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Reminiscences of the War in New Zealand

Thomas Wayth Gudgeon

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REMINISCENCES
THE WAR IN NEW ZEALAND.

BY
THOMAS W. GUDGEON,
LIEUTENANT AND QUARTER-MASTER COLONIAL FORCES, N. Z.

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[DEDICATION]

This Work

Page iii

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR

TO THE COLONIAL FORCES OF NEW ZEALAND,

WHO CAME FORWARD SO GALLANTLY IN DEFENCE OF THEIR HOMES IN THE COUNTRY OF THEIR ADOPTION.

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[INTRODUCTION]

INTRODUCTION.

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The best method of governing the natives of the Islands of New Zealand having been a continual source of discussion up to the present time, it would be well to consider the policy adopted by the Home Government, and the result obtained; for when Great Britain took possession of these Islands, the policy hitherto adopted by civilised nations towards savages was altered. Instead of assuming sovereignty over them, and then dealing out the benefits of civilisation, as they could comprehend and enjoy them, a treaty was made whereby they were acknowledged the lords of the soil, and on their part they agreed to sell their land as the Government required, for immigration purposes. This agreement the Maories fell into readily; the waste lands of the country were of no value to them, as they were alike unable and unwilling to cultivate more than was required for their own gardens; neither could they regard their land as hunting grounds, as the North Americans did, for no animals existed except the rat, nor bird, with the exception of the pigeon or parrot, for them to make an article of food of. The uncultivated lands of New Zealand were nothing but barren fern wastes and bush, which the natives offered, in miles to the first settlers for a blanket or a gun. But as the British Government began this policy, so would it carry it through, and

the early settlers (the pioneers) were made to disgorge the gifts of the natives, and pay a fair price before any lands were alienated. It was the absolute worthlessness of the waste lands in the eyes of the natives on our first arrival that led to all the after disputes; for, finding the land after the Pakehas' improvements changing hands amongst ourselves at much higher prices than they originally obtained for it, they not only began to increase their demands, but to protest against former sales; and to appease them, many large blocks of land were repurchased by the Government at a considerable increase, to be, after all, given back to the native owners in order to avoid a war. And so cunning had the natives become, that in the blocks offered by them for sale, they not only managed to include thousands of nearly useless acres, but to mark out all the best parts as reserves, so that by the time the Government had paid for the presents necessary during the negotiations, the agreed price per acre, expenses of survey, &c, &c, they were in many instances considerable losers by the transaction; and the natives, finding that the more they demanded the more they obtained, the chiefs, being mostly native assessors with good salaries, finished by entering into a league, proclaimed a king, and declined to sell any more land. Thus was a treaty founded in good faith and love for our fellow man, be he black or white, upset by the avarice or obstinacy of the parties benefited.

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On the day I landed at Taranaki twenty-seven years ago, Sir George Grey, then Governor, was arguing with the natives at a meeting held on the beach the question of the Waitara block, already twice purchased by the Government. Negotiations for the quiet occupancy of this block had then extended over a period of ten years,

and at last was only settled by conquest after ten years' further patience, backed by inducements of expensive presents of flour, sugar, blankets, and guns. So let no one accuse the Government of not keeping their part of the treaty as well as their patience. Governor Gore Brown, who had in the meantime succeeded Sir George Grey, was a man eminently adapted to govern the natives, being possessed of too much firmness of character either to trifle, or to submit to being trifled with. Finding that all previous negotiations had failed, and that the more he gave way the greater were the demands, he decided to occupy the Waitara lands so fairly purchased, a resolution which led to the results I have taken upon myself to relate. From the commencement of the war in 1860 down to 1864, the colonial forces took only a subordinate part in the campaign; but the time was at hand when they would, have to take the field not as auxiliaries as heretofore, but as principals unsupported by the Imperial troops, and depending solely on their own exertion for success. The Imperial forces, in consequence of representations made to the British Government by the commanding officer (General Cameron), were being slowly but surely withdrawn, and that at a most critical time when the spread of the Hauhau religion through the Island had embroiled us with the whole Maori population, with the exception of the Napuhi tribes of the extreme north. Perhaps it was as well it was so, for to this circumstance we owe the self-reliant policy of Messrs. Weld and Stafford; and whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the wisdom of that policy, it had the effect of training the settlers into a firm and well-grounded belief of their capability, if well handled, of dealing with the Maori difficulty in its worst

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form. The Taranaki settlers, where the war commenced, probably fought and suffered more than any other men in New Zealand; yet they would laugh at the idea of not being a match for the most active and daring of their foes. With the political aspect of affairs as the war proceeded, I shall not deal; they have already been treated by abler pens than mine; my task, self-imposed, is a lighter one – a simple narrative of events, of skirmishes and expeditions grandiloquently called campaigns, in which the colonial forces of this country took a more or less prominent part.

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PRELIMINARY CHAPTER.

REMINISCENCES

Page 1

OF THE

WAR IN NEW ZEALAND-

PRELIMINARY CHAPTER.

DURING the summer of 1860, while travelling down the coast to the Wellington Races, accompanied by Captain Blewett and Dr. Gibson, we were overtaken by a messenger who had been despatched to bring up two companies of the 65th Regiment then stationed there. The Taranaki natives had shown fight by the erection of a strong pah on land of which Governor Gore Brown had given them notice that he was going to take possession. We arrived in Wellington on the day of the embarkation, which a great crowd had assembled to witness. The wives and children of the soldiers had received orders to take leave of the men at the barracks; but one young mother more anxious than the rest had, despite all orders, taken up her station under the wharf, and as the troops commanded by Major Turner passed over, she held up her baby, so that its father by going on his knees could kiss it. The sensation this circumstance caused was indescribable, and the first tears of doubt and anxiety for the fate of those about to engage in the struggle were shed by that young wife. In vain did the clergyman assure her that the troops had only to show themselves and all would be over. Those who knew the Maories best thought otherwise, and the clergyman himself was but too soon con-

vinced of his mistake, for the returning steamer brought back the commanding officer (Major Turner) seriously wounded, a ball having entered his mouth and lodged in his neck. Thus began a war which speedily assumed such proportions that the Governor considered it necessary to send to England for assistance, readily and liberally granted by the British Government. Ten British regiments, with their commissariat, staff and transport corps, were located in the Taranaki and Auckland provinces, the outbreak having been confined principally to those districts up to the summer of 1865, when the disaffected natives, finding the imperial troops more than a match for them in the open country of the Waikato, left that district and joined the Wanganui natives in their bush fastnesses, determined to fight to the bitter end. Their presence was soon revealed by the murder of several of the out-settlers, for whose protection from further violence some of the regiments then located in the Waikato districts received orders to embark for the south.

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CHAPTER I. LANDING OF TROOPS AT WANGANUI.

CHAPTER I.

Page 2

LANDING OF TROOPS AT WANGANUI.

AT early dawn on a peculiarly brilliant morning in the beginning of the year 1865, the quiet settlement of Wanganui was startled from its slumbers by the booming of a gun, announcing the arrival of the first of seven regiments despatched to crush out the Maori rebellion in that district. The township of Wanganui is situated half-way between Wellington and Taranaki, and is surrounded by the finest agricultural land in New Zealand. It derives its name from the noble river which waters it, and is navigable for steamers up to Pipiriki, a native settlement sixty miles from its mouth. As the troops landed, all was bustle and

commotion, and the quiet agricultural village suddenly became a centre of importance. I was soon on the wharf, and shall never forget the martial bearing of Colonel Logan as he marched up the beach in command of the 57th Regiment – as fine a body of men as ever had the honour of serving their country. Our Major Cooper, then senior officer in command, received and quartered them in the York Stockade, taking precedence of Captain Blewett, in command of two companies of Her Majesty's 65th Regiment, who had been stationed there for some time. Soon after, Major Rookes, one of the most soldierly-looking men the colonial force ever had, with considerable military experience, gained in both cavalry and infantry regiments, and who had seen some service, was appointed commanding officer of militia and volunteers. I also had the honour to receive Her Majesty's commission as lieutenant and quarter-master, after having for months served as a full private, doing picket duty on alternate nights, subject to the orders of my son-in-law, who was captain and adjutant, and of my own son, who was a lieutenant. Such was then the fortune of war in New Zealand.

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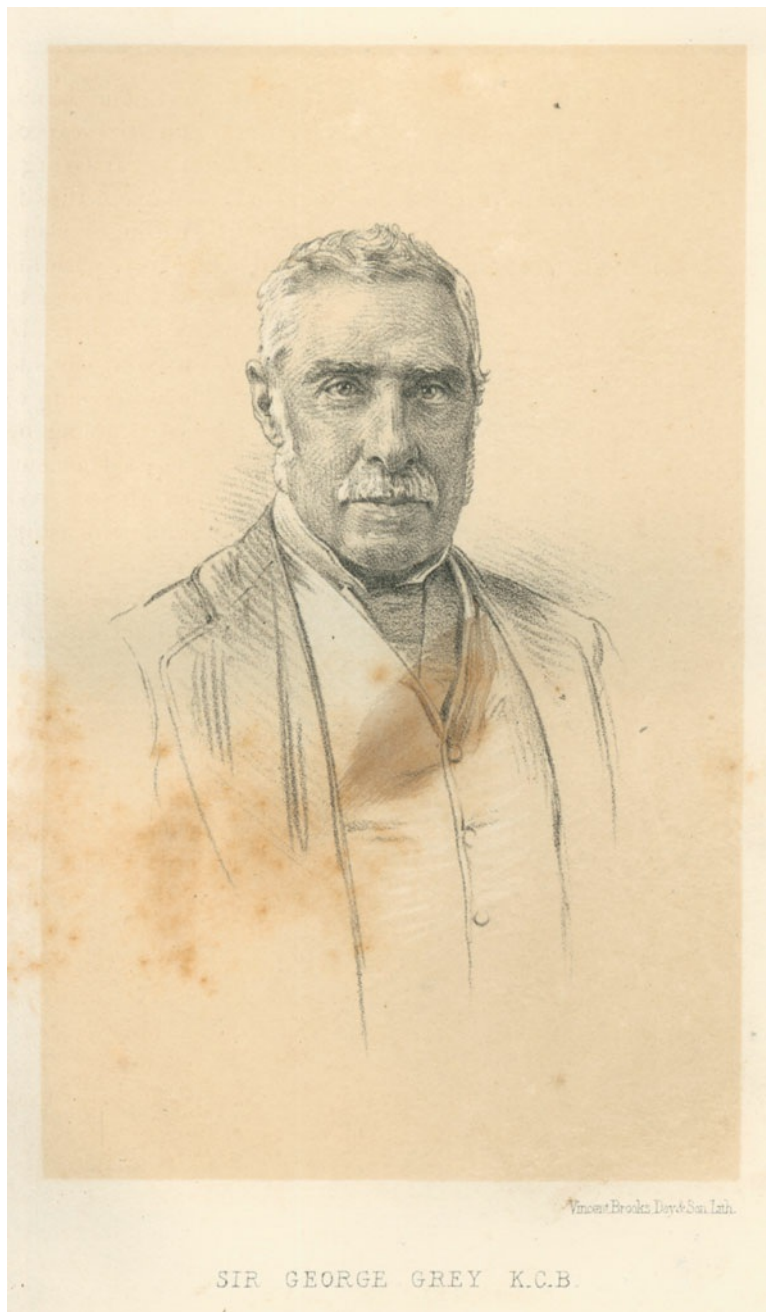
The first outbreak in Wanganui occurred in the year 1848, when the up-river natives, led by their old chief Maketu, murdered the Gilfillan family, drove in the outsettlers, and actually occupied and held possession for some time of a portion of the town, although it was garrisoned by several companies of Her Majesty's 58th Regiment. During this siege a settler, named John McGregor (now a wealthy settler there), seeing some of his cows on the opposite side of the river, crossed with the intention of bringing them in, and was ascending Shakespeare's Cliff, when an ambush of Maories, from a ti-tree scrub, suddenly rose and pursued him. He turned and fled for his life, and as he looked round at his pursuers, they fired. A ball entered his mouth and passed out of his cheek without displacing a tooth. Finding himself hard pressed,

John MacGregor leaped over the cliff on to the beach below – some say a height of fifty feet – and so escaped. This settler afterwards headed a deputation to Sir George Grey (who was always to be found where danger threatened), asking him to remove them to Wellington, and abandon the settlement. But Sir George Grey, with his knowledge of human nature, replied, "Before I assent to your request, I should like to see how many of you really wish it." He then directed all those who were anxious to run away from the natives to move to the other side of the room. Not a man stirred, Sir George Grey having by this speech roused their courage, and saved the settlement. Now, again, the outbreak had commenced by the up-river natives threatening a second descent on the township, although it was protected by Her Majesty's troops. But the town natives, learning their intentions, took possession of a small island in the middle of the river, determined to be the first to oppose their progress.

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I happened to be the sentry on guard that night at an out-picket station, near St. John's Bush, and at about two o'clock in the morning I heard a horseman gallop furiously up the avenue. It was pitch dark, and I let him come close up before I challenged him. He seemed to have forgotten the picket, for on my calling out, "Who goes there?" he was so startled (knowing that the Wanganui Militia sometimes fired before challenging) that he pulled up suddenly and both horse and rider went into the ditch. I turned out the guard and found that the horseman was Lieutenant Barton, of the 57th Regiment, on his way to acquaint his colonel with the result of the river fight. This was the beginning of the war, and to secure the town from a second invasion, Major Brassey, an old Indian officer, who had fought under General Sale and others, was soon after sent up with 200 of the Taranaki military settlers to occupy Pipiriki, a native settlement on the river-bank, sixty miles from the township. I received orders from the defence minister (Major Atkinson), being then quarter-

[Inserted unpaginated illustration]



SIR GEORGE GREY K.C.B.
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Vincent Brooks, Day & Son, Lith.

master, to keep these settlers supplied with three months' rations in advance, lest they should be cut off before assistance could reach them. This was a difficult and arduous duty, as my means of transport was limited to a few friendly canoes, and two boats' crews whom I enlisted in the service; to say nothing of the reluctance of the imperial commissariat to supply me with the requisite quantity of stores. Page 5

Every day some fresh incident occurred to prove the hostile character of the natives around us, and an order was issued for the out-settlers to bring in their wives and children for protection. This order had not been in force many days, when the murder of Mr. Hewitt took place. This gentleman, having settled on land in the neighbourhood of the Kai-iwi river, eight miles from town, had removed his family for safety, but continued, with his servant, to occupy the house, there being a military station within half a mile of his farm. He had ridden into town, and, having turned his horse into my paddock, he (on coming for it in the evening) requested my wife to go and comfort Mrs. Hewitt, who was in very low spirits, and did not wish him to sleep at the farm, having a presentiment that something would happen. "But," he continued, "as I have left the man there, I cannot desert him." He accordingly rode out, and in the middle of the night was awakened by the furious barking of his dogs. He incautiously went outside with his man to ascertain the cause, and, hearing Maories talking in the bush around his house, was in the act of returning when he was shot down. His man fled from the place, and leaping a bank and ditch fence caught his sock on a stake, which held him head downwards in the ditch. This saved his life. It was very dark, the Maories gave chase, thinking he was far ahead, and he escaped to the station: on returning with assistance, he found poor Hewitt's lifeless trunk. The head was gone, and the heart had been cut out. The head was afterwards placed on a pole and carried by the

natives through the country as a trophy, together with that of Captain Lloyd who had been shot at Taranaki a short time before. These murders so incensed the settlers, that old and young came forward to avenge them. In the meantime a company of Rush Rangers, under the command of Major Von Tempsky, Captain George, and Lieutenant Westropp, having made a forced march through the bush, arrived, after encountering the natives, and losing in the skirmish one of their officers (Lieutenant Whitfield), whose body they brought in for interment. Page 6

The troops remained in town long enough to concentrate their force and make arrangements for transport, &c, when the order was given to march, and 2000 of

Her Majesty's troops ready equipped for the field left the town for the front. They began to move off about four o'clock on a beautiful summer's morning, and before seven the last regiment was ascending St. John's Bush Hill. Major Chauncey, who was in command of the rear, nearly lost his life just before starting. His regiment was drawn up before the Rutland Hotel, when a wild bullock leaped out of the stockyard, and, rushing into the town, singled out the major, who was on horseback in front of his men, literally lifted horse and rider high in the air, and was preparing for a second charge, when the men simultaneously broke ranks, and in an instant fifty bayonets were in the animal. This was the first blood, and would it had been the only blood spilt on that eventful day. I call it eventful, because the incidents which afterwards occurred changed the whole plan of the campaign, and led to the differences between Sir George Grey and General Cameron, who commanded the field force. The country between Wanganui and Taranaki (the battle-field) was then only known to a few who had travelled between the two settlements. The only existing map of it was compiled by myself and two others, who had often made the coast journey, and revised by the Catholic priest, Father Pezant, whose frequent visits gave him a more accurate

[Inserted unpaginated illustration]



MAJOR VON TEMPSKY
Sampson, Low & Co., London
Vincent Brooks, Day & Son, Lith.

knowledge of the various Maori pahs, and their distance from each other. This map was lithographed, and used by General Cameron throughout the war. The morning was unusually fine, and the troops in splendid health and spirits. Major Wittchell, who was in command of the military train, accompanied the force, his men being formed into a cavalry troop for the occasion. The transport corps, whose duties were among the most dangerous in the service, was principally officered by our young colonials. (I frequently meet at the Thames two of them, who, after performing a dangerous and arduous duty in a manner of which they may be justly proud, have retired into private life, one having turned his sword into a ploughshare, and the other into mining-shares.) All marched merrily on, without presentiment of evil; for who could forecast danger to such a fine body of British soldiers from a few hundred rebel natives? Adjutant-General Johnston, a

fine, active soldier, having perfected his arrangements, galloped away to the front, while martial music from the various military bands was heard far o'er hill and dale. The troops took the road up St. John's Bush Hill, through Taylor and Watt's beautiful farm at Westmere on to Alexander's, when they descended to the beach, crossed the Kai-iwi, ascended the cliffs at Okehu, and ultimately arrived at the Nukumarū Lake, in the middle of the Waitotara block, situate five miles from the Wereroa pah, one of the principal strongholds of the Maories, and fifteen miles from the town of Wanganui. Here a halt was called, and General Cameron gave the order to pitch the camp, when Major Witchell rode up and said, "Don't you think, general, we are too near the bush?" The bush was within half a mile of the camp, high toe-toe intervening. General Cameron replied, "Do you imagine, Major Witchell, that any body of natives will dare attack 2000 of Her Majesty's troops?" The major made answer that it would not surprise him, but nevertheless the camp was pitched. Major Witchell,

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however, having still a presentiment of danger, for he knew that Maori warfare was entirely ambush, rode up to his men, and ordering them to dismount, told them not to remove a saddle, but to be ready at a moment's notice if required. The camp work proceeded, everyone was busy, when a volley was fired from amongst the toetoe, which killed Adjutant-General Johnston and fifteen men; and had it not been for Major Witchell's precautions – his troop charged through the high grass and drove the Maories back – a much greater loss must have occurred, as one Maori was actually shot within twenty yards of the general's tent, in the very middle of the camp. Such was the result of the first day's campaign, and those who had witnessed with the pride of Englishmen the departure of the troops in the morning, were destined before night to receive the dead and dying.

General Cameron, so well known and appreciated as a man of undoubted courage and experience, could not brook this incessant murder of his men. he looked upon the Maories as too insignificant a foe to waste a British soldier's life upon; consequently, after repelling a second attack, made on the day following by the natives in force, who again surprised the camp, and although roughly handled succeeded in killing five men of the 18th picket, and several others, he withdrew his men to the beach, forming camps at the mouth of the Waitotara, Whenuakura, and Patea rivers, and nothing could induce him again to approach the bush. Sir George Grey wrote to the general to inquire why he had passed on up the coast without reducing the Wereroa pah, which he had left in his rear full of armed men. General Cameron replied that it would have cost the lives of too many of Her Majesty's troops had he acted otherwise. This feeling was shared by many who had not suffered by the revolt, but the settlers in the disturbed districts, smarting under the destruction of their farms and homesteads, and the coldblooded murders of their friends and relatives, became a

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formidable foe. They had something to avenge, and the Bush Rangers, led by Major Atkinson, Von Tempsky, and McDonnell, were more dreaded than any two British regiments. These men, used to bush life, scouring the country far and near, in a manner which could not be imitated by disciplined British troops, fought the Maories in their own way, which kept them in such a constant state of alarm, that they dared not even sleep in their pahas. Had this mode of guerilla warfare been generally adopted, the war would have terminated more satisfactorily to all concerned.

CHAPTER II. COLONIAL FORCES UNDER IMPERIAL RULE. BATTLE OF WAIREKA.

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COLONIAL FORCES UNDER IMPERIAL RULE.

BATTLE OF WAIREKA.

THE first engagement in which the New Zealand militia and volunteers distinguished themselves took place on the 28th of March, 1860, during the early part of the Taranaki war, with a most creditable result to the small body of untried men engaged, few of whom had previously met an enemy in the field, and who were for the most part armed with the old Brown Bess musket, a weapon inferior in every respect to the double-barrelled shot guns of the Maories.

After the attack upon the L pah (so called from its shape), the majority of the Taranaki settlers, feeling that they were liable to be murdered at any moment by marauding parties of the enemy, left their homes and came into the town or nearest stockade for protection; but a few families on the southern boundary of the settled district who, up to the 28th of March, eleven days after the first fight, still lived on their farms, trusting to the protection and good faith of the tribe properly called Taranaki, who

it was supposed would not turn against us, as they had nothing to do with the Waitara dispute, and had been, moreover, before the arrival of the Europeans, deadly enemies of the Ngatiawa or Waitara tribes. That this supposition was ill founded was soon proved, for the Maories, who had long watched the growing strength of the Pakeha with fear and distrust, hailed the prospect of war with delight, and, sinking tribal jealousies, hastened to join from all parts of New Zealand, thus converting the insignificant quarrel, which had originated with a portion only of the Ngatiawa, into a national Maori war. Foremost among these tribes were the Taranaki, Ngatiruanui, and Ngarauru, the latter a branch of Wanganui. By the 26th of March at least 600 warriors of these tribes had mustered and taken possession of the southern district of Taranaki, ransacking the deserted houses and carrying off the settlers' property, and on the 27th they threw down the gauntlet unmistakably by murdering three men and two boys. When intelligence of these outrages reached the town of Taranaki it created a most painful apprehension, lest the same fate should have overtaken the families, which included several ladies, who were still on their farms. In order to ascertain their fate it would be necessary to fight, for they were surrounded by the enemy, whose flags could, be seen flying from newly-erected paha on the farms themselves. At noon on the 28th, Lieut.-Colonel Murray, 65th Regiment, marched from town with 300 men, 120 of whom were militia and volunteers. The latter corps, under command of Captains Browne and Stapp, were detached with orders to march by the sandhills, take the enemy in rear, and rescue the Rev. Mr. Brown's family and the others, while Colonel Murray with the main body was to march by way of the Omata village to attack the enemy's position on the Waireka Hill, and so draw their attention from the flank movement. Meanwhile the Maories from their commanding position had noted the march of each column, and

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thoroughly understood its significance: the settlers on their way up from the beach were allowed to cross, without molestation, two deep ravines, which were immediately occupied by the enemy. Their retreat was thus cut off, both in front and from the ravines on their left flank, and on arriving at the crest of the plateau our men suddenly found themselves engaged by upwards of 400 of the enemy's best men. A veteran company might well have been dismayed at such a position; not so the Taranaki settlers; they pushed forward and drove their foes back beyond a small farmhouse, of which they took possession, and lying down under cover of a fence opened a heavy fire upon the Maories. While those operations were in progress, Colonel Murray, who had marked the dangerous position of the settlers, detached a subdivision of thirty men under Lieutenant Urquhart, 65th Regiment, to their assistance. This officer soon cleared the ravines by the fire of his Minie rifles, and thus a line of retreat was opened for the militia so long as he continued to hold his position flanking the ravines; but the settlers, perfectly satisfied with their work, had no wish to retire, naturally thinking that Colonel Murray would now do his part. For some mysterious reason he did not, nor did he allow Lieutenant Urquhart to remain long. After an hour's heavy firing the retire sounded, but the combatants declined to notice it; again it sounded, but still Urquhart was deaf; finally a sergeant was sent to him with peremptory orders to retire on the main body. After this there could be no hesitation, and the officer reluctantly withdrew, taking care not to notice that a sergeant and ten men were marching in the opposite direction to join the militia. From these men Captain Stapp learnt for the first time that the main body had left him to his fate. The ravines had been re-occupied by the Maories, and our ammunition was so nearly exhausted, that a retreat at this moment would have been annihilation. After a brief consultation it was decided to retire upon the farmhouse,

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fortify the garden fence against a sudden rush, hold the place until dark, and then cut a way through the enemy. The materiel used for the parapet was straw and turnips, not sufficient to stop a bullet, but it answered as a blind and it looked strong.

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Shortly after sunset the enemy's fire ceased, but Captain Stapp did not deem it advisable to retreat until the moon had set, judging rightly that he would have a better chance with his men in the dark, as the enemy's fire would be uncertain. When the darkness was deep enough, the retreat commenced; bayonets were fixed, and our men marched in a solid body with bated breath, expecting every moment to receive a volley. At the bottom of the first ravine some dead Maories were soon, but no live ones started up to bar the progress of the small body of settlers, who effected their escape, carrying with them two killed and nine wounded.

Why the enemy allowed them to retire with impunity they learned when they reached town. Some time after Colonel Murray and his force had marched, Captain Cracroft of H. M. S. Niger landed sixty blue-jackets and marines, and followed up, hoping to take part in the skirmish; on his way he met Colonel Murray returning to town, and was told that the settlers were still engaged with the enemy. Captain Cracroft expressed in strong terms his surprise and indignation at the desertion of them, and proceeded to their assistance. On arriving at the Omata stockade he was joined by three young settlers as guides. It was now nearly dark, and the firing on both sides had ceased, there was therefore nothing to guide the sailors to the position occupied by the militia, and Captain Cracroft concluded that they had retired; but hearing that the Maories had a pah on the Waireka Hill, he determined to attack it. They descended cautiously into the deep gorge, for it was an uncanny place for ambushes, and while ascending the opposite hill came suddenly upon a party of the enemy. A volley and charge sent them to the right-

about with the loss of several of their number, the survivors were followed closely, and the pah taken in a very sailor-like manner; the first men up caught hold of the palisades and made a back, while others made one jump on to their shoulders and another over the palisades. In less time than it takes to toll, there were only dead and dying Maories in the pah.

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Captain Cracroft did not remain long on the ground, for he feared that the Maories would seize the gorge through which he had passed; and as nothing could be seen or heard of the militia, he returned to town with his gallant little band. Meanwhile the fugitives from the pah had warned the main body who were surrounding the militia that their stronghold had been taken; a general rush in pursuit was the consequence, and before they returned the militia had retired. Thus Captain Cracroft had saved the settlers from heavy loss, if not annihilation, by his dashing attack; for the Maories would soon have discovered our want of ammunition. The losses in these actions were one marine killed, Lieutenant Blake and four sailors wounded; one militiaman killed and eight wounded. The

enemy's loss was never accurately known, but a European, living under the protection of Rapata Ngarongomate, who saw cartload after cartload of killed and wounded pass on their way back to their own country, estimated the killed at forty. This is probably near the mark; however, the Maories only acknowledge seventeen killed and twenty-five wounded. If these numbers are correct, it is strange that the chiefs should have suffered so severely; no less than six were killed, including Te Rei Hanataua, the greatest chief in the Taranaki province. Although the militia failed to rescue the families before mentioned, the fight had been a most successful one for them, and their failure did not (as might have been expected) endanger the lives of those in the enemy's power; for the Maories of 1860 were not Hauhaus, and though like all savages they hold peculiar notions as to what

constituted a murder, still they respected non-combatants. Immediately after taking possession of the Waireka, the leading chiefs proceeded to the Rev. Mr. Brown's house and tapued it, affixing a notice to the door forbidding their tribes to interfere with his or the other families, some of whom were foreigners. After the fight in which they lost so heavily, some of the young men might probably have sought revenge, but by this time the chief Rapata had them all under his care, and as he was a man of high rank in the Taranaki tribe he was not to be interfered with lightly. The Taranaki settlers took part in many other skirmishes, but with the single exception of Mahoetahi, none were of sufficient importance to justify notice here.

CHAPTER III. COLONIAL FORCES UNDER IMPERIAL RULE. – Continued.

CHAPTER III. COLONIAL FORCES UNDER IMPERIAL RULE. – Continued.

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BATTLES OF MAHOETAHI, MAUKU, WAIROA RANGES, WAIARI STREAM, ORAKAU, RANGIAOHIA, HAERINI, AND TE MATATA.

PRIOR to November, 1860, several small successes had been gained by the Waitara tribes. This had greatly elated them, and a party of Waikatos arriving about this period were duly impressed with the fact that Ngatiawa were a great fighting tribe. As a natural consequence the former were put on their mettle, and by way of proving that their ancient courage had not departed, they conceived the bold idea of cutting off communication between the town and Waitara by taking possession of the Mahoetahi Hill, close to the main road and at no great distance from the Bell Block Stockade. This very hazardous movement was executed by about one hundred and fifty men of the Ngatihaua and other tribes of Waikato. The position chosen was a small hill in the middle of a fern

flat with the usual raupo-swamps, into which the men could retire when hard pressed. Intelligence of this movement was forwarded to Major-General Pratt, who issued orders for a combined attack, in which Major Nelson and the 40th Regiment would act from the Waitara side to cut off the fugitives, while the 65th Regiment and militia stormed the position. On the 6th of November the forces marched for Mahoetahi; and after a sharp but ineffectual fire from the artillery, which failed to dislodge the enemy from their pits, a company of the 65th and the Taranaki Volunteers were told off to storm, which they did in good style. The Maories stood their ground well, killing four and wounding sixteen of their assailants, but without effect, for they were driven pell-mell at the point of the bayonet out of the rifle-pits and into the swamp, where they lay concealed until the volunteers headed it to windward and set fire to the dry raupo. This drove them out to run the gauntlet; a few were taken prisoners, but the majority were killed or wounded: the Maories admitted a loss of thirty-four killed and fifty wounded. As their estimate of killed tallied with the bodies found by us, it may be concluded that the list of wounded was also correct. Several leading chiefs were killed, including Taiporutu of Ngatihaua. The loss of the volunteers in this sharp skirmish was two killed and four wounded.

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During the Waikato war the settlers again came to the front. Two companies of Forest Rangers under Captains Jackson and Von Tempsky were enrolled for the purpose of scouring the forest lying between the Waikato and the settled districts of Auckland, with a view to securing life and property. Three troops of cavalry known as the Defence Force were attached to General Cameron's flying column, and did good service on many occasions; and various companies of militia were employed to hold posts in rear of the active army. In October, 1863, the

Mauku stockade was garrisoned by a company of militia under the command of Lieut. Lusk. On the 23rd intelligence was received that a strong party of the enemy were shooting cattle on a farm at no great distance; Lieutenant Lusk at once led a detachment of three officers and sixty men in pursuit, and came up with the marauders. Lieutenant Percival, who led the advanced guard, was driven back on the main body, and the firing on both sides became very heavy, but our men advanced and drove the enemy back into some open ground. Here, Maori-like, they wheeled round the left flank of the militia, and taking cover behind some fallen timber, opened such a heavy fire that Lieutenant Lusk was obliged to withdraw his men. No sooner was this movement observed by the enemy, than they charged out, and for some minutes there was rather close firing, in which both parties suffered, despite the excellent cover afforded by the logs and stumps. The superior numbers of the Maories now enabled them to outflank the militia on both sides, and our men were forced back into the forest, where they reformed, expecting a close pursuit; but both sides had suffered enough for the time, and the Maories contented themselves with firing a few ill-directed volleys. The loss of the militia was heavy: Lieutenants Norman and Percival and six men were killed, and four men were wounded; the enemy acknowledged sixteen casualties.

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For some months the Forest Rangers had been scouring the bush, and had skirmished with the Maories on several occasions. On the 11th of December, 1863, Captain Jackson and twenty-seven men started on an expedition to the Wairoa river, and on the following day came across fresh native tracks. They were followed, and several deserted camps seen with the fires still burning; but towards evening the trail was lost. The next morning some of the most active men climbed trees and reported smoke rising from the ranges; great caution was used in ap-

proaching the native camp lest their sentries should give the alarm. When within twenty yards Captain Jackson ordered his men to fire a volley and then charge in with their revolvers without waiting to reload. The Maories who were quietly cleaning their guns, were completely taken by surprise, nevertheless, with their usual hardihood they turned on the rangers with empty carbines, expecting to find them an easy prey; but the revolvers soon cleared them off, leaving four dead behind them, three others were carried off after the first volley. One Maori returned to the camp, when in possession of our men, and attempted to secure a small tin box, but a bullet made him drop it, though he succeeded in effecting his escape. The rangers thought they had a prize in the box, but were disgusted to find that it only contained the king's flags. This party numbered about fifty men, and from the loot found in their camp, had evidently been concerned in some murders that had been committed only a short time previously.

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Both companies of the rangers were afterwards engaged in the bathing party attack at the Waiari stream; thirty-five men under Von Tempsky were sent to clear the enemy out of a patch of scrub on the river-bank, which they did in a very few minutes, killing five and wounding two, whom they took prisoners. Captain Heaphy, an officer in the militia, distinguished himself greatly during this fight. While assisting a wounded soldier who had fallen in the midst of the enemy, a volley was fired at him, five bullets pierced his clothes, and he received three wounds, nevertheless he continued to aid the wounded throughout the day. He has been given the Victoria Cross for his gallant conduct. The rangers and militia were also present at the storming of Orakau, when Major Hurford of the latter corps was especially mentioned for his behaviour in holding the head of the sap throughout the siege, and finally leading an assault upon the pah, in which he was desperately wounded. Five men of the colonial corps were killed and eight wounded in this engagement.

The Defence Force under Colonel Nixon, late 39th Foot, had not the same chance of distinguishing themselves, as the nature of the country prevented successful movements with cavalry, but at Rangiaohia, while acting as advanced guard to the force, they surprised the natives in their whares. Colonel Nixon called upon them to surrender, but was answered by a volley which mortally wounded him; some of the troopers, enraged at their leader's fall, attempted to storm the whare, but were all killed or wounded; finally the hut was burnt with its defenders, only one of whom could be persuaded to surrender. On the following day, at Haerini, fifteen troopers under Captain McDonnell charged the enemy, killing and wounding several men, while the main body, who had taken the wrong path and were hampered by the swamps which intersect the country, could only look on without the power to assist their comrades. Up to the month of April, 1864, the imperial troops had been assisted in their campaigns by the European settlers only, but a new and important element was about to appear upon the scene in the shape of friendly Maories. It must not be supposed from this title that the tribes in question really loved the Pakeha: far from it. As a rule, they disliked us quite as much as the King Maories did, but there were many reasons why certain tribes should turn their arms against their fellow countrymen. Foremost among these was the tribal jealousy and hatred engendered generations since, and unabated by lapse of years. Many Europeans in the plenitude of their wisdom have condemned the Maori for want of patriotism, because, while fighting for the Pakeha, they shot and tomahawked their Maori neighbours. These people know little of the native character or history, or they would be aware that each tribe bears deadly enmity to many other tribes, with whom, but for the advent of the Pakeha, they would have

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been engaged in mortal strife; therefore it is only natural that they should seek every opportunity of wiping out old scores.

Another very strong motive in joining us is the intense desire all Maories have to possess guns and ammunition, and the still greater desire to shoot someone with them, in order to show, with all their civilisation, they can still fight. It was perhaps a mixture of these feelings which induced the Arawa tribe to throw in their lot with the Government against the King party, as represented by their ancient enemies the Ngaiterangi of Tauranga, who were at this period confronting General Cameron and his 2000 men at the gate Pah. Intelligence of the general's arrival had been sent to the Ngatiawa, Whakatohea, and Ngatiporou tribes, and they, nothing loth, responded to the call by mustering 600 strong and advancing towards Tauranga; but at Maketu they were met by the Arawa, who, supported by a strong detachment of the 43rd Regiment and 3rd Waikato Militia, under Major Colville, refused to allow them to pass. The Kingites retaliated by laying an ambush on the bank of the Waihi river, and on the 21st of April very nearly caught Major Colville and Mr. Way. These officers had to jump out of their canoe and run for their lives; they were followed, almost to the redoubt. A skirmish ensued, and the enemy were driven back across the Waihi with some loss, after wounding four men of the 43rd. Skirmishes were of daily occurrence until the 27th, when H. M. S. Falcon and the colonial steamer Sandfly arrived off Waihi, shelled the enemy out of their sand rifle-pits, and forced them to beat a hasty retreat. The ford was now open, and Major Hay, who commanded the Arawa, took advantage of that circumstance to send 100 men across, with orders to follow the enemy as far as Otamarakau; later in the day he followed with fourteen men of the Forest Rangers and 200 Arawa, and camped for the night at Waiheke. At daybreak the following morning another 100 men joined him. They were now strong enough to meet the enemy in the field, and Majors Hay and McDonnell had no difficulty in persuading their men to

march forward. When within two miles of Te Matata the enemy were found awaiting attack; their position was well chosen – a deep stream in their front, their left flank resting on the steep cliff of an old raised beach, and their right touching the sea, with the small hillocky sandhills forming splendid cover for their skirmishers. The old warrior chief Toi Te Ururangi commenced the fight with his usual impetuosity, and heavy firing was the order of the day; this, however, did not last, for Major Hay with his handful of Forest Rangers, well supported by the Arawa, carried the creek with a rush. The enemy, about four hundred strong, did not wait for conclusions, but bolted pell-mell, pursued by our men for about two miles, until they came to Te Awa o te Atua river. Those who were lucky enough to get canoes paddled over and were safe, but those who did not, had to swim under fire; many of them were shot and carried out to sea. Thirty-seven bodies were found that day, and fifteen more on the 29th; others were found in the swamps at various times. Altogether the enemy lost about seventy men, wounded unknown; our casualties were very light; the brave old Toi was killed and six men wounded. A rather celebrated chief of the Whakatohea was taken prisoner; at first he was frightened lest he should be killed, but Captain McDonnell reassured him by taking him under his protection, and telling him that he had nothing to fear, and perhaps he had not from the men. But McDonnell had not taken into consideration the feminine element in the shape of Toi's wife, who, enraged at her husband's death, persuaded a man to load a rifle for her; this done, she walked up to the chief and blew his brains out. Her tribe were much exercised in their minds over this deed, but finally came to the conclusion that it was creditable on the part of the woman.

The last engagement in which the colonial forces took part under General Cameron's command was in March, 1865. That officer, after occupying the coast line between Wanganui and Taranaki, applied to his Excellency Sir

George Grey for a body of Forest Rangers to act as scouts, with the view to keeping the land communication open by adopting the enemy's tactics, viz., ambuscades and patrolling. The Government of that date lost no time in complying with the general's request, and two companies, each fifty strong, under Major Von Tempsky and Captain F. George, were selected from the Forest Rangers and militia in the Waikato. These corps were forwarded to Patea and stationed at Kakarama, near the edge of the forest, from whence they did good service by scouting the country, preventing loss in life and property. On the 9th of May, while patrolling the banks of the Patea river, a well-beaten track was found which led up the face of a steep cliff by means of supplejack ladders and other Maori appliances.

Von Tempsky concluded that this path would lead to some large village; he therefore retraced his steps, lest the enemy should notice his tracks and forestall his intentions. That same evening three Maori scouts were observed watching the camp, as though they expected an attack. Under these circumstances the expedition was postponed for two or three days, to allow the enemy to become careless. At midnight, on the 12th, Von Tempsky marched with seventy men. At the foot of the cliff before mentioned an officer and twenty men were left, to hold this dangerous place open in case of a retreat; the remainder proceeded on their march over some very difficult country, and finally lost the track by following side tracks into plantations. The proper route was not found until nearly dawn. A few hundred yards brought our men into a large deserted village, which had recently been occupied, for the fires were alight. While scouting about here, we saw smoke rising from a ridge on the opposite side of a very deep gorge. It was now broad daylight, and there was little chance of surprising the enemy, but Von Tempsky was unwilling to return without doing something. We therefore crossed the gorge, and on reaching the summit of the ridge found a large clearing,

named Otoia, with a number of temporary whares on the opposite end. Maories could also be seen moving about, unaware that they were in such close proximity to the Pakeha. Von Tempsky extended his men along the edge of the bush, behind a barricade of dead timber which had been thrown out of the clearing. While climbing over this obstruction they were seen by the Maories, who hastily seized their arms and fired a volley, mortally wounding Ensign Whitfield and one of the rangers, and slightly wounding Captain George; the enemy then fell back upon some fallen timber, under cover of which they held our men in check. Shortly after the firing commenced the enemy began to call to their friends in the neighbouring villages, and they could be heard answering. This circumstance decided Von Tempsky to dislodge the enemy from their cover at once, or if that was found impossible, to retreat before reinforcements arrived. Lieutenant Westrupp was ordered to take the enemy in the flank, but failed to do so, as the Maori right rested on a steep cliff, which had not previously been noticed by our men. The difficulty of carrying killed or wounded men in such a country is enormous, particularly if pressed by an enemy. Von Tempsky therefore determined to retreat before he was hampered by further casualties. The major, with his best shots, held the ground, while the main body carried off the wounded. Some time was lost by searching for a better track than that, by which they had come, but each attempt ended by the men finding the cliff in their way, and at last they had to return by the old path, of which the enemy had not taken possession. A smart skirmish took place between them and the advanced guard, in which they were routed, leaving three dead on the ground; the loss of the enemy was supposed to have been seven killed, and the usual proportion of wounded, but only the three bodies above mentioned were actually seen. Our loss was numerically the same, being one officer and two men killed, one officer wounded.

CHAPTER IV. THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE HAUHAU RELIGION.

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THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE HAUHAU RELIGION.

WHEN the idea was first conceived of colonising New Zealand, several religious communities were naturally anxious to spread the Gospel amongst the various tribes, and the Church of England and Wesleyan Societies united for the first time to try and accomplish the great and glorious work of converting a heathen nation to Christianity. An agreement was entered into that the Church of England Missionary Society should occupy and evangelise the upper half of the North Island, and the Wesleyan the lower, and this agreement was strictly adhered to for some years, in fact, until a Bishop of New Zealand was appointed, who carried the doctrines of his own Church throughout the whole island, invaded the Wesleyan territories, preached their condemnation, telling the Maories that they (the Wesleyans) had no authority even to baptise, but were the ravenous wolves spoken of in Scripture. The Wesleyan Maories, believing they had been shamefully imposed upon, became indignant, and for some time it seemed probable the circumstance would lead to hostilities; as we find by the letters of the Rev. Hanson Turton, Wesleyan minister, to Bishop Selwyn, published in Brown's 'New Zealand.' In one of those Mr. Turton asks the bishop who gave him the authority he denied to others? a question which the bishop very wisely abstained from answering. This was the first check the Maories experienced in their lessons on Christianity, and the confusion was soon worse confounded by the arrival of other missionaries of various denominations, who all professed to teach the doctrine of Christ from the same Scriptures, yet

each managed to read therein the condemnation of the other. Each sought the conversion of the Maori, and was anxious to return favourable accounts to the home societies, who supported the great work of mystification by their funds. But the Maori, being possessed of good reasoning faculties, many having read the Bible translated into their own language, tried his utmost to fathom the difficulty, and in his search joined one society after the other, until he had gone through the whole; when having come to the conclusion that the difference solely arose from the various interpretations each one chose to give the Scriptures, he claimed a like privilege, and having pondered over and searched until he had wrested those Scriptures to his own destruction, finally settled into Hauhauism. The Maori king movement, which was originally instituted with the object of nationalising the numerous tribes of the North Island, so as to give unity of action in their wars and political struggles with the Europeans, met at first with remarkable success, Ngapuhi alone, proud of their ancient supremacy, refusing to acknowledge a Waikato king. But this feeling of patriotism did not last long; tribe after tribe, remembering old grievances, fell away, some professing neutrality, while others joined the Pakeha. Under these circumstances, it was evident that to unite the various tribes a now and powerful stimulant was necessary, and this was now supplied in the shape of religious frenzy by an absurd and fanatical creed of murderous tendencies, denominated the Hauhau, or Pai Marire religion. The origin of this fanatical creed is obscure, as well it might be, for the author (Te Ua) had, up to the date of his inspiration, been considered a harmless lunatic. Its first appearance was in some mysterious manner connected with the wreck of the steamer Lord Worsley on the Taranaki coast. At that period Te Ua, though looked upon by his tribe as of weak intellect, was yet of peaceful disposition, more friendly

to the Europeans than to the king party, and with these dispositions, he tried hard to persuade his tribe not to plunder either the cargo or passengers, but he failed, the sight of so much loot being too much for a true Maori to withstand; and the failure seems to have preyed so much on his already weak mind, that his only consolation from that moment was in praying to his Atua Pai Marire. Shortly after these events, Te Ua assaulted a woman of his tribe, and her husband, by way of punishment, tied him hand and foot, and left him in a whare, to meditate for a time on his evil ways; and it was while undergoing this punishment that his first intimate acquaintance with the Atua Pai Marire stood him in good stead, and rendered him ever after famous and powerful amongst the tribes, for, to quote his own words, "the archangel Michael, the angel Gabriel, and hosts of minor spirits landed from the Lord Worsley, and visited him as he lay bound." Gabriel, who took the lead throughout the conference, ordered him to break his bonds, which he did easily, and the husband, finding him at liberty, again bound him, this time with a chain, but, in obedience to the angel's commands, Te Ua with more than human strength burst it in pieces, and from thenceforth was considered a famous man, protected by God, and feared by the superstitious Maori. The angels' visits were neither few nor far between, for Gabriel visited him again, on this occasion during sleep, and ordered him to rise; he did so, and found himself surrounded by all the tribes of the earth. While gazing on the assembled multitudes, he heard a loud voice saying, "Te Ua, go out and kill your son;" he obeyed, and seizing the boy, broke his leg in several places, but before he could despatch him, the angel Gabriel ordered him to stop, and wash the boy in water. Te Ua complied, and in an instant his son was restored to him, unhurt. He was then instructed as to his future proceedings. A pole of a certain height, to be called a

Niu, should be erected, around which all true believers were to worship, standing in a circle; those found worthy would receive the gift of tongues. The angel then sung a waiata (song) apostrophising the Trinity, and informed Te Ua that this would in future be part of his ritual. With the exception of the hymn above quoted, the service appears to have been left to the discretion of the prophets. A Scriptural phraseology was retained in their ceremonies, and throughout their political documents. King Tawhiao was always represented as receiving his power from the angel Gabriel. The symbol of their faith was Pai Marire, which may be interpreted, if each word is taken separately, as good and peaceful; but the sentence must have had a very different meaning to the Hauhaus, if one may judge by their actions, wherein very little that is good or peaceful can be found. There was also another word of importance which they received from the angel, after the fight at Ahu Ahu, namely, Hauhau. The meaning of this word is even more obscure than the other, but probably referred to the wind by which the angels were brought to the worshippers round the pole, as the spirits were always spoken of as "Hau Anihera" (wind angels). Up to this period, Te Ua and his converts had behaved in a peaceable and well disposed manner, but the former must either have changed his mind or been unable to control his zealous followers, for a fanatical and murderous spirit was soon shown, and the creed took that form of hostility to the Pakeha which I shall endeavour to show it has retained ever since.

CHAPTER V. PROGRESS OF THE HAUHAU RELIGION. AHU AHU AND SENTRY HILL.

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PROGRESS OF THE HAUHAU RELIGION.

AHU AHU AND SENTRY HILL.

THE Hauhaus came into collision with the Europeans for the first time at Taranaki, in April, 1864. Detachments of the 57th Regiment and military settlers 100 strong, under command of Captains Lloyd and Page, were foraging and destroying crops at Ahu Ahu on the Kaitake ranges; the main body had finished work, and with piled arms awaited the return of Lieutenant Cox, 57th Regiment, who, with a small party, was destroying maize on the hillside. Suddenly a large body of the enemy rushed out of the fern and scrub with a terrific yell, firing as they advanced. The military settlers had been enrolled only a few weeks, many of them had never fired a shot, and their rifles were so clogged with oil that they would not go off; the few men who had seen service were new to Maori warfare, with its ambuscades, yells, &c; the natural result was that both soldiers and settlers were thrown into confusion, and after a little desultory firing something very like a stampede ensued. Captain Lloyd stood his ground and was killed fighting bravely; Lieutenant Cox with a handful of men escaped by taking to the bush; and Captain Page, with ten or twelve men who stood by him, got into high fern and made his way through it to the Poutuku redoubt. Our loss was seven men killed and twelve wounded, the enemy had four killed. Lieutenant Cox and his party, guided by a Maori scout, reached the town of Taranaki and gave the alarm. The Bush Rangers, under Major Atkinson, always ready, were ordered to the scene of action, and reached the place in an incredibly short space of time; they found that the heads of those killed had been cut off and carried away.

This act of barbarity was new in Maori warfare, and not understood at the time. Several men were missing, and as it was quite possible that they might be hiding in the thick fern, the officer commanding the Bush Rangers had the 57th regimental call sounded; the missing ones responded, and were brought out, all more or less severely wounded. They stated that the enemy rushed upon them barking like dogs, and seemed to have no fear of death. Little was then known of the new religion, but the settlers soon found that this unusual daring was the result of a fanatical belief in their invulnerability. The word Hauhau was certainly a most useful one, if it had only half the virtue attributed to it by the prophets.

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Suppose, for instance, that an enemy was in the act of firing at you, you simply had to turn the palm of your hand towards him, raising it quickly over your head, at the same time saying "Hau, Hau," and the bullet would fly over your head. I cannot say that I have ever tried it or seen it tried; but many voracious cannibals have assured me that it is a fact. The word "hau" is pronounced very abruptly, so as to sound almost like the bark of a dog.

The fight at Ahu Ahu had a great effect upon the fanatics; they had beaten the Pakeha, and were confirmed in the belief that they were the chosen people, but more important still were the revelations received after the action. The heads of the slain had been cut off as trophies, lest other unbelieving tribes should, doubt their success; after being duly exhibited they were buried, but the angel Gabriel appeared to Te Ua and ordered him to exhume and preserve Captain Lloyd's head in the Maori fashion, after which it was to be carried through all the tribes in New Zealand as a medium of communication between man and God. The order was obeyed, and the head, probably out of gratitude, spoke to Te Ua, saying, "You are the chief prophet of Pai Marire; Matene and Hepanaia

will be your disciples." The head also informed the high priest that all true believers should be called Pai Marire, and that legions of angels awaited the time when, the head having visited all the tribes, a general outbreak would take place and the Pakeha be annihilated by the assistance of these angels, after which a knowledge of all languages and of all the arts and sciences would be bestowed upon the Pai Marire. This account must appear utterly absurd to the European mind, yet it was to the Maori a belief in defence of which he was prepared to die; the supposed instructions were admirably conceived, and reflect great credit upon Te Ua. Had the head with its attendant train of madmen travelled peaceably through the North Island, carefully abstaining from hostility towards those tribes professing friendship to the Europeans, all would eventually have been converted, and in that case the outbreak, when it came, would have been so formidable that the utmost efforts of the Government would hardly have arrested its course. Luckily for us, the sub-prophets Hepanaia and Matene, Kereopa and Patara, were men of ferocious character, too impatient to await the appointed time, and so the death-knell of Pai Marire was sounded.

