lake district adjacent. It is a history which enables us to observe the actions of those tribes in peace and in war; to study their religion, their habits, and customs; to trace the effect of the humanising and Christian influences, which gradually dispelled the dark clouds that had rendered those savages unapproachable; and it assists us to examine the causes, latent in the Maori mind, which facilitated that change. In order, however, to make such a view more complete, we shall sometimes introduce incidents and characters not strictly connected with Te Waharoa's story, but generally contemporaneous with that chief, and

pertaining to the districts where his influence was felt.

Te Waharoa, chief of the Ngatihaua tribe, and father of the present William Thompson Tarapipi, was, in his youth, a slave at Rotorua. The great influence and distinction he attained in after life is probably the reason why this, and other incidents of Waharoa's boyhood, are rescued from the obscurity which, notwithstanding he was a New Zealand chief, would otherwise have been their lot.

It is said that, ere Te Waharoa's birth, Taiporutu, his father, a Ngatihaua chief, was killed at Wanganui, in the *waharoa*—large gateway—of a pa he was in the act of attacking, and that on its birth his infant was named Te Waharoa by its mother, in remembrance of the spot where her husband had so nobly fallen.

When Waharoa was only about two years old, Maungakawa, the place where his tribe lived, was invaded and devastated by the Ngatiwhakaue, and he and his mother were carried captive to Rotorua. In reference to this circumstance, the aged Ngatiwhakaue chief Pango, as he reflected, some sixty years afterwards, on the slaughter of his tribe at Ohinemutu, by Te Waharoa, said, "Ah! had I but known once what I know now, he never should have killed us thus. I saw him, a little deserted child, crying in the ashes of his pa; and, as he seemed a nice child, I spared him, and putting him into a kit, carried him over to Rotorua, and now see how he requites us. Oh! that I had not saved him." Such was old Pango's pious

prayer in 1836, but it came too late; for not only was Waharoa's infancy spared, but when he grew up, out of respect to his rank, and because perhaps his disposition was but ill qualified to brook the restraints of his condition, he was suffered to return to his father's tribe. This may have been about seventy years ago.

The Ngatiwhakaue, who liberated Te Waharoa, and against whom he, forty years afterwards, declared war, came originally from Hawaiki, in company with the other Maori tribes. Their canoe, the "Arawa," landed at Maketu. Rotorua was shortly afterwards discovered by a man of their tribe, named Ihanga, whilst out hunting with his dog, and was occupied by them; since which time they have maintained themselves in uninterrupted possession of their country. During the period over which our story extends, the chiefs of Ngatiwhakaue were Korokai; Pango, alias Ngawai, alias Ngaihi, a priest; and Pukuatua, of the Ngatipehi hapu, at Ohinemutu; Kahawai, Hikairo, Amohau, and Huka of the Ngatirangiwewehi hapu, at Puhirua; Nainai, of Ngatipukenga, at Maketu; Tapuika, of the Tapuika hapu, near the same place; also Tipitipi and Haupapa, fighting chiefs; who, as well as Kahawai, Tapuika, and Nainai, were afterwards killed in action, fighting Te Waharoa. There was also at Rotorua a noted old tohunga, named Unuaho, of the Ngatiuenukukopako hapu.

This section of the Maori people is now more commonly, and we think more correctly, called Te Arawa, an appellation but seldom used in

Waharoa's time, when Ngatiwhakaue was the name by which they were known.

If we assume Te Waharoa to have been twenty years old when he joined his father's tribe, that event will be placed about the year 1795, as at his death, in 1839, he was upwards of sixty years of age.

Of course it is now impossible to give a circumstantial account of all the events connected with his early career as a fighting man among the Ngatihauas, who then held the Maungakaua Range, and were but a small tribe of, perhaps, about four hundred fighting men. Suffice it to say, that he witnessed the many incursions of the ruthless Ngapuhi, in the early part of this century, and the desolation they wrought in the districts we have named, and that he soon distinguished himself, and gradually gave importance to his tribe.

Te Waharoa's courage, activity, and address, his subtlety and enterprise, joined with reckless daring in single combat, rendered him in a few years the head of his own people and the dread of his neighbours. He allied himself with Ngatimaniapoto, and drove Te Rauparaha and the Ngatiraukawas from Maungatautari to Cook's Straits. He made war upon Waikato, and consigned a female member of the would-be royal house of Potatau to his *umu* (oven). At length, having made peace with Te Wherowhero on the west, and having planted the friendly Ngatikorokis at Maungatautari on the south, he turned his face towards the sea, and waged a long and bitter strife with the

powerful Ngatimaru tribe, who inhabited Matamata and the valley of the Thames.

Thus far I would remark the apparent policy of this crafty chief. First he got rid of Te Rauparaha, who was as pugnacious a cannibal as himself. Then he terrified Te Wherowhero, who, having the example of his unfortunate relative before his eyes, doubtless judged it more prudent to enter into an alliance with the conqueror, and to assist him in his wars, than to run the risk of being otherwise disposed of. And lastly he endeavoured in two ways to obtain for his tribe a passage to the sea, viz., by seeking forcibly to dispossess the natives of the Thames, and by cultivating the good will of the Tauranga natives, and pressing his friendship on them—a friendship which has resulted more disastrously to Ngaiterangi than even his hostility proved to Ngatimaru.

It involved the reluctant Ngaiterangi in a six years' sanguinary war with Ngatiwhakaue, by which Tauranga was frequently devastated, and gave the haughty Ngatihauas the *entree* to their district. Nor is it too much to affirm that, during the long course of his wars, the alliances formed by Te Waharoa with the Ngatimaniapoto, the Waikato, and the Tauranga tribes, have been, in the hands of his son, an important element in the opposition which has been offered to the British Government. Its consequences are visible in the expatriated Waikato, now a byword among other natives, and in the present miserable remnant of Tauranga

natives—despised even by those who have duped them. What did a Ngatihaua say lately, when reminded by one whom he could not gainsay, that his tribe had no right or title to Tauranga land at Tepuna or elsewhere? "What!" he said, "do you not know that Ngaiterangi are a plebeian race—an *iwi ware?* Where are their chiefs? We helped them against Ngapuhi, and it is right we should live at Tauranga." Such is Maori right—the right of might—which converts not merely the lands, but the wives and chattels of the weaker party to the use of the stronger; and, therefore, as the unfortunate Ngaiterangi gradually lost their strength and prestige in the war with Ngatiwhakaue, which the fear of incurring Waharoa's displeasure compelled them to join in, so the ungrateful Ngatihaua slowly and almost imperceptibly encroached upon their land, and at length they boldly assert a right thereto. The sequel will show that Te Waharoa himself never ventured to make such a claim. But to resume the thread of our story.

The Thames natives against whom Te Waharoa now turned his arms were a numerous and warlike people; they had held possession of their country almost from the time of their arrival from Hawaiki. Their leading chiefs were Rauroha, Takurua, Urimahia, Te Rohu, Horita, and Herua, with Piaho and Koinake, fighting chiefs. Before the introduction of firearms, this tribe had been accustomed freely to devastate the northern portions of the island,

Te Rauparaha.

so that Te Rohu's father enjoyed the reputation of being a man-eater—one who lived entirely on human flesh. Puketonu, well known in the Bay of Islands, was about the last pa destroyed by these cannibals. They were called generally after Maru, from whom they sprang, who travelled from Kawhia to Hauraki after the arrival of the Tainui canoe from Hawaiki; but they were divided, as indeed they are still, into Ngatimaru proper, Ngaitematera, Ngatipaoa, and Ngatiwhanaunga.

At the time of which we write, a number of Ngatimaru, with Takurua their chief, resided at Matamata, near to Maungakawa—Waharoa's place. Their position, therefore, rendered them particularly exposed to Te Waharoa's incursions; nor did they receive any effective aid from Ngatipaoa, Ngatitematera, or Ngatiwhanaunga, who lived chiefly upon the coast and islands of Hauraki Gulf; for their inter-tribal jealousies, and their constant dread of Ngapuhi—who were the first natives to obtain firearms, and now diligently employed themselves in taking vengeance on their former persecutors—frequently prevented their joining Ngatimaru against the common enemy in the south. Te Waharoa was well aware of these circumstances, and but too ready to take advantage of them. Had they been otherwise, it is doubtful whether the efforts of his united forces would have proved sufficient to produce any material result; as the Thames natives, before they lost the Totara pa,

mustered four thousand fighting men; and he was never able, by fighting, to wrest even Matamata from Ngatimaru. Be this, however, as it may; the following events probably determined Te Waharoa vigorously to prosecute his war with Ngatimaru.

In 1821 a taua of Ngapuhi, under the celebrated Hongi, arrived at the Totara pa, between Kauaeranga and Kopu, at the mouth of the Thames. So numerous did they find Ngatimaru, and the Totara so strong that, hesitating to attack, they affected to be amicably disposed, and were received into the pa for the purposes of trade and barter. Towards evening Ngapuhi retired, and it is very remarkable—as indicating that man in his most ignorant and savage state is not unvisited by compunctions of conscience—that an old chief lingered, and going out of the gate behind his comrades, dropped the friendly caution, "*kia tupato.*" That night, however, the Totara was taken; and, it is said, one thousand Ngatimarus perished. Rauroha was slain, and Urimahia, his daughter, was carried captive to the Bay of Islands, where she remained several years. This calamity, while it weakened Ngatimaru, encouraged Te Waharoa.

In 1822 Hongi again appeared, and sailing up the Tamaki, attacked and carried two pas which were situated together on part of the site now occupied by the village of Panmure. Many of the inhabitants were slaughtered, and some escaped. I would here observe that these

two pas, Mauinena and Makoia, had no connection with the immense pa which evidently at some time flourished on Mount Wellington, and which, with the traces of a very great number of other enormous pas in the Auckland district, betokens the extremely dense Maori population which once existed upon this isthmus—a population destroyed by the late owners of the soil, and numbered with the past; but which in its time was known by the significant title of Nga Iwi—"The Tribes."

Leaving naught at Mauinena and Makoia but the inhabitants' bones, having flesh and tendons adhering which even his dogs had not required, Hongi pursued his course. He drew his canoes across the isthmuses of Otahuhu and Waiuku, and descended the Awaroa. At a sharp bend in the narrow stream, his largest canoe could not be turned, and he was compelled to make a passage for her, by cutting a short canal, which may yet be seen.

At length he arrived at Matakitaki, a pa situated about the site of the present township of Alexandra, where a great number of Waikato natives had taken refuge. The pa was assaulted, and while Hongi was in the act of carrying it on one side, a frightful catastrophe was securing to him the corpses of its wretched occupants on the other. Panic-stricken at the approach of the victorious Ngapuhi, the multitude within, of men, women, and children, rushed madly over the opposite rampart. The first fugitives, unable to scale the counterscarp,

by reason of its height, and of the numbers which poured down on them, succumbed and fell; those who had crushed them were crushed in like manner; layer upon layer of suffocating humanity succeeded each other. In vain did the unhappy beings, as they reached the parapet, attempt to pause—death was in front, and death behind—fresh fugitives pushed on, they had no option, but were precipitated into, and became part of the dying mass. When the deed was complete, the Ngapuhis came quickly up and shot such as were at the surface and likely to escape.

Never had cannibals gloated over such unexpected good fortune, for more than one thousand victims lay dead in the trench, and the magnitude of the feast which followed may perhaps be imagined from the fact that, after the lapse of forty-two years, when the 2nd Regiment of Waikato Militia in establishing their new settlement cleared the fern from the ground, the vestiges of many hundred native ovens were discovered, some of them long enough to have admitted a body entire, while numberless human bones lay scattered around. From several of the larger bones pieces appeared to have been carefully cut, for the purpose, doubtless, of making fish-hooks, and such other small articles as the Maoris were accustomed to carve from the bones of their enemies.

Let us turn now from the startling glimpse of New Zealand life in the "olden time,"

afforded by the Matakitaki episode, and follow the fugitives from Mauinena and Makoia to Haowhenua, a place belonging to Ngatimaru, situated on the banks of the Waikato, in the vicinity of where Cambridge is now; and, indeed, the ruins of the old pa are yet visible on the Maungatautari side of the large sandy chasm locally known as Walker's gully.

Te Waharoa viewed with a jealous eye the increasing strength and importance of the pa at Haowhenua; for, in reality, it had become a stronghold of the Ngatimarus. Its position, too, not only menaced his flank, and checked any operations he might meditate against that tribe, but it interfered materially with direct communications with his Waikato allies.

On the other hand, the stealthy Maori policy pursued by the Ngatimarus in establishing this stronghold to check Te Waharoa, should not be unnoticed. They suffered the refugees from Mauinena and Makoia to occupy the post, and then gradually, by a sidewind, made themselves masters of the situation.

Waharoa, however, was not to be thus deceived; and, as was before observed, he determined to commence very active hostilities against them. He therefore summoned some of his Waikato and Ngatimaniapoto friends to meet him at Maungatautari, who, nothing loth, speedily assembled to blot out the obnoxious pa. They were 200 strong, and on arriving at Maungatautari found Te Waharoa there, with 700 Ngatihaua and Ngaiterangi men.

Meantime, the Thames natives spared no pains to secure and garrison their important outpost. The tribes of Ngatimaru, Ngatitematera, and Ngatipaoa united their forces at Haowhenua, and the pa became a very large one, and was densely peopled, not only with warriors, but with women, children, and slaves. Their numbers appear to have inspired them with much self-confidence; for when it became known that Te Waharoa had arrived at Maungatautari, with a taua 900 strong, they boldly determined to meet him in the open field. Perhaps they wished to decide the matter before that chief should receive further reinforcements; or, perhaps they desired to avoid the mortification of seeing the enemy sit comfortably down before their pa, and regale himself on their cultivations. At any rate, they marched forth and took post on the hill Te Tihi o te Ihimarangi—the place where the descendants of Waharoa's warriors opposed General Cameron in 1864; and, when the enemy was seen to approach, they rushed down and joined battle with him at Taumatawiwi on the plain to the eastward.

The contest was a severe one, but resulted in the complete defeat of the Thames natives. They were driven back over Te Tihi o te Ihimarangi, and down its reverse slope, and were pursued with great slaughter over the long, narrow, bushy plain that extends to Haowhenua. At the end of a long and sanguinary day the dejected men within the pa sat

dreading the morrow's light; their mental depression being doubtless in proportion to their recent self-elevation. Outside the pa Te Waharoa, wounded in two places (shot through a hand, and a tomahawk wound in a leg), sat calmly revolving his own and his enemies' positions. Perhaps no general in New Zealand, either before or after his time, has rivalled this chief in the rare qualification of rightly estimating and balancing the complex phases and conditions of opposing armies. On this occasion, he had experienced the quality of the enemy, inasmuch as sixty of his men were killed, and the object of the campaign—the destruction of Haowhenua—remained unaccomplished. True, the enemy was in a state of despondency and fear, but in a little while his courage would revive, and prompt him to defend himself with the energy of despair. Better take instant advantage of his fears to secure the object sought, and to avoid, if possible, farther loss to the assailants. "Better make a bridge of gold for a flying enemy"—such was the spirit of Te Waharoa's reflections—for presently, "through the soft still evening air," the voice of a herald was heard to proclaim to the occupants of the pa "that during the next four days any one might retire unmolested from the pa; but on the fifth day Haowhenua, with all it contained, would be taken and destroyed." No answer was returned; but during the interval a multitude of all ages and both sexes issued forth from

the pa, and marched in close order along the road by Matamata to the Thames. That night Te Waharoa's ranks were recruited by many slaves, who deserted under cover of darkness, from the retreating Ngatimarus.

The fall of Haowhenua, which occurred about 1831, terminated the residence of Ngatimaru on the Waikato; and was followed by operations, from a Waikato basis, successfully conducted against them on the line of the Piako. Already the Ngatimarus had been compelled to abandon Matamata to Te Waharoa, and relinquish the wooded and fertile plain of Tepiri, abounding in flax—the material from which Maori garments were made in those days. They lost it in the following manner.

Up to the year 1825, the Ngatimaru chief Takurua maintained his ground at Matamata; but about that time he appears, after much fighting, to have judged it advisable to accept certain terms of peace proposed by Te Waharoa. They were to bury the past in oblivion, and both parties were to live at Matamata, where, it was said, there was room for all. These terms were practically ratified by Te Waharoa and Takurua living side by side, in the utmost apparent friendship, for a period of about two years.

We have now to relate an act of perfidy, condemned even by the opaquely-minded savages of that day, by which Te Waharoa obtained sole posession of Matamata, and so turned the balance of power in his own favour, that he

afterwards drove Ngatitumutumu, under Hou, from Waiharakeke, and finally established his boundary at Te Ruapa, a stream on the left bank of the Waihou, between Ruakowhawhao and Mangawhenga. On the occasion of Waharoa undertaking a short journey to Tauranga—a circumstance rather calculated to lull suspicion —at midnight his tribe rose, and massacred in cold blood the too-confiding Takurua, and nearly every man of his tribe. Their bodies were devoured, and their wives and property were shared by the ruthless Ngatihauas.

This Maori St. Bartholomew occurred about 1827, and further weakened Ngatimaru, who six years previously had suffered seriously at the taking of the Totara pa. Thus Te Waharoa was enabled, after the fall of Haowhenua, to push his conquests to the foot of the Aroha; and it is difficult to say where they would have ceased, had not his attention been unexpectedly diverted by the casual murder of his cousin Hunga, at Rotorua, in the latter end of the year 1835.

The Thames natives never forgot the deep injuries they had received at Waharoa's hands. Even to the outbreak of the present war, Ngatimaru always hated and distrusted Ngatihaua; and here we would remark the neglect or failure, on our side to enlist them actively against his son William Thompson. This was the more apparent when we saw our faithful Ngatiwhakaue allies fighting manfully in our cause. They had not experienced half the ills

Ngatimaru had endured. Our story will show that in their wars with Waharoa, Ngatiwhakaue did not lose a foot of soil, and excepting one occasion they, according to Maori custom, were on the whole pretty successful in keeping their *utu* account square with that chief. But that occasion rankled in their memory; for, when beleaguered in their large pa Ohinemutu, sixty of their best men had been ambuscaded, killed, and eaten before their eyes; nor had they ever been able to make good that balance until they slaughtered Thompson's allies, the tribes of the Rahiti (rising sun), and killed Te Aporotanga at Te Awa-o-te-Atua.

As the Opotiki natives have lately made themselves so notorious, we will digress a moment to say that Te Aporotanga, an old man, was chief of Ngatirua, a hapu of the Wakatohea tribe, whose ancestor Muriwai came from Hawaiki. In very remote times this tribe lived amongst the forest-clad mountains of the interior; and then, five generations ago, under three brothers, Ruamoko, Te Ururehe, and Kotikoti, they forced a passage to the sea by driving away the Ngatiawas, who inhabited the Opotiki valley. They are divided into five hapus, and now muster at Opape—whither the Government lately removed them—only 120 fighting men, whereas twenty years ago they were five times as numerous. About 1823, they were attacked by the Ngapuhis, under the celebrated Hongi. Their pa, Te Ikaatakite, was taken, and a blue cloth obtained from Cook was

carried away, and many captives. Two years afterwards the Ngapuhis, commanded by another chief, returned and destroyed Takutae, another pa.

Again, in 1830, Te Rohu led Ngatimaru against Te Papa pa, on the Waioeka river, where nearly all the Wakatoheas had assembled. This he took, and swept the tribe away, carrying them by way of Mount Edgecombe, Tarawera, Rotorua, and Maungatautari, to Haowhenua, just before Waharoa took that place. These are the prisoners that escaped, many going over to Te Waharoa, and many to Tauranga.

At the fall of Te Papa, a noteworthy incident occurred: Takahi, a leading chief, managed to escape with ten followers to the bush, whereupon Te Rohu caused him to be called by name, to which Takahi responded, and gave himself up. This may seem a strange proceeding, on both sides; yet it was strictly in accordance with a Maori custom which enabled the victors, even in the hour of slaughter to secure any chief whom they might wish to save ; and such person, upon responding and coming forward, not only remained free, but retained his rank in the tribe by which he had been taken.

At the same time, Rangimatanuku, with part of the Ngatirua hapu, escaped from his pa at Auawakino, eastward of Opape, and fled to Hick's Bay, where, being kindly received by Houkamau, he built a pa, and remained until the influence of Christianity, a few years after,

effected the gradual return of Wakatohea captives to their own country. Rangimatanuku then joined them, and by 1840 the bulk of the Wakatohea tribe had returned to Opotiki.

The loss of Te Aporotanga was doubtless much felt, as he was the last old chief the Wakatoheas possessed. Titoko, Takahi, Rangimatanuku, Rangihaerepo, and Hinaki, have all died, leaving the tribe without a man of real influence to look up to; and, perhaps, the loss of the directing minds by which they had been accustomed to be guided, was a cause which induced them, on the melancholy occasion of Mr. Volkner's murder, to accord such an unusual welcome to Patara and Kereopa, and be led by such adventurers in so extraordinary a manner.

But to resume, Te Waharoa was not destined to remain long undisturbed at Matamata. He was attacked by Ngapuhi, who, making each summer a shooting season, spread terror universal with their newly acquired weapons, killing and eating wherever they went. They were particularly incensed against the great warrior of the South, because he had audaciously assisted the Ngaiterangi to repel their incursions, and they were determined to make an example of him. Accordingly a band, led by Tareha, encamped before the great pa of Matamata. Te Waharoa, however, was not to be carried away by any popular terror ; his sagacity, too, quickly made him acquainted with the bearings of his situation; his tribe, also,

had every confidence in their leader. He shut himself up in the pa, and kept so close that the enemy, probably imputing his non-appearance to fear, became careless; then, watching his opportunity, he suddenly made a sortie, and in hand-to-hand conflict, used them very roughly. He also made four or five prisoners, whom he crucified on the tall posts of his pa, in the sight of their astonished comrades. The horrible spectacle completed the Ngapuhis' confusion, who forthwith retired from the scene—not, however, before Waharoa had sent this challenge to Tareha : "I hear you fight with the long-handled tomahawk ; I fight with the same ; meet me." But, Tareha, a huge, bloated, easy-going cannibal, preferred rather to enjoy life, feeding on the tender flesh of women and children, to encountering Waharoa with his long-handled tomahawk.

We have now arrived at that period of our history when Europeans first ventured to make transient visits to the savage tribes which acknowledged Te Waharoa's name, or were more or less influenced by his power.

These visitors were of two different sorts, viz., missionaries who appeared as pioneers of religion and civilization, and "Pakeha-Maoris" (literally, pakehas maorified), who, lured by the prospects of effecting lucrative trading enterprises, not unfrequently fell victims to the perils they incurred ; while the immunity of the former class from death at the hands of the natives is a matter worthy of

remark, and suggests to the reflective mind the instructive fact that, for a special purpose, they were often protected, amidst the dangers that surrounded them, by the unseen hand of the Great Master they so enthusiastically served. In after years, when the missionaries' influence became great, and Pakeha-Maoris numerous, individuals of these respective classes were frequently placed in positions antagonistic to each other ; but, considering the incongruous nature of the elements involved, such unfriendly relations could be no subject of surprise. It is, however, but just to state that when Pakeha-Maoris became entangled in serious difficulties with natives, and were unable to extricate themselves—difficulties caused sometimes by their own delinquencies—that when they invoked a missionary's aid, that influence, though at other times contemned by them, was ever cheerfully but judiciously exerted on their behalf; and, we may add, such efforts were generally gratefully received.

The first European that landed at Kawhia, and penetrated to Ngaruawahia, was a Pakeha-Maori, a gentleman of the name of Kent, who arrived at the latter place in 1831 ; and probably the first vessel after Cook, adventurous enough to perform a coasting voyage in the Bay of Plenty was the missionary schooner 'Herald,' in the year 1828.

The latter enterprise was undertaken by three brethren stationed at the Bay of Islands—Messrs. H. Williams, Hamlin and Davis—

Rev. Henry Williams (afterwards Archdeacon of Waimate).

who, urged by a desire to discover, if possible, an opening for the establishment of a mission among the barbarous tribes of the Bay of Plenty, availed themselves of an opportunity which presented itself ; and set forth in their schooner for the ostensible purpose of conveying the Ngatiwhakaue chief Pango back to his tribe.

Tauranga was first visited, which place was found to be densely populated. The large pas there were three—Otumoetai, belonging to Ngaiterangi, proper, whose chiefs were Hikareia, Taharangi, and Tupaea ; Ngatitapu's pa, Te Papa, where Koraurau was chief; and the Maungatapu pa, held by Ngatihi, whose chiefs were Nuka (alias Taipari), Kiharoa, and Te Mutu. Rangihau, killed afterwards in an attempt to storm Tautari's pa at Rotoehu, and Titipa, his younger brother, since killed at Otau by the Auckland volunteers, were fighting chiefs of Ngaiterangi proper; but the whole of the Tauranga people were known by the general name of Ngaiterangi—just as the Thames natives were by the appellation of Ngatimaru—and mustered in 1828 at least 2,500 fighting men. Their canoes, too, were very numerous—1,000, great and small, were counted on the beach between Otumoetai and Te Papa.

After staying a few days at Tauranga, our voyagers proceeded on their cruise, and touched at Maketu, to land Pango, who, with a number of other Ngatiwhakaue natives, had

been saved by the missionaries at the Bay of Islands from death at the hands of Kaingamata, a Ngapuhi chief. Leaving Maketu, the 'Herald' then ran along the extensive and shelly shores of the Bay of Plenty, lying east and west, and passing the mountains of Wakapaukorero, arrived off Te Awa-o-te-Atua, a river which has one of its sources in the Tarawera lake, and which, after skirting the base of a magnificent extinct volcano, Mount Edgecombe, and threading a swampy plain, after a course of forty miles, falls into the sea over a bar at a place called Otamarora, twenty miles from Maketu. Again passing on a distance of thirteen miles from Te Awa-o-te-Atua, the 'Herald' stopped off Whakatane.

The mouth of the Whakatane river is immediately on the western side of the rocky range, 700 feet high, which terminates abruptly in Kohi Point. The stream sets fairly against the rocks, and keeps the entrance free from a sandy bar, the usual drawback to harbours in the Bay of Plenty; but, as if to compensate this advantage, several dangerous rocks stud the approach to the river. In the offing, at a distance of six miles, Motohora (Whale Island), which sheltered the 'Endeavour' in 1769, still affords protection to vessels in that neighbourhood.

Looking westward from the Whakatane heights, an immense plain is viewed by the traveller, spread out before him. North of it lie the low sand-hills of the beach; westward

are the Wakapaukorero mountains; on the south it is bounded by the Tarawera hills, Mount Edgecombe and the Uriwera mountains; and on the east by the Whakatane heights, which descend from the broken country of the Uriwera, and form a spur jutting out upon the coast line. The area of this plain is perhaps not less than three hundred square miles. Its western sides are partially swampy, but the soil of the greater portion is good, and contains many thousands of acres of the richest alluvial ground. It is traversed on one side by Te Awa-o-te-Atua (the river of God), which divides itself into the Rangitaeki and Tarawera rivers; on the other by the Whakatane river, which, taking its rise in the Uriwera mountains, falls into the plain at Ruatoke, whence, meandering for thirty miles through an unbroken flat of excellent alluvial soil, it approaches the sea, and is joined within two miles of its mouth by the Orini, a very navigable stream, which branches from Te Awa-o-te-Atua.

Turning now to the east, our traveller will view on his right hand, stretching far as eye can reach, a portion of that extensive, impenetrable mass of snow-capped, forest-clad mountains—the great and veritable New Zealand Tyrol—which, containing an area, say, of from three to four thousand square miles, lies between the Bay of Plenty and Hawke's Bay, and occupies the peninsula of the East Cape. Though the bulk of this region is

untrodden by man, yet some of its districts are inhabited by the Uriwera—a race of mountaineers, who, through a long series of generations have become habituated and adapted to the peculiar characteristics of their secluded and somewhat dismal country.

In front, below the spectator, is Ohiwa, an extensive harbour—like Manukau on a smaller scale—the entrance to which is over a shifting bar, having a depth at low water of from 9 to 11 feet. Ohiwa is ten miles from Whakatane; and nine miles further is seen the Opotiki valley, as it opens to the sea—a valley of almost inexhaustibly fertile soil. Its superficies is about forty square miles; it is watered by two rivers—the Otara and Waioeka, which unite half a mile from the sea, and flow into the latter over a bar that varies in depth, being from 8 feet to 18 feet, according to the season of the year. Beyond Opotiki the shores become mountainous, bold promontories jut into the sea, the streams become rapid, the beaches short, the valleys small; but the scenery generally, is surpassingly grand, wild, and beautiful. The whole sweeping far away to the northward, terminates in the distant Cape Runaway, the north-eastern extremity of the Bay of Plenty; while Puiwhakari (White Island), a magnificent burning mountain, standing thirty-five miles out in the sea, completes the picture, and furnishes a huge barometer to a dangerous bay; for, by its constant columns of vapour—whether light or

dark, thin or voluminous—and by the drift of its steam cloud, timely and unfailing indications are given of approaching meteorological changes.

Such is the panorama presented of a region which for diversified scenery, soil and climate, is unrivalled in New Zealand; for as the shores of Cook's Straits are less stormy than those of Tierra del Fuego and Maghellan's Straits, and as the climate of the Auckland Isthmus is less boisterous than that of wind-swept Wellington, so is the climate of Opotiki compared with the Auckland climate. Spring and autumn are uncertain seasons there. Winter is mostly cool, clear, and frosty; the mountains on the south protecting the adjacent shore land from the severity of the powerful Polar winds, which at that season sweep the other New Zealand coasts; just as some Mediterranean shores are sheltered from chilling north-east winds by the maritime Alps, and the mountains of Albania. The summer weather, from November to March, is almost entirely a succession of refreshing sea breezes in the day, and cool land winds at night.

This fair portion of New Zealand was, in 1828, tenanted solely by ferocious cannibals, who scarcely had seen a sail since that of Cook. Ohiwa, being debatable ground, was uninhabited. Of the Wakatohea, we have already given an account. At Tunapahore, sixteen miles to the northward and eastward of Opotiki, live Ngaitai, a small tribe which

asserts that its ancestors were of the crew of Pakihi, the Whakatohea's canoe; but it is unable to claim any dignified origin. Leaving Tunapahore, the natives, as far as Wanga-paraua, Cape Runaway, are of the great Ngatiawa connection, which ramifies through various parts of the island. The principal places—Maraenui and Te Kaha—are held by Te Whanau o Apanui, a hapu very closely related to the Ngatiawas at Whakatane.

The natives of the plain of Whakatane, and Te Awa-o-te-Atua are unable to occupy or cultivate a hundredth part of its surface. It cannot, therefore, be said to be peopled; let us say rather that they live upon it, and that it is owned by them. Ruatoke belongs to the Uriwera, and is that tribe's nearest station to the sea, though twenty-five miles from it. The rest of the plain pertains to various sections of the Ngatiawa race. Rangitekina was chief of the tribe at Te Awa-o-te-Atua, whose chief pa was Matata. The chief divisions of the Whakatane Ngatiawas were Ngaitonu and Te Whanau o Apanui. The former lived, as they still do, in two pas, Whakatane and another, near the mouth of the same. The chief of Ngaitonu was Tautari, a renowned warrior. They were connected by marriages with Ngatipikiao, a hapu of the Arawas or Ngatiwhakaue, and Tautari had a pa at Rotoehu. Te Whetu, being son of Tautari's eldest son is now the hereditary chief of the tribe; but Mokai, his uncle, is a man of more

character, and proved himself a fighting chief at Tunapahore some years ago, when he assisted Ngaitai—his wife was a Ngaitai woman—against the Maraenui natives. The chiefs of Te Whanau o Apanui were Toehau, with his two sons, Ngarara and Kepa. The survivor of these, Kepa, is now chief of the tribe; but Apanui, his cousin, is also a man of importance. Te Uhi is chief of a small hapu near Pupuaruhi. Hura is of Te Awa-o-te-Atua, and is not a man of any great note, excepting such fame as—like Te Uhi—he has acquired by his evil deeds; of the two, he is, perhaps, the worse man.

But at the time of which we write, Ngarara was pre-eminently the evil genius of the place, and the 'Herald' had hardly arrived near Whakatane, when he determined to cut her off. His design, however, was overruled by Toehau, his father; so, after a short stay, the missionaries proceeded on their voyage. They next landed on the Onekawa sands at Ohiwa, where, finding upwards of twenty dead bodies of natives recently killed, and other signs that a battle had lately taken place there, they judged it prudent to return to their vessel. After this they were observed and followed by two canoes, apparently from Opotiki. The vessel's head was turned towards the offing, but there was little wind, and the canoes came alongside, where they remained from the forenoon until evening, the natives in them maintaining silence. In the meantime, the schooner

gradually drew off shore to White Island, and at length, to the relief of all on board—for no one knew the natives' intentions, and indeed they did not seem to know them themselves—the canoes cast off from the vessel and returned to land. A north-east gale now came on, and compelled the 'Herald' to bear up and seek shelter in Tauranga harbour.

When the missionaries returned to Tauranga after an absence of ten days, they were surprised to find Te Papa destroyed, Koraurau killed, and Ngatitapu, comprising nearly one-third of the Tauranga people, annihilated. Te Rohu had been there with a strong force of Ngatimarus. He first assaulted Maungatapu; but, experiencing a repulse, he made a night attack on the Papa, from the side where the karaka trees grow—that is, if they are yet spared by our countrymen's rather too indiscriminating axe. The pa was taken, and its people slain. Twenty-five persons, availing themselves of the darkness, slipped away from the pa just before the attack was made, and were the only fugitives that escaped. Among them was Matiu Tahu, a renowned old priest. From Tauranga the 'Herald' returned to the Bay of Islands, and thus ended the perils of a voyage remarkable in that it had been successfully performed on a portion of the New Zealand coast on which the 'Endeavour'—an armed and well-appointed ship, but commanded by an officer of acknowledged humanity—had twice been compelled to fire on the natives.

We shall presently relate the next visit paid by an English vessel to the Bay of Plenty, and its melancholy result; but before doing so, it will perhaps be opportune to give a short account of some of the antecedents of the Tauranga people.

The Ngaiterangi are of Ngatiawa origin; their ancient and more proper name is Te Rangihohiri. Several generations before the time we write of, they lived on the East Coast. It is said they were driven by war from a place there called Whangara. Accounts differ as to whether or not they fought their way in advancing northward along the coast; suffice to say, they arrived in force at Maketu, where they were well received. Soon, however, in consequence of a murder they committed, war ensued between them and the Tapuika, the people of the place, resulting in the defeat and expulsion of the latter. Tapuika being then the rangatira hapu of the Arawas, and though the vanquished were subsequently suffered to return, yet Te Rangihohiri maintained their hold of Maketu down to the year 1832.

Being dissatisfied, however, with Maketu, and desirous of possessing the coveted district of Tauranga, this tribe, which we shall now call Ngaiterangi, advanced. On the night of a heavy gale, accompanied with much thunder and lightning, eight hundred warriors, under Kotorerua, set forth from Maketu to take the great pa at Maunganui, and to destroy the bulk of Ngatiranginui, and Waitaha, the ancient

inhabitants of Tauranga. The doomed pa was situated on the majestic and singular hill which no one who has seen Tauranga will forget; it forms a peninsula, and is the east head to the entrance to the harbour. When Ngaiterangi arrived at Maunganui, they commenced by cutting, with stone axes, large holes in the bottoms of all the canoes on the strand, the sound of their operations being drowned by the roar of the elements. The natives, with superstitious awe, tell how, at this critical point of time, a certain celebrated priestess of the pa went forth into the storm, and cried with a loud voice, her prophetic spirit being moved to a knowledge of approaching woe—"Heaven and earth are being rent, the men next." Having scuttled the canoes, Ngaiterangi entered the pa, and the work of death began. Such of the affrighted inhabitants as escaped being murdered in their beds, rushed to the canoes; but when they had launched out into the harbour, there about two miles broad, the canoes became full of water, and the whole were drowned.

Thus, about one hundred and fifty years ago, Ngaiterangi obtained possession of Tauranga, and drove the remnant of its former people, Ngatipekekiore, away into the hills, to the sources of the Wairoa and Te Puna rivers; where although now related to the conquerors, they still live. Another hapu of Tauranga's ancient people are Te Whanau o Ngaitaiwhao, also called Te Whitikiore. They hold Tuhua—

Mayor Island—and in 1835 numbered 170 people. Their chief was Tangiteruru; but now Tupaia, chief of Ngaiterangi proper, is also chief of both those tribes.

Yet, notwithstanding their ancestors' too unceremonious mode of acquiring a new estate, it is but just to Ngaiterangi to say that, unlike some other tribes, their intercourse with our countrymen was ever characterized by fairness and good conduct. They were not blustering and turbulent like Ngatimaru, or lying and thievish as Ngatiwhakaue were; nor were they inclined to substitute might for right, in the way that Wakatohea sometimes acted towards Europeans. It was their boast that they had never harmed a pakeha. They were called by other natives *"Ngaiterangi kupu tahi,"* which may be freely rendered "Ngaiterangi the upright," and finally their recent hostilities against our troops were conducted in an admittedly honourable manner. We will only add, in reference to Tauranga, that its climate is a sort of average between those of Auckland and Opotiki; more frosty, and less subject to westerly winds, than the former; and less frosty and more windy, than that of the latter place.

Before returning to the immediate subject of our story, we will narrate the unfortunate episode of an English trader's visit to the Bay of Plenty, a year after the 'Herald's' voyage. In 1829, the brig 'Haws,' of Sydney, anchored off Whakatane. Having large quantities of arms and ammunition on board, she soon

obtained a cargo of pigs and flax, and then moved over to Whale Island, where, by the side of a spring of boiling water, conveniently situated near the beach, the captain and some of the crew proceeded to kill the pigs, and salt them down into casks; while thus engaged, a number of canoes were seen to board the vessel from Whakatane, and the sailors who had taken to the rigging were shot. Upon this, the captain and those with him fled in their boat to Te Awao te Atua, and thence to Tauranga. The natives, who were led by Ngarara, then took everything out of the brig, and burnt her. Among other things, they found a quantity of flour, the use of which very much puzzled them; at length they contented themselves with emptying it into the sea, and simply retained the bags.

When the news of the cutting off of the 'Haws' reached the Bay of Islands, some of the European residents there considered it necessary, if possible, to make an example of Ngarara. They therefore sent the 'New Zealander' schooner to Whakatane, and Te Hana, a Ngapuhi chief acquainted with Ngarara, volunteered to accompany the expedition. Upon the 'New Zealander's' arrival off Whakatane, Ngarara, encouraged by the success of his enterprise against the 'Haws,' determined to serve her in the same way. But, first, with the usually cautious instinct of a Maori, he went on board in friendly guise; for the double purpose of informing himself of the character of the vessel, and of putting the pakehas off

Upper part of Whangaroa, shewing where the "Boyd" drifted after taking fire.

their guard. Ngarara spent a pleasant day, hearing the *korero,* (news) and doubtless doing a little business,—so much so, that his was the last canoe alongside the vessel, which latter it was arranged should enter the river the following morning. Meanwhile, our Ngapuhi chief sat quietly, and apparently unconcernedly, smoking his pipe on the taffrail, his double-barrelled gun, as a matter of course, lying near at hand: yet was he not unmindful of his mission, or indifferent to what was passing before him. He had marked his prey, and only awaited the time when Ngarara, the last to leave, should take his seat in the canoe; for a moment, the canoe's painter was retained by the ship, "but in that drop of time," an age of sin, a life of crime, had passed away; and Ngarara—the Reptile—had writhed his last in the bottom of his own canoe: shot by the Ngapuhi chief, in retribution of the 'Haws' tragedy, in which he had been the prime mover, and chief participator.