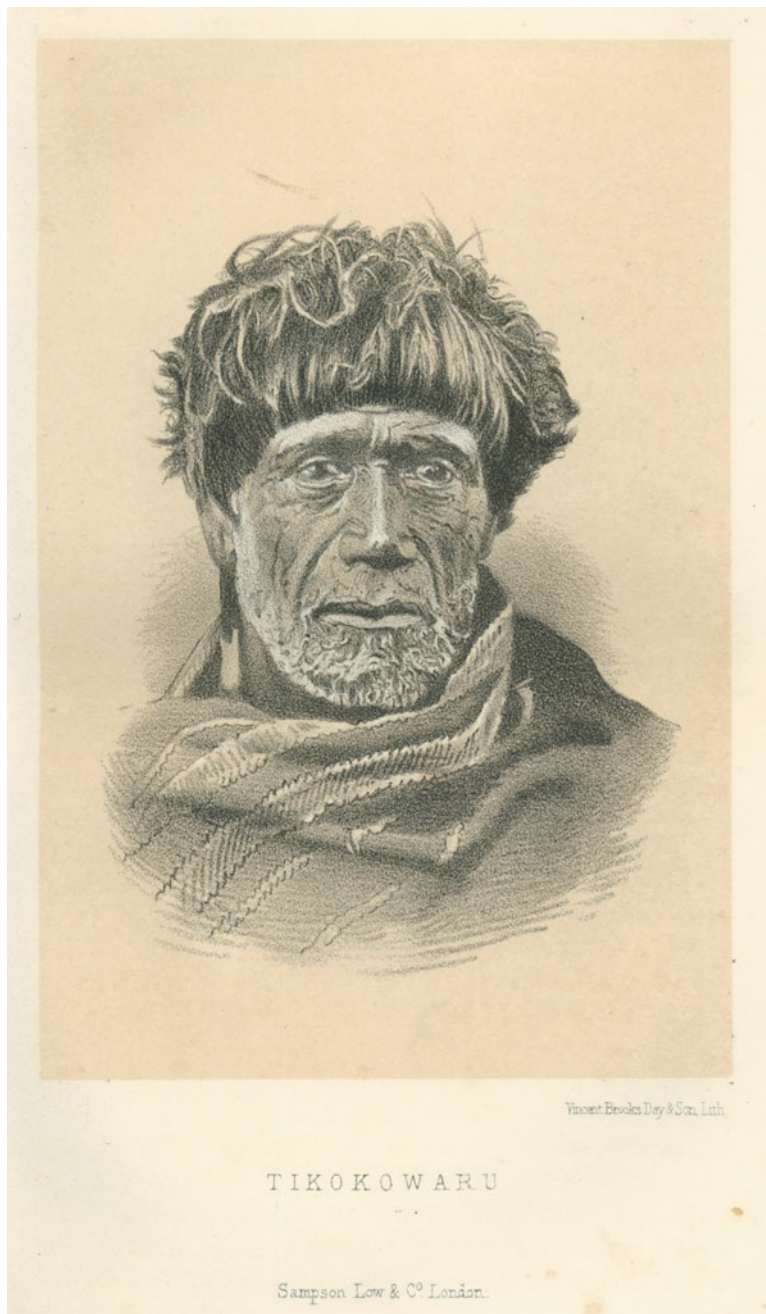
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The first among the prophets to achieve notoriety was Hepanaia. The Pai Marire had been preached throughout the Taranaki and Ngatiruanui country, and there were hundreds of zealous converts ready and anxious to strike for their land and religion; they only required a leader, and one was at hand in the person of Hepanaia. This prophet was not a prudent man by any means, but his courage was undeniable, there was therefore the less reason why he should have selected the fort at Sentry Hill as the point of attack; there were many other posts in the district comparatively easy to assault, the prophet however disdained small mercies and selected the hill. This position was garrisoned by a detachment fifty strong of the 57th Regiment, under Major Short, and was for-

tified with revetted parapet, and in place of a ditch the steep hillsides were scarped to the foot of the parapet, making a steep face to escalade more than twenty feet high; thus the garrison were secure from any assault unprovided with scaling-ladders. The enemy's plans were that 200 of the Ngatiawa tribe should make a false attack just before dawn, with the object of drawing the attention of the garrison from the real movement, which would be carried on during the uproar. This party, 300 strong, were under Hepanaia and Parengi Kingi of Taranaki, and Tamati Oraukawa and Titokowaru of Ngatiruanui. On the 1st of May, 1864, the attack took place; shortly after daylight the garrison were roused by the yells and stamping of the war-dance. Major Shortt paraded his men, and ordered them to lie down under the parapet with the view of deceiving the enemy. A few minutes after the last sound of the dance had died away, the taua (war party) were seen advancing to the attack in close column of fours, evidently careless of our fire, or they would have retained the loose, open, and effective style of attack generally used by the Maori, and of late years by European armies; they had waited in vain for the false attack, for Ngatiawa, disliking the general appearance of the redoubt, had gone home. Hepanaia therefore resolved to attack without them, and gave the word; when about 300 yards from the scarp the Hauhaus halted, as if suspicious of the silent and apparently unoccupied fort. Their hesitation was only for a moment, the next instant they were swarming up the steep hillside, only to be swept back by a storm of bullets and shells from the cohorn mortars. A Maori who was present described it thus: "As we charged, the soldiers opened fire; it was a hailstorm, and the four front ranks went down to a man. For a few seconds we halted in doubt, but old Tamati led us on to take revenge for his two sons just killed; we made another rush and met the same fate. This was too much; we all ran away, dragging off what killed and wounded we could. The prophet was killed; he was a

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[Inserted unpaginated illustration]



TITOKOWARU
Sampson, Low & Co., London
Vincent Brooks, Day & Son, Lith.

humbug." The retreat was only just made in time, for shortly after Colonel Butler, 57th Regiment, arrived, on the field with reinforcements from Manutahi, too late to assist his comrades, but in time to collect the killed and wounded; thirty-three dead bodies were buried, and one severely wounded prisoner taken into hospital. The bodies found did not by any means convey a correct idea of the Hauhau loss; several men were carried off by their relatives during the retreat, and for months bodies were found in the fern and scrub where they had been left. Among the leaders, Parengi Kingi, Hepanaia, and Manahi were killed, and Titokowaru lost an eye; the total loss of the enemy was estimated at seventy, but the Maories never admitted having more than fifty-two killed, and they are probably correct.

CHAPTER VI. PROGRESS OF THE HAUHAU RELIGION – continued. MR. BOOTH'S ADVENTURE.

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PROGRESS OF THE HAUHAU RELIGION – continued. MR. BOOTH'S ADVENTURE.

SHORTLY before the events just related, the second prophet, Matene Rangitauira, had been sent to propagate the Pai Marire among the Wanganui, of which tribe he was a member. The party took the inland track up the Waitotiaia, and reached Pipiriki, where the people were bitterly hostile to Europeans, in consequence of the death of their chief Hori Te Kaioroto, who with thirty-six of his men was killed at the storming of Katikara. This tribe readily accepted the Pai Marire. Captain Lloyd's head was hung on the Niu, while men and women half mad with fanaticism danced wildly round it. Mr. Booth, the resident magistrate, was absent in Wanganui when these men arrived, but his brother and family were at Pipiriki. His return had been prevented by want of water on the upper rapids of the river;

had he been at his station, it is probable that he might have prevented the Hauhaus preaching their Pai Marire, for he was greatly respected by the Maories. The state of the river prevented Mr. Booth's return before the end of April; at each pah on the river he was told that the new religion had been established at Pipiriki, and at Hiruharama he was solemnly warned not to go on, as the Hauhaus were all pourewarewa (half mad), swearing vengeance to the Pakeha. This of course only proved a stronger reason for going on, as he felt it was his duty to rescue his brother and family. On reaching the landing-place he observed a change in the behaviour of his people; usually they would come to meet, and welcome him, and drag up the canoe high and dry before he was allowed to land, but on this occasion they lined the high bank above the river, making horrible grimaces and yelling like demons. Now thoroughly alive to his danger, Mr. Booth sat quietly in the canoe until the young chief Hori Patene came down and cried over him, rubbing noses to assure him of his friendship. Hori advised Mr. Booth to go at once to his house, but he refused, saying he saw murder in the eyes of Matene and his followers. Hori promised to protect him, and they went together. On the top of the bank Mr. Booth saw a young half-caste boy who was under his protection; he tried to take him with him, but the Hauhaus seized the boy, and in the struggle he was hurt and cried out; this so exasperated them, that Booth would have been killed at once had not Hori interfered and persuaded him to let the boy go. They found Mrs. Booth and the children in great alarm, expecting death every moment. Hori's good deeds did not cease here, for he crossed the river and brought Mr. Booth's brother and family, so that they might all meet their fate together.

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It was now dark, and the Hauhaus began their devotions, howling round the pole on which was hung Captain Lloyd's head, the women in a frenzy of fanaticism gnawing the hair and flesh. These scenes were repeated

again and again during the night, and when not engaged in these horrible devotions the Taranaki men made speeches which Mr. Booth could hear, urging the murder of himself and family. Hori Patene and one other man opposed them, and proposed that the Pakehas should be allowed to depart. On the following day the same scenes were repeated; in the afternoon, Epiha Patapu, a near relation of the great Pehi Turoa, arrived and visited Mr. Booth. He was requested to return and bring Pehi to intercede with the Hauhaus; Epiha promised to do so, but late in the evening he sent word that Pehi had gone down the river to Hiruharama, and had not called at Pipiriki. There seemed to be no hope of release now, and Mr. Booth and his family resigned themselves to their fate, expecting to be massacred during the night.

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On the following morning Mr. Booth sent for Matene, and at 11 a. m. the prophet walked into the house and shook hands all round, saying "Enoho i ta koutou whare" – a Maori salutation. "Have you nothing more to say to me?" said Mr. Booth. "No, nothing," said the prophet and left them. Hori Patene came in soon after, and told them to be ready, as he intended to aid their escape that night. He then left them to learn what the meeting were saying, lest they should decide upon death in his absence. After the meeting was over, a messenger came from Matene, and said "This is our decision: We will not let you go; you shall stay with us for ever. If you attempt to escape we will kill you." About sunset Hori Patene came post-haste, and said "At last they have consented to let you go. Come at once; leave all your property to me; for they may change their minds at any moment." As may be supposed, they were only too glad to leave everything, and the whole family followed their friend and protector. The river-bank was crowded with the Hauhaus, and as they passed Mr. Booth heard the Taranaki men say "Wait until they get into the canoe, and then shoot them down." Hori heard it also, and said

"Take no notice of them. Go slowly until you are out of sight; I and my friends will keep in the line of fire between you and the Hauhaus." Once fairly off and past the rapids they increased their speed. For some time they were under the impression that they were followed, and used every exertion to escape; but finally the voices heard were found to be those of the children in the bow of the canoe; they were talking together in a low tone, and the rushing of the water kept the paddlers from ascertaining where the sounds came from. That night they reached Hiruharama, where they found Pehi Turoa, who had been afraid to trust himself with the Hauhaus, and so had passed on and left them to their fate. On the following day the whole party reached Wanganui, having only a few hours before despaired of ever seeing home again.

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CHAPTER VII. PROGRESS OF THE HAUHAU RELIGION – continued. BATTLE OF MOUTOA AND OHOTAHI.

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PROGRESS OF THE HAUHAU RELIGION – CONTINUED. BATTLE OF MOUTOA AND OHOTAHI.

AFTER Mr. Booth's lucky escape, the Hauhaus decided on attacking the town of Wanganui, and employed themselves in fitting out war-canoes for that purpose. They also as a preliminary movement sent messengers to the Ngatihau tribe at Hiruharama, asking them to join the Hauhau and help to drive the intruding Pakeha into the sea. Ngatihau thought it good policy not to answer, but at once despatched a swift canoe to warn lower Wanganui and Ngatiapa to come to their assistance well armed. They then held a meeting, and decided to leave the three paha of Hiruharama, Kanaeroa, and Tawhitinui; fall back upon Ranana, and fight the enemy on an old and classic battle-ground, the island of Moutoa. These movements were executed at once. Meanwhile the Hauhaus, uncertain as to the feelings

of Ngatihau, advanced cautiously, and finding Hiruharama deserted, passed on and occupied Tawhitinui about two miles distant, and on the opposite side of the river to Ranana, from whence they intended to open negotiations with the tribes of the lower district. By this time the fighting men of Koriniti, Atene, and Parikino had arrived at Ranana, and were present when a message arrived from the Hauhaus demanding permission to pass down the river, and hinting that they would resort to force should their request be refused. Haimona, chief of Ngatipamoana, a man of stern character, replied "We will not let you pass; and if you attempt to force a passage we will fight you on Moutoa." The Hauhaus accepted the challenge, it was agreed that our people, as owners of the island, should occupy it before dawn, and await the arrival of the Hauhaus, who would be allowed, to land before the firing commenced. Then a general scrimmage would ensue. At grey dawn the following morning the government natives, 350 strong, proceeded to the appointed round; 250 remained on the left bank as spectators, and 100 picked men arranged themselves in the most effective manner on the island. The advanced guard, fifty strong, was divided into three parties, each under a chief. Riwai Tawhitorangi led the centre, Kereti the left, and Hemi Nape the right; the whole under the general charge of Tamehana Te Aewa. A support of fifty men under Haimona were posted at the other end of the island, at least 200 yards from the advanced guard – much too far to give effective support if the 180 Hauhaus attacked vigorously, the main body under Mete Kingi were 800 yards away, separated from the combatants by an arm of the river, and utterly unable to assist their friends. Why so small party should have been detached to fight 180 Hauhaus, mad with fanaticism and belief in their own invulnerability, is difficult to say, the more so that nearly if not all the friendly natives did undoubtedly believe that they were fighting against men who were assisted by the angels. We

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are bound to admire their courage rather than their discretion in putting themselves in a position comparatively unsupported, and from whence they could retreat only by swimming.

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It must not be supposed that the Wanganui fought only to save the town of Wanganui; far from it, at that time they were strong supporters of the king, therefore in a measure inimical to the Europeans. They fought for the mana (influence) of the tribe. No hostile war party had ever forced the river, and none ever should do so. Our friends whom we left at their posts on the island had not long to wait. The Hauhaus came down the river, and grounded their canoes on a shingle spit of the appointed battle-ground. The warriors sprang on shore like men confident of success. Wanganui allowed them to land as agreed upon, and then a portion of the advanced guard fired a volley. The Hauhaus were not thirty yards distant, yet none of them fell. At this moment a lay brother living with the Catholic priest, Father Pezant, rushed forward, and implored the opposing party to stop the fighting. No one listened to him, and the return volley laid him dead, together with many others, including the chiefs Riwai and Kereti. The centre and left, disheartened by the loss of their chiefs, began to give way, shouting that the enemy were invulnerable; but Hemi Nape held his ground, and soon proved to the contrary. Nevertheless they were driven slowly back by the overwhelming force of the Hauhaus. Two-thirds of the island had been gained, and the battle appeared to be lost, when suddenly Tamehana Te Aewa came to the rescue. He had vainly tried to bring back the fugitives; but not succeeding, had returned to share the fate of those who fought. Hemi called on his men to take cover from the Hauhau fire, and hold their ground. He was obeyed by all but Tamehana, who fought like a demon, killing two men with his double-barrelled gun. At this critical moment Hemi Nape, the last of the three leaders, was shot dead. His son Marino took

command. Nearly all his men were more or less severely wounded; and as the Hauhaus rushed forward to finish the fight, our men fired a volley into them at close quarters, killing several; but they still came on, and for a moment the fate of Wanganui trembled in the balance. Tamehana was equal to the occasion. Seizing the spear of a dead man, he drove it through the nearest Hauhau, taking his gun and tomahawk. The latter he drove so deeply into the head of a second, that in wrenching it out the handle was broken. Finding the gun unloaded he dashed it in the faces of his foes, and seized another, which he was about to fire when a bullet struck him in the arm. He nevertheless killed his man. This was his last effort. The next moment a bullet shattered his knee to pieces. The tomahawk would soon have finished him, but his gallant stand had given Haimona time to come up with the support and rallied fugitives. Ashamed of their conduct they came determined to wipe it out. They fired one volley, killing a chief (brother to Pehi), and then charged pell-mell upon the Hauhaus. There was no time to re-load, so down went the guns, and all went in with the tomahawk. The enemy were driven in confusion to the upper end of the island, where, followed by the tomahawks of their pursuers and exposed to the cross fire of Mete Kingi's people, they rushed in a body into the water, and attempted to swim the rapid to the right bank. Just then Haimona recognised the prophet among the swimmers. he called to one of his best fighting men (Te Moro) and said "There is your fish," at the same time handing him his bone mere. To Moro went for the fish, and caught him by the hair just as he reached the opposite bank. The prophet seeing the fate which threatened him, put up his hand, and said – "Pai Marire, Marire hau." The remainder of what might have been an eloquent speech was cut short by the mere; Te Moro swam back towing his fish, and threw it at Haimona's feet. To his day he shows the two gaps in the mere with great pride. Over fifty Hauhaus were buried on the island, and

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twenty prisoners were taken by Mete Kingi, who crossed the river and surrounded some fugitives in a galley. Our loss was sixteen killed and nearly forty wounded – rather severe when it is remembered that not more than eighty men actually took part in the fight. The somewhat cowardly behaviour of a portion of Wanganui during the early part of the action may be attributed to two causes: namely, the non-result of the first volley which confirmed them in the belief of Hauhau invulnerability; and secondly, in the loss of their leaders Riwai and Kereti, who fell by the first Hauhau volley. It was only the gallant behaviour of Hemi and Tamehana with the men of Ranana that turned the scale, and gave us the spectacle of a real old Maori fight in modern times. No other tribe can boast of an engagement like this for the last fifty years.

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A period of hostility between upper and lower Wanganui, Pehi Turoa's, and Hori Kingi's tribes, followed this fight, and lasted until February, 1865, when the Hauhaus occupied Ohotahi, close to Hiruharama. The flat round this pah was covered with small conical hills, of which circumstance the Hauhaus took advantage, fortifying them as outworks. They also built a pah on the hill above, from which at long range bullets could be dropped into Hiruharama. The friendly natives lost no time in mustering their forces, and nearly two hundred men took the field under command of Hone Hipango. The first night after they arrived, a

Ngatipa warrior, Eramea, set out to reconnoitre on his own account. he crawled unseen up to one of the hillock pahs, and put his head in at the gateway to look about. The garrison (five men) saw him, and thinking that he must be well supported, blazed away wildly, and then bolted over the palisades, leaving Eramea in possession. His triumphant war-whoop soon brought his friends up, and they, not to be outdone, carried the remaining outworks with a rush. The same night an attempt was made against the pah on the range. A few shots had been fired on either side, when suddenly a voice from the pah

shouted, "Take care what you do; Te Miere and Te Mokena are here." At the names of those dreaded warriors, one of whom was seventy years of age, our men withdrew, not caring to face them just then. For some days after this, general skirmishes were going on, during which a few men were killed on either side. This style of warfare did not suit Te Hipango, who took more decided measures. Early one morning he sallied out with all his force, and threw up flying rifle-pits within sixty yards of the pah. When his men had possession of the ground, he proceeded to lay out a sap, and while driving stakes into the ground to give the direction, was mortally wounded. The brave chief did not mention that he was wounded, but walked quietly back to Hiruharama, where he died soon after. When the news was brought to his men, they were perfectly infuriated, and determined to assault the pah at once. Had they carried out their intention Pehi and his tribe would have been exterminated. Wanganui were actually moving to the attack, when suddenly a woman came out of the gateway of the pah, waving a white flag. She was recognised as Pehi's wife. The firing stopped instantly, the garrison of the pah came out, and a general tangi (cry) ensued over their mutual losses; for be it remembered that both parties were Wanganuis, and Pehi Turoa was the great ancestral chief of the whole tribe. The celebrated chief Topini Te Mamaku, and Ropina, a brother of Pehi, escaped prior to the surrender of the pah, but all the other chiefs and eighty fighting men surrendered. or would have done so had they not been Wanganuis, for, is Pehi's dignity would have suffered by being made a prisoner, he was therefore allowed to walk off, guns and all, to the great indignation of many Europeans, who could not understand that the tribe would have lowered their own dignity by making a prisoner of their greatest chief. The total loss in these skirmishes was nine Hauhaus and five friendlies killed, the wounded on either side not known.

CHAPTER VIII. PROGRESS OF THE HAUHAU RELIGION – continued. MURDER OF THE REV. MR. VOLCKNER AND OF MR. FULLOON.

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PROGRESS OF THE HAUHAU RELIGION – continued.

MURDER OF THE REV. MR. VOLCKNER AND OF MR. FULLOON.

THUS far Te Ua had been extremely unfortunate in his choice of prophets. Both Hepanaia and Matene had disobeyed his instructions in trying to propagate the creed by force, and both had lost not only their own lives, but a large number of men also. Of course their failure was attributed to disobedience, and the Maories, far from being disheartened, felt that it showed how correct were Te Ua's instructions, and therefore joined the ranks of the Pai Marire with renewed vigour.

To supply the places of the two prophets above mentioned, two others were appointed – Patara of Taranaki, and Kereopa of the Arawa tribes. Both were initiated into the mysteries by Te Ua, and were sent to teach the doctrines of Pai Marire to the tribes of the Rawhiti. They took with them two European prisoners or deserters, and Captain Lloyd's head. Te Ua's instructions were written, so that there might be no mistake as to their behaviour while engaged in the work of Pai Marire. They were as follows: "While on your journey, be careful not to interfere with those whom you may meet; do not quarrel with the Pakeha. When you reach Taupo, go on to Whakatane, thence to Opotiki, from there to Waiaapu, and finally to Turanganui, where your journey will end. If this piece of paper should get torn or dirty, ask another piece from your Pakeha friends, and re-write it, that it may arrive clean, and in good condition, to Hirini Te Kani, at Turanganui. Give him also the flag and the man's head." There is nothing in this letter to justify the after behaviour of Kereopa, or even that of Patara. These men, far from obeying the peaceful commands of their master, proceeded

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KEREOPA
Sampson, Low & Co., London

at once to murder and rapine; and from the time Mr. Volckner was murdered at Opotiki, every tribe visited broke out in rebellion against law and order.

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Patara's first action on reaching Taupo, was to visit the house of the Rev. Mr. Grace, which had been left, together with all his property, in charge of the Tokanui chiefs. Patara took a double-barrelled gun for his own use, and had the remaining articles sold by auction. So far from offering any objection to this sale, the Taupo tribe gladly participated, for they were ready converts to Pai Marire. Patara did not remain long in Taupo, but deviated from the route laid down for him, and visited the Uriwera tribe at Te Whaiti. Two hundred of the tribe met him at Tauaroa. They were drawn up in two lines to receive the spirit of the deity. The head was used to frighten each man, until from terror or over-excitement he went half mad, and sprang out of the line; he was then supposed to have accepted the religion. After this ceremony was over, Kereopa said – "Now let the widows of those who fell at Orakau vent their grief and rage on the head, and the living Pakehas." The two Europeans were then placed on either side of the head, and the infuriated women flourished spears and tomahawks, over the two men, and made pretended bites at the head. Kereopa meanwhile addressed the tribe, stating that he had been sent by the great prophet To Ua to convert all the tribes, and that when he had finished, prophets would be appointed, and a general rising against the Pakeha ensue. He denounced all other prophets as false and unauthorised, and said the true Pai Marire would not lose caste if the Pakehas captured them. From Tauaro the Hauhaus proceeded to Whakatane, where they were joined by nearly all the people. From thence they went on to Opotiki, escorted by the chiefs Te Hura, Wepiha, Apanui, and Mokomoko. After a short stay, during which the Whakatohea tribe were converted, Patara and some of his men left for Tunapahore, Kereopa and others remaining at Opotiki. Before leaving, Patara

wrote a letter to Mr. Volckner, the Church of England minister, warning him not to return, as the Maories would not have ministers of any religion among them for the future. Mr. Volckner had lived some years at Opotiki as a missionary to the Protestant tribes. On his first arrival, he found no church for his people to worship in. He at once set to work, and by means of Maori subscriptions, and liberal donations on his own part-built a substantial edifice. His own house was some little distance from the church, facing the entrance to the river; and a light placed in the gable window served as a beacon to the small craft trading between the port and Auckland. This circumstance is worthy of note, from the fact that it served as one of the articles of impeachment against him.

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Before the war broke out in Waikato, Mr. Volckner had been a great favourite with the Opotiki Maories, and deservedly so, for few missionaries had done more to deserve respect; but after the war commenced, this feeling changed to one of distrust, brought about by his evident anxiety to prevent his people joining in the revolt. Maori-like, ever suspicious, they expressed a belief that his house had been built opposite the mouth of the river for no other purpose than to guide man-of-war boats to surprise them at night. About this period two individuals arrived from Auckland, via Waikato, and brought letters from the Kingites inviting the Whakatohea to participate in the plunder of Auckland, which city they had taken. This tale, improbable as it may appear, obtained implicit belief from the tribe; and to make things worse, a report was spread that Volckner had caused a Catholic priest to be transported, because he was friendly to the king party. This made them furious, and when a trader who had just arrived from Auckland stoutly denied the report, a chief took a letter from his pocket, and said, "It is useless to deny it, for it is written here by the priest himself. I am told not to show this letter to any Pakeha, but we know

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THE REV^d. C.S. VOLKNER
Sampson, Low & Co., London
Vincent Brooks, Day & Son, Lith.

that Volckner is a bitter enemy of ours." Such being the state of feeling, Mr. Volckner was warned not to return from Auckland, where he then was. But there is nothing so obstinate as a good man, who judges others by his own standard; and he replied – "I have done no harm, therefore they cannot possibly have enmity towards me." It was at this critical time that Patara and Kereopa arrived, and found the tribe ripe and ready for any atrocity. They were welcomed with wailings and speechifying. Kereopa was the first of the fanatics to speak. He informed, his hearers that he came to make the place sacred to the new religion, and that they must forsake the old forms and ceremonies. He also ordered them to drive away the Pakehas living amongst them. The Whakatohea consented to receive the Hauhau faith, but refused to drive away men who had lived with them for years. The Niu was then erected, the head placed beside it, and the tribe initiated. On the following day, Patara and Kereopa, with their Taranaki followers, collected Mr. Volckner's horses, broke into his house, and sold the things by auction, as they had previously done with Mr. Grace's things. It was then that Patara wrote the letter to Mr. Volckner, telling him what had been done, and warning him not to return. He then left for Tunapahore. On the following day, the 1st of March, 1805, the schooner Eclipse arrived in the Opotiki river, having on board as passengers Messrs. Grace and Volckner. Kereopa was absent at the time, having gone a short distance inland, but the chief Moko Moko sent a messenger to tell him that the missionaries were in their power. Meanwhile, Te Whiwhini, one of the Taranakis, boarded the vessel, and ordered Captain Levy not to land any cargo until Kereopa arrived. He then demanded the captain's Hebrew Bible, and pretended to read it, expressing great satisfaction in the possession of so valuable a work.

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On Kereopa's arrival he called a meeting, and addressing the assembly, said -- "I have to remind you that if you do

not agree to my proposals you will be destroyed by my god. This is my word, fetch the Pakeha ministers, that I may destroy them." This speech had such an effect on the superstitious Maories that they did not dare even to shake hands with the captives. They foresaw their fate, and feared to rouse the anger of the Hauhau god by a show of sympathy. The passengers and crew, with the exception of Captain Levy (who as a Jew was supposed to be a sort of Hauhau), were marched off to the Roman Catholic chapel, outside which they were kept standing for nearly two hours, while the debate on their fate went on inside. Finally, they were all placed in a wretched hut to await sentence. Another meeting was held that night, at which it was resolved to hang Mr. Volckner, and keep Mr. Grace a prisoner. The majority of the tribe voted against their pastor, but there were a few good men who stood out manfully against this murder – notably Tiwai and Te

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Ranapia. The latter demanded that Volckner should be given over to him. Kereopa replied, "To-morrow you shall know my decision." Later in the day he renewed his request, and was told that one of them would be given to him on the following day. About 2 p. m., on the 2nd of March, twenty armed men under Heremita came to the prisoner's whare, and took Mr. Volckner; eight of them remained as a guard, to prevent the others following. He was first taken to the church, where his coat and waistcoat were taken off, his hands tied, and a rope placed round his neck; he was then led out to a willow-tree which had been selected as a gallows. Ranapia, seeing the Hauhaus pass, attempted a rescue, but was upset into a deep creek, and at the same moment Mr. Volckner was run up to the branch of the willow. After hanging a few moments, he was lowered, and Kereopa shot him through the body. When Ranapia heard the gun he knew he was too late, and returned to his whare. After being hauled up to the block and let down with a jerk several times until life was extinct, the body was cut down and carried into the church, where Kereopa

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ordered the chief Hike to cut the head off. He then called on all the tribe to taste Volckner's blood, and to give them encouragement gouged out and swallowed the eyes.

The chief Werapoaka refused to allow the Ngatirua section of the tribe to taste the blood, but all the other Maories did so, and besmeared themselves with it. A woman named Teparā is said to have been the first to behave in this barbarous manner. She had been servant to Volckner, and was brought up and educated by the missionaries in the Bay of Islands. There is some doubt as to who put the rope round Mr. Volckner's neck; some accounts say that Pokeno did so, but the balance of evidence is in favour of Heremita Kahupaea having done so; certain it is that he took a most active part throughout the affair. Almost every man in the tribe would seem to have been equally guilty of this most barbarous murder. The Ngatirua (Roman Catholic) section of the Whakatohea certainly did not take part in the murder, but only because the chief Werapoaka ordered them to remain in their pah, and leave the murder to Volckner's own people. In the scenes that ensued they took a very active part. Te Ranapia comes well out of the affair, for not only had he the courage to refuse his consent, both at the meeting, and afterwards when Hakaraia tried to persuade him, but he even attempted to rescue Mr. Volckner, and might have succeeded had he not been upset off the plank into deep water. He and old Tiwai were the bright exceptions to a dark deed. On the same day that the murder was committed, Kereopa returned to the inland pah and awaited the return of Patara, to whom he sent an account of his doings. That evening the latter returned, and calling the people together said – "This is Kereopa's work, not mine. Kereopa is an Arawa, and hates you because you fought against his tribe. He has done this deed out of revenge, for he knows that it will bring the Pakehas among you to seek payment." He then sent for Kereopa to come to Opotiki and give an account of himself; but the latter was afraid to appear, and

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started for Poverty Bay, whither he was followed by Patara to prevent further mischief.

After Mr. Volckner's murder Mr. Grace was formally tried before the whole tribe. He was accused of teaching the natives a false doctrine for the purpose of deceiving them; but the charge broke down. Finally, Patara told him that he would have to go with him to Poverty Bay. Mr. Grace excused himself on the score of age and weakness, and proposed that he should be ransomed, either for money or that some prisoner in the hands of the Government should be given in exchange. To this latter proposition they assented, saying they would take old Hori Tupaea, a great chief of Tauranga, who had been arrested a short time before while attempting to propagate the Pai Marire among the Arawa. Patara upon the whole behaved very well to Mr. Grace, allowed him to write to his wife, and told him that he was at liberty to go to any part of the Opotiki flat, remarking that they were not like the Pakeha, who kept their prisoners shut up. For nearly a fortnight Mr. Grace waited anxiously for Captain Levy to sail for Tauranga with Patara's letter offering to exchange him for Hori Tupaea. On the 15th the schooner dropped down to the Heads, but could not get over the bar that night. On the following morning a large three-masted steamer was seen in the offing. Captain Levy and his brother, taking advantage of the absence of nearly all the natives (who were at a feast inland), got into a canoe and paddled down to the schooner. They sent up the boat to take all their stores away from the village in the hope of escaping; and while Captain Levy was loading, one of the crew said to Mr. Grace – "Go down to the point and we will take you on board as we pass." Mr. Grace followed the instructions, sauntered carelessly through two or three villages lest he should be suspected, and was picked up by the boat. The goods were taken on board the schooner, and the boat then crossed the bar and went out to the steamer, which proved to be H. M. S. Eclipse, Captain Fremantle, who had been sent down to examine into the reports which had reached

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Auckland of the death of Mr. Volckner. Two well-manned boats were sent to tow out the schooner, and in a very short time all were safe.

This was not the only outrage committed on the coast by the Pai Marire fanatics. A short time after Mr. Volckner's death, the cutter Kate arrived off Whakatane. She had on board the Government agent, Mr. Fulloon, two half-caste boys, and three men including the captain. The cutter anchored off the bar to await high tide, and not anticipating danger took no precautions against it. Unfortunately for the doomed men, one of the Taranaki prophets, Horomona, was then at Whakatane. On the arrival of the vessel he called a meeting of the Patutahi tribe, and demanded that the crew and passengers should be killed. It was the Opotiki tragedy acted over again. The chief Te Hura rose up, and said, "I consent." This was sufficient; twenty men manned two whale-boats and boarded the cutter. Kirimangu, one of the leaders, went down into the cabin and found Mr. Fulloon asleep. His revolver was under his pillow; Kirimangu seized it and shot him dead. This was the signal for a general massacre. The two boys were saved, but the crew were all killed, and the vessel plundered. Some months after, the murderers were captured by the Arawa under Major Mair. They were tried, and nearly all of them convicted, but only two of them, Horomona and Kirimangu, were hanged. Moko Moko and Hakaraia, who had been concerned in Mr. Volckner's murder, were hanged at the same time. While in gaol they were visited by a man they had known for years. He asked them if they admitted the justice of their sentence. They said – "Yes we do, but there are many others now at large who are more guilty, and we should die happy if we had only time given us for revenge on the men who led us into this trap." Thus the murderers did not escape altogether scot free; but two of the greatest scoundrels, Wepiha and Te Awanui, were never tried for the crime in which they took so prominent a part.

CHAPTER IX. CAPTURE OF THE WERAROA PAH.

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CAPTURE OF THE WERAROA PAH.

AFTER the fight at Moutoa the Wanganui tribe, elated by success, waited upon Mr. Mantell, the native minister, and asked permission to attack the Weraroa pah, as a sort of revenge upon the Hauhaus for having attacked them on their own river. Mr. Mantell declined to encourage the expedition, lest it should in any way interfere with General Cameron's plan, and the Wanganuis, disgusted with what they considered Pakeha red tape, returned to their villages. This stronghold of the enemy was situated about fifteen miles from the town of Wanganui, and ten miles from the boundary of the settled district to which it was a standing menace. The position was naturally strong, but owed little to art, it being by no means in the best style of Maori fortification. General Cameron had, however, a different impression, for in his correspondence with His Excellency Sir G. Grey he writes, "I consider my force insufficient to attack so formidable a work as the Weraroa pah. It would be necessary to establish two posts to keep our communication open with Wanganui, and we should have to furnish escorts daily for convoys. This would reduce my force to 700 or 800 men, which would not be sufficient to provide for the protection of the camp in such a country, and at the same time carry on all the laborious operations of the siege. Instead of 1100 men, my present available force, I should require 6000." Holding these opinions, however ill founded, it is not astonishing that General Cameron should have passed by the pah without attacking, or that he should have treated the offer of the Wanganui tribes as mere bounce. Unfortunately for himself he recorded these opinions in writing, and the result proved conclusively that he mis-

judged both the strength of the pah and the ability of the Wanganui to take it, for he writes to Sir George Grey, "I was very confident that the desire stated to have been entertained by the friendly natives to be allowed to attack the Weraroa was mere bounce; and I was astonished that you should have believed in it, that is to say, if you really did believe in it, and yet you could hardly have professed that 500 natives should attempt what I told you I would not undertake with less than 2000 soldiers" About the time that this letter was written, the Colonial Government, seeing the necessity of providing for the defence of the frontier and occupation of the confiscated land, were enlisting men. One company of Bush Rangers sixty strong, and a native contingent of 110 men, were duly enrolled, and in addition to these corps, Von Tempsky with 100 Forest Rangers was at Nukumaru, forty men of the Yeoman Cavalry were in Wanganui, and lastly, there were at least 400 Maories ready at any moment to assist their relatives in the contingent. Thus the Government could rely upon an active force of 500 men, after garrisoning the various posts held by them. The Native Contingent were at this period stationed at Pipiriki, under Captain Thomas McDonnell. This officer had served with distinction in the Waikato and at Maketu, and a better selection could not have been made, as his knowledge of the native language and customs was superior to that of any officer in the service. The humdrum life at Pipiriki did not suit his active mind, and having heard from the Maories that they had offered to take the Weraroa but had been prevented by the Government, he proceeded to stir up their enthusiasm anew.

This was a simple matter, for, notwithstanding General Cameron's opinion, the Maories really had intended to attack the pah. Once the leading chiefs were won over, the rest was easy. The Native Contingent, contrary to the articles of war made and provided for such cases, suddenly informed their commanding officer that they were going to

Wanganui en route for the Weraroa. Captain McDonnell expressed a proper amount of astonishment and indignation at this very irregular proceeding, and informed them that Captain Brassey, the senior officer at the station, would not allow them to leave. Captain Brassey would not hear of it, and the contingent admitted that he was quite right, but at the same time quietly put their baggage into the canoes ready to start. Under these circumstances McDonnell felt constrained to follow, if only to see that they behaved themselves. On the 18th of June, 1865, about one hundred and eighty Maories of the contingent and kupapas (volunteers) were ready to start from Wanganui, where they had been joined by the Yeoman Cavalry under Major Rookes. On the following day the expedition started and camped at the Okehu sandhills, from whence a spy was sent out to communicate with the pah, and ascertain the feelings of the Hauhaus by means of one of their chiefs (Pehimana) who was known to be friendly to the Wanganuis. The negotiations went on for some days, during which time our men were not over-well provided with rations, until some of the troopers drove a fine wild bullock up to the camp. A general rush was made upon him by the natives; the bullock charged and knocked over one man, but in a moment twenty men were upon him, and he was literally lifted off the ground and thrown down, when one of the troopers despatched him with a sword-thrust through the heart. After this incident the men were decidedly more contented with their lot, and when our spy returned with a message from Pehimana, to the effect that most of the garrison were absent and that he had persuaded the remainder to surrender, there was a general rush to arms and the whole force marched to Maenene, distant about half a mile from the Weraroa, where the Hauhaus were to meet us and surrender. But our hopes were doomed to be blighted, for when we reached the appointed place, only Pehimana appeared, and he informed us that the more violent and fanatic portion of the garrison had returned and put a stop to the surrender. Under these circumstances he

had deemed it advisable to surrender himself as a proof of his good faith. The indignation of the Wanganuis may be imagined; each man silently stripped, and in a few moments the chorus of their war-dance might have been heard two miles off. Major Von Tempsky who was with us galloped off to bring up his men, and that afternoon would have seen a very pretty fight had not the government agent (Colonel Logan, 57th Regiment) and his staff appeared upon the scene, and ordered Captain McDonnell to march his men back to Wanganui, as he was acting without the authority of the Governor. McDonnell refused to obey; then Colonel Logan ordered the natives to return, telling them that he acted under instructions from Sir George Grey. Had he used the name of the Government, the Wanganui would have laughed, but the Governor's name was different; he was not an abstract idea but a real personage, and they, having great belief in the man, combined with respect for his power, reluctantly shouldered their weapons and returned, to the Okehu camp. After this check, Von Tempsky and McDonnell resolved to go to Wellington and obtain his Excellency's consent to the attack, but at the last moment the officer commanding the troop in the district ordered them to remain, informing them that Colonel Logan was going to ascertain the Governor's intentions. This arrangement would have disconcerted the two colonial officers, but McDonnell out-manoeuvred the imperial authorities by sending the chiefs Hori Kingi and Kawana Paipai to represent their side of the question. The imperial authorities tried in vain to detain them; old Hori was obstinate and refused to leave the steamer, and Colonel Logan had to go down with them to make good his story. The chiefs were, however, too many for him, and the result answered McDonnell's expectations, for not only was he authorised to proceed with the operations, but he was informed that his Excellency would shortly arrive and assume command. By the 14th of July the force was again before the Weraroa, on this occasion in much greater

strength, there being 160 Europeans and about 300 Maories in camp. Communication was again opened with the pah, and Major Rookes, McDonnell, Hori Kingi and Kepa were invited to visit them in the village of Perekama, which was situated in the valley below and on the further side of the pah. Here they remained for some days urging the people to surrender, which they finally promised, to do, provided that the Pakakohe tribe at Te Putahi would also agree to surrender. This tribe bore a very bad character, even in the old cannibal days they were known for treachery and murders; but a full knowledge of these facts did not deter McDonnell from visiting them on his peace mission. The Wanganuis would not let him go alone, but sent Kawana Paipai and Kepa with him judging rightly that

even the Pakakohi would think twice before they killed chiefs whose men would be certain to avenge them. When they entered the pah the tribe went through some Hauhau ceremonies, and then conducted their visitors to the council whare, where the talking commenced, McDonnell and his friends urging surrender, which Te Onekura and the Pakakohi steadily refused. Seeing that nothing was to be gained from this people, McDonnell left at daybreak and returned to Perekama, where a messenger awaited him with intelligence of his Excellency's arrival at the camp.

Sir George Grey, wishing if possible to avoid bloodshed, sent Captain McDonnell several times to the pah, urging a peaceful solution of the difficulty. Two of the chiefs favoured this view, and were anxious to surrender, but their men, guided by a Hauhau prophet, prolonged the negotiations from day to day, ostensibly to give the women and children time to leave and carry off their things; the real reason was, however, that reinforcements had been promised from Patea and Upper Wanganui, and could not arrive for some days.

This piece of diplomacy did not deceive Sir George, who, to bring things to a climax, resolved to go in person and take possession of the pah. Aperahama and Pehimana

(the two chiefs before mentioned) were sent on in front to make arrangements for his reception, and Hori Kingi was informed that he would be required to attend his Excellency. Hori knew so well the murderous character of the Ngarauru and Pakakohi tribes, that he showed considerable disinclination to put himself in their power; but finding Sir George determined to go at all risks, he followed with unconcealed distrust. When within 200 yards of the pah the party was stopped by the Hauhaus, who asked whether in the event of their surrender they should be punished for former acts of rebellion. Sir George assured them that only murderers would, be punished. This appeared to satisfy them, and Aperahama called on all to enter the pah; Sir George ordered his staff to remain where they were, and taking with him Hori and one other chief, moved toward the pah. There is many a slip twixt cup and lip in Maori matters. The garrison appeared to be on the point of surrender; but unfortunately, their prophet was suddenly seized with a fit of compunction, fanaticism, or something else, and called on his men to stop the Europeans. The Hauhaus got ready their guns, and the semi-Hauhau chiefs, Aperahama and Pehimana, alarmed at their responsibility, implored Sir George to return to Maenene, which he did, after being informed by the prophet that the pah would never be surrendered. The two chiefs above-mentioned were refused admittance to their own pah, as friends of the Pakeha. This so disgusted them, that after reviling the Hauhau religion they finally left their people, and took up quarters with the contingent. Even after this affair the people of the pah attempted to keep up the negotiations, informing Sir George that if he would send his men back to Wanganui they would cease hostilities and live peaceably. Sir George promptly refused to withdraw the force, and wrote to General Waddy, asking whether the instructions given him by General Cameron would permit his commanding the force before the pah and directing the operations. The reply was that his instructions would not permit him to take an active

part in the reduction of the pah. His Excellency, after pointing out the loss to the public service that General Cameron's orders would entail, requested that 400 men might be sent to Maenene as a moral support.

Delightful phrase, conveying to the unsophisticated mind of the Bush Ranger the idea of a camp-guard to look after baggage, for such were the duties of the 400. General Waddy complied with this latter request, and thus allowed Sir George Grey to use the whole of the colonials in the proposed operations. The plans were as follows: about four hundred men under Von Tempsky and McDonnell would make a long detour through the bush by a track that had already been scouted, and camp for the night on the Karaka plateau, a position in rear of the Weraroa, and between that stronghold and the village of Areiahi, where a large number of the enemy were living in fancied security. Arrangements were made to start on the 19th July, but that evening an orderly arrived from Wanganui, with intelligence that the Upper Wanganui and Taupo tribes, 600 strong, had surrounded Captain Brassey and his detachment at Pipiriki and cut off his communications. This news alarmed the contingent and kupapas for the safety of their relatives, and the obstructive chief Mete Kingi used all his influence to induce them to start at once for Wanganui. This movement would have put a stop to the Weraroa operations, but luckily Sir George Grey was present. His all-powerful influence crushed Mete Kingi, and the Maories agreed to march on the following morning and take the pah, after which the whole force were to march to the relief of Pipiriki. At 11 a. m. on the 20th nearly four hundred men paraded under the command of Major Rookes (who had taken Von Tempsky's place in consequence of the latter's illness), and marched into the bush through torrents of rain and hail. About sunset they reached the edge of the Karaka plateau, and when sufficiently dark to conceal the movement, marched to the ridge dividing the Hauhau villages of Perekama and Areiahi; here the column was halted and ordered to

lie down in the high manuka and await the dawn. A more uncomfortable night was never passed by the colonial forces; the men were wet through, and it was piercingly cold, and worse still, most of them were without blankets or food, for they did not know that they would be out all night, thinking it was a scouting expedition. Smoking and talking were strictly forbidden, and they could only huddle together in the wet manuka and pray for an early dawn. I had fortunately brought a blanket with me and shared it with Kepa and Wiri-hana, two officers of the contingent, when I am sorry to say we not only struck matches (an unforgiveable offence) and lighted our pipes under the said blanket, but all the men in our neighbourhood, finding that the light could not be seen, did likewise, creating such a sulphureous atmosphere that we were obliged to uncover our heads. Soon after we arrived at this place, the enemy could be heard speechifying in the Areiahi village; scouts, well acquainted with the locality, were sent out to ascertain their numbers. On their return they reported very few men in the village, conclusively proving that they had not been near the place.

About an hour before dawn Captain McDonnell, who had been told off to attack this village, came round and roused his men up, but with very indifferent success, for the Native Contingent and kupapas were half-frozen and cramped with their long night-watch, and did not feel in the humour to move. At last about forty of them, under the European sergeant-major, slid down the steep and narrow track to the village, and kneeling in a pond of water close to the nearest whare, awaited the arrival of Captain McDonnell, who was vainly trying to get the remainder to follow him. Just at grey dawn he came down the hill and joined the small party; there was not a moment to lose, for the whares were scattered about at some distance from one another, and had our presence been discovered and the enemy succeeded in escaping to the high manuka-scrub in rear of the huts, we should have been in a very

awkward position, for the river was in our rear and their fire would have swept the open space between it and the scrub. Our party moved on silently until they reached the first whare, where McDonnell asked in a loud voice whether they wanted peace or war? There was no time to wait for the answer, for every door opened simultaneously and the Hauhaus began to swarm out; for a few minutes there was rather lively work, one or two of them escaped, but the majority were too close to us. A few heads were gently admonished with the butts of our rifles, as they were poked out of the low doorways, while those already outside were ordered back with the alternative of instant death; – and in a few moments all were again shut into their houses and had sentries posted over them. It was now evident to all that the enemy were in much greater strength than we had anticipated, and that care would be needed to prevent their escape; it was decided to take the occupants of each whare one by one, making them walk out, leaving their arms behind them. As each hut was cleared, the prisoners were walked off and placed inside the sacred fence round the Niu. They did not all surrender quietly; far from it. In the large Runanga whare there were about twenty men of the Ngatipukeko tribe of Whakatane; these men had only arrived from Pipiriki the previous evening, and were so exasperated at their misfortune, that when called upon to surrender, one of them opened a window and fired both barrels of his gun; the bullets passed between McDonnell and Haimona. "One more shot," said McDonnell, "and I will kill

every man in the place. I will give you while I count five to surrender." The contingent, delighted at the prospect, had already cocked and levelled their rifles, when the door opened and a man shouted, "Is that McDonnell?" It was Tiopera, Ngatipukeko chief; he had recognised the voice, and was just in time to save his people. He came out and shook hands with McDonnell, who informed him that he wished to avoid bloodshed, and would spare their lives, provided they surrendered. With these assurances

he returned to the whare, and his men came out. One other lot gave us a deal of trouble, threatening to fire upon us if we went near them; but in the end they also saw fit to come out. One old white-haired man, who came out with the rest, was seized with a fit of fury when he saw us, and rushed back for his gun. The sergeant-major seized him by the blanket, but the old fellow slipped out of it, and would certainly have killed some one, had not McDonnell caught him by the hair and so secured him effectually. Immediately after entering the village, sentries had been placed in ambush to watch the river; after the last prisoner had been secured, one of them was seen to signal and point up the river. About a dozen men placed themselves in ambush at the mouth of a creek that ran into the river, from whence they could see a canoe with two men and two women coming slowly down, little thinking that our rifles covered them. They ran on shore close to the ambush, and as they did so our men showed themselves. One of the crew had just risen to step on shore, gun in one hand and paddle in the other. When he saw us rise he appeared petrified; the paddle fell from his hand, his jaw fell, and he seemed unable to move, although ordered to give up his gun. The other man was nearly as much affected, but the women, although yellow with fright, had more presence of mind and began to *pai marire* us, placing their hands alternately upon the forehead and breast, and waving the palms towards us, at the same time talking what they believed to be pure English. The Native Contingent gazed at them for some moments in astonishment, and then burst into yells of laughter. The poor women, who at first had thought their spells were working, were dreadfully abashed, and followed us dejectedly to where the other prisoners sat. By this time the work of destruction was over; all the whares were burnt, and piles of loot, among which were fifty guns, two kegs of powder, two greenstone *meres*, and other articles too numerous to mention, were lying in heaps ready to be carried off. Our men were lying about round the prisoners, smoking

their pipes, when suddenly the high manuka-scrub between the bush and the village was seen to move, as if a man was making his way through it. Instinctively the guard stood to their arms, and presently a tall naked savage walked out and advanced towards the prisoners. He was unarmed, but held one hand above his head, the palm turned outwards. Without taking the smallest notice of the guard, he walked three times round the flagstaff, muttering *Hauhau* incantations, accentuating his gibberish as though it were English. He evidently believed that he could bewitch us and liberate his friends. Perhaps he might have done so had he been allowed to complete the third circle; but he was not, for McDonnell, in the most unfeeling manner, seized him by the back hair, which was long, a *la Hauhau*, and jerked him off his feet, thus nipping a great magician in the bud. During these operations, Major Rookes and the main body were holding the Karaka plateau, to prevent reinforcements being sent from the Weraroa to assist their friends at Areiahi, Intelligence of our success was sent to him, with a request that he would build a small stockade, for the safety of the prisoners during the night, and also send more men to assist us in preventing their escape while marching up the narrow bush-track to the plateau. Forty men were promptly sent to our assistance. McDonnell, not wishing to encumber himself with useless prisoners, gave the women, children, and old men their liberty, after duly cautioning them as to their future conduct. A few men belonging to Pehimana's tribe were also released, on the chief becoming surety for their good behaviour. The remainder, fifty able-bodied men, were marched safely to the Karaka, and handed over to the Forest Rangers until the stockade could be completed. So far our operations had been carried out in a very satisfactory manner; but there still remained the Weraroa to be dealt with, and that could only be taken under cover of the night, for the cliffs in rear were so precipitous that they could not be scaled in the face of an enemy. To while away the time,

some of our best shots, including Captain A. Ross, Ensign Ross of the Forest Rangers, and others were told off to try the range of the Weraroa, using the 600 yards sights. They soon raised a commotion in a small *pah* below the main work, and cleared the natives completely out of it. About 9 P. M. the whole force, with the exception of forty men, left to guard the prisoners, started to attack the Weraroa. The night was very dark, and our march necessarily slow. The village of Perekama was entered noiselessly, and our men were about to climb the steep face leading to the *pah*, when a voice suddenly called to us not to fire and asked for McDonnell. The man proved to be one of Pehimana's men named Heteraka. He stated that he believed the enemy had deserted the Weraroa, for none of them had been near the village during the afternoon, and most of the villagers had left, taking with them their property. This statement Major Rookes considered satisfactory, and ordered the men to halt for the night at Perekama, while Adjutant Ross, Captain George, and the sergeant-major were sent on to reconnoitre the *pah*, and if they found it deserted, were to pass through and inform his Excellency at Camp Mainene : of the enemy's flight. They found it had been deserted, during the night, one old Maori woman being the sole occupant, the knowledge of our capture during the light, and of the position we held, being too much for her nerves. Thus fell the redoubtable Wereroa *pah* by stratagem and daring: had it been attacked from the front, the point at which disciplined troops would most probably have assailed it, a great loss of life must have ensued, without much damage to our sable foes, who always kept open a means of retreat. A messenger was then despatched to Sir George, who with some of the imperial force was near at hand as a reserve, informing him of the result; and early the following morning the imperial troops occupied the position, the colonial forces being repaired for the relief of Pipiriki. The prisoners were marched into Wanganui, shipped off to Wellington, and

placed by Government on board a hulk which was moored about a mile and a half from the shore, in charge of an officer and some men of the 50th Regiment. Here they remained until one stormy night, when, taking advantage of the weather and of the officer being on shore, they managed to knock out one of the portholes, through which they let themselves down into the sea. Men, women, and children, impelled by a love of liberty, struck out boldly for the shore. About sixty of the eighty reached it, and finally escaped again into the bush, vowing vengeance on the Pakeha, although well tended and well fed.