Te Whanau Apanui were much enraged at being thus outwitted, and deprived of one of their most leading chiefs. The difficulty, however, was to find a pakeha whom they might sacrifice in *utu;* for *utu* they must have for the violent death of a tapued chief; or the atua would be down upon them, and visit them, or theirs, with some fresh calamity. In the end, therefore, they were compelled to fit out a flotilla, and went as far as Hick's Bay; for Europeans lived on the East Coast prior to

their settlement in the Bay of Plenty; where they, too successfully, attacked a pa at Warekahika, for the purpose of getting into their hands two pakehas, who lived in it. One poor fellow was instantly killed, but the natives complained he was thin, and tough, and that they could scarcely eat him; and we may add, in reference to pakehas they have murdered, that other New Zealanders have found the same fault, and experienced the same hardship. The other European escaped in a marvellous manner; he fled, and attempted to climb a tree, but the native who pursued him, a Ngaitai man, cut his fingers off with a tomahawk, and tumbled him down out of it. We suppose the Maori preferred making a live man walk to the kianga to carrying a dead man there; otherwise another moment would have ended the pakeha's life. During the brief interval, our pakeha turned his anxious eyes towards the sea—when lo, an apparition! Was it not mocking him? or could it be real? Yes, a reality, there, "walking the waters like a thing of life," a ship—no phantom ship—approached, as if sent in his hour of need; she suddenly shot round Warekahika point, not more than a mile off, and anchored in the Bay. "Now," said the pakeha, "if you spare me, my countrymen on board that ship will give a handsome ransom in guns and ammunition." The Maoris at once saw the force of the observation; the thing was plain on the face of it; and, as they wanted both guns and ammunition, they took him to the landing

place, a rocky point, to negotiate the business. Presently an armed whaleboat neared the shore (the ship was a whaler), the pakeha advanced a pace or two beyond the group of Maoris, to the edge of the rock, to speak; and when he spoke, he said to those in the boat, "When I jump into the water, fire." He plunged, and they fired; he was saved, and the natives fled; excepting such as may have been compelled to remain on the rock, contrary to their feelings and wishes, *O tempora! O mores!* The unfortunate pakehas were proteges of Makau, alias Rangimatanuku, the Wakatohea chief who, it will be remembered, had fled from Opotiki when Ngatimaru devastated that place. Makau lost several men in this affair, and always considered himself an upholder, and martyr, in the cause of the pakeha. It was lucky this idea possessed his mind, as it probably saved the crew of the 'John Dunscombe,' a schooner from Launceston, which came to grief at Opotiki, in 1832.

Another incident in connection with the 'Haws' tragedy cannot be omitted. One of the natives who took part in it was a Ngapuhi man, who at the time was visiting at Whakatane, but usually lived at Maungatapu, at Tauranga, having taken a woman of that place to wife. It so happened that Nene, of Hokianga—now Tamati Waka—was on the beach at Maungatapu when this Ngapuhi native returned from Whakatane, to his wife and friends. Tamati Waka advanced to meet him, and delivered a speech, *taki*-ing up and down in Maori style,

while Ngatihei, the natives of the pa, sat round. "Ugh! you're a pretty fellow to call yourself a Ngapuhi. Do they murder pakehas in that manner in Ngapuhi? What makes you steal away here to kill pakehas? Has the pakeha done you any harm that you kill him? There—that is for your work," he said, as he suddenly stopped short and shot the native he addressed dead in the midst of his connections and friends. This act, bold even to rashness, on Waka's part, stamped his character for the future throughout the length and breadth of New Zealand as the friend of the pakeha; a reputation which that veteran chief has since so well sustained.

The next matter we have to chronicle is a curious compound of superstitious absurdity, and thirst for human blood. In the summer of 1831, two Bay of Islands' girls of rank bathed together in the sea at Kororareka. Their play in the water gradually became serious, and ended in a quarrel in which one cursed the other's tribe. When this dreadful result became publicly known, the girls' tribes gravely prepared for war—one to avenge the insult, the other to defend itself. In an engagement which followed, the assailants were so terribly worsted, that the other party, remembering they were all related to each other, became ashamed and sorry at the chastisement they had inflicted; and they actually gave up Kororareka —the site of the township of Russell—in compensation for the *tupapakus* they had killed. But the gift of a pa, no matter how advantageously situated, could not appease the craving of

blood for blood. Accordingly, an expedition of Ngapuhis and Rarawas was sent to Tauranga, to get a bloody atonement for the people slain in their intertribal war in the North. The expedition was void of result, and returned to the Bay of Islands, after having been beaten off the Maungatapu pa—the same pa which, three years before, Te Rohu had vainly tried to take. The only incident worth mentioning on this occasion is that the celebrated Heki was shot in the neck, and fell in the fern near the ditch of the pa, from which perilous position he was removed in the night by his comrades. "Ah!" said Nuka, chief of Maungatapu, in allusion, some years afterwards, to this circumstance, "if we had only known that he was there in the fern, he never would have troubled the pakeha."

Undaunted and undiscouraged by lack of luck, Ngapuhi again set forth a taua, led by Te Haramiti, a noted old priest; and as the war party was a small one of only 140 men, it was arranged that a reinforcement should follow it. In 1832 Te Haramiti's taua set out, and landed first at Ahuahu—Mercury Island—where about one hundred Ngatimarus were surprised, killed, and eaten. The only person who escaped this massacre was a man with a peculiarly shaped head, the result of a tomahawk wound he then received. He said that as he sat in the dusk of the evening in the bush, a little apart from his companions, something rustled past him; he seemed to receive a blow,

and became insensible. When next he opened his eyes, he saw the full moon sailing in the heavens; all was still as death; he wondered what had happened. Feeling pain, he put his hand to his head, and finding an enormous wound, began to comprehend his situation. At length, faint for want of food, and believing the place deserted, he cautiously and painfully crept forth to find the bones of his friends, and the ovens in which they had been cooked. Food there was none; yet in that wounded condition, he managed to subsist on roots and shell-fish, until found and rescued by some of his own tribe, who went from the main to visit the slaughtered. How the wretched man lived under such circumstances is a marvel to the writer, who has not forgotten the time when—seventeen years ago—he had the misfortune to be cast away in a schooner on the same inhospitable island; and the difficulty that he and three native companions experienced, during a three weeks' succession of winter gales, in obtaining from its rocks and beaches a very poor and scanty fare.

From Mercury Island, Te Haramiti's taua sailed to Mayor Island, where they surprised, killed, and ate many of the Whanau o Ngaitaiwhao. A number, however, took refuge in their rocky and almost impregnable pa at the east end of the island, whence they contrived to send intelligence of Ngapuhi's irruption to Ngaiterangi, at Tauranga. The Ngapuhi remained several days at Tuhua, irresolute whether to

continue the incursion, or return to their own country. A few men of the taua, satisfied at the first slaughter, had wished to return from Mercury Island; but now all, excepting Te Haramiti, desired to do the same. They urged the success of the expedition: that, having accomplished their purpose further operations were unnecessary; that they were then in the immediate vicinity of the hostile and powerful Ngaiterangi—who, should they hear of the recent murders, would be greatly incensed; that their own numbers were few, and there appeared but little hope of the arrival of the promised reinforcements; and that, though the tribes of the South possessed only a few guns, yet they no longer dreaded firearms as formerly, when the paralysing terror they inspired so frequently enabled Ngapuhi to perpetrate the greatest massacres with impunity—hence Pomare, and his taua, had never returned from Waikato. To these arguments Te Haramiti then priest and leader, replied: that, though they had done very well, the atua was not quite satisfied, and they must therefore try and do more. He assured them that the promised succours were at hand, and that they were required by the atua to go as far as the next island, Motiti, whence they would be permitted to return to the Bay of Islands. To Motiti, or Flat Island, accordingly they went; for Haramiti, their oracle, was supposed to communicate the will of the atua; and they, of course, like all New Zealanders of that day, whether in war or

in peace, scrupulously observed the forms and rites of their religion and superstition, and obeyed the commandments of their spiritual divinities, as revealed by the tohungas, their priests.

The Ngapuhis, when they arrived at Motiti, were obliged to content themselves with the ordinary food found there, such as potatoes and other vegetables, with pork, for the inhabitants had fled. But this disappointment was soon forgotten, when the next day at noon a large fleet of canoes was descried approaching from Tuhua, the way they had come. Forthwith the cry arose, "Here are Ngapuhi! here is the fulfilment of Haramiti's prophecy!" and off they rushed in scattered groups along the south-western beach of Motiti, to wave welcome to their supposed friends.

Let us leave this party for awhile, to see how in the meantime Ngaiterangi had been occupied. As soon as the news from Tuhua reached Tauranga, the Ngaiterangi hastily assembled a powerful force to punish the invaders. Te Waharoa was at Tauranga on a visit, and by his prestige, energy, and advice, contributed much to the spirit and activity of the enterprise. In short, so vigorous were Ngaiterangi's preparations, that in a few days a fleet of war canoes, bearing one thousand warriors, led by Tupaea and Te Waharoa, sailed out of Tauranga harbour, and steered for Tuhua. The voyage was so timed that they arrived at the island at daylight the following morning, when

they were informed by the Whanau o Ngaitai-whao from the shore, that the Ngapuhis had gone the previous day to Motiti. Instantly their course was turned towards Motiti. The warriors, animated with hope, and thoroughly set upon revenge, or perish in the attempt, made old Ocean hiss and boil to the measured stroke of their warlike *tuki*; while the long low war canoes glided serpent-like over the undulations of an open swell. At midday, as they neared Motiti, the enemy's canoes were seen ranged up on the strand, at the isthmus which connects the pa at its south end with the rest of the island; and now Ngaiterangi deliberately lay on their oars, and took refreshment before joining issue with their antagonists. The Maungatapu canoes, forming the right wing of the attack, were then directed to separate at the proper time and pass round the south end of the island to take the enemy in rear, and prevent the escape of any by canoes that might be on the eastern beach.

All arrangements having been made, Ngaiterangi committed themselves to that onset which, as we have seen, the doomed Ngapuhis rushed blindly forth to welcome. The latter, cut off from escape, surprised, scattered, and outnumbered, were destroyed in detail, almost without a show of resistance. Old Haramiti, blind with age, sat in the stern of his canoe ready to receive his friends, but hearing the noise of a conflict he betook himself to incantations to ensure the success of his people; and

thus was he engaged when the men of Ngaiterangi came up, and pummelled him to death with their fists—a superstitious feeling preventing each from drawing his sacred blood. Only two Ngapuhis survived—a youth to whom quarter was given and, a man who, it is said, swam to Wairake on the main, in respect of which feat we will only say, that it was an uncommonly long swim.

Such was the end of Haramiti's expedition; and such the last link in the chain of tragical events, which Maori ingenuity, superstition, and cruelty contrived to attach to the childish quarrel of the girls that bathed at the Bay of Islands. Coupled, however, with Pomare's similarly disastrous affair at Waikato, the good effect was attained of deterring Ngapuhi from all further acts of aggression against the South.

Tupaea, who led Ngaiterangi's avenging taua, and wiped out the insult of Ngapuhi's two recent irruptions, is the same chief that was lately a prisoner of war at Auckland. He was one of the few defenders of the Tumu, that escaped from that pa on the 7th May, 1836. On the afternoon of that day he was seen suffering from a wound in the head, of so singular a nature that it deserves to be mentioned. A musket ball, fired somewhere from his left front, had penetrated the skin immediately behind the left ear, and forming a passage round the head between the scalp and skull, had made its exit at the right eyebrow. Thus the hardness of his cranium, and the elastic toughness of his hairy

scalp, had not merely saved his life, but had absolutely reversed the course of the bullet; and, strange to say, with apparently comparatively little inconvenience to himself.

It is a remarkable coincidence that, as in 1832, Tupaea put a final stop to Ngapuhi's incursions by the retributive carnage at Motiti, so it had been his father's lot, some fourteen years before that time, to avert from Tauranga's shores the dreadful inroads of that tribe by an act of extraordinary chivalry and self-sacrifice, the circumstances of which are the following:—Soon after Ngapuhi obtained firearms, they attacked Tauranga, and took Ngaiterangi's pa at Maunganui, driving its wretched inhabitants into the sea at the rocky point, which forms the north-western extremity of that mountain. Again they invaded Tauranga, and encamped at Matuaaewe—a knoll overhanging the Wairoa, a mile and a half from the great Otumoetai pa. Such was the state of affairs when, in the noontide heat of a summer's day, Te Waru, principal chief of Ngaiterangi, taking advantage of the hour when both parties were indulging in siestas, went out alone to reconnoitre the enemy. Having advanced as far as was prudent, he sat down among some ngaio trees near the beach, and presently observed a man, who proved to be Temoerangi, the leading Ngapuhi chief, coming along the strand from the enemy's camp. The man approached, and turning up from the beach, sat down under the trees, without perceiving the Tauranga chief

who was near him. Instantly the determination of the latter was taken. He sprang unawares upon the Ngapuhi, disarmed him, and binding his hands with his girdle, he drove him towards Otumoetai. When they were arrived pretty near to the pa, he bade his prisoner halt; he unloosed him, restored his arms, and then, delivering up his own to him, said to the astonished Ngapuhi, "Now serve me in the same manner." The relative positions of the chiefs were soon reversed, and the captor driven captive entered Ngapuhi's camp, where so great was the excitement, and the eagerness of each to destroy Ngaiterangi's chief, that it was only by the most violent gesticulations, accompanied with many unmistakeable blows delivered right and left, that Temoerangi compelled them for a moment to desist. "Hear me," he cried, "hear how I got him, and afterwards kill him if you like." He then made a candid statement of all that had occurred, whereupon the rage of the Ngapuhis was turned away, and a feeling of intense admiration succeeded. Te Waru was unbound, his arms restored; he was treated with the greatest respect, and invited to make peace —the thing he most anxiously desired. The peace was concluded; the Ngapuhis returned to the Bay of Islands; and, though in after years they devastated the Thames, Waikato, and Rotorua districts, yet Tauranga was unvisited by them until 1831—when, as we have seen, they attacked Maungatapu.

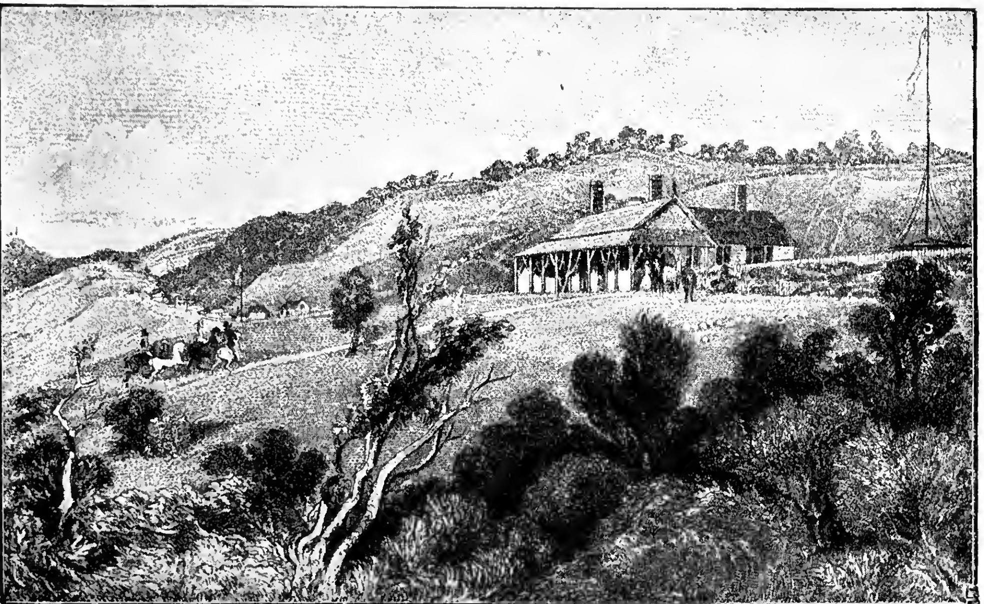
PART II.

We have now arrived at an epoch in our story, the time when missionaries first ventured to reside among the savage tribes of which we write. The missionaries had paid several visits to those tribes, and it will be remembered that traders had done the same. Pakeha-Maoris also, in at least four instances, had risked short residences among them, but such residences were dangerous; and in one case alluded to, that of a man named Cabbage, who lived in 1833 at Rotorua, had terminated fatally, for he was murdered on the island of Mokoia by two chiefs, for the sake of the merchandise in his possession. One of his murderers still lives at Whakatane.

The missionaries destined for this undertaking waited for a certain time at the Bay of Islands, hoping some opening would present itself in the South, to afford a better chance of successfully prosecuting their labours. As, however, no such opportunity occurred, they determined to delay no longer; and so we find that in the early part of 1834 three brethren, Messrs Preece, Wilson, and Fairburn, landed with their families at Puriri, near the mouth of the Thames; and that within eighteen months

they were followed by Messrs Chapman, Morgan, Brown, Hamlin, Maunsell, Stack, and Wade; the last-named missionary, however, did not stay long in that part of the country.

The New Zealand settler of the Northern Island, who at the present time reflects indiscriminately, and in a general manner on missionaries—and there are too many that do so, confounds the early missionary, to whose perils and labours he is indebted for his footing on this soil, with some missionaries who came to the country after those perils had ceased—when the Maori had become another man—with men who by their actions seemed less conscious than even the settlers of what the Maoris had been, and to what he might again revert; who, in short, were experimentally ignorant of, and undisciplined by, the difficulties and dangers with which the early missionary's path had been beset, and therefore prone to err—like other raw recruits—in despising and ignoring danger. Therefore such New Zealand colonists as have lately become accustomed to scatter animadversions broadcast on the missionary body are, we trust, either ignorant or forgetful of the dreadful state of society, which existed here before the missionaries came to the country; and which, prior to 1834, formed the normal condition of the Maori tribes south of Tamaki—a condition, which, under God, was changed only by those early missionaries; and which, until so changed, entirely defeated all colonising efforts. This is no bare assertion or



Residence of Colonel Wakefield, principal agent of the New Zealand Company, Wellington.

speculative opinion, but a matter established in the country's history by the manner in which the first New Zealand Company's attempt to colonise the Thames, in 1826, was frustrated.

In November, 1826, an English ship full of immigrants sailed up the Hauraki Gulf. Their mineralogist having reported Pakihi, the Sand-spit Island, to be extremely rich in iron ore, the leaders of the enterprise purchased the island, intending immediately to open an iron mine; but the increasing number of natives, who probably came over from the river Thames, and their ferocious appearance and conduct, so alarmed the immigrants, that they refused to land; and their leaders being similarly dismayed, they gave up the scheme, pocketed their loss, and, having called at the Bay of Islands and Hokianga, sailed to Australia, and ultimately engaged elsewhere in a pearl fishery. Those simple "people were so alarmed at the ferocious appearance and conduct of the natives, that they were afraid to land," and with good reason, for a country infested with lions and tigers probably would not have deterred them from carrying out their schemes of colonising their island, and digging their mine; but the numerous bloodthirsty occupants they found in organised hordes, were of so destructive and remorseless a character, as utterly to forbid the hope of preserving existence among them—savages, whose degradation of cannibalism was hardly removed from Fijian horrors, and but a step from the practices of Mr Du Chaillu's Fans.

It should be remembered, in justice to the first missionaries, that there was a time when Maori character and habits did not accord with the pleasant scenes of native excellence, which sanguine imaginations have from time to time delighted to paint—pictures overwrought, and drawn from a particular point of view. Thus the interesting and amiable individuals described might have been seen at Tauranga, Rotorua, or Maketu, in the years 1836 and 1837, to leave their homes as naked men, and travel through the wastes and forests of the land; then lashing themselves to frenzy, with the excited action, hideous gestures, and horrid yells of the war-dance, they would rush upon their enemy; if fortune favoured their side, they would indulge in a repast on the bodies of the slain. And now our ghoul-like hero, having surfeited himself, and put as much flesh into a kit as can be conveniently carried, leaves the half-cooked, half-gnawed remains, and returns home, taking his victim's head with him. This latter he gives to his little naked children to play with. The girl nurses it like a doll; the boy goes about endeavouring to attract attention, and holds it up to view in much the same way that a more civilized child would try to submit a new toy for inspection. Let not this be thought an exaggerated account of the Maori's former ferocity. The sequel will show its truth in each particular; and it is verified, to the letter, by the journals of old missionaries.

New Zealand was a shocking land then, for even her women stooped to lick the human gore

that freely dyed her soil. The callousness of those females was truly wonderful. Thus a woman, whose husband was killed, with many more of her tribe, at Rotorua—we do not say when, or by whom—was taken with her two children into slavery. Soon her master, who had eaten her husband, desired to take her to wife, but, as a preliminary step to sever old ties, and get rid of encumbrances, he killed and ate both her children; and yet that woman who would probably have been impelled by acuter feelings to commit murder or suicide, lived contentedly enough, and had a numerous second family. This insensibility is, however, greatly attributable to the habits contracted from girlhood to womanhood, and until the time of marriage, when fear compels more self-restraint. The natives do not disapprove of their young people's wantonness. They see, or rather they saw no harm in what was called child's play, and were quite indifferent to the evils resulting from the promiscuous nocturnal assignations of the young and unmarried.

This point in Maori character has been much disregarded, though the natives themselves affect no secrecy about it. Yet its moral, social, and physical importance can hardly be overestimated; as the tastes acquired in youth and early maturity were generally retained through life; and hence the natives—even in their most Christian days—observed the seventh commandment more in the breach than the performance. We are not sure that the missionaries were generally aware of the cankerworm, that

gnawed the root of the plant they sought to cherish; but we know one excellent member of that body, who saw the evil, and did his utmost to induce the natives of his district—Rotorua—to overcome it. He vainly urged his native teachers to set an example, by partitioning their dwellings into rooms. One teacher did indeed begin a wall, but never finished it; and so apathetic and deplorably low did the natives' tone of mind on the subject appear to be, that the missionary's heart misgave him, and he feared, should their habits remain unchanged, that their profession of Christianity would prove hollow and unenduring. Time has justified those apprehensions; for this has not been the least among the causes which have led to the decay of religion amongst the Maoris, and which ever predisposed them to associate with the debased portions of our own population.

To the above slight sketch of the ferocity and depravity of some New Zealanders in 1836 and 1837, we will merely add a few words, descriptive of their personal, always confining our remarks to the softer sex, as being the more refined. They were clothed from the waist to the knees, generally with a rough mat, and another small mat was often thrown over the shoulders. Most people are aware that they were never tattooed as their lords were—a portion on the lips, a pattern on the chin, and a few lines and scratches on the arms and breasts, were considered to be about the correct quantum of tattooing for ladies. But then they were

allowed to use any amount of red paint on their limbs and bodies. It was a mixture of red ochre and rancid shark oil, and formed a coating, which was suffered to adhere as long as it liked. The smell of the paint was mingled with that of an amulet, worn round the neck, made of a certain kind of grass, and prepared in a peculiar manner; and which was of the size, colour, and odour, of a small dead rat; so we may perhaps be pardoned for saying that the *entree* of a select circle was overpowering to the olfactory nerves, and, in fact, not at all agreeable. At home, the women worked hard in the plantations, rowed the canoes, and did all the carrying work, the men having wisely tapued their backs. The burdens these poor creatures were accustomed to bear, were really wonderful, and far exceeded in weight anything carried in the olden time by the female bearers in the Newcastle collieries. Their gait was often permanently affected by it; being changed into an awkward kind of waddle, in which the heels were kept apart, and the toes turned in. Mr Darwin would probably tell us that such extraordinary physical powers were due to the gradual selection, by nature, of a variety of the species. But what would that eminent naturalist say to the periodical inversion, by the females of that variety, of the law that gives the parasite its prey? Nothing in his synthetical work, nothing in his chapter on "the struggle for existence," exceeds in horror the dreadfully anomalous crusades which those amiable ladies

regularly engaged in,—apparently from selfish rather than benevolent motives—and in which themselves, their children, and their dogs were concerned.

Thus have we endeavoured, cursorily, to sketch the more prominent characteristics of the Maori inhabitants of the districts we write of in Waharoa's time. But to obtain a correct view of the troubled times, and scenes, which chequered the lives of all who lived in Tauranga, Rotorua, and Matamata districts, during the last years of that chief, it is necessary to advert more particularly to the new influence which then began to affect the Maori mind.

We have already seen that in March, 1834, a small, but remarkable, band of missionaries appeared at the Puriri; but three at first, in less than two years their numbers had been augmented to nine, of whom seven were laymen. Settled they were not, for in obedience to their Master, and protected by Him in many dangers, as messengers of religion and civilisation, they traversed the Thames, Tauranga, Rotorua, Matamata, Maungatautari, Upper and Lower Waikato and Manukau districts. They found as our readers have by this time seen, a nation of bloodthirsty cannibals, turbulent, treacherous, and revengeful; repulsive in habits, naked, licentious and filthy. The change wrought during the ensuing six or seven years on this people, by the teaching and examples of these good men and their wives was marvellous.

At the end of nine years the last traces of cannibalism had been erased; before that time, even in 1840, many villages were entirely Christian, and the population of all their large pas were chiefly of the same belief. Morning and evening they attended their devotions. Their outward observance of the Decalogue would have caused many, their superiors otherwise, to blush. They learned to read, write, and cipher; they were clothed tolerably decently; they gradually became more cleanly in their persons; and wars and murders had nearly ceased; and last, but not least, there was a certain desire, not generally apparent now, to do justice by each other, and by the Europeans who traded with them.

To suppose such unparalleled results were lightly attained would be unreasonable; no dispassionate mind, endowed with common sense, could be guilty of such an error. It was only by great energy of mind and body, fearlessly but judiciously directed, that those devoted men were enabled to effect their triumphs. Would, that the ground they conquered had been retained by those who followed them!

As opportunities occurred, the missionaries established stations, where they placed their families; but in the wars which then raged, two of those homes were destroyed. One was entered, devastated, and partially burnt, by a hostile taua; the other was entirely burnt by a war party; and a third station was almost abandoned. Then every evening, for weeks together,

ladies once used to the comforts and refinements of an English home, were conducted, with their children, to some sandy island, or other place, where they might be secure from the prowling murdering parties, that nightly sought their prey. Yet, though their own situation was so frequently perilous, the missionaries shrank not from the duty of giving timely warning to such natives as they sometimes learned had been marked for slaughter.

The following incident of this kind serves to illustrate the singular influence the missionaries acquired, and shows the promptitude and greatness of the efforts they were capable of making. Two of their number, Messrs. Wilson, and Fairburn, received intelligence of an expedition that was about to cut off a party of unsuspecting persons, engaged in scraping flax, on the banks of a stream about fifty miles off. Taking one or two Christian natives as guides, and to assist in their boat, on a stormy night the missionaries set forth. Though the rain fell in torrents, the gale was pretty fair, and in the morning they landed, having accomplished about half their journey. But the harder portion yet remained; for the hills were slippery, and the streams swollen by the continued rain, so that in crossing one stream, they were compelled to construct a mokihi, or catamaran of flax stalks. In twenty-four hours the missionaries had descended the Thames a considerable distance, and crossed its frith; they had ascended the Piako, and walked across the hilly country that

separates that river from the Maramarua, a stream which empties itself into the Waikato at Wangamarino; and now, towards evening, though sorely tried with fatigue and exposure, they neared the place where the people they sought to rescue were staying. As they advanced their anxiety increased, for the taua had taken a shorter road, while the missionaries, to maintain the secrecy necessary to the success of the undertaking, were obliged to take a more circuitous route. Urged on, therefore, by the exigency of the occasion, they used every effort, for the unsuspecting natives at Maramarua were the rearguard of a party of Waikatos, whose main body had gone to Wakatiwai, to endeavour to bring about a peace with the Thames natives; while the Thames natives, knowing that the flax-scraping party at Maramarua had been left by the peace-seeking expedition in charge of their canoes there, privately sent a taua to cut them off. Hence the brethren felt that not only were the lives of the Maramarua party at stake, but that the success of the taua would utterly overthrow, or indefinitely postpone, all hopes of terminating the long and bloody war between the Thames and Waikato tribes.

Now, there were two landing places, some distance from each other, on the banks of the Maramarua stream, and the road dividing led to each of them. Mr. Fairburn, accompanied by the native guides, proceeded to the lower landing place, while Mr. Wilson branched off by

himself for the upper. Presently the latter missionary arrived on a summit above the stream, and saw the objects of his search one hundred yards from him, sitting on its banks outside their *whare.* He also saw the taua about five hundred yards from them, approching from the lower landing place, along the margin of a swamp. Not a moment was to be lost; he shouted, but the wind prevented his being heard. The Waikato group, however, saw him, and when he took off his coat and waved it, they rose as one man, and gazed fixedly until he repeated the signal. Then, without confusion, they seemed to slink into their canoes, and in an incredibly short time, were paddling away; so that when Mr. Wilson reached the hut, the last canoe was just disappearing in the windings of the stream.

Scarcely had our missionary time to realise the event, and to think of his own situation, when the first man of the fight appeared. He was a naked, square-built, powerful, dark-complexioned, forbidding-loking fellow, who, eager for the fray, had outstripped his companions—on he came, dripping with rain, with his left arm *en garde,* wound round with a mat, and his right hand tightly clutching a short tomahawk, he was too intent on entering the hut to perceive the missionary, who stood near and watched his movements. He did not go straight in at the doorway, as a measured blow might have been dealt him; but suddenly he leaped obliquely through it, making at the

same time a ward to defend himself. Some disappointment must, however, have ensued, as he quickly came out, and, running with uplifted weapon in search of prey, met Mr. Wilson. He paused, and scarcely restraining himself, looked the white man full in the face—it was a critical moment—but the countenance of the latter was firm, and the eye of the savage fell, and, wandering, lit upon a pig asleep close by, which luckily served as a safety-valve to the explosive power of his fury, and was despatched instanter by a blow on the head.

But the taua came up, and was extremely glum. Mr. Fairburn, too, following on its track, presently arrived. All went into the long low hut, for night had set in, and the weather continued bad. The *whare* was crowded, and the missionary party were together at one end of it. For two hours the taua maintained a dogged silence—most trying to their neighbours. They neither ate, nor did they light a single pipe; they merely kindled a fire, and it was impossible to foresee the upshot of the matter when the missionaries at length had prayers with their party, beginning with the Maori hymn:

> *"E! Ihu homai e koe*
> *He ngakau hou ki au."*
> "O! Jesus give to me
> A heart made new by Thee."

The attention of the taua was quickly riveted. The hard countenances of the sullen and

chagrined men gradually relaxed, as listening, they mutely acknowledged the superior power of the pakehas' Atua—perhaps from their own superstitious fear at His having so palpably thwarted their enterprise—or perhaps a nobler influence was then mysteriously working in their minds. At any rate, when that short service had ended, the natives' conduct became so altered that it seemed as though a spell had been removed from them. Fires were made, food was prepared, and the carcase of the pig, which had lain neglected, was cut up, and a portion, together with a present of potatoes, was handed to the missionaries; conversation followed, and the evening ended better than it began. So great, however, had been the mental and bodily strain on the brethren, that next day, on the homeward journey, one of them, Mr. Fairburn, repeatedly fainted, and was with some difficulty escorted back to the boat. On that day, Koinaki, leader of the party, and the great guerilla captain of Ngatimaru tribe, said to the missionaries: "If Waharoa will cease fighting, I will do the same." He kept his word, and thus, in 1835, ended the last episode in the Ngatihaua and Ngatimaru war.

The following interviews will show how, in a few years, the thoughts and habits of these very natives became changed.

At Whakatane, twelve years after the incident above recorded, a Maori, well-dressed in sailor's clothes, presented himself before Mr. Wilson, and the following conversation ensued:

"Do you know me?"

"No, I do not remember ever having seen you before."

"I am the man who first entered the hut at Maramarua."

"Indeed! They were sad days then."

"Yes, they were the days of our ignorance; but we know better now."

"And pray what brings you here, away from your tribe?"

"Oh! I am a sailor, and I have been requested by So-and-so to bring his vessel here."

This man, however, was not the only native that remembered and spoke afterwards of Maramarua. Mr. Fairburn retired from the mission, and Mr. Wilson removed to the Bay of Plenty; and Koinaki, on parting on that occasion from the latter gentleman, did not see him again until after a lapse of twenty years. Yet, so impressed had his mind been with the events of that day that, upon meeting the missionary, he exclaimed, "Mr. Wilson, do you remember Maramarua?"

We have thus noticed in full the foregoing Maramarua episode, in order to furnish, once for all, an example of a class of incident by no means uncommon in the early days of the New Zealand mission, and to illustrate the very remarkable manner in which the Maoris—savage as they were, and bad as they were—were sometimes influenced by Christianity.

But there were certain elements in the Maori mind which predisposed the natives to accept

Christianity, and facilitated its spread amongst them:—

1. They had no idols; all their divinities were of a spiritual nature. They had, indeed, their *tapued* images, houses, places, things; their *tapued* persons, and their *tanas tapu*; but the sacredness of those *tapus* was an extrinsic mode, having some reference or connection, directly or indirectly, to a spiritual atua. Hence, their ideas on matters of *tapu* were often extremely subtle and metaphysical. Thus in 1836, at Rotorua, at a place where a cannibal feast had occurred a fortnight before, a native was asked, "What he expected Whiro, the god of war, to do with the offerings left to him on the ground—did he think Whiro would eat them?" He replied: "The question is a very absurd one, for how can a spirit eat food? How can mind consume matter? The outward forms of those offerings to Whiro remain the same, but the god has absorbed their mana"—that is, virtue or essence. The offerings consisted of a cooked piece of heart or liver, a lock of hair, and a cooked potato, each placed on a small stick planted in the ground by a little oven—for Whiro had his own separate oven, about the size of a dinner-plate. The flesh and hair had been taken from the body of the first man killed in the battle, which body was a *wakahere* held tapu to the atua. And sometimes, in a doubtful strife, the priest of a taua would hastily rip out the *wakahere's* heart, and, muttering incantations, would wave it to the atua, to ensure the success of his people.

2. Their practical acknowledgment that the shedding of blood cancelled evil. This doctrine of atonement occasionally involved them against their inclination in wars and broils, which, on the violation of a tapu, were engaged in to avenge the atua's honour, and to avert from themselves, their wives and their children, the evils and diseases supposed to be inflicted on such as were remiss on the atua's behalf.

Besides their atua's grievances, they had their own private ones also; sometimes, too, these classes were interwoven, sometimes hopelessly entangled. But in no case were they satisfied until an atonement in blood had been obtained; and the duty of seeking such redress was handed down from father to son, if necessary, even to the third generation. The following dialogue, which occurred some years ago, between two travellers on a lonely road, sufficiently exemplifies this:—

Maori: "I have had several opportunities to-day of killing you."

European—uneasily—"What do you mean?"

Maori: "That among us, Maoris, strangers never travel as we are doing—walking close behind each other through copses and narrow places such as this is."

European: "Why?"

Maori: "Because, although on good terms with my companion, yet I might know of some unavenged evil my ancestors had sustained, which he had forgotten, or perhaps never heard of, and then, if I had an opportunity, I should kill him."

So necessary, indeed, was satisfaction of this nature to comfort their too susceptible consciences, that in the event of their being unable or unwilling to obtain a recompense from the offenders, they would turn to other quarters; and ultimately get utu by killing persons utterly unconnected with them or their affairs, and who may have been ignorant of their very existence.

3. They say that conscience warned them of the difference between good and evil, right and wrong.

4. They were naturally religious. Their affairs, whether political, civil, or social, were all blended with religion or superstition. It was invoked when they fished, planted, and gathered in their crops; when they sent out a taua, or when they attacked a pa. If they engaged in warlike operations, they observed the flight of shooting stars, and divined the atua's approval or disapproval of their expeditions. If a star travelled towards the enemy's country, the omen was favourable; but on an opposite course, it was sufficient to paralyse the heart of the stoutest taua, and cause the most superstitious of its warriors to return to their homes. In the assault and defence of pas the moon was studied. That satellite was supposed to represent the pa, and her eclipse—should it happen, as was the case the night before Te Tumu was taken—would most surely prognosticate its fall. So also the relative positions of stars with the moon indicated the success or otherwise of attacking tauas against a pa.

Failing these auguries, the tohunga (priest) would repeat his enchantments, and cast the *niu*. This ceremony was performed by taking a number of small sticks—each representing in the tohunga's mind a particular hapu, or section of the assailants—and throwing them haphazard towards a small space described on the ground, which betokened the pa; the tohunga was able, by the way they fell upon the ground, and the directions they pointed in, to presage whether an attack would prove successful; and, if so, to assign to the various tribes, or hapus, the parts they should take in the proposed assault.

Their planting, too, was preceded by incantations and tapus, and their harvesting by an offering of first-fruits to the atua. In short, the genius of the people was nearly as essentially religious, and their actions, as subject to the control of their tohungas, as we are told the Thibetans are influenced in all their civil and social arrangements by the Grand Lama and his Buddhistical priesthood.

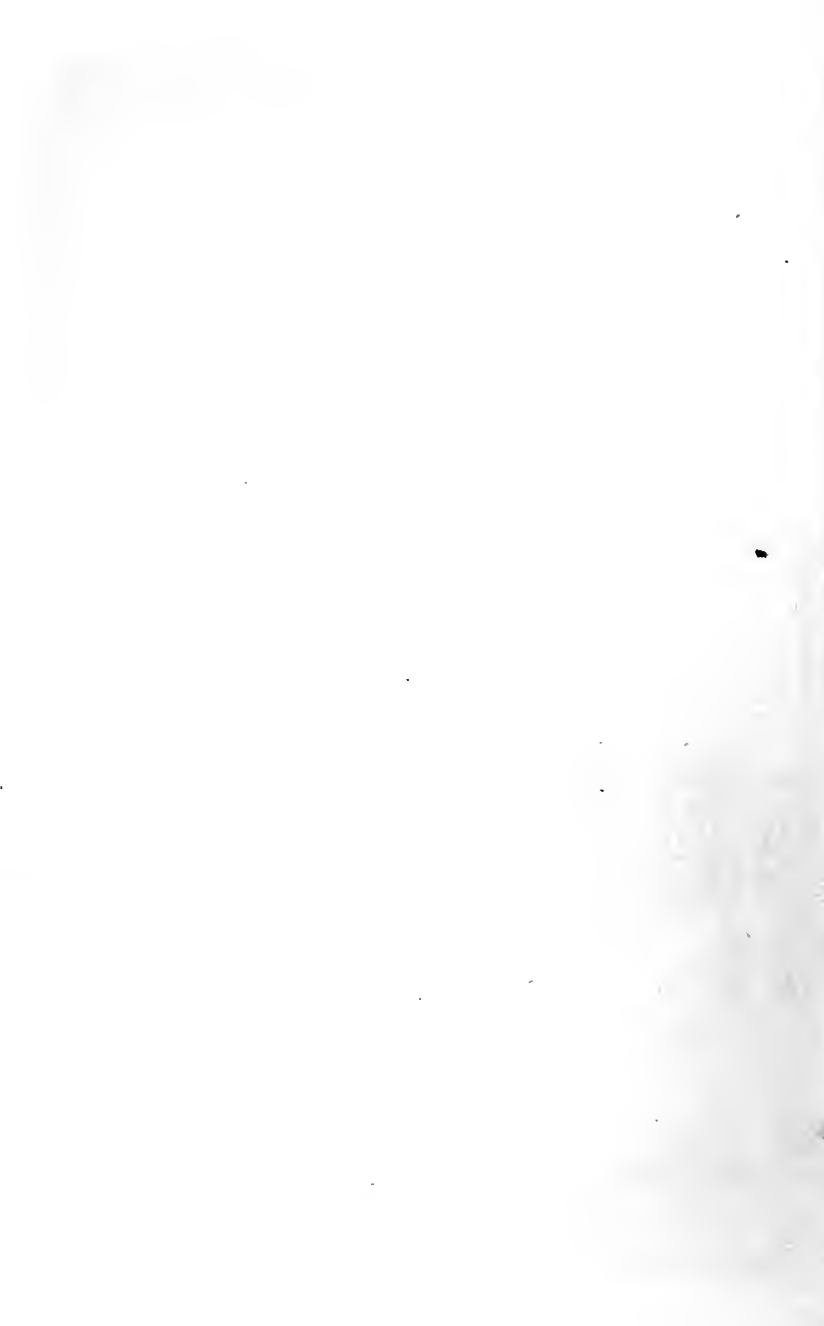
Hence the native bent of the Maori mind caused the people, as they embraced Christianity, gradually to place themselves as a matter of course under the guidance of a sort of Christian theocracy. They sought the missionary's advice in secular affairs so frequently that, in addition to being their teacher, he became their magistrate and doctor. Yet was their religion rather that of the head than the heart. It was a principle propelled to action in many cases, and especially latterly, by the

superstition latent in their minds—by the fear of incurring the atua's displeasure. They ever lacked the opposite principle of gratitude; it was so foreign to their ideas, that they had not even a word to express it, and the missionaries were obliged to borrow *wakawhetai* from a Polynesian language to supply the deficiency, and convey their instructions.