CHAPTER X. RELIEF OF PIPIRIKI.

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RELIEF OF PIPIRIKI.

ON the 21st, intelligence had been received from Captain Brassey by means of a Maori named Wiari, who for a reward of £15 had undertaken to pass through the enemy, and convey a letter to Major Rookes. By this it was seen that the enemy had attacked in force on the 19th and had been beaten off, after which they contented themselves with a blockade and heavy fire from the high hills in the neighbourhood. Pipiriki was at this period garrisoned by a force of 200 military settlers and Bush Rangers, who had been stationed there after the Maori fight of Ohotahi, to prevent the Hauhau's tribes of the Upper river interfering with the friendly natives. Pehi Turoa had never forgiven this occupation of his territory, and only awaited an opportunity to attack the men amongst whom he was living on terms of apparent friendship.

This opportunity was given when the greater portion of the fighting men of the friendly tribes left for the Weraroa; thus the Hauhaus were certain to have seven or eight days to effect the capture of Captain Brassey's force before they

could be relieved. With this view, 600 fighting men of Upper Wanganui, Taupo, and Ngatiraukawa assembled to attack one of the least defensible posts ever held in New Zealand. The village of Pipiriki is situated on the right bank of the Wanganui river, surrounded by high hills, at no point distant more than 600 yards from the river, and rising in some cases to a height of 2000 feet. Just below the village the hills close in on either side upon the river, which runs between precipitous cliffs, impossible to pass if held by an enemy. In this basin three redoubts had been constructed; the main fort was built on low ground completely commanded by the hills, and untenable in the event of either of the small redoubts being taken by the enemy; the Gundagai fort was about 400 yards from the main work, and garrisoned by thirty men; the key of the whole station was Popoia, held by the Bush Rangers, about forty strong. It was the best position obtainable, as it was only commanded by hills 500 yards distant, and as serviceable traverses had been built in this work, the enemy's fire could do but little mischief at such a range. The weak point in the defence was the Cemetery Hill, which rose abruptly to a height of sixty feet above the main redoubt, from which it was about 400 yards distant. Captain Brassey was not to blame for not having seized and fortified this important position; he had acted under advice from Mr. Booth, R. M., who assured him that it would never be occupied, it being sacred as an old burial-ground. That he was mistaken in his belief is due to the fact that the enemy were not only Maories, but Hauhaus also. Another weak point in the defence was, that water was only obtainable from a gully midway between the main redoubt and Popoia, when an enterprising enemy could have cut off the supply and forced the garrison to run the gauntlet for each bucketful. It was a knowledge of this circumstance that rendered Sir George Grey so anxious to see the Weraroa force fairly on their way to the relief.

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On the 25th of July, the Forest Rangers, Wanganui Bush Rangers, and Native Contingent, in all about 300 men, embarked on board the Gundagai steamer, and late that evening reached the village of Raorakia; on the following morning they continued their journey in canoes, as the rapids would not permit a steamer of small power like the Gundagai to ascend further. That night the men camped at Koriniti, and next day arrived at Hiruharama, only twelve miles from Pipiriki; here they remained until the 29th, awaiting the arrival of the kupapas, who came that evening 500 strong. About midnight Captain McDonnell and Kepa, with sixty men, started and took possession of a cliff above a dangerous rapid named Te Pupa, about half a mile from Pipiriki. The enemy were reported to be in possession of this important pass, but the contingent found it unoccupied, and held it unmolested during one of the coldest nights I have ever felt. At grey dawn we prepared for a brush, but no signs could be seen of the Hauhaus, though we heard afterwards that they saw us and retired. As the sun was rising, the warlike canoe song of the Wanganui could be heard, and in a few moments the river was alive with canoes, each one trying to outstrip the other in the race for Pipiriki. Our men had a good start, and expected to win easily, but just before we reached the landing-place, Haimona with fifty men of Ngatipamoana in a big war-canoe passed us as though we had been standing still. The first thing that met our eyes on landing was the dead body of a Taupo chief (Mikaera); he was lying in a small stream, and must have been shot during the first days of the fight, for the rats had been hard at work. After the usual amount of cheering and congratulation on both sides, our force followed the retreating enemy to Ohinemutu, expecting that they would make a stand in that village; but they had evidently had enough, and had no intention of meeting us in the field, for we found that they had taken to their canoes and retreated in the direction of Mangaio, whence it was not considered advisable to follow

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them, as the country is so inaccessible, that the only road is by the river between high cliffs, which, if occupied by an enemy, would effectually bar progress and annihilate the attacking force.

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Six bodies were found and buried, but the Hauhaus admitted having thirteen men killed and many wounded; the Taupo tribe suffered most. From the accounts given by the garrison, it appeared that the Maori (Wiari) warned Captain Brassey on the 18th that he would be attacked. This warning had not been slighted, for it had been usual to place a picket of six men over the store-tent at the landing-place, which was some distance from the redoubt; but, on the evening of the 18th Captain Brassey dismissed them, knowing that they could be cut off to a man if the Hauhaus chose to do so. That night all were on the alert for the expected attack, but morning broke without any alarm, to the satisfaction of those who treated the warning as a piece of Maori bounce. Lieutenant Chapman of the Bush Rangers took his usual morning walk in the direction of the picket-tent and came suddenly upon an ambush of the enemy, who luckily for him tried to run him down and tomahawk him, knowing that a shot fired would alarm the whole force. Their attempt was unsuccessful, for Chapman was a good runner, and with the additional spur of the tomahawk, beat them easily, though nearly cut off by another party who were hidden in the scrub under the Cemetery Hill. Once the presence of the enemy was discovered, all was plain sailing; the alarm was sounded, and the men swarmed out of their mess whares and manned the parapets. So far the Hauhaus had only been seen on the southern side of Pipiriki, but soon after 300 Hauhaus were seen from the Popoia redoubt to march from Ohinemutu; the Bush Rangers concluded from their appearance that they intended to storm the redoubt, they therefore reserved their fire, but were disgusted to see the Hauhaus disappear into a ravine, under cover of which they entered a line of new rifle-pits on the

crest of a ridge slightly above, and 300 yards distant from Popoia. From this position they poured in a heavy and continuous fire upon the Bush Rangers, but without doing any mischief. Captain Newland, the officer in charge, would not allow his men to reply indiscriminately, but adopted the wise principle of selecting his best shots; three men were chosen to answer the enemy, who were thus induced to expose themselves. One Hauhau, more excitable than the others, sprang on to the breast-work of their rifle-pits to encourage his friends, and was immediately shot dead; a woman took his place, but did not remain long, for she was severely wounded. After this lesson there was not much dancing bravado on the parapets. Meanwhile a small party of the Hauhaus had crawled unseen up the cliff and established themselves in the Rangiahua village, within thirty yards of Popoia, and opened such a well-directed fire upon our loopholes, that Captain Newland found it absolutely necessary to dislodge them. He sallied out with a few men and drove the enemy down the cliff without loss, for the Hauhaus fought wretchedly, hardly stopping to fire the first volley; the whares were set on fire, and under cover of the smoke a strong rifle-pit was constructed, which was held

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throughout the siege by a few men. By this time the main and Gundagai redoubts were in trouble; the party who had chased Mr. Chapman took possession of the Cemetery Hill and opened a plunging fire right into these redoubts. The tents were riddled in a moment, but the men took shelter behind the traverses and were safe while they remained there; this, however, could not last long, for cooking, &c, would have to be done, and the cooks would have had a very warm time of it. Captain Brassey saw that the hill must be taken at all risks, and told off Lieutenant Clery and forty men for the assault. This small party crossed the few hundred yards of ground between the two positions at the double; once at the foot of the steep hill they were sheltered from the enemy's fire, and paused to take breath. Their ascent through the

thick scrub was covered by a heavy fire from the Gundagai redoubt, Lieutenant Clery kept his men as much as possible in line, and when near the summit called, on them to charge. As they dashed forward the Hauhaus fired one ill-directed volley, wounding Clery and one of his men, and then stampeded down the opposite slope, leaving one of their own number dead on the hill. They had already begun to dig rifle-pits, and Lieutenant Clery completed them, and built a very fair redoubt, which he held until the end of the siege. Thus the enemy had failed in all their operations, and in two cases had bolted before we could try conclusions with them. After this check they contented themselves with occupying the higher peaks, and firing all day, at ranges varying from 500 to 800 yards, expending large quantities of ammunition without the smallest result. Captain Brassey had only 60 rounds of cartridge per man, and had he allowed reckless firing it would probably have been expended on the first day; but better management prevailed, and only two men in each redoubt were allowed to fire. The best shots were chosen, and they did their work so well, that two of the Hauhaus were shot in a whare on the opposite side of the river, 700 yards from the redoubt; in all they had thirteen killed, and our loss was two wounded.

This was certainly the most feeble of their attacks; had they behaved with their usual vigour, Captain Brassey must have suffered severely, as each bucket of water would have cost a few lives; but as it was they allowed the garrison to get wood and water with impunity, and at Rangiahua and the Cemetery Hill they seemed to think only of saving themselves, and hardly waited to fire on us.

The force remained at Pipiriki until the end of August, during which time the village of Pa Poaka, within a mile of Mangaio, was destroyed. A raid upon Taupo was also rejected, but it did not come off, for on the 19th of August orders were received for the whole force to march on Wanganui, en route for Opotiki, there to take vengeance

on Mr. Volckner's murderers. Pipiriki was handed over to the imperial troops, who established a line of posts on the river, and kept a small steamer running constantly backwards and forwards with supplies.

CHAPTER XI. THE OPOTIKI EXPEDITION. THE LANDING.

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THE OPOTIKI EXPEDITION. THE LANDING.

THE Opotiki or expeditionary force, as it was called, was composed of two companies of Military Settlers, three companies of Bush Rangers, the Native Contingent, and Wanganui Yeoman Cavalry, in all 500 men, under the command of Major Brassey. The start from Wanganui was not easily effected on the part of the contingent, for their wives managed to get on board the steamer and refused to leave, and the men, dismayed at the prospect of a sea voyage, were quite ready to desert, but McDonnell's firmness and vigilance overcame the difficulty; the ladies were bundled with little ceremony into their canoes, and to prevent desertion our steamer crossed the bar. On arrival at Wellington the contingent, at the instigation of Mete Kingi, demanded arrears of pay to date, or they would not go to Opotiki. This demand was absurd, for they had only fourteen days' pay due, but the Government did not consider it advisable to refuse payment, and the Native Contingent went on their way rejoicing. On the 7th of September the steamers reached Hieko Bay, where H. M. S. Brisk and the Huntress tender were waiting to convoy them to Opotiki. At dawn on the following morning we were off Opotiki, and Major Brassey, with Nos. 8 and 10 Companies of Taranaki Military Settlers and the Patea Rangers, embarked on board the Huntress, and made an attempt to land. The tender crossed the bar safely,

but found a heavy freshet in the river, against which she was powerless; a rush was made against the freshet, which carried them some distance up the river, but only to be swept back and lodged on a sandspit in the middle of the stream, where they could not land, for the tender had no boats, and there was deep water on either side – as the tide receded the little steamer heeled over on her side, and in this perilous position, her decks crowded with men, she offered the Hauhaus as fair a target as they could wish; but, fortunately for the force, the beach offered no cover, and the enemy, not caring to expose themselves, fired at such long range that but little damage was done. Ensign Northcroft was hit on the buckle of his belt, and one of the men had a bullet pass between his foot and the sole of his boot. At this uncomfortable juncture an incident occurred which allowed the pitch to which fanaticism might be carried, one of the Hauhaus advanced slowly across the sandflat at the edge of the river not fifty yards from the Huntress, and began his Hauhau incantations, waving his hands in mystic manner, after the fashion of a mesmerist; two or three bullets fired simultaneously put an end to his manoeuvres, and he fell mortally wounded. Our men could not reach him, so the rising tide finished what the bullets had begun. At low water the men managed to wade on shore on the opposite side to the village, where we will leave them for the present, wet, cold, and hungry, with no prospect of relief from their misery for two long days, for the wind which had been rising all the morning as now a perfect hurricane, accompanied with torrents of rain. We could do nothing to assist them, and had to run before the gale all night. About noon on the following day we managed to anchor under the shelter of Whale land; some of the men got permission to land, and were rather astonished when they jumped out of the boat to find the surf rather more than warm, in fact nearly boiling; they had jumped into a boiling spring, of which there are

several on this island, it being in the line of volcanic action between White Island and Tongariro. Next morning the sea was sufficiently calm to attempt a landing, and by 10 a. m. we were again at anchor off Opotiki; the Native Contingent were the first corps to land in the boats of H. M. S. Brisk. The enemy could be seen swarming down the sandhills of the right bank of the river ready to meet us. But the men led by McDonnell and Hunia Te Hakeke soon drove them back, and followed, skirmishing, for some miles, killing six of them. Our casualties were light, consisting of McDonnell's cartridge-box – the bullet entered it in front, knocked all his cartridges to pieces, and passed out over his hip unpleasantly near, but without wounding him. The force now crossed a branch of the Opotiki river, and entered the Opotiki village, probably the largest Maori settlement in New Zealand. The contingent were in their glory examining and looting the whares, when Private Hanieta entering a small hut was astonished to find a Hauhau in possession, sitting calmly with his gun across his knees; for one moment our noble savage was startled, but, rising superior to the circumstance, he ordered him to come outside and be hung like Volckner; impressive as the invitation was, the Hauhau declined, so Hanieta shot him and set fire to the whare. The next morning only a small portion of our enemy remained. That night the force slept in Mr. Volckner's church; it was bitterly cold, and we had nothing but sail-cloth to cover us: this is not a warm material; in fact, I have every reason to believe that a small portion would preserve ice through an Indian summer. The surroundings might also have been happier, but the force, satisfied in having killed some of Volckner's murderers, slept the sleep of the just.

On the following morning the stores and camp equipage were landed and placed in the church, which was henceforth to be the commissariat store. The European portion of the force were told off to pitch camp, and the contingent

sent out to forage. With such foragers the force was soon supplied with poultry, pigs, cattle, horses, and tons of kumeras; in fact, Opotiki became a veritable Paradise to the colonial forces.

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CHAPTER XII. THE OPOTIKI EXPEDITION – continued. TAKING OF THE PUA PAH.

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THE OPOTIKI EXPEDITION – continued. TAKING OF THE PUA PAH.

ON the 14th the enemy seemed to think it time to stop our ravages, and so tried a skirmish: our men turned out readily, and the Hauhaus fell back on the Pua pah, a small fortification built on a spur of the main range at the entrance to the Waioeka Gorge. Major McDonnell, who was the senior officer present, ordered Lieutenant Gudgeon and the advanced guard of the Native Contingent to skirmish up to the pah, supported by Major George and his rangers; the enemy opened a very heavy fire as the contingent, advanced at the double, but the elevation was too high, and the bullets fell among and beyond the support, causing some excitable individual to give the order to take cover. The rangers, who were charging at the time, obeyed, thinking the order came from McDonnell, but Major George who was leading his men did not hear the command, and went on followed by about eight men, with which number he joined Lieutenant Gudgeon at the outer palisade; here they held their ground for some time expecting reinforcements, without which they could do nothing, but none came, for McDonnell was so disgusted at the mistake made by the rangers that he would give no order to advance, and ordered the small party under the palisades to retire. This would have been rather ticklish work had the Hauhaus fire been well directed, for the men were tolerably

safe in the position held by them, but would have to cross 400 yards of open ground when they left it; however, it was managed safely by leaving one at a time, and the force returned to Opotiki with very little glory. Our only casualty was Captain Percy of the Yeoman Cavalry, who was severely wounded in the hip. Up to the 1st of October the men did little but scout and forage, collecting the ploughs, carts, and farming implements at the different villages, and driving in the stock, allowing the Hauhaus to erect a strong pah in the bush-ranges, and otherwise strengthen themselves.

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Major Brassey and his officers did not work well together, and this in a measure prevented the unity of action which ensures success. Major McDonnell, annoyed at the want of enterprise shown, asked permission to scout the country in the neighbourhood of the Pua pah; he was informed that he might do so, but must not take more than forty men. With this small force he started early in the morning, and about 3 p. m. arrived in the neighbourhood of the pah: here the men halted to collect potatoes, and while doing so were fired upon by two of the enemy's scouts; an immediate pursuit was ordered, and the scouts followed across a flax-swamp. On reaching the opposite side a body of forty Hauhaus were seen on our right front, falling back towards a pah (Kiorekino) which had evidently been only lately built; McDonnell allowed them to retire unmolested until they entered the pah; he then extended his men and threw forward the flanks until they were in the form of a half-moon, explaining to the men that he intended to surround the pah, and ordering them to charge as though they intended to assault, but to listen to his voice and fall flat when he gave the order. The word was given and the contingent advanced at the double, the Hauhaus, about eighty strong, thinking we intended to storm, reserved their fire as McDonnell had foreseen, and, when within forty yards, just as they were preparing to fire, every man fell flat on

the ground; the country was perfectly open, and there was no cover available, the only thing of the sort was a small tutu-bush, but this drew the enemy's fire so heavily that no one would lie behind it. For about an hour the fire on both sides was very severe; any one attempting to stand up was hit almost immediately. Only McDonnell seemed to bear a charmed life, for though he continually walked round his men he escaped without a wound; his rifle however was less fortunate, for the stock was shattered by a bullet. The Pua pah was situated about one thousand yards from Kiorekino, and though men could be seen looking on at the fight, they for some time made no attempt to help their compatriots; at last a party of about forty men were seen descending the hill towards us and our position looked dangerous, for it seemed as though we should soon be between two fires. But just in the nick of time fourteen men of the Yeoman Cavalry galloped up, and were sent to hold the Pua Hauhaus in check. Our firing had been heard in Opotiki, and the fourteen troopers were the advance guard of a larger party coming to our assistance. The cavalry made short work of the forty Hauhaus by charging and driving them up to the palisades of their pah, killing eleven of them, our loss being one man wounded and two horses shot. After the charge Sergeant Duff brought a boy a prisoner across his horse to McDonnell, and said, "He is only wounded, sir; I have brought him to give information." Some thirty-six hours after, it was found that this "only wounded" boy had a sword-cut across his head, four inches long, through which the brain protruded. At least a teaspoonful was taken away by Dr. Walker; the boy recovered and is now known to the Opotiki residents as Paora Taia. Reinforcements now began to arrive, the Patea and Wanganui Rangers under Captain F. Ross were the first to put in an appearance, and opened fire with such effect that the enemy was completely silenced, and for the first time for two hours our men could walk about with impunity within

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forty yards of the pah. The Hauhaus were afraid to expose their heads and shoulders above the rifle-pits, and therefore could not fire low enough to hit our men, but one poor fellow of the Patea Rangers lay on his face with his gun at his shoulder so long that his comrades thought he had fallen asleep, and went to rouse him. He was indeed sleeping his last sleep, for a bullet had entered the crown of his head, and death must have been instantaneous. Winiata of the contingent gave us a specimen of Maori daring in the midst of the fight; he suddenly jumped up, rushed to the pah, and, regardless of the fire of both friend and foe, placed his hand on the palisading, shouting that the pah was his. It was now getting dark, and McDonnell ordered the men to cease fire, and walked round to see that the pah was properly invested, and that each corps held its own position. Just then No. 8 Company of Military Settlers arrived, and brought with them a mysterious and dreadful weapon (to her friends) known as the "Huntress" gun; the men were ordered to dig rifle-pits and get it into position to bear upon the pah, this was soon done, and she was loaded to the muzzle with case-shot, old iron, in fact anything that could be got. Our quartermaster's peace of mind was quite destroyed by the amount of old iron (so carefully hoarded) that was required to load this gun. McDonnell's intention was to keep guard over the pah all night; and, if it was not surrendered before morning, to take the place by storm. About 8 o'clock in the evening a voice was heard from the pah, asking whether McDonnell was present, the major answered it himself; the speaker then said that they wished to give in, and asked what terms would be given them; the Major answered, "Unconditional surrender; those men who have been implicated in Volckner's murder will be tried, those who have not will be simply prisoners of war." Feeling as they must, that they were all more or less guilty, the reply rather frightened them, and they requested an hour to deliberate thereon; this was granted, and hostilities

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ceased for the time. It is an old saying that a little learning is a dangerous thing, and the truth of it was experienced on this occasion; for one of the junior officers understanding a little Maori, heard them talking about peace, and concluded that a sort of Millennium had arrived, so he left his post, went up to the pah and shook hands most affectionately with many of the enemy; he even allowed them to pull down some of the palisades, so that they might come out to their Pakeha friends. It did not strike this too confiding officer that the narrow gateway of the pah was wide enough to allow them to come out as prisoners, but not wide enough for them to charge out as foes. No sooner was the opening finished than they fired a volley and charged out through the breach they had made, knocking down the dupe of an officer and. rushed upon some twenty men of the Patea Rangers, who having a youthful officer of anything but a confiding disposition, were busy entrenching their portion of the lines. The suddenness of the attack allowed no time for consideration; carbines, revolvers, and spades alike proved useful, and although the twenty men were knocked down and trampled upon, they bit hard, and left fifteen of the enemy dead in a very small space, while they themselves escaped with a few severe wounds.

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The volley fired by the enemy created great confusion; on the other side of the pah the cry was raised that they were escaping, and the man in charge of the "Huntress" gun wildly fired it off. Had it been properly pointed the chances are that not a man of No. 8 Company would have survived the discharge, as they were in the line of fire on the opposite side of the pah; but the individual in charge of this murderous weapon was finally convinced that an elevation of forty-five degrees was the correct thing for a sixty yards' range, so it only frightened the company by the infernal screeching of the old iron as it flew over their heads, while he himself nearly fell a sacrifice to his devotion, as the gun turned a back

somersault, scattering the would-be artillerymen far and near. After this unfortunate termination, nothing further could be done but camp for the night and wait the attack on the Pua pah at dawn next morning. Early on the following morning Major Brassey arrived from Opotiki and assumed command. The men were formed in close column of companies, a formation admirably adapted for wholesale murder, and advanced towards the pah, when within about five hundred yards, the Native Contingent were sent forward to attack; the Hauhaus were seen to come out of the pah and man the rifle-pits, but only as a blind, for we found when we entered the pah that they had retreated; thus the Pua pah or pahs (for there were three of them) fell into our hands without loss and without glory.

CHAPTER XIII. THE OPOTIKI EXPEDITION – continued.

CHAPTER XIII. THE OPOTIKI EXPEDITION – continued.

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ADVENTURE WITH KEREOPA AND HIS TWELVE APOSTLES. SURRENDER OF MOKOMOKO AND HAKARAIA. RETURN OF THE FORCE TO WANGANUI.

THESE operations had great and immediate effect upon the Whakatohea tribe. On the 17th October a portion of the Ngatirua Hapu (section) of the tribe came into camp, and surrendered themselves prisoners, delivering up twenty stand of arms; the remainder, numbering 200 of all ages and sexes, came in the next day and were ordered to camp close to us in a portion of the old village, where they remained peacefully for months. The other large Hapu Ngatiira did not surrender for years after. In the afternoon of this day, a Maori of the Uriwera tribe arrived in Opotiki, and reported that the prophet Kereopa and his twelve apostles were surrounded by the friendly natives inland of Whakatohea. Within two hours, McDonnell

and 150 men were on the march in quest of his murderer. We arrived at the Ohiwa Bay shortly after dusk, and, after wading up to our waists for an hour, found a small canoe that would carry ten men at a trip. In this craft 150 men were ferried over, the last load arriving about 2 a. m. The force started again before daylight, and, towards noon reached a pah in the Waimana valley, when we obtained information that Kereopa and his wife had been there the previous day, his apostles being hidden in a gully close at hand. From this it was evident that the report of his being surrounded was false, and probably originated in our guide's imagination. We remained here until dark, and then moved on to a village about two miles nearer to the gorge; remained there until midnight, and started again, guided by two of the villagers. How they found their way over steep hills covered with high fern, and across watercourses, is a mystery, for the night was so dark that the men were obliged to hold on to each other's coat-tails to keep together, and some twenty men followed their leader head-over-heels into a deep watercourse, when they anathematized creation in general, and the Hauhaus in particular. At grey dawn we found ourselves on the skirts of the forest, and soon after heard the Hauhaus at their matutinal prayers in the village of Koingo, where Kereopa was supposed to be; but McDonnell, knowing what a wary foe he had to deal with, did not believe that Kereopa would sleep in a village, and, ascertaining from the guides that there were potato-plantations two miles farther on, he left one half of the men under Captain Newland in ambush to attack the village, while he marched with the other half to the plantations, half an hour being allowed him to get into position before Newland would attack. Things turned out better than such plans generally do, for as we crossed the river into the scrub bordering the plantations, we heard the volley fired by Newland's men, and, immediately after, voices in a clearing close to us.

A moment later, the advanced guard came suddenly upon Kereopa and his twelve apostles. Our men fired, but being in Indian file on a narrow bush-track, only two or three could deliver their fire with effect. Two of the enemy fell, and Kereopa with the other apostles bolted with great celerity, but were followed so closely that they threw away their guns. Three more were killed on the river-bank before they reached the scrub, and there was every prospect of exterminating the remainder, when at this critical moment the main body sixty strong arrived on the river-bed immediately below the pursuit on the hillside, and seeing the waving of the fern and scrub and hearing occasional shots, concluded that it must be the Hauhaus, whereupon they opened such a fire upon their friends that the advance guard were forced to take cover, and remain quiet. McDonnell, who immediately took in the situation, alternately swore and entreated, but in vain, for the men could not be stopped until the enemy had escaped. It is strange but true that men who would not hesitate to face a heavy fire from an enemy, will quail at once under a fire from their comrades. Mrs. Kereopa had a very narrow escape. She was engaged in cooking that Maori delicacy, stinking corn, and in her native garb was taken for a man and fired at, but, luckily for her, she succeeded in reaching the bush. One remarkably fine specimen of the apostles was found lying on the cliff above the river, terribly wounded. The man who found him called to McDonnell, informing him of the fact; the major, thinking the man was dead, said, "Throw him into the river," and over he went into twenty feet of water. To the astonishment of all, the shock revived him, and he succeeded in swimming to the shore. The poor wretch's jaw was shattered, and he could not speak, but wrote his name and tribe in a pocket-book. This finished the chase after Kereopa. The force returned to Koingo, where they found Captain Newland in possession; he had killed three men and taken some prisoners, among them a man who

was shot right through the chest. I venture to say that few Europeans would have recovered from this wound, yet this man walked three or four miles in a jaunty careless manner, evidently very little put out. On returning to the village that we had started from the previous night, we found our old doctor had shot a cow, and had a large portion of it in the family three-legged pot of the village. My readers may judge how acceptable it was when they learn that we had only received two biscuits per man since leaving Opotiki two days before. On the following morning we started again for Opotiki, and reached it about 4 p. m.; one of the smartest marches the forces have ever accomplished. These raids so alarmed the Hauhaus that they came in and surrendered in great numbers; even the chief Mokomoko (afterwards hung for Volckner's murder) and thirty fighting men surrendered. The chief was almost immediately arrested, together with Hakaraia, and a man named Te Uhi, who was accused of complicity in the murder of Mr. Fulloon, but the charge fell through in his case, and it was proved that his tribe had actually accused him, hoping that we should dispose of him in a summary manner; not because he was guilty, but because he was supposed to have been a great wizard, and his tribe lived, in deadly fear lest he should bewitch them. This dread extended to the Wanganuis, for not one of the contingent would go into the whare to arrest him, and I had to warn him specially not to look at the men, for if he did so they were determined to shoot him. By this time our prisoners were so numerous, that twenty men mounted guard day and night over those accused of complicity in Volckner's murder; and on the 1st November they were still further increased by the arrival of Major Mair, and thirty of Fulloon's murderers, who had been captured at the Teko by the major and his Arawas, after nearly two months' skirmishing among the swamps and islands of Te Matata. No time was lost in convening a court-martial for their trial. Proceedings commenced on the 6th, and eighteen

of them were identified by two young half-castes (White and Campbell), as having been among the party that murdered Mr. Fulloon and the crew of the Kate. The majority were condemned to death. But after all the trouble it was found that somebody had not power to do something or other, therefore the court was illegal, and the prisoners were sent to Auckland, to be again tried at the Supreme Court. I have before mentioned that the Ngatiira tribe still held aloof and refused to surrender; parties were occasionally seen hovering about the mouth of the Waioeka gorge. Our commanders decided to beat up their quarters, and, if possible, capture them. With this view McDonnell and 200 men started at midnight, and before daybreak were well within the gorge, marching up the stony bed of the river, crossing and recrossing perpetually until noon, when, as they were exhausted, a halt was called. Traces of the enemy had been found throughout the march, but none of them seen. So tired were the men, that in ten minutes every soul was asleep among the boulders, in more or less uncomfortable positions, careless of Hauhaus or anything else. I can imagine the horror with which this will be read by strict military men, devotees at the shrine of pipeclay and red tape, but our men were so good in those days, that panics were unknown, and a volley fired into them would simply have brought them charging down upon their foes. In later and more degenerate times they learnt how to post sentries, and lost the knack of charging dead upon an enemy, substituting cover-hunting and firing. Both systems have their merits, no doubt. I do not intend to deny either, but I think the former told best on the Maories.

For about an hour the force slept soundly, then they were roused and ordered to return to Opotiki. As usual, the men had brought no food with them (they were rather given to trusting in Providence, and were generally hungry), therefore it was impossible to proceed. This was most unfortunate, for a few miles farther

would have

brought us to the village, but we did not know this at the time. It had taken eleven hours to march up, and it would probably take ten to walk down, so no time was to be lost, and the return march commenced, but not so happily as might have been expected, for the eleven hours through water and over boulders had been too much for regulation boots, and the soles began to drop behind, leaving the men, with blistered and bleeding feet, to struggle on after their more fortunate comrades. At dusk, we reached the mouth of the gorge, and, by 10 p. m. the main body arrived in Opotiki, after twenty-one hours' march over some of the worst country in New Zealand. After this march nothing of importance took place until the 17th of November, when the steamer Stormbird arrived with orders for the contingent to return to Wanganui, and join the force under General Chute, in the coming campaign on the west coast. McDonnell issued orders for the men to prepare for embarkation, but ordered them not to attempt to cross the bar in canoes. This prohibition was particularly hard upon the Wanganui, for they had accumulated quantities of loot, and were tolerably certain that room would not be found for it all in the boats. Under these circumstances they promptly disobeyed. Two canoes, heavily laden, attempted to cross the bar, and, as McDonnell had foreseen, were capsized and lost everything except themselves. Maories are not born to be drowned, unless they wish it; only one man was drowned, and he did wish it. It was the prophet Pitau, who unfortunately had prophesied his own death. The oracle spoke as follows: – "You will be successful in all things, O Wanganui: only one man will die, and that will be Pitau." Now this was rough on the prophet. At Kiorekino he sought death, and found it not: his character was at stake; it really appeared as though he would be found out; but here was a chance not to be lost – rather death than lose his fame as a prophet, so out of pure cantankerousness he threw up his arms and died. I doubt whether that oft-

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quoted Roman soldier at Pompeii deserves more credit than Pitau. He was much regretted by his tribe, for the Wanganui are not great in prophets; in fact, some of the young men have been heard to scoff at prophecy, but they were degenerate, and there were no old warriors present to wither them with their scorn. All went well during the trip, until the steamer arrived in Wellington, but while lying at the wharf, the demon of mischief persuaded the mate to show the warriors that he also knew the use of powder and shot. So he loaded a small cannon and put fire to the touch-hole; but finding that it would not go off, he, with several Maori friends, went to the muzzle to find the reason. Suddenly it exploded, and severely wounded the mate and two Maories. This was a dreadful aitua (ill omen) which nothing but a two-days' spree in Wellington could rectify. Unfortunately for this idea, McDonnell came on board with orders to start at once for Wanganui, and the captain prepared to put to sea. The anchor was being weighed, and the officers went to their tea. Suddenly there was an awful hubbub; all ran on deck and found that some of the contingent had taken the capstan, declaring the steamer should not go. The ringleaders were dancing the war-dance, and brandishing their guns in a manner truly terrific to those who did not know them. A few moments changed the face of affairs. Lieutenant Wirihana seized the chief man and lifted him, despite his struggles, over the bulwarks, with the intention of throwing him overboard, and he was only prevented by the united strength of a dozen of the man's relations. Finally, the ringleaders were tied hand and foot, and peace restored; but on arrival at Wanganui the whole thing broke out again, and it was then found that General Mete Kingi was the instigator of this row, as he had been of all others throughout the campaign. If it were possible to have the Maories without their chiefs they would be most valuable allies. But O that mine enemy commanded a Maori contingent containing four Mete Kingis! These

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[Inserted unpaginated illustration]



MAJOR KEPA
Sampson, Low & Co., London
Vincent Brooks, Day & Son, Lith.

remarks do not apply to Major Kepa or Wirihana, for the former is probably the best Maori officer in New Zealand, and the latter always ready to take the right side.

CHAPTER XIV. THE EAST COAST EXPEDITION.

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THE EAST COAST EXPEDITION.

WAIAPU. ATTACK ON PAKAIROMIROMI PAH.

PATARA finding that Kereopa had left for Poverty Bay, followed closely on his footsteps, with the hope of presenting further atrocities. On his arrival at Taureka he found that Kereopa had been well received by the Aitanga-a-Mahaki tribe, nearly the whole of whom had submitted to the power of his god, and were ready to do his bidding. Patara, who was really averse to violent deeds, at once opposed Kereopa, and denounced the murder of which he had been guilty. This action had considerable effect upon the Poverty Bay tribes, and probably saved Bishop Williams and his family from violence, if not death; but it did not moderate the feelings of the Hauhaus against the Pakehas as a body, or render them less determined to drive the intruders into the sea if possible. After thus throwing oil upon the troubled waters, Patara left for the Bay of Plenty, taking with him his band of Taranakis; but Kereopa remained to work out the deduction of the tribes whom he pretended to assist. His doings will be related on another page; at present it will be sufficient to narrate the troubles that followed the teachings of the more peacefully disposed Patara. This prophet, after leaving Poverty Bay, travelled round the East Cape, converting the Hicks Bay, Kawakawa, and Waiapu Ngatiporou. The majority joined readily enough, but there were notable exceptions – viz., Rapata and his tribe Te Aowera, Mokena Kohere and his people, and

Hotene Porourangi, the then leading chief. These men stood firmly by the Government, and determined to try conclusions with their fanatical relatives. Ngatiporou as a tribe had always been inimical to the Pakeha, and strong supporters of the Maori king. This disposition will probably account for their turbulent behaviour towards those chiefs who refused to acknowledge the power of Pai Marire. Their behaviour was such that Hotene and Mokena, with the faithful portion of their people, retired to the Hatepe pah, near the Waiapu beach, and wrote to Sir Donald, then Mr. McLean, asking for guns. They were immediately supplied, and in all probability this prompt action saved the country half a million of money, for had not the arms and ammunition been sent at once, Rapata and Mokena would have been destroyed or forced to join the Hauhaus; Henare Potae would have followed, and the Government would have had 2000 fighting men of Ngatiporou, Poverty Bay, and Te Wairoa against them, without any adequate force to resist them. The significance of 2000 fighting men will perhaps be hardly understood, unless it is known that General Cameron never met more than one-third of this number in his Waikato campaign, and General Chute never met one-fifth. Lest my estimate of these tribes should be considered exaggerated, I may state that Ngatiporou can bring 900 fighting men into the field at the present time, and previous to 1866 the Poverty Bay and Wairoa tribes were most numerous.

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The loyal chief Henare Potae of Tokomaru was also threatened by the Hauhaus of his tribe and retired to Te Mawhai, an almost impregnable stronghold on the sea coast, where he awaited the further movements of the Hauhaus. Thus there were 800 Hauhaus and 400 Queen's natives ready for action. In June, 1865, hostilities were not long delayed, for on the 10th of the month, Rapata and forty of his Aowera started to ascertain the enemy's intentions. When near Pukemaire he was fired upon, and notwithstanding his want of firearms (he had only several

fowling-pieces and one rifle) he engaged the Hauhaus at Mangaone and drove them back to their pah; the enemy's loss was not ascertained, but Te Aowera lost six killed and three wounded.

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Rapata now saw that fighting was really meant, so he strengthened his pah against surprises and again sallied out; he fought his relations at Tiketike with much the same result as on the former occasion, for the enemy, better armed, inflicted a loss of nine men on Te Aowera, but were nevertheless driven back, leaving three dead. Rapata finding that his men, however brave, were unable to cope with the well-armed Hauhaus, remained quiet for a few weeks; the result was that the Hauhaus grew brave and attacked him at Te Horo, and Rapata, by a clever piece of strategy (for a Maori), gained his peoples' confidence for ever. Finding the Hauhaus too strong for him, he ordered his men to retire in seeming disorder to a creek some distance in rear, where a portion of them would lay an ambush while the others continued their flight; the order was well carried out, a few old mats being thrown away to make it look still more like a stampede. The enemy, deceived, followed closely, delighted with their success, and received a volley from the ambush which threw them into confusion. Maori-like they bolted, leaving five behind them. Nothing of interest occurred until August in the same year, when Mr. McLean's representations to the Government brought Captains Fraser and Biggs to the scene of action with 100 Europeans; this sounded the death-knell of the Hauhaus. The first position attacked was Pakairomiromi. The pah was not a strong one, nor the palisading high, yet it was well built; but our men stormed it at grey dawn, and before the garrison had time to arm the place was taken. Twenty-five of the Hauhaus lay dead in and around the pah; our loss was one European killed and one severely wounded by a tomahawk as he scaled the palisades. He was lucky in getting off with an ugly gash, for a long-handled tomahawk is an awkward

weapon. About the same day Mokena had a skirmish near Te Hatepe, in which he captured two men and wounded two or three others.

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Shortly after these events, intelligence was brought that the Hauiti and Whanauarua Hauhaus had taken up a strong position at Pukepapa, a few miles inland of Tokomaru. Rapata with 100 men started at once and joined Henare Potae, who invested the place. After considerable skirmishing with small loss, the majority of the enemy surrendered, the remainder escaping to Pukemaire. In the encounter three of the Hauhaus were killed and many wounded; among the prisoners taken were eleven of the Aowera, Rapata's own tribe, and he gave them a lesson in paternal rule that other chiefs might follow with benefit to their tribes. Calling them out, he briefly told them that they were about to die, and said, "I do not kill you because you have fought against me, but because I told you not to join the Hauhaus, and you have disobeyed me," so saying, he shot them one by one with his revolver. This affair well finished, the two chiefs advanced upon another Hauhaus position, Tahutahupo. On the 18th of August they came up with the enemy, and the Hauhaus retreated to the edge of a large swamp. Here they made a stand, and a sharp skirmish ensued; twelve Hauhaus and one of Henare's men were killed; Rapata himself chased one of them into the swamp and shot him with great satisfaction; the enemy scattered in every direction and succeeded in escaping. Two of the retreating Hauhaus fell in with one of Henare's men; he had not taken part in the fight, but was carrying important despatches from Tologa Bay to Rapata; he was made a prisoner and threatened with instant death, but our friend remonstrated with his captors and played his part so well, assuring them that he was a genuine Hauhaus in disguise, that they finally agreed to take him before Patara, who would pronounce sentence upon him. While on the road, Hare, a powerful man, noticed that the double-barrelled fowling-piece of one of his captors was loaded and

capped. Watching his opportunity he suddenly wrested it from him and shot his companion; the other, unarmed, was now at his mercy, and was soon disposed of. Hare Mowhata achieved greatness. The main body of the retreating Hauhaus were naturally anxious to avenge their defeats; casting about for some place to attack, it suddenly occurred to them that Te Mawhai must be undefended since Henare was with Rapata. Here was a chance for safe butchery of women and children. Forty Hauhaus started at once, and at grey dawn scaled the cliffs surrounding the pah; fortunately they were seen by a woman, who gave the alarm in

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time. There were but four men in the pah, but the women were equal to the occasion, and made such a vigorous defence that the enemy retreated to Poverty Bay, leaving ten of their number dead behind them; three of the defenders were wounded, and a European named Enderson, who, Pakeha-like, would not take cover, was killed. This man's half-caste son had been barbarously murdered a few days before by the infamous half-caste Eru Peka, who is said to have murdered Mrs. Biggs at the Poverty Bay massacre. Enderson and another half-caste named Ryland had been sent out to look for horses; they were met on the road by Peka, who suspected that Enderson had been given some percussion-caps to carry to his people. He demanded them from the boy, who denied having any, and at the same time dropped them behind him and dug them into the sand with his heel; Peka unfortunately saw the action, and seizing hold of him beat his brains out with a stone. The other boy, frantic with terror, ran for protection to the Hauhau pah, and found a good Samaritan in the shape of an old woman, who hid him until there was a chance of escape. The force had now much more serious work before them than they had hitherto undertaken, for the Ngatiporou Hauhaus had fortified the Pukemaire Hill, one of the best positions in the country, situated about three miles from Waiapu. The position was a high terraced hill crowned by two diamond-shaped

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pahs connected by a covered way; the whole work was in the best style of Maori fortification, and was garrisoned by 500 fighting men. This formidable position was now besieged by the Europeans under Captains Fraser and Biggs, and the Maories under Rapata; at daylight in the morning the men advanced, skirmishing up the hill, taking advantage of all available cover until they were near enough to open a flying sap. The day was wet and bitterly cold, but the men worked hard to establish themselves firmly in their trenches; it was not until late in the afternoon that the Aowera sap was sufficiently near to commence operations, then a rather celebrated character (Hemi Tapeka) threw a rope with a strong bar attached to it over the palisades, but it was immediately cut by the Hauhaus. It was again thrown over, this time by Watene Keitua, and again a Hauhau rushed forward to cut it, but he was shot in the act by Watene; and before another Hauhau could summon courage to attempt this dangerous duty, the united strength of the Aowera and Tuparoa men had torn down a whole line of palisades and made such a formidable breach in the outworks, that the remainder appeared easy enough. Yet it was not to be, for instead of following up the success already achieved, Major Fraser suddenly ordered the whole force to return to Waiapu and the chance was lost. Another hour and the pah would have been taken: so thoroughly cowed were the Hauhaus by the success of the besiegers, that they were actually deserting the pah when the order to retire was given, and did not resume possession when the Government forces were withdrawn, but retired by the Pakiaka upon Hungahungatoroa. In this affair nine Hauhaus were killed, including the Taranaki chief Te Whiwhini, and our loss was two killed and seven wounded, exclusive of a man of Major Fraser's company who died of exhaustion on the road home. So cold was it, that Rapata, who had entered the pah after the breach had been made, was unable to put a cap upon his gun to kill a Hauhau who had fired at him,

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It having been ascertained that the enemy were in force at Hungahungatoroa, no time was lost in attacking them. Late in the month of September the force marched in two columns; one under Major Biggs and Rapata advanced up the creek leading to the position, while the other column under Major Fraser, which was intended to co-operate by way of the Kawa Kawa, for some unexplained reason, did not come into action. Biggs and Rapata advanced up the stream, crossing and recrossing until they arrived at the base of the hill upon which the pah stood. The Hauhaus were evidently unconscious of their presence, or they would have defended the gorge-like approach to their stronghold. Rapata and nine of his immediate relations led the way as advanced guard, and when about half-way up the hill came across a Hauhau in a potato-plantation; he was immediately shot. The report brought up Biggs and eleven of his volunteers, who started with Rapata to reconnoitre the position. It was found to be stronger than they had anticipated, and it was finally decided that Rapata and Biggs should scale the cliff in rear of the position, while the main body held the slope in front, and engaged the enemy's attention by a false attack. This was a dangerous and desperate attempt to dislodge the enemy, but it was the only way to command success, and Biggs and Rapata were not the men to allow mere danger or difficulties to intervene. The Maories, bootless and trouserless, went up the cliff with tolerable ease, but the Pakehas, encumbered by civilisation, laboured behind. Just after reaching the top, Natene, a relation of Rapata, observed a man among the trees and pointed him out to the chief, who called on his men to fire, which they did, but without effect; the man, however, finding escape impossible, shouted to them not to fire lest they should hit him. Rapata, amused at this naive request, inquired who he was; the man replied, "It is me." "Yes," said the chief, "I know, but I want to see your face; I shall then know you better." The man approached and was recognised as Pita Tamaturi, a chief of the

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Aitanga-a-Mahaki, a man very objectionable to the Government. A Ngatiporou, Rapata, took him by the wrist to lead him away, but found he could not hold him, Pita being a veritable giant for strength and size; he was, however, disarmed by Natene's help, and Rapata would have shot him had not Biggs arrived at the moment and asked, "Who is the man?" "Pita Tamaturi," said Rapata, "the man who brought all this trouble on Ngatiporou; it was he who brought the Hauhau religion here." On hearing this, Biggs drew his revolver and ended further argument by shooting the prisoner dead. Our small party now took possession of a small hillock immediately in rear of and above the pah, from whence they could fire right into the place. The first volley caused considerable commotion among the enemy, so much so, that the Ngatiporou Hauhaus tried to hoist a white flag while the Taranaki men tried equally hard to prevent it, but without success, for the others saw the futility of resistance, the pah being completely commanded. Terms were granted them by Rapata, who called them out of the pah Hapu (sub-tribe), after Hapu of Ngatiporou, when they laid down their arms and surrendered to the gallant twenty. Meanwhile the men from Taranaki, Ngatiawa, Waikato, and Te Whakatohea who were in the pah began to get uneasy at their tribes not being called out, and one old man remarked, "If we remain here, our bodies will soon form the ashes of this pah." He was right in his judgment, for Biggs and Rapata fully intended to sacrifice them all; but they, now fully alive to the fact, dashed out of the pah as desperate men will do, and sliding over the precipitous cliff, most of them escaped. Only twelve Hauhaus were killed in this engagement, but over 500 were taken prisoners; our loss was two friendly natives killed. This fight completely crushed the Ngatiporou Hauhaus and ended the rebellion of the Waiapu tribes.

CHAPTER XV. EAST COAST EXPEDITION – continued. POVERTY BAY.

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RAPATA Wahawaha had from the first taken a leading part in these engagements, but he was not a great chief by descent, nor was he at that time supposed to be a man of intellect; but from the first light at Mangaone, his indomitable courage and energy, and more latterly his oratory and address, made him the first man in his powerful tribe, and raised him from his original position of sub-chief of Ngatirehu and Te Aowera. Hostilities had hardly ceased at Waiapu, when Major Fraser received orders to march upon Poverty Bay, where Kereopa's converts showed signs of an approaching outbreak. This district, unquestionably one of the finest in Now Zealand, was at this period inhabited by a numerous and industrious Maori population, belonging to the three tribes of Rongowhakaata, Te Aitanga-a-Mahaki, and Ngaitahupo, the latter a branch of the Napier tribes, under the able direction of the Bishop of Waiapu. The whole country had become one vast orchard, and, at the present time, the fruit exported from thence is grown exclusively on trees planted by the Maories. Large herds of cattle and horses were to be found everywhere on the well-grassed plains, and the export of wheat was larger than that of any other Maori port, not even excepting Opotiki.

The weak point in their social life was, and is contained in the people's proverb, "Turanga tangata rite" (In Turanga, all men are equal). This republican feeling rendered them peculiarly liable to receive and retain dangerous ideas, such as Hauhauism; for the majority, uninfluenced by the old men and chiefs, would be tolerably certain to

join any society in which rapine and murder were the leading principles.

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In March, 1868, Kereopa made his first appearance in the bay, and his advent caused the greatest excitement among the bishop's people at Waerenga-a-Hika; nearly 500 of them rushed to arms, and insisted upon proceeding to the village of Taureka, where Kereopa was, announcing their intention of either expelling him from the district, or handing him over to the Pakehas as a murderer. Bishop Williams evidently did not place much reliance on these valiant words; he feared the effect of the prophet's influence on the fickle Maori mind, and determined to accompany them. His men remonstrated, but to no purpose, for his lordship was firm. When they arrived at the village of Taureka, Kereopa was surrounded by the people of the place, who had evidently fallen under his influence; this was so patent to the bishop's party, that they forgot all about the expelling and capturing, and contented themselves with sitting quietly down and speechifying. The usual amount of talk ensued, and the result was that those rabid churchmen welcomed the murderer by rubbing noses with him. This concluded, Kereopa walked up and offered his hand to the bishop, who refused, it. Kereopa demanded the reason, and his lordship replied, "I see blood dripping from your fingers." This was a sufficient answer; the prophet walked off somewhat crestfallen, and the bishop, seeing that a large majority of his people would join the new religion, left them and returned to his own home. Things now went rapidly from bad to worse, Kereopa openly urging the murder of the bishop; but the tribes had hardly reached the pitch of fanaticism which was necessary before they could kill a man from whom they had received nothing but kindness, and the faithful few, under their old chief and catechist Wi Haronga, mounted guard every night at Waerenga-a-hika, determined not to fall victims from want of precaution. By this time the Government

had received information as to the state of affairs in the bay, and fearing that the Rev. Mr. Volckner's fate might overtake the bishop, despatched a steamer to bring him and his family to Napier. His lordship handed his property over to the old catechist and left. Scarcely had they reached the steamer, when Kereopa and his converts arrived to loot and burn his house, as they had already done Archdeacon Williams'; but old Haronga, true as steel, coolly seated himself on a pile of valuables inside the house and declared that nothing should move him. His extreme obstinacy of disposition was so well known, that the house was not burnt, and old Haronga managed to save and bury the most valuable property until the bishop could return.

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Mr. McLean lost no time in representing to the Government the necessity of crushing this outburst of Hauhauism, before it could spread to Te Wairoa and Napier. His recommendations were approved, and H. M. S. Brisk arrived soon after, having on board the Defence Force, and a detachment of military settlers under Lieutenant Wilson. At the same time, Majors Biggs and Fraser were ordered to march on Poverty Bay, and operate vigorously against the common enemy. In November the Waiapu force arrived, as also the famous Ngatiporou chiefs, Rapata and Mokena, with about one hundred and fifty of their men. Mr. McLean visited the bay officially, and sent for the chiefs of the Hauhau party. The great man Raharuhi Rukupo and one or two others of note came at his summons; Mr. McLean remonstrated with them, pointed out the trouble they would bring upon their people and land, and finally gave them three days to come in and surrender their arms, promising to withdraw his forces if they did so; if not, he would deliver them over to the tender mercies of Biggs and Rapata. Raharuhi and the other chiefs distinctly refused these terms, and took the opportunity to insult Mokena, thereby narrowly escaping death, for had it not been for a guard of Europeans, who closed round them and walked them out of danger, Ngatiporou would infallibly have shot

them. Mr. McLean waited the three days, and as the Hauhaus did not make their appearance, he handed over the conduct of future operations to Major Fraser and left for Napier.

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The enemy at this time hold three very strong paha, viz., Waerenga-a-Hika, Pukeamiongā, and Kohanga Karearea. At first it was intended to attack the second of these paha, and the force marched in that direction; but observing that a strong reinforcement of the enemy were marching from Waerenga-a-hika to assist the threatened pah, Major Fraser halted for the night, and on the following morning stole a march upon them, by appearing suddenly before the latter place. As our men approached the scene of action, the Hauhaus could be seen watching them from the top of the bishop's house, which was only 300 yards from their stronghold; our skirmishers soon drove them back to their pah, when they hoisted the flag Riki (god of war), and went through their karakia (incantations). The force immediately took possession of the bishop's house, and a select body of marksmen ascended the roof, and under cover of the chimneys did great execution during the seven days' siege. The disposition of the various corps was simple but effective. The military settlers and Defence Force took possession of a thorn hedge which commanded two faces of the pah, at a distance of from two to three hundred yards, and rifle-pitted it; on the other side of the pah the sloping banks of a lagoon offered cover, and was held by Captain Westrup and his Forest Rangers. The native allies under their several chiefs had no particular station assigned them, but were mixed up with the Europeans. The enemy were estimated at 500 fighting men, and hold a strong position, whereas our force was much less, numbering only 110 Europeans and 250 Maories, but this inequality was in great measure balanced by the inferiority of the Hauhau weapons. For the first three days both sides contented themselves with heavy and continuous firing, which did little harm on either side; but

as it was evident that the pah would not be taken by these means. Lieutenant Wilson, with thirty military settlers, were ordered on the morning of the fourth day to take up a position on the northern face of the pah, where the ground was favourable for mining operations, drive forward a flying sap sufficiently near to allow a rope to be thrown over the palisades, when the united strength of the detachment would be used to pull it down, and thus form a breach for the storming party, who were to be warned by preconcerted bugle calls when this was done. By evening the sap was close to the pah, and all appeared to be going well, when suddenly the main body at the bishop's house were startled by hearing the alarm and double sounded, and the next moment Lieutenant Wilson and his men were seen running across the face of the pah in confusion, closely followed by a sortie of the enemy. The stampede was caused by a strong reinforcement which had

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arrived from Pukeamiongā, and while attempting to enter the pah, had fallen on Wilson's rear; they were first noticed by two friendly natives who were with Wilson, and they shouted, "The Hauhaus! The Hauhaus!" at the top of their lungs. For a moment Lieutenant Wilson was staggered, but seeing that no time was to be lost – for the new arrivals had opened fire on him, and the garrison of the pah had sallied out to cut him off – he gave the order to fix bayonets and charge, and dashed across the face of the pah, exposed to a heavy fire, and closely pursued. It was running the gauntlet with a vengeance, but it was their only chance; the loss was heavy, six men were killed and five wounded, rather more than a third of the detachment. Sergeant Doonan, who was slightly wounded, was overtaken and speared to death, but the remainder, covered by the heavy fire of their comrades at the thorn hedge, made their escape; the wounded were brought off, but the dead lay too near the pah to attempt it, and the Hauhaus were seen stripping them.

As might be expected, the enemy were greatly elated

with their success, and the prophets became more oracular than ever, prophesying that if an attack were made on the morrow (Sunday), it would be certain to succeed, as the Pakehas would all be at their devotions. Fortunately, the Hauhaus knew but little of the godless Forest Rangers' class; their experience of Pakehas was confined to the Church Mission and its followers, and they made a woeful mistake, for morning broke and found us in the trenches, rifle in hand and not a Prayer-book to be seen. About 10 a. m. the oracle began to work, several hundred men were seen, to leave the pah, form up in two wedge-shaped masses, one a little behind the other, and advance upon our position under the thorn hedge; the enemy carried large flags that appeared to be white, and this caused Major Fraser to mistake their character, and called out to the men not to fire upon flags of truce. Luckily Biggs was present; he knew they were fighting flags, and, before the mistake could lead to serious consequences, ordered the men to fire. By this time the leading wedge-shaped phalanx was close to our line under the thorn hedge, our men fired a close deadly volley into them, but failed to stop the rush, for the next moment they lined the opposite side of the hedge, firing through into our rifle-pits. The camp, now thoroughly aroused, opened a terrific cross-fire upon the second column, which broke at once; some of the enemy rushed back to the pah, while others, less bold, threw themselves on the ground and feigned death. The enemy under the thorn hedge were completely at our mercy; the flanking pits were manned, and they were annihilated; it did not take long, for the whole affair was over in fifteen minutes, and sixty-three of the enemy lay dead on the flat, our loss was one man wounded.

An incident occurred during the fight worth mentioning, as a moral may be drawn therefrom: while the enemy were charging up to the hedge, the prophet who led them was wounded, and as he fell one of his own men tomahawked him. For some time after the hard fighting had

censed there was a desultory fire kept up, very amusing to all but the Hauhaus; for the poor wretches who had lain down feigning death, got tired of the continual storm of bullets flying over them, and would occasionally start up and make a dash for the pah, but with very indifferent success, for there were too many men watching them.

For two days longer this style of warfare was carried, on, but by this time the bodies of the slain, lying between the combatants, smelt so badly, that Major Fraser offered the enemy an hour's truce to bury their dead, provided they would also bring ours from where they had fallen; they accepted the offer, and buried their dead, but so far from bringing ours, they proceeded to get water from the lagoon, and collect ammunition from the corpses. This was stopped by a volley, and hostilities were again resumed on the evening of the seventh day; a six-pounder gun was brought up from the Sturt, and one of the force, who was supposed to be an engineer in disguise, mounted it on a platform, not altogether with success, for each shot caused a back somersault. Finally the refractory weapon was taken in hand by one of the Defence Force, whose first two shots were sent crashing through the palisades, and caused such terror to the Hauhaus, that before the third shot could be discharged, they had hoisted the white flag, and sent out a woman to ask for peace. It was granted, and arranged that they should march out, deliver up their arms, and surrender themselves prisoners of war, which they did to the number of 400; but many of them escaped with the chiefs Anaru Matete and Tamati Te Rangituawaru, and cleared out of the district. There were a large number of killed and wounded in the pah, and some individual having set fire to the whares, very few were saved, and those only by great exertions on the part of the force. The enemy lost on this occasion upwards of 100 men, and many wounded, whereas our loss did not exceed eleven killed and twenty wounded. The effects of this engage-

ment was decisive; the Hauhaus deserted all their strongholds, the best disposed among them surrendered, and the turbulent characters retired inland, and, with one single exception, did not trouble the Pakehas again for years.

During the siege of Waerenga-a-Hika, Paora Parau, a Poverty Bay chief, was seen leading a man by the collar, holding a revolver close to his head, and threatening him with instant death if he attempted to escape. The chief stated that he had caught the individual in communication with the Hauhaus; this man was the celebrated and infamous Te Kooti, then one of our allies, a strong, active, daring man, about thirty years of age. He was confined for a day or two and then released, for there was no positive proof against him. The force now returned to Turanganui, taking with them the prisoners; the least guilty were soon after released and allowed to return to Oweta and other villages, Major Westrup and his rangers being sent to garrison Kohanga Karearea, to observe their behaviour, while the worst characters from Waiapu and Poverty Bay were transported to the Chatham Islands, that spot being selected as a safe penal settlement. Te Kooti was one of the number; he had been again accused of communicating with the enemy, this time by some of the old settlers in the bay. There does not appear to have been much truth in the charge, for the men whom he was accused of communicating with were a hundred miles off; nevertheless, he was shipped away without trial, and, as many persons assert, without cause, except that he was a troublesome, daring man, an adept at robbing hen-roosts, &c, and in levying black-mail upon the old settlers of the bay. Whether there was or was not sufficient ground for his transportation matters not; otherwise than it is certain that all the after atrocities committed by him, or by his orders, were dictated by a revengeful spirit against those who caused his deportation. So much so, that after the massacre in Poverty Bay, a lot

[Inserted unpaginated illustration]



TE KOOTI
Sampson, Low & Co., London
Vincent Brooks, Day & Son, Lith.

of promissory notes bearing the hated name of the man whom above all he considered his enemy, were found by him. Te Kooti concluded that they must be money, and ate them with great gusto, in the firm belief that he was repaying the man who had injured him.

CHAPTER XVI. EAST COAST EXPEDITION – continued.

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EAST COAST EXPEDITION – continued.

TE MARU MARU AND TE KOPANI.

AFTER this crushing defeat the Hauhaus remained quiet, and it was evident that a large majority of them desired peace; there were still some roving bands who held the country inland, on the upper Waipaoa, and with one of these Sergeant Walsh of the Defence Force fought a most gallant action. Shortly after the fight at Waerenga-a-hika the sergeant, who had heard wondrous tales about the petroleum-spring at the Pakake a Whirikoka, some thirty miles inland, persuaded an old settler (Mr. Espie) and his son to guide him to the place. On arrival at the steep ascent leading to the springs they very foolishly left their horses, carbines, and coats in charge of the boy, and taking only their revolvers, proceeded on foot. During their absence a party of Hauhaus, who had been watching their proceedings, stole up to the horses and fired upon the boy. Luckily he saw them in time, and succeeded in making his escape, but left horses and carbines in the enemy's hands. The Hauhaus carried off the portable loot, tied up the horses, and then followed in pursuit of Walsh and Espie, who, having heard the shots, were returning post-haste. The first notice they received of the enemy's presence was a volley, which shattered Espie's arm, and wounded Walsh in the forehead and hand. After a little skirmishing, during which

the latter was again wounded, the Hauhaus rushed in to tomahawk and finish them. Walsh received two more severe wounds; and, as a climax, a fellow, armed with a short fowling-piece, ran close to him and fired, the muzzle almost touching his chest. To Walsh's astonishment the only effect was a nasty burn: the bullet must have fallen out in the hurry of loading. Recovering himself quickly, the gallant sergeant sprang upon his assailant, and struck him down with the butt of his revolver. That a man who had five bullet-wounds, some of them severe, should be able to fight at all, was extraordinary; but that he should be able to strike down and capture the man who had just fired a bullet through his chest, was too much for Maori philosophy. They bolted for their lives, anxious only to get out of the way of so great a warrior and magician, forgetting in their hurry even to carry off the horses. Walsh and his friend proceeded down the hill with their prisoner, and found the horses, but no saddles; so putting a tether rope round the captive's neck, they led him, wounded as they were, to Turanganui, where they arrived that evening. This is a wonderful instance of courage and endurance, eclipsing everything in the annals of the Maori war; for although badly wounded in five places, Sergeant Walsh still stuck to his prisoner, and notwithstanding his faintness from loss of blood, he rode into Turanganui, dragging his captive after him, a distance of nearly thirty miles, and, although he delayed him several hours on the road, he never thought of letting him go. Had he during the skirmish shown the least sign of faint-heartedness, all three must have been sacrificed; but as it was he had the credit of beating off nine men, and Sir George Grey, who arrived soon after, complimented him highly on the courage he had displayed.

The Poverty Bay campaign had scarcely ended before complications arose in Te Wairoa, a district, lying between Poverty Bay and Ahuriri. The cause was the same, viz.,

the Hauhaus religion, which had been introduced in the previous April by one of Kereopa's disciples, who called himself Bonaparte. This individual left Poverty Bay with a train of about fifty men, and visited Te Mahia, where he made many converts among the Nukutaurua people; but his career was cut short by the staunch old chief Ihaka Whanga, who ordered the Hauhaus to leave his territory. From here they went to the Whakaki, where they were even more successful, for the whole of the sub-tribe joined the fanatics, so that by the time the prophet arrived in Te Wairoa he had 200 well-armed men under his command, and every prospect of numerous converts among the Kurupakiaka tribe, who received him with open arms. The advent of these fanatics caused great excitement and alarm among the few European settlers and loyal Maories; but they were to a certain extent prepared to meet the danger, for the government agent (Mr. McLean) had taken care to send Major Lambert and a few volunteers to their assistance, with arms for the friendly natives. These arms were issued to Kopu Parapora and his followers directly information was received of the Hauhaus march. Thus there were about one hundred and sixty Maories and fifty Europeans ready for action when the enemy were seen descending the hill to the Kurupakiaka pah. On the 18th of April the first meeting was held between the contending parties. Kopu led the loyal tribes, and Mr. S. Locke the Europeans. After the usual Hauhaus ceremonies round the pole, the talking commenced. Kopu, who was the big gun on our side, spoke in a firm yet conciliatory manner, and gave the Hauhaus to understand that although he desired peace, yet he was prepared for the alternative, and not altogether unwilling to commence. These words, combined with his well-known desperate character as a fighting man, had some effect, for Bonaparte in reply said, "I will not destroy in Te Wairoa, but elsewhere." On the 20th reinforcements arrived from Te Mahia under Ihaka Whanga, and from

Mohaka under Paora Rerepu, and marched to interview the Hauhaus at Te Matiti. The meeting took place, and the loyal-chiefs urged the Hauhaus to leave the district, telling them that they would have nothing to do with them. The firm tone and increasing strength of the friendlies had the desired effect, for by the 24th the party had broken up and left for their homes. Only the prophet and a handful of men remained, to work mischief. Thus the Wairoa had for a time been saved from anarchy, but only to break out again in December of the same year.

The Wairoa tribe is a branch of the great Ngatikahungunu family, and had at this period four chiefs of note, viz., Te Tuatini, Te Waru, Te Apatu, and Kopu Parapara; the two former espoused the Hauhaus side of the question, and the two latter the Government side. Te Apatu was a man of high birth, but a cowardly nonentity; whereas Kopu, luckily for us, was a man of unusual courage and energy, friendly to Europeans, and ready to fight at all times. In December, 1805, there was a grand opening for a man of his disposition, as the Hauhaus, untaught by the sharp lessons received at Opotiki and Waiapu, were threatening daily to attack the Government party. Such was the position of affairs when Major Fraser was ordered to Te Wairoa, in the early part of December, to cooperate with Kopu in the suppression of Hauhausism.

A portion of Te Waru's tribe, occupying the Marumaru village, on the Wairoa river, were the first attacked, and were disposed of in a running fight, during which they lost eight men; our loss being three killed and five wounded, among the former Captain Hussey, of the Taranaki Military Settlers. After this skirmish the enemy retired to Whataroa, Te Reinga, and Waikare Moana, and nothing further was done until reinforcements arrived. On the 3rd of January the St. Kilda arrived, with 150 Ngatiporou, under Rapata, and at a meeting held by Major Fraser and the chiefs it was decided to march upon that terra incognita Waikare Moana, and attack the mixed

tribes of Rongowhakaata, Ngatikahungunu, and Uriwera, who had assembled at the hiko to the number of 500. On the 6th, Rapata and his men joined Major Fraser at Te Tawa; Ngatikahungunu under Kopu, and Ihaka Whanga joined on the 8th, and on the following morning the expedition started. Major Biggs wished the column to move in two parties by different roads; but this was opposed by Rapata, who contended that such dispositions generally failed in rough country from the difficulty found in regulating the march so as to attack at the same time. Finally Rapata's advice was taken, and the force (with the exception of a

few European officers) composed entirely of natives, marched in one column, and camped that night at the Koareare, where they remained until the 12th. On the morning of that day Rapata selected twelve of his best men, and went as advanced guard some distance in front of the main body. They proceeded cautiously for some miles until they reached the site of an old pah, where they found themselves nearly two miles in advance. This alarmed the men, and they suggested the advisability of waiting for the column; but Rapata replied, with characteristic coolness, "They will hurry up when they hear us fired upon." After this speech no further objections were made, and the small party proceeded on their way, until they espied a party of Hauhaus hiding on the edge of a small bush in their direct line of advance.

Thinking they had done their duty by discovering the ambush, the advanced guard halted until the main body came up, when all hands sat down, while the various chiefs addressed them in the old Maori style, reminding them of the deeds of their ancestors, and calling on the great fighting men to sustain their reputation. Near the spot at which the enemy had been observed, the track entered a gorge, formed by two ridges, that on the left covered with high fern, that on the right crowned with bush, and rather higher than the other. Both these ridges

were afterwards found to be rifle-pitted, and crowded with men. During the halt Rapata spoke as follows: "Ngatikahungunu, this is your country, and you know its dangerous places, therefore lead the way, and we will follow; but I advise you before entering the gorge to open fire on either side of the track, to uncover and draw the fire of any enemy that may be concealed there." Ngatikahungunu said nothing, but moved on; and when well within the gorge, the enemy opened a heavy plunging fire upon them from both flanks and the front, killing eleven and wounding many men. The brave old chief, Ihaka Whanga, stood his ground, though wounded in four places, and vainly tried to rally his men. Rapata, from his position in the rear, saw his advice disregarded, and perceived the result of the ambuscade. With the eye of a true soldier, he saw that the only way to prevent a defeat was to storm the right-hand line of rifle-pits. He called on Ngatiporou, and they went in grand style, taking the pits, and killing most of the occupants. The Hauhaus, astonished by such rough dealing, were in their turn broken, and fled towards Lake Waikare, about four miles off, where they took to their canoes in such a hurry that the rear of the fugitives were left behind, standing on the edge of the lake, and were captured by our scouts on the following day.

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Among the prisoners was a brother of the fighting chief Nama, and the most celebrated chief of the Hauhaus, Tuatini Tamaionarangi. They were both taken in the potato-grounds on the north-west side of the lake. When the latter was brought into camp, Rapata asked him his name; the reply was, in the figurative language of the Maori, "Te Wairoa is the village, and the Taniwha who lives there Tamaionarangi." On hearing his prisoner's rank, Major Fraser remarked to Rapata, "The chief ought to be shot." Rapata took the remark seriously, and said, "Shoot him." Some hours after, finding him still alive, Rapata said, "You all appear afraid to shoot this man, but

I am not." So saying he took his captive by the wrist, led him to the edge of the lake, and shot him and three others with his revolver. Thus died Tuatini Tamaionarangi, one of the past generation of great chiefs, who, with Te Kani a Takirau, governed the whole east coast in days gone by. The loss of the Hauhaus in this fight at Te Kopani was about fifty killed, wounded unknown; and on our side fourteen were killed, and twenty wounded. Rapata wished to follow them up even to Ruatahuna, but was overruled by Kopu, who thought that sufficient had been done, and in the hour of triumph did not forget that he was fighting against his own relations. "But for this," said Rapata, "there would be no stragglers to bother us."

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Rapata Wahawaha had for some time been looked upon as a sort of a god by his own tribe; but after the fight at Te Kopani his credit was equally great with other tribes, who were not slow to recognise that the result was due to his bravery and promptitude. Thus ended the Wairoa campaign.

CHAPTER XVII. MURDER OF KERITI, OF MR. CHARLES BROUGHTON, AND OF TROOPER SMITH.

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MURDER OF KERITI, OF MR. CHARLES BROUGHTON, AND OF TROOPER SMITH.

THE Hauhaus on the west coast having refused to receive the peace proclamation issued by His Excellency Sir George Grey in 1865, it was absolutely necessary for the peace of the district they should be punished; for these tribes, taking advantage of the absence of the colonial forces at Opotiki, had committed some very treacherous and barbarous murders; the first one was on a Wanganui Maori named Kereti, who had been attached to Brigadier Waddy's staff as native orderly. This man had been ordered to select some one among the Weraroa prisoners to carry the

peace proclamation to the Ngarauru and Pakakohi tribes, a dangerous duty for anyone but a Hauhau to undertake. One of the prisoners, Tariu by name, was chosen, and he volunteered to do the work. Mr. C. Broughton, interpreter to the forces, approved of the choice, and warned Kereti not to proceed beyond the Weraroa, he being a Wanganui, and friendly to the Europeans. Kereti acknowledged that it would be unsafe to do so, and promised to remain at the Weraroa. On the 25th of September he and Tariu started from Wanganui, and on arrival at the redoubt Tariu was sent with the proclamations to the Putahi, while Kereti, forgetting Mr. Broughton's warning, proceeded on the same errand to the Ngarauru tribe. On reaching the village of Arei Ahi he observed a strong party of Hauhaus, who were en route to waylay stragglers from the Weraroa. These men he avoided by hiding in the fern. After they had passed he went on to the Waitotara river, where he saw four women, and a man named Rawiri, on the opposite bank.

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Kereti called to them and stated his errand, but was promptly informed that they would not consent to peacemaking. He then asked them whether he was to return to the Weraroa. The women replied in the affirmative, but Rawiri said "Return here to-morrow, and the tribe will then talk it over with you." Kereti very foolishly trusted to the good faith of a Hauhau, and on the following morning started to meet the tribe; but he did not go far, for the Hauhaus expecting him, had an ambuscade laid on the edge of the Karaka plateau, within sight of the Weraroa, and their first volley mortally wounded him. He fell, and was immediately stripped of his valuables, but, strange to say, was not tomahawked. The garrison of the redoubt saw the volley fired, and hastened to his assistance. They found him dying, and carried him to the camp, where he lived sufficiently long to make a statement to Mr. C. Broughton, identifying Rawiri and two other men as his murderers.

Even the ex-Hauhau Tariu was not well received, for the people of the Putahi refused to receive the proclamations, and kept him a prisoner for some days. Eventually he was allowed to depart; but his chief and relation, Hare Tipene, warned him to return by the sea coast, not by the track he had used previously, as ambuscades were lying in wait for him.

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The treacherous disposition shown by these tribes ought henceforth to have been a warning to those people inclined to trust themselves to Maori honour; but such was not the case, as will be seen. On the 26th of September a letter; signed by some Patea Hauhaus was sent in to one of the redoubts. It contained a request that some person acquainted, with the Maori language might be sent to confer with them on the proclamations which had reached them by the agency of Tariu. On receipt of this letter Brigadier Waddy ordered Mr. C. Broughton to proceed to Kakaramaea, and communicate with the rebels. No time was lost, and, on the 30th, Broughton and a Maori assessor from Wanganui, escorted by ten soldiers, left the Kakaramaea redoubt, and proceeded in the direction of Otoia. Their flag of truce was seen, and a few Hauhaus went out to meet them, and invited them to enter the pah. This Mr. Broughton very properly refused to do, but proposed that the meeting should be held midway between their respective strongholds. The Maories would not agree to this very reasonable request, and Mr. Broughton returned to the redoubt. On the following morning he went to the meeting-place of the previous day, and after hoisting his flag was met by three Hauhaus. One of them, named Ruka, had been Mr. Broughton's servant some years previously, and now tried hard to persuade his former master to enter the pah, assuring him that he would be safe. Wi Pukapuka, the assessor, tried equally hard to prevent it, saying that treachery was intended, and absolutely refused to go a step further himself.

Mr. Broughton unfortunately trusted his old servant

and went on to the pah, while his companions returned to Kakaramaea, feeling that they had seen the last of him. Of the tragedy that ensued there is no really authentic account, but the following statement made by an eyewitness who belonged to another tribe, is probably true. When Ruka and Broughton entered the pah they found the tribe assembled; but instead of the loud welcome of "Haere mai! Haere mai!" usual in such cases, they were received in dead silence. As they entered the gate Broughton saluted the Hauhaus, but received no reply, and saw, when too late, that his fate was sealed. He sat down for a few moments amidst the dead silence, and then, probably to hide his feelings, took out his pipe, walked towards a fire and began to light it. While thus engaged a fellow named Maka shot him through the back, and he fell partly upon the embers, where he writhed in agony until they dragged him off the fire and threw him over the cliff into the Patea river. My informant added – "Do not blame Maka. It was a cowardly murder, but every man in the tribe was equally guilty. Before the letter was sent, asking some one to meet them, it had been decided to murder the man when he came." Thus far the peace proclamations had caused two barbarous murders. The Ngarauru and Pakakohi tribes having in this manner shown their desire for war, the people of Tangahoe and Ngatitupaea evinced the same spirit, for on the 4th of October five troopers of the Military Train fell into an ambush on the main road between Manawapou and Te Hawera. Two of their horses were shot. Trooper Smith, unable to move, his horse having fallen on him, was tomahawked; but his comrade escaped, after knocking down a Hauhau who tried to stop him.

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CHAPTER XVIII. GENERAL CHUTE'S CAMPAIGN.

[Inserted unpaginated illustration]



GENERAL SIR TREVOR CHUTE
Sampson, Low & Co., London
Vincent Brooks, Day & Son, Lith.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GENERAL CHUTE'S CAMPAIGN.

THE FIGHT AT OKOTUKU.

UNDER these repeated provocations, his Excellency Sir George Grey directed Major-General Chute to proceed against the west coast tribes. The General had intended to commence operations early in December, but the expedition was delayed by the action of Mete Kingi, who, immediately after the Native Contingent landed from Opotiki, announced that he would withdraw his men from the force. Within three days we had only thirty of our 120 men left, and for some time it was feared that we should not get the number required for the campaign; but the arrival of Doctor Featherston, Superintendent of Wellington, whose influence with Wanganui was very great, turned the scale. The chiefs Kepa and Wirihana seconded his efforts, and brought the warriors to their senses. The old hands began to ask themselves the very pertinent question whether it was not better to serve the Government than Mete Kingi; and one very impudent scoundrel asked that

chief point-blank whether he would give him 2s. 6d. per diem and rations. This turned the tide; the men rejoined, and shortly after Christmas 300 Maories (contingent and kupapas) joined the general's force at the Weraroa.

General Chute, who assumed command of the troops in New Zealand after the retirement of General Cameron, was a man well fitted for Maori warfare by his great energy and decision of character. He never saw or made difficulties. Neither did he allow a few lives to stand between him and his object. At the same time it must be admitted that he was incapable of such blunders as those which were made at the Gate pah and Rangiriri.

On the 3rd of January, 1866, the field force; composed of three companies of the 14th Regiment and nearly three hundred Maories, marched from the Weraroa in the direction of Okotuku, and camped on the edge of the bush at Ngamotu. Ensign McDonnell, with the scouts of the contingent, went out to reconnoitre and were fired upon from the bush. They followed up smartly, and came upon the village of Okotuku, which they burnt. On return to camp they reported having passed large plantations of potatoes and corn, which the general deemed it advisable to destroy. Consequently at grey dawn on the 4th, two companies of the 14th and a strong party of Maories under Major McDonnell advanced through the bush, preceded by an advanced guard of three, viz., two subaltern officers, Lieutenant Gudgeon, and Ensign McDonnell, and the great fighting man Winiata. In their eagerness they did not perceive that they had outrun the main body, who had halted at Moturoa (the scene of a severe action three years after). On reaching the potato-plantation below the village they were fired upon by a scout lying in ambush, whom they chased up the rise and fired upon, but without effect, as he entered a pah which had been erected during the night across a narrow neck of table-land with a precipice on either side. The small advanced guard moved on to the pah, but with what object it is difficult to determine, for they could hardly have expected to take it, and when within twenty yards received a volley from about thirty guns. They immediately fell flat on the ground, and on inquiring after each other's welfare, and finding none hit, decided on retiring from their perilous situation to a small watercourse about twenty yards in rear, which would afford them cover. This movement was rapidly executed; they received a second volley, but again without effect. This rather remarkable escape is not to be attributed so much to bad shooting on the part of the Hauhaus, as to the fact that the outer defences of the pah consisted of a breastwork of logs, so thick that there were no crevices to fire through,

and too high to allow the defenders to depress the muzzles of their guns sufficiently for their fire to take effect.

Safe for the time in the watercourse, Winiata hurled defiance at the enemy, who came out at the opposite corner of their pah, and threatened to cut off their retreat; but, luckily for the advanced guard, the firing had alarmed the main body, who soon came doubling up and opened fire, driving the Hauhaus back to their pah, while a zealous party of the 14th Regiment opened tiro on the three unfortunates in the watercourse, under the firm conviction that they were Hauhaus. This was too much for Winiata's philosophy, who, after expending all his stock of bad language (a tolerably large one), treated them to a few shots in return. This probably, combined with the entreaties of the contingent who now came up, convinced the red jackets of their mistake, and they ceased firing. The general now ordered Lieutenant Keogh with his company of the 14th to storm the pah. They advanced steadily until the enemy opened a heavy fire, severely wounding Mr. Keogh and several of his men. This brought them up for a moment, but almost immediately after the defences were entered at several points by the soldiers and contingent. The latter under their officers scattered, in pursuit of the flying enemy through some of the wildest country imaginable, and did not return until late in the evening, the result being three of the enemy killed, one wounded, and one prisoner, in addition to three others who were killed in the attack on the pah. The prisoner had a narrow escape. He had evidently mistaken one of the pursuing parties for his friends, and got too near for retreat to be possible. Finding our men coining straight towards him, he wisely took the initiative, and stepping out from behind a tree presented the butt of his gun as a sign of amity to the leading man of the contingent. Much as the noble savage was astonished, and perhaps frightened at this apparition, his instincts were true to life, for he promptly seized the gun, and left the next man to seize

the prisoner. But his heart was also in the right place; he neglected the man, but stripped him of tomahawk, cartouch-box, and other portable property, in a most workmanlike manner, and then went his way rejoicing. Now the third man was naturally aggrieved there was nothing left for him; so, after having achieved the feat of putting his tongue out until it nearly reached his chest, turning his eyes inside out, and other signs of Maori emotion, he ostentatiously put a cap on his rifle, when, fortunately for the prisoner, one of the contingent recognised in him a long-lost brother, or something that would answer as well in Maoridom.

Here was a dilemma. It was manifestly wrong not to kill an enemy, but then how about the Whanaunga (relationship)? But, happy thought! perhaps he is not an enemy. So they began to question him: "Were you in the fight?" "Oh no," said the prisoner. "I was coming through the bush and I heard guns. Then I said to myself those wicked men are fighting the Pakeha, and I'll not join them. That is how you found me here." Of course it was impossible to kill so well-disposed a Maori, and he was sent back under escort to the general. After he had left, some doubts were expressed as to the captive's veracity; and they ceased to be doubts when the Maori who had taken the gun ascertained that it had been recently fired. The last of the pursuing parties returned late in the evening, and having been successful in the killing line alarmed the camp by a terrific war-dance.

CHAPTER XIX. GENERAL CHUTE'S CAMPAIGN – continued.

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GENERAL CHUTE'S CAMPAIGN – continued.

FIGHT AT TE PUTAHI AND OTAPAWA: NARROW ESCAPE OF THE GENERAL.

THE following day all hands were employed in destroying the plantations at Okotuku; and on the 6th January, 1866, the force marched to Te Putahi, a position of great natural strength, situated on a spur of the plateau above the Whenuakura river. About midday the camp was pitched on the opposite ridge, within six hundred yards of the Hauhaus, numbers of whom could be seen preparing for the attack; and, it was evident that this would be a more serious affair than that of Okotuku. The general wished to attack at once, but Major McDonnell urged him to wait, as the enemy from their elevated position could observe our point of attack, and mass their men in any position to oppose our advance up the narrow and densely-wooded ridges, where a very small front could be made by the attacking party, and a corresponding loss of life must ensue. Upon these representations the general agreed to defer the attack until 2 A. M. the following morning, to the great satisfaction of all concerned. To while away the time the contingent managed to get up a skirmish in the afternoon, and had a man wounded. He was shot through the chest, the ball sticking in the skin of his back. He made no fuss, but walked into camp, and quietly requested Dr. Walker to remove the ball. When it was done he seemed perfectly happy, and took no further notice of the matter.

About 2 a. m. the attacking column, consisting of detachments of the 14th, 18th, and 50th Regiments, Forest Rangers, and the friendly Maories, marched to the attack. Avoiding the spurs on which the enemy had strong ambushes, they made a detour of a mile or so, and climbed

the precipitous slope of the plateau, reaching the top just as the first streaks of daylight were visible. The Hauhaus, after dancing the war-dance, were just commencing their religious ceremonies round the niu, little thinking that our men were within a few hundred yards of them. Major McDonnell with his Maories were detached to take them in rear, and our men were closing quietly but rapidly with the enemy, when some of the kupapas (volunteer Maories) opened a useless dropping fire. The Hauhaus fled with great celerity to their rifle-pits, and the chance was lost. This piece of idiocy so incensed the general, that he threatened to send the whole of the kupapas back as useless. The imperial troops were now ordered to storm the position, and the Hauhaus, after a sharp engagement, retreated to the bush, leaving fourteen dead behind them. Our loss was two killed and twelve wounded, among the latter Major McDonnell. A bullet entered the muscles of his foot, and effectually prevented his taking an active part in the future action of the campaign, though it did not prevent his remaining with the general, as he feared complications with the Maori portion of the force should he be absent. A small party of fugitives was intercepted on the opposite side of the river by an ambush of the 50th Regiment under Colonel Weare; one Hauhaus was killed and another taken prisoner.

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This fight ended the operations south of the Patea river; the majority of the Hauhaus retreated to their inland pahs, but the bolder and more able-bodied portion joined the Tangahoe tribe in their stronghold at Otapawa. Up to the 9th the men were engaged in destroying pahs, rifle-pits, and plantations; but on the 12th they pitched camp in the neighbourhood of Otapawa. On the following day Ensign McDonnell with the Native Contingent reconnoitred the Hauhaus position. He was fired upon several times, but without loss – not an unusual thing in early Maori warfare. After reporting the result of his observations to the general, it was decided to attack at once.

Three hours before daybreak the men stood to their arms and marched off. The plan of attack was that the troops and Forest Rangers should follow the track previously taken by the reconnoitring party, and attack on the comparatively open front of the pah, while the contingent and kupapas marched through the bush to the rear of the position, with the view of cutting off retreat. The plan was a good one: had it been carried out, few of the enemy would have escaped; but when the general arrived in front of the pah he ordered an Armstrong gun to be brought up, and fired several shells into the place, to make the enemy show their strength. Some whares were set on fire, and, as we afterwards heard, a man's head blown off his shoulders; but the garrison made no sign. All was still as death; not a sound could be heard, and the general would not believe that the enemy were there. Under these circumstances he declined to wait for the contingent to get in rear, they having a long and difficult road to travel, and ordered the detachment of the 57th Regiment under Lieut.-Colonels Butler and Hassard to storm the stockade, supported by the 14th. Well the old Crimean veterans maintained their reputation. On advancing, they found that the enemy had carefully levelled the ground in front of the pah to prevent the attacking party finding cover, and when within fifty yards of the palisades the hitherto perfect silence was broken by a volley from at least 200 Hauhaus, who, hidden in their rifle-pits behind the strong palisades, rained death and destruction upon the gallant 57th. For a moment the storming party halted; but Colonel Butler's voice, calling out "Go on, Die Hards!" steadied them; and rushing to the palisade, they tore it down with hands and tomahawks, and entered the pah, killing all who had the presumption to stop, or not time to escape. Meanwhile Major Von Tempsky with his Forest Rangers had been engaged with a party of the enemy who were in the bush on the right flank of the pah, and had driven them back, with a loss to himself of two men wounded. The enemy lost twenty-nine men killed,

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and our casualties were equally heavy, being eleven killed, and twenty wounded, among the latter the gallant Colonel Hassard mortally, and Lieutenant Swanson, of the 14th Regiment, slightly. It was reported that the former of these two officers fell by the hand of Kimball Bent, a deserter from the 57th, who, having been punished by the colonel some time before, had fled to the Hauhaus. That such was the case appears unlikely, for the tribe with whom he was living were not present during the action. This wretch is still living with the Hauhaus. General Chute had a very narrow escape, for while directing the attack a bullet cut one of the buttons off his coat. He merely remarked, "The niggers seem to have found me out. Go on, Colonel Butler." The Native Contingent arrived in rear of the pah too late to do more than follow up the enemy, of whom they overtook and killed three; but half an hour's delay in the attack would have enabled them to take their place in rear of the pah, in which case the rebels must either have surrendered or been killed, as there could have been no escape. This is the first and last really well-defended pah ever taken by assault in New Zealand, though it has often been tried both before and since.

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CHAPTER XX. GENERAL CHUTE'S CAMPAIGN – continued.

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GENERAL CHUTE'S CAMPAIGN – continued.

KETEMARAE. MARCH TO TARANAKI. FIGHT AT WAIKOKO.

UP to this period the imperial officers had carefully avoided marching any distance into the New Zealand bush; but General Chute, seeing no sufficient reason for such avoidance, conceived and carried out the idea of marching through the bush behind the mountain from Ketemarae to Taranaki, a distance of nearly sixty miles. Many people have since characterised the march as useless; but if it did no actual good, it is certain that no harm

resulted. The destruction of Otapawa being completed, a reconnoitring party of 150 friendly Maories were pushed forward to Ketemarae; when, after a long wet night-march they came in sight of the pah, two scouts, who found the pah deserted, were sent forward, consequently the friendly Maories retired into the bush until the troops arrived and took possession, as they feared being mistaken for the enemy; but on emerging therefrom at daybreak they received a volley from some Hauhaus, who were watching proceedings at no great distance. The chief, Kepa, immediately divided his men into two parties – sent one of them to cut off the enemy, and at the head of the other charged them in front, killing three with his first volley; he then followed closely to an old deserted pah, where the Hauhaus made a stand and lost five more men, after which they broke and fled. Kepa followed in pursuit of the main body, and fell in with the other half of his force, who had killed two men. The united force now moved towards the large pah Mawhitiwhiti, on the opposite side of the Waingongoro river; but the enemy did not await their attack, for after firing a few volleys at long range they fell back on another and better position. Here our men tried to surround them and cut off their retreat, but the Hauhaus were in force; so a sergeant was sent for reinforcements in case they should be required, and the attack commenced. After ten minutes' heavy firing from three sides, the Hauhaus were seen escaping into a bush gully. A general charge ensued; the stronghold was carried, and seven more bodies found. After this affair our Maories thought they had done enough for one day, and returned towards the camp. Seeing this, the Parthian tribe of Ngaruahine turned and became the pursuers, but only for a short distance, as Kepa drew them into an ambush and killed two more, after which even Ngaruahine thought discretion the hotter part of valour, and allowed the force to return in peace. In this dashing skirmish seven pahas or villages were captured and destroyed, viz., Te Whenuku, Te Miro, Kanihi, Mawhitiwhiti, Tapuki, Otukeri, and

Werewere. All or most of the losses on this day fell upon Titokowaru's tribe, but this chief was not then so famous – or rather, infamous – as he afterwards became, Toi being the leading chief in these engagements. On the evening of the 16th General Chute issued orders for the force, consisting of three companies of the 14th Regiment and Native Contingent, to prepare to start on the following morning on the march through the forest in rear of Mount Egmont, not anticipating any objection from the native portion of the force. About midnight Major McDonnell and Dr. Featherston arrived in camp, and soon ascertained that the Maories had made up their minds not to go, objecting to march so far from their homes. This would have put a stop to the expedition. Threats and persuasions were alike useless with chiefs of the Mete Kingi stamp, but McDonnell wisely availed himself of Dr. Featherston's influence, and calling the head chief, old Hori Kingi Te Anaua, into his tent, asked if he intended to fail his friend the doctor after so many years of friendship and trust. This appeal was too much for the good old chief. He sat in thought for some minutes, then taking their hands in his, said, "Though all my tribe refuse to go, I shall be with you." After this speech he went to the door of the tent and addressed his people as follows: "Listen, you who have refused to march with the Pakeha. It is well; but I will go with them, even though I go alone. It shall not be said that I deserted them; but I warn you all that if you desert me I will never again live in Wanganui. Henceforward the Pakehas will be my only friends." There was a dead silence after this speech for some seconds; then arose a general chorus of "We will go! we will go!" And they did, eighty picked men following old Hori next morning on their bush march. Each soldier carried three days' provisions and left his knapsack behind. The Maories had also three days' rations issued to them, but as they had not intended to go until the last moment, they had eaten most of it, so they travelled light. The force was accompanied by a large number of pack-horses, and they proved a great

source of trouble and delay; for the country is intersected by creeks running in deep beds, and these had to be bridged before the horses could be got over. This will account for the astonishing time of seven days taken to march about sixty miles, the Rev. Father Pezant having walked the same road in two days on more than one occasion. The column was led by two Hauhaus guides, who deserted after the first day's march, and meeting a small party of their friends coming down the track, warned them to return, as the Pakehas were coming. This was more than the Hauhaus could believe, so they sat down to breakfast, and were surprised by the advanced guard of the contingent, who killed three out of seven men, and captured a girl. Up to this time the road had been pretty distinct, but on the 18th the track was barely visible, and the pioneers had to clear it as the force advanced; the streams and rivers also became more numerous as they approached Taranaki, and rendered progress very slow. On the 21st the carefully hoarded rations were exhausted, and horseflesh was served out to the men. Ensign W. McDonnell volunteered to push on to Taranaki and bring up supplies. Permission was readily granted, and he started, accompanied by Dr. Walker, Captain Leach, D. A. Q. G., and Mr. Price, a commissariat officer. After a long fatiguing march they reached Mataitawa, most of them completely knocked up; but McDonnell, after a short rest, guided a party of soldiers carrying provisions for the general's force. The Maories reached Mataitawa on the sixth day, but the imperial troops did not come in until the seventh day, the 24th of January, 1866. On reaching the Waiwakaio river the Taranaki settlers met the troops, gave them a splendid dinner, and otherwise behaved with the kindness and hospitality for which they are famous. The change was a pleasant one for men who had been marching for five days in pouring rain, and sleeping on wet ground each night. The general did not remain long in Taranaki. A few days were given to refresh his men, while he prepared for the return march by the coast, in which he

was to be accompanied by the Taranaki cavalry and a company of Bush Rangers under Captain Corbett, sharp work being expected with the Warea people. The column marched on the 1st of February, but nothing of importance happened until they reached Waikoko, a native village lying between Warea and Opunaki, where the Hauhaus made a most determined stand, killing one of our men and wounding several others, while they had only four men killed. The Native Contingent were first in the village, but behaved very badly; not that they feared to face the Hauhaus, but that they did not care to get in front of the soldiers, who were by no means quick to discriminate between friend and foe when both were Maories, so they stood aside while the soldiers carried the village. This was the last skirmish of the campaign; two days after the force arrived at Waingongoro, and were ordered to their several posts.

I have before mentioned that only eighty kupapas marched through the forest with General Chute, the remainder were left in charge of Lieutenant Wirihana, N. C., and Hunia Te Hakeke (Chief of Ngatiapa), with orders to harass the enemy in every possible way, by destroying cultivations, burning villages, &c. On the 20th of January Lieutenant Wirihana, who had been engaged in one of these raids, found that a man of his party was missing. The next day several search parties were sent out. One of these detachments, eighteen strong, under the young Ngatiapa chief Aperahama, after searching the whole morning, sat down to rest in a bush clearing, five miles from camp, and were surprised by a volley from nearly fifty Hauhaus. All our men but two bolted for the bush and took cover, but Wi Pekapeka

and Hanieta stood their ground until the former was mortally wounded, when Hanieta took the wounded man's belts and rifle and hid them in the scrub, after which he returned and continued the fight, until the others, ashamed of their conduct, joined him, and held the ground until Aperahama was severely wounded, when, finding that the enemy were attempting

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to surround them, they retired in good order. Luckily Wirihana, who had heard the firing some miles away, came to their relief with twenty men, and after a sharp engagement beat the Hauhaus back with a loss of six men. It was subsequently ascertained from the Hauhaus that the missing man had lost his way, and while wandering in the bush had come across a party of the enemy, who shot him. On the following day Colonel Butler had a skirmish with the enemy near Katotauru, in which we had a few men wounded, but the enemy's loss, if any, was not ascertained. This affair, with a few trifling exceptions, ended the operations of the imperial troops in New Zealand. The Native Contingent, reduced to fifty men, were ordered to Pipiriki to relieve the detachment of the 57th Regiment, who were about to be withdrawn to head-quarters. The contingent reached their destination about the beginning of February, and held it until the following July, during which period they contrived to open up friendly communications with the hostile Wanganuis, to such an extent that Pehi Turoa invited the whole of the friendly tribes to meet him at Mangaio and discuss the situation. About 400 men accepted the invitation; the start was worth seeing, as they proceeded up the river in thirty canoes, some of them very large and ornamented with flags, feathers, &c When about half a mile from the pah. Mete Kingi gave us a specimen of Maori caution most characteristic of his race. He called all the canoes round him, and spoke as follows: "We do not know the truth of these people. They may be good; they were so originally, for they are Wanganuis like ourselves. But, oh, my children, they have become Hauhaus, and no trust can be placed in them. Therefore I say fire off your guns, for it is Maori etiquette to show you trust your hosts, and you will also have them in good order to re-load, as they will be certain to go off properly if treachery is intended." After this excellent advice, each warrior fired off his long-loaded gun to show how much he trusted his long-lost brethren, and then carefully re-loaded in case of mistakes. Below the pah

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there was a formidable rapid, which necessitated the visitors' landing and dragging their canoes after them over a boulder bank, and then re-embarking close to the pah under a cliff, in such a dangerous position that all Mete Kingi's precautions would have been useless had our friends meant mischief. But they did not, for the Wanganui landed safely amidst a pandemonium of Hauhau incantations and Maori war-dances. One man, a brother of Topia, stark mad with fanaticism, spoke Maori with an English accentuation so ludicrous that even the old chiefs of our party could not help laughing, and by so doing spoilt the gravity and impassiveness of demeanour absolutely necessary on such occasions. The talking lasted for two days, interrupted only by feasting, and concluded satisfactorily for us. The main points of the treaty were as follows: Firstly, that eternal peace should be maintained on the Wanganui river; secondly, that either of the contracting parties should be at perfect liberty to go and fight at any other part of New Zealand. This treaty was scrupulously kept, and it enabled the Government to dispense with the Pipiriki garrison, and use the contingent in the forthcoming campaign against the Ngatiruanui tribe.

CHAPTER XXI. COLONEL MCDONNELL'S CAMPAIGN. FIGHT AT POKAIKAI.

CHAPTER XXI.

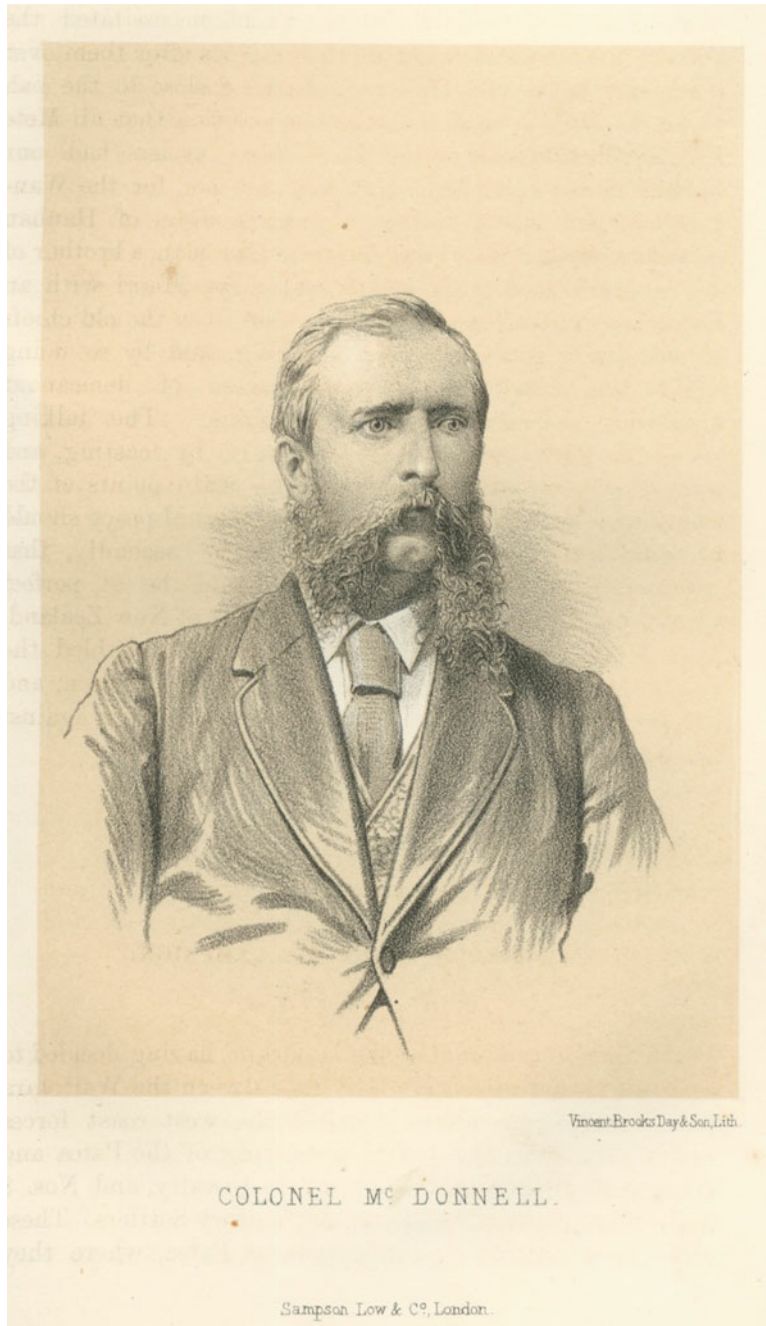
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COLONEL MCDONNELL'S CAMPAIGN.

FIGHT AT POKAIKAI.