It was under the auspices of this mild missionary *regime*—which, if a government, was a very singular one, seeing there were no laws, and an almost total absence of crime—that the first British Governor set foot on the shores of New Zealand. He, Governor Hobson, and his successor Fitzroy, were well aware they had no physical means of enforcing law and maintaining order among the natives. Therefore, as much as possible, they pursued the policy of availing themselves of the moral influence the missionaries possessed—an influence which had laid the natives' passions, had prepared the way for the founding of the colony, and formed the only tie (that of religion, tinged with superstition in the minds receiving it) by which the turbulence of the Maoris was held in check.

The missionaries, however, to avoid an ambiguous relation to the civil power—a position alike alien and prejudicial to their vocation—permitted one of their number to retire from the mission and join the Government, for the purpose of managing native affairs. But the Governor's selection of the gentleman to fill this new and important office

Capt. William Hobson, R.N., First Governor of New Zealand.



was scarcely a happy one for the country; for, although a very sincere, well-meaning person, he took extravagant views of his duties as Native Protector, and the natives became overbearing. They found themselves continually sheltered and favoured, and discovered to their surprise that Europeans—who, before the advent of a government, had managed to take care of themselves—were now neglected, and virtually unprotected. In truth, the first Governor erred in judgment when he created a Native Protectorate. The natives then required no special protection any more than they do now. Then they learned to despise the weakness of our administration, and expect that particular kind of justice which they have since been accustomed to obtain; then, too, began the troubles of the young colony.

If, instead of establishing a questionable advocateship under the guise of a protectorship, the Governor had entrusted a Commissioner of judgment and ability with the supervision of native affairs—some person who, by firmness, tact, and a conciliatory address, should have endeavoured, during the political honeymoon that followed the union of English and Maori power at the Treaty of Waitangi, to secure the ground the missionaries had conquered by a candid and impartial policy; who, by an equitable appeal to the merits of the cases submitted for his decision or advice, and by summoning to his aid the natives' strong sense of justice, and their desire to do right (for old

settlers can bear witness that in those days almost anything might have been done with them), might perhaps have induced a superior style of justice. Had such a course been pursued, those evils which have gradually increased, until now they well nigh overwhelm this unhappy land, would possibly have been averted; or at all events, they would have been experienced in a mitigated form.

When Captain Grey succeeded, or rather superseded, Captain Fitzroy in the government of this country, he swept away the Native Protectorate. This step, though it appeared to initiate a policy the reverse of his predecessors, did not really do so; for, notwithstanding the office was closed and the officer paid off, yet the principle that had animated the old protectorate was retained, and its disadvantages were shortly afterwards very much intensified by the introduction of that, which has since been popularly known as the "flour-and-sugar-policy." This policy was a strenuous effort on the part of the Government to civilise the Maoris by liberally and gratuitously supplying them with the many material advantages which are necessary to the comfort and well-being of civilised man; and it also somewhat assumed the character of a system of bribery to keep the peace.

Now, if a man of a civilised mind be cast—like the English sailor Rutherford—amongst savages, he may be compelled by the force of circumstances outwardly to appear like his associates; but the tastes, sympathies, and

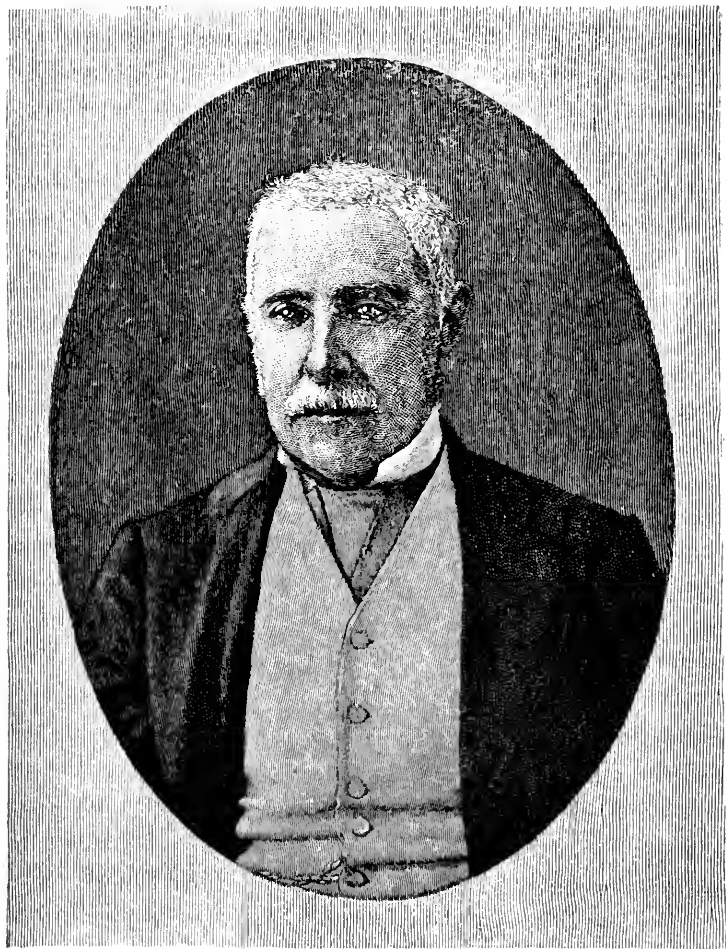
desires of his mind will remain unchanged, and his yearning for the civilised condition of life, which is natural to him, will probably increase with his absence from it. On the other hand—with all due respect for estimable characters of the mythical Man Friday school—we venture to say that, if a savage be removed from his own to a civilised country, he may perhaps for a while be pleased with the novelties he sees, but he will soon grow weary of them; the forms and restraints of an artificial life will be irksome, and though he may externally conform to the usages of those around, in heart he will be a savage still, and long for the freedom of his native wilds.

If he be followed to those wilds, and the benefits of civilisation be pressed upon him there, he will receive certain of them, such as axes, fish-hooks, knives, etc.; if of a pugnacious turn, he will probably accept them all, and require more as a tribute to his power. But the moment any of the combustible elements in his bosom in the shape of anger, hatred, revenge, fear, suspicion, fanaticism, or superstition, are fired, he will be ready unhesitatingly to relinquish all connection with civilisation, and go where his passions lead him; for he is the very antipodes of a certain style of artificial life, which dwarfs even the generous passions of the mind, lest they should interfere with the worldly advancement of their possessor.

But Sir George Grey's policy towards the natives was founded on principles diametrically opposed to those contained in the foregoing

remarks. First, he broke the spell that held them, and severed the only tie we had on their minds, by undermining the missionaries' influence; and then he sought, by dispensing gifts with a liberal hand, to win the natives to civilisation, and raise up his own personal influence in its place. This was called the "flour-and-sugar policy," from the peculiar form in which it was frequently exhibited. It lasted very well during his time, because at first the natives' minds only retrograded gradually; several years elapsed before they could divest themselves of the ideas they had acquired from the early missionaries, from whom they had learned a good deal—about as much as they were likely ever to learn. Anyhow, their minds had become tranquilised; and, during the calm, the policy lived its little span. But, if the men who endeavoured to settle at the Thames in 1826 had resorted to it for protection, they would have been as much disappointed as many are now, who have been accustomed to eulogise Sir George Grey's native policies, and to expect great things from them.

Doubtless Sir George Grey had a difficult problem to solve, and one that then was but little understood. Physical force was out of the question. England had neither the disposition nor the power to resort to the subjugation of the country. This is no assertion, but simply an historical fact. Thus Lord Hardinge stated that she had only 10,000 men and 42 crazy guns available to defend London



Sir George Grey.

in 1841, when war with France, who had 300,000 regular troops disposable, was most imminent. In 1846, Lord Palmerston, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, informed the Cabinet, by a minute, that the whole Imperial force, exclusive of India, was only 88,000 men, 24,000 of whom were required in Ireland; leaving only 64,000 for the defence of England and her colonies. Again, in 1852, the Duke of Wellington, in the last important speech he made in Parliament, when addressing the Lords on a bill to enable the Government to raise 80,000 militia, said: "We have never, up to this moment, maintained a proper peace establishment; that is the real truth; and we are now in such a position that we can no longer carry on that system, and we must have a suitable peace establishment. I tell you that, for the last ten years, you have never had more men in your armies than was sufficient to relieve your sentries in the different parts of the world; such is the state of your peace establishment. You have been carrying on war in all parts of the globe, in the different stations, by means of your peace establishment; yet on that establishment you have not more men than are necessary to relieve the sentries and regiments on foreign service, some of which have been twenty-five years abroad." From the above statements it is easy to see that during Sir George Grey's first government here, a war, on an effective scale, with the Maoris, was a thing impossible. The Manchester school of politicians would not suffer it. The large and

influential section of the religious public at home, that looks implicitly to the platform at Exeter Hall for information and guidance, never dreamt of it. It was hardly to be supposed that, under these circumstances, England could tolerate a vexatious war in an insignificant colony like New Zealand—at a time, too, when the handful of troops she had at home (less than a third of the number stated by the Duke of Wellington to be necessary to garrison her coast fortifications) were fully occupied in her disturbed and distressed manufacturing districts; when the political and social condition of Ireland gave her constant uneasiness; when pauperism was so rife that in England and Wales every eleventh person belonged to that class, and want so general that riots occurred even in Scotland; and whilst her unparalleled catastrophe in Afghanistan was green in her memory, and her exchequer yet suffered a deficit of nearly £5,000,000 of a sum total of more than £12,000,000 that had been there lost to the empire; and while a dark cloud over the Punjaub daily became more threatening. Could it then be any matter of surprise that Governor Fitzroy—who, to uphold the honour of the British flag, had engaged in war with inadequate forces—was recalled, and that Governor Grey very shortly afterwards discontinued the strife?

Our readers are not yet informed of all the measures which the new Governor took to support the interests of his Sovereign, in his efforts

to secure the establishment of her viceroy's personal influence over the natives. Without power himself, he knew when he landed that there was a moral force in the country, which his predecessors had used and valued—an influence, however, that did not properly belong to his sphere, and might not at all times be commanded by him, and which if not actually considered a rival, might at any rate be supposed to pre-occupy the natives' attention, to the exclusion of the scheme he hoped to set up. But whatever the Governor's views were, his first act towards the men whose benevolent labours had gained this remarkable influence, was one of open hostility. When Ruapekapeka Pa was taken, certain letters from a European were found in it. These the Governor assumed to be treasonable; and though at the time it was generally understood they had been written by a missionary during a series of years prior to the war, on subjects unconnected with politics, yet he caused them to be burned unread.

It may appear strange to some persons who are unacquainted with the history of New Zealand during the last fifty years, that the individual aspersed, and the fraternity he belonged to, did not suffer under the withering imputation cast upon them by the Queen's representative; but it would really have been more strange had they done so—for the simple reason that the missionaries were better known than the Governor. The gentleman whose unread letters were burnt as treasonable, was of the number of England's naval heroes, whose

deeds, as recorded by their historian, James, have ever been considered a sufficient guarantee of the loyalty and devotion of the British naval officer; Sir E. Home, commanding the squadron in the Bay of Islands, probably felt this, when he very unmistakably expressed himself on the subject; for never since Byng's time—when ninety years before an innocent naval officer was criminally sacrificed, for reasons of state—had an officer of that "old school," whether on service or retired, been accused of treachery or cowardice in reference to his country's enemies. The gentleman in question served, in 1801, as a midshipman in Nelson's own ship, the 'Elephant,' at Copenhagen, and, after many eventful years of naval warfare, he fought his last battle for his country as a lieutenant on board the 'Endymion,' when she took the American frigate 'President,' in 1815, in an action characterised by the great Scottish historian of the present day as "one of the most honourable ever fought by the British navy, and in none was more skilful seamanship displayed." Seven years after the conclusion of the war, we find our sailor in New Zealand, endeavouring, with religious zeal, to convert its natives to Christianity. A few months after his arrival, he laid the keel of the missionary schooner 'Herald,' and, with such assistance as could be procured, he completed her in 1826. His voyage, in this vessel, with Messrs. Hamlin and Davis, in the Bay of Plenty, in the year 1828, we have already narrated. Of him, the

author of the *"Southern Cross and Southern Crown"* says:—"With a heart given to God, and zealous for the salvation of the heathen, he combined an indomitable perseverance with a spirit of ardent enterprise that carried him through difficulties and obstacles under which most men would have succumbed." Such, then, was the man: one of the oldest, most experienced, and most valued of the brethren, against whom, for reasons of State, a step was taken which might have had the effect of disparaging the Church missionaries in New Zealand.

We confess we may seem to have wandered from our subject, but it is so in appearance rather than reality. For the progress of the religious spell that settled on the Maori mind is intimately connected with the remaining portion of Te Waharoa's story; and, as we believe the natives' subsequent retrogression to be largely due to the causes which paralysed the hands that had been instrumental in establishing and maintaining that religious condition, so, in justice to our readers, and to the memory of the early missionaries (of the nine missionaries and their wives, that landed at Puriri, in 1834 and 1835, more than half are dead, and of the survivors not one can be said to be engaged in the missionary field), we feel reluctantly constrained to touch upon an uninviting portion of our colonial history.

As may be easily conceived, the good name of the little band that landed at the Puriri was bound up with the reputation of their brethren

in the North. Therefore, when, to New Zealand and the world, their brethren were proclaimed to be nothing better than a company of land sharks, whose unlawful claims, if suffered to be retained by them, would probably involve the expenditure of a large amount of British blood and treasure; when, to the skilled pen of a wary statesman, and the fluent tongue of a zealous prelate, whose laudable ambition prompted him to lop a growth which never should have flourished on other than clerical stems, is added the cry which rose throughout the land from many Pakeha-Maoris, who, rejoiced for once to have authority on their side, eagerly embraced the opportunity presented to lessen the missionaries' restraining influence; when, too, the crusade was entered on across the sea, and the agitation in England so assiduously sustained, that in one year the Church Missionary Society's funds fell off to such an alarming extent that its directors (who had discerned the gathering storm, and had sent out to the colony other, and different stems, to revive the fallen and faded growth, by grafting it on them) were now compelled, under pressure of popular outcry, to put forth their hands and uproot one of their most honoured patriarchs; and when, besides the shadow from the cloud in the North, their own atmosphere was pronounced hazy by such authorities as for the time being were able to influence others, and considered themselves most qualified to judge—it was openly affirmed that two of their number had weakly suffered

themselves, some ten years previously, to be overcome by the urgent, repeated, and united solicitations of certain belligerent tribes, and had purchased from them certain debatable lands in order to stop the further effusion of blood; and it was also stated that four other members of their party had land claims, viz., Wilson and Stack's grant, 2,987 acres; J. Preece's grants, 1,273 acres; and for Archdeacon Brown's, £583 scrip, the Government received 7,630 acres (vide Court of Claims Papers);—when all these varied and concentrated influences combined openly to assault, or stealthily to sap, the missionaries' position, it was easy to see that success was sure; for the edifice, though a good one, was built on the sand.

We have already remarked that the Maoris' Christianity was of the head rather than the heart. Speaking generally, we believe it to have been a mass of Christian knowledge, mingled with superstitious fear, and guided by an instinctive obedience to the missionary teachers of their religion, just as in the previous religious dynasty the genius of the people caused them to honour and obey their tohungas.

In short, as the old Maori religion had furnished them with laws, so the precepts of their newly acquired Christian religion were scrupulously observed; not from its true spring of inward life, but because they were accustomed to govern their actions by the dictates of the persons they trusted to explain the will of the atua they feared. And if our remarks on

this head are brought down a step further in their history, to the time when, after a season of mental chaos, they embraced the Hauhau creed, we shall observe the selfsame obedience to their tiu (priests), coupled with a rigorous adherence to the forms and ceremonies of the new superstition.

Hence, in the Maori race, the curious phenomenon is seen of much religious or superstitious devotion, exhibited, however, from time to time, in a series of religions, and each religion adapted to the supposed circumstances and requirements of the generation professing it.

Therefore, as we have said, when confidence was withdrawn from its teachers, the Christian religion declined; its foundation in their minds was not the true one, and the grafting process we have named was not successful. The new missionaries were unable to acquire the lost influence of the old ones, notwithstanding some of them advanced the novel doctrine, which ultimately gained favour with the natives, and had reference to the non-disposal of their lands to the Government.

To become acquainted with the various phases of Maori life and character during the last half-century, and to know something of the origin of the political complications of the present time, it is necessary to study the history of the gradual rise, culmination, and quick decline of the Church Mission in New Zealand. The study is an instructive one, inasmuch as, to the reflective mind, it illustrates the impartial and

retributive character of the Divine administration; it shows, even at the antipodes, that a departure from justice under colour of justice recoils on its authors; it matters not whether the transgression be that of a potentate or prelate, a government or a missionary society, its punishment is equally sure. We see that in affairs civil and political, difficulties have arisen which baffle the utmost skill; and if we look beyond the secular sphere in this country, to a higher order of events, we shall find the fair work once wrought in God's name, and outwardly prospered by Him, marred and destroyed, and this with His permission.

Doubtless the Maoris had their opportunity to receive the Christian religion, but had failed to do so with a truly Christian spirit; and, therefore, other teachers armed with much authority were suffered to go to them. The natives eyed askance the rustling cassocks, the broadcloth cut square at the corners, and the very dictatorial air of some of the newcomers; and for a while clung to their old teachers, of whose honour they were jealous; but in time this latter feeling became blunted. Still, though they were gradually weaned from their missionaries, yet Providence suffered them not to attach themselves to the men who bore discord to the Church Mission in this country, who divided the house against itself; for the natives themselves not unfrequently experienced the inconvenience of being subject to the same irascible, domineering spirit—aye, and a

crochety spirit, too—which continually pained the old missionaries, and sometimes frustrated their labours.

When, in the third year of the colony, the Right Reverend Doctor Selwyn came as first Anglican Bishop to New Zealand, he was joyfully welcomed by the Church missionaries, and immediately installed with his large party in their pleasant and most commodious station, including extensive school premises, at Waimate, near the Bay of Islands. However, after a lapse of two years and a half, the missionaries withdrew this act of generosity, we cannot say why. And so, in the end of 1844, we view the new Bishop removing his numerous train from Waimate to Purewa, near Auckland, as a step preparatory to the establishment of what was afterwards called St. John's College.

The change from Waimate to the bleak, bare clay hills at St. John's, proved a trying one to his followers. They were required to toil incessantly while little rewarded their pains, and they were unable to disguise their chagrin, much of the odium of which was cast upon the missionaries; and was their master a "sadder and a wiser man?"

At this time the missionaries had much influence with the natives. Governor Fitzroy, too, esteemed them highly, not only on account of what they had done for the Government, but also for the assistance they might yet be able to render him. A year after this time Fitzroy returned to England, and shortly after his

Bishop Selwyn.

retirement the Bishop and New Governor entered the lists to do battle with the missionaries on account of the lands they had bought. We do not intend to defend the missionaries, nor are we going to find fault with them for the purchases they made. The question has been discussed *ad nauseam*, and no good is likely to result from its resuscitation.

If, as ministers of the Gospel, the missionaries acted unwisely, their fair fame has been sullied. If, after years of danger and toil they succeeded in humanising and Christianising a race of extraordinary ferocity, and rendered this country a field fit for European colonisation; if they accomplished this work to be rewarded only by calumny at the hands of the men who benefited by their labours; in short, if they had faithfully served their God and their country, and, having committed no offence, the finger of envy and popular scorn was upraised against them: if these things are true, can it be any matter of surprise if a recompense has been made?

Do we not see a once happy country torn with anarchy, bleeding at every pore, bowed down with debt? Do we not see colonists, in their turn, unjustly accused of an inordinate desire to acquire native lands? Do we not see a number of schemes stranded upon New Zealand's shores, that were intended to benefit her aboriginal inhabitants? Yes, various schemes, political and educational. High and dry among the former lies the "flour-and-sugar

policy,'' condemned as unseaworthy. Higher and dryer still amongst the latter lies the wreck of the Maori Institution at St. John's College, which expired with the odour of a mud-volcano. Broad against the memory of this we would write Carlyle's excellent motto for crotchets—''My friends, beware of fixed ideas.'' Aye—''Give the wisest of us once a fixed idea, and see where his wisdom is!'' Make it an offence for young people to take exercise on horseback, and a great offence to be caught smoking a pipe, and the chances are they will err more egregiously. And as a rule we should say, if you wish young people to obtain knowledge, feed them more generously and task them less with bodily toil than was done in the olden time at St. John's College.

But of the fame of all those well-meant schemes, one only shall stand the test of time. Like some great mountain cone, around and against which other little cones have reared themselves, it is seen from afar when they are invisible; whilst to the inhabitants at their bases, the monarch is eclipsed by his satellites. So, by the world, the greatness of that early missionary effort—which rendered the direst nation most harmless—has long been acknowledged, whilst we in the vicinity have lost sight of it.

A few words to the Church Missionary Society and we have done with all, save with old Te Waharoa himself.

When next you are permitted to secure for your Great Master a missionary field like New

Zealand, and it becomes your duty to find an overseer for the work, be careful to choose a man of the same stamp as your successful missionaries; thus, if your missionaries are of what is generally termed the evangelical party, or of a higher school, get a Bishop of the same complexion. Avoid a person rejoicing in the possession of highly educated physical and intellectual powers, for he who rejoices in these is too apt to lack the Christian humility he ought to have; and, though it may seem unnecessary to say so, bear in mind your new Bishop, when tried, must govern his temper, else he will sometimes be exhibited to disadvantage before the converts. Deal fairly by your old missionaries; allow them, after thirty or forty years' service, to claim a pension and retire. You have a duty to perform in this respect which, we are informed, other missionary societies do not neglect. And, lastly, speak truly of the colonists that may settle in your missionary field; for your periodical publications have a great circulation in the mother country, and injurious statements in them, not founded on fact, would wound their feelings. We mention this, because your countrymen in New Zealand have suffered in this manner. Thus much for New Guinea, or any other field to be won.

But for New Zealand—the field that was won, and is lost—it is a consolation to remember how her first English Bishop was endowed with an extraordinary energy; and how his genius—which accomplished the nautical anomaly of

uniting in himself the offices of captain, boatswain, and helmsman—prompted him to essay much that ordinary men would not have presumed to attempt; or, as was once homely but graphically expressed by a New Zealand dignitary—it could not have been an Archbishop, so must have been an Archdeacon—yes, an Archdeacon—who thought "the Bishop was not satisfied with playing first fiddle, but desired to monopolise all the fiddles!" Alas! alas! for harmony. O! banished Harmony! when shall thy sweet influence return?

PART III.

Early one bright New Zealand summer's morn—it was Christmas, 1835—a small band of men propelled their light canoe, cleaving the glassy bosom of Lake Rotorua. Presently they landed on its northern shore, whence they ascended to a village, near the margin of the forest that crowns the uplands on that side. As they approached, the head man of the kainga welcomed them; when the senior visitor, taking him by the hand, bent forward, and rubbed noses, according to Maori custom. While thus engaged receiving his guests, the head man was struck dead with a tomahawk blow, dealt by another visitor, at the back of his right ear. Who was the victim? and who those treacherous men? The former was Hunga, Te Waharoa's cousin, who then lived at Rotorua. The latter were Huka and his nephew, attended by a small following of six or eight *sans culottes* —Huka being then a second-rate chief of Ngatiwhakaue, who had always been on excellent terms with Hunga, even to the very moment when he murdered him.

And yet Huka had a very good Maori reason for committing this horrid deed, which we will endeavour to explain. He conceived himself

injured and insulted, by his own chiefs and relations, in two things. First, in some matter having reference to a woman; and secondly, because, during a recent temporary absence, his interests had been utterly overlooked at the division of a large quantity of trade received from Tapsal, a Pakeha-Maori, at Maketu, in payment for flax the tribe had sold; which flax, accordingly to mercantile usages of that day, probably had yet to be delivered; and at the time when the trade was given, was most likely flourishing on its native stem. Huka made a journey to Maketu to see Tapsal, but found the pakeha inexorable; he had paid to the chiefs of the tribe all the trade agreed for, and he would pay no more. So Huka returned to Rotorua, saying in an ungracious spirit: "I can't kill all my relatives, but I can bring war upon them," which sure enough he did, by murdering Waharoa's cousin, precisely in the manner we have related. And thus originated Te Waharoa's great war with the Ngatiwhakaue, or Arawa tribe.

But now the admirer of that rude sense of justice, which dwells inherent in the savage breast, exclaims: Why did not the Ngatiwhakaues immediately do what they could to make the *amende honorable* to Waharoa? They might have sent off the heads of Huka and his nephew, with an apologetic message to the great chief, expressing unfeigned regret at the melancholy affair; and hoping the satisfaction of seeing for himself the condign punishment the

criminals had received, would avert his just indignation; and trusting the amicable relations that had subsisted between their tribes during his time might still remain unchanged. We think no one would have been more amused at the novelty and simplicity of this proceeding than old Waharoa himself. Of course he, and perhaps his friends, Te Kanawa and Mokorou, chiefs of Ngatimaniapoto and Waikato, would miss the pleasure of discussing the ambassador's quality at breakfast next morning—as no native, other than a neutral one, would have been simpleton enough to place himself in such a position. No, the Ngatiwhakaue never thought of such a thing; their minds and actions ran in another groove, for by noon that Christmas day, they had cut up Hunga's body, and sent the quarters throughout the Arawa tribes, to signify the new state of public affairs. As for Huka, he walked a taller man; his spirited conduct had raised him in the eyes of men.

On receiving the news, Waharoa was so enraged that he sent Mr. Chapman—the Church missionary at Rotorua, who had buried Hunga's head—a message, through a neutral channel, that he would come and burn his house down. To Ngatiwhakaue he condescended not a word. They might remain ignorant where the blow should fall, while he actively prepared to deliver it.

Meantime the Ngaiterangi chiefs greatly feared that Waharoa, instead of taking the

Patetere route, would pass through Tauranga, and drag them into a war they had no interest in. Their country would certainly be devastated sometimes, and if there were any gains, Te Waharoa would take them. In about ten weeks, when Waharoa had mustered his Ngatihaua, Ngatimaniapoto, and Waikato forces, to the number of 1,000 fighting men, under Te Kanawa, Mokorou, and himself, their fears were confirmed.

About this time, Waharoa sent to Nuka Taipari, chief of Maungatapu, requesting him to murder fourteen Tapuika friends who were visiting him, from the place now called Canaan—the Tapuika hapu being a section of the Arawas. Nuka replied to the effect that he did not exactly like to murder his guests, but Waharoa could do so by intercepting them on their road home, and that they would leave Maungatapu at such a time.

On the evening of the 24th March, 1836, just three months after Hunga's death, the advance guard of Waharoa's taua, 70 strong, under the fighting chief Pea, crossed the Tauranga harbour at Te Papa during twilight, and marching on took up their station across the Maketu road, between Maungamana and the coast line. The next day Nuka advised his friends to return home, as the news of Waharoa's approach rendered it unsafe for them to remain. On the same day they all fourteen fell into Pea's hands, by whom they were bound, until Waharoa's further pleasure

should be known. The missionaries at Te Papa, Messrs. Wilson and Wade, spared no pains to save the lives of these unfortunate people. The former gentleman proceeded to Pea's camp, where he was assured all would be well with the Tapuikas, who were only detained to prevent their carrying intelligence to the enemy of the movements of Waharoa's taua; and, to convince the too sceptical pakeha, four or five natives impersonated the prisoners, saying they were of the number of captured Tapuikas, and earnestly desiring that the question of their safety might not be raised by the missionary. On the same night, Te Waharoa, with his taua, passed through the Papa station, and promised the missionaries to spare the lives of the captives.

The next morning—26th—Waharoa arrived at Maungamana, when the prisoners were quickly slain, and the taua halted, until noon the following day, to cook and eat their bodies. On the 27th, the missionaries went to Waharoa's camp; passing unnoticed along his grim columns, they found the chief seated apart on a sandhill, protected by a rude breakwind—Mokorou was his companion; while at a respectful distance, sat a group of other chiefs. Waharoa saw them coming, and thinking, probably, the visit would prove unwelcome, gave orders to resume the march; meantime, the missionaries arrived, and spoke in very plain terms to him about his conduct. Mr. Wilson, as spokesman, upbraided him with the murder

of his friend's guests, and reproached him with breaking his promise. "And now," he said, "you are going to Maketu; you are not ignorant of war; and you know you may never return. How, then, will you meet the God you have offended?" During the interview the old man's light sinewy frame and small expressive features had gradually manifested uneasiness; but to this point his usual mincing manner and taciturnity had been preserved. Now, however, when one whom he considered a Tohunga to the pakeha's powerful Atua, seemed disposed to say that which was ominous, his superstitious dread of *aituas* (evil omens), and fear that his expedition should go forth under a cloud, impelled him to assume his other-self, and cry fiercely: "Stop, don't say that. If I am killed, what odds? and if I return, will it not be well? Leave that matter alone." By this time his taua was in motion—"marching," as Mr. Wilson says, "with an order and regularity I had little expected to see."

On the 29th March, 1836, Waharoa stormed and carried Maketu, garrisoned only by the Ngatipukenga hapu, numbering sixty fighting men, with their aged chief, Nainai, at their head. Also there was present in the pa, a fighting chief of Ngatiwhakaue, named Haupapa. All these were killed and eaten; and such of their wives and children as were with them either shared the same fate or were taken into slavery. Haupapa, mortally wounded, was taken into Tapsal's house, within the pa. The old sailor

Judge Maning (a famous "Pakeha Maori").

had a locker, and into it he thrust the chief for concealment; but ere the victorious party entered the house, he died. Now his wife, Kata, a woman about twenty-six years of age, was sitting near him, and as soon as she perceived he was dead, she earnestly, but vainly, besought the pakeha to cut off his head, that she might hide it from his enemies. Just then Muripara, a chief, and foremost man of the hostile taua, entered the house, and hearing the woman's words, exclaimed, "I will do it for you!" He severed the head, and was in the act of removing it when Kata, suddenly apprehending his real intention, made a dash for it; he waved it out of her reach; the streaming gore flew round, and fell as he held it over a kit of water-melons. In came the taua, and munched the melons up. Mr. Tapsal himself, was stripped of all save the clothes he had on, and then beheld his premises on fire. And now the missionaries, Messrs. Wilson and Wade, arrived from Tauranga, and going to Waharoa, asked him to secure Tapsal's safety, and the safety of his native wife. The chief consented, and said they might leave the place, which Tapsal was not slow to do, and went to Te Tumu, where he managed to obtain his own boat from the natives—for Tapsal had considerable influence with the natives in their cooler moments, having no less than four trading stations, viz, at Matamata, Tauranga, Maketu, and Te Awa-o-te-Atua. At Te Tumu, Tapsal rescued five women from slavery, and then withdrew in his boat to Te Awa-o-te-Atua,

where Rangitekina enabled him to escape to Te Kupenga, and so he rejoined the Arawas. Among the women rescued from slavery on this occasion was Kata, Haupapa's widow, of whom the reader will hear more yet.

By the burning of his place at Maketu, Tapsal lost a large amount of property; among other things, it is said 120 tons of flax—worth a great deal in the English market—were consumed by the flames. All this flax had been obtained from the natives in exchange for guns and fine powder. In those days, the price of a superior gun was about eight hundredweight of flax, weighed—while for powder, in casks of fifty pounds weight, it was usual to receive one ton of flax per cask. But though there were several Pakeha-Maoris engaged in supplying the belligerent tribes in the Bay of Islands with arms and ammunition, in Waharoa's time, yet none of them assisted the natives by joining in or directing the fights. We make this remark merely because reports of an opposite nature were one time current.

But to resume our narrative of the fall of Maketu. Having effected their object, the missionaries returned to Tauranga. The whole pa was in flames. Shots were flying in every direction—while stark naked savages, with hair cropped short, and features blackened, ran wildly through the scene. They were Maori warriors, flushed with success, and drunk with blood, and wrought to a pitch of fiendish excitement, such as rendered their company unpleasing and unsafe.

Thus fell Maketu, and thus died Ngatipukenga; for old Nainai, when urged to retreat to Rotorua, had said, "Let me die on my land," a speech which sealed the fate of his tribe. How strange is the fortune of war! Five months afterwards, the selfsame speech, in Korokai's mouth, was the means, in the critical moment of danger, of saving the great Ohinemutu pa. To Te Waharoa, who always led the stormers, the credit however, is due, of being first with his tomahawk to cut the lashings of the pa fence. The attack was made according to a favourite mode, in two divisions; Waikato and Ngatimaniapoto, under Mokorou and Te Kanawa, assaulted the pa on its southern side, rushing up the natural glacis opposite Warekahu (the same slope that, three years afterwards, proved so fatal to them, while Tohi Te Ururangi hurled them pell mell down it)—while Waharoa, with Ngatihaua, scaled the steeps on the river side, and first led his men into the pa.

Two or three days after this, as soon as the heads were sufficiently cured, the warriors returned homewards, and a week after these events, some of them, including Te Waharoa, encamped for the night at Te Papa station. Here numbers of the wretches took up their quarters in Mr. Wilson's garden—the plot of ground that now forms Archdeacon Brown's garden—and destroyed its shrubs, breaking them down to furnish green leaves as dampers to retain the steam of the Maori ovens in which their carrion was cooked. At this time the missionaries had taken the precaution (soon to

become a custom) to send their families away, and had conveyed them to Panepane, a desert island on the north side of Tauranga harbour.

The complete success and speedy result of Waharoa's first campaign stung the Ngatiwhakaue tribes to rage and action. Within four weeks of the receipt of the news, one thousand six hundred men had mustered at Ohinemutu pa, on Lake Rotorua, and had marched for Maketu, whence it was their set purpose to take the Tumu.

The Tumu pa belonged to Ngaiterangi—Waharoa's allies—and was situated on the left bank of the Kaituna river, about two miles from Maketu, at the place where the river, descending from the interior, flows to within about one hundred yards of the sea, and then by a sudden freak of nature turns sharply off to the eastward; from whence it pursues a course parallel to the coastline, until it reaches Maketu. At the Tumu, the narrow neck of sand that divided the river from the sea, was not obstructed by growing sandhills, as it is now; but was so low that high tides in heavy gales swept over the river.

Te Tumu was, doubtless, a convenient enough place for Maoris in times of peace—commanding the sea as it did, as well as the river navigation; but for war it was quite the reverse. Unlike Maketu, it had neither natural nor artificial strength; yet the inmates of the pa were as infatuated as the Maketu people had been. Numbering only one hundred men and

two hundred women and children, their garrison was too weak to hold the position against the large odds to be opposed to them, and too proud to desert it. The chiefs at the Tumu were Kiharoa of Maungatapu, Hikareia, and his nephew Tupaia of Otumoetai, Te Koke, and four others of minor note. It certainly seems strange that the inhabitants of Maketu and Tumu pas were not better supported by their respective tribes; we suppose "what was everybody's duty was nobody's duty," as nobody appears to have been particularly anxious to sacrifice himself for the public weal. This supineness, however, may in reference to the Tumu have been partly due to the occupant's own assumed security—a security arising, perhaps, from the hope that they would not be attacked. Still, there was no foundation for such a hope, for on the 20th April, Ngatiwhakaue made their first haul, and unmistakably signified their view of Ngaiterangi's political position in the war by cutting off one man and ten women, who were found collecting firewood at Maungamana. At any rate, the Tumuites manifested the greatest sang-froid. Kiharoa, when asked if the enemy had not arrived at Maketu in great force, replied, by taking up a handful of sand and saying, "Yes, there is a man there for every grain of sand here." Then, suffering the wind to blow the escaping sand away, he exclaimed, *"Hei aha!"*

Such was the state of affairs, when a highly auspicious omen—an eclipse of the moon—

roused Ngatiwhakaue to activity. During the night of the 6th May, 1600 men under Kahawai, Pukuatua, Korokai, Hikairo, Amohau, Ngaihi, and Pango, alias Ngaihi—in fact under all the great chiefs of Rotorua—crossed the Kaituna, and, taking their stations unperceived on two sides of the Tumu, awaited the signal of the attack. And now, as morning approached, a young man volunteered to reconnoitre the pa, to ascertain whether the garrison was on the alert, and though several endeavoured to dissuade him from the rash attempt, he went. Passing in the shade along the river bank, he entered the pa as an inmate returning within its precincts—a not uncommon occurrence—and made his rounds without attracting attention, farther than that one man seemed to eye him for a while; then making his exit in the manner he had entered, he reported that the people had evidently been at their posts all night, but had gone to bed, leaving only a few sentinels on duty.

At the first crowing of the cock the onset was made. At the first sound of danger the Ngaiterangi flew to their stations. Kiharoa, hastening with the rest, fell pierced by a ball in his forehead. His body was instantly tumbled into a potato pit, a rough mat thrown over, and remained long undiscovered. The assault was repulsed, and repeated, to be repulsed again; twice renewed and thrice repulsed, the assailants had lost Kahawai, their principal chief, and seventy men. The numbers of the defenders were also considerably reduced. At length the light of returning day revealed to

both sides the great disparity of forces—the multitude on one side, the few on the other—and inspired the Ngatiwhakaues with a courage that enabled them to carry the pa. But the desperate strife was not concluded. The Ngaiterangis—men, women and children—hastily collected, and precipitating themselves in a mass upon their enemies, forced their way through them to the sea beach; and fled, not unpursued, for Tauranga. Poor women and children, their fate must rest in oblivion, as only about twenty of the former escaped. The elderly chief Hikareia, closely chased, made for the inland road, to be struck down by a bullet in crossing Wairake swamp. Instantly a New Zealander rushed into the water; in his black heart lay bottled up unwreaked revenge of two generations' keep—a revenge he now appeased by cutting out his victim's liver, and eating it reeking hot on the spot, in utu for his murdered grandfather. Although Hikareia was related to Kahawai's hapu of Ngatiwhakaue, his body was flayed—the dutiful young men his nephews, being foremost in the business, and appropriating the skin to their own use, cutting it up for pouches. One of them secured his uncle's handsome *rape* — posterior tattooing — with which he made an ornamental cartouche box. Well might Mr. Wilson, at Rotorua, write on the 6th May, "The revenge and hate on both sides is ungovernable."

The fall of Te Tumu cost Ngaiterangi seven chiefs, and sixty men killed; and about 180 women and children killed or taken prisoners.

Tupaia—now Hori Tupaia—was the only surviving chief. If the pursuit had been properly followed up, scarcely a fugitive could have escaped; but, fortunately for the Ngaiterangi, a singular circumstance favoured them in this respect. As soon as the pa was taken, the principal Rotorua chiefs seized, each with an eye to his own personal benefit, upon a celebrated war canoe of enormous size—a sort of little 'Great Eastern' in her way, named 'Tauranga.' Of course, they quarrelled; but failing to settle the matter in that manner, four of them got into her, and spent the day trying to out-sit each other for possession, while their followers were either looking on, or looting the pa.

Ngaiterangi never returned to the Tumu. Hikareia was killed at Wairake, and that place has since been generally considered the boundary of their country—a country which for four years before had extended some seventeen miles further to the eastward, to Otamarakau (Waitahanui). For, in 1832, Ngaiterangi held Maketu, the Arawas only living then on sufferance in a pa situated where the redoubt is now; and Tamaiwahia, a Ngaiterangi tohunga, had a pa at Otamarakau, which he occupied until the troubles consequent on Hunga's death compelled him to flee and seek refuge at Tauranga. Thus the Arawas, when roused, displaced Ngaiterangi, and resumed those coast holdings: severing the weakened links of the once powerful chain of Ngatiawa

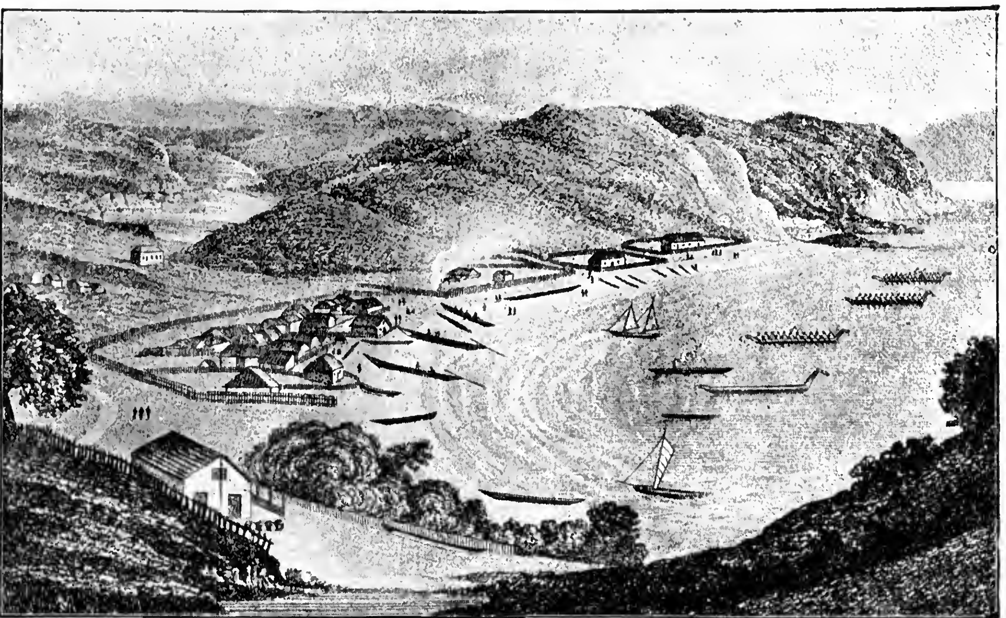
conquests that Ngaiterangihohiri had made four generations before, they pushed themselves northward to the sea, and re-established the maritime frontier of their country.

But Tamaiwahia thought it a pity to lose Otamarakau without an effort to obtain utu. He was a tohunga, and why should he not use his power? We regret to say the temptation proved too strong; he debased his office, and pretended he had seen a vision. The result was, Ngaiterangi fitted out a flotilla, which sailed from Otumoetai and, passing Maketu in the night, landed at Pukehina; whence the taua, under Rangihau and Tamaiwahia, marched inland to attack Tautari's pa at Rotoehu. Now, Tautari was not an Arawa native, but lived at Rotoehu on sufferance, having become connected with Ngatiwhakaue by marriage. He was chief of Ngaitonu, of Whakatane, which tribe is better known now as Ngatipukeko; and, being a renowned old Maori soldier, was not caught napping on this occasion. With much patience and forethought, he had strengthened his pa, and rendered it a very formidable fortress, so that when Ngaiterangi attacked it, they were defeated with the loss of Rangihau, and seventeen killed. On the return of the expedition to Tauranga, Ngaiterangi were incensed against the false prophet to such an extent, that he well-nigh lost his life.

Old Tautari, who resisted this attack, was rather a remarkable warrior. On his person he bore the scars of twelve hatchet wounds;

and when the dreadful Ngapuhi some years before invaded his country, they were soon glad to get away again; for, instead of rushing to a pa for protection, he took to the bush, and when they followed him, fell upon them at night time while they slept. At length, finding themselves engaged in a desperate guerilla warfare from which nothing could be gained, the Ngapuhis retired from the harassing strife. And now, although he had repelled this invasion, Tautari did not consider the insult wiped out. Therefore, he betook himself to his own country, to equip a fleet; and, mustering a strong taua, put to sea, where we will for the present leave him pursuing his voyage.

The war now raged with the utmost ferocity. From Tauranga looking southward, the fires of Ngatiwhakaue's war parties were constantly visible, especially at the edge of the forest; and when night came, the whole of the intervening open country was prowled over by bloodthirsty cannibals, seeking somebody to devour. The missionaries' families never slept in their houses; and by sunset every Tauranga native was within the fortifications of Otumoetai or Maungatapu. Murdering parties were also sent out from Rotorua towards Matamata, by way of Patatere; and the missionaries, the Rev. Mr. Brown and Mr. Morgan, had already retired from the Matamata station. The former gentleman, with his family, removed to Waimate, at the Bay of Islands; and the latter to Mangapouri, in Upper Waikato. Some time after they left, one of their empty houses was



Kororareka Beach, Bay of Islands, in 1836.

burnt down by a taua, but the other remained. When times, however, became less boisterous, the important Matamata station was not re-occupied; was not this a pity?

By the middle of May, 1836, matters had come to such a pass at Tauranga, that Mr. Wade, with his family, retired for safety to the Bay of Islands; and, at the same time, Mr. Wilson—though he remained at his post—sent his family away also. Mr. Chapman, too, removed his wife from the dangerous station at Rotorua, to that at Mangapouri, in Waikato; and, having done so, joined Mr. Wilson, at Tauranga. Thus, when all had fled, did these maintain their ground—like brave mariners, who, alone on deck, observe the direction and force of the storm, and patiently watchful for a favourable change, endeavour, by the means at their command, to extricate their hapless bark from surrounding dangers—"from the impervious horrors of a leeward shore"—so these two faithful men waited opportunities to exercise their influence for good, and, by a seasonable presence, asserted the neutrality of the missionary position, so that, in the end, it became fully established. But they were not content simply to retain Tauranga, and therefore, after a while, they separated—Mr Chapman returning to Rotorua, where his station had been sacked and burnt, and whence Mr. Knight, his assistant, had retired.

We may here mention a tragedy—all are tragedies in this chamber of horrors—Oh! that we might sometimes delineate with a brighter

pencil; but we have not the gift of Claude Lorraine; and even if we possessed so rich a talent, truth, simple truth, would compel us to use the sombre and monotonous colours of that dark and dreary time—a wintry time, almost bereft of winter's hopes. Yet to vary our figure, upon that troubled night a day star shall arise, a morning shall appear,—but when that morn shall break, the genius of our subject shall vanish—The Story of Te Waharoa shall cease. To return, however to the tragedy. Mr. Knight was accustomed every morning about sunrise, to attend a school at Ohinemutu pa; but, as there were no scholars on the morning of the 12th of May, he went to the place where he was told they would be found; and there he perceived a great number of people sitting in two assemblages on the ground—one entirely of men, the other of women and the chief Pango. The former company he joined, and conversed with them, as well as he was able, on the sin of cannibalism; but Korokai and all laughed at the idea of burying their enemies. This conversation ceased, however, on Knight hearing the word *patua*—kill—repeated several times; and looking round towards the women, he was horrified to see the widow of the late chief Haupapa—who was killed at Maketu—standing naked, and armed with a tomahawk; while another woman, also nude, and Pango, were dragging a woman, taken captive at Te Tumu, that she might be killed by Mrs. Haupapa, in the open space between the men and the women.

Mr. Knight immediately sprang forward, and entreated them not to hurt the woman—but Mrs. Haupapa, paying no attention, raised her hatchet; on this, Knight caught the weapon, and pulled it out of her hand, whereupon the other woman angrily wrenched it from his grasp, and would have killed him, had not Pango interposed, by running at the pakeha, and giving him "a blow and thrust which nearly sent him into the lake." But the prudent spirit of self-command, that animated Speke, under similar circumstances, formed no part of this young Englishman's nature, and he was about to return to the charge when the natives seized him and held him back. Just then, the poor woman, slipping out of the garments she was held by, rushed to Knight, and falling down, clasped his knees convulsively, in an agony of terror. Her murderers came, and abusing the pakeha, the while for *pokanoa*-ing (interfering or meddling), with difficulty dragged her from her hold. The helpless pakeha says: "It would have melted the heart of a stone" to hear her calling each relative by name, beseeching them to save her,—for though a Tauranga woman, she was connected with Rotorua—and to see her last despairing, supplicating look, as she was taken a few yards off, and killed by that virago, Mrs Haupapa—the fiendish New Zealandress. Now this scene occurred simply because Haupapa's widow longed to assuage the sorrow of her bereaved heart, by despatching, with her own

hand, some prisoner of rank, as utu for her lord. The tribe respected her desire; they assembled to witness the spectacle, and furnished a victim by handing over a chief's widow to her will.

Yet, although we deplore the darkness of those times, still, even then, there must have been a few real Christians among the Maoris. We will give two cases, from which, perhaps, our readers will come to the same conclusion.

Te Waharoa had rather a noted fighting chief named Ngakuku. This man, who had, of course, been more perfect in, and given to the sanguinary usages of his companions, embraced Christianity, shortly after the missionaries taught at Matamata, and placed his daughter Tarore, about thirteen years of age, under Mrs. Brown's care. In October, 1836, after the missionaries had removed their families from Matamata, Ngakuku set out for Tauranga, taking his daughter and his son—a little boy—with him. They were accompanied by several Christian, or *warekura* natives, as they were called—also by a Mr. Flatt, who was travelling in the service of the mission, to the same place, and they formed a party about twenty in number. Camping at night at Te Wairere, a fire was incautiously made, the smoke of which was seen by a murdering party that had prowled out from Patatere. At day dawn, the travellers were suddenly roused by the violent barking of their dogs; in a moment they had rushed into the bush, but Ngatiwhakaue were quick enough to catch the girl, who slept more

soundly than the rest. Poor Tarore! when it was discovered that she had not followed, her father, who had carried away the little boy, was about to return—but a gun went off; he heard her shriek, "I am shot"—he heard his own name mingle with her death cries, and then he heard no more. The deed was done—the offering of her heart was waved to Whiro in the air,—a devilish orgy danced, and the murderers had departed almost as quickly as they came.

Now, although it was possible for all this to happen, and Ngakuku to possess but little Christianity, yet we think it quite impossible for a man accustomed, as he had been, to the indulgence of naturally strong passions, to restrain them, that afterwards, when peace was made, he stepped forward, in the presence of his tribe, and shook hands with Paora Te Uata—his daughter's murderer. Could Ngakuku have been guided by that kind of Christianity which, then appeared to float over the land with a hazy light? Could he have done this, solely from a desire to adhere closely to the forms of his new religion? If so, his was, indeed, a wonderful climax of formalism. No: we think Ngakuku was a Christian, and that a ray of pure, bright light illuminated his soul, in the performance of an action so few could follow.

The other instance, though not conspicuous, indicated much in its way, and was that of old Matiu Tahu—the tohunga who escaped from Te Papa pa, at Tauranga, when Te Rohu took

it in 1828. In the most dangerous times, Matiu never consulted his own safety, but always remained with the missionaries, sleeping in their house, instead of going to the pa at night; and during the long winter evenings of 1836, he would listen to their instructions, or vary the topic by relating his Maori traditions, superstitions, histories and mysteries, together with his experiences and observations as a tohunga; then taking his gun and sallying forth, he would go his rounds, nor retire until he had satisfied himself the enemy was not lurking in the vicinity. Sometimes Mr. Wilson and Matiu would resort to their boat for safety, anchoring her at night in the harbour, and sleeping securely on board her.

We left Tautari with a fleet of canoes at sea. Tuhua, Mayor Island, was his object of attack. He wished to surprise Te Whanau o Ngaitaiwhao, and carry their almost impregnable stronghold by a *coup de main*,—therefore endeavouring to regulate the progress of his voyage, so as to near the island (which is very high) after nightfall, he silently landed at his destination in the dead of night, and marshalled his forces for the assault.

The pa stood above them, on a precipitous mass of volcanic rock, and the only approach to it was by an exceedingly steep glacis, terminating in a rocky path, which was also steep, and too narrow to allow more than one person to advance at a time. Confidently and eagerly, but without noise, the taua mounted to the

pa; they swarmed up the glacis, and filled the narrow path—when suddenly above them a hideous yell arose, and a huge body of rock, loosened from its hold, fell crashing and bounding down the path, and thundered through their midst, smashing to atoms the wretches whose ill-starred fate had placed them in its way. The panic was great—while volleys of musketry poured down on the discomfited invaders, and hastened their scarcely less headlong flight. When morning dawned, the dead had been removed, and Tautari's canoes were nowhere to be seen; but the ground was strewed with arms and accoutrements, and the rock that fell was covered with blood—blood, which the women of the pa carefully licked off.

So, when too late, Tautari discovered that he was greater on land than at sea, and that he was deficient in the art of calculating heights, and distances. In fact, he himself had given warning of his approach, by venturing too near the island by daylight; for, on the previous evening, at sunset, his flotilla had been descried from the heights of Tuhua, far off on the south-eastern horizon, and suitable preparations had been immediately made for his reception.

The late Tohi Te Ururangi, alias Beckham, was an active fighting chief during the war; and about this time he did two things which we will relate. One circumstance principally refers to the Maori tapu; the other speaks of the once savage nature of this late order-loving man, and shows how altered he became. From

intelligence received, Tohi started away from Maketu with a Taua Tapu, consisting of twenty men, all fortified and inspired with a doubly refined tapu. The expedition was aimed against a little pa, thought to be nearly empty, up the Kaituna river; but it proved abortive. Tohi was mistaken, and returned minus a man or two. When they arrived at Maketu, the crowd stood apart; a tohunga met them near their canoe; they ranged themselves in a row on the strand, and, squatting down, devoid of clothing, silently awaited the termination of his incantation. He, with his face towards the wind, and small bunches of grass in his hands, made sundry passes over them and in the air, muttering as he did so. This done, they rushed to the river, and plunging in, washed themselves as was necessary after deeds of blood, according to the Maori creed.

The other matter, was the murder by Tohi, of an old Tauranga chief (we forget his name), who had been induced to go to Maketu in the hope of making peace. It was a cruel action. A neutral woman had gone over to Maungatapu, and persuaded him, as he was partly connected with Ngatiwhakaue, to accompany her back for that purpose. As they approached, they were met by Tohi and another man, on the sands in front of Maketu. "There," she said, "I have brought you so and so." She stepped aside, and Tohi and his companion completed the iniquity.

As this quarrel arose between Ngatiwhakaue and Waharoa, it seems strange, perhaps, that

their respective tauas did not oftener take the direct route between their countries, that lies by Patatere. As far as Te Waharoa is concerned, this may be explained by his desire to draw Ngaiterangi into the strife; he had involved them, and he intended to keep them implicated. While the reason on Ngatiwhakaue's part was probably due to a considerate wish to leave the lion undisturbed in his den; for, as they had Ngaiterangi to fight with, they did not care to go further and fare worse. On one occasion, indeed, in the early part of the war, they had sent a taua direct to Matamata; but it had been driven back, without effecting anything beyond burning down Mr. Morgan's house. From Patatere, however, Ngatiwhakaue frequently sent out murdering parties—*tauas toto,* and *tauas tapu*—whose duty it was to infest the Wairere and other roads, and to slay all unwary and defenceless travellers.

Yet, the old chief of our story would sometimes pass by the Wairere road—from Matamata to Tauranga and back again comparatively unprotected; and if remonstrated with, and informed after he had determined to go that the road was just then in an unusually dangerous state, he would reply, "Does not my *matakite* know much better than you?" Now a *matakite* is a person who is able to foresee events; and Waharoa's *matakite* was an old sorceress—in fact his private priestess, who, thoroughly versed in the necromantic art, cast the *niu,* was consulted on all necessary

occasions, and accompanied him on his expeditions and journeys.

By the end of July, less than three months after the fall of Te Tumu, Waharoa had assembled another taua to avenge his allies' honour, and maintain the prestige of his own arms. On this occasion he went by Patatere, and his force, consisting chiefly of his own tribe, was not as numerous as his tauas usually were. By the 1st of August he had marched into the heart of the enemy's country, and encamped his army at a place between two and three miles from Ohinemutu pa.

Ohinemutu, the capital of Rotorua, is doubtless on the most singular volcanic site a population ever dwelt upon. On a rising ground at the south end of the lake, it is situated on what seems to the unaccustomed eye to be but a crust that forms neither more nor less than the lid of an immense subterranean cauldron of boiling water. Through this lid numerous natural and artificial holes have been punched, and are used by the inhabitants for cooking purposes. In them the water boils furiously, hissing to the very surface, and emitting clouds of vapour, which under some conditions of the atmosphere are almost dense enough to envelope the pa. Now, it was within this curious pa, which was then a large and very strong one, that the Ngatiwhakaue people had collected for fear of Te Waharoa; all their canoes, also, had been brought within its fortifications.

When, therefore, Te Waharoa had arrived at Rotorua, he found himself placed in an unsatisfactory position. The well-manned fortifications of the enemy forbade an attack there, with any prospect of success; while his command of the lake by means of the canoes in his possession, not only enabled him to obtain supplies, but would also enable him to fall suddenly upon any of Waharoa's people who might forage on its shores. At length, after waiting several days, Micawber-like, "for something to turn up," Waharoa devised a scheme, and of its success the reader shall judge. On the 6th August, 1836, he sent a party of picked men, who feigned an attack on the pa; one of their leaders was a young man, Weteni Taiporutu, who many years after fought us, and was killed at Mahoetahi. This portion of the affair was so skilfully conducted that, in the excitement of the moment all Ngatiwhakaue, believing Waharoa defeated, rushed out in hot pursuit. When their best men had gone, at the top of their speed, so far as to be utterly out of breath, they unexpectedly came upon a force posted ready to receive them; also the men they had pursued turned back upon them. It was now their turn to flee; with this difference, their enemies were fresh, they winded. And now the crisis comes; few of these men shall live if Waharoa succeeds. The greater portion of his force is distributed in two large ambushes on either side of the road; one under the Ngatihaua chief Pohipohi, the other commanded by

himself. Suddenly they rise; and from right to left appear to the unlucky fugitives in hundreds, hastening to intercept their flight. They close the way; but Pohipohi has misdirected his men; some confusion ensues; and neither division can fire without slaughtering the other. The Ngatiwhakaue seize upon the blunder; they run the gauntlet; tomahawks are freely used upon them, and many a stalwart warrior bites the dust.

The Ngatiwhakaues were shot down, and pursued to the *waharoa* (gateway) of their pa, through which they pressed, and would have been followed by Te Waharoa and his Ngatihauas, had not the men in the pa suddenly rallied, closed the gate, and repelled the assailants. Now this unexpected reaction on the part of the Ohinemutu people, was due to Korokai, chief of Ngatiwhakaue proper, alias Ngatipehi; who, when all within the pa—terrified at the disaster and Waharoa's approach—were taking to their canoes to seek refuge on the island, refused to accompany them, and exclaimed with a loud voice, "Let me die here, upon my own land!" His words and example affected the people, and changed their fear to other emotions; instead of going to the island, Makoia, they hastened to their posts, just in time to save their pa.

That day Waharoa's Ngatihaua and Waikato tribes returned to their camp, laden with booty; for they had sacked Mr. Chapman's mission station at Te Koutu, and they carried with them

the bodies of sixty of their enemies. And now the work of cutting up and preparing the feast began. While thus engaged, Mr. Knight appeared; he had been robbed of all save shirt and trousers, and had come to complain to Te Waharoa. The natives say they resented his intrusion, which was an angry one; and some of them would have added him to the number of their stock in hand, had not Tarapipi—Waharoa's son, now known as William Thompson—interposed, and sent him back again. We believe Mr. Knight never knew the danger he was in on this occasion. There was also another European at Te Koutu, a carpenter. Both these men suffered loss, though the natives perhaps thought them well off in having their lives spared. When the excited, bloodstained crowd entered the station, Mr. Knight repaired to his room, and filling the capacious pockets of his shooting-coat with the articles he most required, was about to retire from the scene; when a Maori who had watched his movements, stepped forward, and kindly insisted on relieving him of its weight. At any rate our pakeha must have appreciated the manner of the action, when he turned and saw the poor carpenter down, with a couple of great naked fellows sitting on him, quarrelling and struggling for the clothes on his back; while others tried to tug the garments from his limbs. In vain the oppressed man represented the clothes would be torn, and implored to be allowed to rise and divest himself; each was

afraid to lose the apparel, and preferred trusting to his own exertions. Besides, the pakeha was worthy of no consideration: he was only a *tutua,* who had been detected in the act of escaping with a double suit of his own clothes on his person. At length, when they had pretty well plucked their victim, they let him go; and our readers will hardly be surprised to learn that neither he nor his fellow-pakeha remained long in the country.

But in reference to the Koutu station, we have to add the curious fact that on the same day, after Waharoa's taua had retired, Ngati-whakaue came, and not only completed its plunder, but actually set fire to their own missionary's house. This they did, because their hearts were sad at their own loss and of course their pakeha would not object to participate in their sorrow. Some time after this, these whimsical beings decided that their missionary must have an utu for his losses also, and therefore they informed him they were about to go and destroy Te Papa mission station; his place had been burnt, and Wilson's should be burnt in payment. Mr. Chapman was very uneasy, all he could urge to the contrary was quite unheeded by them; it was impossible to foresee where they would stop, or to say they would not commit murder when excited; and, besides, Te Papa was the only station left in that part of the country. Mr. Chapman, however, solved the difficulty, and baffled them by going to Te Papa and living with Mr. Wilson, telling them

as he went that if they burnt his brother missionary's house, they must do so over his, their pakeha's head. The following is the last entry in the journal of the Koutu station:—

"The mission station at the Koutu was destroyed on the 6th inst. by the Waikato and Rotorua tribes. The Ngatipehi burnt the house and the adjoining buildings. We saw the fire break out about four o'clock, p.m., in the dwelling house, and before darkness succeeded twilight, both dwelling houses, and every building, *taiepa*, etc., were in flames, and reduced to ruins. Thus ended a station which began under such promising circumstances. The ways of the Lord are mysterious, past finding out; yet we must believe they are all founded on wisdom, mercy and truth. The mission station being no more, of course this public journal is from this time discontinued.—8th August, 1836.

There is yet another circumstance that occurred on the 6th of August, that must be mentioned; for it shows how discipline was maintained in Waharoa's tauas. Pohipohi's bungling — *wakararu*-ing — conduct in the morning has so displeased his master that now, while the bodies are being cut up, Waharoa challenges him to single combat. Although the old chief is somewhat lame from his Hauwhenua wound, he is active still, and light as ever. Pohipohi is a tall, powerful man, a great landowner, and ranks next to himself as chief of Ngatihaua; but he must do his duty and make an example of him as a warning to his other

lieutenants. For Waharoa, who had been successful in every conflict, never doubted his own personal power to inflict chastisement in this. Yet his success, though perhaps unknown to himself, had latterly been very much assisted by the superstitious awe—the atua-like dread—with which the Maori mind had become affected towards him; and we cannot say how this duel would have ended, had not the tribe, as the chiefs were sparring with long tomahawks, rushed in and stopped the fight.

Friendship was restored, and they resorted to scenes of feasting and triumph—such scenes! They lasted nearly a week, and then Waharoa broke up his camp; and taking nearly all his victims' heads with him, departed to his own country by the way that he came.

On the 24th August, Messrs. Wilson and Chapman visited the recent camp. What they saw is described in the former gentleman's journal, and we will conclude our account of this expedition by quoting his graphic words:—

"Along the road leading to the encampment where the Waikato tribes had been pitched, might be seen various marks erected, which signified where a chief or a chief's son had fallen. After three-quarters of an hour's walk we came to the place itself. I can compare the place to nothing better than a small plot of ground allotted to a menagerie of wild beasts. Bones of men lay promiscuously strewed in every direction; here a skull, and there a rib, or ribs with the spine; while around the ovens

might be recognised any bone of the human frame. When I say that sixty bodies were taken to this den of cannibals, and some of them only partly devoured from being but indifferently cooked, it may easily be conceived that the stench arising from the bones, &c., was offensive in the extreme. It was literally a valley of bones—the bones of men still green with flesh, hideous to look upon! Among some of the spectacles, I was arrested by the ghastly appearance of a once human head. In mere derision it had been boiled, and having a kumara in its mouth, was placed on a post a few feet above the ground; on it might be seen the wound that had caused the wretched victim's death—a long gash on the temple by a war hatchet; it had also been beaten in from behind. It would be impossible now to describe the various thoughts which engaged my mind while walking over this dismal place; enough to say, that never did human nature appear lower or the power of evil greater. At this moment, a bullet from the adjacent ground whizzed through the low *tutu* bushes where we stood, and warned us to depart, the whole valley being sacred."

The Ohinemutu campaign was the last episode in Waharoa's war with the Arawas. For their loss on that occasion the latter never succeeded in obtaining anything like proper *utu*. Murdering parties could do little towards squaring such an account, especially as birds had become shy; and, besides, in the course of the war

these petty affairs generally balanced each other.

After this, Ngaiterangi sent two tauas to Rotorua. One of them camped on the site of the Koutu station; but though close to Ohinemutu, it effected nothing. The other taua, under Taharangi, was in the act of camping at Manene, at the end of their first day's march, when a star shot brilliantly through the eastern sky, back towards Tauranga. Instantly many exclaimed, "*Ka hoki te taua! ka hoki te taua!*" —equivalent to "There goes our taua back again, its hopes dashed." The unpropitious omen weakened the faith of all in the success of the enterprise, so much so, that the more devoutly superstitious returned to their homes next day. This taua hung a long time about Puhirua—Hikairo's pa, at the north end of the lake; and did not retire until it had killed five women.

In return, the Ngatiwhakaue or Arawa tribes sent two tauas against Ngaiterangi, each of which was accompanied by a fleet from Maketu to command Tauranga harbour. Of these, the first flotilla entered the harbour unawares one night in November, 1838, and caught and ate twelve persons—the crew of a fishing canoe; their bodies were cooked in ovens at Maunganui. To those ovens the Arawa tribes have latterly laid claim, including in their pretensions the whole intervening district, from Maketu to Maunganui. As well might William Thompson, the present Te Waharoa, challenge the ownership of the country that extends from Patatere

to Ohinemutu, in virtue of his father's cannibalistic triumphs there. The massacre of the fishermen is known as Te Patutarakihi, and is all the first taua effected, notwithstanding it had several skirmishes. The second taua invaded Tauranga in March, 1840, nearly a year after Waharoa's death. It made a demonstration against Maungatapu, and fought a general action on the flats in front of Te Papa; but the proportion of powder expended on both sides was enormous compared with the damage done; for there were not more than ten killed altogether (excepting Te Patutarakihi) on both sides, in both campaigns.

Also, on the other side, Waikato in 1839 sent a taua against Maketu. This time, however, they were beaten and pursued by Ngatiwhakaue, headed by Tohi te Ururangi, as far as Te Tumu. The Waikatos found Maketu much more strongly fortified than it had been on their visit three years before.

But the self-denying presence of the two missionaries, and their labours, were rewarded in the end. There were signs of a favourable change; many warriors had become Christians, and would not fight. And, whereas in the winter of 1836, it was thought they had been murdered, and Mr. Fairburn from the Thames had gone in a boat to ascertain their fate; by January, 1838, those missionaries ventured, from the altered appearance of affairs, to bring their families back to Tauranga. About this time, also, the Rev. A. N. Brown and

Messrs. J. Morgan and J. Stack were sent to reinforce them.

Yet, if Te Waharoa had lived, it is hard to say in what condition the country would have been. Even some of the Ngatiwhakaues, or Arawas as we now call them, admitted at his death, that in two more years he would probably have driven them from Rotorua. He was attacked with erysipelas at Motu Hoa, at Tauranga, and visited by Messrs Wilson and Brown, who found him on his deathbed an old Maori still. As his illness appeared serious, his tribe carried him to Matamata; where, perceiving his end approach, and anxious even in death, and at the expense of his friends to gratify the ruling passion of his life—the aggrandisement of his tribe—he exclaimed "Oh! that I might drink of Waitioko's sweet waters!" Quickly a lithe stripling took a calabash and ran to Waitioko, a stream in Ngaiterangi's country, which flows in mid-forest, between Te Wairere and Waipapa, and is some ten or twelve miles from Tepuna. In an incredibly short time the youth returned. Te Waharoa drank of the water, pronounced the beverage good, declared the stream his own, and expired, after a ten days' illness, at Easter, 1839.

We will not now pretend to define the Ngaiterangi and Ngatihaua boundary, for the son trod in his father's pious steps; and, besides, Maori titles and claims to land have too often varied, according to the power of the persons

interested to set them up, and maintain them.

Our readers will acknowledge that the chief whose story we have told was not an ordinary New Zealander. Possessed in war of courage, enterprise and tact, he made his enemies fear him; whilst sometimes to his allies his crafty policy was scarcely a whit less dangerous. He subsidized the Ngatimaniapoto and Waikato-nui tribes, and influenced his Ngaiterangi friends, and by singular address established and preserved a bond of union—no easy task at any time—between four powerful sections of the Maori race; inducing them to march obedient to his word, they fought and bled together, the bond became cemented, and it is precisely this union with its ramifications that has opposed our Government in the districts we write of.

Waharoa was succeeded by his eldest son, Te Arahi, who before the Arawa war had married Penenga, Hikairo's daughter. Though in appearance a fine man, the tribe soon found Te Arahi lacked the mental qualifications necessary for their chief; therefore they deposed him, and placed Tarapipi, his younger brother, in his stead. This chief had already professed Christianity, and was baptised by his present well-known name of William Thompson.

William Thompson, a young man on his accession, was soon much thought of by the natives. His disposition towards the pakehas at that time was favourable, as his father had been; old Waharoa was a great patron to the pakeha. When, however, Europeans were

followed by a Government which, while it noticed inferior chiefs in other parts of the country, appeared to be nearly ignorant of Thompson's existence, it is only natural to suppose that his sense of isolation was communicated to the tribes that looked to him for advice; just as they had once been accustomed to look to his father for direction and command.

We have been told that Thompson was inclined at one time to enter an educational establishment of some note in this province. But the question was asked—does he smoke? and there was an end of the project, for Te Waharoa's son was not a man to be dictated to in that fashion—to forego "the sweet offence" on such compulsion. If true, it is perhaps a pity his desire was not gratified; still, we should not have been too sanguine. The case of Henare Taratoa, who was killed in the trenches at Te Ranga, reminds us of the fact—well understood elsewhere—that education alone is not sufficient to induce in the native mind a feeling of attachment towards the British Government.

We merely allude to this as showing it was time old Waharoa departed, to avoid the innovations and degeneracy of the age to come. Times became changed; and when he once facetiously carried a missionary of small stature in his arms, into the midst of his audience, he little thought that that man, who had often given him a stick of tobacco, would within ten short years, be required to interdict

his son's clay pipe. Yes—it was well the chief of that old type departed when he did. Well for himself, as he never could have breathed the atmosphere his son has inhaled; and well for us also; for if he had led his tribes in 1863, we probably should not have forgotten Te Waharoa.

SKETCHES OF

ANCIENT MAORI LIFE AND HISTORY.

SKETCHES OF ANCIENT MAORI LIFE AND HISTORY.

THE MAUI MAORI NATION.

I venture, with the permission of the reader, to offer a few remarks upon some portions of the early history of the Maori race. Statements in various forms are constantly being made public, many of them more or less erroneous, and more or less important according to the sources whence promulgated; and it is to remove the misapprehension that gives rise to such statements, that I would mention some points that have escaped general observation.

My informants are mostly deceased, and if asked for authorities I regret to say that in the majority of cases I can only point to 'Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap.' These remarks are, however, based upon enquiries made by myself and by my father, the Rev. J. A. Wilson, before me, and extend back sixty years from the present time (1894).*

I will begin by introducing an ancient Maori tradition at which a descendant of Noah cannot

*Mr. Wilson landed at the Bay of Islands with his family on 13th April, 1833. One year is allowed in the above passage for learning the language before making enquiry.

afford to smile, unless he is prepared to claim for his own ancestor, and for the northern hemisphere, a monopoly of diluvian adventure.

The tradition says there was a time when the waters covered the earth; that, at that time, Maui and his three sons floated upon the waters in a canoe, fishing; that presently Maui hooked the earth, and with great labour he drew it to the surface with the assistance of his sons. Then their canoe grounded upon what proved to be the top of a mountain. As the earth became bare, the sons of Maui took possession; but Maui himself vanished and returned to the place from whence he came. The canoe remained upon the top of the mountain, where it may be seen in a petrified state at the present time. Hikurangi Mountain, at the head of Waiapu Valley, is this southern Ararat whence the descendants of Maui peopled the North Island of New Zealand. They named their island Te Ika a Maui (Maui's fish), or Ehinomaui (fished up by Maui). The head of the fish is at Cook's Strait, and the tail at the North Cape, where there is a subterranean opening by the seashore through which departed spirits pass to the lower regions, when they leave this World of Light (Aomarama). From this it will be seen that the ancient descendants of Maui had a good geographical knowledge of the shape of their island. I should add that the hills and valleys on the surface of the island were made by the occupants of the canoe getting out and tramping on the soil while wet and in a muddy state, thus

making hills and holes. Omitting much circumlocutory description, this is the story of how Maui fished up the North Island of New Zealand as it was told more than fifty years ago by the natives. Since that time, I observe that some of them have changed Maui's sons into his brothers.

In course of time the people of Maui increased and spread themselves in tribes and hapus over the greater portion of the island. Probably they occupied the whole of it, but this I cannot affirm. It seems, however, to be clear that at the time when the canoes of immigrants came from Hawaiki, about six hundred years ago, that the Maui or Maori nation inhabited the country from Wairarapa in the south, to Waitakere, north of Auckland, and from Tuparoa and Hick's Bay in the east to the neighbourhood of Mokau and Kawhia in the west.

The aborigines did not cultivate the soil for food—excepting the hue gourd, from which calabashes were made; they had no useful plants that they could cultivate. They ate berries and the shoots and roots of ferns and other plants, as they found them growing wild in the forests, and in the open country. For flesh they hunted the moa,* and caught the

*The ancient inhabitants hunted the moa until it became extinct. The last bird was killed with a taiaha by a man at Tarawera. The habits of the moa are described as solitary, living in pairs in secluded valleys in the depths of the forest near a running stream. It fed on shoots, roots, and berries, and was particularly fond of nikau and tree fern. It was supposed to feed at night, for it was never seen to eat in the daytime. Hence the proverb 'moa kai hau' as it always seemed to have its head in the air, eating wind. The moa had a plume of feathers on its head. In the depths of the Motu forest there is a mountain called Moanui, where, no doubt, the bird was killed by the people of Rotonui-a-wai and Wharikiri, for their descendants knew fifty years ago that their forefathers had slain the moa.

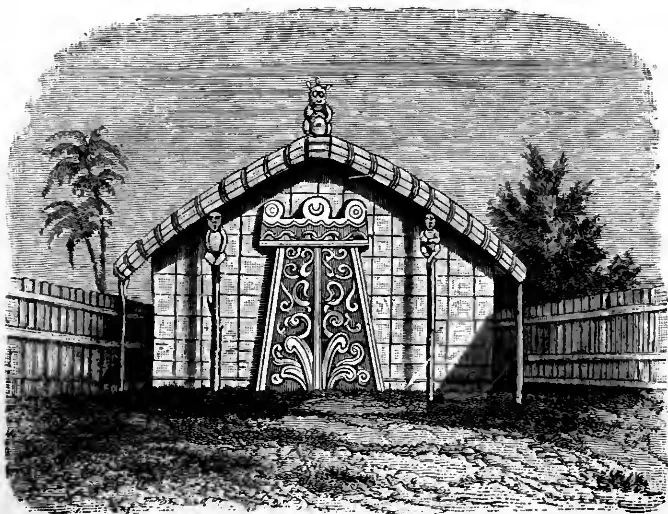
kakapo* at night, and they snared pigeons, kakas, and many other kinds of birds. They fished with the seine and line in salt water and fresh. They dived from the rocks for crayfish, and in the swamps they caught eels. Before the advent of the Hawaikians they had neither taro nor kumara, nor karaka berries, they were unable to make kao,** and they had no rats.*** They stored their food in chambers called ruas, hollowed out of the ground where the soil was dry. They cooked their food in the Maori umu, just as they do now. Their clothing was made from flax, for the aute tree, whence tappa cloth is made, had not yet been introduced from Hawaiki. They spoke the Maori language. Their population was mostly distributed, not necessarily where the land was fertile, but where the forests were rich in birds, as at Motu; where streams and swamps yielded fish and eels plentifully, as at Matata, inland waters; where fern root of good quality was easily obtained, or where the sea teemed with fish, as at Tauranga.

Thus it happened that certain tribes became recognised as the producers of special kinds of food, and tribal nomenclature was not infrequently influenced thereby. In this way we find the Purukupenga (full net) living at Tauranga, the Waiohua (waters of abundance) at

*The kakapo betrayed itself at night time by its cry. With the assistance of a dog it was easily caught. Only within the present century did it become extinct, through constant hunting. Its loss as a source of food, was very much felt by the Maoris.

**Kao was a favourite article of diet, made by drying the karaka berry and the kumara root.

***The rat was, perhaps, the most valued kind of Maori game; when in season the flesh was greatly relished. They were kept in rat runs or preserves, which no stranger would venture to poach upon.



Storehouse for the Kumara.

Rangitaiki and Matata, and other similar names will appear when I enumerate them.

Here let me mention *en passant* that about two hundred years after the Hawaikians had landed at Maketu, a portion of them, viz., Tapuika and Waitaha a Hei, was attacked by the Waiohua, the Tipapa, and other hapus of Te Tini o Taunu or Ngaiwi tribe, the war being about land. I will not anticipate the particulars of the story, and will merely say now that the struggle was severe, and ended in the defeat of the aborigines, who fled through Waikato to Tamaki and Waitakere, and that is how Ngaiwi, of whom the Waiohua were a part, came to live in the district now called Auckland. In those days the name Waitakere seems to have been used at a distance to denote the district north of the Tamaki, and was used in a general manner like Taranaki, Hauraki, Tauranga, etc. The subsequent history of the Waiohua is well known.

In war the aboriginal Maori was courageous. He is described as tall, spare, active, and with a good reach in the delivery of his weapon;*

*In draining a swamp some time ago at Knighton, the estate of S. Seddon, Esq., near Hamilton, Waikato, two wooden swords, believed to be of maire, were dug up in a good state of preservation, one 2ft. the other 5ft. below the surface. It would be interesting if we could be sure that these are ancient Maui-Maori weapons, although I suppose there can be little doubt about it, for they differ entirely from any weapon used by the New Zealanders when Europeans first came amongst them. A man armed with a taiaha or tewhatewha would have but little difficulty in coping with the bearer of one of these swords—notwithstanding they are good weapons of their kind. One is a heavy cutting sword; the pitch of the handle bespeaks a circular movement. It has no guard, the length of the handle and size of grasp is the same as an English infantry officer's sword is, or used to be; the length of the blade is 10in. shorter. This shows that the hand it was made for was as large as the hand of a man of the present time. The other sword, also without a guard, is two-edged, and is apparently a thrusting sword. The idea of the stone mere seems to be developed from this ancient form of weapon. The swords are in the possession of Mr. Seddon, junr., of Gorton, Cambridge.

this, at any rate, is what is said of one of his warlike tribes, Te Rangihouhiri, now known as Ngaeterangi, who, at the battle of Poporohuamea, defeated the combined Hawaikian forces of Te Arawa, Takitumu, and Tainui, and taking Maketu from the former, advanced to Tauranga, which place they wrested from Ngatiranginui, who were also Hawaikian by Takitumu origin. The aboriginal Maori built pas in strong positions, having ramparts that were often extensive. Sometimes earthworks were thrown up to divide the pa into two or more sections, which would seem to show that while the hapus combined against the common enemy, they had to guard against each other.

There is nothing to show that the aboriginal practised cannibalism or that he offered human sacrifices in war, whereas the Hawaikian Maori when he came to these shores did both.

The aboriginal Maori believed in the tradition of a Divine Incarnation, and he, of course, had faith in the supernatural power of such a Being. The narrative of how the child Oho manifested his Divine origin, when they met to do for him after their law (some authorities call the rite baptism),* is simple and beautiful, and is pitched upon a high plane of thought, compared

*When the child Oho was being tuatia-ed, and prayer that he might be brave and strong in war, and strong in peace to cultivate the ground and perform the many functions of social life was being made, he stretched forth his hand and took the sacred food offered to the Deity and ate it. His two brothers perceiving the fearful thing called their father, who, when he saw the demeanour and action of the child became aware that he was of Divine origin, and said to his sons, 'The child is not one of us, it is his own food that he is eating.'