THE defence minister (Colonel Haultain) having decided to occupy the confiscated lands lying between the Waitotara and Waingongoro rivers, recalled the west coast forces which were then at Opotiki, consisting of the Patea and Wanganui Bush Rangers, Yeomanry Cavalry, and Nos. 8 and 10 Companies of the Taranaki Military Settlers. These corps were ordered to rendezvous at Patea, where they

[Inserted unpaginated illustration]



Colonel MCDONELL
Sampson, Low & Co., London
Vincent Brooks, Day & Son, Lith.

would be joined by the contingent from Pipiriki. Early in July, 1866, Colonel McDonnell assumed command, and marched his men to Manawapou, a central position, from which he could operate in any direction. On the 26th he started for Waingongoro, to hold an interview with Wi Hukanui, a semi-friendly chief, whose services were available to ascertain whether the Hauhaus intended peace or war. The interview terminated by the colonel giving Hukanui a cartridge and a

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white handkerchief to forward to the Hauhaus, with a message requesting that they would choose at once between these typical emblems, and return to him the one rejected; he also mentioned that, in the event of their choosing the cartridge, it would be well for them to appoint the battle-ground.

Wi Hukanui proposed as an amendment that the colonel should go, alone and unarmed, with him to meet the Hauhaus; but Mr. Broughton's fate was too recent; our somewhat rash commander declined the honour and returned to Manawapou. On the following morning a letter was brought in from the Hauhaus, and McDonnell, with twelve troopers and fifty Maories and Forest Rangers, proceeded again to Waingongoro; from thence he went on to the Kauae pah, escorted by the troopers only, and found several of the leading Hauhau chiefs, including Hone Pihama and Natanahira, awaiting his arrival. After a good deal of speechifying, these chiefs promised to bring the Otapawa tribes to Patea. The colonel then informed them of the nature of his instructions, and read several official letters, which stated that they would have sufficient land given them to live upon, but that the remainder would be confiscated. He concluded the meeting by saying, "I now return to Waingongoro, and shall wait there until to-morrow morning, when, if you desire peace, you will visit me at that camp. If I do not see you, I shall know you intend war, and shall act accordingly."

The chiefs did not pay their promised visit on the morrow, so the colonel and his men returned to Manawapou, accompanied by a Hauhau boy who wished to visit

a relative then with the contingent. On the following day the boy and his female relation, Rangimoea, went to Otapawa. On her return to camp, she reported that she had been threatened, and that she considered that her life was in danger all the time she remained at Otapawa. This decided McDonnell to strike at once, as it was clear that the Hauhaus did not mean peace, or they would have behaved differently; consequently, on the 1st of August 200 men marched to attack the village of Pokaikai; the night was fine but piercingly cold, and, as there were many swamps and one river to cross, the men had rough times of it. One officer, surprised at the sudden thickness of his sword, found that, it was coated with ice. The column advanced cautiously, fearing that they might be discovered by the enemy's scouts; but luckily the advanced guard discovered the scouts retiring to their warm huts, satisfied that the Pakehas would not attack them on such a cold night. The force followed rapidly upon their tracks, and, a few minutes after one o'clock, arrived within 100 yards of the pah, sufficiently near to hear the children running up and down imitating the neighing of horses. Colonel McDonnell's arrangements were excellent; but man proposes and God disposes. No. 8 Company of Military Settlers were placed in front, as they were armed with bayonets, whereas the other corps had carbines and revolvers; and Captain Wilson was ordered to enter the village silently, quickly place guards over the doors, and use the bayonet if necessary, but on no account were the men to fire, lest they should alarm the inhabitants of Taiporohenui, as McDonnell intended if possible to attack them the same night. Captain Wilson and his men advanced; but just before they entered the village some one gave a cheer, which was taken up by his comrades, and so alarmed the Hauhaus that they rushed out of doors and windows, and escaped before our men could seize them; the consequence was that the men opened fire on the fugitives, and overthrew all our plans. Four of the enemy were killed, and about ten women and children taken prisoners. We had

but one casualty, a young volunteer named Spain. He had gone into a whare to bring out a dead Hauhau, and while engaged in this undertaking a party of Forest Rangers came up, and asked who was in the whare? The reply was "A white man," meaning a friend. Unfortunately the Rangers concluded that it meant the deserter Kimball Bent, and at once fired a volley into the hut, which mortally wounded Spain. Our success at first sight appeared to be trifling, but on searching the whares it was found that the Hauhaus had left thirty-five stand of good guns behind them, besides tomahawks and other weapons. This would practically disarm the tribe, and leave them at our mercy. One woman was mistaken for a man in the darkness, and slightly wounded by a bayonet thrust. She was left in a detached whare, where she would be certain to be found by her friends in the morning, as she did not care to go as a prisoner to our camp. The remaining whares were burnt, to ensure the destruction of any ammunition concealed therein, and the expedition returned to Manawapou. One of the officers, Captain Newland, who was the happy possessor of a long beard, was a source of great amusement to his men: when day broke he presented a most venerable appearance, his beard being white as snow, frozen hard by the intense cold. This is a true and correct account of the insignificant skirmish at Pokaikai, which would probably have never been heard of again had not Messrs. Graham and Parris rendered it famous by the accusation they brought against Colonel McDonnell and his men of unnecessary violence and cruelty on the occasion. The charge of making a murderous attack upon women and children was one that should never have been brought against McDonnell; but it was done, and a commission, composed of Sir Cracroft Wilson, Colonel Cargill, and Mr. Graham, sat in Wanganui and at Patea, where they examined numerous witnesses, both Hauhau and friendly. Mr. Graham and Mr. Parris did their best, but utterly failed in eliciting evidence of murderous outrage. At one period in the examination it seemed that they would

be successful, for it was stated that a man had torn a greenstone ornament out of a woman's ear; but even this small mercy was denied them, for it appeared that the man did not belong to the force, and that he had been placed under arrest so soon as the offence was noticed. The whole of the charges were proved to be false; but it is only justice to Mr. Graham to state that he really believed them, and had been a tool in the hands of mischievous and interested men, who probably did not believe in anything but their own interest. As for Mr. Parris, the force had much the same opinion of his merits as General Chute had at Warea in 1866, when he requested him to clear out of the camp at short notice.

The immediate results of this skirmish were most important, for on the 6th of August messages were received from the Tangahoe tribe, informing McDonnell that they desired peace, and asking him to meet them at Ohangai to discuss terms of surrender. The colonel assented to the proposition, and appointed the following day for the meeting.

Having some distrust of the good faith of the tribe, he did not proceed alone, but was accompanied by the mounted men and Native Contingent. On arrival at Ohangai, they found the chiefs Tito Te Hanataua and Tukino with twenty-five men, assembled in great trepidation, evidently fearing that their long career of treachery and crime might be requited in kind by the terrible McDonnell; but I suppose our appearance must have been reassuring, for they were soon at their ease, and spoke in the most peaceful and friendly terms. McDonnell, in reply, dwelt strongly on the fact that the land had been taken, and would be kept, by the Pakehas, and that they need not expect that the fact of their having surrendered, after having done all possible mischief, would give them any claim on the Government; at the same time he explained that he was authorised to state that sufficient land would be given to enable them to live comfortably as before.

The chiefs expressed themselves satisfied with this view of the subject, and signed the oath of allegiance, as did all their men present; many of them kept it throughout Titokowaru's outbreak, and it is probable that those who joined in that rebellion did so under pressure. The effect of the skirmish did not end here, for, a few days after, the branch of the Pakakohi tribe living at Meremere and Te Whakamaru came in and swore allegiance. Thus our enemies were reduced by two tribes, and we had only the Ngaruahine and Ngatitupaea to deal with; but they were more than sufficient to occupy our attention with the few men remaining in the force. At this period our men consisted almost entirely of military settlers who had engaged to serve for a term of three years, at the expiration of which time they were to receive a grant of land. Three of the best of these companies, 150 strong, were with McDonnell: they had served the period for which they were enlisted, and considered that they were entitled to a further grant of land if they continued to serve. Under these circumstances, Colonel McDonnell allowed them to send an officer to Wellington, to represent the case to Colonel Haultain, asking for a further grant of ten acres for each year served over and above the period agreed upon. This demand was not exorbitant, the more so that Government had failed on their part to give the men possession of the land to which they were

entitled. Yet the Government not only refused to do anything for the men, but replied, that they might leave the service if they did not choose to wait until the land was ready for them. This answer to men who considered the Government indebted to them, added fuel to the fire, and the Patea Rangers (probably the best corps ever raised in New Zealand) left the service in a body, as the other two companies had already done. For many years the loss of these men was severely felt, and never more so than in Titokowaru's outbreak. This falling off reduced the force to 100 men of all ranks, and our commander found it very difficult to hold the necessary posts and at

the same time find men for expeditions. It could only be done by withdrawing the men from the posts the night before the intended movement, leaving only half-a-dozen at each redoubt to mount guard during the absence of the garrison. This was indeed dangerous, for had the enemy discovered our position they would infallibly have taken the redoubts; but it was the only plan possible at the time.

CHAPTER XXII. COLONEL MCDONNELL'S CAMPAIGN. TE PUNGAREHU.

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COLONEL MCDONNELL'S CAMPAIGN.

TE PUNGAREHU.

THE first skirmish with Titokowaru's tribe took place on the 2nd of September. A strong reconnoitring party had been sent out to examine the Ketemarae district, and while so doing were fired upon by an ambush of the enemy. Captain F. Ross and three men were severely wounded; but, by a rapid charge on our part, two of the enemy were killed before they could escape to the bush. McDonnell now decided to build a redoubt at Waihi close to Ketemarae, as it was evident that most of our work would be in this neighbourhood; consequently, on the 5th, 120 men of the Forest Rangers and contingent, under Captain Newland, marched from Te Hawera and pitched camp within 400 yards of the Ketemarae bush. It rained heavily throughout the day, but every precaution was taken against a night attack, by throwing up rifle-pits and a small breast-work on the bush side of the encampment. Shortly after dark the Hauhaus reconnoitred the positions, but were seen by the sentries and fired upon. The shots brought the men out of their tents and into the rifle-pits, which were half-full of muddy water; but nothing further occurred, as the enemy, probably satisfied that they had no chance of surprising us, did not again disturb the men. Next morning McDonnell

arrived, to select a site for the permanent camp; but he was almost immediately recalled to Manawapou by a message from Major Inman, 18th Regiment, to the effect that a deserter from the 57th had just come in from the Hauhaus, and surrendered himself a prisoner. This man had been twelve months with the enemy, and it was expected that he could give valuable information as to their positions and movements, so McDonnell returned to Manawapou and questioned the man, but found to his disgust that he could give him no information. he had evidently been treated like a slave, and seemed only too glad to be once more with his regiment.

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In McDonnell's absence the present site of the Waihi camp was chosen for our redoubt. All available hands were set to work, and by the 10th they had fortified the site of an old pah sufficiently for a small body of men to hold it easily. This was done in the midst of a terrific expenditure of powder and shot by the Hauhaus, who used daily to fire volleys from the edge of the bush, 1000 yards distant. Occasionally the contingent would seize their rifles, leave their work, and drive back the enemy, with great safety to both parties. One of the enemy's guns must, from the noise it made, have been a two-pounder: the Rangers christened it Big Ben. In a skirmish on the 13th two of the enemy were severely wounded, and as the blood spilt demanded vengeance, affairs soon took a more serious tone. The camp was supplied with provisions from Patea by a two-horse dray under escort of three troopers, a number admirably qualified to invite attack, and perfectly useless for protection, as we soon experienced. On the 15th the Hauhaus laid an ambush at a point where the road approached within 400 yards of the bush, and rather more than half a mile from camp. Hidden behind a few flax-bushes, they allowed the troopers to approach thorn, and then fired a volley into them, killing trooper Haggarty's horse, and the unfortunate trooper was hacked to death by tomahawks before he could free himself from his animal.

Meanwhile the driver unhitched the leading horse, and galloped off with the two remaining troopers, leaving the cart and rations to be plundered by the enemy.

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This affair took place within eyesight of the camp. The contingent and Bush Rangers turned out at once and doubled up to the scene of action, only to find Haggarty's body, for the Hauhaus had disappeared into the Keteonetea bush, taking with thorn the horse and provisions. Haggarty's death brought about one of those amusing instances of want of military knowledge so often noticed among colonial officers in the early days. Colonel McDonnell had issued an order that not less than ten troopers should form the escort of the ration-cart, consequently the captain who sent the three men had committed a serious breach of discipline. McDonnell was absent at the time, but the zealous officer in charge (another captain), without the smallest right to do so, assembled a court martial of ensigns and lieutenants, to try their senior officer; and they, supremely unconscious of the absurdity of the whole affair, not only found the captain guilty of neglect, but sentenced him to be dismissed the service; at least the finding amounted to the same thing.

I need hardly say that the finding of the court was not sustained by the defence minister.

On the following day a sham escort was sent out, to deceive the Hauhaus, who were known to be on the look-out for another victim. While this party sauntered carelessly along the road, another was sent into the bush by a long detour, and, as they expected, surprised a small body of Hauhaus who were watching the supposed escort. One of them was shot, and little Winiata, to square things in accordance with Maori ideas of right and justice, dealt him the same number of tomahawk cuts that poor Haggarty had received, and conceived a very low opinion of the Pakehas because they rebuked him. When Colonel McDonnell received intelligence of the attack on the convoy he determined, even with the limited force at his

disposal, to give the Hauhaus a lesson they should not easily forget. On the 1st of October he started with 113 men of all ranks, and marched in the direction of the Waingongoro redoubt, with the purpose of throwing the enemy's scouts off the scent. About 10 p. m. the column left the redoubt, crossed the river, and marched inland for the Mawhitiwhiti pah. On reaching this deserted settlement a well-worn track was found leading into the bush, this was followed by the force until it entered a small clearing, where the men were ordered to lie down and await the dawn, which was not far off. While they were anxiously awaiting the order to move, the crowing of cocks about a mile inland gave McDonnell the information he required as to the position of the Hauhaus village, so he pushed forward immediately, and just as day was breaking reached the entrance to a long narrow clearing named Te Pungarehu, throughout the whole length of which whares were to be seen. This rendered it impossible to surround the enemy, but promptitude in war can do a great deal; the men received orders to advance quietly but rapidly, leaving a few men to guard the door of each whare as they passed, and if possible to reach the furthestmost one before the alarm was given.

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The men moved on with a rush, and stopped the doors of the huts so quickly, that although they were heard, and the alarm given, few of the enemy escaped. The arrangement was admirably planned and carried out. There was no confusion; the men with cocked rifles guarded the doorways and awaited orders, while McDonnell, stepping in front of the largest and most central whare, called out to the Hauhaus that they were all surrounded, and desired them to choose quickly whether they would surrender as prisoners of war, or be shot. The answer, admirable for its brevity, was a volley from the doors and windows of the huts, which wounded some of our men; but it was also a volley fired over their own graves, for our men, appreciating the advantage of their

position, went in for the fight in earnest, and fired the huts. In a few moments the sharp crack of the rifles, the yells of the combatants, and smoke and fire of the burning whares, transformed the quiet village into a perfect pandemonium. The raupo whares burnt like tinder, and the Hauhaus had to run the gauntlet; twenty yards was the utmost length of their tether, few went beyond it, and none escaped. Unfortunately all of the whares were not built of raupo, one or two were

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wharepuni, built of slabs and covered with earth, out of which it was not easy to dislodge the occupants. Farrier-Major Duff, one of the bravest men in the force, tried to enter the door, and fired his revolver several times inside; but was mortally wounded while doing so. The only way to get at them was by digging, so the force went to work with a will, and had nearly accomplished their task, when a volley was fired into them from three sides of the clearing, by the main body of the Hauhaus from Te Ngutu o to manu, who, alarmed, by the firing, had arrived too late to save their friends, but soon enough to make us very uncomfortable for our line of retreat. No time was to be lost, so McDonnell made overtures to the men inside the wharepuni, and promised to spare them if they surrendered. One man came out on the strength of this promise, and was fairly lifted off his feet by a volley fired by a few of the contingent who were standing near. This act of treachery enraged McDonnell, and his anger was so genuine that the remainder, undismayed by the fate of their compatriot, came out and surrendered. Meanwhile the Hauhaus were pressing us hard, and had succeeded in cutting off retreat by the track we had followed on entering the clearing. To have forced the position would have entailed great risk, as they had possession of the fallen timber; under these circumstances McDonnell, who was seldom at loss, asked his prisoners if there was not another track leading to the open country, assuring them at the same time that if he lost many men he should

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not be able to save his captives. This had the desired effect, they not only said there was another track, but offered to act as guides. The difficulty was to get out of the clearing; but the men were used to the work. One half the force was extended along the edge of the bush to keep the Hauhaus in check, while the others removed, the killed, wounded, and prisoners to a place of safety. This was a work of great danger, particularly in the case of poor Duff, who had fallen at the upper end of the clearing, now completely in the enemy's possession. He was only brought off by downright pluck, two men being wounded in the attempt. Ensign Northcroft particularly distinguished himself in the attempt. So soon as the wounded, now seven in number, were placed in safety, McDonnell directed Captains Newland and Kepa, with thirty men, to form the rear guard, and give the main body time to carry out the wounded. Ensign Poma of the contingent, and Northcroft also, remained with the rear guard, and both behaved gallantly. Cover-ring the retreat was the most arduous part of the day's fighting, for with 150 Hauhaus closing in on them, this brave little band held their ground, and allowed the main body to draw off quietly, carrying the wounded in blankets, meanwhile the rear guard, closely pressed, fell back from tree to tree, until they arrived at the edge of a deep ravine, where they made a determined stand.

While holding this position, Ensign Poma happened to notice an open space among the trees, and suspected rightly that it was a clearing and that the enemy would take advantage of it to turn our flank. He accordingly took six of his men and had just reached the plantation when fifteen Hauhaus sprang over the fence and ran across the clearing straight for Poma's men, who wisely held their fire until the enemy were within fifteen yards, and then shot four of them. The remainder retired double quick, closely followed by Poma, who tomahawked the fallen, and carried off their arms. This check seemed to

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sicken the Hauhaus, as they ceased from that moment to press upon the rear guard, who retired slowly and rejoined the main body in the open country. Ensign Northcroft distinguished himself particularly throughout the whole fight, and has since been recommended for the New Zealand cross. Volunteers Rushton and White were also conspicuous for their bravery.

These men had been sergeants in the Patea Rangers; disgusted with the treatment their company had received they had resigned with the rest, but continued to serve without pay rather than desert old comrades. Rushton had one bullet through his coat, and another smashed the stock of his carbine; White was a man of singularly quiet courage, and when, some years after, he fell mortally wounded in the Whakatane river, his loss was mourned by the whole force. Once in the open country, the force halted and made stretchers to carry the wounded, and, after a short rest, returned to Waingongoro, where they were kindly received by Captain Noblett and his detachment of the 18th Regiment. Dr. Spencer relieved our surgeon of the care of the wounded, and took them into hospital, where three of them died within an hour.

For the numbers engaged, this skirmish was the most disastrous ever fought by the Ngaruahini tribe; they acknowledged having twenty-seven men killed, and we had seven able-bodied prisoners. About thirty stand of arms were either brought away or destroyed, and much valuable property, including kegs of powder, was burnt. The moral effect of this fight on the Hauhaus was profound; not only had they lost one-fifth of the fighting men of the tribe, but they had been foiled by their own peculiar tactics. Attacked at grey dawn far in the bush, where the Pakehas had never trod before, consequently could not have known of the existence of the village, they were surprised in the whares, and shot down with but small chance of retaliation. In this affair one is at loss which to admire most; the boldness which conceived the idea of

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penetrating into the midst of the enemy with so small a force, the skill displayed in carrying out the plan, the masterly manner in which the force when crippled by the loss of eight men was extricated from the bush, in presence of an enemy superior in numbers, and who possessed the inestimable advantage of knowing every inch of the ground, or the steady coolness of the rear guard, in a position where the smallest mistake would have brought the enemy charging down upon them in overwhelming numbers.

The danger of entering the bush with a small or untried force consists chiefly in this, that one wounded man will take at least six men to carry him off, and if the enemy is enterprising, some of the stretcher parties are almost certain to be hit, as they offer a good mark to the well concealed Maori; thus eight or ten casualties will cripple a force of 100 men. If the men are untried, a panic will almost certainly ensue, for the men can see the effect of the enemy's bullets, but not the effect of their own; and the singularly savage war-cries of the Maori are more effective in the bush than elsewhere.

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TE UMU, POPOIA, TIROTIROMOANA, ROTORUA.

TOI and Titokowaru, the leading chiefs of Ngaruahini, were now greatly alarmed for their future safety. They argued correctly that what had happened might well happen again; from such an enemy no place was secure. In fact, they strongly objected to their own tactics being used against them, and this feeling found utterance shortly after, when Toi said to McDonnell, "We thought we were fighting against a man, but find he is a rat who moves only by night." "No," replied McDonnell; "you thought

we were soldiers, and find that we are Pakeha Maories. The end is not yet, Toi." On the 13th a reinforcement of Maori volunteers arrived from Wanganui, and later in the day a small party of Titokowaru's people came into Waihi camp, saying that they had swum the Waingongoro with the news that the whole tribe would surrender when the freshet subsided. A few days after, Toi and twelve men arrived. This was not what we had expected, and they received scant welcome. McDonnell told them to return, that he did not want to see a few men; if the whole tribe, men, women, and children came, he would welcome them, but would not have spies in his camp. Toi returned, but six of his men refused to accompany him, and requested permission to remain with us. Their leader, Katene (a first-rate fighting man), said, "I have tried to do my best for the tribe. When I lead them into a fight they do not back me up; and when I told them that the Pungarehu would one day be surprised, they laughed at me, and now those men are dead. I am sick of the whole thing, I shall stay with the Pakeha." He did stay, and his people of the Umatahi hapu gradually joined him, until they numbered at least seventy men, women, and children; but three hapus still held aloof, viz., Te Ahitahi, Te Manuhiakai, and Te Hinuawai. The first of these three hapus, or families, lived apart from the others, and had not suffered at the Pungarehu, therefore, McDonnell turned his attention to them, and on the 17th started with nearly two hundred men to attack Te Umu pah, which was situated on the Taranaki track, in rear of the mountain. They, however, had taken warning by the fate of their tribe in the last fight, and had sentries posted everywhere, who gave the alarm when our men were within 200 yards of the village. So soon as we were discovered, McDonnell gave the order to charge; the column dashed forward and opened fire upon the fugitives, killing two men and capturing one old man. On looting the whares twelve guns were found which had been left behind in the stampede.

As the column retired, the enemy, with their usual tactics, followed, and opened fire, which caused some confusion among the rear guard, who had not expected it, but they were quickly driven back by our skirmishers, and the force returned without further molestation. On the following night, Captain Newland received orders to take 100 men and attack the Ngatitupaea tribe, who were supposed to be living in the neighbourhood of Keteonetea, at a village named Popoia. The column started at 11 p. m., and were guided by our late enemy, Katene, who, upon reaching the edge of the forest, recommended us to lie down in silence and await the dawn, as he did not consider it advisable to enter the bush in such darkness. Captain Newland agreed with him, and called a halt; after waiting an hour or two, Captain W. McDonnell induced Newland to move forward, which was done, against the better judgment of the remaining officers and men. The force advanced in single file along the track, although it was so dark that a man could not see his comrade in front, when suddenly, from the front and right flank, a volley was fired into our leading files, lighting up the bush with streams of fire. The leading files fell back upon the main body; Captain McDonnell, who was leading, fell severely wounded in the track, and in the darkness would have been left, had not our guide missed him and reported his fall, within a few yards of the ambush. Volunteer White at once dashed forward and brought him back. The mistake made in entering the forest before dawn was now apparent to all, for the column, checked by the volley, unable to see their enemy, or move on, remained kneeling in the track; luckily the Hauhaus were in much the same condition, they had only a general idea of our direction, and their bullets flew over our heads.

Nothing was left us but a hasty retreat, and Captain Newland gave the order reluctantly; we reached the open country at grey dawn, closely followed by the enemy, who fired volleys from the edge of the bush. The gallant little Winiata of the contingent was much troubled in his mind

by these volleys. "It is a challenge for us to go and fight them," said he. "If something is not done we shall be disgraced; I will go and defy them." Forthwith his scanty clothing came off, and in an alarming state of nature he went zigzagging down the track, in the most approved Maori style, until within 100 yards of the enemy, when he halted, and with gestures more forcible than polite, challenged them to come out and fight in the open. The enemy made no sign beyond firing at him, and Winiata returned covered with glory. "Never mind our retreat," said the old men; "the Hauhaus are beaten, they dare not accept Winiata's challenge." Captain McDonnell, our only casualty, was found to be dangerously wounded; the bullet had entered near the groin, smashing the hipbones, and for many months it was not expected that he would survive the injuries, but an unusually strung constitution pulled him through.

Many months after, when Ngatitupaea had surrendered and were living peacefully at Keteonetea, we learnt how it was that we had received such a warm reception in the bush at Popoia. Te Marau said, "Our hearts were uneasy at the fate of the Pungarehu, and we determined to watch in turns; I and two others were the scouts that night, so we walked down the track to Keteonetea, meaning to stay there until daybreak. We had just got outside the bush when a voice said in Maori, close to me, 'Where is Te Kepa.' My heart stood still, for I knew I was in the midst of a war party; then the thought struck me, they think I am one of them, so I replied, 'I do not know,' and walked slowly away until I got some distance from them; I then ran and awakened the people of my village. The women and children took to the bush, but the men came with me to the place where we had felled trees across the track. There we fired upon you, and it was well you did not attempt to charge over them in the dark." From the failure of the last two expeditions, it was evident to those versed in Maori matters that our

raid at Te Pungarehu had placed the other tribes on their guard, and that there would be but small chance of success for some time to come. Had McDonnell followed his own inclinations, the force would have remained, inactive for at least a month, until the enemy relaxed their vigilance, when the Pungarehu might have been repeated. Put news having arrived that his Excellency Sir George Grey intended to visit us and direct operations, it was necessary to do something more. Sir George arrived on the 22nd of October, and immediately ordered the available men of the 18th Regiment to Waihi, with the view of attacking Popoia. Colonel Rooke of the above regiment, who commanded the column, advanced by the track taken on the previous occasion, and was fired at from the same barricade of trees; but this time there was daylight, and the order to charge being given, the imperial and colonial forces swarmed over the barricade after the retreating Hauhaus, who made themselves scarce in a wonderfully short space of time. The loss to the colonial forces was one killed and one wounded, the soldiers escaped scot free; but the Hauhaus lost two men, and had their village burnt. On the following day our guide, Katene, told McDonnell that a great fighting man of Titokowaru's tribe (Te Waka) would visit Keteonetea that day, and proposed that he should meet him and draw him into an ambush by promising to show him where he had hidden some percussion-caps, which he would pretend were stolen from the Pakeha. McDonnell, only too glad to gain possession of so formidable a foe, consented, and allowed him to take twenty men to form the ambush. The men were duly hidden on the track, while Katene and his brother went on to the semi-friendly pah of Mawhitiwhiti, where they met Te Waka, who reproached the former for having joined the Pakeha, and fought against his own people. "Pish!" said Katene. "The Pakehas are fools, and I have more brains than you have. In one month I shall steal more ammunition than I can

use in two years; then I shall return to you. If you disbelieve me, come, and I will show you a thousand caps I have stolen already." Te Waka, like all Maories, was greedy for ammunition, and fell into the trap; he followed the treacherous scoundrels until within ten yards of the ambush, when suddenly Katene seized his gun, while his brother seized the tomahawk, at the same time calling on the ambush to fire. Te Waka, too late, saw he was lost, and turned to fly. One more stride and he would have slid over the steep cliff into the river, and probably have escaped; but just then one of the ambush fired, and Te Waka, with a convulsive spring, bounded over the precipice and fell dead on the river-bed. Katene was asked why he had taken the gun instead of the man, as he had been, instructed. "In that case," he replied, "you would have saved him. I wanted him killed, for he had done me an injury." One more attempt, was made to surprise the Hauhaus; information had been received that the Popoia tribe, after the destruction of their village, had retired to an inland pah, Tirotiromoana, and were living there in force. McDonnell, thinking that he might have a chance of success if he made a long detour and attacked the position from the rear, started at midnight, and was some miles in the bush before daybreak. For hours the force marched over a lightly-timbered, level country, directly inland of Keteonetea, and about 2 p. m. were well inland of the position. Shortly after the advanced guard fell in with two Hauhaus, whom they afterwards heard were on their way to Te Ngaehere, a settlement far inland. Our leading files fired hastily and without effect, and the two rebels succeeded in making their escape. This untoward event precluded all chance of success; but McDonnell pushed his men forward, crossed a deep ravine, and was in the act of mounting the opposite hill, when the advanced guard were fired on by an ambuscade, and Private Economedes (a Greek), one of the best men in the force, fell dead. Nothing staggers men so much as an

ambush. For some moments there was great confusion among the young hands; but the order to charge brought them to their senses, they dashed up the hill, entered the village, and found it deserted.

About a mile off, and on the opposite range, another clearing could be seen with a large body of the enemy, who had evidently been roused by the firing, and were watching operations as well as the distance would permit. McDonnell would have attacked these Hauhaus, but found his men too tired and disheartened by their failure to be useful; under these circumstances he gave the order to return to Waihi, which camp was reached by the column about 6 P. M., after eighteen hours' continuous marching. A very curious incident, illustrative of the Maori character, occurred during this expedition. Winiata, bravest of the brave, kept resolutely in rear of the column; his character as a fighting man was so well known, that his behaviour attracted some notice, and an officer asked him the reason of it. He replied, "I dreamt last night that I was leading the advanced guard as usual, and that I was killed by a volley from an ambush. I felt the bullet hit me; it went in at one hip, and came out near the other." No further notice was taken of his dream until Economedes fell, when Winiata rushed forward, examined his wound, and found it to be just as he had described. "Look!" said he, "this man is killed by the bullet I dreamt of. This is the first time that he has been the leading file, I have always led on other occasions; my dream has saved my life." After this incident no one doubted that Winiata had a very strong god of his own.

Several other small expeditions were undertaken, but with little benefit to the public service, for the villages were found deserted., and it was obvious that the Hauhaus had retreated far inland. Some of Titokowaru's tribe had. taken shelter with Wiremu Kingi at Ngatimaru, inland of the Waitara, while Ngatitupaea retired to their almost mythical stronghold of Te Ngaehere, which, from native

accounts, was supposed to be impregnable. And it certainly was a strong position, as Colonel Whitmore found when he attacked it in January, 1869, and crossed his men over a hundred yards of quaking bog on supplejack hurdles. Colonel McDonnell did not deem it advisable to attack these latter places, so the 18th Regiment returned to their stations, the native allies were sent back to Wanganui, and the military settler portion of the force were employed for some months in the peaceful but wearisome work of guarding survey parties. There being no immediate prospect of a renewal of hostilities on the west coast, Colonel McDonnell received orders to proceed to the Bay of Plenty, to take charge of the Arawa friendlies in a campaign against the Ngatiraukawa Hauhaus, who were then threatening to attack Rotorua. The campaign was commenced by Lieutenant-Colonel St. John, who, with a strong force of militia and Arawas, searched in vain for the enemy, and finally gave up chase, concluding that they had cleared out of the district.

Under this impression he returned to Tauranga with the European portion of his force, leaving McDonnell and the Arawas at Rotorua. That same evening the latter officer commenced his operations by marching for the enemy's country, and at daybreak came upon their outpost, killing two men and capturing another. From the prisoner it was learnt that the main body of the Hauhaus were at no great distance, and they also were surprised, and lost nine men. These sharp skirmishes proved enough for the enemy, who gave no further trouble. The Arawa pretended to be very anxious to attack Waikato; but Colonel Haultain, who understood the Arawa mind, refused to allow the movement, satisfied with the peace obtained at Rotorua. Colonel McDonnell returned to the west coast, and resumed command of that district, which was soon to be the scene of murders and war, under the leadership of Titokowaru.

CHAPTER XXIV. SKIRMISHES ON THE EAST COAST.

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SKIRMISHES ON THE EAST COAST.

WONDERFUL ESCAPE OF WILKINSON AND LIVINGSTONE. MURDER OF MOORE AND BEGGS.

THE year 1865 had seen the neck of the Maori rebellion pretty well broken. The Hauhaus of Taranaki, Te Wairoa, Turanga, and Waiapu had been thoroughly beaten. At Opotiki and Tauranga, the large majority of the Hauhaus had surrendered; but at these places there were still roving bands of the most daring men of their tribes, who having been more or less connected with the murders of Messrs. Volckner and Fulloon, preferred to remain in arms, and maintain a desultory warfare against their European and Maori foes.

During 1866 and 1867, Opotiki was in a chronic state of small skirmishes; while at Tauranga, the Pirirakau tribe kept the settlement in a state of excitement and alarm, by several unprovoked murders. A section of the Waikato tribe also threatened Rotorua, to the great terror of the Arawa, until Colonel McDonnell took command of them, and decisively settled the Waikato pretensions in the first skirmish.

The province of Hawkes Bay, which had hitherto been free from native disturbances, had also its fight; one of so decisive a nature, that beyond giving the peaceful citizens an opportunity of winning laurels, it scarcely interfered with the ordinary course of events.

After the surrender of the Ngatirua hapu of the Opotiki tribe in October, 1865, and the seizure and trial of those concerned in the murders of Messrs. Volckner and Fulloon, it was generally supposed that peace would ensue. But there still remained the Ngatiira hapu, under their chief

Hira Te Popo, who, contrary to the general expectation, steadily resisted all attempts at conciliation. His obstinacy was the more surprising, that few men bore a higher character among the Maories; and it was well known that he had opposed the murder of the Rev. Mr. Volckner, at a time when the whole of the Whakatohea had doomed that gentleman to die. The history of the Ngatiira has been an eventful one; they appear to have been one of the old original tribes, and at one time held nearly all the country now in possession of Ngatiporou.

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They were, however, almost exterminated, and the survivors of them, driven back into the bush ranges towards Opotiki by the Tuwhakairiora and Waiapu people, are now only known in that district by the names of their numerous old paha and by a few descendants, the result of intermarriage with Ngatiporou.

Ngatiira in itself would hardly have troubled us, but they were supported by their relations, a section of the Poverty Bay tribe, and by the Ngaitama Uriwera under Tamaikowha. This rendered them formidable, when their style of warfare is considered, and made any attempt at settlement impossible. Colonel Lyon, then in charge of the district, was indefatigable in his endeavours to clear out this nest of Hauhaus, whose headquarters were in the Otara and Waioeka gorges. Many expeditions were undertaken in the difficult and dangerous country lying between the Otara and Waimana rivers; but it will be sufficient to notice those only in which the force succeeded in meeting their enemy. The first successful skirmish took place during the month of February, 1866, when a column of 200 men marched up the Waioeka gorge in search of an enemy.

The Hauhaus were found at the Kopani village, and were completely surprised; they attempted to escape by crossing the river in their canoes, and the Arawas, who formed our advanced guard, fired upon them while so doing, but without effect. The enemy would have escaped, had

not the Patea Rangers forded the river up to their armpits, and in a running fight killed five of their foes. Colonel Lyon had intended to follow the river to its source, but the weather became so threatening that he ordered an immediate retreat, fearing lest he should be overtaken by a freshet while within the gorge. About a month later, when it was supposed that the enemy had recovered, their usual feeling of security, another expedition was undertaken, and again they were found at Te Kopani, and two of them killed. The survivors retreated up the river, followed by our men to Kairakau, where they made a stand. The village of Kairakau was built in a very strong position on a cliff in a bend of the river, and could only be attacked by crossing the river-bed under the enemy's fire.

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A detachment was sent to attract the attention of the Hauhaus by marching up the river-bed, while the Patea and Wanganui Rangers were ordered to take a short cut across a bend of the river, under cover of the scrub, cross immediately under the paha, and scale the cliff. So soon as our men appeared on the open river-bed the Hauhaus opened a plunging fire, but without effect, for Captain Newland, calling on his men, carried the position with a rush, to the great discomfiture of the enemy, who fled, pursued by the Rangers, and lost four men in a long running fight. Piles of loot, casks of powder, new saddles, valuable Maori mats, in fact all the property of which the Opotiki settlers had been plundered, was retaken in this village. Nothing further was done during this expedition; but after the return to Opotiki, the Ngaitama Uriwera under Tamaikowha sought utu for the death of their friends, by laying an ambuscade at the Waitahi, and killed Wi Popata the Arawa mailman. Captain Newland had a narrow escape from the same party, and only just crossed the Ohiwa in time to elude them.

Up to this time, all our energies had been directed against the Waioeka gorge, but, about this period, Colonel

Lyon received information that the Hauhaus were in communication with the semi-friendly natives living in Opotiki.

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A Maori entering camp was stopped and searched, and on him was found a letter to the chief Tiwai, informing him that the Hauhaus would meet him next day in the Otara gorge. Both the messenger and the chief were placed in duress vile; and about midnight sixty men under Lieutenants O'Callaghan and Northcroft started for the scene of action, taking with them Tiwai as guide. About an hour before daylight a small native village was attacked, and two men were shot; the detachment then advanced upon another Kainga village, but the inhabitants had evidently been alarmed by the firing, for the place was deserted, though it had been recently occupied. Further success was now considered impossible, as the fugitives had probably alarmed the whole river; nevertheless, the men still advanced, and shortly before dawn their perseverance was rewarded by one of the advanced guard observing a large whale. At the same moment the dogs gave the alarm, and the door opened; but too late to save the inmates, for our men had the place surrounded, and Lieutenant Northcroft burst open the door. This officer had a very narrow escape while so doing, for the Hauhaus fired through the door while he was in the act of bursting it open, and the splinters of wood wounded him in the face. This did not, however, deter him from entering through the narrow opening, followed by two or three of his men; here they found twelve Hauhaus, who, undaunted by their almost certain fate, were reloading their guns. Northcroft snapped his revolver at them, but like others of its kind, it refused to go off; it had, however, the effect of quieting the enemy, who offered their guns in token of submission. This act in itself would hardly have saved men who had probably taken part in the murder of Mr Volckner; but a woman completed the softening process by clinging to Northcroft's knees, when

she thought he intended to shoot her husband. For some time after these events, things were more peaceful, and the military settlers were placed upon their land. Some few of these men settled down with the firm intention of making a permanent home for themselves and families, but a large majority sold their claims to speculators, or to intending settlers, willing to brave the dangers of occupation, provided they could get cheap land. Among others who bought in this manner were Messrs. Livingstone and Wilkinson (the latter is now native interpreter at the Thames); these gentlemen went to work with a will, and, in May 1867, had built a house on their property near the entrance to the Waioeka gorge. Two other settlers, Moore and Beggs, who owned the adjoining property, lived in the same house, on the principle of there being safety in numbers. Such was the position of affairs in the Opotiki district, on the 23rd May, 1867, on which day the settlers were confined to their houses by torrents of rain. The four gentlemen above named, finding it impossible to work in such weather, decided to pass the time by playing cribbage, and were soon deeply immersed in the game. So much was their attention taken up, that no heed was given to the barking of their dog, who was evidently annoyed at the approach of strangers; at last, however, the continued barking drew the attention of the players; when Moore rose and looked out of the window. What he saw did not appear to surprise him, for he merely remarked that there were some natives about; this was explained by Wilkinson, who suggested that they were friendly Whakatoheas, hunting up their horses. This seemed likely enough, and play was resumed; but had the party known what a fearful death was in store for some of them, the game would hardly have been continued. Again the dog barks; once again Moore rises; but this time his attention is arrested, and he excitedly remarks, that a number of Maories appear to be surrounding the house; every one rises hastily, and well they may, for

there can be no doubt of the intentions of those half-naked silent men, who are stealthily surrounding the place. The road to Opotiki has been already cut off, and what was a few moments before a quiet game of cards is now a game of life and death, with fearful odds against the four. The Hauhaus, more than ten to one in number, and well armed, are already within twenty-five yards of the house; the situation would have been trying even for armed men, but these were not so fortunate; they certainly had rifles, but, in the hour of need, it is found that they do not possess a single cartridge, and only one of the rifles is loaded. Nothing can now save them, but to run the gauntlet; to remain in the house is certain death; so, clutching their empty rifles, they open the door and run round the end of the house. Up to this time not a word had been uttered by the enemy, but as the Europeans make their appearance, a loud yell is raised, and the kokiritia (charge) sounds like a death-knell to the ears of the doomed men. The back of the house has not yet been surrounded, and the fugitives take advantage of the opening, and dash through; some of the enemy have, however, taken possession of a blind ditch, flanking the line of retreat, and past these men our friends run, receiving a volley as they do so, but without effect. A yell from the Hauhaus proclaims their want of success, and the fugitives make for the steep fern-ridge, with the intention of gaining the shelter of the bush which crowned the summit. Every nerve is strained to effect this end, but the odds against them are too great, for they are encumbered by clothes, now saturated by the wet fern, whilst the enemy, nearly naked, run like deer, and are fast overhauling their prey. The edge of the forest has been nearly gained, when the foremost of the enemy comes up; some sort of a stand must now be made, and Moore, who has the loaded rifle, and is running last, turns and levels his rifle at the nearest Hauhaus; but in

vain, for the solitary charge, on which so much depended, fails to explode, and Moore is at the mercy of his foes. Two or three of them make for him while the remainder continue the pursuit after his comrades, who are by this time in the shelter of the bush. A correct account can hardly be given of what afterwards occurred, even by those who participated in the affair. Moore, it seems, reversed his rifle, and presented the butt to his foes, as a token of submission; but this action availed him nothing, for he was immediately shot. Wilkinson and Livingstone, closely pursued, dashed headlong down a steep bush gully; but without Beggs, whom, it was afterwards discovered, had been overtaken and tomahawked. The two survivors made their way through the dense undergrowth, at a pace that would have done credit to the Maories themselves; their guns, now useless, were thrown away, and it was more than ever a race for life. Volley after volley was fired at them; but the dense nature of the New Zealand bush renders all chance of being hit, except by a chance shot, very remote; their great danger lay in being overtaken, and this seemed probable enough, for the hard running and high action necessary in springing over roots and supplejack began to tell, and brought on violent cramp in the legs of one of the fugitives. His companion stood by him well, straightening the limbs each time they were contracted, and while so engaged, they noticed for the first time that the enemy, if they had not given up the pursuit, were certainly left far behind. The first gleam of hope that had entered their minds since they rushed from the whare now dawned upon them; and, after going a short distance, they stopped to rest, and lay, anxiously listening, behind trees. No more shots were fired, nor were there sounds of footsteps in pursuit; they, therefore, felt tolerably safe, and, after resting for a short time, struck again into the heart of the bush, in the direction of the Otara River, and reached that place after some hours of laborious

work. As they once more opened out on the Opotiki flat, smoke was seen to rise from what had once been their home; and they knew that months of hard work had been destroyed in as many minutes. On reaching camp their tale was told to Colonel St. John, who at once dispatched the Opotiki cavalry and militia to the scene of the outrage; but, although all haste was made, they were too late to overtake the enemy. The wily savage had taken everything into consideration, and knew well that the heavy rain would stop all pursuit, by flooding the Waioeka. Such was the case, for, when the cavalry arrived at the still smouldering house, they found that the enemy had crossed the river, which had now risen, and inundated a large portion of the flat country. Everything portable had been carried away from the house, by means of the settlers horses, and the heavy property was burnt with the house. The bodies of Moore and Beggs were not discovered until some time after, and the sight they then presented showed with what fearful barbarity they had been treated; the eyes had been scooped out, and they had been disembowelled. After the freshet in the river subsided, an expedition started for the Uriwera country to punish the murderers; two Hauhaus were shot, and some of the horses retaken; but the desolate and broken nature of the country prevented anything like adequate chastisement being inflicted on the ruffians.

CHAPTER XXV. SKIRMISHES ON THE EAST COAST – continued.

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SKIRMISHES ON THE EAST COAST – continued.

COLONEL ST. JOHN AT OPOTIKI. MURDER OF MR. PITCAIRN.

A SORT of armed peace, varied by occasional alarms, followed this outrage, and lasted until September in the same year; during which period, a few of the settlers, undaunted by the fate of Moore and Beggs, returned to their farms.

The Government, extremely anxious that the military settlement of Opotiki should prove a success, were unwilling to commence hostilities in earnest, trusting that the bad feeling between the two races might die out. The only measures taken were defensive, and these were altogether short of the requirements of the district. The erection of two block-houses, at the entrances of the Otara and Waioeka gorges, was authorized; but only one could be built at a time, as there were not sufficient men on pay in the district to afford a covering party for each work. The total effective strength at this period was twenty-seven men of all ranks; of these nineteen were stationed at Waioeka and eight in Opotiki, hardly sufficient to supply a guard for the magazine at the latter place. The erection of the Waioeka blockhouse evidently annoyed the enemy; for, on the 12th of September they made a most daring attempt to burn it, before it could be finished and occupied. The attack failed, for the contractor with some of the garrison of the Lyon redoubt sallied out, drove off the enemy, and extinguished the fire before any serious harm was done. About the same time, another strong party of Hauhaus, under our quondam ally and guide, Hemi Kakitu, came down the Whakatane River, and ravaged the country of the friendly Ngatipukeko, carrying off cattle and horses.

Colonel St. John proposed to surprise these men by night marches, via the Waimana to Ruatoki; this place

taken, he proposed that the Utenuku pah should be occupied by friendly natives, thus opposing a permanent barrier to Hauhau raids in that quarter. The plan was excellent, and, had it, been carried out, would probably have dealt the enemy a severe blow; but the Government, unwilling to give the whole Uriwera tribe a casus belli, declined to approve of the operations, and ordered Colonel St. John to confine himself to the defence of the Opotiki district and to keep as few men as was possible for that purpose.

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The effect of this policy was soon evident; marauding parties of the enemy made their appearance about the Otara gorge; the settlers, having a lively recollection of past events, deserted their farms and came into Opotiki, where they requested permission to form a volunteer party without pay, provided they were allowed to follow up and destroy the scouting parties. This somewhat dangerous request was refused by Colonel St. John, who had grave doubts as to the legality of such a force, and his refusal was approved by the defence minister, who remarked: "It is not only the desire of the Government to avoid further hostile operations, if possible, but the progress and success of the settlement, and the colony generally, depend upon the maintenance of peace; and, except for self-defence, no operations are to be undertaken without orders from the Government."

Under these instructions no steps were taken, and on the 8th of January a settler's house at the Otara was burnt by a party of hostile natives. This roused Colonel St. John to a sense of his danger, and sixteen additional men were placed on pay, as a guard over the arms and magazine. Later in the same month, information was received from the semi-friendly Uriwera chief, Rakuraku, that a force of 170 men, composed of eight Hapus of the Uriwera, had started from the Waimana to attack Opotiki, or lay ambushes on the Ohiwa Beach; he also stated that this war party had started in obedience to the command of King Tawhiao. On the 23rd this party made their appear-

ance on the Ohiwa Beach, and laid an ambush at their favourite place, on the Waiotahi Creek; but without effect, for our people were forewarned, and Colonel St. John, who had now 200 men on pay, sent sixty of the most experienced to attack the enemy. These gentlemen did not, however, wait the attack, but, after burning the monument erected to the memory of the Maori mailman who had been murdered on this spot, they hastily retreated to the ranges, and crossed into the Waimana valley, where they looted cattle and horses, and generally frightened the friendly natives out of their wits. This state of things could not be allowed to go on, so Colonel St. John, with ninety picked men, started from Opotiki on the evening of the 8th of February, and arrived in the Waimana at 4 p. m. on the 9th; here the men camped until midnight, when they resumed their march, and at grey dawn came upon the Hauhau Kainga. Colonel St. John was cautiously surrounding the enemy with every prospect of exterminating the detachment, when one of his men prematurely fired at a Maori, who was unfortunately visible. This roused the Hauhaus, and a smart skirmish took place, during which they lost six killed and nine wounded, while we had only two men wounded. When day broke sufficiently to admit of distant objects being seen, several new villages were observed on the adjacent hills, and from one of them fire was opened on the Opotiki Rangers, who skirmished towards it through the high ferns; but by this time the enemy were thoroughly roused, and reinforcements began to arrive so fast, that Colonel St. John ordered his men to retire. This check did not suffice the enemy, who still held their ground in the Waimana, and Colonel St. John, after consulting Major Mair (civil commissioner) decided to avail himself of the authority given him to raise 100 Arawa to supplement his force. The Government also sent Major Fraser with his division of constabulary to Opotiki. On

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the 9th of March intelligence reached Opotiki that two friendly natives of Rakuraku's tribe had been murdered at Ohiwa by the Hauhaus. Colonel St. John started in pursuit with the Arawas and constabulary, and followed the enemy's trail to Hokianga, where one of the murdered men was found, dreadfully mutilated. The column reached the upper Waimana before dawn, and found the enemy entrenched upon a spur, with the main bush in their rear. As it was impossible to attack the position before daylight, the Colonel halted his men, and so soon as it was sufficiently light advanced to the attack. The enemy did not, however, care to await the shock, and the position was found to be deserted. Having come so far, the Colonel did not care to return without accomplishing something; so, after issuing four days' rations to his men, he announced his intention of following the Hauhaus to Maungapohatu.

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The Uriwera had evidently not abandoned the first position from fear, for a few miles farther on at Te Ponga they were found barring the way, and a sharp skirmish took place. Major Mair, with the Arawa and Tauranga volunteers, led the way, and drove the enemy back, only losing one man. This slight resistance inspired the column with the hope that they would be able to reach Maungapohatu: but Colonel St. John had reached the limit of his advance, for the Arawa were as usual nervous at finding themselves in the bush, and declined to go farther. In vain Major Mair expostulated; they turned tail and went back with great celerity. The Colonel, deserted by his guides, was obliged, much against his will, to follow the Arawa, who thus, for the twentieth time, were masters of the occasion, after spoiling an expedition. When the retreating Arawa reached the Otara village in the Waimana, they surprised a Hauhau scout, who, mistaking them for some of his own people, called out that he was Kereopa's advance guard, and that they were to prepare food for that ruffian. Instead of taking the scout prisoner,

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and so catching the whole party, these idiotic Maories shot him dead, and thus alarmed the main body who were close at hand.

The Arawa justified their conduct at Te Ponga, by declaring that they disapproved of operations carried, on from the Waimana side, and maintained that the Matata was the proper base from which hostilities should be carried on. Holding these opinions, they were useless to an officer whose instructions limited him to pursuit and reprisals after outrages on the part of the enemy; they were, therefore, disbanded and sent back to their own country. For some weeks the Hauhaus remained at the entrances of the Waimana and Whakatane gorges, in the hope of obtaining satisfaction for their losses. Seldom had so large a party of Uriwera met with so little success. At last they appeared to have a chance, for some semi-friendly natives informed them that Major Fraser, who was stationed at Whakatane, was in the habit of sending out a working party of his men every day to improve the roads about his post. Tamaikowha and Heteraka Te Whakaunua, the most daring of the Hauhau chiefs, led a party to surprise these men; but instead of so doing, they encountered a party of the friendly Ngatipukeko, who lost six of their guns, and had a man wounded; but who squared accounts by killing one of the Hauhaus. Intelligence of this affair was carried to Colonel St. John, who started from Opotiki on the 29th of April, and joined Fraser at Whakatane. Here they were detained one day by floods; but on the 1st of May, they followed the Hauhau trail to Ruatoki, and found the place deserted.

As it was the guide's opinion that the Hauhaus would be found at Tunanui or Waikare Whenua, the column marched there next day, following the river-bed, but to no purpose, for the enemy, anticipating pursuit, had retired to Ruatahuna, and farther advance on our part was cut short by the river rising suddenly. This obliged our men to cut their way back through the thick fern and

scrub on the hill-sides, and was not accomplished without some days' hard labour.

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The Uriwera had, however, finally retired to their own country, disgusted with their want of success, and did not again trouble us until March, 1869, just before Te Kooti came upon Whakatane, when they murdered Mr Pitcairn at Ohiwa.

CHAPTER XXVI. OUTBREAK AT NAPIER.

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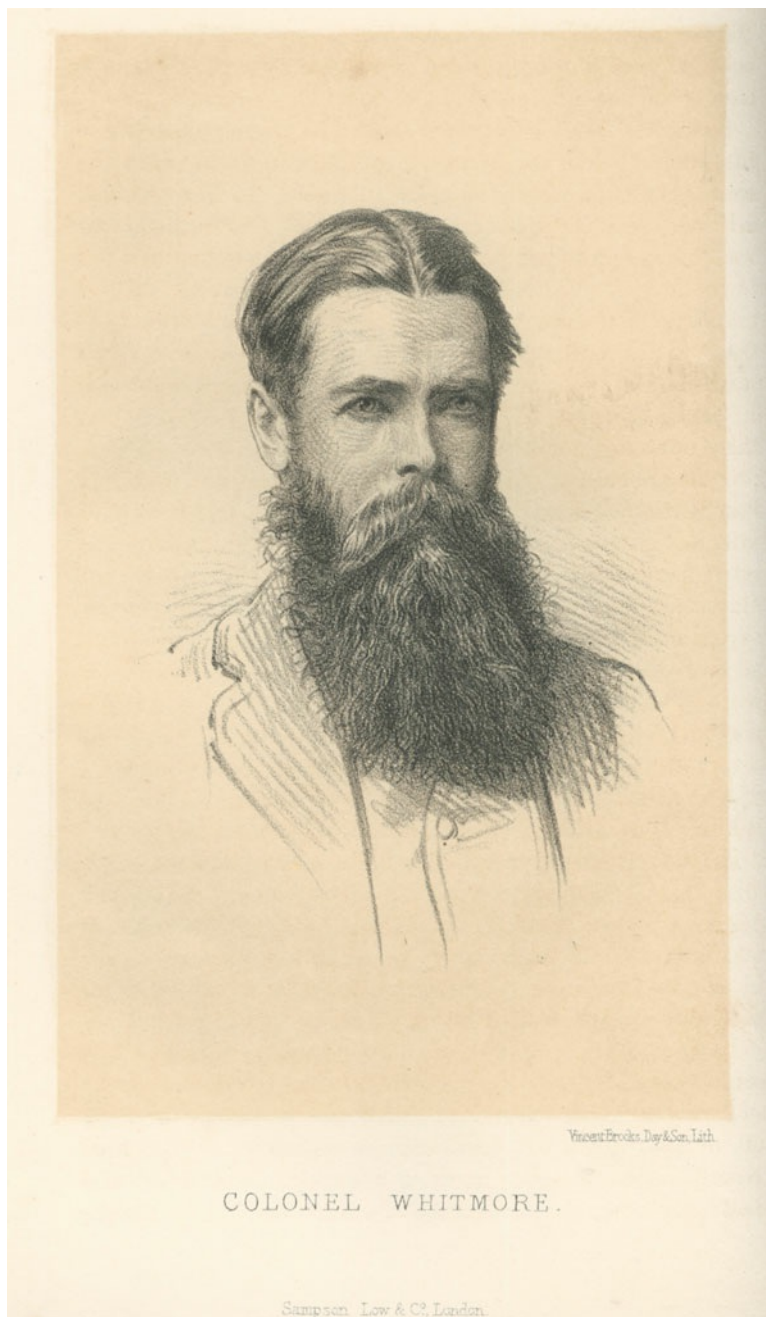
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OUTBREAK AT NAPIER.

THE FIGHT AT OMARUNUI AND PETANE UNDER COLONEL WHITMORE.

UNTIL October, 1866, the brunt of the war had fallen entirely on the three provinces of Taranaki, Auckland, and Wellington. Hawkes Bay had escaped the murders, burnt homesteads, and general destruction of property, which had been more or less the fate of the sister provinces, especially so in Taranaki, where military incapacity was rampant. Why Hawkes Bay had hitherto escaped, it is difficult to say, for the Maori tribes of that province were not more peaceably inclined, nor did they love the enterprising Pakeha more than their rebel neighbours did; many of them had assisted the Waikatos, with both men and ammunition, against the troops under General Cameron. The solution of the riddle may probably be found in this, that they had less to gain, and more to lose than other tribes; they had sold but a small portion of their lands, comparatively speaking, to the Government, the rest had been leased to various Pakehas for sheep-runs, generally at a high rental. Another possible reason for their keeping quiet within their district, is the open nature of the country, which is generally free from those forests or ravines so essential to the Maori warrior. This want would necessitate a style of fighting repugnant to

[Inserted unpaginated illustration]



COLONEL WHITMORE
Sampson, Low & Co., London
Vincent Brooks, Day & Son, Lith.

the feelings of a well-bred Maori; unless indeed, he happened to be under the influence of fanaticism, or Whakamomori (desperation), one about as bad as the other.

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Several of the northern tribes of the province had joined the Hauhau religion, notably the Ngatihineuru of Tarawera, and Te Rangihiroa's people; and as the fact of being a Hauhau necessitated deadly enmity to Europeans, there was in the province a volcano, ready at any moment to break out in obedience to the orders of any one of the prophets. This outbreak occurred in October, 1866, when the Ngatihineuru, assisted by disaffected men from other tribes, in all one hundred fighting men, suddenly appeared, at Omarunui, near the Meane village. They were led by the chiefs Nikora, Tahau, Kipa, and a fanatical Hauhau prophet named Panapa; their appearance was unmistakably hostile, though for some days they remained quietly in the village, and did not interfere with the neighbouring settlers. Sir Donald McLean, then superintendent of Hawkes Bay, sent several messages to them, requesting an explanation of their presence, and requiring them to return at once to their own district; the only reply vouchsafed, was to the effect that they would not return. Sir Donald, was evidently forewarned of their intentions, for while using all possible means to bring about a peaceful solution of the difficulty, he at the same time instructed Colonel Whitmore to call out the militia for active service, and drill them ready for action. he also availed himself of Mr. Locke's influence with the well-disposed tribes, and desired that gentleman to organize them, with a view to taking part in the coming struggle; orders were also sent to Major Fraser at Te Wairoa, to hurry up with his veteran company of military settlers.

It was some days before the Meane settlers really comprehended that the Hauhaus meant mischief; the suddenness of the movement, and the apparent absence of motive, rendered hostilities so unlikely. The chief, Nikora, had hitherto borne a very high character, and had only a short time previously been employed by the

Government to improve the mail-track between Napier and Taupo. Te Rangihiroa, who had not as yet appeared upon the scene, was a very different man; turbulent and suspicious, one of the first to adopt the Hauhau religion, and to spread it among the Wairarapa tribes. A man who hated the Europeans, not because they had injured him, but because he saw that the mana of the Maori race had departed, and that henceforth the Pakeha would take the lead in all things.

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Panapa, the real leader, was not a chief by birth, nor was he a clever man; his influence was due solely to the power of fanaticism, but this was in itself sufficient to make men socially his superiors obey him slavishly. Major Fraser and his company, forty strong, with the chiefs Kopu and Ihaka and thirty men, arrived from Te Wairoa on the 11th of October, not a day too soon, for by this time it was evident that negotiations were useless, and that force of arms must decide the question. Luckily we were now in a position to dictate terms or fight, as might be most expedient; and it was well, for intelligence was received that another party of Hauhaus, under Te Rangihiroa, Anaru Matete, and Paora Toki, were advancing by way of Petane, to attack the town from the western side of the harbour. To prevent this movement in his rear, Colonel Whitmore detached Major Fraser and his company to a position in the Petane valley, about twelve miles from Napier, from whence he could watch the Taupo tracks, and prevent the threatened movement. At midnight on the 11th of October, Colonel Whitmore, with 180 men of the local militia, marched from Napier and took up a position in front of the Omarunui village; while Mr. Locke, with 200 soi-disant friendly natives, established themselves on the edge of a swamp in rear of the same place. A temporary flagstaff was erected, and as day broke a white flag was hoisted; Mr. E. Hamlin was then sent into the village with Sir Donald's ultimatum to the enemy. For some time they took no notice of Hamlin, but sat glowering in their whares. In fact they were puzzled how

to act; they did not intend to surrender, nor did they wish to fight just then; we had taken the initiative and upset their plans. Had Te Rangihiroa been ready to operate from the western spit, there would have been no hesitation shown, and Mr. Hamlin would in all probability have been sacrificed as an offering to Tu. As it was, they were not prepared, and they finally consented to receive Sir Donald's letter, which was to the effect that, if within one hour they did not lay down their arms and surrender, they would be attacked. This was an extremely bitter pill, and the only reply Hamlin could obtain was, that the time allowed was short. The pah, or rather village, for it was not fortified, was situated on the bank of a fordable river, with a swamp in rear, which, as before-mentioned, was occupied in force by the friendly natives. To attack in front it was necessary to cross the rather rapid stream, and a broad open shingle-bed, immediately under the high bank on which the village stood. Under ordinary circumstances, the enemy would have availed themselves of this advantage, and inflicted severe loss upon their assailants; but on this occasion they were unaccountably apathetic, and allowed Major Lambert to cross with two companies in open column, but did not fire a shot. When the militia gained the top of the river-bank, they found the Hauhaus drawn up in the form of a wedge, apex towards them. It had been their intention to charge the militia so soon as they appeared on the high ground, and had they done so, the militia would probably have been annihilated; but the heavy cross-fire opened on them from all sides, would seem to have puzzled them as to which party they should charge. Before they could make up their minds, the opportunity was lost, and half of them were hors de combat. Meanwhile Major Lambert and his men had entered the outer portion of the village, and exchanged shots with the enemy; here a slight panic occurred among some friendly natives, who, finding the fire rather hot, fell back in confusion. The militia showed a similar tendency, so Colonel Whitmore ordered them to

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fall back to the river-bank, and take cover in such a position that their fire could sweep the village.

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For nearly twenty minutes the enemy stood this fusillade, until at length they were driven from the doubtful shelter of the huts, and forced to take cover in a hollow roadway at the further corner of the village. Here they were safe from the militia fire, but the colonel moved up a company of volunteers to a position that completely enfiladed them. At first, the volunteers could not believe that the men so close to them were their enemies, and withheld their fire, believing them to be friendly Maories; this illusion was quickly dispelled by a volley from the supposed friendlies which aroused the volunteers to a sense of their danger. In a very short time the enemy were driven out of their cover, when they found the militia and friendly natives closing up on either flank in such a manner as almost to bar retreat. Under these circumstances the Hauhaus made a virtue of necessity, and hoisted the white flag. It was some little time before Colonel Whitmore could stay the firing and make known the surrender; but when he did so, Nikora came forward, laid down his arms, and called on the survivors to do likewise. The majority, only too glad to save their lives, obeyed promptly; but a small party of the most desperate character, taking advantage of the confusion, attempted to escape across the swamp. A company of militia under Captain Rhodes tried to intercept them, but without effect, and they would probably have succeeded in effecting their escape; but at this moment Captain Gordon and his volunteer cavalry appeared upon the scene. They had been employed in seizing the enemy's canoes, and had performed this duty satisfactorily. They were now sent in pursuit, and succeeded in heading the fugitives, before they reached the summit of the neighbouring hills. Most of the Hauhaus were captured, though not without a struggle, and not more than two or three made good their escape. The enemy had behaved throughout this skirmish with remarkable courage, and their casualties were pro-

portionately heavy; out of not quite one hundred men, there were twenty-three killed, twenty-eight wounded (many of whom died in hospital), and forty-four taken prisoners. Our losses were insignificant, being one European and two Maories killed, and one officer and eight men (Europeans) and four Maories wounded. This fight was scarcely one to be proud of, for our force was fourfold that of the enemy; but it must be remembered, that hardly any of the Europeans had been previously in action; they were in fact a levy en masse of the town and country districts in the immediate vicinity.

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As for the friendly natives, although numerically strong, they were to a certain extent a source of weakness; for many of the Europeans believed (probably unjustly)

that they only awaited an opportunity to join the Hauhaus. Had the Hauhaus been allowed sufficient time to mature their plans, this fight would have taken place in the streets of Napier; where even if beaten, they would have inflicted heavy loss upon the settlers. As it was, the very prompt and decided attitude of the authorities forced the enemy to fight on ground eminently unsuited to develop Maori warfare, and inflicted on them the most crushing defeat in New Zealand annals.

While the events related were in progress, Major Fraser was not idle; they had marched from Napier at 2 A. M. on the 12th, and at 8 o'clock the following morning reached their destination, Captain Carr's station in the Patene valley. Major Fraser at once sent round to the neighbouring settlers, ordering them to come in and reinforce him; but before they could do so, two officers, who had gone to bathe in the river, returned and reported that a body of mounted men were approaching the station. The party proved to be Te Rangihiroa, Paora Toki, and Anaru Matete, with twenty-two Hauhaus, who were marching to assist the Omarunui men. Major Fraser first sent a party to cut off the enemy's retreat by a small gorge through which they had to pass, and then, barring the way

with the remainder of his company, called upon them to lay down their arms and surrender.

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But Te Rangihiroa, like his compatriots at Omarunui, behaved with remarkable boldness; although he knew that his retreat was cut off, and that he was confronted by nearly double his number of well-armed tried men, he refused to surrender, and retired to a small house for cover. Fraser immediately ordered his men to open fire, and a very sharp affair ensued, but lasted only a few minutes, for our men, judiciously posted under cover of a fence, held the Hauhaus at their mercy. We had only one man wounded, whereas the enemy had twelve killed, one wounded, and three men taken prisoners. Te Rangihiroa was killed, but Paora Toki and Anaru Matete managed to escape, fording the river, to the great disgust of our men, as it was at the instigation of these two chiefs that their followers refused to surrender.

These two very successful actions effectually crushed the rebellion in Hawkes Bay, for even fanaticism is not proof against such sharp lessons. About one hundred and thirty Hauhaus had taken part in these affairs, and not more than a dozen had returned to tell the tale. Of the leaders, Panapa, Kipa, and Te Rangihiroa were killed, and Tahau and Nikora taken prisoners. The two chiefs who had escaped from Petane were followed a few days after by a party under Colonel Whitmore, who advanced as far as Tarawera on the Taupo road, in the vain hope of catching them; but the fugitives had seen enough fighting, and were safe before the expedition started. Most of the prisoners taken were shipped off to the Chatham Islands, where they joined Te Kooti in his daring escape; some of them are still with him, but by far the larger number lost their lives in the numerous fights that followed the Poverty Bay massacre.

CHAPTER XXVII. TITOKOWARU'S OUTBREAK.

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TITOKOWARU'S OUTBREAK.

YEAR OF THE LAMB. COLONEL McDONNELL AND SIXTY ARMED CONSTABULARY SENT TO HOKITIKA.

IN May, 1867, the military settlers of the Patea district were disbanded and placed on their land, but, as a precautionary measure, two companies of volunteer militia were enrolled for three months to supply their place. Early in June, Titokowaru and his men made their first visit to the camp at Waihi, and announced in the figurative language of the Maori that this was the year of the lamb, in other words, a year of peace. What the ensuing year was to be they did not state.

Shortly after, Whare Matangi, chief of the Paka Kohi, visited Patea, and he also said it was a year of the lamb, indeed the fact was so often mentioned that at last the Pakehas began to believe that a permanent peace had been established. But these delightful anticipations did not last long. The Paka Kohi wanted peace and the confiscated lands at the same time, and they finally stopped the survey of the Whenua Kura block. Here was a *casus belli*; but Colonel McDonnell was equal to the occasion. He knew that the slightest sign of weakness or indecision at this moment would involve the settlers in another war; so he quickly and silently gathered his insufficient forces at Patea, and marched one night on the village of Oika, disposed his men round it, and then rode to the largest whare, accompanied only by two troopers. The noise and rattle of the steel scabbards alarmed the inhabitants, who called out that they were surprised by the Pakeha. Their excitement, however, subsided when they saw McDonnell and his small following, and they all crowded

into the whare to hear what had brought him among them. The colonel did not keep them waiting, but demanded why they had stopped the survey. "The land is ours," they replied, "the mana of the Pakakohi is over it all, and no surveyor shall drag a chain across it." McDonnell then drew their attention to the facts that when they surrendered and swore allegiance, they were distinctly told that the land was gone, but that sufficient to support the tribe would be returned to them. He spoke forcibly and firmly, telling them that to stop the survey would again lead to bloodshed; that the responsibility rested with them, and that he would not leave until they had decided whether it was to be peace or war. Driven thus into a corner, they began to bounce, but finally promised to abstain from further interference with the survey, and to leave their claims to the generosity of the Government.

Strange but true, the Hauhaus trust to the generosity of the Government, whereas the friendly Maories do not. As an example of the former case, I may mention that there is a Hauhaus living at Patea, who lost a leg when fighting against us at Kakaramaea; after being cured of his wounds, seven in number, his trust was so great that he applied through the Civil Commissioner for a pension, and was painfully surprised when that officer declined to entertain the idea, and suggested that he might think himself lucky that he was not shot. To this day our friend thinks himself badly treated.

McDonnell, having received the promise of non-interference, replied, "It is well; I am content;" then turning to one of the troopers, said, "Tell Captain Newland to bring his men into the village." Shortly after the sound of many feet descending the hill could be heard. The tribe looked at one another in dismay. "It is only my men," said the colonel. For some moments there was a dead silence; then one man drew a long breath and said,

"It is lucky we agreed to what McDonnell required." "What would you have done had we refused?" said another. "Taken you all prisoners and disarmed you," said McDonnell, "and if you had resisted, shot you." This prompt action raised Colonel McDonnell immensely in the estimation of these Hauhaus, and no further trouble was experienced in survey matters from that tribe. About this period another tribe (Ngatitupaea), who had hitherto held aloof from the Pakeha, signified their willingness to accept the olive-branch, and visited Waihi with about seventy fighting men. Thus the Maori horizon was gradually clearing, and the only source of disquietude (and that only to those versed in Maori customs) were the continued meetings of Titokowaru's tribe at Te Ngutu o te manu and other places. Friendly Maories and Pakehas were invited to these meetings, but after listening for hours to the speakers, no one seemed to know what the meeting had been held for. There were, however, several among the well-informed who were firmly convinced that Titokowaru intended to fight, and that these meetings were held for the purpose of obtaining the consent of other tribes to a general rising. Colonel McDonnell himself was inclined to accept this view of the case, but the Civil Commissioner derided the idea; which of them was right will be seen in the sequel. Katene, our Hauhaus guide, was firmly convinced that his compatriots intended mischief, and warned the colonel that in any future wars the Hauhaus did not intend to fight in paha, which they simply regarded as traps to be caught in, but would make the most of their knowledge of the country, surprising small parties, and only meet the Pakehas for big fights in the bush, carefully avoiding the open country. He also warned us to be specially careful of the small redoubts, and see that they were well fortified; "For mark me," said he, "they intend to surprise and storm one of them." The truth of these warnings was soon to be ex-

perienced, for at Te Ngutu o te manu they left their strong pah and fought us skirmishing in the bush; the very first affair attempted by the Hauhaus was an attack upon an escort, and then came the daring night surprise of Turu Turu Mokai, where so many of our best men died at their post.

On one occasion Katene made an observation to an officer of the force at Gudgeon which he never forgot, so full of meaning was it, and so illustrative of the Maori mind. "Do you trust me?" he asked. "I do," replied the officer. Katene sat and looked in the fire for some moments, then laid his hand on his friend's knee, and said, "You are right and you are wrong; you are right to trust me now, for I mean you well, but never trust a Maori. Some day I may remember that I have lost my land, and that the power and influence of my tribe has departed, and that you are the cause; at that moment I shall be your enemy; do not forget, what I say." It was about this period that Colonel McDonnell was ordered to proceed to Hokitika, with sixty of the armed constabulary to suppress a Fenian outbreak. This was an agreeable change from the monotony of camp life. The expedition landed safely through the historical surf of Hokitika, and found to their astonishment that outwardly, at any rate, the most perfect peace and harmony prevailed. No doubt there had been a good deal of bad feeling and rioting caused by the conduct of some foolish individuals on both sides; but that had subsided, and a more orderly population could not be found. The kindness shown to the force will not be easily forgotten by the recipients; in fact it was too good to last.

CHAPTER XXVIII. RETURN FROM HOKITIKA.

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RETURN FROM HOKITIKA.

FIRST AND SECOND VISIT TO TE NGUTU O TE MANU. MURDER OF CAHILL, CLARK, AND SQUIRES.

WITHIN three weeks of our landing, orders were received to return to Patea, where affairs again began to look serious; the surveyors had been stopped at Mokoia, and although McDonnell put things straight again, it was evidently only for a time, as the unsettled state of the Maories was plainly shown by their stealing everything they could lay hands on, particularly horses. Mr. Booth, R. M., went to Te Ngutu o te manu, to claim some of these horses, and met the chiefs, Toi and Hauwhenua, who treated him in a most insolent manner, admitted that they had the horses, but said they intended to retain them, and any others they could lay hands on. This language admitted of no doubt as to the intentions of the chiefs. Mr. Booth returned to Patea, and issued a warrant for their apprehension, which he handed to Colonel McDonnell to execute. The colonel was aware that the Hauhaus would not allow two leading chiefs to be taken without bloodshed, for a crime that in their eyes was a meritorious action, and he prepared accordingly by enrolling forty militia to supplement his constabulary. On the evening of the 11th of May, one hundred men of all ranks started for Te Ngutu o to manu, calling at the semi-friendly pah of Mawhitiwhiti, as they passed, to ascertain whether Toi was then living there; the chief had left for Te Ngutu, so McDonnell contented himself by taking two of the people of the place with him to use as messengers after he had surrounded the Hauhaus. All went well until within 700 yards of Te Ngutu, when one of the two men, taking advantage of the darkness, escaped and ran to

give the alarm to his friends. Katene started in pursuit but could not overtake him, and the mischief was done. Colonel McDonnell and his men followed quickly, but knowing that the Hauhaus would be likely to fire, if they went into the village in a body, the colonel halted the men, and went on himself. At the first, whares he was met by the chief Tauke, who led him into the open space in the centre of the village, where he explained the reason of his visit, and said he had a hundred men outside. Titokowaru invited them to enter, and placed a very large whare at their disposal; at the same time intimating that he would be prepared to talk when it was daylight. About 8 a. m. the Maories assembled, and McDonnell pointed out to them, that Toi and Hauwhenua had brought this on the tribe, by their insolence to Mr. Booth, he concluded his speech by saying, "I could take you all. but the Government does not wish the innocent to suffer for the guilty; but if I can find either Toi or Hauwhenua, I shall take them." Kokiri got up to answer, and said: "The horses are not near at hand, and the chiefs have left." Then said McDonnell, "You and Tauke must go with me to Waihi, and discuss the matter with Mr. Booth." This did not altogether suit them, but Tauke finally consented to go; and the result was, that two out of the three horses stolen were brought in that evening by the chief Natanahira. So far matters were tolerably smooth, but some wretched Maori told Mr. Booth that there were other stolen horses at Te Ngutu. Tauke was questioned, but denied all knowledge of them; so nothing would satisfy our active magistrate, but that he must go himself. In vain it was to suggest that Tauke or Natanahira would do better; he would not listen to it, but resolved to go himself and bring back both horses and thieves, provided McDonnell would give him twelve men of the armed constabulary. The colonel objected to this arrangement, as risking the lives of his men for nothing; but finally agreed to send Major Hunter and seventeen men as his escort, while the colonel

himself, with the main body, would proceed to Pungarehu, in case they should be required.

On arrival at Te Ngutu, two horses were seen and recognised as having been stolen; they were at once seized, and the small force entered the village. Here they found the Hauhaus armed and sulky, and throe of them were arrested by order of Mr. Booth, who called on the others to assemble and hear what he had to say. This they decidedly refused to do, and walked off to the bush, whereupon the troopers were ordered to arrest the old chief Kokiri; they obeyed, but this was the last straw on the camel's back. The Hauhaus turned, and levelled their guns at the Pakehas, and there would undoubtedly have been bloodshed, had not Katene begged Mr. Booth to desist, and let Kokiri go. Meanwhile Major Hunter had sent for the colonel, who was coming up at the double, and arrived in time to meet Mr. Booth's party returning triumphant, with their three prisoners and two horses. On the road home, Mr. Booth proposed to let two of the prisoners go, saying they were innocent men; but Colonel McDonnell, fearing that the enemy would think it a sign of alarm, retained them until he arrived at Waihi, where he released them. The third man, Ikaka, was placed in the guard tent, as he was charged with breaking into a settler's house; and Katene particularly warned the colonel not to allow him to escape, as if he did, he would be certain to take revenge by killing someone.

Notwithstanding these warnings, Ikaka did escape; and did kill someone. At this period, there was little unanimity between Mr. Booth and Colonel McDonnell; the latter strongly disapproved of the whole proceedings at Te Ngutu, and expressed his opinion very strongly to the Government; warning them that bloodshed would be the result of undue interference with men like the Ngaruahine tribe. It must not, however, be supposed that these events produced the outbreak; they simply hastened it: had the Hauhaus intended to live peaceably,

there would have been no horse-stealing; and above all, no bounce when they were accused of it. A few days after these occurrences, a settler at Waihi was warned by his Maori friends not to go near his lands, as the Hauhaus intended to kill some Pakehas. When questioned, they admitted that they did not know when the deed was to be done, as that lay entirely with Titokowaru; but they did know, in an indefinite Maori sort of way, that it would be done within a week. Colonel McDonnell was absent, but the warning was conveyed to Major Hunter, and another official, whose knowledge of the Maori character should have warned him that it was dangerous to neglect hints of this sort; nevertheless he only laughed, and said his informant was an alarmist. On the following day Mr. Booth, R. M., had occasion to visit the inland village of Araukuku, and on his return mentioned casually that the people had behaved very queerly, and would hardly look at him, much less speak to him; yet for all this, he did not see any reason to be alarmed, and gave no warning to the settlers in the vicinity, who were working on their farms unconscious of the danger that surrounded them. That afternoon two Maori guides, who had constituted themselves spies, were at Mawhitiwhiti watching the Hauhaus movements, when suddenly nine men entered the village, all armed to the teeth, amongst them Hauwhenua and Ikaka, the escaped prisoner; after saluting our spies, they remarked that they were going to shoot cattle, and asked if there were any Pakehas about, saying they did not want to alarm them by the firing. "There are no Pakehas about," said Katene; "they are too frightened to work on their farms, as they believe you intend murder." At that moment the sound of an axe, used on the opposite side of the gully was heard by all; Hauwhenua rose and said, "If we are going to shoot cattle, the sooner we begin the better;" and moved off in the direction of the sound. Before they had gone ten yards, Katene whispered to Moko, "Directly they are under the crest of the hill, dash

down the gully and warn the camp, while I will try to get in front of them and warn the sawyers." The idea was well conceived but not to be carried out, for the same thought, had evidently occurred to the Hauhaus; a brief consultation was held, and two of them sauntered back and sat down by Katene, remarking that they were too tired to run after cattle, and preferred to rest until their comrades returned. Each party appeared to be satisfied with the explanation, and began to talk as though no murderous deed was intended; all the while keeping a sharp look-out on Katene, whose desperate character they knew well. After what appeared

to have been an hour of intense listening, a volley was fired on the opposite side of the river, and shortly after the party returned, no longer seeking to disguise their actions. "Go," said Hauwhenua, "and tell the camp to bury their dead." "Yes," replied Katene, "and be accused of having done it myself: go you and tell them." This probability amused the Hauhaus, who walked off laughing, while Katene went to see what mischief was done; he found three men lying near the saw-pit horribly mutilated, their names were Cahill, Clark, and Squires.

The mischief done, measures were taken to warn the remaining settlers, and a messenger was sent to bring McDonnell from Wanganui.

CHAPTER XXIX. HAUHAUS' ATTACK ON TURU TURU MOKAI.

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DEATH OF CAPTAIN GEORGE ROSS, SERGEANT McFADDEN, CORPORAL BLAKE, AND SEVEN PRIVATES.

ON Colonel McDonnell's arrival, he ordered a party of twenty-five men to garrison the deserted post of Turu Turu Mokai, and took every step for the safety of the district that his limited means allowed. But so inadequate were those means, that after placing garrisons in a few extra posts, he had not a man to take the field with. He therefore proceeded to Wellington to represent the exact state of affairs to the Defence Minister, Colonel Haultain; and the result of the interview was, that authority was given to raise 400 men, including 100 kupapas, for three months' service. These reinforcements did not arrive too soon, for the Hauhaus were laying ambuscades all round the camp. Four days after the first murders. Trooper Smith left camp, against orders, to bring in his horse, which had strayed to the edge of the bush, and was waylaid and cut to pieces in sight of the camp. The flashing of the tomahawks as they cut him to pieces, could be seen distinctly; both legs were left on the ground, but his body was taken to Te Ngutu o te manu and eaten.

A few days later, the escort in charge of the ration-cart were attacked; but the sergeant and ten men held their ground manfully against nearly sixty Hauhaus, until supported from Waihi. In this affair the enemy lost two killed, and we had two wounded, both of whom recovered.

Reinforcements now began to arrive, the Wellington Rifles, eighty strong, under Captain Page, were the first; and shortly after, another corps, 100 strong, under Captain

Buck, late of the 14th Regiment, arrived and marched for Waihi, but did not arrive there in time to prevent the first real disaster. I have already mentioned that a garrison of twenty-five men had been sent to the old redoubt at Turu Turu Mokai. This was a tumble-down place with earthen parapets and ditch, built by the 18th Regiment, in as bad a position as could well be managed, for, from the top of a small hill sixty yards distant, anyone could see into the redoubt, which was so small and inconvenient, that after tents for the men and stores had been erected, there was no room for the officer's tent; so Captain Ross took up his quarters temporarily in a small whare outside the gate. A week or two passed over quietly, and Maories of both sexes, of the Ngatitupaea and Tangahoe tribes, came into camp with potatoes, and sat watching the men rebuilding the parapet; doubtless informing Titokowaru of the result of their examination. This was the calm before the storm, for on the morning of the 15th of July, the sentry, who was posted on a rise overlooking a gully that led down from the bush, was kept alert by the restlessness of a flock of sheep camped near him. Shortly before daylight he fancied he saw some dark objects moving towards him. He challenged hastily and fired, and was answered by a volley, which wounded him badly. The Hauhaus in two divisions, each forty strong, had been lying in wait for some hours, waiting for the celebrated warrior Tautai to give the word; but that wily chieftain wished to have a little daylight, and had therefore put it off as long as his eager followers would allow. Tautai's plans were, that Hauwhenua, at the head of one division, should make an attack on the opposite side to the gateway, while Tautai and his party charged into the redoubt through the gate. It was on the latter party that the sentry fired, and finding that he could not reach the gateway as soon as his active enemies, hid in the fern, and probably saved his life by so doing. Meanwhile Tautai and his men had

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missed the gateway in the darkness, and given Captain Ross sufficient time to get inside and defend the entrance. He was just in time, for the Hauhaus, rushing round the face of the redoubt, led by their chief, made a bold dash to cross the narrow plank. Tautai missed his footing, and fell headlong into the ditch, the next man fell by Captain Ross's revolver, and he also wounded another. This effectually stopped the charge, for the enemy got into the ditches, and one man crawling under the plank, shot Captain Ross; another fellow drove a long-handled tomahawk into his body, and dragged him into the ditch, where he was afterwards found with his heart cut out. It is said that Captain Ross, as he fell, called out to his men, "Take care of yourselves, boys, I am done for," and some of them seemed to have understood that they were to save themselves; at any rate, four of the garrison, seized with a sudden panic, sprang on the parapet, and attempted to escape by jumping over the Maories' heads; strange to say, only one of them was killed, the other three escaped.

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Several attempts were made on the gateway by the enemy, but Sergeant McFadden and Corporal Blake defended it desperately until they were killed; in fact, most of the men fell here, and the place must eventually have been taken, had not the Hauhaus changed their plan of attack. While their main body swept the inside of the redoubt by their fire, a small party worked hard to undermine the parapets. The few men unwounded in the redoubt took shelter in the angles, and delayed the Hauhaus by shouting, "Here are the cavalry." This had a startling effect on the enemy, who cleared out of the ditch and prepared to decamp each time the ruse was employed. The attack had now been sustained for nearly an hour, and only six men were left capable of bearing arms, yet no assistance had been received from Waihi, which was but two miles and a half distant. The survivors were just debating whether it would not be better to sally out

[Inserted unpaginated illustration]



MAJOR HUNTER
Sampson, Low & Co., London
Vincent Brooks, Day & Son, Lith.

and die fighting, when suddenly the Hauhaus, warned by their scouts, left the ditch and made for the bush, and shortly after Von Tempsky and his company arrived at the redoubt. The whole place was a perfect shamble, four Hauhaus lay dead outside, and Captain Ross was found in the ditch; but inside the gate Sergeant McFadden, Corporal Blake, Privates Holden, Ross, Shields, Swords, Gaynor, and A. Beamish, were lying dead; and Privates Flanagan, Luffin, Lacey, Connors, Beamish, and Kershaw, badly wounded, and a storekeeper named Lennon was cut to pieces a short distance from the redoubt. The names of the unwounded men were Johnson, Milmo, O'Brien, Stuart, M'Lean, and Gill. A few minutes after Von Tempsky's arrival, the parapet that had been partially undermined by the Hauhaus, fell, and left one side of the redoubt open; had this happened ten minutes sooner, there would not have been a man alive to tell the tale; and twenty-four carbines, a like number of revolvers, and a large store of reserve ammunition, would have fallen a prize to the enemy. The circumstances which led to such delay in rendering assistance to the garrison of Turu Turu Mokai, have never been satisfactorily explained. It appears that the firing was not heard for some time after the attack commenced, but the attention of the Waihi sentries was drawn by the flashes of the rifles round the parapet. When they gave the alarm, Major Von Tempsky, who commanded at Waihi, ordered his division, No. 5 of the Armed Constabulary, to stand to their arms, and Troop-Sergeant-Major Anderson at the same moment ordered his twenty troopers to boot and saddle, as he very naturally expected orders to gallop to his comrades' assistance. In the meantime Von Tempsky had left, without giving orders to the troopers, and took a circuitous route in the hope of cutting off the enemy. Major Hunter, the second in command, found the troopers waiting commands, and concluded that Von Tempsky did not want them, or he would have sent them on ahead. He therefore

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ordered them to dismount and feed their horses, remarking that if Von Tempsky had wanted them he would have told them to follow. The sergeant-major could not brook this standing on military etiquette, when the lives of comrades were at stake, and he then and there used very bitter language at Major Hunter – language inexcusable, as I shall show, despite the court-martial which sat to inquire into the affair. Those hasty words of the sergeant-major found their way to the public papers, and formed the groundwork for the abuse showered upon him. He was accused of having, by his supineness and cowardice, caused the death of half the men at Turu Turu Mokai.

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On the return of Von Tempsky, he brought with him the survivors, and they stated that had the troopers been sent to their relief, they would have arrived twenty

minutes sooner, and in that case not half the men would have been killed. This statement, perfectly true in itself, so irritated the force, that many officers and men, who should have known better, joined in the condemnation of Major Hunter, instead of placing what blame there might be on the shoulders of Major Von Tempsky. Those who knew Major Hunter intimately, knew him to be a good officer and strict disciplinarian, and that it would have been altogether contrary to his ideas for him to interfere with the dispositions of his superior officer. It was undoubtedly Von Tempsky's duty to relieve the beleaguered redoubt; and that he did not take the troopers, shows either one of two things, that he considered his own men sufficient, or that he wished to appropriate all the credit to himself. Major Hunter could not have followed with the troops, without leaving Waihi to a certain extent unprotected; consequently, those who hastily blamed him, must feel that they had a large share in the sacrifice of his life, which he lost at Moturoa in giving the lie to an imputation under which he was unable to live.

CHAPTER XXX. FIRST ATTACK ON TE NGUTU O TE MANU WITH THE NEW LEVIES.

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FIRST ATTACK ON TE NGUTU O TE MANU WITH THE NEW LEVIES.

ABOUT midday Colonel McDonnell arrived from Patea with Katene, and the first object that met the latter's eyes was a near relation lying dead outside the redoubt where he had fallen in the assault. From that moment the colonel knew his scout was not to be trusted, and that sooner or later he would want utu (revenge); he therefore determined to keep a sharp look-out on his movements.

For some time Katene had shown uneasiness, and like his compatriots at Te Ngutu had been stealing; for one of these offences he was tried before the Resident Magistrate and sentenced to three months in the Patea gaol.

McDonnell was absent at the time, but on his return he heard of the affair, and as he required some information sent for the gaoler to bring Katene to him; this was done, and far into the night they sat talking over future operations. At last McDonnell said, "You had better sleep here to-night, and to-morrow I will get your sentence remitted, as a reward for the information you have given me." Katene replied that he would rather return to the gaol that night as his blankets were there, so they both walked down to the place, and found it locked and the gaoler away; this did not discompose Katene, who simply walked round to the back, and climbed up to the gable window; just before he disappeared inside, he turned and said, "It is easy to get in, but much easier to get out." "Then why did you stay?" said the colonel. "Oh," he replied, "I knew it would be right when you returned; if I had not thought so you would have found me absent." The colonel's misgivings as to the future behaviour of his spy were well founded, for that very night Moko and Katene,

with all their people, about thirty in number, who had been living for some time close to the camp, went off in a body to Titokowaru, and took with them the people of Mawhitiwhiti.

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A Wanganui chief, Te Hira, who was living with them, was found next morning gagged and bound in a most scientific manner; when released, he described the whole affair as far as he knew to McDonnell. He said that he was awakened from his sleep by the Hauhaus, as they tied him hand and foot; Katene wanted to kill him, but the others refused to allow it, and contented themselves by gagging him so that he could not give the alarm.

Long after, I heard the history of their escape, after Katene had been called into McDonnell's whare, and had remained talking over matters with the colonel until nearly 2 a. m. He went to his people and awakened them quietly, telling them to muster in his tent. When they were all assembled, he said, "You know where I have been." "Yes," said the tribe; "in McDonnell's whare." "Yes, and I have this news for you, that McDonnell intends to kill you all as spies and traitors, and had it not been for me you would have been killed this night. I have managed to put it off until to-morrow; let us kill Te Hira and escape at once.

The first, proposition, as we have seen, was not agreed to, but the latter was carried out so quickly and silently, that no one knew or suspected they had left, until the following morning.

Comparatively few of the new levies had seen active service, and, as might have been foreseen from the hurried manner in which they were raised, were of very inferior quality compared with the old hands. Had we been likely to engage the enemy in open ground, this would not have mattered; but the absolute certainty that we should have to fight far in the bush, where even the best and most experienced men are liable to panics, was a source of great anxiety to the officers, and caused them to look forward to

the first engagement with anything but eagerness. They could not but feel that the chances were much in favour of disaster. It is difficult for those who have not taken part in a bush fight, to understand the value, or indeed, the absolute necessity, of experienced men. New hands, no matter how good, or how courageous, will crowd, and if they are not allowed to do that, they fancy they are being deserted, simply because, from the nature of the bush, they can only see one or two of their comrades. Therefore, the heavier the fire, and greater the necessity for keeping apart, the more new hands tend to crowd together.

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By this time McDonnell had received most of the promised reinforcements, and on the 21st of June orders were issued for all available men to hold themselves ready to start before daybreak to attack Te Ngutu o te manu. The morning broke with torrents of rain, but about 10 A. M. the rain ceased, and a thick mist shrouded the whole country; this was even better for our purpose than darkness, so McDonnell ordered the force to start. The column consisted of detachments of Nos. 2, 3, and 5 Divisions of the Constabulary, Wellington Rangers, and Wellington Rifles, in all about two hundred men, accompanied by Father Roland. They crossed the Waingongoro River at the upper crossing, entered the bush at the Pungarehu track, and pushed rapidly forward until they reached that deserted village; greater caution was then used, as at any moment a volley might be poured into them from an ambush. Shortly before reaching Te Maru, palisades could be seen through the trees, but fortunately for the attacking party, this strong work had no defenders. I say fortunately, for it was constructed in a most ingenious manner; the palisades were erected right across the track, and for some chains on either side, and supported by rifle-pits in the rear. Yet it was only intended as a blind, to distract the attention of the attacking party from the more dangerous (because unseen) rifle-pits that flanked the whole line of advance, and ended in a gully, by which the enemy

could escape without being exposed to fire. Any enemy attempting to storm the palisades would be enfiladed from these hidden pits. However, on this occasion, the work was deserted, though it had been lately occupied, as the fires were still alight; but the enemy had gone away, never dreaming that the Pakeha would come out in such bad weather. The men who pushed forward to Te Ngutu were therefore feeling secure, when within a few hundred yards they were ordered to crawl cautiously forward until they were within fifty yards, then the word was given and they were in the pah; only one of our men was killed, and but two of the Hauhaus, of whom there seemed to be very few present.

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A few guns and tomahawks were taken, and a good many flasks of fine rifle-powder, and then the whares were burned to ensure the destruction of any concealed powder. The Hauhaus, taken by surprise, had escaped to the bush, and it was useless to attempt to follow them; so McDonnell recalled his men and returned to Waihi. For the first half-mile they were unmolested, but just before they arrived at Te Maru, the Hauhaus, about one hundred strong, overtook them, and opened a heavy fire on the rear guard; several men were killed and wounded, and the main body had to return to their assistance, to enable them to cross a deep and dangerous ravine. Major Hunter, who had charge of the rear guard, particularly distinguished himself by his coolness in bringing off the killed and wounded. The enemy continued the pursuit until they reached the Pungarehu, a distance of three miles, they then drew off and allowed us to depart in peace; but our troubles were not quite over, for on reaching the Waingongoro, it was found that there was a heavy freshet in the river. At first it seemed impossible to cross, but finally some one produced a rope, and one of our strongest men succeeded in crossing, and fastened it to a tree on the opposite bank. The men carrying the wounded

were the first to cross, and they succeeded pretty well as the

weight kept them steady; but the freshet was still rising, and some of those in rear of the column were swept off their legs, and only saved at the personal risk of a few brave men.

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This skirmish was not very favourable to us, for we had lost four killed, and had eight wounded, whereas as far as we could tell the enemy had only lost two men; but on the other hand, most of our men were new to bush fighting; and no one expected great things from them, so the old hands were agreeably surprised to see them retreat steadily and quietly in the face of an active, daring, foe, and predicted great things in the future. It was afterwards ascertained through the friendly natives at the Kauae, that the Hauhaus, feeling themselves safe for that day, had gone to shoot cattle, leaving only twenty men to defend the pah: they were however sufficiently near to hear the firing, and arrived in time to make the retreat very warm.

It was after this engagement that Major Von Tempsky wrote the following letter which appeared in the newspapers: –

"On that grey and rainy morning, when the snoring waters of the Waingongoro were muttering of flood and fury to come, when our 300 mustered silently in column on the parade ground, one man made his appearance who at once drew all eyes upon him with silent wonder. His garb was most peculiar, scanty but long skirts shrouded his nether garments; an old waterproof sheet hung loosely on his shoulders; weapons he had none, but there was a warlike cock in the position of his broad-brimmed old felt, and a self-confidence in the attitude in which he leaned on his walking-stick that said, 'Here stands a man without fear.' Who is it? Look underneath the flap of that clerical hat, and the frank good-humoured countenance of Father Ronald will moot you. There he was, lightly arrayed for a march of which no one could say what the ending would be. With a good-humoured smile he answered my question as to what on earth brought him

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there. On holding evening service he had told his flock that he would accompany them on the morrow, and there he was. Truly there stood a good shepherd.

"Through the rapid river, waist deep, along the weary forest track, across ominous-looking clearings, where at any moment a volley from an ambush would have swept our ranks, Father Ronald marched cheerfully and manfully, ever ready with a kind word or playful sentence to any man who passed him. And when at last in the clearing of Te Ngutu o te manu the storm of bullets burst upon us, he did not wait in the rear for men being brought to him, but ran with the rest of us forward against the enemy's position. So soon as any man dropped he was by his side. He did not ask, Are you Catholic or Protestant? but kindly kneeling prayed for his last words. Thrice noble conduct in a century of utilitarian tendencies! What Catholic on that expedition could have felt fear? When he saw Father Ronald at his side smiling at death, a living personification – a fulfilment of many a text preached – what Catholic on that day could have felt otherwise than proud to be a Catholic on Father Roland's account?

"Waihi, August 24th."

CHAPTER XXXI. SECOND ATTACK ON TE NGUTU O TE MANU.

CHAPTER XXXI. SECOND ATTACK ON TE NGUTU O TE MANU.

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DEATH OF VON TEMPSKY, CAPTAINS BUCK AND PALMER, LIEUTENANTS HUNTER AND HASTINGS.

OWING to the obstructive policy of Mete Kingi, a leading chief of the Wanganui tribe, no friendly natives had joined the field force; but, after some months' talking and worry, his opposition was over-ruled and seventy Maories arrived at Waihi; they were a good specimen of the Maori warrior, troublesome but useful, especially in

scouting and bushwork; they appeared to be ready and willing to strike a blow, so McDonnell announced that he would make a raid on the night of the 6th of September. Our allies, nothing loth, made preparation for the coming engagement; but on the night named the Tohungas (learned men) discovered that the moon and its attendant star stood in a most unfortunate position one towards the other, betokening nothing less than death to the attacking party. They were consequently very Pouri (dark), and begged the colonel not to go, but he declined to listen to them. In vain middle-aged warriors, of wide experience and grave mien, implored the colonel to postpone the expedition if only for a day; he was inexorable, so the die was cast, and the Maories, after holding a meeting, decided to go, saying that as they had remonstrated against such impiety they would not suffer, but that the Pakeha would in all probability be annihilated, and serve him right for going in the face of such predictions. My readers will probably smile at this as mere childishness, but I can assure them that there were many Pakehas who at the time believed the Maories were right; and as for the noble savage, he never required the confirmation of the following day, when, after bearing the brunt of the fight equally with the Pakeha, he escaped scot-free. We took the fourth of the force engaged. About mid-night the expedition started; it was bitterly cold, in fact freezing, and the Maories, who were mostly without boots, were crippled for weeks after by the frost of that night. Doubtful information had been received, to the effect that Titokowaru and his tribe had retired to an inland village called Ruaruru; where this was no one seemed to know, so there was nothing left the colonel but to follow out the old system of striking deep into the bush until some well-beaten track was crossed, when it was followed, up to the bitter end. These tactics were duly observed on this occasion, and the column, 270 strong, was far into the bush

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by daybreak, steering across the western slope of Mount Egmont until nearly 2 p. m.; when their perseverance was rewarded, by crossing a well-beaten track. After holding a small council of war, it was decided to follow the track towards the sea; this was done for nearly an hour, when another halt was called, and the chief Kepa ordered one of his men to climb an immense rata-tree and report if he could see either smoke or an opening in the bush. The man quickly ascended the tree, and immediately reported smoke about half a mile further down the track, and stated that he could plainly hear the sounds of a Maori Haka (dance).

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This last item was of importance, as it plainly showed that the Hauhaus had no idea of our proximity. Kepa's advice was admirable, and had it been carried out would in all probability have finished Titokowaru's career; he said, "We now know where to find the enemy; my advice is that you take your men off the track about two hundred yards into the bush, where they must lie down in perfect silence; leave me with my men in ambush on the track, and if one of the enemy passes, I will have him tomahawked without noise; but I do not expect any one to come, for it is late in the afternoon, and the track is evidently not much used. So soon as it is dark I will go down, and reconnoitre the enemy's position, so that we may know what to do tomorrow morning." This advice if followed out would undoubtedly have ensured success, even in the opinion of the Hauhaus themselves, who, when they were informed of Kepa's speech, said, "Had that been done we were lost." But McDonnell had also a certain amount of right in his view, for he feared that the Hauhaus scouts might find he had crossed the river, in which case they would prepare for attack from any quarter, so he divided the Europeans into two divisions, one of which Von Tempsky commanded, and the other he took charge of himself, and gave the order to advance.

The Maories under Kepa led the way, and after marching about five hundred yards, came suddenly upon a Maori tent in the middle of the track, and, worse still, a woman standing outside.

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For a moment she stood petrified by our sudden appearance, then ran screaming down the track pursued by the Maories; as our men passed the tent a man sprang out, and was immediately shot; as also two poor little children out of three who were found there; the third was carried all through the fight on a Maori's back, and brought safely into camp, where he gave a good deal of information. The firing had of course roused the main body who were only 300 yards distant, consequently all chance of surprise or success was gone; the best possible disposition was made under the circumstances, and the men advanced cautiously in line, until close to the clearing where we expected to find the pah. Here Kepa's men were extended on the left, and ordered to work round the pah on that side; while Von Tempsky and his division crossed a creek on their front, and closed round their side of the place. All seemed to have forgotten Katene's warning, that for the future the Hauhaus would fight in the bush, and not in their pah; but it was brought to their memory quickly, for as the division under Von Tempsky, and part of McDonnell's, descended into the bed of the creek, they were literally shattered by volleys fired from the opposite bank within fifteen yards, and at the same time enfiladed from a small bush hill on their right. Just at this moment, Kepa came to McDonnell and told him that it was Te Ngutu o te manu that they were attacking. On the former occasion, the force had taken it from the open ground in front. At first McDonnell could hardly believe the chief, but he soon found that Kepa was right. Meanwhile the men were falling fast, and the ten stretchers brought were fully occupied. Dr. Best, and Lieutenant Rowan, were among the first officers hit, the latter dangerously, as his jaw was shattered; but

it was lucky that they were hit early in the action; a very few minutes later they would have been left behind. Although our men in the creek were close to the pah, the scrub was so thick that they could not see it, and the rata-trees inside the palisades were occupied by the best of the enemy's marksmen, who, secure in their elevated position, rained death and destruction on the Europeans. Kepa on the extreme left had a much easier task, the Maories occupying the bush in his front were quickly driven back to the pah, and the friendlies following held possession of the whole side of the clearing; in fact, there was nothing wanted to ensure victory, even at this stage of affairs, but men sufficiently used to the work, who would not take alarm at the loss of a few men even in the dreaded bush. But as it was, victory was simply impossible, for McDonnell's divisions had suffered as heavily as Von Tempsky's. The genial and gallant Lieutenant Hunter was one of the first officers killed; only a few moments before he had requested his men to look out for partners, as the ball was about to commence. Very few of the men saw him fall, and his body was left on the field. Captain Palmer and Lieutenant Hastings were mortally wounded, and left to their fate, for there were no stretchers available. By this time McDonnell saw that he would have some difficulty in saving the remainder of the force; so he decided to retire at once, carrying all the wounded that he could find. With this view the colonel sent his brother Captain McDonnell to Major Von Tempsky, requesting him to follow McDonnell's division as they retired. Kepa was also sent for, and he advised the colonel to retreat round the edge of the clearing with his wounded, while Kepa held the enemy in check as rear guard.