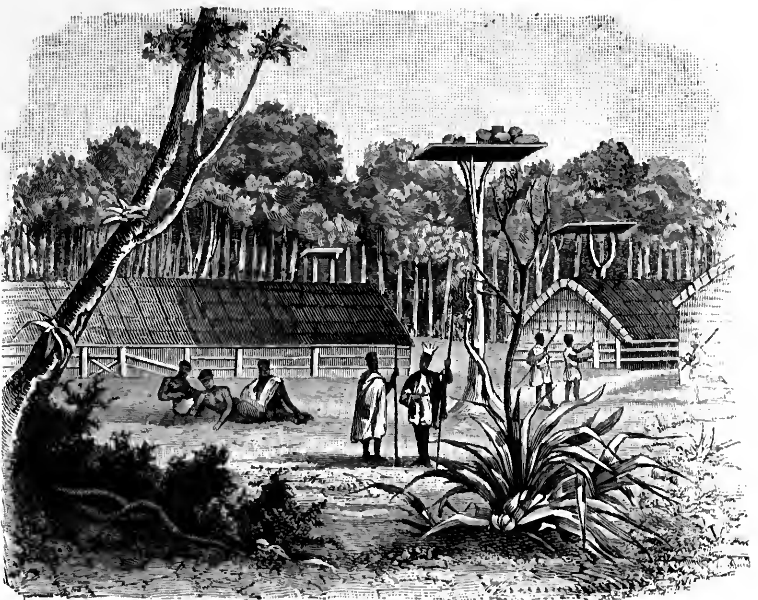
with which the mythological idea of the Hawaikians, who stole their atuas from one another and carried them about with them, are grovelling.

A feature in the life of this people was their partiality for bird pets. A bird that could talk well was prized by its owners, and coveted by the neighbours, and this to such an extent that chiefs sometimes quarrelled, and on two occasions on the East Coast resort was had to war. I shall, at the proper time, tell of one of these wars and its unexpected outcome, for unless I do I am afraid that the origin of a tribe of aboriginal extraction now flourishing will be lost; the survivors, if any, who know these things being few and reticent.

This ancient people has preserved its genealogies with care, tracing its ancestors back more than 1,000 years. Their tree contains double the number of generations found upon the tree of a Hawaikian subsequent to the immigration. It is an interesting field of enquiry to learn what (beyond the art of cultivation) the immigrants taught the aborigines, and what the latter acquired from the former in various forms of knowledge. There is no doubt that the manners, customs, religion, polity and the arts of the two peoples have been fused by time and habit into the civilisation belonging to one nation now; the process, however, has left its marks, some of which are easily seen. Thus the aboriginal tribes that remain intact have almost invariably adopted the Hawaikian prefix

to their names. The Hawaikian gave up the use of tappa clothing, and ceased to plant the aute tree round his pa, because the flax garments of the country suited him better, they could be made at all times, whereas the tappa cloth was too frequently unobtainable for years after the invasion of a hostile army, as it was a maxim in war, if a pa could not be taken, to destroy the cultivations, and cut down the aute trees. The aborigines knew nothing about ocean-going canoes and how to build them, until they were taught by men from Hawaiki. Three natives of that country were cast upon the coast one night, their companions having been lost with their canoe. The people of Toi, at Whakatane, succoured them, and they in turn showed how to build 'Te Aratawhao' canoe, which sailed to Hawaiki to fetch kumara and taro. This was before the immigrants came from Hawaiki.

The tribal nomenclature of the aborigines, as far as is known, was for the most part borrowed from the names of natural objects, not excluding favourite kinds of food. It differed from that used by the people from Hawaiki in not recognising by a prefix the descent of a tribe from an ancestor. They had before their tribal name no Ngati, Ngae, Aetanga, Uri, or Whanau, and where the Nga appeared it would seem to have been susceptible of another meaning. Some of these names were very beautiful and quite unique, as the "Small Leaved Tawa Tree," the "Waving Fronds of the Tree Fern"; others were descriptive as the "Tribe of the Rocks,"



Native Stores for Flax,

the "Go As You Please" or "Travel Easily"; and other names were such as the "Red Crab," the "Creature Couchant," the "Curling Wave," the "Thickly Standing Fern," and so on.

It will be twenty years next August since I first drew the attention of the public to the existence of this interesting race. Speaking at a meeting of the Philosophical Society at Wellington, I said that the people who came to this country in the canoes found the land inhabited, that the men of the island were hospitable to the Hawaikians, and the latter intermarried with the former; but when, in the course of some two hundred years, the immigrants had become strong, wars ensued in many parts, and the aborigines were often destroyed; that these wars, however, were not universal, and where the natives had lived at peace the races had amalgamated. A report of the proceedings was published in the local papers at the time.

I will now give the names of the tribes and hapus of the Maui Maori nation that have been furnished to me by the natives themselves, also the districts where they are, or where they lived formerly, also a short account of each hapu or tribe in so far as I am able, and the same may have sufficient interest.

Te Tini o Taunu, also known as Ngaiwi, known too as Te Tini o Awa (Awa was the human brother of Oho before mentioned)—but not to be confounded with Te Tini o Awa, a

chief of Ngatipukenga—lived in the Bay of Plenty, between Rangitaiki and Tauranga. There were many hapus in this tribe; namely, Waiohua, Tipapa, Haeremariri, Raupungaoheohe, Papakawhero Tururu Mauku, Tawarauririki, Rarauhi, Turuhunga, Ngaru Tauwharewharenga, and Purukupenga. This tribe, or group of tribes, fought against the Arawa, or some of them, but the two last-named hapus are not mentioned as having taken part in the strife, nor do I know what became of them eventually.

It was twelve generations ago (say 360 years) that that war took place. The Waiohua and Tipapa were incensed at the encroachments of Tapuika, then the rangatira hapu of the Arawa, whose chief was Marukukere; battles ensued, in which the Tapuika were defeated, although assisted by Waitaha a Hei, another hapu of the Arawa, who lived on the eastern shores of Tauranga. Many chiefs, including Marukukere, were slain, and the Arawa were in such straits that they sought aid from their compatriots at Taupo. Mokotangatatahi led the army that came to their assistance from Wharepuhunga at Titiraupenga. He was an energetic young chief, and nephew to Marukukere. The struggle, however, was protracted, and the issue doubtful, when Moko consulted Kaiongonga, a noted priest, who, to attain his ends, demanded a human sacrifice, who must be a man of rank. The demand was complied with, and Tangarengare, a senior relative of Moko, was given

up for the public good. The courage of the victim acted as an incentive to the people, and stimulated them so that they vanquished their enemies at Punakauia; then Te Tini fled, and became scattered, and were destroyed in detail, but some remnants of Te Waiohua and other hapus of Ngaiwi escaped to Waikato, where they had friends, and from there they went to Tamaki and Waitakere, and occupied the district now called Auckland. This happened about 150 years before the chief Hua, of Te Waiohua, flourished at One Tree Hill pa, near Onehunga, and the supposition is erroneous that the Waiohua are named after him. The natives who furnished the evidence to the Native Land Court upon which that opinion was based were either ignorant of the history and origin of Te Waiohua, which is not improbable considering it is usually the victor, not the vanquished, who cherishes the tradition of war and destruction; to the one it is a glory, to the other a shame; or they suppressed the information as unnecessary to their case. This practice is not at all uncommon, and sometimes all the parties to a suit will agree to avoid fees and shorten labour by eliminating a few chapters of history considered by them to have little or no bearing on the points at issue.

It is said that some of the Ngaiwi travelled as far as the Bay of Islands, which is quite likely, as the tribe of Ngatirahiri lived in the North then, who were of Awa origin, and would naturally be disposed to be friendly towards

them. Here let me explain who the Ngatirahiri were. Shortly after the arrival of Mataatua at Whakatane, Rahiri, a leading man amongst the immigrants, made a plantation on the hillside, overhanging the mouth of the river. When he had planted there awhile his two young brothers quarrelled with him, and forcibly ejecting him from the cultivation, took possession of it themselves. Rahiri, unable to brook the insult, determined to leave his relatives, and make a home elsewhere. He had formed a friendly connection with some aborigines of the Toi tribe (of Awa descent, though not of Te Tini o Awa), by whom he was advised to go to Hokianga, or the Bay of Islands. Accompanied by certain of these aborigines he went and founded a tribe in the North that bears his name to this day, and is really a cross of Awa blood aboriginal and imported. It is supposed that aboriginal Awa were living in the North prior to the movements of Rahiri and his party, and that it was the knowledge of this that influenced them in the choice of their new home.

The Tapuika-Ngaiwi war conferred an unwelcome legacy upon the victors in the form of an undying feud between Tapuika and Ngatimoko about the division of the land they had conquered. The former thought the latter grasped the fruits of victory too much, the latter considered the former unreasonable, and refused to give way. The ill-feeling has been handed down through three centuries of time to

the present generation. We shall see by-and-by that another Hawaikian tribe managed to avoid this difficulty by the expedient of dividing the lands of the aborigines amongst themselves before conquest.

Ngatiawa is the tribal name of the immigrants who came to New Zealand in Mataatua canoe. The name Awa is, however, aboriginal as well as Hawaikian, and was acquired in time past by the former through Awanui a Rangi, a younger branch of Toi family. The Ngatiawa (immigrant race) had no wars with the aboriginal Awa (Toi) east of Whakatane as far as inland Motu; but to the southward and westward it was different. On those sides they displaced the aboriginal element, when they had become strong enough to do so. This is how the Ngaiwi in course of time were thrust up against Tapuika and compelled to fight that tribe; how the whole of the Uriwera district was over-run and occupied by Ngaetuhoe, a tribe of Ngatiawa.

Another tribe who appear to have been aboriginal was Ngamarama. They lived originally at Matamata* and other places in the Upper Thames Valley, whence they moved

*The present European Matamata and Railway Station of that name are several miles away from the true Matamata, which is at the European settlement now called Waharoa. The Matamata pa, a large one, stood beside the river, and was some little distance westward and northward from the C.M.S. Mission Station, which my father helped to found in 1835. The Mission Station was a little to the southward of where the Waharoa Railway Station now stands. The line seems to run through the site of the old station. Waharoa is a new name for that land, probably borrowed from the chief of that name, whose story I published in 1866, and given by Europeans who appropriated the historical name of Matamata for their own settlement many miles off.

to Tauranga, and occupied the central and western portions of that district. They were a numerous people at the time the canoes came from Hawaiki; too numerous, and uninviting, probably, for the immigrants by Takitumu to remain when they visited Te Awanui, the name Tauranga Harbour was known by then, on their way to the South. One or two of the crew, however, did leave the canoe and settle amongst the Ngamarama, thus a link was formed between the descendants of those immigrants in the South and Ngamarama, that resulted in the conquest of Ngamarama and the taking of Tauranga by Ngatiranginui several generations afterwards. There is a remnant of Ngamarama still living at Te Irihanga at Tauranga; it is known by the name of Ngatirangi, and is not to be confused with Ngaeterangi, who destroyed Ngatiranginui, and are dominant now at Tauranga.

In respect to Tua Rotorua tribe, who lived at Rotorua, tradition is conflicting, but the balance of evidence is, I think, in favour of their aboriginal extraction; it is not so much a question of whether the chief of that people had Arawa (immigrant) blood in his veins, a thing by no means improbable, considering his reputed grandparent had travelled that way to Wanganui, as it is a question whether the Arawa or any of them would have waged without cause a war of extermination against a branch of their own tribe; judging from their history, we may say unhesitatingly that even

with a *casus belli* such a thing would not have been thought of, and an utu account properly balanced would have been considered sufficient to serve all purposes of revenge, especially if supplemented with the acquisition of a little land. But in the war of the Arawa against Tua Rotorua if they did not succeed in annihilating the latter it was not for want of trying. The remnant of this aboriginal tribe is the Ngatitura now living where the Oxford Road emerges from the forest on the side towards Rotorua; the trackless, waterless forest has been their friend, and to it they owe their existence. Here let me instance the different degrees of animus that characterised ancient Maori warfare as between immigrant tribes and aboriginal, and as between the immigrants themselves. Take the aboriginal group of tribes known as Te Tini o Taunu or Ngaiwi, of whom the Waiohua were a part. Such of these tribes as escaped annihilation were driven completely out of their native district—first by Mataatua and then by Arawa immigrants. The refugees of Tuarotorua only saved themselves by sheltering in Patetere Forest, as did Ngamarama when driven out of Tauranga by Ngatiranginui, an immigrant tribe from Hangaroa River, south of Tauranga, whose forefathers had come to New Zealand in Takitumu canoe. And yet again we find tribes of these races fighting to the death when Te Rangihouhiri drove out Tapuika and took and settled Maketu, nor were the efforts of all Hawaikians

far and near sufficient to dislodge them. Tematera from Hauraki, Whakaue from Rotorua, and Waitaha a Hei and Ranginui from Tauranga, were all driven off and defeated when they attempted to aid the Tapuika. Here we have an instance of tribes of Hawaikians, of Arawa, Tainui, and Takitumu origin combining against the aboriginal people, and combining unsuccessfully. Then in a little while, that is to say, within the same generation, Te Rangihouhiri advanced from Maketu to Tauranga, and well-nigh exterminated Waitaha a Hei and Ngatiranginui. The survivors of the former escaped to the Arawa at the lakes, and a small remnant of the latter found a refuge in the same forest they had driven the poor remains of the Ngamarama to; thus history repeated herself with a vengeance, and the two remnants live almost side by side at the present time. The name of the Ngamarama remnant has already been given as Ngatirangi. The name of Ngatiranginui remnant is Te Piriakau (Stick in the Bush), which shows pretty plainly how closely they hid themselves from the conquering Ngaeterangi, who had taken possession of Tauranga.

Now the intertribal struggles of the Hawaikians cannot be compared with these wars "*a mort.*" Take the lake district. The wars between the east and west ends of Rotoiti, between the north and south ends of Rotorua, the feud between Moko and Tapuika, the differences between the legitimate and bastard

The Downy Rata (Metrosideros tomentosa).

branches of the people on the east side, and anything that may have occurred on the west, have none of them resulted in anything more than a little killing and eating from time to time, and then mending matters by a peace-making. Only at the south end of Rotorua, in a struggle between the people occupying two lakes, do we find that some land has changed hands, of which the area is small compared with the rest of the landed estate of the losers, nor in this war was there any apparent intention on either side to proceed to extremities.

Leaving the Arawa, whose name in ancient times, I ought to say, was Nga oho Matakamo-kamo, and whose motto was "Oho tapu nui te Arawa," let us turn to the Ngatiawa, of Mataatua canoe. There is a civil war in the ancient history of this people. Te Kareke, a flourishing tribe descended from Uemua, of Mataatua, were driven away from Te Poroa, in the Upper Whakatane Valley, by Ngaetonu, now called Ngatipukeko. They fled eastward, where many became absorbed amongst the aboriginal Whakatohea. Estimated by its results, this may be considered an exceptionally severe case of civil war amongst the Hawai-kians. The same Ngaetonu drove the aboriginal Irawharo away to the westward; this war lasted a long time, and there were many cam-paigns in it. Eventually the Irawharo found shelter with their compatriots, the Rangihou-hiri, at Tauranga, where their little remnant still exists. Here I would note that while

including the Irawharo amongst the aborigines, I do not mean to say they were not also of Hawaikian origin. It would be quite impossible now to draw a hard and fast line and say, here is where the blood of the old race ends, and there is where the new blood begins, especially eastward of Whakatane, where the two are very intermixed, and it should be known that Ngatirawharo came from Ohiwa, which was their birthplace as a tribe; but the difficulty attending a line of demarcation does not interfere with the general grouping of the tribes according to race, and according to position, surroundings, and sides taken where relationships were mingled.

I might continue to compare the bitter character of the war of race on the one hand with the milder form of domestic strife on the other, and explain exceptional cases by the circumstances preceding them; but it is hardly worth while to do so, seeing that each war will be presented at the proper time, when the reader can judge for himself whether the remarks offered and examples given should have a wider application; for myself, I think it can be shown by analysis of the cause and circumstances of each war, that the rule applies to the greater portion, if not the whole, of Te Ika a Maui Island.

I will now return from this disquisition to the description of the Maui Maori tribes. There was a great tribe known by the name of Toi, who, before the canoes came from Hawaiki, and

at that time occupied a large part of Te Ika a Maui, extending from Whakatane eastwards. I might mention Toi in a general way as an ancestor over a very wide country; but it is not in that sense that I use the name now. I refer instead to the tribe of Toi proper, whose country extended from Whakatane to inland Motu. I would, however, observe first that though we have a Hawaikian Awa and an aboriginal Awa, also Hawaikian and aboriginal Oho tribes, we have no Hawaikian Toi tribe in New Zealand, only the aboriginal Toi is to be found in Te Ika a Maui; and yet in the genealogies of each nation the names of these three ancestors are found standing in the closest relationship at a time long before the passage of the canoes. The Maui Toi lived nearly 200 years, and the Hawaiki Toi 400 years before the migration. I cannot tell how it is that these important names are common to the two nations. It might be asked how was their language the same? and how did it happen that they were of similar appearance? If we could answer these questions we should have the key to much besides.

A principal pa of Toi was Kapu, situated on the highest point of the Whakatane hills, as seen from the mouth of the river. Hokianga at Ohiwa, was a fishing station. Tawhitirahi, overlooking Kukumoa stream, was a very strong pa; another of their places was Kohipaua, east of the Otara River, and they had a settlement at Te Rotonuiawai at inland Motu,

and doubtless they had kaingas and pas at intermediate places. As already stated, this people were of the aboriginal Awa stock.

The head man at Motu at a certain time was Tauwharangi. He lived at Te Rotonui awai, near Whakapaupakihi River. It happened that a strange man came to his kainga one day, who said that his name was Tarawa, and that he was a god. When asked how he claimed to be a god, he said that he had swum across the ocean to this country, and that no one unpossessed of supernatural power could do that thing. Then he remained at the kainga, and married Manawakaitu, the daughter of Tauwharangi, by whom he had two children. But Tauwharangi failed to discern any Divine attributes in his son-in-law, and sceptically awaited an opportunity to prove his power by ocular demonstration. At length a chance occurred, and one night Tarawa was awakened from sleep by water coming into his bed. He arose to find a flood had suddenly covered the land, and that all had fled. His retreat was cut off, and he had to climb to the top of his house and call for help to the others who, knowing the local signs, had avoided the danger, and by their chief's order, had left him unwarned. He was told to save himself. He said he could not perform an impossibility. "Oh! but you can easily save yourself by your Divine power." It then came out that he was not a god at all, and that they must send a canoe and save him, which they did. Old Tauwharangi was so disgusted that

he thrust Tarawa out of the kainga, and told his daughter that if she went with him she must leave the children. She departed with her husband, and they settled a few miles away at Te Wharekiri, on Motohora Mountain, overlooking the valley of Motu. Here they lived and died, and here they left a family that has now expanded into the important hapu of Ngaitama, of the Whakatohea tribe. This hapu is therefore of mixed aboriginal and immigrant blood, for there is no doubt but that Tarawa left one of the canoes during its passage along the coast, as Taritoringo left Tainui at Hawai and found his way to inland Motu, and like the woman Torere, who swam ashore from Tainui at night as the canoe was passing Taumata-Apanui point; also like some of the passengers by Takitumu, who left her *en route*, and whose blood now flows in the veins of some of the principal chiefs inland of Ohiwa, and from whom the Ngatira hapu of the Whakatohea are partially descended.

From Tauwharangi's two grandchildren, whom their parents had left with him when they went to Motohora, and from others no doubt of his hapu or family, sprang the Ngatingahere, another hapu of the Whakatohea, and in after times Ngatipatu, another hapu branched from the Ngatingahere.

Again, when Mataatua arrived at Whakatane with Ngatiawa immigrants from Hawaiki, Muriwai, the old woman who headed the party, had a son named Repanga. From the top of

Whakatane range this man descried the smoke of the aborigines at Kohipawa. He returned to his mother, told her what he had seen, and obtained permission to visit the people. Arrived at Kohipawa, he was hospitably received by Ranginui te Kohu, the chief of that place, whose daughter, Ngapupereta, he married. From this source at Kohipawa sprang Ngatirua, another hapu of the Whakatohea, being the fifth and last hapu of the great tribe of the Whakatohea, all of which are of mixed extraction, three being tinged with Tainui strain, one with Ngatiawa, and one with a Takitumu connection.

We have seen that Torere left Tainui at Taumata Apanui—this she did to avoid the addresses of Rakataura, one of the crew. Arrived on shore, she concealed herself in the bush in a valley, the stream in which bears her name still. The next morning when her flight was discovered, Rakataura landed, and returning along the shore passed Torere and Taumata Apanui searching in vain for the woman. Then he gave it up, and turned and followed his companions by land, whom he at length rejoined at Kawhia. Torere joined affinity with the aborigines in that locality, and Ngaitai, a tribe that takes its name from her canoe, represents the union then formed; and this tribe is acknowledged by Tainui authority to be one that belongs to their own connection.

An interesting illustration of practical tradition is furnished in connection with this

Ngaitai tribe. Although the tribe has a very ancient genealogical record extending some twelve generations back beyond the immigration from Hawaiki, and believed itself to be thoroughly rangatira, yet it was unable satisfactorily to define its origin. The question was raised to their humiliation during a boundary dispute by the Whakatohea in 1844, when Rangimatanuku, chief of Ngatirua, speaking of the land in question and its ownership, said to Eru, the chief of Ngaitai, at a great meeting at Opape (that was convened by my father in the hope to settle the dispute without bloodshed), "Who are you? I know the chiefs of Ngatiawa, and Te Uriwera, the canoe they came in, and how they obtained their possessions. I know Te Whanau Apanui, who they are, and how they occupy. Also I know whom we, the Whakatohea are; but I do not know who you are. Tell me the name of your canoe?"

Challenged thus, Eru was compelled to say something in self-defence, and replied, "We came in your canoe."

"Oh!" said Rangimatanuku, " you came in my canoe, did you? I did not see you there, I know all who came in my canoe; all who came in the bow, and all in the stern. If you were on board you must have been somewhere out of sight, down in the bilge, I suppose, bailing out water."

Rangimatanuku was a chief of note, and was no doubt very well informed in Maori lore, and if so, his speech betrays the pride the Maori of

his time had in Hawaikian descent, which is suggestive of a superiority of the immigrant, not only in his possession of seed and the art of cultivation, but as having personal qualities such as tact and address, skill at sea, and a knowledge of war on shore. As a rule, Hawaikian blood has been more thought of, and this has led many natives and many tribes unconsciously astray in figuring to themselves their ancient history. A fact cannot be ignored for generations with impunity, sooner or later it will become diminished in men's minds, or lost sight of altogether. Not that I have ever found a native ashamed of an aboriginal connection; far from it, but his other side seems always to be more present to him, more engrained, so to speak, in his being and memory.

Only once have I heard a Maui Maori speak in public with great and real pride of his unique and ancient descent. That was when the chief of Uepohatu or Iwi Pohatu a Maui put the land of his tribe at Hikurangi Mountain, Waiapu, through the native Land Court of New Zealand, and obtained a legal title to it. On that occasion the chief (Wi Tahata) said that he was descended from Maui, from whom he claimed. He gave his genealogy 38 generations from Maui. He spoke of the Hawaikians as having come to their island in canoes from across the sea in an age long after the time that they, the Maori nation had peopled it. He showed the boundaries of the territory that belonged to his section of the Maori nation

before the Hawaikians came, and the inroads that had since been made upon them, and he asked me as Judge of the Court, to accompany him to the top of the mountain, there to view his ancestors' canoe in its rocky form, a proceeding, however, which to the Court seemed unnecessary.

It was reserved for me to tell the Ngaitai the name of the canoe they are connected with, and I got my information from first-class Tainui authority in the Tainui country.

Beyond Taumata Apanui, at Hawai, lived the aboriginal tribe Te Manu Koau, who were conquered and scattered by Te Whanau Apanui, which is a tribe of mixed origin, being partly of Ngatiawa and partly Pororangi blood (*i.e.*, of Mataatua and Takitumu), but all of Hawaikian extraction. This tribe now lives on the land thus taken. As for the remnant of Te Manu Koau it fled through the mountains, and came to Raukumara Mountain, in Hick's Bay district. Here the refugees were discovered by the tribe of Tuwhakairiora, who killed and ate a number of them, but when Tu te Rangiwhiu became aware of what was taking place he interposed, and rescued them and made slaves of them, setting them to work to catch the birds of that mountain. Tu te Rangiwhiu was the chief of the Tuwhakairiora tribe at that time, now some three hundred years ago. Those slaves have been working there ever since. I have seen them myself, and was much impressed with their timid, deprecating, cringing air, and

exceedingly rough exterior. The man who placed them in bondage was a Hawaikian.

And now I come to the Iwi Pohatu a Maui, or Uepohatu, as they now call themselves, to whom I have just referred. They live at Tuparoa, also they reside at the foot of Hikurangi, their antipodean Ararat, whose summit is shrouded in snow in winter, and they have land at Raukumara. Formerly their landed possessions were continuous between these points, and their sea frontage extended from Tuparoa to Waiapu River. This was a domain perhaps 40 miles long and 15 wide. However, Ngatiporou (who are Hawaikians of Takitumu), one way or other, have now got the greater part of it; but the tribe has always been free, is now intact, and holds the residue of its lands in independence, and is, moreover, recognised by the surrounding tribes of Hawaikian extraction as being aboriginal and of Maui descent.

Adjoining Uepohatu country to the west, was a group of five aboriginal tribes. Their habitat extended from Waiapu to Potikirua, near Cape Runaway.

These were the Ngaoko at Horoera Hekawa, and Kawakawa.

The Ruawaipu at Pukeamaru and Wharekahika (Hick's Bay).

And the three hapus of Parariki, viz., Parariki proper, Ngaituiti, and Ngaitumoana. The prefixes to the two latter names are probably of Hawaikian origin.

These three hapus occupied the country between Wharekahika and Potikirua, Ngaituiti

being at the Wharekahika end of the district, and Ngaitumoana at the Potikirua, or western end.

Rather more than four hundred years ago, Ngaoko for some reason attacked Ruawaipu and destroyed them. But a young chieftainess named Tamateaupoko escaped to Whangara, where she married Uekaihau, of Pororangi tribe, a chief amongst the immigrants, and a descendant of Paikea, the captain who brought Takitumu from Hawaiki to Whangara, near Gisborne, about six hundred years ago.

In due time three sons, Uetaha, Tamakoro, and Tahania, the issue of this marriage, grew up, and determined to avenge the death of their grandfather and the overthrow of his tribe. They organised a strong force of the people of Takitumu canoe, thereafter known as Ngaituere, and set out by land along the coast. At Paengatoetoe the Aetangahauiti endeavoured to stop their way, but were defeated in pitched battle; again, at Tawhiti, Te Wahineiti attempted to bar their progress, and were also defeated. For the rest of their march they were unopposed until they encountered the offending Ngaoko, whom they vanquished in a series of engagements and sieges rather more than three hundred and fifty years ago. Ngaoko were scattered and killed, their remnant reduced to captivity, and their lands were appropriated by Ngaituere, who remained in undisputed possession until Tuwhakairiora and his followers appeared upon the scene some sixty years afterwards. At this time, therefore

(about 1530 A.D.), the Hawaikian people held the country from the mouth of the Waiapu River to Wharekaihika, and the aborigines continued to hold the latter place to Potikirua.

When Tuwhakairiora, who was a young chief descended from Pororangi, of Hawaikian extraction, appeared, things became changed; not only did he subjugate Ngaituere who had attacked him wantonly, but the three hapus of Parariki that had maintained their independence hitherto, were disturbed by him. Parariki proper and Ngaetumoana were driven from their holdings westward to Whangaparaoa, and the third, Ngaituiti, from which he had married a wife, Ruataupare, was reduced to a condition dependent upon himself. Of this extraordinary chief, his origin and education, his mission, his wars and conquests, his revenge, and of the tribe bearing his name that now occupies the country between Te Kautuku and Potikirua—that is to say, from between Waiapu and the East Cape to between Point Lottin and Cape Runaway, I may speak more particularly later on in this narrative.

I have said that Tuwhakairiora married Rautaupare; the manner in which he married this, his first wife, bespoke the dominant character of the man. Travelling alone, he arrived for the first time on the shore of Wharekahika Bay, and there he saw two young women in the water collecting shellfish. Their clothes were on the beach. He sat upon them. After waiting long in the water for the stranger to

continue his journey, the women, who were cold and ashamed, came in from the sea and asked for their garments. He gave them up, and told the young women to take him to their parents' kainga. The women were Ruataupare and Auahi Koata, her sister. On the way to the kainga, he told Auahi that he intended to take Ruataupare to wife, an event that speedily came to pass. He was aware of the identity of the women when he sat on their clothes.

That marriage did not turn out well. Ruataupare considered herself ill used, and left her husband. She went to her relatives at Tokomaru (she was half Kahukurunui), where she lived and died. She conquered that district from the Wahineiti. The tribe living at Tokomaru bear her name to this day.

We read in the journal of his voyage that it was here, at Tokomaru, that Cook first held friendly intercourse with the New Zealanders. The place was, to say the least, of an autochthonous atmosphere, and we may not unreasonably assume it was here that that great navigator received an answer to a question that must have been uppermost in his mind when he was told that the name of the country he had come to was Ehinomaui.

Had he asked the same question at a purely immigrant settlement such as Maketu, Mercury Bay, or the Thames, he would doubtless have been informed that the name was Aotearoa—Long White World. And why? simply because it was the name they had given to it when they

arrived off the coast about 1290 A.D.,—estimating a generation at 30 years— and having sailed along the strange shore for hundreds of miles, were impressed with its extent, and its white appearance. From the eastern precipices of the Great Barrier and Mercury Islands, to the beaches and headlands of the Bay of Plenty, and from Te Mahia to past the East Cape, all the coast line was more or less white in colour as the eastern summer sun shone upon it. The few dark rocks only brought the white into relief, and increased the impression, and they were partially hidden, too, by the foliage of the pohutukawa tree, that was not to know the white man's axe for several hundred years to come. Thus history in her unceasing round repeated her recurrent ways, and the ancient Britain of the South became another Albion to another band of strangers who came to occupy her soil.

The Whatumamoa were another tribe of aboriginal Maoris. They lived at Hawke's Bay, near Napier; one of their principal pas was Te Heipipi, near Petane, and they had a pa near Taradale, and other pas. This tribe was attacked by a section of the descendants of the immigrants by Takitumu canoe, who came under Teraia from Nukutaurua. They fought against Te Heipipi pa, but they were unable to take it on account, as they believed, of the autochthon god of the pa being superior to their own god; therefore they made peace with Te Heipipi, but they took some other Whatumamoa

pas, and eventually the residue of the aborigines became absorbed in the Takitumu people now known as Ngaitikahungungu.

A tribe of aborigines called Te Tauira lived at Wairoa, Hawke's Bay, who were numerous and had many pas. Their principal pa was at Rakautihia. They were attacked by a section of the Takitumu people, who, having got into trouble at home, had migrated from Turanga to Waihau, on the Hangaroa. This party was led by Rakaipaka and Hinemanuhiri. They lived awhile at Waihau, and there under some provocation made war on Te Tauira, and to prevent quarrels after conquest they apportioned the lands of Te Tauira amongst themselves before the war commenced. The war resulted in the complete conquest and expatriation of the Tauira tribe, whose refugees fled to Hawke's Bay and Wairarapa, where some hapus of their tribe lived. The only person saved by Rakaipaka was a woman named Hinekura. He saved her because he had an intrigue with her before the trouble began. In this war it was, at the battle of Taupara, that the Tauira tribe was crushed.

Lastly, a large tribe of Maui Maoris, named Te Marangaranga, inhabited Te Whaiti country. They were destroyed by the descendants of the immigrants of Mataatua canoe.

I have now covered the ground from the Upper Thames to Hawke's Bay, inclusive, by the East Coast, and far back into the interior to the middle of the island nearly; excepting

two gaps on the coast, namely, from north of Te Mahia to south of Tuparoa (Te Tauira occupied Te Mahia), and from Potikirua, near Cape Runaway, to Maraenui. I have not the information in respect to the ancient inhabitants of these two areas necessary to enable me to state with precision who they were and what became of them. We all know, however, that (excepting lands alienated to Europeans) the former is held entirely by the descendants of Hawaikians, that is, of the men who landed at Whangara from Takitumu with Paikea, their captain, who very likely fixed on that locality because he saw no aborigines there. Into the latter, as we have seen, Ngaetumoana and Parariki proper were driven by Tuwhakairiora. We also know that Ngatiawa are living in that district now under the names of Ngaetawarere and Whanau Ihutu. There is, therefore, perhaps, to some extent, an admixture of the aboriginal element in those tribes. I am not, however, able to affirm anything, having never travelled in their country, nor had opportunity to inquire—and in covering the ground named I have covered the whole of three spheres of influence—namely of the three canoes, Takitumu, Mataatua, and Arawa, in so far as the relations of the immigrants with the aborigines are concerned. This qualification is necessary, because I am not now treating of wars that took place in remote parts of the island between the outpost colonies of the various canoes, such as the war between Tainui and Arawa people at

Taupo four hundred years ago, when the latter ousted the former from the south and east sides of the lake, or the wars between the people of Takitumu and Tainui after that at Moawhango and the Upper Rangitikei Rivers, when the latter were again expelled. These wars amongst the descendants of the immigrants in remote parts were bitter struggles for territory; not mere tribal strife with an utu account, and they usually ended in one side being defeated and driven off.

The same thing took place between Ngatiawa of Mataatua, and Ngatiporou of Takitumu; their theatre of war was about Te Kaha, where there were many campaigns. Te Kaha pa obtained its name from the number of sieges it withstood in that war.

In determining dates, I have estimated a generation at 30 years' duration, which period, all circumstances considered, seems pretty reasonable as a chronological standard. Of course, any estimate of this sort is necessarily arbitrary. The reader, however, can reduce it if he thinks the unit too large; at the same time, it is well to remember that many Maori chiefs had many succeeding wives, and the genealogies preserved embrace not infrequently the youngest born of the youngest as well as the first born of the first wife, nor had the latter a monopoly of distinction. Tuwhakairiora, Tuhourangi, Tutanekai, Hinemoa, and others were all youngest or nearly youngest children, yet each is a prominent figure in Maori tradition.

In concluding this sketch in the history of the autochthons of New Zealand, let me say that all the facts set forth have been imparted to me by the Maoris themselves, excepting, as already stated, such things as I learned from my father in the forties. He prosecuted his inquiries in the thirties and forties, and was one of the very few in those early times who took an interest in the history, laws, and customs of the Maoris. Before his death he wrote to me from England urging me to publish my information upon these subjects.

My next chapter will be upon the voyage of the Hawaikians from their own country to New Zealand.

THE HAWAIKI MAORI IMMIGRATION.

The story of the immigration from Hawaiki, as told fifty years ago and more by old natives, was that their ancestors had left that country in consequence of disputes chiefly about land; that the land available for cultivation was not extensive, and increasing population had created a pressure that resulted in wars for the possession of it—these troubles lasted more or less a long time, during which their party was gradually weakened and overpowered; that terms had then been proposed to them, namely, that they must leave Hawaiki, and seek another home across the sea, and that ample time to build a flotilla and make all necessary preparations for departure would be allowed to them. They accepted these terms in the spirit in which they were offered, and preparations were made in a careful and methodical manner.

I think the whole scope of action at Hawaiki at his juncture strongly indicates a knowledge of the existence and whereabouts of another country to which the emigrants might go. The very terms, their acceptance, and the confidence with which the equipment was made, all betoken such knowledge; nor is there anything in the whole story, so far as I am aware, to show

that they were groping in the dark. Moreover, the result of the action justifies the remark. The direction, precision, and success of their navigation show, speaking colloquially, that the emigrants knew what they were about.

Now, if this were so, whence came this knowledge? This question is susceptible of several answers. For instance, the knowledge may have been handed down by tradition, that in a certain direction there was a distant country, the birthplace of their race, from which they had travelled in bygone ages, when the sea was less continuous, and before intermediate lands had sunk under its waves. But if the latter part of this speculation is rejected, as perhaps it may be—crust motions of the earth being slow and human memory short—still the former part remains feasible, because the common origin of the Hawaikian Maori and the Maui Maori peoples is manifest philologically, mythologically and otherwise, and demands a point of union in the past.

The name Rarotonga has a meaning, and tells how the ancient mariner who gave the island that name was impressed by the phenomenon observed during his voyage towards the north of the continually diminishing altitude in the southern heavens of the great stars that revolve round the Pole, and, as he advanced, of their disappearance below the horizon when on the meridian below the Pole; so that by the time he had discovered the island to which he gave that name, these stars were dipped below the

sea a considerable time during the meridian passage, and he would be the more impressed by the change because he was accustomed to estimate his latitude by the altitude at the passage named of the star Matatuotonga—The Watchful of the South. It is quite easy, therefore, to understand how the name may have been given, and whence the discoverer came. Conversely, had the voyager approached from the north, he would have named the island Rungatonga.

Again, if the Maui Maori people broke off from their countrymen at Hawaiki, why did they leave the art of cultivation behind them? These considerations favour the idea that a tradition of the nature outlined was extant at Hawaiki, and that it prompted successful exploration before emigration took place. Exploration could hardly have been made in the absence of a tradition to guide the navigator; the chances on the areas to be visited and the points to be steered are too numerous against it. Thus, New Zealand subtends from Rarotonga an arc so small that an error either way of three quarters of a point on the compass would send the voyager wide of the mark, and he would pass the islands without seeing them. On the other hand, it must be admitted that, as canoes have no hold in the water and no weight to meet the ocean swell, they could not work to windward to explore, nor could they run to leeward, for fear of not getting back; therefore, their movements would be confined to a

comparatively limited area while in the trade wind region. In adverting to these questions, I would interject the remark that canoes sailing in low latitudes towards the south must stand across the south-east trades on the port tack, and ought not to start from a point that is to leeward of their destination; and further, I would say that in leaving Rarotonga for New Zealand all these conditions would be fulfilled.

Having now stated the reasons which render the theory of an exploration prior to the emigration likely, I will return to tradition on the subject. One tradition says that a canoe named Matawhaorua, of which Kupe was the captain, sailed from Hawaiki and arrived at New Zealand. Along the coast of the North Island she passed for a considerable distance, and then returned safe home and made a report concerning the land she had seen. Matawhaorua did not return to New Zealand. As the particulars of this tradition have been furnished by other writers, it is unnecessary that I should repeat them, especially as it is my object to publish in these few pages original matter only.* Another tradition, to which I have already referred, tells of how on a stormy night a canoe from Hawaiki was wrecked on the coast of New Zealand, four miles to the west of Whakatane River. The next morning, the daughter of the chief at the pa at Kapu found three strange men, bereft of clothing shivering on the shore, who said that

*The above statements about Matawhaorua are not borrowed from any European writer. They were made to me by a chief of Ngatiawa, now deceased.

they had come from a distant country in a canoe that had been wrecked, that night, and that all their companions were drowned. The woman returned to her father, whose name was Toi, and told him what she had seen. Her father ordered the men to be brought to Kapu. When they arrived, food was set before the three men, whose names were Taukata, Hoaki, and Maku. The food was fish, fern-root, and the fronds of the tree fern; there was no kumara. The three men noticed this, and Taukata produced from his waist-belt some kao (dried kumara), which he crumbled into dust and mixed with water, making a drink. This he presented to Toi, who, when he had drunk, demanded, "Where such food, fit for the gods, could be obtained?" The strangers all replied, "From Hawaiki, the country we have come from."

Toi said: "Alas! I am not able to send across the ocean to Hawaiki."

The strangers replied: "O! yes, you can; you can build a canoe."

Toi said: "No; there are no trees in this country large enough to make a canoe fit to brave the waves of the ocean."

The strangers: "We saw a tree in the bed of the river at the ford this morning, which is quite large enough. A canoe can be made of it that would reach Hawaiki, and we can go and show the way and bring back kumaras to you."

Toi replied: "It is well said. A canoe shall be built."

Then the tree (a totara) was raised out of its bed at the mouth of the Orini River, and out of it the canoe Aratawhao (Way through the Wilderness) was made, and sailed for Hawaiki. Taukata, Maku, and a crew went in her.

Hoaki was kept by Toi as a hostage for the safety of his people who went in the canoe. Tradition is silent as to whether the Aratawhao arrived at her destination. She never returned to New Zealand. Toi slew his hostage, after waiting two years in disappointment, and, leaving Kapu, where he and poor Hoaki had so often vainly scanned the horizon for the longed-for canoe, he retired to Hokianga at Ohiwa, where he was living with his people some time afterwards when Mataatua canoe arrived at Whakatane.

Let us now revert to the people whom we left preparing to emigrate from Hawaiki. We may reasonably suppose that the canoes they had were similar to those used by their descendants several centuries afterwards, for smaller vessels would not have answered their purpose. A canoe that would carry fifty fighting men on a short expedition would not carry more than twenty adults on a deep sea voyage with safety, allowing them provisions for a month at the rate of 2lb of food each and a quart of water per diem, and carrying half a ton of seed and other belongings. The bulky seed taken was that of kumara and taro; seeds of the karaka tree and of the hue gourd were also taken. The gourd,

as I have said, was already in New Zealand, though how it came there, being apparently not indigenous, I am unable to say. Also, they took with them their valued dogs of Ngatoroirangi breed*, from the skins of which their dog-skin mats were woven, and they took the Maori rat on board, the same being game of the finest kind.

It is true that the Arawa (if a female accompanied each male) carried thirty persons, twenty of whom were adults; of the remaining ten, who were young persons, some may have been very young. She must, therefore, have been a large canoe. That she carried as much as they dared to put on board we know, from the fact that some members of the party were left behind to follow in another canoe, named Te Whatu Ranganuku, which landed them at Wairarapa. An account of this will be given at the proper time. No doubt, the temptation to the emigrants in some instances to overload was very great.

That the Hawaikians came to New Zealand from the tropics is proved by the tropical character of the plants they brought with them—kumara and taro are both of that character. The latter is especially so, in the fact that it never could be properly acclimatised to the change. For six hundred years the taro Maori always had to be grown artificially. Sand or

*The Ngatoroirangi dog was extinct before Europeans settled in New Zealand. It is not to be confounded with the Kuri Maori, which finally disappeared before the European breeds, about the middle forties.

gravel was dug from a pit, and carried to the field and placed in a layer over the soil; this drew the sun's rays and warmed the plant, which was, moreover, defended from cutting winds by rows of manuka branches fixed in the ground at intervals. The same remarks in a much less degree apply to the kumara.*

I think I have shown now that the Hawaikians, when they embarked in their canoes, left some place in the tropics, and steered to the south-west across the south-east trade, and that they were probably provisioned for one month. The question, therefore, arises now, where did they sail from? To this the reply is, from Rarotonga, which island is within the tropics, and in a north-easterly direction from New Zealand, the distance between being about 1,500 geographical miles. Now, the Arawa and Tainui, as we shall presently learn, were each of them coasting along the shores of New Zealand about a fortnight, searching for sites for settlement, before their voyages ended at Maketu and Kawhia. This leaves, say, fifteen days for accomplishment of the voyage from land to land, being an average of 100 miles a day, which, all circumstances considered, is a fair progress for a canoe sailing half the time on a wind in

*The great labour of growing taro Maori caused it to be abandoned when the taro Merekena was introduced. The latter is hardy, prolific—runs wild, in fact—and easily cultivated; but it is very inferior in flavour and flouriness to taro Maori. I don't think I have seen taro Maori for thirty years. In the early forties a new kind of kumara (kumara pakeha) was brought into New Zealand, which rapidly came into favour. It was more easily cultivated and made into kao than kumara Maori, and in about twenty years had superseded it. I have not seen the kumara Maori for many years, perhaps twenty.

the trades, and the other half with variable winds and perhaps calms, the wind in that district of the ocean at that season (December) being, however, generally fair from the northward and eastward. We know that the voyage was made in December, because the pohutukawa (Christmas tree) was in bloom when the canoes arrived on the coast of New Zealand.

As for the canoes themselves, we may believe that they were like such as some persons still living have seen in New Zealand. Speaking generally, they were rather crank in build and disproportionately long for sea-going purposes; but they could accommodate many rowers, and in smooth water were able to make good progress for a few miles by pulling. Their draught was too light for sailing close to the wind. They required to be about seven points off the wind, to move through the water properly, which, with heave of the sea and drift when the the sea was rough, would make a true course, say, of eight points, the course they would have to make in crossing the south-east trades. Their lines were so fine, that with a fair wind they sailed very quickly. One fault they all had, and that was leaking through the caulking of the top sides. This was due to the nature of the construction of the vessel, and was unavoidable in the absence of ironwork attachments. The whole force of propulsion by sailing or pulling came upon the lashings that secured the top sides to the body of the canoe. This caused the seam to work a little, and baling

was necessary from time to time when the canoe was deeply laden. If the lashings were sound, the fault was one of inconvenience, not of danger. It must, however, on the Hawaikian voyage, have entailed constant vigilance to keep their seed dry, which, if wet with salt water, would have been ruined.

Before the Hawaikians commenced their voyage, their anxiety was to prevent a separation of the canoes during the passage. They were all relations and friends, who were afraid, if once the ocean parted them, they would never see each other again. Therefore, at starting, the canoes were attached together, and progress was made in that manner while the weather remained fine; but that condition did not last. A change took place; a storm arose; the canoes were endangered by their nearness to each other, and the lashings of the attachments were cut one night by the crews to save themselves. When morning dawned, all the canoes had separated, and lost sight of one another. After that, each canoe pursued its own lonely course, following independently the line of navigation that had been determined upon before they left Hawaiki.

Thus, without compass, quadrant, or chart, of which they knew nothing, these ancient sailors possessed, nevertheless, intrinsic qualities which helped them on their way. They were endowed with knowledge, skill, forethought, resolution, and endurance. They knew the positions and movements of the

heavenly bodies, sufficiently well to be able to steer a course by them to the land they were bound for. Day after day, under skies for the most part clear, they observed the sun, noting his position at certain times, and they watched the direction of the winds and waves in relation to his course, and steered thereby. At night the task of steering by the stars was easier. The motions of the moon and planets in the ecliptic showed the eastern and western points of the horizon, and the south (tonga) was always visible as the centre round which the Cross and Pointers revolved; and so each captain in his own canoe maintained his course, keeping, no doubt, if anything, a little to windward (*i.e.*, southward) of it—prevailing winds, as I have said, in November and December being easterly—until he knew he had run his distance to the south, when he shaped a course to the westward, and boldly ran down upon the land. That this was done is evidenced by the accuracy with which the landfall was made at a certain parallel of latitude, and by the fact that the canoes Arawa and Tainui, that had overshot the mark, turned back northward when they reached the coast and rejoined their companions at Ahuahu, Mercury Island. The captain of a canoe, and each canoe had its captain, would know by celestial observation when he was far enough south. He could tell this by estimating by a standard of some sort, the altitude of a polar star when nearest to the horizon; thus, for instance, he might hold to a southerly course

until he had made the lowest star in the Cross rise above the horizon and be equal in altitude to half the altitude of the highest star in the same constellation at the time of their lower meridian passage, or he might have made other good observations, and that without a quadrant. The objection of the right ascension in a short summer's night has no force, as there are several large stars between 58 deg. and 62 deg. S. declination, and with large differences in R.A., and one or other of these he would be sure to catch.

The skill, tact, and ability of the old sailors who navigated their canoes from Hawaiki to New Zealand, so many canoes, with such precision, is really wonderful. Could the certificated sailor of the present age have done better? Deprive him of his appliances, his compass, chronometer, and chart, his sextant, and nautical almanac, and see then whether his intrinsic qualities would, on the same voyage, have enabled him to do better—especially if put into a long, lean, rather leaky open boat, that had no draught, could he have sailed her better, have kept a perishable cargo better, or maintained better discipline amongst a numerous company of both sexes? There can be but one reply to these questions, namely, that under the same circumstances and conditions, it would be difficult even now to excel the old Hawaikian sailors in the execution of their craft.

The time of year at which the migration was made shows forethought. The fine season had

set in, and the hurricane months had not begun, and there was still time on arrival in the new country to plant the seed they had with them; moreover, they would have several months of summer weather in which to explore and form settlements.

It is not my intention in this narrative to give all the movements of each canoe of the flotilla, or all the doings of the people of each after arrival. I shall simply mention their names, as they have been given to me, and a few circumstances connected with some of them, and in noticing the others I would wish to treat of the movements of four of them more particularly, namely, Mataatua, Takitumu, Tainui, and Te Arawa, as the immigrants by these vessels settled in the districts with whose history I am best informed. The following are the names of the canoes:—Matawhaorua (which returned to Hawaiki), Arawa, Tainui, Mataatua, Takitumu, Kurahaupo, Aotea, Tokomaru, Mahuhu, Pungarangi, Rangimatoru and Whatu Ranganuku.

Te Arawa made land at Whangara, eighteen miles north of Gisborne, but did not land there. From Whangara she coasted along to the north; off Whangaparaoa she spoke the Tainui coming in from the sea. The Arawas say that Tainui was then making her landfall. This some Tainui people contradict, stating that their canoe first made land at Te Mahia. The Arawa did not join Tainui, but continued her course, then shaping westward, and crossed the Bay of

Plenty; and next we hear of her at Ahuahu, Mercury Island, where we will leave her for the present.

Whether Tainui made land at Te Mahia as her people say, or at Whangaparaoa as the Arawas affirm, is an open question. She was making for the shore when she passed the Arawa, and shortly afterwards she was nearly lost, and perhaps all on board, in a very simple and unexpected manner. At Cape Runaway there is a reef of detached rocks; there too is a perennial current that, setting strongly out of the Bay of Plenty, impinges against the Cape and reef. The Cape itself is a high headland studded with pohutukawa trees. As the canoe approached the Cape, in the bay round which a landing was proposed, the crew, whose attention was diverted to the beautiful bloom of the trees on the hillside, suddenly found themselves caught and carried swiftly towards the rocks by the current, of the existence of which neither they nor any stranger could have had a suspicion.* and because of the heavy rollers of the Rangawhenua** the danger appeared to be terrible. Here with a vengeance were 'the waves of the summer, as one died away another

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*The current at Cape Runaway is the tail race to a vast dam that Nature has placed across the course of part of the tropical off-flow of the South Pacific. The dam extends from the North Cape of New Zealand to Cape Runaway, or it may be to the East Cape. We are justified in believing that the stream comes from the tropics by its warm temperature, the fish, such as sharks, that frequent it, and by the tropical shells, like the nautilus, that are found on the shores adjacent.

**The Rangawhenua is an ocean swell that breaks heavily on the north-east coast of the North Island of New Zealand during the months of November, December, and January. Along the beaches of the Bay of Plenty, fishing is stopped by it.

Pohutukawa Tree, Kawhia Harbour.

as sweet and as shining came on.' The way-worn voyagers, turning their eyes from the beautiful land, grasped the situation at a glance, and their hearts fell from the heights of joy and hope to the depths of fear. Were they after all their suffering and pilgrimage to be sacrificed at the gates of Paradise on those jagged rocks. Promptly the priest betook himself to his prayers, and quickly the crew plunged their paddles into the tide but it was too late, before they could change their vessel's course she had struck sideways on a rock and remained there, the mussel shells grinding into her sides to the peril of her lashings; and now the danger of being dashed to pieces by the next wave or filling beside the rock, which is awash, is great indeed; fortunately the rock was between them and the wave, for the current that pinned them to it ran against the swell. And then the very thing they feared became their friend. A roller broke upon the rock and its unimpeded portion circling quickly round the rock caught one end of the canoe, and raising it up, flung it off wide from the rock. This was the moment of salvation; with a flash, before the current could push her back, all the paddles were buried for dear life in the seething foam, and Tainui, as if instinct with life, had shot into the open sea. The priest said they had been saved by the Atua to whom he had prayed, and his words were believed by those who heard him and by many succeeding generations. But the captain in going round the point again

gave those rocks what sailors call a wide berth. Then the wearied people of Tainui rested at Whangaparaoa Bay, and refreshed themselves; but the story that they found a dead whale on the beach in that bay and disputed with the Arawa about the possession of it is difficult to reconcile with the fact that the Arawa deny having gone there at all, and with the harder fact that dead whales not only don't drift into the bay, but cannot even be towed on to the shore there by several whaleboats after they are killed, the current above mentioned preventing it. There was a whaling station many years in Whangaparaoa Bay in the forties, and during that time the fish were "tried out" at a place round the Cape, much to the inconvenience of the whalers, who at first often tried in vain to tow the dead whales into the Bay.

From Whangaparaoa the Tainui sailed along the shores of the Bay of Plenty, inspecting the country as she went. At Hawai a man named Taritorongo left her, and going inland, joined the aborigines at Motu, as has been mentioned; also, we have seen how Torere left the Tainui, and how she was pursued by Rakataura, who, failing to find his inamorata, returned and rejoined his companions at Kawhia. Rakataura landed at Taiharuru, at Opape. When next we hear of Tainui she had arrived at Ahuahu, where the meeting of canoes took place. There is reason to assume from subsequent events that the Arawa and Tainui had made a comprehensive survey of the Bay of Plenty before they met at Ahuahu.

Up to this time there is not much to say about Takitumu further than to report that her landfall was made at the Great Barrier, and that passing Cuvier Island she had arrived at Ahuahu also.

Mataatua, though not in company with Takitumu, sighted the same land. She passed Cuvier, which was named Repanga by Muriwai, the chieftainess on board of her, in honour of her son, the young man who afterwards went to Kohipawa, and then the canoe sailed into Ahuahu Harbour.

At Ahuahu (Great Mercury) a conference took place between the captains of the canoes and other chiefs of the expedition, which resulted in the arrangement of the course, or line of action, that each canoe should take on leaving the island. Hence the name of the island, which is called Ahuahu to the present day, and is an abbreviation probably of Ahu te Ahu—to shape a course. I have never heard whether any of the other canoes were at this meeting; Pungarangi and Whatu Ranganuku could not, however, have been present, as they came to New Zealand afterwards.

I have referred several times to the captains or nautical experts of the canoes. The captain of Takitumu was Paikea; of Tainui, Hotunui; of Te Arawa, Tama te Kapua; and of Mataatua, the captain was Toroa.

And now we view these and other chiefs whose names have been handed down to posterity, at this the first Hawaiki Maori meeting held in

New Zealand. There, too, we see seated upon the pebbly strand that forms the landing at Mercury Harbour, groups from the several canoes, all dressed in the tappa clothing of a tropical climate. They are assembled listening to their leaders, who are discussing the situation in its various aspects.

They have, indeed, found the country they sought, but exploration so far has shown it to be peopled with many tribes of aborigines resembling themselves and speaking their own language, of whom, notwithstanding their inoffensive behaviour, it behoves them to be aware. Apart from rugged coastlines, they have nowhere seen an unoccupied country large enough for them all to settle upon. They have but just escaped with labour and loss from internecine strife about land, where land was scarce and areas small. The horror of what occurred then is fresh in their minds. They cannot forget it, and therefore, they think they had better separate and incur the risk of war with the aborigines to fighting among themselves; besides, the former risk appeared to be but small if a policy of tact and forbearance were pursued towards them, and that by and by when they themselves had become numerous they could disregard them.

Two rivers falling into the Bay of Plenty had been discovered where settlement would be possible, but more inviting districts might yet be found.

To one of these, however, the people of Mataatua under Muriwai decided to go. The

other the leaders of Te Arawa have determined to occupy should nothing more suitable be found on further search.* The immigrants in Tainui are of opinion that in a country so large and promising the chances are that they will secure a better location by prosecuting their voyage of discovery; while those of Takitumu resolve to search the Bay of Plenty for themselves.

Such and similar were, doubtless, the affairs that were considered at that meeting—a meeting which heralded to New Zealand the birth of a new nation, who should cultivate her soil and increase her civilisation, and whose warriors, orators, statesmen and priests, craftsmen and people of low degree, were destined in the distant future to supplant the more simple sons of the soil almost throughout the whole country.

After the meeting the canoes left Ahuahu. Tainui explored the Thames and found the inhabitants numerous; she passed from there along the coast to the North, and turning back, again arrived at Tamaki River, which was ascended, and then she was dragged across the isthmus at Otahuhu into Manukau, from which harbour she put to sea, and, coasting southwards, arrived at Kawhia. This was the end of her voyage, for at Kawhia her people determined to settle.

Mataatua sailed from Ahuahu to Whakatane direct. Her unwavering course is highly

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*The Arawa had most probably visited Maketu and Tauranga on her voyage through the Bay of Plenty, and had found the latter thickly peopled, for on her return to those parts she passed close by the mouth of Tauranga Harbour in the daytime without entering it, and went straight to Maketu, notwithstanding the inviting aspect of the Tauranga country.

suggestive of information received, either by Te Aratawhao (if that canoe reached Hawaiki) or by Tainui, probably the latter, for none of the people of Te Aratawhao returned to Whakatane in Mataatua. Ngatiawa found the country at Whakatane unoccupied by the aborigines, and Kapu pa was empty. They lived at first on the flat by the mouth of the river, and there Muriwai died and was buried, and her tomb under a rock may be seen at the present time. Toroa went to Hokianga, at Ohiwa, to interview Toi, who asked, "Who are you, and where do you come from?"

To which Toroa replied, "I am Toroa (albatross); I have flown across the ocean to this place."

Toi then asked, "Why have you come here?"

Toroa said, "I have come to see and to stay."

Then food was set before Toroa, and when he had eaten, he returned to Whakatane.

This short conversation as it has been handed down by tradition describes the situation succinctly.

From Ahuahu the Arawa sailed to Cuvier Island, where Hawaikian birds were released, and thence to the Great Barrier, from which place she crossed over to Whangarei and coasted to Cape Brett; there she turned back and arrived at Tamaki, at the head of which river she found Tainui, whose crew were engaged laying the skids to tow their vessel upon in crossing the isthmus. The Arawa did not remain long at Otahuhu, but sailed away to

Moehau (Cape Colville), for time was becoming precious. Her people landed at Moehau, but did not stay there, notwithstanding Tamati Kapua was so pleased with the place that he urged them all to go no further, and to settle down and make their home there. From Moehau they resumed ther voyage, and passing along the shores of the Bay of Plenty, sailed straight to Maketu. Thus ended their long and toilsome voyage from Hawaiki.

In passing Te Taroto, between Katikati and Te Awanui (the ancient name of Tauranga entrance), Hei stood up and said, "The land opposite to us," pointing to Tauranga, "is Te Takapu a Waitaha" (the belly of Waitaha), his son. Thus he bespoke the Tauranga country, of which, however, he and his son never got more than the eastern end, which is a comparatively small part of the district. The aboriginal inhabitants were too numerous to allow him to take more. Off Wairakei, Tia stood up and declared that the land at Rangiuru and country adjacent was the Takapu of his son Tapuika. In this manner he took the land he had pointed out. Tamati Kapua then thought it time to rise. He took Maketu by calling that part of the country Te Kureitanga o taku Ihu, shape of his nose (cut of his jib). The headland of Maketu Point is still known by the name of Okurei. Now all this was a very solemn and binding form of appropriation. No one could interfere with the property after that without tramping on the belly, etc., of the person named,

and without being prepared to stand by his act in so doing.

The behaviour of those three men in greedily snapping up all the land in sight from the canoe before they landed had the effect of compelling other members of the party to scatter in search of country, and thus the Ngaoho (or Arawa) tribe quickly spread to the interior as far as Taupo.

Takitumu, whose other name was Horouta, had the reputation of being a sacred canoe. It is said they took slaves on board at Hawaiki, whom they kept in the bow, and killed and ate from time to time as they required. This canoe left Ahuahu, and went to Tauranga, where they found they could not settle. The aborigines permitted a very few persons to remain, probably they hoped to profit by the Hawaikians' knowledge of agriculture. The canoe then continued her voyage, the next place she called at being Ohiwa, where she was nearly lost on Tuarae Kanawa shoal, at the mouth of the harbour. A few individuals were suffered to leave her here, who, as we have seen, became the progenitors of some of the present inhabitants in that part of New Zealand. Toi doubtless thought there were already enough Hawaikians in his neighbourhood at Whakatane, and perhaps Ngatiawa objected to the propinquity. Leaving Ohiwa the canoe Takitumu continued her search along the coast for a place of settlement, and as evidencing how fully the country must have been in the occupation

of the aborigines at that time, I will enumerate a number of specially favourite residences of native tribes that were passed by the Hawaikians of Takitumu while searching for a place where they might safely make their future home: Opotiki, Te Kaha, Wharekahika, Kawakawa, including Horoera, Waiapu Valley, Tuparoa, Waipiro, Tokomaru, Tangoiro to Anaura, Uawa, and Puatai—all these sites for settlement were passed before Paikea thrust his canoe ashore at Whangara, and declared the voyage to be finished. He named the place Whangara, from a fancied resemblance to a place of that name at Hawaiki.

From the isthmus of Otahuhu northward the Hawaikian element in the population of Aotearoa was derived from the canoes Mahihi (or Mahuhu, as it is called in some parts of the country) and Kurahaupo.

The canoe Aotea landed on the West Coast, at the place of that name. Her people travelled southwards, and occupied a wide area south of the Taranaki district.

Tokomaru canoe made the coast at Tokomaru, where the people who came in her landed but did not remain. We hear of her next as having arrived at Mokau, on the West Coast, but whether she passed round the North Cape, or made the shorter cut by Tamaki and Manukau, seems to be uncertain. Her occupants were the forefathers of the Atiawa tribe at Waitara and Taranaki, from whom is descended a Ngatirahiri hapu; just as the Ngatirahiri in the North

are descended from the Ngatiawa progenitor who landed in Mataatua at Whakatane.

Pungarangi canoe made land at Rurima islets, in the Bay of Plenty; for some reason they were unable to land on the mainland, probably too heavy a sea was breaking on the coast, or the Tini o Taunu at Matata may have been hostile. The passengers had no water, and were greatly distressed by thirst. They landed in the little harbour at Rurima, and rested, but were unable to find water, and all feared that a cruel death was before them. Then the chief of the party sought himself for water, trying in many places. At last he found a moist spot by the root of a pohutukawa tree; he dug a hole, and water trickled in and he drank, and the people drank and were saved. That little cup of water is there still, six centuries of time have not removed it, but the root is gone. As I looked at it I came to the conclusion that underground drainage had been arrested by the digging, and turned to the surface, where it has since remained. From Rurima the canoe went South to Wairarapa, and some of her people crossed Cook's Strait and settled at Nelson.

It will be remembered that the Arawa was unable to bring all the Ngaoho party, and that some were to follow in another canoe. The canoe they came from Hawaiki in was the Whatu Ranganuku. She landed them at Wairarapa, in a part where the inhabitants were hostile. The leader of the party, Tauwera, was

illtreated and badly burnt by them, so that he could not walk. The perpetrators of this outrage were not aborigines, but Hawaikians who had arrived there previously, and their object was not to kill, but to drive Ngaoho away. The latter took the hint, and left, carrying their disabled chief in a litter by the Kowhai road to the Bay of Plenty, and to the left bank of Waitahanui River at Te Takanga, where they settled, and this was the beginning of Waitaha Turauta tribe, or hapu of the Arawa, members of which, among the other Arawa sections, are still numerous.

The last canoe I have to mention is Rangimatoru. It is stated that she ended her voyage at Ohiwa. She is a canoe that has been very much lost sight of by the natives. Her reputation is eclipsed by that of Mataatua, close by at Whakatane, and of the existence of the representatives, if any, of her immigrants, or who her immigrants were, I have no proper information. The fact that the canoe came seems sufficiently established. Possibly the extinct Whakatane sprang from the people of that canoe. They were a tribe of Hawaikian extraction who owned the land between Ohiwa and Waioeka River inland, in the mountain region. The Upokorehe held the land in the north adjoining the possessions of the Whakatane. The former were destroyed, and the latter nearly so, by the Whakatohea. More than fifty years ago an old man of the name of Rangimatoru was a principal man of the remnant.

This concludes my account of the voyages of the canoes from Hawaiki to Aotearoa. I have, however, to add, that the Takitumu made a voyage from Whangara to Otago, where she remained, and is pointed out to the traveller of the present day, as she lies at her journey's end in the shape of a rock. The Arawa made a voyage to Te Awa o te Atua and back. Then she was hauled up on the eastern bank near the entrance to Kaituna River, where she was burnt afterwards, and where a grove of ngaio trees grew down to the present generation, which trees were sacred to the memory of the old vessel.

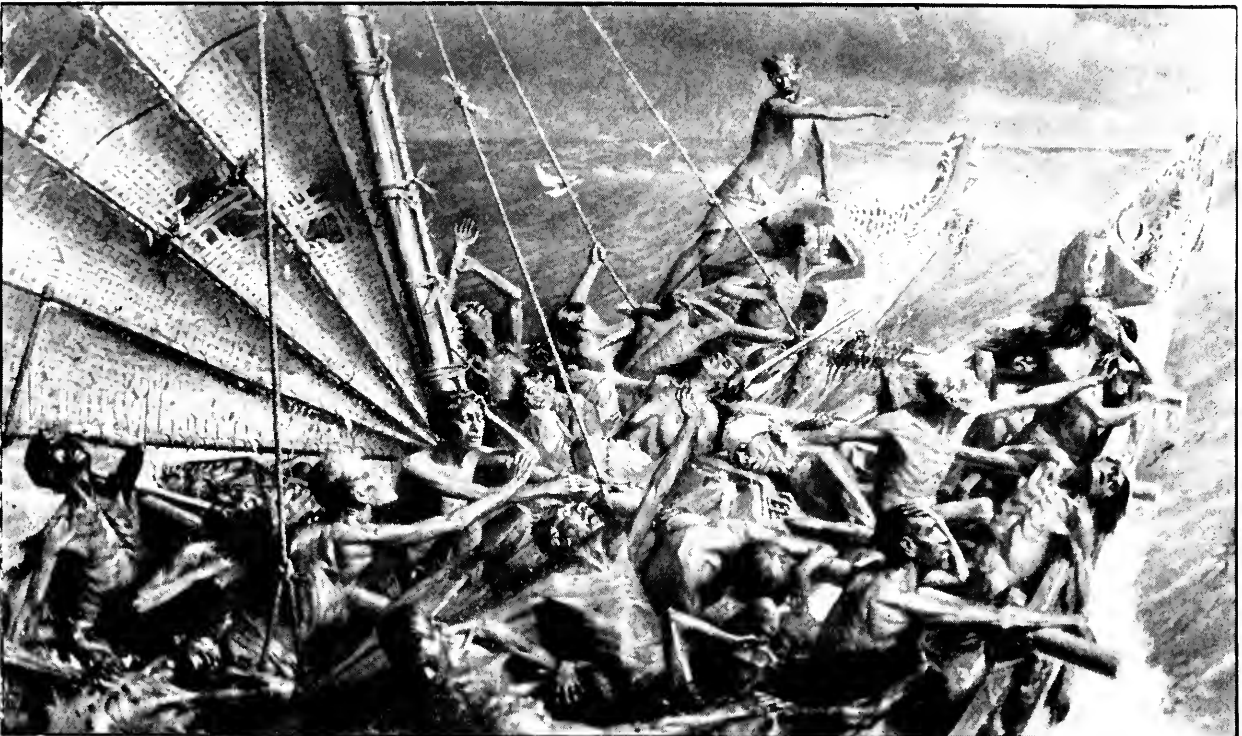
In reviewing the movement from Hawaiki to New Zealand, from a practical point, we are justified, if the foregoing statements and observations are accepted, in arriving at the following conclusions:—

That the Hawaikians emigrated under pressure arising out of troubles chiefly about land.

That as a necessary preliminary they explored the sea to discover a country where they might go.

That the exploration was successful, and was probably conducted upon an idea derived from tradition.

That the Hawaikians were skilful sailors, and notwithstanding the want of appliances, they were good practical navigators by celestial observation. That as they had no means of finding the longitude on a true course, the same being a rhumb line, also as unknown currents



From a painting in the Auckland Art Gallery by C. F. Goldie and L. J. Steele.

The people of Turi's canoe, after a voyage of great hardship, at last sight the shores of New Zealand.

and variable winds rendered the making of a true course impossible without the necessary aids, they devised the expedient of leaving the true course wide off on one hand, say a point or two, while making the required latitude (which they were probably able to find), having arrived at which they ran down the longitude. It was in this way I believe that eight canoes on a voyage of 1,500 or 2,000 miles (according to whether they came from Cook's Islands or the Society Islands) managed to make land on the East Coast of the North Island of New Zealand within 2½ degrees of latitude of each other. They all came straggling in singly, and four of them were within thirty miles of each other. There could have been nothing accidental about results so uniform; evidently the aid of science was invoked, roughly, no doubt, but sufficiently to serve all practical purposes.

That the Hawaikians introduced the art of cultivation into New Zealand, where they found an aboriginal race resembling themselves in appearance and speaking the same language.

That in selecting sites for settlement they avoided the localities that were thickly populated by the aborigines, towards whom until they themselves had become numerous they behaved with much circumspection.

NGAETERANGI, OF TAURANGA.

It was many years ago, before our utilitarian grass paddocks and barbed-wire fences had changed the face of the country, that I first saw the picturesque ruins of old Tawhitirahi pa at Opotiki. Standing on a high cliff that overhangs the stream of Kukumoa they were embowered with trees and flowering plants that festooned from them to the stream below. The prospect from the pa was delightful; on the one hand as far as the eye could reach the ocean and its coast lines were visible; on the other the valley of Opotiki was everywhere in view. The site, too, was as convenient as it was pleasant. Fishing in salt water and fresh, bird snaring and eel catching, were near to hand, while fern root in abundance of finest quality, and Tupakihi wine in the season were easily obtained. It was here some 350 years ago that a happy tribe lived of Maui-Maoris of Awa descent;* when they received a friendly visit from the chief of the powerful neighbouring tribe of Ngatiha, of the same descent (afterwards called Ngatipukenga), who lived at Waiaua and Omarumutu. The visitor greatly admired a tame tui, belonging to his host Kahukino, that sang

*I would not imply that this tribe has not a strain of Hawaikian blood; no doubt it has, and like some others it knows more about its Hawaikian ancestors than its aboriginal lineage. This is due to causes I have already mentioned.

and was otherwise well educated. In that age birds were taught to bewitch people, and to karakia (say prayers) for supplies of various kinds of food. When the visitor was about to return home, he asked that the bird might be given to him, but Kahukino could not make up his mind to part with it. The visitor concealed his rage and went away. It was not long after this that Tawhitirahi pa was surprised one night by a war party with the late visitor at its head. The pa was taken, some of its chiefs and people were slain; many, however, escaped and fled to the forest-clad mountains of the interior, where they wandered for a time, but could not remain, as they were trespassing on the hunting grounds of other tribes. Thus they passed through Motu country, and crossing its eastern watershed, descended into the valley of the Waikohu, where they were found by the Takitumu natives of Turanganui (Poverty Bay), and would have been slain had not Waho o te Rangi interposed. He was the chief of Ngaeterangihokaia, a hapu of Te Aetanga Hauiti, of Takitumu descent, who lived at Uawa (Tologa Bay).

Waho o te Rangi, like Tuterangiwhiu at Raukumara, saved the refugees, and made slaves of them. They were located on Te Whakaroa Mountain, inland of Waimata, and made to catch birds and carry them to him at Uawa.

At this time the people who laboured in this unhappy plight were known by the name of Te Rangihouhiri, being so called after their

chief, who was the son of Kahukino, of Tawhiti-rahi. Kahukino was now an old man, and had ceased to take an active part in administering public affairs. Tutenaehe, the son of Rangihouhiri, grew up in this house of bondage.

In process of time Waho o te Rangi grew old and approached his end. The aged chief believed that there would be no one in the tribe when he was gone who would be capable of retaining possession of the slaves. He felt sure that another tribe by no means friendly to him would come and remove the slaves, thereby strengthening themselves and weakening his (Waho's) tribe. It was bad enough to be weakened, but worse that at the same time the other side should be strengthened. He chose the lesser evil, and determined to kill his slaves.

It happened by some means that the slaves learned the fate that was in store for them, and as even the worm will turn, so this poor people turned at bay, resolved to sell their lives dearly. Although their slaves had taken alarm, and could not be surprised, the masters thought little of the task before them. Judge, then, their astonishment when their heedless onslaught was met by an organised band of skilled warriors, who killed them instead, and drove them back the way they had come. The Rangihouhiri had broken their bonds and never served again. They decided now to leave that part of the country, and seek elsewhere for a place where they might make a home for themselves, and marched towards the sea at Whangara, near which, on the banks of the Pakarae,

they were attacked by the combined forces of Te Aetanga Hauiti, the tribe of which their late masters were a section, whom they defeated a second time in a pitched battle, and remained masters of the field. Te Aetanga Hauiti now found that they must make terms. They had altogether mistaken the men whom they had been accustomed to despise, whose quality man for man was superior to their own, whose prestige before the misfortune at Opotiki had been equal to their own, and whose spirit, disciplined and elevated by adversity and self-sacrifice was unconquerable. They proposed that fighting should cease, and that Te Rangihouhiri should leave the district, going by canoes, which were to be prepared by both parties, and Te Rangihouhiri were to have time and opportunity to collect supplies of food for the journey. These proposals were accepted, they suited the Rangihouhiri perfectly, and both sides observed them faithfully. In due time the Rangihouhiri set sail, and steering north, arrived in the Bay of Plenty, where they landed at a place called Hakuranui, and lived there.

Now, accounts conflict as to this locality. I will mention them, not because the site of that place affects our story, but just to illustrate practically how tradition, like history, varies sometimes in its facts. There are two Hakuranui pas at the Bay of Plenty, one south of Raukokore, the other at Torere. Ngaitai, of Torere, say Te Rangihouhiri never lived at their place, while the people of Raukokore say

Te Rangihouhiri did live for a time at Hakuranui, that is upon their land. These statements one would think, should be conclusive, but they are not, for the descendants of the Rangihouhiri aver that the Hakuranui in question is at Torere, and the Arawa who, as we shall presently see have a voice in the matter, support the Rangihouhiri version.

However, no matter where it was, the location was not comfortable. The people of the district disapproved of their intrusion and harassed them; they had to keep close, for stragglers did not return, and it was almost impossible to cultivate, as the following instance showed:—Two men of Te Rangihouhiri, Awatope and Tukoko, went out into a field to plant gourd seed. Awatope proposed to sow broadcast and get away for fear of the people of the place. Tukoko objected to such a slovenly method, and set to work to dibble his seed in properly. Awatope quickly sowed his broadcast and made off. His companion was busily engaged dibbling in, when he was suddenly caught and killed. It is true they made reprisals, but the place was not worth fighting for, and therefore they went away. Passing Opotiki and their old pa at Tawhitirahi, they came to Whakatane, and built a pa for themselves on the spur of the hill that approaches the river next above Wainuitewhara. Here, on the strength of their military reputation, they lived undisturbed for a time. There was, however, sufficient uneasiness and uncertainty on all sides to make the chiefs of

the Rangihouhiri think seriously of taking the initiative by a *coup de main* upon the Ngatiawa stronghold of Papaka (which position is immediately above the town of Whakatane). To this end Tamapahore, a leader of theirs, was one night creeping about under the fortifications of Papaka looking out for a point of attack, when a woman came out of the pa on to the defences above him. She did not see him, but he saw her, and on the impulse of the moment, he gave her a poke with the point of his taiaha. She raised an outcry, but Tamapahore escaped; the incident, however betrayed the sinister designs of Te Rangihouhiri tribe. Moreover, the woman was the chief's daughter, and the insult was considered great by her tribe.* All the Rangihouhiri knew at once that they must move on from Whakatane, and said so among themselves.

Then Tamapahore stood up and addressed them, saying: "I have acted foolishly, and we must all leave this place in consequence, for all their hapus are roused, but we will not go meanly away; we will deliver a battle first and then go." The feelings of the people approved this sentiment, but Ngatiawa would have none of it, they were not going to fight for nothing. If Te Rangihouhiri stayed they would be wiped out; if they went at once they would be allowed to depart in peace. So the tribe of Te Rangihouhiri left Whakatane,

*The details of this insult will not bear publication.

and went to Te Awa o te Atua, where they were not wanted.

This friendless tribe had now wandered over the country 200 miles seeking a resting place, and no resting place could be found, for the land everywhere was occupied, or claimed by someone. At that time Te Awa o te Atua was held by a section of Ngatiawa tribe, who not long before that had expelled the Tini o Taunu from that district. They did not intend that Te Rangihouhiri should remain with them too long, and by and by as the visitors manifested no intention of moving on, an intimation to go, too rude and realistic to be misapprehended, was given to them.

Then Rangihouhiri, the chief of the tribe of that name, sent Tamapahore on a friendly visit to Tatahau, the chief of Tapuika, at Maketu, and charged him to spy the land there. Tamapahore went with a suitable retinue, and was hospitably received by Ongakohua, another chief of Tapuika. When he returned, Tamapahore reported that the place was most desirable in every respect. The aspect was pleasant, the land good, the cultivations beautiful, and fish of all kinds was abundant in the sea and rivers of Waihi and Kaituna, but the place was populous, and Tatahau was a great chief, and closely connected with the powerful Waitaha a Hei tribe. However, the tempting character of the prize outweighed in Rangihouhiri's opinion all consideration of difficulty, and war with Tatahau was determined

on, but a pretext was required, and Rangihouhiri was too punctilious to misbehave or act incorrectly in the matter. Therefore, he applied to Tuwewea, the chief of Ngatiawa, at Te Awa o te Atua, who readily furnished the information required. Oddly enough, the *casus belli* took its rise out of the killing of their own man Tukoko, who, it will be remembered, had dibbled his seed instead of sowing broadcast, and that point being settled satisfactorily, preparation was made for the campaign, before entering on which I have a few general remarks to make.

We have seen that the Rangihouhiri tribe were Awa of Toi, that the tribe of Whakatane were Awa of Hawaiki, and that these two Awa tribes became connected by marriage and other causes, due to amiable propinquity, also by a portion of the latter (Te Kareke) being driven by civil war into the former and being absorbed by them. We may suppose that the force of these affinities was greater when proximate; operating as it were upon an inverse ratio to the square of their distance, and extended over a considerable area, including Tawhitirahi; and when in time the intervening connection consolidated, it broke up into tribes and hapus of aboriginal or immigrant appellation, according to the degree of relationship of each to one or other of the centres of settlement, the former being known as the Whakatohea hapus, the latter as Ngatiawa; but in the cases of Te Rangihouhiri of Tawhitirahi and Ngatirawharo

of Ohiwa (both intimately connected together), the Awa of Toi have called themselves Ngatiawa, for they are related to Ngatiawa, and the more popular name has been adhered to by them.

It was in the summer that the Rangihouhiri tribe set out from Te Awa o te Atua and marched towards Maketu. The main body camped at Pukehina under Rangihouhiri the chief, while a strong vanguard took up a position at the ford at Waihi, giving out that they were a fishing party. Presently ten men crossed Waihi, and searching among the plantations on the hill above Maketu found a woman at work by herself collecting caterpillars off her kumara plants. She was Punoho, Tatahau's daughter. Her they outraged. The last of the party to approach was Werapinaki, a cripple. Filled with rage she derided his appearance, saying "he would be a god if it were night time, in the day he is a hideous spectre," when, with a blow of his weapon he killed her, the body was thrown into a kumara pit where it could not be found. When Punoho was missed, her tribe sought everywhere in vain, not a trace of her was seen. They suspected the Rangihouhiri of foul play, and sent a neutral woman to enquire. The answer the messenger received was "Yes, she was killed by Werapinaki." Then a party of Tapuika stealthily crossed Waihi at night and slew Werapinaki, who was a chief, as he slept apart under an awning, the day being hot, and next day the war began. The Rangihouhiri took the initiative by

assaulting and carrying Tatahau's great pa at Pukemaire (where the old European redoubt stands). Tatahau and many of his tribe were killed, the rest and two of his sons escaping to Rangiuru. All the smaller pas followed the fate of Pukemaire. In this war the Rangihouhiri forces were materially strengthened by a section of their tribe that came from the Uriwera country, where it had taken refuge after the fall of Tawhitirahi.