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Captain McDonnell carried his message to Von Tempsky, who, unaware of the extent of our losses, did not like the idea of retreat, and suggested trying to storm the pah; but when he was informed of the strength of the place, and

the number of our wounded, he hesitated, and walking a few steps to get a better view of the position, was immediately shot dead. Captain McDonnell informed Captain Buck, the next in command, of the colonel's orders, and implored him to carry them out at once, as his brother was moving off. He then returned to the colonel, and reported Von Tempsky's death, and that Captain Buck would carry out the orders. The colonel instructed his brother to take a dozen of Kepa's men, and make all haste to reach the dangerous defile leading to Te Maru, before the Hauhaus could take possession of it, and cut off the retreat of the forces, for he had a lively recollection of the loss he had sustained in crossing this gorge on the former occasion. Captain McDonnell and his men arrived at Te Maru breathless; fortunately they had a dog with them who ran on in front, and had just reached the bush, where a voice asked in Maori, "Who are you?" They could see the dog was a Maori. Our Maories answered, "It is us, come on." Out stepped two athletic young Maories from under the trees, and were immediately shot down; they were the Hauhaus advanced guard who had nearly been too quick for us. One retreating column was under fire, the whole way from Te Ngutu o te manū to Te Maru, men falling continually; but once across the gorge, we were comparatively safe, and the wounded were sent on in front, while the force turned on their pursuers.

Then for the first time it was found that Captain Roberts, with Von Tempsky's division, had not joined the main body; McDonnell wished to return and find them, but Kepa suggested that they had retreated through the bush on the other side of the pah, and in all probability were better off than McDonnell's division, as the main body of Hauhaus were evidently on their front. The retreat was therefore continued, and as it was nearly dark the Hauhaus drew off their men, and did not molest them further. This division reached Waihi about 9 p. m., the men thoroughly exhausted by

their long march, and carrying fourteen wounded, some of whom were borne on crossed rifles for want of stretchers.

These men had nothing to be ashamed of, they had behaved well before the enemy, and brought off their wounded; but very different was the case with a party of wretched fugitives, about forty in number, belonging chiefly to the Wellington Rifles, who arrived at Waihi nearly three hours before McDonnell, and reported Von Tempsky, Buck, both the McDonnells, and all the force as destroyed, and themselves as the only survivors. They must have bolted almost at the first shot, and left their comrades to fight and die alone.

McDonnell's first enquiry on reaching camp was whether Captain Roberts had arrived, and he was much disquieted when he found he was absent; for he knew that he alone would be blamed if anything happened to that officer and his men, whose doings we must now relate.

Hardly had Captain McDonnell left Von Tempsky's division, when Captain Buck determined to recover the body of the latter officer before retiring; he called on a few men to assist him, and advanced to where Von Tempsky lay, and while in the act of lifting the body, was shot dead. The men fell back and informed Captain Roberts, who then took command; but, unfortunately he knew nothing of the order to retire, and continued to hold his position in front of the pah, until some of his men reported that McDonnell had retreated, and left them alone to fight it out.

Under ordinary circumstances, Captain Roberts and his division, about seventy strong, would have been more than a match for the enemy opposed to them; but the bad behaviour of the recruits had now extended to the rest of the force, and they were all in such a state of panic and so disheartened, that he could not persuade them to keep apart and take cover; they only crowded more closely together, and so presented an easy mark to the Hauhaus.

Luckily some of the Maories had got mixed with this

column; among others the chief Pehira Turei, and Captain Roberts, after consulting with him, decided to retire through the bush towards the sea, trusting to the approach of night to shake off his foes. Pehira led the column in the right directions, while Captain Roberts, assisted by volunteers Livingstone, Pope, and Blake, Sergeant Russell, armed constabulary, and one or two men brought up the rear, and behaved so gallantly, that with sixty men of the same stamp the Hauhaus could have been beaten easily.

About sunset, Sergeant Russell had his thigh smashed by a rifle-ball; and as there was no means of carrying him off, his fate was sealed; in fact he recognised this himself, and asked his comrades to shoot him; they refused to do so, but Livingstone put his revolver in his hand, smashed, his carbine against a tree, that it might not fall into the hands of the Hauhaus, and there left him to his fate.

The circumstances attending the death of this gallant soldier were elicited from a prisoner months after. It appeared that the enemy, following up Roberts, came upon Russell lying in the track; one of them thinking he had an easy prey, rushed forward to tomahawk him. In a moment Russell drew his revolver from under his coat and shot his enemy dead. After this reception, the Hauhaus stood off and shot him; so he died a soldier's death, and was not even tomahawked. It was now too dark to follow, and the Hauhaus drew off, and left our men to continue the retreat in peace. For nearly an hour Captain Roberts pushed forward, so as to get well away from Te Ngutu o te manū; he then called a halt until the moon rose, as Pehira assured him that he would easily lead them out of the bush if he had the moon to guide him. Cold, hungry, tired, and in many cases wounded, the men sat down in a heap, and, through the long hours of pitchy darkness before the moon rose, they could hear the triumphant yells of the enemy rejoicing over their victory. When at last the moon made her appearance, it was discovered that two of the wounded had

died of exhaustion during the halt, but the remainder followed their guide, and just at dawn of day, found themselves safe outside the bush, and when about two miles from Waihi, they met a party of sixty Maories who were going to look for them, even to Te Ngutu o te Manu, and were greeted with a cheer that might have been heard five miles off. Kepa and his men had behaved especially well in offering to go in search of Captain Roberts, for they were all in a state of grief over the death of their old chief, Hori Te Anaua; under these circumstances, Maories do not as a rule care to fight. The deceased was a chief of the highest rank, and dignified mien, one of a past generation who had always shown the greatest friendship to the Europeans, and whose last words were, "Take care of the Taonga" (Europeans). All through the night, the lamentations over his death had been carried on, and at 8 a. m. the Maories had started, and met the division as already related. The reception given them may be imagined; but their appearance was not calculated to raise the spirits of the force; every third, man was wounded, some of them severely, and all were covered with the blood of their wounded comrades. The enemy's loss in this engagement was, according to the highest estimate, only twelve killed; and according to the Hauhaus only two; but as their allies the Ngarauro admitted at the time some six or seven, we can only suppose that the people of Te Ngutu wished to conceal their losses. Our casualties were very heavy, amounting to twenty-four killed and twenty-six wounded, being one-fifth of the force engaged.

CHAPTER XXXII. THE IMPORTANT DIFFERENCE BETWEEN DISCIPLINED...

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THE IMPORTANT DIFFERENCE BETWEEN DISCIPLINED AND UNDISCIPLINED MEN, A FACT NEVER SUFFICIENTLY RECOGNISED BY THE NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT.

DEATH OF THE TRAITOR KIMBALL BENT. TACTICS OF TITOKOWARU.

AFTER examining the various narratives of this fight, one is still at a loss to account for the large number of killed and. wounded on our side, without a corresponding loss to the enemy. It is certain that we fell into a trap on first approaching Te Ngutu, but had the men behaved with ordinary coolness it would have been easy to withdraw them, and attack from a more favourable position. The enemy were not more numerous than they were at Pungarehu, but our force was nearly three times as strong as on that occasion, and in individual courage probably equal. But there was the important difference between disciplined and undisciplined men, a fact never sufficiently recognised by the New Zealand Government, who have been apparently under the impression that one man is as good as another. The best authorities in Europe state that it takes three years to make a soldier. Then, how much more a forest ranger, who has frequently to become his own officer, and act on his own responsibility in bush warfare, when orders can scarcely be heard, much less men seen by their officers? A forest-ranger, to be efficient, must skirmish like a Maori, to whom it is second nature, but only to be acquired by the European after long practice, he must reserve his fire until he sees his enemy, and not blaze away from the hip, as new hands invariably do, under the impression that

they will scare the enemy; and above all, he must have that feeling of trust in his officers and comrades which leads men to believe that all is going well, until they are officially informed to the contrary. Should another outbreak take place, the lesson of Te Ngutu will be repeated; for it is absurd to suppose that a wily foe, like the Maori of the present day, will meet us on open ground, and but few of our present force have ever fought in the bush. I have previously mentioned that a boy was taken prisoner at Te Ngutu, and carried into camp, when he gave a good deal of information. When questioned about the deserter Kimball Bent, he said there were two Pakehas with Titokowaru; one of them named Te Ringi-Ringi and the other Kingi (Bent). He also stated that both of them were engaged in the attack on Turu Turu Mokai, and that Kingi tried hard to persuade the Hauhaus to rush the redoubt. After they returned to Te Ngutu, he cursed the Maories for their cowardice in not following him; these men complained to Titokowaru, who replied, "Shoot him." Now this tale is not strictly true; the reason that Kingi was shot was, that a tale had been industriously circulated, by the Europeans among the semi-friendly Maories, to the effect that Bent had promised McDonnell to shoot Titokowaru, provided he received pardon for having deserted to the Hauhaus. This tale reached the Ngutu o te manu, and gained credence among the people, who at once demanded his death. Titokowaru consented, but it was a case of "who is to bell the cat?" Kingi, from his behaviour, evidently suspected something, and had always his arms at hand. Under these circumstances he was not a man to be lightly attacked, so his death was deferred until a favourable opportunity. At last he was found asleep in his whare, and the man who found him tried to tomahawk him, but was in such a state of funk that he only inflicted a severe wound, and before he could strike another, Kingi grappled with him and would have taken

his tomahawk, had not his cries brought other Hauhaus on the scene, who cut the deserter to pieces – a fit ending to such a life. No sooner was Kingi dead, than they wanted to serve the other Pakeha in the same manner; but Titokowaru refused, saying, "He is too useful; who will make the cartridges when he is dead?" On the 12th, a half-naked man was seen coming from the bush towards the camp; a party was sent out to meet him, and found it was a man named Dore, one of the Wellington Rangers. He had been wounded on the 7th, his arm shattered near the shoulder, and must have fainted from loss of blood, as the first thing he remembered after coming to his senses, was finding himself stripped of everything but his shirt. He was probably found by the enemy while unconscious, and they, believing he was dead, neglected to tomahawk him, a most unusual piece of neglect on the part of the Hauhaus, and one not likely to happen again should they hear of Dore's escape.

The poor fellow hid in an old rata-tree until it was quite dark, and then attempted to find his way to Waihi. For three days he wandered in a circle, always returning to Te Ngutu, but on the evening of the 10th he managed, to reach the open country, and made for the crossing of the Waingongoro; here he felt his senses going, and feared that he would never reach camp. How he crossed the rapid stream in his weak state is a mystery, and he himself does not know, but he declared that he was fired, on while crossing, and fainted on the opposite bank. After this his mind was a blank, he only knows that he tried to reach camp Waihi. The unfortunate man was within two miles of the camp when he crossed the river on the 10th; yet he was not seen until the afternoon of the 12th, and had evidently wandered aimlessly about during all those hours. This is certainly one of the most wonderful instances of endurance on record; a man with an arm shattered to pieces, without food and nearly naked,

struggled on through five days and nights of frosty weather, and yet recovered from his wound more quickly than men whose injuries were of a slighter character, and who had not gone through the five days of terrible hardship and despair. On the evening of the same day that Dore reached Waihi, a heavy volley was heard in the direction of the Waingongoro ford, and soon after a war-dance was performed; it was supposed at the time to be a piece of defiance on the part of the enemy, but after events showed that it was a scouting party sent to see if the road was clear to Taiporohenui; for on the 14th the Tangahoe chief Ngahina arrived in camp, and gave the information, that Titokowaru and all his tribe were at that village, and that Tito Te Hanataua and his people had joined him. It was now painfully evident that we had a very resolute and far-seeing man to deal with in Titokowaru; for if he intended to visit the different tribes on the coast, his personal influence, and prestige as victor at Te Ngutu, would undoubtedly turn the scale with the waverers, and bring the whole fighting men of the coast against us. And by marching through the forest towards Wanganui, he would hold a position in line of our communication, and force us to abandon all the outposts except Patea; with which there was communication by water. Thus he would have the advantage of carrying the war into our districts and saving his own.

The colony was then at this critical moment denuded at one blow of the force she had struggled so hard to raise and equip. And worse than all, the enemy gained in greater proportion than we lost. The arms taken from us at the Ngutu enabled Titokowaru to equip the recruits who now joined his standard. Where he gained, we had lost prestige; where our force was diminished, he gained adherents in the Tangahoe and Papakoe tribes. Throughout the colony a feeling of insecurity arose, a doubt of our own fitness to carry out self-reliance, or to combat the natives with our own men. The people of Wanganui

clamoured for military protection, though they numbered 1500 able-bodied militia, and two companies of 18th R. C. had to be sent for the defence of their city.

From end to end of the colony the calamitous reverse of the Ngutu created a painful feeling. Parliament was sitting; the Opposition made it a political question. Three times already votes of want of confidence had been defeated by Mr. Stafford's Government, but this untoward event, and the refusal of the Cabinet to remove McDonnell before even his despatches had arrived, enabled McLean, hitherto a supporter, with the aid of Mr. Ormond, Major Atkinson, Captain Browne, and others who changed sides on this subject, to press what were called the "Alarm" resolutions to an equal vote. The Speaker gave his voice with the Government, but

Mr. Stafford wished to resign. Meanwhile time elapsed. Colonel Whitmore addressed a letter to the journals, pointing out the injustice of judging and sentencing an old colonial officer on the mere report of men who, by their own showing, had misbehaved. He advised Colonel Haultain to send for No. 1 Division Armed Constabulary from Napier, which was not in the same dire straits that the West Coast was placed in, and that a new division should be at once raised to replace No. 1 at Napier, and brought into discipline as quickly as possible. This step no doubt saved the credit of our arms at Patea. This valuable and fresh division came up at the critical moment, and gave confidence. But at Napier a storm of indignation arose, increased to some extent by the members who represented the district, from which a resistance to the Stafford Government sprang, which ultimately brought it to defeat.

Colonel Whitmore further offered to accompany Colonel Haultain to the front, and to serve under Colonel McDonnell, his junior officer, for a short time, till his own (No. 1) division was fairly installed, and new officers found to replace those who had fallen.

This offer was accepted, and Colonel Haultain left

Parliament sitting, though Mr. Fox generously refused him a pair, and Government had but a vote or two of a majority. At Patea, the first thing done was to seize the liquor, "fons et origo malorum," and send it away to Wanganui by the Government steamer Sturt.

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Colonel Haultain then proceeded to the front, where the state of the camp at Waihi was simply terrible. The irregulars were completely disorganised. The hospital was full, and no sufficient means of treating the sick existed. Such was the impression produced by the late defeat, that, unless in large bodies, it was held to be unsafe to move about the country between Patea and Waihi. With such reduced forces it became manifest that it would be impossible to maintain the several posts, to escort food, forage, and supplies, and also to have a sufficient force to meet the enemy in the field. The natives, too, of the Wanganui tribe, who formed part of the force, declined to serve any longer, giving as a reason that their crops must be looked after, and a great tangi was about to take place. But, in truth, they were cowed like the rest, and glad to avoid further collision with a tribe which seemed likely to win in the struggle.

Under these disheartening circumstances, Colonel Haultain decided, to use a French expression, "reculer pour mieux sauter," and to withdraw from advanced positions which only commanded what the rifles from the parapets could reach, and which required a large force to provide escorts for their supply. Colonel McDonnell quite approved of what was clearly inevitable, and the withdrawal of the troops towards Patea was decided on.

CHAPTER XXXIII. RECONNOITRING THE HAUHAU POSITION AT TAIPOROHENUI...

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RECONNOITRING THE HAUHAU POSITION AT TAIPOROHENUI. RESIGNATION OF COLONEL McDONNELL.

COLONEL WHITMORE TAKES COMMAND. MURDER OF COLLINS AND MCCULLOCH.

No. 1 Division of the armed constabulary, under Major Fraser, having arrived from the east coast, it was decided to reconnoitre the Hauhau position at Taiporohenui, and on the morning of the 20th of September about three hundred men of all ranks advanced in skirmishing order towards the village. Numbers of Hauhaus could be seen on top of the whares watching our advance. When within about three hundred yards, the order was given to retire, with the hope of drawing the enemy out, but without success; and the force again advanced. Some of the officers got within eighty yards of the pah, but still no order was given to attack, and finally the column returned to Waihi, quite uncertain of what effect their strategical movements might have on the enemy. The general impression was, that McDonnell would have attacked, had not Colonel Whitmore been present, and vice versa, each one being suspicious of the other. On the 23rd it was finally decided to abandon Waihi, and the Maories, as their share of the work, volunteered to carry Lieutenant Rowan and four badly wounded men to Patea; this they did safely and expeditiously, and Waihi was abandoned after an occupation of three years. Notwithstanding that our transport corps was limited, nearly all the stores were transported to Patea, and the force was concentrated at that station, with the exception of the native contingent, who returned to Wanganui, and handed their arms into store. By this time, Titokowaru had reached Hukatere on the Patea river, and had been joined by all the Pakakohi tribe. His numbers were now so

formidable, that the Government were alarmed for the safety of the settlers in the out districts of Wanganui; and to meet the danger, induced 400 kupapas of the Wanganui tribes to take possession of the Weraroa pah, from which position they could observe all the country, and effectually hold the Hauhaus in check. In the neighbourhood of Patea affairs were not flourishing, the outpost of Kakarama had been withdrawn in consequence of a demonstration on the part of the Hauhaus, and a settler named McCulloch, who went out to look after his sheep, was missing. Months after, his bones were discovered in a water-hole at Kakarama, from which the camp had been using the water in happy ignorance. The report was that, he had been taken prisoner, and that the Hauhaus used him as a slave to carry potatoes, until he refused to work, when they shot him. The probabilities are against this being true, as the Hauhaus are too eager to kill, to be fond of taking prisoners. At this critical moment in the affairs of New Zealand, Colonel McDonnell, disgusted by his failure at Te Ngutu o te manu, resigned the command, and Colonel Whitmore was appointed in his place. This change was not at first regarded favorably by the force, as the colonel's manners were not conciliatory; but he gradually won the esteem of his officers and men by his energy, and perfect willingness to fight on the smallest opportunity. He had not McDonnell's knowledge of the native language and character, but he was undoubtedly his superior in military knowledge. Titokowaru had not been idle during this change in the command; he was too wise to attack the strong posts, but every house in the district had been burned, and ambushes laid on all the tracks, one of which waylaid and shot Corporal Collins of the Patea Cavalry, while carrying despatches to the Wairoa. Colonel Whitmore's first act on taking command was to order the 400 kupapas from the Weraroa to Patea, and disband the militia, who had been raised for three months' service; he declared that he would only use the Maories and constabulary in future operations.

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On the 1st of November, Kepa and Captain Gudgeon were ordered to march with 200 Maories, and ascertain the whereabouts of Titokowaru, no traces of whom had been seen for some days. At grey dawn on the 2nd the scouts entered the village of New Taranaki, and found that, a large number of men had been there a few days previously. They then went on to Te Putahi, and found the same signs, but more fresh. This was sufficient proof that the enemy were at Moturoa, a pah situated only a short distance from the Weraroa; the intelligence was at once conveyed to Colonel Whitmore, but did not reach him so soon as an orderly from the Weraroa, with the tidings that Titokowaru had been at the village of Perekama, and carried off the Ngarauru tribe. Orders were at once issued for every available man to march for Te Wairoa, and by daylight the following morning the force was assembled at that post. Colonel Whitmore did not consider himself strong enough to attack the Hauhaus in a position chosen by themselves, as he had not more than 100 Pakehas available, and the kupapas, though numerically strong, could not be counted as more than two hundred fighting men; many of them being useless; which must always be the case with levies en masse. But on the 6th, Major Roberts arrived, with 100 men of No. 6 Division of the armed constabulary, just raised in Auckland and at the Thames, many of whom had seen service during the war. As they marched up to the Wairoa, the Hauhaus fired a volley at them at long range; the kupapas turned out, and drove the enemy back to Moturoa, where one of them was killed after a large expenditure of ammunition.

CHAPTER XXXIV. BATTLE OF MOTUROA.

CHAPTER XXXIV. BATTLE OF MOTUROA.

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DEATH OF CAPTAIN HUNTER. ONE-FOURTH OF THE MEN ENGAGED EITHER KILLED OR WOUNDED. COLONEL WHITMORE FALLS BACK ON NUKUMARU.

COLONEL Whitmore having received these reinforcements, with characteristic energy determined to attack Moturoa at daybreak on the following morning, and ordered detachments of Nos. 1, 2, and 3 Divisions of the armed constabulary, Patea Rifles, Patea Cavalry, and the kupapas, to start at midnight; and No. 6 Division, who had marched from the Kaiwi that day, to follow in support at grey dawn. About 6 a. m. the column assembled at the entrance to the bush, rather more than four hundred yards from the pah, and the colonel made his dispositions. Kepa, with twenty-five men of No. 1 armed constabulary and his kupapas, was ordered to make his way through the bush to the right rear of the pah, one hour being allowed the chief to get into position; seventy men followed him, and the remainder would have done so, had not Colonel Whitmore, in his ignorance of Maori customs, stopped a young chief, and ordered him to hold a position on the right, to prevent any flanking movement on the part of the enemy. This irritated the main body, who said, "If we do not all go into the fight, none of us will;" consequently 300 men remained outside the bush and never fired a shot. Had they gone in, the pah, strong as it was, might have been surrounded, and the enemy starved out.

Meanwhile, Kepa's party had reached the edge of the clearing on the extreme right of the pah, from whence could be seen a long line of palisades at the upper end of a small clearing; the ground in front of the pah was destitute of cover, but on the right, the stumps of a newly-

burnt clearing afforded excellent shelter, and saved many lives among the kupapas. For nearly twenty minutes this party, hidden in the scrub, watched the pah, which was not more than forty yards off; everything was quiet, too quiet in fact, for they overdid the thing, when a man in rear of the pah began to cut firewood. At the first sound a grim smile ran down the ranks, and one old warrior said: "Do they think us fools? Now I know they expect us." Suddenly the silence was broken, a gun was fired from the pah, then three more in quick succession, as Major Hunter, at the head of fifty men of No. 3 armed constabulary and some of the local forces, charged across the open ground and made straight for the pah. When within fifteen yards, the whole face of the palisades literally blazed; it was a wet, misty morning, and the flashes from the guns could be seen plainly. At least two hundred Hauhaus had opened fire on their assailants. Kepa now ordered his party to charge out, and led them round the rear of the pah, until he found himself exposed to a cross fire from a strong party of the enemy, who had taken up a position flanking the right attack, rendering any movement on that side until they were dislodged impossible. Meanwhile Major Hunter's column had almost reached the palisades, and finding the enemy too strong to be taken by assault, took cover and held, their ground. Although half of them were killed or wounded, Major Hunter mortally, for half an hour the survivors hold their own close to the palisades, and were so encumbered by the killed and wounded, that it was not thought possible to carry them off. At this critical moment, Colonel Whitmore brought up No. 6 Division of the armed constabulary in skirmishing order, and by drawing the enemy's fire, saved the advanced party from extermination. Major Hunter and all the wounded were brought off, but four or five dead lying close to the palisades were left, as it was certain death to attempt their removal. The fight was

now left to Nos. 2 and 6 of the armed constabulary and the kupapas, who held their ground for another half-hour, to give the wounded time to get away; they then retired slowly – the kupapas by a short cut through the bush, and No. 6 by the broad cart-track leading into the clearing. The latter party suffered very heavy loss as they converged from the clearing into the narrow track; and the Hauhaus thinking to repeat the Ngutu o te manu, charged out on them, but a volley from No. 6 sent them flying back. One fanatic, stark naked, charged right into the ranks before he was shot. The behaviour of the force on this occasion was certainly beyond all praise, no man retired without orders, and then slowly and in perfect order; there was no hurry, and but for the killed and wounded, a spectator might have thought it a field day with blank ammunition. When the rear guard reached the edge of the bush, they received orders to double, so as to get out of range of the bush before it was lined by the enemy; this was done, but a volley killed one and wounded two of our men at 500 yards' range. The pah at Moturoa was supposed at first to be a simple palisade erected across the upper end of the clearing, and intended more as a blind than a real defence; but it was soon discovered to be a work in the best style of Maori fortification, defended by strong palisades and rifle-pits in rear, and a high parapet in rear of all enabled the second line of defenders to fire over the top of the outworks. The pah was large enough to hold 500 men easily, and filled with casemated rifle-pits, so that had an enemy succeeded in surmounting the outworks they must have been annihilated inside, every inch being commanded by the casemates; it was therefore lucky that we did not succeed in forcing our way in. As it was, our losses were very heavy, not more than two hundred men took part in the engagement, and of that number we had twenty-one killed and twenty wounded, or one-fifth of the force engaged; much the same as the percentage at

Te Ngutu o te manu. The following table will show the companies who bore the brunt of the day:

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	Killed.	Wounded.
No. 1 Division Armed Constabulary	0	2
No. 2	2	2
No. 3	9	3
No. 6	4	8
Patea Rifles	2	0
Patea Cavalry	1	0
Kupapas	3	5
Total.	21	20

Thus fell Major W. Hunter, who undoubtedly sacrificed his life to save his honour, his last words being, "I must show the world to-day that I am no coward," the unjust accusations made against him after Turu Turu Mokai still rankling in his mind.

His body was afterwards brought into Wanganui and buried with military honours, and the tomb now over his grave was erected by friends and comrades.

After this severe check, Colonel Whitmore fell back to Nukumarū, and from thence to the line of the Kaiwi, the best position to defend the settled districts of Wanganui. Major Fraser was left in command at Patea with as many men as could be spared, and the Wairoa settlers determined to hold their redoubt against all comers. The services of the kupapas were dispensed with, as they would not be required for the purely defensive operations which Colonel Whitmore contemplated, until he received trustworthy European reinforcements.

CHAPTER XXXV. FIVE HUNDRED HAUHAUS WITHIN A DAY'S MARCH OF WANGANUI.

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FIVE HUNDRED HAUHAUS WITHIN A DAY'S MARCH OF WANGANUI. COLONEL WHITMORE SUDDENLY ORDERED WITH ALL HIS AVAILABLE FORCE TO POVERTY BAY, TE KOOTI HAVING MASSACRED THE SETTLERS THERE.

ON the 14th, Titokowaru occupied the position of Tauranga-a-hika, an old pah on Mr. Handley's farm at Nukumaru, and commenced to build a stronghold, at the same time sending out marauding parties to burn and destroy the homesteads and settlers' property.

Captain Newland, who was then in charge of the mounted men, received orders to waylay some of these marauders; this was done successfully. The cavalry concealed their movements by marching under the sandhills, until they reached the neighbourhood of Mr. Handley's woolshed, opposite Tauranga-a-hika, when a scout was sent to the top of the sandhill, to observe the movements of the enemy; he returned almost immediately, and reported that a dozen or so of the Hauhaus were killing pigs at the woolshed. The troop galloped over the ridge, and charged for the enemy, but very few succeeded in reaching them, as they were stopped by a formidable bank and ditch. Sergeant Maxwell and a few men of the Kaiwi Cavalry, who happened to be good riders and well mounted, got over and killed six of their foes before they could escape, Maxwell himself killing three.

As might have been expected, the presence of 500 Hauhaus within a day's march of the town caused the usual panic among the peaceful inhabitants, and this feeling of insecurity extended to the districts south of the river, so much so, that two divisions of the constabulary were sent to Turakina on the 22nd, as protection in the event of Titokowaru marching on that place, via the Upper

Wanganui. This alarm was utterly unfounded and absurd, but the men were sent rather to restore confidence than because they were likely to be required. While things were in this uncertain state, Colonel Whitmore received orders to proceed with all his available force to Poverty Bay, where the settlers had a short time before been massacred by a sudden irruption of Te Kooti and the Chatham Islands prisoners. The defence of the Wanganui district would therefore be left to about one hundred of the armed constabulary and the local forces. As Colonel Whitmore's orders were to start without delay, he proceeded at once to carry out certain arrangements for the safety of the district in his absence, viz., to throw two months' supplies into the Wairoa redoubt, and to relieve Colonel Fraser's veteran division at Patea, replacing them with recruits sufficiently trustworthy to hold redoubts. With a view to the latter part of the programme, a message was sent to Colonel Fraser to march with his division at daybreak on the 30th, and meet Colonel Whitmore at Waitotara, from which place the relief would march to Patea, at the same time escorting the convoy to Te Wairoa; consequently, on the 30th the whole effective force, preceded by the mounted armed constabulary and Wanganui cavalry, marched for Waitotara. On the way the enemy appeared in great force, many of them being mounted, and Colonel Whitmore desired Captain Finnimore to try and cut some of them off with his Wanganui cavalry; this officer made a very dashing attempt to do so, but the enemy retired at a gallop, and our men got into broken ground, protected by rifle-pits, where they had four horses killed and some wounded. The cavalry was then recalled, and the infantry sent forward as skirmishers, while the main body passed the sheep and drays across the river, and saw them safe on their road to Te Wairoa. After the skirmish, one of our men was killed by a shot fired at least 1400 yards off, and at a great elevation, for the man was in a deep gulley at the time he

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was hit. On the following morning, Colonel Fraser and his division arrived from Patea, and the whole force returned to Wanganui, ready to embark for Poverty Bay. As a proof of the mettle of No. 1 Division, I may state that they marched from Patea to Wanganui, nearly forty miles, in one day, and a large portion of the distance was over heavy sand; a feat never before equalled in New Zealand by a body of men. On the 2nd of December, 212 men embarked for Poverty Bay, and the settlers of Wanganui were left with 100 men of the armed constabulary to guard the frontier; these men, with 290 militia and volunteers, were placed under Colonel Herrick, to guard the Kaiwi line. The plan of defence was simple and effective, viz., a line of small block-houses along the border, while the main body was concentrated in the centre and rear of the line, ready to move on any point, while a patrol of cavalry kept up communication night and day. The operations during Colonel Whitmore's absence were unimportant; two separate bodies of mounted men, under the command of Colonels McDonnell and Lyon, scoured the country between Patea and Waihi. The former went as far as Te Ngutu; no trace of recent occupation was found; the bodies of those who fell at the last attack appeared to have been collected and burnt, as the remains of a sort of funeral pile was found. After partially destroying the pah, the force returned to Wanganui. On the 28th of December, a rash and unfortunate affair happened to the Wanganui Cavalry; they had gone out for a raid, in the direction of Nukumaru, and Sergeant Maxwell and nine men, forming the advanced guard, found themselves close to Tauranga-a-hika. The sergeant proposed that they should ride up to the palisades and have a look, and the whole party, nothing loth, galloped up to the palisades and fired their revolvers at the Hauhaus, who returned the compliment with a volley, by which Maxwell was mortally wounded, though he sat his horse for a hundred yards before he was supported by his comrades and carried off

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the field. Three horses were also shot, one of them falling on his rider (Trooper Wright), but his brother seeing his peril rode back, and after extricating him, took off the saddle and bridle and rode away with them. Trooper Lingard also distinguished himself, by riding up to the palisades and cutting loose a Maori horse which was tethered to them, thus enabling a comrade to escape; for this action he has received the New Zealand Cross. On the 4th of January a flag of truce was seen approaching Woodall's redoubt, and two Hauhaus rode up and presented a most impertinent letter from Titokowaru, ordering the whole of the Pakehas to return to England and leave New Zealand to the Maories, further intimating that this would be the last warning we should receive. To their surprise they were seized and searched, and as a watch, the property of Lieutenant Hastings, was found on one of them, they were both sent to Wanganui as prisoners of war. By this time large reinforcements of newly raised constabulary had arrived at Westmere, and the drill-sergeants were kept continually going to work these men into shape before Colonel Whitmore could return, as that officer's well-known energy would allow no time for such work when he once commenced his forward march.

CHAPTER XXXVI. TE KOOTI. HIS ESCAPE FROM THE CHATHAM ISLANDS

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TE KOOTI. HIS ESCAPE FROM THE CHATHAM ISLANDS AND LANDING AT WHAREONGAONGA, POVERTY BAY.

ON the 3rd of July, 1868, the schooner Rifleman was seen approaching the Chatham Islands, laden with Government stores for the use of 200 Maori prisoners, who, under the supervision of Captain Thomas, R. M., and fifteen men, were then in durance vile upon the island. A boat manned by some of these same prisoners came off, and assisted in

bringing the vessel to her anchorage; they behaved in a manner calculated to impress any one in their favour, offering to assist in discharging cargo, &c. It appears that some time previous to this, Captain Thomas had been warned that the prisoners were plotting to escape; but he evidently did not believe the warning, or perhaps thought it impossible; at any rate no steps were taken to prevent it. On the following morning the captain of the schooner went on shore, and had not been there many minutes when those on board the vessel heard shots fired, and saw men running wildly about. A few minutes after a boat-load of the prisoners, well armed, boarded the schooner, sent the crew below decks, and placed guards over them, threatening instant death to anyone who might resist. By this time Te Kooti had possession of the whole island, and the rifles and ammunition of the guard, with the fowling-pieces of the settlers, were in the hands of men who knew how to use them. The plot so long conceived had been ably carried out; everything had been done in a masterly manner, and the mutineers deserve some credit for their moderation. The women and children were treated most kindly; only one man was killed, and that only because he resisted. Even for this Te Kooti was not responsible, as he had given orders that there should be no killing; but he had sown the storm, and was about to reap the whirlwind. It may be doubted whether Europeans would have behaved with greater moderation if placed in similar circumstances.

So soon as the events recorded had taken place, the prisoners began to embark their wives and families; not a moment's time was lost, and no precaution neglected, and in one hour from the time of the outbreak the prisoners were on board. The ketch Florence, lying at anchor near, was boarded by them, the crew was sent on shore, and then the cable was cut, and the ketch sent after them; a simple and expeditious method of preventing pursuit. Almost the last man to leave the island was Te Kooti, and so soon as he came on board he ordered the crew on deck, and gave them

the choice between instant death and working the schooner to Poverty Bay. They wisely chose the latter, and were subsequently informed that their lives would be spared, and the craft surrendered to them on arrival. Sail was made that evening, but a strong westerly wind prevented them beating out, and the schooner returned to her anchorage; the sails were furled, the crew were ordered below, and. Te Kooti himself took charge of the deck. On the morning of the 5th another start was made, this time with success, and nothing of importance occurred until the 9th, when the vessel having been delayed for two days by a head wind, Te Kooti ordered all the greenstone ornaments on board to be collected and thrown overboard, as a propitiatory offering to Tangaroa (Neptune). This sacrifice was evidently not sufficient, for the wind continued in the same quarter, so Te Kooti ordered his men to throw overboard an old man, a relation of his own. The poor old fellow was immediately dragged on deck, his hands tied, and despite his prayers and lamentations, over he went, a victim to mad fanaticism and revenge, for perhaps the latter feeling had most to do with it, this old man having warned the settlers of the proposed rising. For some time the victim could be seen struggling in the water, but no one seemed to pity him; or if they did, were wise enough not to say so, for after all he might have been a Jonah, as the wind, hitherto adverse, suddenly veered round to the right quarter. The Hauhaus behaved quietly enough during the remainder of the voyage, though vigilant as ever. An armed guard patrolled the deck night and day, and a sentry was placed over the wheel to see that the proper course was kept. The crew were not even allowed to cook their own victuals, the notorious half-caste (Baker) officiating in that department. On the 10th the schooner arrived at Whareongaonga, about fifteen miles south of Poverty Bay. During the whole night the prisoners were employed in landing the cargo, and by the 11th, 17 tons of flour, 5000 lbs. of sugar, tobacco, beer, spirits, and many packages of merchandise were safe on shore, besides forty

rifles, ten fowling-pieces, revolvers, swords, &c This done, Te Kooti released the crew and told them to begone.

It was only natural to suppose that the mate, when free, would have sailed for the nearest port and given the alarm. But he did not do so; on the contrary, he steered for Wellington, and so gave rise to the report, generally believed at first, that he had been bribed, not coerced, into landing the prisoners. Messages were sent to the Ngatimaru and Rongowhakaata tribes, desiring them to meet the prisoners, and hold a tangi before they marched to Taupo and Waikato. These messages were forwarded to Major Biggs, Resident Magistrate of the district. At first he would not believe the warnings, it seemed so improbable that the prisoners should have been able to escape; but to solve the doubt, he raised a force of 100 Europeans and Maories, and started at once for the scene of action, arriving there on the following morning. The prisoners, about one hundred and ninety strong, were found holding a strong position near the landing-place, having high steep hills covered with dense forest on their front and flanks, and their backs to the sea. The first step taken by Major Biggs was to send a Poverty Bay chief of Te Kooti's tribe with a message for the prisoners, to the effect that as they had succeeded in landing, Major Biggs would try and smooth over matters with the Government, provided that they would all surrender, and give up their arms. This arrangement was scornfully rejected, Te Kooti replying that "God had given him arms and liberty, and that he was but an instrument in the hands of Providence, whose instructions he carried out." Another messenger met with a similar reply, Te Kooti adding that he intended to march upon Waikato and dethrone the king, but would not interfere with anyone, unless they attempted to stop his march. These answers were conclusive, so Major Biggs gave orders to commence the attack; but the friendly natives, who formed the bulk of his force, were either disaffected or frightened, and refused to move, giving as their reason that the Hauhaus were too numerous and too strongly

posted. Under those circumstances fighting was impossible and impolitic, for in the event of defeat our men would have been followed into the settled districts, and the whole bay ravaged before another force could have been organised to meet them. On the same day the Hauhaus avoided our force, and commenced their inland march, carrying with them, over one of the most rugged districts in New Zealand, all the loot taken in the schooner.

CHAPTER CHAPTER XXXVII. TE KOOTI'S PROGRESS.

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TE KOOTI'S PROGRESS.

THE FIGHT AT PAPARATU. THE COLONIAL TROOPS DEFEATED WITH LOSS OF TWO KILLED, TEN WOUNDED, AND £1200 WORTH OF HORSES AND CAMP EQUIPAGE.

WHEN it was found that they had escaped, Major Biggs ordered Mr. Skipwith to follow them up with some friendly natives, threatening their rear, until he had definitely ascertained the line of retreat, when he was instructed to cut across country, and join the main body, who by that time would have taken post at Paparatu. This was a strategical point of great importance, as from the rugged nature of the country, the enemy were obliged to cross the Arai creek at a point just below the position taken up, and would thus come in collision with our force, whether they liked it or not. No time was lost in commencing operations; four days after the landing, Major Biggs with fifty Europeans under Captains Westrupp and Wilson, and thirty Maories under Henare Kakapango, marched for Paparatu, and arrived there the following morning. Biggs had left orders for a reserve force, under Tamehana Ruatapu, to march two days after and bring up rations and ammunition. Camp was pitched in a valley under the main range, but hidden from an enemy's view by some low hills, and

here our men awaited their enemy for five days. On the fourth day the camp was out of rations, and there was no sign of Tamehana with supplies; so Major Biggs started to bring him up with all speed, lest starvation should compel retreat. That same day Mr. Skipwith arrived with intelligence that Te Kooti was undoubtedly marching on Paparatu, but slowly, as his men were heavily laden with their loot. The position of the force at this period was as follows: the camp was pitched in a hollow, with the view of concealing its presence from the enemy, and was about a mile from the proposed battle-ground, where a strong picket was posted, in a position commanding the spur up which the enemy must march, after crossing the Arai. The ground, held by the picket was the key of the district. Before leaving for Poverty Bay, Biggs arranged a plan of defence with his officers as follows; Biggs and Wilson with the main body were to intercept and fight the Hauhaus at the picket hill; while Westrupp and twenty men took possession of a hill on the right flank, which from its appearance was called the "Castle," and was almost impregnable; and thus prevent the enemy's escape in that, direction. On the morning of the sixth day, Captain Westrupp concluding that Te Kooti must now be in their neighbourhood, sent out, Mr. Skipwith, and two Maories, to scout the country in front of the picket – about an hour after, they were seen running up the spur from the Te Arai ford as if pursued; Captain Westrupp at once ordered his men to fall in, which they did cheerfully, though they had eaten nothing for thirty-six hours, except an old boar, whose skin was even disposed of – worse still, they had only thirty rounds of ammunition per man, to hold in check a well-armed and desperate body of men, more than twice their number. After despatching Wilson and twenty men to hold the Castle, Westrupp and the main body marched to support the picket, but before he could arrive, Te Kooti with overwhelming numbers had driven them from the ground, and occupied the hill – this left us

no alternative but to try and retake it; so forming the men in skirmishing order, Westrupp charged up the slope, and occupied a small ridge near the summit; about twelve yards distant from the Hauhaus, and only separated from them by a narrow gully. The ground on our right flank was moderately open, with a few scattered flax-bushes here and there; but our left rested on the steep face of a ravine, covered with thick scrub, and this position was held throughout the day. A sharp and well-directed fire was kept up by the Hauhaus, with occasional replies from our men, until 11 a. m., when one of the European volunteers, rejoicing in the name of Billy the Goose, was shot dead, and another severely wounded in two places; the enemy also plucked up sufficient courage to crawl round the steep face on our left, and wounded one or two others. At 2 p. m., they commenced a series of small charges (or kokiris, as they call them) with fixed bayonets; but, as our men refused to be intimidated and would not run away, the hearts of the Hauhaus failed them, and each time they retired, doing little harm beyond causing us to expend more ammunition than we could afford. From the moment the first shot was fired, our men had cast anxious glances in the direction of the Turanga track, hoping to see Major Biggs with supplies and reinforcements; about 3 p. m. these hopes seemed about to be realised, for men could be seen advancing towards our deserted camp. Captain Westrupp at once wrote a hasty note, and despatched it by one of the men to acquaint Major Biggs with the state of affairs; but, to our disappointment and disgust, it was found that the new arrivals consisted only of nine Maories carrying rations; most of them excessively drunk, as they had broached the rum en route; only two of this party joined in the fight, and one of them, Waitiri, was shot dead immediately, the others remained in camp with the rations and ammunition brought by them. Just before dark the force was startled by hearing a Hauhau bugle in their rear, and shortly after observed some of the

enemy moving among the broken ground on our left rear; evidently making for the camp. In fact, Te Kooti, availing himself of his superiority of numbers, had made a flank movement, which compelled us either to fall back to a hill previously appointed as a rallying place in case of disaster, or change positions with the enemy, by driving them off the hill they had occupied all day. Captain Westrupp decided to try the latter; and, calling on his men, rushed forward, and got to such close quarters with the enemy, that a Hauhau fired his gun into Westrupp's face, and literally burnt one side of his whiskers off. No less than seven of the small force were wounded in this charge against an unseen enemy, who were hidden behind the flax-bushes, and the remainder, exhausted by want of food, and with scarcely a round of ammunition left, fell back towards the camp, followed at a respectful distance by the enemy, who entered the camp as our men retired to the appointed hill, where they were joined by Wilson's party. Westrupp wished to entrench himself on the site of an old Maori fortification, and hold out till daylight, but the men, who up to this had behaved admirably, considering that most of them had not previously been under fire, now began to show signs of demoralization; like most, young soldiers, they could not stand retreat, and Westrupp suddenly awoke to the fact, that he was left with about forty men, and that the other moiety of his force, taking advantage of the darkness, had continued the retreat without orders, and were now scattered over the face of the country in small parties.

This desertion disheartened those who still stood by their officers, and necessitated immediate retreat; though, as a matter of prudence, the utter want of food, and scarcity of ammunition, would in itself have compelled this movement in the morning; therefore, it was better to do it while unmolested by the enemy; the more so, that the reserve brought by the nine men in the afternoon had disappeared; some enterprising Hauhaus had probably entered the camp, under cover of darkness, and carried it off.

The situation, at this period, was not encouraging; Captains Westrupp and Wilson found themselves obliged to leave their horses, swords, and baggage, and retreat over a rough and unknown country (for the tract was occupied by the enemy) with about forty half-starved men, at least seven of whom were wounded, and two of them would require carrying. At this juncture, the chief, Henare Kakapango, who had behaved admirably throughout, offered to guide the party across country; his offer was accepted, and the retreat commenced, every one taking his turn at carrying the wounded; it was fearful work for exhausted men, but it had to be done, and so they floundered on, up the bed of a mountain creek, often waist-deep in water, and over steep fern hills, till grey dawn, when they reached Captain Westrupp's out station, at Tapatoho; here they managed to get two sheep, which had been killed in expectation of their arrival; it was not much among so many, but better than nothing. Shortly after the arrival of our men at Tapatoho, Colonel Whitmore appeared on the scene, with thirty Napier Volunteers, who had

arrived in the bay on the previous day. He at once requested Captain Westrupp to parade his men, thanked them for their behaviour at Paparatu, and warned them to be ready to start back in pursuit, in an hour. This was rather more than the volunteers were prepared to submit to, and, after a little hesitation, a Mr. Dodd stepped out as spokesman for his fellow settlers; enumerated the hardships they had undergone during the previous forty-eight hours, and concluded by saying, that Colonel Whitmore, under similar circumstances, would hardly have been ready to march in an hour.

This plain but inoffensive expression of public opinion annoyed the colonel so much, that he then and there said sufficient to prevent the possibility of harmonious working between himself and the Poverty Pay settlers on any future occasion; they did not start in pursuit until the following day.

The fight at Paparatu had been a most disastrous one for the settlers and friendly Maories; for not only had they lost two killed (left on the field) and ten wounded, out of a total of fifty men engaged, but all their horses, saddles, baggage, swords, and accoutrements had fallen into the hands of the enemy; in fact, the loss amounted to £1200; and only two of the enemy were killed as a set-off. Maori accounts of this fight are conflicting; Te Rangitahau who, with Nikora, led the affair on the Hauhau side, says that only the Taupo men, forty strong, were engaged; while others contend that the Taupo tribes commenced the action, but that all joined in it eventually. The great mistake made on our part would appear to have been, firstly, the division of a force, numerically weaker than that of the enemy; and, secondly, Captain Wilson's neglect in not going to the assistance of his friends, after he had definitely ascertained the dispositions of the enemy. His twenty picked men would, in all probability, have enabled Westrupp to storm the Hauhau position, in which case we should not have been beaten; as it was, the Hauhaus were satisfied with what they had done, and, instead of following up their foe, they remained to feast on the good things taken in the camp.

CHAPTER XXXVIII. TE KOOTI'S PROGRESS – continued.

CHAPTER XXXVIII. TE KOOTI'S PROGRESS – continued.

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THE FIGHT AT TE KONAKI. THE HAUHAUS AGAIN VICTORIOUS.

ON the day previous to the fight at Paparatu, Major Biggs, recognising the possibility of defeat, offered £30 to any one who would ride through to Te Wairoa with despatches for Mr. Deighton, R. M., warning that officer to muster all the force at his disposal, and intercept Te Kooti at the Waihau lakes, in case he should reach that district. Lieutenant

Gascoigne refused the reward, but offered to perform the duty, which he did satisfactorily, riding and walking over ninety miles of rough country in twenty-four hours. On his return he had a narrow escape; when rather more than half-way he met an orderly (Paku Brown), who was on his way to Te Wairoa, with despatches from Colonel Whitmore; the poor fellow doubtless thought the road safe after meeting Gascoigne, but four miles farther on he fell in with Te Kooti, who had just arrived; was taken prisoner and brought before the chief. Te Kooti ordered his instant execution; he was shot, and with, his dog thrown into an old ditch, where both were afterwards found by Colonel Whitmore's force.

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The news conveyed by Lieutenant Gascoigne was not the first intimation of Te Kooti's landing that the Wairoa settlers had received. On the 15th of July, Mr. S. Deighton, R. M., and Mr. Preece, clerk to the bench, were at Te Mahia, where they were met by a messenger from the old loyal chief Ihaka Whanga, who informed them that the Chatham Islands prisoners had landed at Whareongaonga, and had been summoned to surrender by Major Biggs, but had refused to do so. A few minutes after, another messenger arrived from Biggs, bearing a letter, requesting that Deighton would march without loss of time to his assistance with all the force he could muster.

Orders were sent at once to the Mahia tribes to muster at Te Mahanga, which they did promptly, 100 strong; then it was found that our whole supply of ammunition did not exceed four rounds per man. Under these circumstances, it was useless to go on, so Mr. Deighton returned, to Te Wairoa to communicate with the Government, while Mr. Preece, by dint of great industry, succeeded in obtaining three casks of ammunition from the Wairoa chiefs. Until within two months of the events related, a private in the Military Settlers had been retained on pay as storekeeper in charge of sixty kegs of ammunition, which was then stored in the Wairoa block-house; but, about that period, re-

trenchment was perfectly rampant through all the public departments; so an enormous saving was effected, by striking the private off pay, and sending the ammunition to Napier. Mr. Preece, with his small supply of ball cartridge, reached Ihaka Whanga's pah that night; next day the ammunition was served out, food cooked for the coming campaign, and everything prepared for the next day's march; but all to no purpose, for the delay in obtaining supplies had given Te Kooti time to escape, and our men had only marched a few miles on the road to Poverty Bay, when they were met by a messenger from Major Biggs, with instructions for Mr. Preece to return to Te Wairoa, and march for the Waihau lakes, with the view of intercepting the Hauhaus-at that place. On receipt of these instructions, Mr. Preece decided to leave his present force with half the stock of cartridges at Te Mahia, lest Te Kooti should double back; and, taking the remainder with him, he made a forced march to Te Wairoa, and, on the following evening, was on his way to Waihau with a fresh force, composed of eighteen European volunteers and twenty-one picked Maories, the advanced guard of a larger force, who, under the chief To Apatu, were to follow as soon as possible. Next day the advanced party arrived at Whenuakura, where they found the Ngatikowhatu Hauhaus under the chief Rakiro. These men were closely questioned, but without result; they professed to know nothing of the escape from the Chatham Islands; so our men contented themselves with keeping a sharp look-out upon their neighbours, and scouted the country towards the Hangaroa River. On the 22nd, Lieutenant Gascoigne arrived in camp en route to Te Wairoa with despatches, and reported having heard heavy firing for several hours that day in the direction of Paparatu. Next morning Captain Richardson arrived in camp with sixty Maories, and assumed command. On the 24th, the whole force marched through pouring rain for Poverty Bay, but were not destined to reach that place; for, at the first crossing of the Hangaroa, they were met by Captain Wilson,

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who informed them of the result of the fight at Paparatu, and gave them instructions from Colonel Whitmore to return and guard Waihau, a position they should never have left. These contradictory orders, combined with the news of our defeat at Paparatu, did not tend to encourage the friendly natives, who had set their minds on going to Poverty Pay, and were correspondingly sulky on the return march; in fact, anything but trusty allies. Just before dark, the column halted on the Konaki ridge, and, from this elevated position, a long string of men and horses could be seen descending a distant spur of the Ahimanu range, and advancing in our direction. The arrivals were Te Kooti, with his two hundred men – their women, children, and horses – a most formidable-looking force, when compared with our hundred warriors of doubtful fighting capacity. Mr. Preece and Captain Richardson resolved to hold the ground on which they stood, and allow Te Kooti to attack them; orders to that effect were issued, and the Europeans, with about twenty of the most trustworthy Maories, obeyed; but that unmitigated coward Paora Te Apatu, taking advantage of the discussion, had bolted, and was followed by sixty of his gallant tribe, to the village of Whenuakura. Messengers were sent imploring him to return, but he declined to trust his valuable life in such a position; so the few men who would have fought, had no alternative but to follow, for Captain Richardson did not consider it advisable to separate his small force. On the retreat down the hill, one of the Maories (who had been repeatedly warned to keep his rifle at half-cock) fell, and not only choked the muzzle with clay, but managed to explode the cap. The result was, that the rifle burst, and with it the owner's hand; the mischief unfortunately did not end here. No one in the column would have cared much, if the man's head had gone, instead of his hand, but the bad part of the affair was, that it was an aitua (ill omen) of terrible significance, fore-

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boding defeat on the morrow; and certain to disperse the little courage left to the Wairoa tribe.