Then the Ngaoho (Arawa) commenced a series of campaigns for the recovery of their lost territory and prestige. The first was by Waitaha a Hei, who came from East Tauranga; Tatahau's mother was of their tribe, and fought a battle, Te Kakaho, at Maketu ford and retired, for the weight of the Rangihouhiri arms was greater than they had expected. To mend this unsatisfactory state of affairs Tapuika strengthened themselves by matrimonial alliances with Ngatimaru at the Thames, and with the people at Maungakawa, from whom they got assistance in the next campaign. In the same way they tried without success to avail themselves of the help of the Hawaikian Awa, or Whanau Apanui, at Maraenui. On the other hand the Rangihouhiri summoned to their aid two Opotiki tribes, one of them (such is the irony of fate) was Ngatipukenga, who had commenced all their troubles by driving them out of their home at Tawhitirahi.

When ready the combined forces of Ngatimaru (Tainui), under Te Ruinga, Ranginui (Takitumu), under Kinonui, who was carried

in a litter, also Waitaha and Tapuika under Tiritiri and Manu, sons of Tatahau, advanced upon Maketu. The first encounter was a night attack upon an outwork, Herekaki pa, which was taken, and Tutenaehe the commander was slain. He was the eldest son of Te Rangihouhiri, who, when he heard the intelligence, exclaimed "O! my son, you have gone by the night tide, I will follow by the morning tide!" He alluded to the tide because it is the custom in that part of the country where much travelling is done by the beach, to wait for low tide to make a journey. Sure enough the old man's words came true, and by the morning tide he followed his son to the unknown world.

The next morning opened with the beginning of the battle of Poporohuamea, in which great numbers were engaged, and that lasted all day. The field of battle was on the high ground immediately above the entrance to Waihi River, and in the valley there that descends through the high ground towards the sea coast. It was there that the Maui Maori and the Hawaikian Maori joined issue in perhaps the greatest battle of the open field that was ever fought by the two races. The struggle ended at last in mutual exhaustion. The party in possession retired to its pas, and the other side, who had tried to oust them, gave up the attempt, recrossed the Kaituna, and returned to the places they had come from. Te Rangihouhiri is the only great chief whose name is handed down as killed in this battle. From the death of Te

Rangihouhiri the tribe of that name became known by the name of Ngaeterangi, by which name they are called at the present day.

After the battle of Poporohuamea the Ngaoho tribes (Arawa) of the lake district, took up the quarrel and determined to expel the intruding Ngaeterangi. Year after year they sent armies to Maketu, not one of which made any impression on the enemy. The first army fought a little and returned home. The next was defeated with great slaughter at Kawa swamp, near Maketu, and their chief Taiwere was killed; that army returned to the lakes. Smarting under defeat and loss the Ngaoho again set forth to be again hurled back at Kawa with the loss of Moekaha, Taiwere's brother. They had as many killed at Kawa No. 2 battle as at Kawa No 1. Assistance was now sought and obtained from Ngatihaua tribe, of the Upper Thames, and another campaign opened against Maketu, when a general action Kakaho No. 2 resulted in the crushing defeat of the combined Ngaoho and Ngatihaua. Haua, the chief of Ngatihaua, was slain, and Ariariterangi, the brother of Taiwere and Moekaha, was drowned in making his escape. After this the Ngaoho, or Arawa, determined to avenge the death of Ariariterangi, and his son, Te Roro te Rangi, led an army against Maketu. This expedition effected nothing. After fighting awhile Roro te Rangi made peace with Ngaeterangi, offerings were given to cement the peace, and Roro te Rangi returned home to Rotorua.

Thus ended a war that had lasted many years, involving many tribes and much bloodshed, there had been several pitched battles in the field, and the conquerors had stormed thirteen pas. Peace was made with the Tauranga tribes of Waitaha a Hei and Ngatiranginui (Waitaha Turauta on the east side of Maketu had taken no part in the war). As for Tapuika, their broken power was not worthy of consideration, and was simply ignored. Ngaeterangi now held undisturbed possession of Maketu, and about 75 square miles of excellent land, their territory extending halfway to the lakes; with them were associated Ngatiwhakahinga, a co-tribe or section of Ngaeterangi, that had not been driven out of Opotiki by Ngatiha. Ngatipukenga (formerly called Ngatiha), returned to Waiaua after the battle of Poporohuamea, where they had suffered much; Ngaeterangi availed themselves of their assistance at the battle, but their presence was not particularly acceptable afterwards. We shall, however, hear more of this most pugnacious tribe, which, as it had rendered others homeless, by a just retribution became homeless itself.

Such was the peaceful condition of the political horizon to Ngaeterangi, as resting on their laurels they enjoyed the tranquil outlook, when suddenly another war-cloud rose, of aspect most terrible; they were precipitated into it and all was strife again.

It happened that a canoe went out from Tauranga to fish in the open sea. Two chiefs were in this canoe, named Taurawheke and Te

Turanganui. A westerly gale arose and drove the canoe before it until it was lost and the people all drowned excepting one man, Taurawheke, who escaped by swimming to Okurei, Maketu Point. Here he was found in an exhausted state by a woman who was looking for shellfish amongst the rocks. She took him to a sheltered place under the cliffs, and went to fetch food and clothes for him. On the way she met her husband and told him how she had found Taurawheke and where she had left him. As soon as she had departed on her errand the husband went and killed Taurawheke and ate of him, and continued thus to indulge himself from time to time secretly, the people of his tribe, Ngaeterangi, knowing nothing about it, but his wife knew.

At Tauranga it was supposed that the canoe had been lost at sea with all hands. Sometime, however, after this, the man, evidently a brutal fellow, beat his wife severely, and she exclaimed, "Oh! I can punish you by telling what you did." The busybodies of the tribe (of whom there always is, have been, and will be a number everywhere) now sought to penetrate the mystery of the wife's words, nor stopped until the murder was out, and all over the place, and news of it had been taken to Tauranga. Ngatiranginui and Waitaha were not slow to seek revenge. They caught two Ngaeterangi chiefs at Otaiparia at Te Tumu getting toetoe.* They were Tuwhiwhia and his

*The toetoe (called by Europeans tuitui grass) was used for thatch.

son, Tauaiti. The father they killed, and putting his headless body into his canoe sent it adrift to float down the stream to Maketu. The son they took to Tauranga and killed at their leisure by torture and mutilation. In his agony Tauaiti said to his persecutors: "My pain is shallow compared to the ocean of pain to come," signifying thereby what their pain would be like before long.

The drift canoe was seen at Maketu and told its own tale. Intelligence, too, of Tauaiti's suffering and death was subsequently received, and entered deeply into the feelings of the people. Their rage at the Tauranga people was dreadful, to whom they determined that the cup of wrath should be administered and drunk to the dregs. Then was seen how Kotorerua, the younger brother of Tauaiti, rose to the occasion. Putangimaru, a chief of Raukawa, at Waikato, was travelling at this time and came to Maketu; he was known to be a wise man, and powerfully possessed of the art of divination. Kotorerua suggested to his sister, Tuwera, that she should be complacent to their guest. Putangi was pleased and Tuwera returned with him to his home as his wife, and Kotorerua was invited to follow them to their place at Hinuera in order that Putangi and he might have opportunity to divine and make plans together.

To avoid his enemies at Tauranga, Kotorerua travelled through the forest by Otawa to Te Pawhakahorohoro, where he found a guide left

for him by Putangimaru named Ika. They travelled to Whenuakura, whence all the country could be seen around. Ika pointed out the road and the place where Putangimaru lived. Kotorerua having got this information, killed Ika unawares, because he wanted some portions of his body to divine with before he met Putangimaru. Having performed this office, he pursued his journey, taking Ika's head with him. Putangimaru received Kotorerua with distinction, and asked if he had seen Ika. "Yes," said Kotorerua, "he brought me through the forest, and then I was able to find my way by myself; so I killed Ika, as I had to divine before I met you."

"You acted very wisely," said Putangi.

"I have brought Ika's head for us both to divine upon," said Kotorerua. This also received the approval of Putangimaru. Then they divined carefully and found the auguries favourable, and they took counsel together and formed the plan of a campaign. This done, Kotorerua returned to Maketu to push his preparations, and in due time he attacked the large pa of Ranginui and Waitaha at Maunganui.

The pa of Maunganui, situated on the hill of that name, covered about 100 acres. The fortifications crossed the top of the hill and ran down each side, then, circling round the base towards the south, they met. Waitaha held the east side, and Ngatiranginui the west side of the pa, which enjoyed a beautiful view

and splendid position on the shore of the harbour. The fortifications were so strong and the garrison so numerous that the pa seemed impregnable to Maori weapons—no matter what the prowess, the situation, with the means at command, was unassailable. It was to take this pa that Putangimaru and Kotorerua had devised a plan as daring as it was able, and, perhaps, the only one by which the object could have been effected. On the top of the hill on the north side of the pa, there was a point 850 feet above the sea, which, under certain circumstances would be vulnerable. Kotorerua undertook to solve the problem by inducing the required conditions and making the attack at that point, a narrow pass, flanked by walls of rock, and to which the approach from below for an attacking party, was exceedingly steep. That point once secured, the pa must fall, for it was the key to the position. A handful of defenders, however, could hold it against any number from without. Kotorerua's scheme was to show no intention of making war on Kinonui, the chief of Maunganui; on the contrary, he would lull suspicion by appearing to conciliate him with a handsome present. The offering should come to Kino late on the evening of a dark and stormy night. Kino and his people would then be occupied fully in entertaining the present-bearers, or pretending to entertain them, and in counselling amongst themselves and trying to fathom this new and unexpected departure by Kotorerua. In this

way many hours, perhaps the whole night, must elapse before Kinonui and his people would think of taking action of any kind, and during those precious moments of irresolution Kotorerua intended to destroy him; for meanwhile, under cover of darkness and storm, the whole force of Ngaeterangi would be thrown into the pa through the gap on the top of the hill. The army to perform this service would have to risk the storm in canoes, passing along the coast unseen at night, and landing immediately below the gap in a narrow channel between the rocks called Te Awaiti. The bearers of the present were to slip out of the pa in the darkness and cut the lashings of the topsides of all the canoes on the beach and rocks in front of the pa. If all went well, this rather complicated scheme would no doubt realise the hopes of its authors, but there were obviously several awkward contingencies connected with it, which must have caused considerable anxiety at the time to those charged with its execution. It happened, however, that everything came to pass exactly as Putangimaru and Kotorerua had planned.

One evening, Kotorerua and one hundred and forty followers, armed, presented themselves unexpectedly before the fortifications of Maunganui, bearing a present to Kinonui of one hundred baskets of kokowai (red ochre); it was houru, the kind prepared by burning, and, it was said, had been obtained with much labour from the streams of Kaikokopu. The rain had

overtaken them on the road, and they explained that they had been delayed while preventing their kokowai from getting wet. As it was too late to go through the formalities of presentation, the baskets were stacked at the quarters assigned to the visitors. Thus an inspection of the present was avoided, which was just as well, seeing that each was only a basket of earth, with a layer of kokowai at the top. Kotorerua and such of his followers as he desired to accompany him were taken to the large meeting-house in the pa, where the distinguished men of the pa met them. This large house, belonging to Kinonui, stood on the little plateau above the place that is now called Stony Point; and then ensued between the host and his guest a scene, sustained for hours, of courtly urbanity and matchless dissimulation, covering a substratum of deadly hate; each with unparalleled ability was playing for the almost immediate destruction of the other and all who were with him. On the one hand, Kotorerua had to appear at ease and without a trace of anxiety, conversing about anything or nothing, to gain time and disarm suspicion—and this, notwithstanding his men might be discovered at any moment tampering with the canoes on the beach below the pa, and notwithstanding the safety of all concerned, and the success of the enterprise, depended upon the arrival in time of the canoes through the storm. On the other hand, Kinonui had at all hazards to keep his guest interested until daylight, when

his people would be able to see what they were doing, for it was intended that Kotorerua and all his party should then be killed; they could not kill them in the dark without accident and confusion, and some might escape in the darkness. Meanwhile Kotorerua was not to be allowed to rejoin his men; but to kill him now would alarm them, and many would try to escape, therefore the conversation was kept up between these two great actors, each working for his own ends, as they sat facing one another with apparent indifference, but watchful of every movement. Now and then an attendant of one of the chiefs would come in or go out, seemingly about nothing in particular, but really keeping communication open with their respective parties outside.

At length, Kotorerua was made aware that the time for action had arrived. All his staff had left the meeting-house as if fatigued; presently one of them returned about something and went out again, leaving the door open after him. Kotorerua rose, and in a moment had passed swiftly out. Kinonui had not time to prevent him, so unexpected was the movement of the younger man and so sudden; he called after Kotorerua and ran to stop him, but it was too late, the sliding-door was slammed in his face and the lanyard fastened outside. The time for mock ceremony had passed; that which was real should now take place. A torch is handed to Kotorerua and quickly applied to the raupo wall, the meeting-house is wreathed in

flames, and Kinonui with his associates are immolated at the ceremony of their own funeral pyre.

Then, by the illumination cast around, an avalanche of war was seen descending from the mountain-top, sweeping its course right down to the sea, and crushing the people as it rolled over them. Such as escaped the dread invasion fled to their canoes, and thrust off into the harbour, but the canoes, already wrecked, filled with water, and the occupants were drowned in trying to swim to the opposite and distant shore.

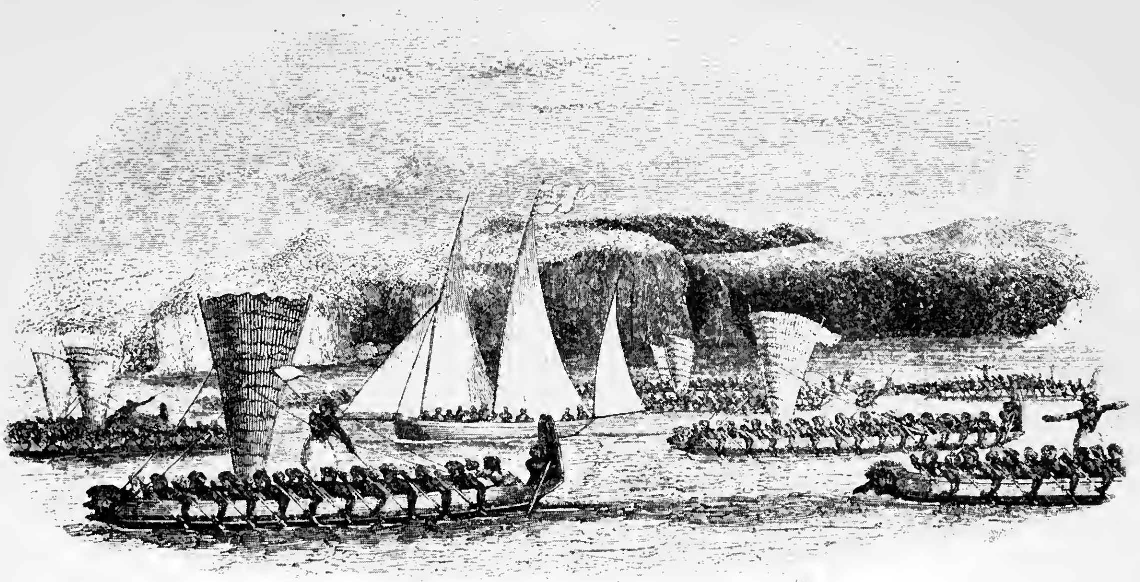
Thus, with the head rather than the arm, did Kotorerua break the power of Ngatiranginui and Waitaha, and it was all done by a *coup de main* in a few short hours. The conquest of the rest of the district of Tauranga speedily followed. Katikati and the islands on the north side of the harbour were first subdued. This was Kinonui's own domain, and the poor people in it were too panic-stricken to offer any effectual resistance. Tamapahore took the Waitaha country on the east, including the possessions of the Kaponga, hapu of Ngatiranginui, at Waimapu and Wairoa, and Ruinga, between Wairoa and Waipapa, were still intact when Kotorerua returned to Tauranga after a temporary absence. He was then surprised and displeased to find that terms of peace had been granted to Ngatiranginui at Otumoetai pa, that the same had been ratified by a marriage. Kotorerua refused absolutely to be a party to

the arrangement. He immediately attacked Otumoetai and destroyed the people in the pa. This, with the fall of some minor pas on the south side of the harbour, completed the subjugation of the Tauranga country by Ngaeterangi.

Kotorerua's campaign at Maunganui denotes consummate generalship, with troops of finest quality and discipline, and a high military and naval organisation. Only with such material could such a daring and complicated scheme have been carried out, but the general knew the quality of his men, and therein he showed his capacity. The maxim, that for desperate cases desperate remedies are necessary, must, I suppose, be taken as a sufficient warrant for the general when staking everything upon the unknown quantity of a gale of wind at sea, but the auguries had been favourable, and we cannot tell how much that influenced him. I have myself been impressed with the unquestioning faith the old Maori chiefs had in the auguries vouchsafed to them. I remember such an one who went through many battles in the belief that no bullet could harm him. He might be wounded, he said (experience showed that), but he could not be killed. He died in his bed, with a reputation that extended throughout the North Island.

Wolfe, going by boat, took the enemy in the rear at night on the Heights of Abraham, but he had not a sea voyage by boat in storm, and a night landing through breakers on the coast to make. On the contrary, he had a river so

calm to go upon that, we are told, he recited Gray's "Elegy" to his staff at that time; nor had he to enter the enemy's camp and delude him, while in the act of destroying his means of retreat, by breaking his boats not one hundred yards away. Yet there was a rift in Kotorerua's lute which wellnigh spoilt the harmony of his combination. He was a young man, and his uncle, Tamapahore, was a veteran leader in battles. On this occasion the latter, with his division, held aloof and did not join the flotilla, which was kept waiting for hours, until the very last moment possible, when at length he put in an appearance. This happened presumably through jealousy; however pressure or loyalty to Ngaeterangi prevailed in the end, but Tamapahore never got a quarter in the pa at Maunganui. The place he chose was made too uncomfortable for occupation; the other Ngaeterangi rolled great stones down the hill to his location; he took the hint, and made a pa elsewhere at Maungatapu. The jealousy, if such, of this old Maori warrior was natural enough; more highly civilised soldiers have felt the same, and some have not come out of the ordeal as well. Witness, for instance, the misconduct of that Imperial Archduke, who, by withholding his hand, caused his brother to lose the field of Wagram. See also the jealousy and disunion of Napoleon's marshals in the Peninsula. The Waitaha remnant fled to Te Rotoiti; the remnants of Ngatiranginui, as already stated, escaped into the forest at the back of



A Maori War Expedition.

Tepuna, and there they became known as Te Pirirakau, which is their name still.

It will be remembered how the aborigines permitted a few of the immigrants by Takitumu to settle at Tauranga; those persons kept up a connection with their compatriots at Whangara. Kahungungu, the ancestor of the great tribe of that name, was a Takitumuan of Tauranga, who left his native place and went south to live amongst the other Takitumuans because his elder brother had grossly insulted him, by striking him on the mouth with a kahawai (a fish). Similarly, two hundred and forty years after the settlement at Whangara had been made, Ranginui moved with his people from Hangaroa (between Poverty Bay and Wairoa, H.B.) to Tauranga, and camped on the left bank of the Wairoa, near where the bridge on the Katikati road is now. They were squatting on land belonging to Ngamarama, a numerous tribe, who owned the whole country west of Waimapu River. The Ngamarama resented the encroachment, and, to put a stop to it, caused two Ngatiranginui children to be drowned by their own children while bathing together in the Wairoa. The Ranginui children fled home and told what had been done to them. The tribe considered the matter, and next day the children were directed to return and bathe as though nothing had happened, and when the Ngamarama children joined them they were without fail to drown some of them; this the children did, and reported that they had

drowned a Rangatira girl. War followed, resulting in time in the destruction and expatriation of Ngamarama, and this is how Ngatiranginui became possessed of Tauranga, where they lived undisturbed one hundred and twenty years, until Ngaeterangi came and took it from them, about two hundred and forty years ago.*

The Ngatipukenga Tribe.

I will now mention Ngatipukenga more particularly, who formerly lived at Waiaua, east of Opotiki. We have seen that they drove the Rangihouhiri away from Tawhitirahi, also that when the same Rangihouhiri took Maketu and killed Tatahau they, the Ngatipukenga, came to Maketu, hoping to join in the spoil, and took part at the battle of Poporohuamea. Their chiefs at that battle were Kahukino and Te Tini o Awa. The tribe, I should say, was of the ancient aboriginal stock. At the battle named they suffered severely, and recrossed the Waihi, whence they returned home. The Rangihouhiri had not forgotten Tawhitirahi and did not solicit their aid at the campaign of Maunganui. When they heard, however, of Kotorerua's success at Maunganui, they hurried up to Tauranga, to try and share in the spoil, and this time they managed to get a large tract of land next to Tamapahore's selection on the west

*In the story of Te Waharoa, written twenty-nine years ago, though not published until the year following, I have placed the conquest of Tauranga by Ngaeterangi at 'about one hundred and fifty years ago.' My unit then for a generation was twenty years. My unit now is thirty years. Moreover, that was written one generation ago.

side. Here they became so overbearing that all the Ngaeterangi hapus united against them about one hundred years ago, and drove them completely out of the Tauranga district. Their culminating offence was a ruthless assault upon a number of women of Ngaeterangi who were collecting shellfish on the flats laid bare by the tide near Te Papa. At their rout they fled by way of Whareroa (where they left their canoes thickly lining the beach, which ever after was called Whakapaewaka) to Orangimate pa, half way to Maketu. Thus the measure meted by them to Te Rangihouhiri was measured to them by Ngaeterangi, Rangihouhiri's descendants.

After this expulsion Ngatipukenga hated Ngaeterangi bitterly, and never lost an opportunity of joining the enemies of that tribe.

When Tapuika fell before Ngaeterangi at Te Karaka, Ngatipukenga came and helped them to obtain revenge at Te Kakaho.

When Ngatiwhakahinga retired from Maketu before Ngatemaru, Ngatipukenga went and occupied that place.

Then Te Rarau from Waikato and Ngaeterangi attacked them, seeking to drive them away from Maketu, but effected nothing.

Then Ngapuhi, armed with guns, came, at whose approach Ngatipukenga fled inland to Te Whakatangaroa, near Te Hiapo, and Maketu was evacuated by them. But some time after Ngatitematera, from Hauraki, attacked and took Te Whakatangaroa, and Ngatipukenga fled to the lakes.

A war party of Ngatirawharo, allies of Ngaeterangi, going from Tauranga to attack Okahu pa at Rotoiti, were encountered *en route* by Ngatipukenga and an action was fought at Te Papanui, where Ngatipukenga were defeated.

After this the elder Taipari, of Hauraki, made peace with Ngatipukenga.

Ngapuhi came a second time to Tauranga, and on this occasion joined Ngaeterangi against Ngatipukenga, Orangimate pa was taken with much slaughter, and the refugees fled to Rotorua. At length Ngatipukenga decided to go to Hauraki, whence their feud could be carried on more easily and effectively. They, therefore, left Orangimate and Maketu, to which places they had returned from the lakes, and joined Ngatimaru at the Thames, by whom some of them were located at Manaia, near Coromandel, where they are now known as Te Tawera.

From the Thames they went with Ngatimaru to Maungatautari, from whence they operated against Ngaeterangi thrice, losing two engagements at Te Taumata and gaining one in which the Ngaeterangi chief, Tarakiteawa, was killed.

Then followed the taking of Te Papa pa at Tauranga by Te Rohu, of the Thames, where Ngatipukenga were present and joined in the assault. Te Papa was destroyed in utu for the murder by Ngaeterangi of Te Hiwi, near the Wairoa River. Te Hiwi was a chief of Ngatiraukawa.

From Te Papa Te Rohu advanced to Maketu, Ngatipukenga accompanying him. They found the pa occupied by Ngapotiki of Ngaeterangi. The pa was taken and many Ngapotiki were slain.

Again, Ngatipukenga followed Ngatimaru through the war at Haowhenua and Taumatawiwi, and after the defeat suffered there Ngatipukenga fled to Rotorua, where they hardly escaped death because they had murdered Te Kuiti at Rotorua, on a former visit, and because they had killed Te Oneone at Maketu. These were very good reasons why they should be killed and eaten, but they were saved through an old marriage of one of their chiefs with a Ngatiwhakaue woman of rank. However, Ngatiwhakaue would not allow them to remain at Ohinemutu, and they passed on to Maketu, which place they held until Te Waharoa took their pa and killed nearly the whole of them. The remnant fled back to Rotorua. When Maketu was re-taken by the Arawa this remnant returned to Maketu, where it has remained to the present time.

During the civil war at Tauranga in the fifties, Ngatipukenga were invited from Manaia to help Ngatihe, with the promise of receiving land at Ngapeke, at Tauranga. They came and got the land, but rendered no military service for it, for the war was over before they arrived. A number of Ngatipukenga live at Ngapeke still.

The little tui was the ruin of Ngatipukenga. It involved them in a long struggle with

Ngaeterangi that lasted for generations, and reduced their number to such an extent that they ceased to have power to disturb anyone; moreover they lost all their lands at Opotiki and Tauranga, through the restless and pugnacious spirit which followed their adventure at Tawhitirahi.

Ngatirawharo Tribe.

Ngatirawharo were like Ngaeterangi, only more Hawaikian, perhaps. Originally they lived at Ohiwa, whence they moved to Waiohau, on the Rangitaiki River. The Ngatipukeko a tribe of Ngatiawa, objected to what they considered a trespass on their land, and attacked them. Marupuku was the chief of Ngatipukeko, who led this war, in which there was much fighting, lasting a long time. The following battles were fought: Whakaaronga, where Ngatirawharo suffered severely; then Putahinui and Pounatehe were engágements at which Irawharo were beaten and driven many miles toward the sea. This happened about the time that Te Rangihouhiri made their progress from Opotiki to Tauranga. Ngatipukeko continued from time to time, with more or less success, to wage war. They fought at Otamarakau at Waiohau, at Tamahanga near Raerua, at Tapuae, and at Omataroa. On each occasion they improved their position, and after the action last named, Ngatirawharo were compelled to move off their land and cross the river

at Te Teko; but the people at Te Teko would not allow them to remain there, so they had no option but to move on, nor stopped until, with reduced numbers, they arrived at Otamarakau at Waitahanui. There, and at Te Ruataniwha, they settled, and remained a long time. At length they joined their friends, the Ngaeterangi, at Tauranga, where they have lived ever since. This tribe has forgotten that it has aboriginal blood in its veins.

The War of Ngatipukeko of Mataatua with Ngatimanawa of Te Arawa.

Shortly after the termination of their war with the Kareke tribe at Te Poroa, Ngatipukeko, under Te Muinga, went to Te Whaiti to live. Te Muinga's example was not immediately followed by all the chiefs, but in the course of four or five years all the great chiefs had moved from Whakatane to Te Whaiti, Tehe only remaining at Papaka to take care of that place (Papaka, it will be remembered, was the strong pa at Whakatane that Tamapahore was prowling round on the night when he grossly insulted a chief's daughter). In time about six hundred fighting men had settled at Te Whaiti, whose chiefs were Kihi, Mokai, Tautari in his youth, Te Mahuhu, and Te Moeroa. Their principal pa was Nihowhati. It happened one day that Tamahi of theirs set out on a journey to Whakatane, for numbers of the tribe continually passed and repassed between the two

places. When he arrived at Puketapu, a pa at Mangahouhi, Tamahi met a war-party of the Uriwera, under Paiterangi, who slew him. Ngatihaka saw the deed and took the body of Tamahi and buried it. Soon after, three men of Ngatimanawa passing by, dug up the body and ate it. They were Manakore, Tarewarua, and Matarehua. When Ngatipukeko heard of it, all the body had been consumed.

Then Kihi led Ngatipukeko away from the members of all other tribes, to a remote place in the forest, where he said he wished a clearing to be made, but when they had arrived on the ground he cast aside his stone axe and grasped his weapon; they all did the same, and a council of war was held to know what should be done. It was unanimously decided to avenge the insult offered by Ngatimanawa, and this was done by making a night attack under Kihi on Parakakariki pa, near Tutu Tarata. They killed Te Matau and vindicated their honour. Then peacewas ostensiblymade and hostilities ceased.

After the foregoing episode, messages came to Ngatipukeko at Te Whaiti, from the tribes at Taupo and Whanganui, asking them to come and fight for them. The tribe was summoned to a council of war, and Kihi urged the enterprise, saying to the chiefs Matua and Taimimiti: "Go and lead the fight." They answered: "No, go you and lead, for you are our fighting chief." (Kihi was probably afraid to leave the home of the tribe in the care of the two chiefs named.) However, he went with a

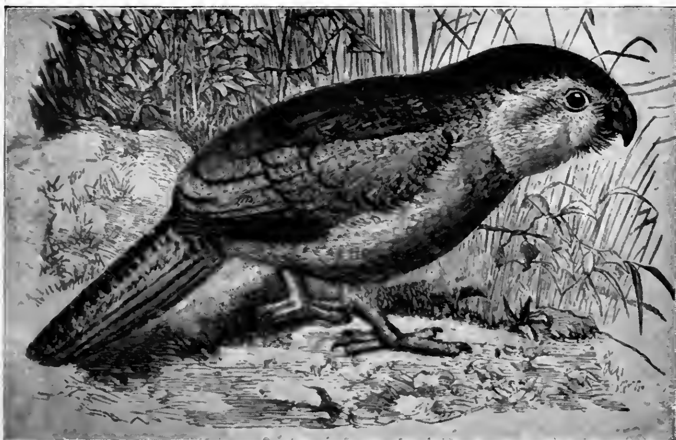
war party of seven score men, and had a very successful campaign, taking pas at Whangaehu, near Whanganui.

During Kihi's absence Matua and Taimimiti went on a fishing excursion (but Ngatimanawa chose to say they went to kill men in utu for the violation of Te Wharekohuru, Tautari's daughter). They were busy catching eels when they received an invitation from Ngatimanawa, at Waiirohia, near by. They accepted the proffered hospitality, and, as a reward for their simplicity, they and their party of seven were slain. Having thus committed themselves, Ngatimanawa immediately arose and destroyed two Ngatipukeko villages, Ngatahuna and another; only one person escaped, who fled from the latter to Nihowhati. But though warned, Nihowhati was nevertheless destroyed, the bulk of the people being away. Te Munga and one hundred people were burnt at Nihowhati in a large house in the pa, called Te Umu ki te Ngaere.

It happened, however, that one man, named Mato, escaped unperceived from the rear of the house, and gave the alarm to the scattered Ngatipukeko in the surrounding country, who all collected at Oromaitaki, where they were joined by the refugees of Ngatiwhare, for Ngatiwhare had suffered also, and there they built a pa to defend themselves. Karia was sent to recall Kihi, and fortunately met him returning with his war party close at hand at Kaingaroa.

On hearing the dreadful intelligence, the warriors of the Ngatipukeko whose families had been massacred, determined to kill Kihi on the spot for taking them away to Whanganui. But Kihi said: "Let me live to get vengeance. If the other chiefs had lived you might have killed me, and I would have been willing to die, but they are all slain, and there is no one else to lead you now. Let me live to seek vengeance." Then Ngatipukeko spared him.

Soon they came upon a birdcatcher of Ngatimanawa, whom they questioned, and learned that they were close to the main body of Ngatimanawa, seven or eight hundred strong, who were about to attack Oromaitaki. Killing the birdcatcher, they advanced and presently perceived the enemy reconnoitring the pa. They remained unperceived, and at daylight next morning attacked him unawares, routing him with slaughter and the loss of two chiefs; but they found at the end of the action that the birdcatcher had deceived them, and that the main body of the enemy had not been engaged. On this they became very cautious, watching all detached parties, and cutting them off. By this means several score of Ngatimanawa were killed. At length a general action was fought, in which Ngatimanawa, although assisted by Ngatihineuru from Runanga, were defeated. Then for the first time Kihi's war party went to Oromaitaki to mingle their lamentations with the people there for the many murdered members of the tribe. For a short time only did



Kakapo.

they weep, and then they went out from the pa the same day to fight the enemy at Ikarea. This was not a decisive action, but the next battle fought at Mangatara was entirely favourable to Ngatipukeko. It was a very peculiar battle, because it was fought by women. There were only thirty-seven Ngatipukeko men engaged, all the rest who fought were women, and the odds against them were fearful. But first, I should say, that the Ngatipukeko had been out-generalled. They were scattered in pursuit of detached parties, when suddenly Ngatimanawa fell, with concentrated force, upon their head-quarters, where their families were. The women were equal to the occasion. They rigged up guys so well that the enemy was deceived, and in forming for attack laid himself open to an irresistible onset in the flank. The Amazons displayed a wonderful courage and knowledge of the art of war. With hair cropped short and bodies nude* they charged into the undefended side of the enemy, with such force as to throw him into confusion. Moenga was the distinguished Amazon of the day. She fought with a paiaka, and hewed the Ngatimanawa down on every side. On all sides the enemy fell, until he broke and fled; the main body of Ngatipukeko army came up in time to follow in pursuit, nor stopped until Runanga was reached. From there the Ngatimanawa, or rather, what was left of them, passed on to Mohaka, where Te

*In Maori warfare it was absolutely necessary to fight naked, and with short hair, in order to give the enemy no means of catching hold of the body; for the same reason oil or fat, when obtainable, was smeared over the body before going into action.

Kahu o te Rangi, a chief of Ngatikahungungu, made slaves of them. Te Kahu soon found that he was being cheated by his slaves. The birds they caught were given to a chief of another tribe. Finding they were not to be trusted, he ill-treated and killed them.

Then Ngaetuhoe, a tribe of the Uriwera, took compassion on the miserable remnant of Ngatimanawa, and brought them away to Maungapohatu, and they had some old kumara pits given them to live in. While they lived in this abject condition at Maungapohatu, the Ngatimanawa sent Kato and others to Kihi to sue for peace. Their petition was granted, and terms were fixed. The next day another section of Ngatipukeko sent for Kato and his friends, to hear and discuss the terms named; this, however, was only a ruse, for as soon as Kato and his companions appeared, some of whom were related to Ngatiwhare, they killed and ate them. Therefore, for ever after that treacherous hapu of Ngatipukeko was called Ngatikohuru (hapu of murderers).

Now, when Ngatipukeko had conquered Ngatimanawa, Ngatiwhare became afraid of their inflamed and bloodthirsty demeanour, and quietly withdrew to the mountains, and there remained until intelligence was received of the murder of their friends by Ngatikohuru. Then, from being friendly from a distance, they changed and became active enemies to Ngatipukeko, although closely related to them, and revenge in some way was determined upon.

The opportunity was not long in coming. News was received that Ngatipukeko were sending a deputation of chiefs to the Uriwera at Ruatahuna; instantly Ngatiwhare dispatched Karia, their chief, to Ruatahuna, there to persuade the Uriwera chief, Rangikawhetu, to kill the deputation when it should arrive. Rangikawhetu assented to Karia's proposal, and tried to carry it out. His success was only partial, for Mokai and Kuraroa escaped. This affair created a further complication in the political outlook, and for a long time Ngatipukeko were embroiled with the Uriwera tribe.

At this time Ngatipukeko had possession of the right bank of Rangitaika from Waiohau to Te Whaiti, where they lived many years undisturbed, and then they returned under Kihi to Whakatane. From Whakatane they went to Te Awa o te Atua and lived a while, and there they saw Captain Cook's ship pass by. They went off to the vessel and saw the people on board of her.* Again they returned to Whakatane, where a deputation from Ngatimanawa and Ngatiwhare sued for peace and to be permitted to return to their homes at Te Whaiti, and Ngatipukeko allowed them to go there.

*The tradition says that they saw Cook's people balancing poles on their chins. The poles were balanced vertically, one end in the air, the other on the chin. I have heard this tradition more than once from old chiefs now deceased, not one of whom could give me any explanation. Could it have been that Cook and his officers were seen taking the sun with old-fashioned elongated quadrants? or were the marines seen in profile with their arms at the 'carry,' and that thus an impression was produced on the Maoris? or were the men really amusing themselves in the manner described? Doubtless the long voyage necessitated some amusements, and perhaps this curious one was extemporised.

A Maori Duel.

When the chief Matua was murdered, as I have said, while eel-catching at Waiirohia, he left a little son named Tama te Rangi, who grew up to be a man imbued with the strongest hatred of his father's murderers. This feeling had been carefully instilled into him by his widowed mother from earliest childhood, by songs and hakas, and by the persistent character of remarks which were specially directed against Potaua, and she took care to have Tama te Rangi carefully trained to the use of arms.

Potaua heard what the widow had done, and he feared to approach Te Tirina country, where she lived. At length he came to Puketapu, a pa on the Rangitaiki, by the racecourse at Te Teko. He was encouraged to venture there by the presence of Harehare and two other chiefs, with whom he thought he should be safe from insult and attack.

Tama te Rangi heard that Potaua had come to Puketapu, in the Pahipoto country, and when he heard it he said to his people at Whakatane that he would go and see him.

Taking two companions he went, and at night he camped in the fern, a mile or two from Puketapu pa. He informed the chiefs of the pa by a messenger that he had come, and they invited him to the pa for the night.

Tama te Rangi replied that they would see him come to their pa by the light of the day.

The next morning Tama was seen approaching, and the whole population turned

out to see what he would do. He came and walked up the narrow roadway into the public place of the pa, all people respectfully making way for him and his companions. Here on an arena already formed and guarded stood Potaua. The chiefs of the pa were standing at the further end of the space, beyond Potaua. Tama te Rangi entered the arena at once, and advanced confidently upon his enemy, who had a presentiment that his hour had come. This unnerved him, and the young man's vigour and skill overcame him, and he fell, slain by the avenger of blood, in the presence of all the people.

Hatua, the father of the late Rangitukehu, leaped forward, and by his great influence saved the other Ngatimanawa visitors, who, in the excitement of the moment, would have been killed on the spot by the people of his tribe.

Another Maori Duel.

It was in the lake country that Eke, a faithless fair eloped to the forest with Utu, a middle-aged chief of considerable authority and weighty connections. The feeling of the tribe was very much roused against Utu, for Tua, the injured husband, was a popular man, and one of their best fighting chiefs, whereas Utu had never distinguished himself in any way, excepting on the present occasion, which had proved him oblivious to the obligations due to a friend and neighbour. The truant pair journeyed to other parts, and remained away

until Utu, tired of his toy, and wearied of the exile, determined to go home and face the consequences. So one morning an affair of honour came off on the sands of Ruapeka Bay, at Ohinemutu. Utu, accompanied by his friend, Ana, were there on one side, and Tua, with four other principals, were there on the other side. Ana was not a principal, and was not there to fight, but the four men who were with Tua had each of them come to get satisfaction as near relations to the husband, or to the wife, for the Maoris were communistic in their customs. Any of these principals could have taken Tua's children from him, and they were equally entitled to avenge his honour, for was it not their honour also?

Utu sat before these five adversaries on the sand, unarmed, provided only with a short stick called a karo, with which to ward off any spears thrown at him, or blows from other weapons that might be used. Had he been a slave he would not have been allowed to have even a karo, but must have defended himself with his hands and arms. Utu's karo had been well karakia-ed by the priest.

All being ready the duel began. Tua remained inactive while each of the four men who had accompanied him advanced in turn and threw a spear at Utu, who managed to karo, ward off, the four darts without hurt to himself. The rights of the four were now exhausted. The Atua having caused their attacks to fail, they could not be repeated without danger to

themselves; any one of them who, contrary to all canons human and divine, should renew his attack, would be liable in himself or his family to misfortune (aitua) by sickness, accident, or otherwise. Even against a slave attack could not be renewed. These assailants had had every chance. The choice of weapons and how to use them had been theirs. They had chosen spears. The weight of the weapon and the distance at which to throw it had been at their option. Any one of them for that matter might have walked up to Utu as he sat and speared him on the spot at short point, had he been able, but they were too experienced to attempt it. Utu would have defended himself easily in that case. Rising at the right moment, and advancing a pace, he would have fixed his opponent's eye, and by a dexterous movement of his right hand would have seized and averted the thrust—thus to disarm an enemy to one who knew how was as simple as shaking hands with a friend.

As we have disposed of the four in theory and practice, let us return to Tua, whom we left looking on, apparently almost an indifferent spectator. The four had failed, and this seemed suddenly to rouse his feelings, for he went off into a dance wholly scornful in gesture of his friends, and somewhat defiant of his enemies, treating all to an exhibition of agility as he darted from place to place, and skill in brandishing his weapon, and riveting attention, his own the while being fixed in semi-challenge

to the bunglers, and thus he gained his point of vantage, and wheeling, struck the unsuspecting Ana, whom nobody wished to hurt, and thus the duel ended as communistically as it had begun. I should say that Hea, a brother of Tua, being of a utilitarian disposition, had refrained from exercising his right at the encounter. The satisfaction he required was a bit of land. Utu recognised the claim, and gave him a nice little town site overlooking the lake.

Maori Communism.

As in his private warfare, so in his general life. The Maori was a thorough communist. But through the warp of his communism woofs of chieftainship and priestcraft were woven into a texture strong enough to answer all the requirements of his simple civilisation. Where communal usage did not reach the case the chief's was the executive governing power that dealt with it. Thus, communal usage might require a muru,* and it would be made accordingly by persons having the right. If a man's wife went wrong her people would muru him for not taking better care of her, this was usage; but if the chief ordered a muru it would be for reasons known to himself, presumably for the benefit of the tribe. If a man gave much trouble the chief might have him muru-ed, or he might take his wife from him. If he misconducted himself in war, the chief might strike

*To muru a man was to strip him of his personal property or some of it, or communist property in which he had an interest might be muru-ed.

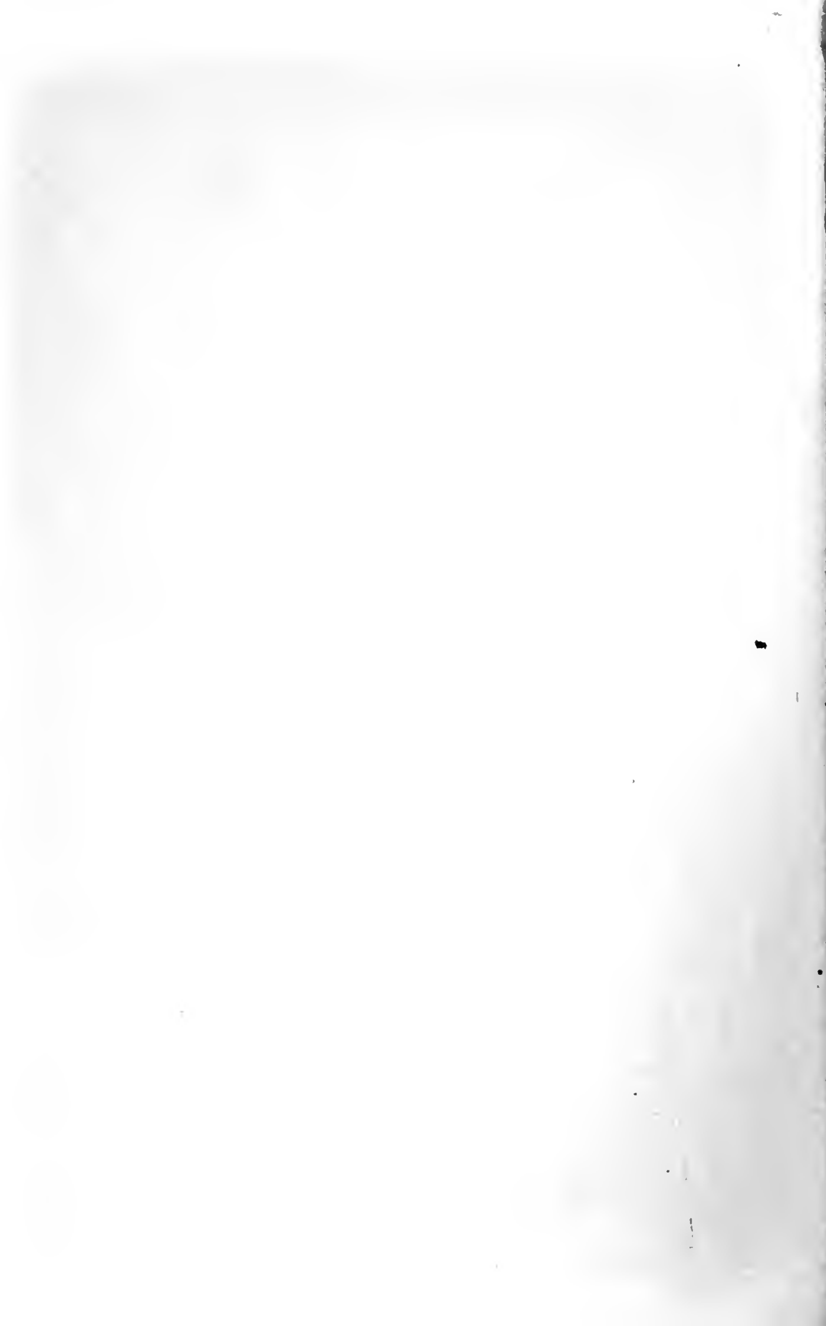
him with his weapon. As a rule, however, these manifestations of authority were seldom needed, and very seldom exercised. The chieftainship of the tribe was an hereditary office, passing from father to son by the law of primogeniture; if the regular successor lacked the mental vigour and force necessary to the position, then another member of the hereditary family would be put in his place. The chief generally consulted advisers, or was supported by a council. In any case the chief could not run counter to the will of the people.

The priest performed many religious offices for the community. Questions of tapu were in his keeping. At times of sickness his aid was invoked. At births he was not absent, and at baptisms his presence was necessary. He advised the chiefs as to the will of the gods, and the greatest weight was attached to his utterances on such occasions. He always received fees in the form of presents. As a rule he supported the governing power. If the priest (tohunga) stood high in his profession, and was sent for from a distance to perform an important function, his fee would be commensurate to the event. He did not neglect the requirements of the humble members of the community. The widow with her small offering received his conscientious attention. Her child's illness was diagnosed and prescribed for and karakia-ed the same as for a more prosperous person. The priest's office was hereditary.

Although the chief carried himself with an air of authority, and the priest wore an appearance of superiority, each was subtly influenced by the communism of the body of which he formed a part. The former felt the pulse of the people before taking a step; the latter did not disregard their feelings and prejudices. Each lived in the same way as the people around him. Sometimes, however, a chief rose by violence or intrigue to such a commanding position among other tribes that his own tribe acquired perfect confidence in his judgment and ability, and followed him implicitly. Such men were Tuwhakairiora, the first Te Waharoa, Te Rauparaha, and Hongi Hika.

As I have said, the Maori was a communist. Excepting perhaps a patch of land he might own privately, and his weapons and ornaments, the only thing he could draw the line at, and safely say, "This is mine," was his wife, who, before she blended her life with his, had been from earliest youth in principle and practice also a communist of the free love kind, not that much love had been involved, only that "through some shades of earthly feeling," she had tripped from pleasure to pleasure, not waiting to be wooed, and shedding in lieu of the "meek and vestal fires," "a glow so warm and yet so shadowy, too," upon her associates, "as made the very darkness there more sought after than light elsewhere." May I be pardoned for adapting the lines of the poet to my subject, who was neither a Delilah nor a Messalina, but

Waka Nene.



a simple Eve of nature, against whom, in her own people's eyes there was no law nor fault to find—kahore he ture. But when she became a wife she rose to a higher sphere. Her animal habits changed as if by magic. Her communistic shell was cast, and she emerged an individual, a faithful Maori matron, with all the rights and obligations pertaining to her new condition.

But to return to our Maori communist. He could not even claim his own children exclusively. For his brother, if childless, might, and most likely would, come and take one of them away and adopt it, and his sister might take another; so also his wife's sister might assert a similar right, but they could not among them deprive him of all his children. Communism stepped in at that point and took his part, for was he not as well entitled as they to share in the offspring?

The house he lived in was called a wharepuni (living close together house). It contained but one room, in which both sexes, old and young, married and single, lived together night and day, and, according to size, it accommodated from say a dozen to four times that number of persons.* Again, when he went to cultivate

*More than fifty years ago the missionaries strongly discountenanced the wharepuni system amongst their converts. The Maoris, however, as was quite natural, could not understand their objection. Even their most devoted teachers were unable to appreciate it at first. But time has worked a change. Missionary perseverance, and the example of European civilisation have swept away the old Maori wharepuni. Each little family has now its own separate whare, and these are generally partitioned. The wharepuni of the present generation is a sort of town hall, in which strangers are lodged when visiting the tribe, and does not represent the old communism of the past.

the soil, he did not go by himself, taking perhaps his son or sons, as a European would. No, when he went he went with the commune. It was not his motion, but the motion of a body of people, whom the chief apparently led, while instinctively following the democratic desire. Men and women, boys and girls, all went together, as to a picnic, cheerful, happy and contented, and it was a pleasant sight to see them ranged in rows, and digging with their ko-es (wooden Maori spades), as they rose and fell, and their limbs and bodies swayed rhythmically to the working of the ko, and the chorus of an ancient hymn, invoking a blessing on the fruit of their labour. Still a large yield was not always a benefit, for it would sometimes induce friends and relations to come from a distance and eat the commune out of house and home.

In the same way our communist was quite unable to keep any new thing, especially in the way of clothing. Did he sell a pig, and get a blanket in payment, his father presently paid him a visit, and was seen returning with the blanket draped round his person, and if he sold some kits or corn for a shirt, a pair of trousers, and a hat, his cousin would come from five or six miles away, and the hat would be given to him. Of course, the custom cut both ways, for when reduced in circumstances he, too, made calls upon his friends at auspicious times. But the system he lived under discouraged individual effort, and those who tried individually

to better themselves under it sooner or later gave up the attempt, and it was not until the example of the early settlers had fully influenced another generation, stimulating it to further action, and the Native Land Courts had individualised their holdings, that the ice was broken, and the communistic element in their system of civilisation that had stunted enterprise and retarded material interests was greatly diminished, though not entirely removed.

But when it came to fighting, the Maori's communism helped him. When summoned to do battle for the commonwealth he instantly obeyed without conscription or recruiting, and with no swearing in, no shirking, no grumbling, he appeared at his post a trained soldier, active, willing and determined, in an army where courts-martial were unnecessary and unknown. He was animated by a living principle, he thought not of himself, but the body he belonged to was ever in his mind. The spirit that was in him inspired the whole, giving fierceness to the war dance, zest to the tuki* of the war canoe, and proved a powerful factor in war.

Communism in war did not extend to the department of the Commander-in-Chief. The

*To tuki was to give time to rowers in a canoe. To tuki a war canoe required tact and skill. The chiefs prided themselves upon the proper performance of this function. Passing to and fro upon the narrow thwarts between the rows of rowers (itself an acrobatic feat), the kai-tuki gave the time and inspired the crew by words, exclamations, short speeches, snatches of song, all delivered to time, with gesture, attitude, and motions of his weapon, also in time. In very large canoes there were sometimes two kai-tukis, the senior of whom promenaded the after part of the vessel, while the other occupied the fore part.

General was free to do his own thinking, and to issue his own orders, and implicit obedience was rendered to him.

With certain exceptions the Maori held his land as a member of the tribe. In the matter of this, his real estate, the communistic element in his system of civilisation was well developed, and with the exception of slaves and refugees there was not a landless person in the community. As time advanced, and posterity increased, lands that had belonged to one passed into the possession of many persons, for after several generations there would be a hapu, where one man had settled. This tendency was counteracted on the other hand by acts of partition or individualisation within the tribal boundaries; fresh boundaries would follow; moreover sales of land for valuable consideration were by no means unknown. The subject of ancient land tenure amongst the Maoris is interesting and instructive, and would in itself fill a small volume if treated exhaustively. Their claims were often singularly complex, and very far-reaching. Thus Ngaiterangi, in the early days, claimed and obtained payment for Tawhitirahi pa when a European bought the land there, and this notwithstanding they had not ventured to occupy it for three hundred years, and the natives living near the place approved of the claim; but not until they had been paid for the full value of the land.

A slave was the property of the person who captured him in war. A master could kill his

slave. A husband could beat his wife. A man might have more than one wife. The women worked more than the men, and had to do the more laborious work, such as carrying heavy burdens, which the men never did, for they had tapued their backs. When Christianity diminished the power of the priests, they did not strive against the innovation. Many of them became converted, and the others appeared to accept without question the change in the mind of the commune.

Tuwhakairiora Tribe.

This is a section of Ngatiporou tribe whose country extends from a point a little south of the East Cape to Potikirua, west of Point Lottin a few miles. From these points their boundaries running inland converge rapidly towards each other until they meet. Their territory, therefore, is triangular in form. We have seen how this country was occupied by the aborigines, and how Ngaetuari came from Whangara and conquered and settled upon the greater portion of it, and it will be remembered that the Ngaetuari were Hawaikians of Takitumu canoe.

About sixty years after the Ngaetuari had settled themselves, Tuwhakairiora appeared on the scene and altered the face of affairs in that district to such an extent that the tribe living there now owes its origin to him, and bears his name. Tuwhakairiora was also of Takitumu extraction, and it is of the rather remarkable

Takitumuan movement that was made under him that I would tell. But first I will briefly outline the Takitumuan prelude to our story from the landing at Whangara to the time of our hero.

We have seen that Paikea, the captain of Takitumu, settled the immigrants at Whangara, after which he sailed for Hawaiki in another canoe, and so disappears from our view. About one hundred and twenty years after Paikea's time, the chiefs of the colony at Whangara were the brothers Pororangi and Tahu. The latter went south to Kaikoura, but Pororangi, from whom the Ngatiporou are named, lived and died at Whangara.

When Pororangi died, Tahu returned from Kaikoura to mourn for hm, bringing a number of slaves with him. He married his brother's widow, and the issue of the union was Ruanuku, a son, to whom Tahu gave the party of slaves; which party became a tribe, bearing the name of Ruanuku, their master. After some years, Tahu returned to the other island, taking his son with him, and thus these two are removed from the scene; but the Ngatiruanuku were left behind, to play an important part in it.

Pororangi had two sons, Hau and Ue. The latter took the country southward from Turanga. The former and his descendants went northward, settling from time to time in various places, nor stopped until they had claimed the land as far as Taumata Apanui, near Torere. Here, however, the tide of success

was met and rolled back by the Whanau Apanui, a tribe of Hawaiki-Awa descent. About two hundred and seventy years after the colony had been planted at Whangara, Poromata, a descendant of Hau, took an active part in the movement northward, and settled at Whareponga, where Ngatiruanuku, who had become a numerous tribe, had arrived before him, and here they all lived for a time, beside the aboriginal Uepohatu tribe, of whom I have already made mention.

Now, Poromata was not a young man. He had several grown-up sons and daughters, who, like himself were of a tyrannical disposition. They despised and oppressed the Ngatiruanuku as if they had been the slaves brought from Kaikoura, one hundred and fifty years before; and, ignoring the fact that they were but a few individuals surrounded by a numerous people, they plundered the best of everything the Ngatiruanuku produced, and forcibly took their women from them, and they were particularly fond of seizing the best fish from the Ruanuku canoes when they returned from fishing out at sea. At length Ngatiruanuku, goaded beyond endurance, conspired to slay the old man and his sons, and they, by surprise, attacked them while fishing, and killed them all except one son, who escaped, and nothing more is heard of him in this story.

At this time Haukotore, a brother of Poromata, lived near by at Matakukai. He was related to Ngatiruanuku by marriage, and was

on better terms with them than his brother had been. He did not attempt to avenge the death of his brother, or seek assistance for that purpose; neither did he retire from among his brother's murderers. His behaviour was altogether pusillanimous, as for many years he remained on sufferance in the presence of his natural foes, even after they had refused his request to be permitted to establish a tapu where his brother had been slain.

Very different was the spirit that animated Atakura, the youngest of Poromata's daughters. She was at Whareponga when her father and brothers were killed, and was spared by Ngatiruanuku. Her anger, however, was not appeased by their forbearance. All the thirst for revenge that was lacking in her soulless uncle was, as it were, added to her own thirst, and concentrated in her burning breast. She left Whareponga immediately, and went to Uawa, where she married for the avowed purpose of raising up a son to avenge the murder. Thence she and her husband, whose name was Ngatihau, went to Opotiki, to which place he belonged, and there a son was born whom they named Tuwhakairiora, from the odd circumstance that an uncle of his at Waiapu had lately been buried alive (or rather put in a trough made for the purpose, and placed up in a tree, for that was a mode of sepulture). From his birth Tuwhakairiora was consecrated to the office of an avenger of blood. Atakura and her husband lived at Opotiki many years, and had

a family of several children. It was there that Tuwhakairiora received the education necessary to a chief, and the military training that should fit him for the part that he was destined to perform. He was not like other young chiefs, for all knew, and he knew, that he had a mission to which he had been dedicated from the womb, and it was proverbial how his lusty embyronic struggles had been welcomed by his mother as a token of manhood and power to slay her father's murderers.

Thus it was that our young chief, when he came to a man's estate, was the centre to whom a wide circle of adventurous spirits looked and longed for warlike excitement. Nor did he fail to take advantage of this feeling, by visiting from tribe to tribe and increasing his prestige and popularity. At length he determined to take action. For this purpose he moved with his parents to Te Kaha, Oreti, and Whangaparaoa, living at each place awhile, ingratiating themselves with the inhabitants, and drawing recruits to their cause. From the place last named his parents passed on to Kawakawa, leaving the rest of the party at Whangaparaoa, where Kahupakari, Atakura's first cousin, received them joyfully and gave her several hundred acres of land to live on. Kahupakari's father had taken part in the Ngaetuere conquest sixty years before.

Shortly after this, Tuwhakairiora followed his parents to Kawakawa, travelling by himself. On this journey he saw Ruataupare for the first

time, and married her at Wharekahika in the masterful manner already described. She was the daughter of the principal chief of that district, which was peopled at that time by aboriginal tribes. Our hero required something then to soothe his feelings, for he had just hurried away then through wounded pride from Whangaparaoa, where he had met his match in a young woman of rank named Hinerupe, towards whom he had conducted himself in a plantation where they were working with a freedom so unbecoming that she met him with her wooden spade, and hit him a blow on the jaw that sent him off. The plantation is called Kauae (jaw) to this day.

From Kawakawa Tuwhakairiora made an excursion to the East Cape, whence for the first time he viewed the Ngatiruanuku country, and doubtless thought upon his mission and revolved in his mind the task before him. But he was not to get vengeance yet, nor indeed for many years. Although he knew it not, he was even then in a path that would lead to a train of events fated to alter his position, and change him from a wayfaring adventurer to the warlike head of a powerful tribe. He turned and retraced his steps. He was alone and his dog followed him. Passing near Hekawa pa, two men, Wahia and Whata appeared, and killed his dog. He slew them both, then, putting his dead dog on his back, he went on his way; but was presently overtaken by a number of men from Hekawa. He turned and killed Pito, the

foremost, but others pressed on, and after slaying several, he took refuge on a mound that is an island at high water. The people of Hekawa surrounded the little mound and kept him there. In this position he was seen by his younger brother, Hukarere, and recognised by his red dogskin mat. His brother, who was fishing in a canoe, came instantly to the rescue. Tuwhakairiora descended the hill, cut his way through his enemies, killing Waipao, and escaped to the canoe. That place is still called Waipao. Thus Hukarere saved his brother's life, and thus Tuwhakairiora became incensed against the Ngaetuere, and he determined to make war upon them. He sent, therefore to his followers to muster and to come to him, and they quickly responded, especially at Opotiki, where he was so well known and admired. It was with these troops that he conquered the Ngaetuere.

Now we have seen that Ngaetuere were a tribe of Takitumu descent who, sixty years before, had driven out the aboriginal Ngaoko, who were of Toi extraction. More than thirty years before that time the Ngaoko had emerged from the mountain forest of Tututohara and destroyed the aboriginal tribe named Ruawaipu, that occupied the coast from Pukeamaru to Maraehara, and killed their chief, whose name was Tamatea Arahia. Tamatea Upoko, the daughter of this chief, escaped with other refugees to Whangara, where Ngatiporou, of Takitumu, received and sheltered them.

Tamatea Upoko married Uekaihau, of Ngatiporou, and in due course three sons of that marriage, Uetaha, Tamokoro and Tahania, grew up. The Ruawaipu element had, meanwhile, so strengthened itself among the Ngatiporou, that the three brothers named were able to raise an army of Ngatiporou and half-caste Ruawaipu-Ngatiporou sufficiently numerous to justify them in attacking Ngaoko, for the purpose of revenge and to regain the lost territory.

They set out, and on their march were attacked at Uawa (Tologa Bay), by Te Aetanga Hauiti, who failed to bar their passage. Again at Tawhiti mountain they were attacked by the Wahineiti, and again they forced their way against those who would have stopped them. After this they marched unmolested through the Waiapu country, belonging to the Wahineiti,* an aboriginal tribe who were a section of Te Iwi Pohatu a Maui. Having passed the East Cape the army, whom from this time I shall speak of as Ngaetuere, travelled through Horoera and Hekawa without meeting a soul, the Ngaoko had evidently fallen back to some vantage ground to await their attack. When they arrived at Kawakawa, they found the Ngaoko posted in two pas, one at Karakatuwhero, the other, Tihi o Manono, at Kopuaponamu, was the largest they had. A scouting party of the invaders fell in with a similar party of the people of the place, and cut them

*The Wahineiti of Waiapu are not to be confounded with the Wahineiti of Waipiro. The latter was a small tribe of Pororangi origin. The former was a section of the aborigines.

Wood Pigeon.

off, killing the chief, Tuteuruao. Then the Ngaoko came out of their pas in full force, and attacked Ngatuere in the open field, when the latter by stratagem led Ngaoko into Awatere Gorge, and, getting them at a disadvantage, inflicted severe loss upon them, and killed their chief, Tangikaroro. At the next engagement Ngaoko were again defeated, and another chief named Rakaimokonui fell. At the third battle Ngaoko were completely worsted, and fled for the first time before their enemies. On this occasion the chiefs Manoho and Te Awhenga were slain. On the same day the great pa Tihi o Manono was taken by assault. Ngaoko rallied, however, at the pa at Karakatuwhero, and finally at Tarapahure, another pa at Pukeamaru, but the three brothers pursued them and took these pas also, and this completed the conquest of the tribe and country. The remnant of the Ngaoko became slaves called Ngatirakaimatapu; but they intermarried with the conquerors, and became absorbed by them.

This, then, was the tribe of Ngaetuere, against whom Tuwhakairiora was about to declare war. After a lapse of sixty years, the component parts of the tribe had consolidated into a homogeneous whole, of which the elements were probably half aboriginal and half immigrant in character. And the force, chiefly Whakatohea, that was coming against them, and destined to overthrow and absorb them—what was it? We have already seen that the people it was drawn

from were a tribe of aborigines with but a strain of immigrant blood in its veins, and this is the material, united and cemented together by time, of which the Tuwhakairiora tribe is formed. From that time, more than three hundred years ago, the tribe has always been ruled by chiefs of the same distinguished Ngatiporou family.

Tuwhakairiora crossed the Awatere with his forces, and engaged and utterly defeated the Ngaetuere at Hekawa. Then he established himself at Kawakawa, and built a pa called Okauwharetoa at Awatere. Some of the Ngaetuere were now subject to him, but others were not. About this time some Ngaetumoana people killed Te Rangihekeiho of Ngaetuiti, of which tribe was Ruataupare, Tuwhakairiora's wife; this was a sufficient excuse for Tuwhakairiora to wage war against them. He fought them at the battle of Whanakaimaro, at Matakawa, and destroyed the tribe, driving the remnant off westward towards Whangaparaoa. Thus one tribe of aborgines disappeared from the district. Then another tribe of aborigines became uneasy at the presence of the invaders, and insulted them. These were the Pararake. War followed, and the battle of Pipiwhakau was fought, where the aboriginal chief Whakapuru te Rangi was slain, and his tribe was defeated and driven to Whangaparaoa. The aboriginal Ngaetuiti were allowed to remain intact because the conqueror had married into their tribe when he came from Opotiki, but they fell into a very subordinate position;

nevertheless, at their desire some of the Pararake were allowed to remain in the district.

It happened that Tuwhakairiora was taking a wife to himself at Wharekahika, his brother Hukarere was similarly engaged at Whangaparaoa. He married Hinerupe, who had used her spade so well, the granddaughter of Tamakoro, one of the three brothers who led Ngaetuere from Whangara against Ngaoko. At the time of the marriage Uetaha, her father, was the chief of a large section of Ngaetuere. This alliance favoured the designs of Tuwhakairiora by neutralising at the time of active hostilities a great number of the Ngaetuere. It enabled him to conquer the tribe in detail, instead of having them all against him at one time. Not that Tuwhakairiora acted treacherously towards the Tamakoro section of Ngaetuiti. The trouble that came they brought upon themselves. The half-brothers of Hinerupe were jealous of some advantages granted to her by Tuwhakairiora, who was her brother-in-law, and they cursed her; this, of course could not be overlooked, and action was determined upon. Tuwhakairiora sent to friends he had made at Waiapu and Uawa, asking them to come and assist him in the forthcoming struggle, and in response the chiefs Umuariki and Kautaharua appeared with their respective followings. In this manner a considerable force was collected, and the campaign of Waihakia took place, resulting in the entire defeat of the Tamakoro party, whom the conqueror reduced to a state

not exactly of slavery, but of very great subordination.

I have now told how the tribe of Tuwhakairiora was planted and grew up on the soil where it flourishes at the present time. The war had commenced with an attack made upon Tuwhakairiora while he was visiting his cousin Kahupakiri at Kawakawa. The descendants of the people who made that attack are now incorporated in the general tribe of Tuwhakairiora, under the name of Te Wakeoneone.

Many years had elapsed before these conquests were all completed, and affairs connected with them consolidated sufficiently to permit Tuwhakairiora to turn his hand to that to which he had been ordained. At length, however, a time arrived when he felt able to discharge the duty imposed, and preparations were accordingly made to assemble a force to chastise the murderers of his grandfather. From Opotiki, where he was so popular, he easily obtained as many men as he wanted. With these added to his own troops, he set sail in a fleet of canoes for the country of Ngatiruanuku, where one morning before daybreak he surpised and carried by assault Tonganiu, a pa, and killed Kahutapu, the chief of that place. Then he fought the battle of Hikutawatawa in the open, and took two other pas called Ureparaheka and another. Many were killed in these pas, the people who escaped fled inland, leaving all their land and property to the victors. Tuwhakairiora then considered that

ample revenge had been obtained, and he returned home to Kawakawa, leaving his great-uncle Haukotore and other relations, who had continued to live there after the murder, in full possession of the land.

Mate, the sister of Atakura, heard at Turanga of Tuwhakairiora's campaign, and that two or three pas had fallen, and said, "My sister's side has been avenged, but mine is not avenged," and she sent for Pakanui, her grandson, to return from a war he was prosecuting in the south, and directed him to wage war against the remaining portion of Ngatiruanuku, and against their allies, the Wahineiti of Pororangi, who lived at Waipiro.

Pakanui obeyed his grandmother, and fitted out a number of canoes for an expedition, and for want of warriors he manned them with a force so inadequate to the object intended, that he devised the extraordinary ruse of taking the women and children in the canoes, in order to deceive Ngatiruanuku as to the nature of the flotilla, and for the rest he hoped that some accident might befriend him. When Pakanui and his party arrived at Waipiro, they landed there and camped on the shore. To all appearance they were travellers *en route*; the presence of the women and children quite put the people there off their guard; but the strangers could not remain there indefinitely; their chief knew this, and was puzzled what action next to take. He could not send for Tuwhakairiora's assistance, for his enterprise

was a sort of set-off against what that chief had done. He could not attack the enemy openly without courting defeat, while to return home would be to make himself a laughing stock, and nothing had happened, or was likely to happen, to assist him. In this dilemma he racked his brains, and an idea occurred to him, upon which, for want of a better, he determined to act. He told each man to make a hand net, such as was used for catching small fish among the rocks on the seashore; with the help of the women this task was soon accomplished. Then he distributed his men along the shore in open order, a little time before the right time of tide for fishing, and they were all engaged in fishing at the many little channels in the rocks through which the tide flowed, some of them made artificially, and each belonging to some man in the neighbouring pa.*

The owners of these fishing channels did not admire the freedom of the strangers, and they mustered to occupy their private fishing ground. At the right time of tide they presented themselves in a body, each man with his hand net, and their chief Rangirakaikura at their head. The chief found that Pakanui had appropriated his stream, for Paka had noted beforehand which was the chief's stream, and said to him,

*In many parts of the East Coast, south of Hick's Bay, a limestone formation prevails, the strata of which, tilted at a high angle, run in parellel lines from the land to the sea. At the coast these lines of rocks are cut off by the waves, and because their cleavage is at right angles with their strata, a serrated and fluted shore line filled with parallel channels running from high water mark to low water, is formed. Up these channels the kehe fish passes in search of food with the flood, and returns to the sea with ebb tide.

"And where am I to fish?" Paka promptly drew his net out of the water, and replied, "Fish here," and he stood beside Rangi as he fished. This little pantomime was enacted all along the line, until Pakanui saw all his men distributed like Thugs, each man standing close to a man of the other side, apparently looking at the fishing, really awaiting the pre-arranged signal that Paka was to make, the tide meanwhile washing high over their feet. Suddenly the signal was given; then each man of Paka's side simultaneously drew a mere, attached to his foot under water, and throwing his net over the head of his enemy, entangled him in it, while he killed him with the mere. In this manner Pakanui's party killed one hundred fighting men, including the chief, and struck such a terror into the remainder of the enemy that Pakanui was able to follow up the success effectively. This affair is known as Te Ika Koraparua, which may be freely rendered, "Two fish in one net:" the kehe and the man. It took place near Tangitu stream, between Akuaku and Whareponga. The Ngatiruanuku fled inland, whither they were followed and finally destroyed. Thus Mate was avenged for the death of Poromata, her father, by the extinction of the remnant of Ruanuku people whom Tuwhakairiora had spared, but the Wahineiti tribe remained in full force south of Waipiro stream, being too numerous for Pakanui to venture to disturb them. However, he settled on the land he had conquered, and lived there

several years, at the end of which he was compelled by the hostility of the Wahineiti to obtain the aid of Tuwhakairiora, who came with a strong force and crushed the Wahineiti at the battle of Rorohukatai, fought on Waipiro beach (so named because the brains of men were mingled there with the froth of the tide), and by taking their three pas, Poroporo, Turangamoahu and Maungakowhai. At the end of the war Tuwhakairiora returned home, whence he sent Iritekura, his niece, to occupy the conquered territory. She went with her family to Waipiro about three hundred and thirty years ago. She lived and died there, and her descendants who bear her name, live there at the present day.

But Iritekura, who founded the tribe of that name, is not the only Maori woman whose name figures in the history of her race.

It was a woman, Torere, who swam ashore from Tainui canoe, and founded the Ngaitai tribe.

It was the woman, Muriwai, who led the Ngatiawa to Whakatane in Mataatua canoe.

It was a woman, Atakura, that caused several pas to be destroyed out of revenge.

It was a woman, Mate, that caused a tribe to be annihilated from feelings of revenge.

It was a woman, Hinewaha, whose thirst for revenge enabled her to raise the Ngatitematera at the Thames, and incite them to make war on Ngamarama at Katikati, because her brothers had been slain in battle by the latter.

It was a woman, Ruataupare, who invaded the Wahineiti at Tokomaru, and took that country from them, and founded a tribe that bears her name now.

It was a woman, Moenga, who led the Amazons at the battle of Mangatara, and routed the enemy.

But if there have been women political, women revengeful, and military women, amongst the Maoris, there have also been merciful women, and women of a peaceful disposition.

Of such was the woman Kurauhirangi, who intervened on the field of battle and made peace between Te Roroterangi and Ngaeterangi at Maketu, and terminated a war that had lasted many years, and had probably cost thousands of lives, for great efforts had been made by many tribes to recover that place from Ngaeterangi.

When Te Rohu, a chief of Hauraki, influenced by revenge, took the large pa at Tauranga called Te Papa, and slew its unfortunate people, it was a woman, one of his wives (whose name I regret I have mislaid), who persuaded him to relinquish his intention to destroy Otumoetai, and to be satisfied with the utu obtained. She saved the lives in that large pa of perhaps two thousand persons, and returned home with her husband.

Now observe the sequel. It happened within a short time after, that Te Waharoa urged Ngaeterangi to help him in the approaching

campaign against the Hauraki tribes at Haowhenua. They responded to the call, and sent a contingent of about two hundred men, who all returned home without fighting because they had received a message from that woman before the battle of Taumatawiwi asking if they remembered Otumoetai.*

Lastly, it was a woman, Mapihiterangi, who stopped the chronic state of warfare between Ngaeterangi and the remnant of Ngatiranginui. She was a Ngaeterangi woman of rank, who, unknown to her own tribe, passed over to the enemy's tribe, and married its guerilla chief.

And it was quite a common thing in ancient Maori life and history for women of rank to sacrifice their own feelings and all they held dear, and marry stranger chiefs of other tribes, from whom in times of public emergency assistance was required.

*The return home of Ngaeterangi without fighting at Taumatawiwi, is not mentioned in the story of Te Waharoa. I had heard of that return at the time I wrote that book, from a man who was a slave in the Haowhenua pa. All he could say was that Ngaeterangi had turned back at Horotiu River, without crossing it, and therefore, without reaching the field of Taumatawiwi. I hesitated, however, to attach historical weight to an improbable and inexplicable story. I have since learned from Ngaeterangi chiefs now deceased, that the story of the slave was correct, and that the woman's message was the cause of the extraordinary proceeding.

THE HAWAIKI MAORI IMMIGRATION.

SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER.

In concluding these "Sketches of Ancient Maori Life and History," let me say that since the foregoing pages were written a memorandum on the coming of the canoes has been found by my brother, Captain C. J. Wilson, amongst some family papers in his possession, which is in our late father's well-known handwriting, and is initialed by him. The paper is undated, but for reasons it is unnecessary to trouble the reader with I think it was written some time between the middle of 1836 and the end of 1841. In addition to some things already mentioned, it gives the following information:—

First, certain details of the struggle that led to the emigration from Hawaiki are treated; but as these are not within the sphere of our inquiry, we need not enter upon them now.

Then the Pukeko is named among the living things that were brought in the canoes from Hawaiki.*

We are told that the canoes left Hawaiki "lashed together in one long line."

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*I did not enumerate the Pukeko in a former chapter among the things brought from Hawaiki, not because I had not heard of it, but because my information was received from a source that did not appear to be sufficiently reliable.

The names of seven or more canoes are given, six of which landed in the Bay of Plenty. These, with four Ngapuhi canoes—of which I have since been informed by a chief of that tribe—make the number of the fleet up to twenty-two canoes. The following is a list of the fleet and the place of landing of each canoe in so far as I can furnish the same. The eleven canoes whose names have been already given are placed last on the list. The exploring canoe Matawhaorua is omitted because she did not bring immigrants to Aotearoa:—

Names of Canoes.	Places of Landing.	Remarks.
1. Nukutere	near Marahea, East Coast	Ngatihau
2. Rakautapu	Whakatane	
3. Akeake	Whakatane	
4. Awarua	Matata	
5. Te Ru	Matata	
6. Wakatane	Whakapaukorero, west of Matata	
7. Pakihikura	Ohiwa	Ngariki tribe
8. Ruakaramea	Mangonui	Ngapuhi tribe
9. Waipapa	Oruru	Ngapuhi
10. Puhitaniwha		Ngapuhi derive their name from this canoe
11. Mamamaru		Ngapuhi
12. Kurahaupo		Ngatiwhatua
13. Mahuhu		Ngapuhi
14. Arawa	Maketu	Many Arawa tribes
15. Whatu Ranganuku	Wairarapa	Waitaha Turauta, a section of the Arawa
16. Tainui	Kawhia	Many Tainui tribes
17. Mataatua	Whakatane	Many Ngatiawa tribes
18. Takitumu, alias Horouta	Whangara	Many Takitumu tribes
19. Pungarangi	Rurima and Wairarapa	Nelson natives
20. Aotea	Aotea	West Coast natives
21. Rangimatoru	Ohiwa	Ngatirangi
22. Tokomaru	Tokomaru and Mokau	Atiawa and Ngati maru, of West Coast

From Ohiwa Pakihikura canoe went to Opotiki. The bar at the mouth of Opotiki river

was named after her, and still bears her name in the abbreviated form of Pakihi. The Ngariki people who formed her crew landed on the flat at Opotiki and lived there. They and their descendants occupied the seaboard in that part until they had made themselves so obnoxious to the aborigines, that the latter emerged from the forest-clad mountains of the interior and swept them out of the Opotiki valley. The remnant of the Ngariki fled eastward, and their descendants may be found at the present time living amongst the compatriot Whanau Apanui tribe.

It is more than twenty-eight years since I heard of Ngariki and their troubles; but I refrained from mentioning them in the previous pages simply because I was unable to find a niche for them in the historical arrangement of these sketches (and I may also say that I have been unable to include the Panenehu in the scheme); but now the difficulty, so far as Ngariki are concerned, is removed by my father's memorandum, written perhaps twice twenty-eight years ago, and I am glad to fill up the blank by placing them amongst the Hawaiki-Maori tribes.

While searching my papers for particulars of the Ngariki-Whakatohea war, I came upon a note of my own that had been overlooked when I remarked upon the paucity of information in connection with Rangimatoru canoe. I find by the note that Rangi was the captain of Rangimatoru. The canoe terminated her

voyage from Hawaiki at Ohiwa, thence she went to Opotiki. Her passengers ascended the Otara branch of the river at Opotiki, and settled in what is known as the Opotiki gorge, and they hunted in the valley of the Pakihi stream. Unlike the Ngariki, who behaved treacherously, these immigrants lived at peace with the aboriginal Whakatohea, and ultimately became incorporated with them. They are now known as the Ngatirangi, a sub-section, or pori, of the Whakatohea tribe.

The Ngatihau settled when they came in Nukutere canoe at Marahea, between Tokomaru and Anaura, from whence they hived off as they increased in number, and made an additional home for the tribe on the banks of the Upper Whanganui River.

At Mangonui a stone marks the spot where Te Ruakaramea finished her voyage from Hawaiki.

Some of the descendants of the immigrants who came in Tainui penetrated as far as Taupo, Moawhango and the Upper Rangitikei, and settled there. They were called Ngatihotu after Hotunui, the captain of Tainui, and were living at the places named one hundred and eighty years after the arrival of their ancestors' canoe at Kawhia. It was at that time that the Ngatihotu were invaded by sections of the Arawa, and driven out of Taupo; but they maintained their position on the watersheds of the Moawhango and Rangitikei rivers until they were displaced and finally destroyed by bands

of adventurers of Takitumu extraction; this happened about three hundred years ago. The Hawaikians struggled with each other for possession in remote parts, just as Europeans contended against one another in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries for dominion in America and the Indies.

The Tainui tribes did not take possession of the Lower Thames Valley until more than one hundred years after they had occupied the Taupo district, although the former was nearer and more suitable to their requirements. From this we may infer that while the Tainui were few the aborigines at the Thames were too numerous to be attacked by them, and that Taupo was unoccupied or but sparsely settled by the ancient inhabitants when the Tainui people went there.

I will now, with the leave of my reader, lay down my pen, and would say that in making these sketches I have refrained from subordinating fact to effect. I have endeavoured to unravel and lay straight the convolutions of a tangled skein. If I have in any degree succeeded in the task; if from heaps of material that cumbered the ground a structure has been outlined that shall bear the test of time and bear being added to, then I shall have accomplished that which I desired, notwithstanding the errors and imperfections of the record; the distant retrospect will be in a measure cleared, and some points will be fixed in the ancient history of New Zealand.

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