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Next morning great preparations were made for the coming fight; rifles were fired off, cleaned, and reloaded; even Rakiroa and his Hauhaus, uncertain who might win the day, professed themselves intensely loyal, and so imposed on some of our gallant allies that four men, who were going to Te Wairoa to bring up rations, trusted their rifles to them during their absence. About 11 a. m., the flood in the Hangaroa had subsided sufficiently to allow our valiant army to cross in battle array, and a young chief of well-known courage, named Karaitiana, was sent ahead with six scouts, to observe the enemy's position; in a few minutes shots were heard, and Mr. Preece doubling up to his assistance, found him engaged with the enemy's advanced guard, one of whom he had captured. The action now became general, as the main body of the Hauhaus came up, and, throwing forward their left flank, rendered our position untenable, by threatening to cut us off from the ford. Paora Te Apatu, who should have held this position, had bolted at the first shot, and was in full retreat to the Wairoa, with fifty men; had he held his position, Te Kooti would have been checked for some time, if not beaten, and this would have given Colonel Whitmore time to come up; as it was, Captain Richardson was obliged to fall back, to avoid the flank movement, and take up a strong position on the next hill, where, from the nature of the ground, both flanks were protected. By this time, Paora and his men were out of sight, but the remainder held their ground until 4 p. m., when, finding their ammunition nearly run out, they retired

quietly, unmolested by the enemy. Rakiroa, and two of the men who had received rifles that morning, deserted during the fight, and joined Te Kooti. Mr. Preece noticed the chief moving off and asked him where he was going. "To get a drink of water," he replied; he must have gone a long way, for he was absent four years. Our loss in this engage-

ment, were two killed (Maories) one of whom was shot by a comrade during the stampede from the first hill. The enemy's loss was three killed and one wounded. Thus they had gained their second fight by the failure of our ammunition; and on this occasion were assisted by the cowardice of a portion of our allies.

CHAPTER XXXIX. TE KOOTI'S PROGRESS – continued.

CHAPTER XXXIX. TE KOOTI'S PROGRESS – continued.

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THE FIGHT AT RUAKITURI. LOSS OF CAPTAIN CARR, MR. CANNING, AND THREE OTHERS. CAPTAIN TUKI AND TE KOOTI WOUNDED.

ONCE a Maori begins to retreat, he seldom stops until he has gained the shelter of his pah, and such was the case on this occasion; the force fell back to Te Wairoa, where it was reorganised, and increased to 200 men, by the arrival of Ihaka Whanga's people. Heavy rain now set in, and they did not start again until the 2nd of August; the main body was left at Opoiti, but the advanced guard, under Captain Richardson and Preece, scouted all the country about Te Reinga Falls, and Whenuakura, where it was found that Te Kooti had crossed the river, and the trail was seen leading in the direction of the Papuni. Unfortunately, Captain Richardson had received orders not to follow the enemy in this direction, so he decided to return to Te Wairoa for orders. This was a fatal step, for, had they pushed on, they must have met Colonel Whitmore, and the 200 men would have been a most welcome addition to his force. Hardly had Richardson arrived at Te Wairoa, than he was overtaken by an orderly from Colonel Whitmore, ordering him to follow up with twenty picked men, carrying a reserve of ammunition, and instructing him to go by Whenuakura; here again, the

orders were too precise, therefore obstructive; had it been left to Richardson's discretion, that officer could have gone by the Tuki track, and joined the colonel in time for the fight; as it was, he arrived too late to be of service.

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While these marchings and counter-marchings were going on from Te Wairoa, Colonel Whitmore was toiling behind, on Te Kooti's trail, over horrible country; he had with him the Poverty Bay Volunteers, and some of the Napier tribes, in all about one hundred and thirty men; while Major Fraser, with fifty of No. 1 Division Armed Constabulary, was also in pursuit, on the Hangaroa track.

The colonel and his division had very rough work, for they were delayed by heavy snow-storms, on the Ahimanu range, and had exhausted their rations by the time they reached the Waihou lakes, where they were joined by Major Fraser, who reported Te Kooti's trail as leading in the direction of the Ruakituri gorge. Notwithstanding the fact of being without food, the colonel, whose energy nothing could damp, decided to follow up; but the Poverty Bay Volunteers had by this time seen sufficient of campaigning, and they announced their intention of returning, giving as a reason, that they had reached the boundary of their district; this, of course, was only an excuse; the real reason was, that they had not forgiven the colonel for his incautious remarks after Paparatu, and had only waited an opportunity to make things even. Whatever blame they deserved for the course they pursued, their punishment was at least equal, for there can be but little doubt that these fifty men would have turned the scale at Ruakituri, and converted a defeat into a victory, in which case there would have been no massacre. As it was, Colonel Whitmore, with 130 men, marched on to attack 220 Hauhaus, who were posted in an unusually strong position, within the gorge of the Ruakituri river. The colonel was nowise daunted by the defection of these Europeans, but pushed forward, with No. 1 Division Armed Constabulary, a few independent volunteers – who

were not particular as to boundaries – and about sixty friendly natives. The column crossed the range in their front, and descended into the bed of the Ruakituri; the men had been without food since the previous evening, were knocked up by long marches through rough country, and were certainly not in a condition to encounter a well-armed and determined enemy, in a position of their own choosing.

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But all these circumstances counted as nothing to Colonel Whitmore, who never encumbered his mind with considerations for his men; he firmly believed that, he had only to meet the foe, and be victorious; and so the force struggled on through the boulders and water of this mountain river. Camp after camp of the Hauhaus was passed, and, at each one, the traces appeared more fresh; yet to the hungry, jaded men there seemed but little probability of overtaking the enemy, and towards noon they became slightly mutinous, at what they considered useless hardship. Even Colonel Whitmore halted at last and decided to return, but, while the men were resting, Captain Carr, late R. A., who was with the force as a volunteer, asked permission to go forward, and reconnoitre. The result was, that he found a halting-place of Te Kooti's, at which the fires were still burning. This intelligence infused some life into the men, and a general advance took place; the track still led up the bed of the river, which ran between low steep cliffs, impossible to climb; thus the men had to advance in single file, up the river-bed, in a position very likely to cause heavy loss, if the enemy should happen to observe them, and line the cliffs. The advanced guard of six men was led by Captain Carr and Sergeant-Major Withers, and the main body followed, in long straggling Indian file. After marching a few miles, the force reached a bend in the river, where a narrow track led through a break in the cliffs, and up the spur of a hill; the advanced guard were within fifty yards of this place, when they were made aware of the enemy's presence, by a volley;

luckily the river-bank near them was sufficiently low to enable them to take cover in the thick scrub above, from whence they replied vigorously to the Hauhaus, who were within a few yards of them.

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Meanwhile, the main body had mustered their long line, and were standing in the river-bed, exposed to a raking fire from the enemy, who lined the base of the hill at the river-bend, and were unable to scale the steep bank and take cover in the scrub. Colonel Whitmore and Captain Tuke tried to lead the men out to charge, but this could only be done in single file, and the men were indisposed to follow, in such a very hazardous formation; the few who did try were killed or wounded, Captain Tuke severely; the other took what cover could be found among the boulders in the river-bed, until the advanced guard, unsupported, and hard pressed by the enemy, fell back and reported the death of Captain Carr, and Mr. Canning, (another volunteer); the latter had taken cover behind a large fallen tree, not knowing that the Hauhaus had possession of the other side, and was shot as he looked over it. The Hauhaus, having got rid of the advanced party, soon made themselves felt by the main body, and, working their way down through the thick scrub above the cliff, very nearly succeeded in cutting off our retreat; to meet this movement, Henare Tomoana and his Napier natives, who as usual were well behind, were ordered to turn the Hauhaus flank, at a point in the rear, where it was possible to scale the cliff. This they might have done with little danger to themselves, but very few obeyed the order; Henare himself, with a handful of men, tried to do something, but his host fighting man got a bullet through the scalp, and hastily retired, the remainder followed closely on his footsteps, and continued the movement down the river, leaving the Pakehas to their fate. Colonel Fraser and Captain Tuke at once collected the men of their division, about fifty strong, and fell back to an island, about half a mile in the rear; here they awaited

the Hauhaus attack, despite the fact that their Maori allies and some of the Europeans were in full retreat from the field. Meanwhile, the enemy were also drawing off, disheartened by their leader's wound, for Te Kooti had been hit in the foot; and Colonel Fraser, finding that he was not likely to be attacked, retired upon Te Reinga. Only a few of the strongest men reached the camp that night, the majority, knocked up by want of food and fatigue, lay down in the pouring rain, and did not get in till the following morning. Our loss in this engagement was five killed and five wounded; while the enemy had eight killed and three wounded, including Te Kooti. The result of this fight was fatal to the future peace of the Settled Districts, as it enabled Te Kooti to camp at Puketapu, just beyond the scene of

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the fight, from the 8th of August till the 28th of October; during which period he sent messengers all over the island, exaggerating his success, and proclaiming himself the saviour of his people.

CHAPTER XL. TE KOOTI'S PROGRESS – continued.

CHAPTER XL. TE KOOTI'S PROGRESS – continued.

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THREATENS THE POVERTY BAY SETTLERS; KILLS THE URIWERA CHIEF TE MUNU.

TE KOOTI was, as might be expected, very successful in obtaining recruits; Te Waru and Reihana, with the Upper Wairoa tribes joined him secretly, all the while pretending to be friendly to the Pakeha, while Nama, fighting chief of Temaionarangi tribe, joined him more openly with nearly forty men. Curious accounts are given by the Hauhaus of the very strict discipline which was at this period maintained in their camp. Te Kooti would not allow his men to eat, or smoke, except at stated times – his expression was, "there is a time for all things." So short of food were

they, that the men used frequently to steal out to the open country, and shoot their horses for food; luckily for them they were not found out; as the punishment of disobedience was death. Some idea may be gathered of Te Kooti's bloodthirsty and tyrannical system, by the fate he dealt out to Te Munu, an Uriwera chief of Maungapohatu. This man had visited Puketapu as an envoy from his warlike tribe, and being a bold stern savage would not allow Te Kooti's dictation, and assumption of superiority. The consequence was that they quarrelled, and Te Munu, feeling himself in danger, attempted to escape; but he was caught and brought back to Puketapu, by a party sent after him, and was killed by Te Kooti's orders, or as some say, by Te Kooti himself. The strangest part of the affair is, that the Uriwera never sought revenge for this murder.

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The position held by Te Kooti at Puketapu was inland and equidistant from the two settlements of Te Wairoa and Poverty Bay. Consequently it was in that chiefs power to attack either place, by a march of two or three days. Moreover, it was well known that he had declared his intention of taking revenge upon the settlers, for having attacked him at Paparatu, Te Konaki, and Ruakituri. In September, a message had been sent to the semi-friendly natives of the bay, telling them to remain apparently loyal, get what arms they could from the Pakehas, and prepare to join Te Kooti with a hundred men, when he appeared. Major Biggs had so strongly represented the situation and unprotected condition of the bay to the Government that at last he was authorized to place an officer and nine men on pay, as scouts to watch the country between the Waipaoa and upper Wairoa. Lieutenant Gascoigne was the officer chosen, and the orders given him by Major Biggs were precise: "to camp every night at Waerenga a Kuri," a small bush on the road from Te Reinga to Poverty Bay, "to keep a sentry on the track during the night, and two men with field-glasses on a hill above the bush all day, at a point from which several miles of the

track could be seen." Besides this work, Lieutenant Gascoigne was required to scout the country on his right and left front daily, and report constantly to Major Biggs. In addition to the scouts, the major depended upon Colonel Lambert at Te Wairoa, and spies of his own among the enemy, to give him early information of Te Kooti's movements; trusting to the two latter sources, he persistently refused to allow Gascoigne to place men on the Ngatapa track. There were two routes by which the Hauhaus might reach the bay; one, by way of Te Reinga and Waerenga-a-Kuri, was comparatively short, and over open country – the other would involve a long circuitous march, through dense scrub and fern, towards Ngatapa, and down the Makaretu valley. Not only was this second route twice the length of the other, but it was so much overgrown with fern and scrub, that it was justly considered a matter of seven or eight days' march; and therefore it was regarded as certain that the enemy would take the shorter way. If, however, they did take the Ngatapa track, then Colonel Lambert, who was about to lead 600 men to attack Puketapu, would have plenty of time to send information of Te Kooti's movements. These were the reasons which guided Major Biggs in selecting the Reinga track as the special point of observation for Gascoigne and his scouts. The latter did not share the belief of his commanding officer, that it was necessary to watch only that route, but on the 6th and 7th of November he scouted in the directions of Ngatapa as far as the Makaretu valley, without seeing the smallest sign of the enemy; on his return to camp, he told Major Biggs where he had been, and was met with the reply that it was unnecessary. The major then informed him that he must keep an extra sharp look-out on the Reinga track, as he expected the enemy to move in a few days; and that it was his intention to order all the outsettlers to muster for mutual protection. After this conversation Gascoigne returned to his post, and allowed two of his men to remain for a day or two with

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their people at the big river. At sunrise on the 9th these men galloped, into camp at Waerenga a-Kuri, with news that Biggs and all the settlers had been murdered by the Hauhaus during the night.

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Meanwhile affairs had been progressing at Te Wairoa, and coming events cast their shadows before. On the 3rd of October, the young chief Karaitiana was sent to Te Waru's village at Whataroa to obtain intelligence of Te Kooti's movements; he was accompanied by three men of his own tribe, and Nama's brother. While on their road to the village they met Nama, and stayed for some time talking with him; they then proceeded on their way, and after going a short distance, the brother said he was too ill to go on, and would return. Karaitiana and the others arrived at Whataroa, and were told that Te Waru was absent pig-hunting (he was really with Te Kooti at, Puketapu); but Reihana, his brother, received them well, and put them in the best whare. Here the unsuspecting men were watched until they were fast asleep, when their guns were removed, and Reihana, assisted by another man, treacherously murdered them with tomahawks; Te Waru's sister helping to despatch the last two. When the news of this cowardly murder reached Te Wairoa, a great expedition of friendly natives under Colonel Lambert went to avenge the deeds, by attacking Te Waru and Te Kooti. The force was composed of 200 Ngatiporou under Rapata and Hotene, 300 Ngati Kahungunu under Henare Tomoana and Tareha, and 100 of the Wairoa tribes; there were also twenty-five armed constabulary, and four European officers. At Whataroa, or one of the adjacent villages, a prisoner was taken, and from him positive information was obtained, that Te Waru and all his people had left to assist Te Kooti in a raid on Poverty Bay. Strange to say, this information was disbelieved, for the extraordinary reason that for Te Kooti to march on Poverty Bay, and leave his rear open to attack, would be acting in a manner contrary to all military rule. Te Kooti doubtless had his

own ideas about military rule, and not only left his rear unguarded, but crushed Poverty Bay, with little danger to himself. By this time the force was within sixteen miles of Puketapu, and it might well have been thought advisable to march on that place, and ascertain the truth of the story. Had they done so, they would have found the pah empty, and would even then have been in time to prevent the massacre, and enlighten Te Kooti as to the danger of neglecting military rules; or better still, they might have accepted the prisoner's story as true, and marched straight on Poverty Bay. But the gallant 600 did neither of these things; they straightway returned to Te Wairoa, after killing one old man and capturing an empty pah. At Whataroa were found the bodies of Karaitiana and his three companions; they had been buried, in one hole, and were fearfully mutilated, their breasts cut open, and hearts taken out. The expedition reached Te Wairoa on the 4th of November, and the mail left for Poverty Bay on the following morning, yet no notice was sent Major Biggs of the prisoner's statement; had that been done, there could have been no excuse for not warning the settlers to muster for protection.

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CHAPTER XLI. TE KOOTI'S PROGRESS – continued.

CHAPTER XLI. TE KOOTI'S PROGRESS – continued.

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THE MASSACRE AT POVERTY BAY OF THIRTY-THREE SETTLERS, MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN, AND THIRTY-SEVEN FRIENDLY NATIVES.

FOR some time previous to the massacre, a general feeling of insecurity was prevalent among the settlers of Poverty Bay, and it was felt that some steps ought to be taken to fortify a place of rendezvous in case of need. With this view a meeting was called, at which the friendly Maories

offered to erect the palisades, if the Europeans would do the earthworks. This was readily agreed to, but Major Biggs vetoed the proposition as unnecessary, and appointed the Toanga redoubt, an old and defective fortification, as the mustering place in case of alarm. The meeting ended, as such things generally do, in smoke; except that certain settlers, dissatisfied with the result, formed themselves into a vigilance committee, to watch the Patutahi ford of the Waipaoa river. For some nights this duty was carefully performed, and would probably have continued, to the salvation of the bay; but on the Thursday before the massacre, a very old settler called on his vigilant neighbours, and informed them that the Hauhaus were in the Patutahi valley, at the same time requesting them to inform Major Biggs. This was done. The major listened quietly to the tale, and then replied, "You are all in an unnecessary state of alarm, for I shall have twenty-four hours' notice before anything can happen." He further remarked, that he had heard some of them were in the habit of watching the fords of the river, and characterised the act as absurd. After this official condemnation, the vigilance committee ceased to act, and a few nights after, Te Kooti and his people crossed that selfsame ford.

The action taken by Te Kooti, to secure sympathy and recruits from the neighbouring tribes, has already been mentioned. By the end of October his arrangements were complete, and the raid upon Poverty Bay commenced. Te Waru and Nama, with their respective tribes, marched by way of the Hangaroa, and joined Te Kooti and the Uriwera at Pahekeheke, from whence they raided down upon the plains, thus adopting the long route, and avoiding the scouts at Waerenga-a-Kuri. Many of Te Kooti's men, who had been half-starved for months, died of exhaustion on the way; their skeletons were afterwards seen by Captain Porter and his Ngatiporou when in pursuit of the survivors. The main body of the Hauhaus were left at Pukepuke with

the women and children; but about two hundred men of various tribes, under the chiefs Nikora, Nama, Tahau, Te Waru, and others, marched for Patutahi and surrounded the village. The inhabitants were made prisoners, and did not require much coercion to make them join Te Kooti. Among others taken was Pera Punamoa, who finding that Te Kooti was bent upon taking Turanganui, dissuaded him from so doing, told him that the majority of the settlers lived in the country, and accurately described the residence of each. It must not, however, be supposed that Te Kooti was ignorant of these circumstances; for the soi-disant friendly native Karipa, a son of Tamehana Ruatapu, had been for some days in communication with him, and had given every information as to the locality of the different settlers. About midnight the Hauhaus crossed the Patutahi ford on their murderous errand. Mr. Wylie's house was the first on their line of march, and the owner was seen sitting at a table writing; but so sure was Te Kooti of this man – whom he particularly hated, as the cause of his deportation to the Chathams – that he told his men to go on and finish the Matawhero settlers first, as they were certain to get Wylie on their return. From this point the Hauhaus appear to have broken up into small parties; some went inland to Messrs. Dodd and Peppard's station, while the main body attacked the more densely settled district of Matawhero. As to what really did happen at the various settlers' houses, it is impossible to say, for there were no survivors to tell the tale, if we except some mere children. We can therefore only collect the accounts of certain semi-Hauhaus, who profess to have heard from others, but who really were present, and took part in the massacre. Messrs. Dodd and Peppard appear to have been the first persons killed. A Mr. Butters, who had been engaged to press wool for them, rode up to the station at grey dawn; he waited for some time at the woolshed, wondering that no one appeared, and finally, attracted by the furious barking of the dogs, walked up to

the back door, and found the two owners lying dead. The shepherd seemed to have escaped, for there was no sign of his body. For months his fate was a mystery, but it was finally ascertained that he had escaped the first attack, and fled towards Matawhero. On the road he met a man named Pera Te Uatuku, who asked him why he was running; he replied that his employers had been murdered. Pera advised him to go on quickly, and as the shepherd passed on, shot him through the back. This ruffian also shot French Bob the same afternoon, and may now be seen, with Karipa and men of the same stamp, walking about the streets of Gisborne. Instead of seeking his own safety by instant flight, Mr. Butters very gallantly rode to Waerenga-a-hika, and warned the inmates of the mission station; from thence he rode across country, to Messrs. Hawthorne's and Strong's, whom he found alive to their danger, and from there went on to Matawhero, to perform the same good office for the settlers of that place. How he escaped is a miracle, for he must have ridden through the midst of the enemy. At Major Biggs' place he found the Hauhaus in possession, and as he galloped past Mr. Mann's house, he saw the owner, his wife, and baby lying dead outside, mutilated, and one of them burnt.

Native accounts say, that when the Hauhaus reached Major Biggs' house, they found him writing (it is supposed the orders for the out-settlers to muster in Turanga). They knocked at the door, and Biggs asked them what they wanted; the Hauhaus replied that they wished to see him. Biggs evidently saw that the long dreaded raid had come, for before opening the door he called to his wife, who was in bed, to escape by the back. She refused to leave him; and as Biggs stood in the doorway, the Hauhaus shot him. He fell forward into the verandah, and the fiends then rushed in, and tomahawked Mrs. Biggs, her baby, and the servant; a boy, who was in the house, escaped by the back door, after the major was shot, and, hidden in a flax-bush, witnessed part of the tragedy. While this was going on,

another party, under Nama, were at Captain Wilson's. The captain, like Major Biggs, was engaged in writing when the Hauhaus knocked at the door; they announced themselves as bearers of a letter from Hirini Te Kani, the principal chief of the bay. Wilson evidently suspected their errand, for he told them to put the letter under the door, at the same time he looked out of the window, and saw a number of men moving about; this confirmed his suspicions, and he at once roused his servant Moran, who slept in an outhouse, and told him to come to his assistance, as the Hauhaus were upon them. Moran obeyed, and succeeded in getting through the enemy into the house, meanwhile the Hauhaus were trying to batter down the door with a log of wood; but a shot from Wilson's revolver stopped them, and forced them to adopt the less dangerous plan (to themselves) of setting fire to the house at either end.

Captain Wilson defended his wife and family until it was a choice between being burnt alive, or taking the Hauhaus offer of life for himself and family, if he would surrender quietly. There was just a chance that they might keep their promise, so Captain Wilson chose the latter, and surrendered. His captors led him in the direction of the river-bank, until he asked where they were taking him; while he was speaking, a Hauhaus rushed at Moran, and struck him down with a tomahawk, and at the same moment Captain Wilson was shot through the back. This was the beginning of the end: Mrs. Wilson and the children were savagely bayoneted, and only one little boy escaped; he was being carried by his father when he fell, and in the confusion managed to escape into the scrub unnoticed. Strange to say, the settlers in the vicinity do not appear to have heard the firing, for the Hauhaus found the Messrs. Walsh, Padbourne, McCulloch, and others at their homes, unconscious of the tragedies that were being acted in their immediate neighbourhood. McCulloch was shot while milking a cow; his wife, carrying a baby, and

attended by her young brother, tried to escape, but was overtaken

and tomahawked, together with her child. The boy, more fortunate, managed to escape, after seeing his sister killed, and reached the redoubt at Turanganui, where the rest of his family had assembled. Mr. Cadel's house was the next visited; he had been away from home that night, and was returning in the early morning, when he walked right into one of these gangs of murderers, and was shot dead. His store was then looted, the Hauhaus got violently drunk, and galloped about the country, shooting all the friendly natives obnoxious to Te Kooti.

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While the settlers about Matawhero were being murdered, the families living in the vicinity of the Patutahi ford, near Mr. Wylies', were reserved for the final coup, it being supposed that they could not escape. Nor could they have done so, had not one of them, a Mr. Firmin, been awakened during the night by the sound of musketry. The sound was not unusual, but in the then unsettled state of things, it was sufficient to keep him awake during the rest of the night, and send him out at grey dawn the following morning to reconnoitre. At the ford he met a Maori, and hailed him to know the meaning of the firing, which was still going on; the reply was, "The Hauhaus are killing the Pakeha." Mr. Firmin at once warned his neighbours, Wylie, Stevenson, and Benson, and these people, taking their children, fled towards Turanganui; but fearing that they might be intercepted by the enemy, turned across the Toanga ford, in the direction of the Muriwai, en route for Te Wairoa. Messrs. Hawthorne and Strong, who lived at some little distance from the others, had been forgotten in the hurry and confusion of their departure; but Mrs. Wylie remembered their peril before it was too late, and asked one of the men to return and warn them. This was a service of great danger, yet Mr. Benson never hesitated, but returned at once. About an hour after these fugitives had crossed the river, Te Kooti and twenty Hauhaus galloped up to the native village near the ford, and ordered the chief Tutari to point out the route taken

by Wylie. The gallant old man refused to do so, and Te Kooti, finding his threats and promises disregarded, lost patience, and ordered his men to kill him and his two children. This was done before the wife's eyes, who was then questioned, and threatened with the same fate if obstinate; but she, equally faithful, and more prudent than her husband, misdirected the Hauhaus, by declaring that the fugitives had taken the inland track. The murderers, completely deceived, galloped off on a wrong scent, Te Kooti boasting that he would cut pieces of flesh off Wylie until he died. Luckily for the persons interested, they had succeeded in overtaking Major Westrupp, and, under his guidance, reached the friendly tribes of Te Mahia, where they were safe.

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The narrow escapes during this massacre would fill a volume. The young boy (James) who escaped from Major Biggs' house, succeeded in reaching Mr. Bloomfield's, and roused the sleeping inmates; there were only ladies and children in the house at the time, but they succeeded in escaping through the enemy, though people were being murdered on both sides. While the enemy were attacking Mr. Goldsmith's house, where they burnt a child, a Mrs. James, mother of the boy above mentioned, was living in the barn, with her eight children; she was roused by the shots, and saw sufficient to prove that the Hauhaus were in the bay. She behaved with remarkable coolness. Collecting her children, she slipped over the steep bank of the river, and crawled for more than a mile under the shadow of the cliffs, until she reached the rugged ground near the Waikanae, where she entered the scrub, and under cover of this shelter, reached Turanganui twenty-four hours after the first alarm. Her appearance caused considerable alarm to an excitable settler, who seeing the troop of small children, magnified them into hundreds of Hauhaus.

Many settlers refused to believe that the wolf had really come. Among others, Mr. D. Mann would only be satisfied

by seeing them; so he rode out to reconnoitre, and at Toanga saw five Maories standing under a willow-tree. He pulled up, and asked them if it was true that the Hauhaus were murdering the Pakehas. "No," they replied; and as he turned to ride away, one of them settled the question, by firing and wounding him severely through the arm; the speed of his horse enabled him just to reach Turanganui before he fainted.

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Mr. Thomas Goldsmith, while passing Mr. Mann's house, saw them dragging Mrs. Mann out of the doorway; this sight so horrified and astonished him, that he did not notice that he himself was surrounded, until a Hauhaus attempted to seize his bridle. This movement aroused him to a sense of his peril, when driving spurs into his horse, he broke through them and escaped, though pursued for miles.

Mr. Benson, returning home after midnight, shortly before the massacre commenced, actually rode through the enemy, and spoke to them, little suspecting that they were Te Kooti's people; the Hauhaus, on their part, were probably unwilling to fire, lest they should prematurely alarm the neighbourhood.

The most wonderful escape was, however, that of little James Wilson, who, as already mentioned, escaped into the scrub when his father fell. On the 16th, seven days after the massacre, parties were sent out to bury the dead, and ascertain if any had escaped, and were in hiding. One of these parties, consisting of Mr. Maynard and two comrades, were in the neighbourhood of Makaraka, and saw a small poodle dog run into a scrub of briars. Maynard recognised the dog as having belonged to Captain Wilson. They called, and coaxed the animal in vain; it remained hidden, and this obstinacy led them to the natural conclusion that someone was hiding. A regular search was instituted, and after nearly half an hour's work, their patience was rewarded by finding little James Wilson, with the dog held tightly in his arms. The boy had been too frightened

to discriminate between friend and foe, but was greatly delighted when he recognised Maynard. He told them that he had lost his way while trying to reach Turanganui, to bring help to his mother, who was lying wounded in an outhouse at their place. After escaping from his father's murderers, he had wandered about, sleeping in outhouses for several nights, often close to the enemy; at last, he found his way back to what had been his home, and saw the bodies of his father, brothers, and sisters, but not his mother, until he happened to take shelter in the outhouse, when, to their mutual delight, he found her alive. When the boy had told his tale, one of the men took him to Major Westrupp, at Turanganui, while Maynard and the other galloped off to Wilson's. On arrival at the place, they knocked at the door of the small building, but received no answer; they then called Mrs. Wilson by name, and instantly heard her say, "Thank God, help has arrived; bring me some water." After her husband fell, the poor lady was stabbed with bayonets, and beaten with the butt of a rifle until the fiends thought her dead; but later in the day she recovered consciousness, and managed to crawl to what had been her home. Here she got some water, and then took shelter in the outhouse, which was less likely to be visited by the enemy than the house; here she was found by her son, in the manner already related, and fed with eggs, or anything that the boy could forage. Mrs. Wilson was carried that same day to Turanganui; for some time it was thought that she would recover, but her injuries were too severe, and she died after her arrival at Napier.

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CHAPTER XLII TE KOOTI'S PROGRESS – continued.

CHAPTER XLII TE KOOTI'S PROGRESS – continued.

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ATTACK AT TE KARETU. DEFEAT OF TE KOOTI, AND LOSS OF HIS PRINCIPAL FIGHTING CHIEFS, NAMU, KEHU, HENARE PARATA, AND THIRTY-FOUR MEN.

EVEN the most trustworthy among the friendly natives seem to have known that the massacre was about to take place; but their warnings, if any, were too vague to arouse the settlers to a sense of the nearness of the danger. Only a few hours before the attack commenced, Natana, one of Gascoigne's scouts, called at Major Westrupp's, and told him a long and incoherent tale, about Gascoigne and himself having gone up the Patutahi valley, and got so near the enemy, that they could hear Te Kooti talking. The man's manner was so peculiar that his tale was disbelieved; and rightly, for they had neither heard nor seen signs of the Hauhaus, though they had been up the valley.

Natana's conduct was never explained, for he was one of the first victims of the massacre, in which the friendly natives suffered even more severely than the Pakehas; of the former there were thirty-seven, and of the latter thirty-three killed. Lieutenant Gascoigne, when warned by his scouts that the Hauhaus were in the bay, rode as fast as possible to the Muriwai, avoiding a party of the enemy en route. On his arrival, he found that Major Westrupp had left with several women and children for Matua. Gascoigne was therefore senior officer in the bay, and as such, determined to reach Turanganui at all risks, as there was no officer at that place to direct operations. To go by the beach was impossible, as it swarmed with the enemy, so he seized a boat and pulled across the bay. Three of his men refused to accompany him; they remained at the pah, and with the people of the place, joined Te Kooti on the

following day. On arrival at Turanganui, Gascoigne found the old redoubt crowded with men, women, and children, and was told that Captain Reid had started in a whaleboat to overtake the schooner Tawera, which was at some distance in the offing. He fortunately succeeded in doing so, after a long pull, and bringing her back, shipped, off the women and children to Napier. So disheartened were the men, that many of them would have left also, had not Gascoigne, and the chief Henare Potae, persuaded them to remain until reinforcements arrived from Napier. On their agreeing to do so, Henare sent for all his men in the neighbourhood, and arming them in the best manner possible under the circumstances, awaited with the settlers the expected attack by Te Kooti. The attack was never made, as Te Kooti was satisfied with what had been done, and contented himself with the burning and looting of settlers' houses, and coercing the friendly natives to join him. Within a week Major Westrupp and Captain Tuke arrived from Napier, and brought with them 300 men of the Ngati Kahungunu tribes, and the Hauhaus retired to Patutahi, where they collected their plunder.

The first duty performed was the burial of those murdered on the 9th; most of them were found in a dreadfully mutilated condition. The bodies of Major Biggs and his wife were never found, but it is supposed that they were burnt in the house, as a lady's hand was found among the ashes. Mr. Cadel's body was found in a better condition than the others, for it had been guarded for seven days by his faithful retriever dog. By this time the Muriwai and Mahia tribes had arrived in Turanga, making with the Napier Maories nearly six hundred men, but of a very indifferent class as regards fighting. They were placed under the command of Lieutenant Gascoigne, and on the 21st of November that officer overtook the rear-guard of the enemy at Patutahi, and shot two of them. Quantities of loot, which the Hauhaus had apparently been unable to carry away, were found at this place, and several dead

bodies of friendly natives were seen, who had been shot by Te Kooti's orders. At Pukepuke another encampment was found, with more dead bodies, and the carts and sledges of the murdered settlers, which had brought the loot thus far. About dusk on the 23rd, our men came up with the main body of the enemy, who were encamped on the Te Karetu creek, with their women and children. An immediate attack was made, and after the usual heavy fire, Ngaitahupo, under their prophet Hamuera Toiroa, attempted to charge the Hauhaus position, but were beaten back with rather heavy loss; Hamuera and Karauria, a leading chief of Ngati Kahungunu, were killed, and our total loss was five killed and twelve wounded. Hamuera had prophesied that his own death would follow Te Kooti's, but unfortunately the latter event did not take place. The Hauhaus suffered severely in this skirmish, losing about twenty men; but the honours of the fight lay with them, as our men were obliged to retire to a ridge overlooking the Hauhaus position, and distant about twelve hundred yards from it. About four hundred yards of the ridge was rifle-pitted, and our men had daily skirmishes with the enemy, who were strongly entrenched on the flat below. This sort of work continued for more than a week, with but little result, beyond increasing the list of killed and wounded. Nothing further could be got out of our native allies; each side was evidently afraid of the other, and therefore unwilling to try close quarters. A few of the best men certainly did try the effect of a kokiri (charge) down the hill towards the Hauhaus position; but one of them happened to get shot at the crossing of the creek, and this so damped the ardour of his comrades, that they retired perfectly satisfied.

Up to this time the force had been supplied with rations and ammunition from the depot at Patutahi, by means of a string of pack-horses, under the charge of Sergeant-Major Butters. But this did not last long; the opportunity was too tempting, and Te Kooti, who was evidently well-

informed by his spies, sent sixty men under Baker, the half-caste, to take the depot, cut off the convoy, and capture all the ammunition he could.

The party started on the 27th, and after making a long detour, got in rear of our men on the line of supply; the first persons they met were two orderlies, riding with despatches to the camp. These men naturally supposed the Maories in the front to be friendlies, and would have ridden into their midst, had not one of them recognised a man named Maka, who was known to be with the Hauhaus; while there was yet time, they wheeled their horses round, and galloped back, followed by a volley. On their way down the hill, the orderlies met Sergeant Butters and his packmen, proceeding to Makeretu, and warned them of their danger; there was no time to make a stand, for the enemy outnumbered us three to one, and were well armed, so the men cut loose their packs, and galloped off, closely pursued. The one man who formed the garrison of the depot at Patutahi escaped as best he could; and the Hauhaus captured eight kegs of ammunition, and so large a stock of food, that they were unable to carry it all away, and had to burn a large quantity. This attack in rear alarmed the force for their communications, and the solitary big gun at Turanganui was brought up and mounted in the redoubt, which was henceforth guarded by Captain Tuke and twenty men. For some days communication had been cut off, and ten men at Makeretu suffered severely from want of provisions, until they sent a strong party to bring up biscuit and ammunition. Meanwhile, all anxiously awaited the arrival of Rapata, who with his Ngatiporou, was known to be marching from Te Wairoa. Sir Donald McLean, the then Government agent for the east coast, had intended to send an expedition of Ngatiporou and Wairoa Maories from Te Wairoa by way of Hangaroa, to act in rear of Te Kooti's force, while the Poverty Bay column attacked in front. This expedition had been delayed for some little time by Major Lambert,

who refused to acknowledge the authority of the Government agent, and stated that he did not consider it safe to send away the Wairoa natives. This difference of opinion was finally adjusted, and on the 25th of November, Rapata and Hotene, with 370 men of various tribes, started from Te Wairoa. Letters had been received from Major Westrupp, stating that Te Waru was somewhere in the neighbourhood of Te Hangaroa; it was therefore decided to march in that direction.

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On the 28th, the column was at Tarewa, where they expected to receive intelligence from Major Westrupp, but none came; so the chiefs decided to march on Turanganui, and arrived at that place on the 1st of December. Here they were informed that Ngati Kahungunu were still engaged with the enemy at Makaretu, and were ordered to march to their assistance. On their arrival, Ngatiporou found the same sort of desultory firing going on as had been the custom since the 23rd, and that we had lost eight killed and twenty wounded since the first skirmish, without any adequate result. A short consultation was now held among the chiefs, and it was decided to at once dislodge the enemy from a hill of which they had possession, and make a general attack on the entrenchments. At grey dawn the following morning, forty men of the different Wairoa tribes, under Mr. Preece, and their fighting chief Hapimana, proceeded to carry out the first part of the programme. They made a most dashing attack, and had nearly taken the position, when a messenger from Rapata informed them that Ngatiporou, annoyed by the enemy's shots falling into their camp, had determined to assault the lines.

The Kurupakiaka and Kahu now joined Mr. Preece, and enabled him to carry the hill, with a loss to the enemy of three men. Mr. Preece then joined Ngatiporou with a few men, in time to join in a charge by that tribe, which carried two of the enemy's outworks with a rush, and drove the Hauhaus back to their last line of rifle-pits, near the

river. Here they were attacked by three columns; the Wairoa men on the left, Ngatiporou in the centre, and Ngatikahungunu of Napier on the right. The enemy bold their ground until Ngatiporou were within a few yards of their lines; then they broke, and fled across the river, suffering heavy loss from the fire of the left column, who from their position swept the river-bed. Unfortunately, this fire, although destructive to the enemy, was to a certain extent in their favour, for it prevented the close pursuit which would probably have destroyed them. Thirty-four Hauhaus' bodies were found after the fight, among them several men of rank, including the celebrated fighting chiefs Nama, Kehu, and Henare Parata. Nama was wounded, but taken alive. This man's recent atrocities, and his complicity in the murder of the four scouts, had rendered him particularly objectionable to the Ngatiporou and. Wairoa Maories; so they squared accounts a la Maori, by dragging him over a fire, and burning him to death. Te Kooti himself had a narrow escape. He was still suffering from the wound in the ankle received at Ruakituri, and was carried away up the bed of the creek upon a woman's back. His capture would have been easy had Ngatiporou followed; but the heavy fire of the left column had stopped, pursuit while their blood was warm; and now the attraction of the valuable loot recaptured from the enemy was too much for Ngatiporou nature, and they turned to plunder, thus allowing Te Kooti and many of his men to escape. In one pool of the river there were fourteen bodies; one of them was floating with his face out of water, in a manner so unusual that it drew the attention of Hemi Tapeka (a well known fighting man of Ngatiporou), who gently prodded the Hauhau with his bayonet. This was too much for the pretended dead man, who started up, and would have escaped but that Hemi shot him dead. Many Maori prisoners taken by Te Kooti during his raid on the bay escaped during the fight, and fled to Opotiki, not daring to trust themselves with the Europeans, who were

justly suspicious of Te Kooti's prisoners. In this action two Europeans were wounded out of six engaged, and one Ngatiporou was killed, and four wounded.

During the fight two prisoners were taken by Ngatikahungunu. These men Ngatiporou wished to kill, but the former tribe objected, as the prisoners were related to them. This small occurrence created a bitter feud between the two tribes, and shortly after broke up the force.

CHAPTER XLIII. TE KOOTI'S PROGRESS – continued.

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FIRST ATTACK ON NGATAPA BY RAPATA.

ON the following morning Rapata and Hotene, with Ngatiporou, went out to reconnoitre, and from the summit of the Makaretu hills, could see the Hauhau stronghold, on the highest point of the forest-clad peak of Ngatapa. Ngatikahungunu under Tareha came up shortly after, and proposed to attack the enemy forthwith; but Hotene, sore over the two prisoners, replied, "We cannot attack after your saving those two men; the omen is too bad." This speech confirmed the ill feeling between the two tribes, and the whole force returned to camp, in a high state of dudgeon one against the other. On arrival, Lieutenant Gascoigne and Mr. Preece exerted themselves with partial success to restore order among the tribes; for Ngatiporou promised at last to attack on the following morning in conjunction with Ngatikahungunu. So far they were successful; but when they informed Tareha of the result of their diplomacy, that chief replied, that he had offered to attack that morning, and had been snubbed; and that he would not now work with Ngatiporou, but intended to leave at once for Turanga. This he did shortly after; and it was with great difficulty that Mr. Preece prevented

the Wairou tribes from following him. This desertion weakened the force by at least three hundred men, speaking numerically; but in its fighting capacity it was an increase of efficiency, for it left Ngatiporou untrammelled. On the morning of the 5th, Rapata and his tribe, followed by Ngaitahupo and the Wairoa men, marched to attack Ngatapa. For nearly two miles they wound up the hill through thick bush, until the advanced guard, under Mr. Preece, arrived within a short distance of the summit, and caught sight of the pah for the first time. It appeared that the defences consisted of two lines of strong earthworks extending across a small flat below the peak, either end resting on a cliff. The chief point in our favour was, that there was excellent cover to within thirty yards of the parapets. Mr. Preece halted his men until Rapata could come up with the main body. While he was waiting, one of the men fired off his gun, and the enemy answered with a heavy volley. Instantly, without any apparent reason, a general panic set in, and all retreated with the greatest celerity for nearly half a mile. Finally, Ihaka Whanga and Mr. Preece managed to stop them, and persuaded them to remain until Rapata, who had been left well up to the pah, could return to them. This they consented to do; but return to the attack they would not, at least at that time. Under these circumstances Mr. Preece returned to Rapata, and these two gallant men, with sixteen others, commenced the attack upon the pah, working up the side of the cliffs to within twenty-five yards of the first line of parapet. After fighting for some time, Rapata requested Mr. Preece to go down the hill and, if possible, bring up some more men. He did so, and found that most of them had cleared out for Makaretu, and that the gallant old chief Ihaka Whanga could not persuade his tribe to follow him. Only nine men would go with Preece, and with these he returned to Rapata, who was so disgusted with the result that he went himself, and managed to get thirty more. Rifle-pits were now dug on the edge of the cliff by means of a

billhook, and a hot fire was poured into the place, and kept up till about 3 p. m., when Rapata called on his tribe, and they stormed one of the enemy's outworks, killing three men. This movement was well enough, provided the rest of the tribe came up to their assistance, and stormed the pah; if they did not, it made Rapata's position, already difficult, desperate, as it was hardly to be expected that he could storm a pah, held by 300 men, with fifty; and if he did not, he would have some difficulty in retreating. Luckily there were no flanking angles, and the enemy were obliged to expose themselves when firing over the parapet. The difficulty would be in retiring from such a place right under the enemy's guns. Intelligence that Rapata had stormed the outworks soon found its way to Ihaka Whanga's people at the foot of the hill, and so elated them that about thirty came up and joined in the fight. This seasonable reinforcement was very welcome, not only for their numbers, but for the ammunition which they brought, Rapata's being nearly exhausted. About dusk he again requested Mr. Preece to return to camp and try to get the main body back with ammunition, promising to hold his ground until Preece returned. Rapata's men were few in number, but he could depend on them; for those with him were either near relations or tried friends, and they behaved splendidly.

Wi Tahata (one of them) continually quoted texts of Scripture to encourage his comrades, and old traditions to show that their ancestors had often been in greater difficulties. Another of them, Ruku Te Aratapu, climbed a tree from whence he could see into the pah, and from his elevated position did some execution. Rapata, fearing he might be shot, ordered him to come down, but in vain; Ruku stuck to his tree, and came off scot free. Watene Tukino, half-brother to Rapata, a man of great strength and courage, was greatly exasperated at their position. "Bighead," said he, addressing Rapata, "you are to blame for this. You brought us here. Why don't you give the

order to charge into the pah, and settle it one way or the other? I will never retire" Rapata, waiting patiently for ammunition, refused to give the order; and Watene, to work off his superabundant courage, several times mounted the parapet and fired into the pah. On one occasion he kicked the dust off the parapet into the enemy's faces, and yet escaped unhurt. Meanwhile, the feelings of the runaways who were safe in camp at Makaretu were not enviable. Far into the night they could hear the firing, and know their chief with his eighty men were having all the work to themselves. Yet Mr. Preece could, not get them to start to his assistance with ammunition; it was too dark, they said.

At grey dawn they did make a movement, but it was too late; for Rapata, having expended his last round, of ammunition, had made good his retreat while yet dark, and was now close to Makaretu. He had lost five men killed, and had five wounded with him, one of whom died shortly after. The enemy's loss, beyond the three men killed in the outwork, was not ascertained; but the lowest computation placed the enemy's killed during the operations, which commenced on the 23rd, at Makaretu, and ended with this attack, at sixty-five. When Rapata and his men appeared, their manner was by no means conciliating. They strode through the camp in single file, with their guns held across their backs by both hands, and, not deigning to take the smallest notice of the fugitives, passed on, and camped apart some half mile farther on. The main body, ashamed of their cowardly conduct, were afraid to go near the chief; but as it was necessary to ascertain his intentions, they got Captain Porter to interview him. For some time the chief would make no reply; but finally he said, "My men have betrayed me, and I will have nothing further to do with them. I intend to return to Waiapu, and get other men; and if on my return I find Ngatikahungunu here, I will attack them for having deserted me." That same day he marched for Turanga,

followed at a distance by the fugitives. Near Patutahi, they met Colonel Whitmore, who, with 300 men of the constabulary, had just landed from Wanganui. The colonel desired Rapata to return with him; but the chief refused, saying, "I never break my word. I have said that I would go to Waiapu, and I will. But I will return with other men, to attack the Napier tribes who deserted me." After considerable persuasion, Colonel Whitmore got Rapata to promise that he would not interfere with Ngatikahungunu; but nothing would persuade him to fight again with those men of his own tribe who had deserted him. Such being the case, the steamship St. Kilda was placed at his disposal, with orders to return as soon as possible.

CHAPTER XLIV. TE KOOTI'S PROGRESS – continued.

CHAPTER XLIV. TE KOOTI'S PROGRESS – continued.

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SECOND ATTACK ON NGATAPA. MASSACRE OF SETTLERS IN ARAI AND PIPIWHAKAU BUSH. DEATH OF CAPTAIN BROWN.

AFTER Rapata had left Colonel Whitmore sent out a scouting party, to ascertain whether the enemy had left, or were still in possession of Ngatapa. The scouts reported large fires on the crest of the hill, and believed that the enemy were burning their whares preparatory to a retreat. Why they should come to this hasty conclusion does not appear, unless the wish was father to the thought. Colonel Whitmore gave credence to this strange tale, and returned to Turanga, where he made arrangements to transport his men back to Wanganui, under the comforting impression that the Hauhaus would no longer trouble the bay. No. 6 Division of the armed constabulary were sent on board the Sturt, en route for the west coast; but, as good luck would have it, Captain Fairchild was not on board, so the Sturt objected, and knocked a small hole in her bottom; where-

upon No. 6 were again landed. Looking at these orders by the light of after events, it seems a somewhat hasty conclusion to arrive at, that because there were large fires at Ngatapa, therefore the constabulary were no longer required in the bay. The real state of the case was, that the Hauhaus, anticipating the return of the Government forces, were clearing and burning all the scrub in front of their parapets, so as to destroy all cover.

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No. 6 Division were landed only just in time, for Te Kooti, well served by his scouts, was aware of Colonel Whitmore's retreat from Patutahi, and raided down upon the Arai and Pipiwhakau bush, where they murdered Mr. Fergusson, young Wylie, and a friendly Maori. Colonel Whitmore received news of the raid, and marched at once to cut off their retreat. This he did not succeed in doing, but he did come up with their rear-guard, and exchanged shots, with the result of one servant killed and a man wounded. Captain Newland, who had been sent out the previous night with sixteen troopers to ascertain the presence of the enemy, came suddenly on Te Kooti's advanced guard; and if this officer had had fifty men with him, instead of sixteen, the war with Te Kooti would probably have been finished that day, as Te Kooti was between two fires, Colonel Whitmore being close on his rear.

As it was, Newland had some difficulty in escaping through the high fern, and Te Kooti got safely back to Ngatapa, having had decidedly the best of the affair. On the 24th of December, Colonel Whitmore commenced his march to Ngatapa.

While pushing forward from Patutahi to Fort St. John, the Arawa division captured two of the enemy's spies, and shot them. On the 27th the force occupied a high ridge in front of Ngatapa, and about a mile distant from that place. Here the colonel received information that Rapata, who had just landed with 370 men, refused to march to his assistance. The report was untrue, for Rapata, although seriously ill, was nevertheless advancing slowly. He was

much annoyed by the repeated messages from Whitmore to hurry up, and particularly so by the last, which was to the effect that, if he did not come soon, Whitmore would take the place without him. Rapata replied, "Very well. I have tried, and have failed; it is his turn now;" and immediately ordered his men to camp for the day. Next morning, Whitmore came in person, having been previously advised not to bounce Rapata, and all would be well. The chief's first words were, "Have you taken the place?" "No," said the colonel, "I want you with me." "Very good," replied the other; "I will be with you to-morrow morning."

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At the Wharekopai stream the Ngatiporou halted, and, dividing into four parties, had a great war-dance to make certain that all was right. No one fell during the dance, consequently all was considered propitious, and they reached Fort Richmond that night. The position of Ngatapa was naturally a very strong one – a high conical peak rising abruptly from a mass of bush hills to a height of 2000 feet. The face towards Fort Richmond sloped up gradually to the summit; but on the right and left the slope was very steep, yet hardly a precipice, except at the spot where the enemy eventually escaped. There the side of the bill had slipped away, and left a precipice about twenty feet high, and below that for fifty feet the footing was very precarious, if obtainable. The ground in rear of the Hauhaus narrowed into a razor-back ridge, down which a track led, which was available for retreat, with the help of rope ladders to descend the rock terraces. The front slope of the position was defended by three lines of earth-and-fern-built parapets, with ditches in front in the European style. These parapets abutted at either end on the steep scarped slopes before mentioned; the outer, or first line, was about two hundred and fifty yards long and about seven feet high; the second line was shorter as the peak contracted; and the third was a most formidable work, nearly fourteen feet high, with sand-bag loop-holes to enable the defenders to fire in safety. Each line was connected with the next, by

covered ways; and altogether it was what it looked – a most imposing fortification, with its parapets rising on the steep slope, one above the other. On the 31st, the whole force marched at daybreak to a conical hill on the same ridge as the pah, but separated from it by a deep ravine, the two positions being about seven hundred yards apart. This place was called the Crow's Nest, and slightly fortified as a base of operations. The following morning the Arawa division and Ngatiporou, under Captains Gundry and Porter, pushed up the hill to commence operations. Advancing quietly and cautiously, they came upon a party of the enemy on the edge of the cleared ground (some distance from the pah), who were engaged in carrying water. Our men opened fire upon them, drove them back to the pah, and took possession of the only water obtainable. Flying rifle-pits were now commenced, and carried to within a hundred yards of the enemy's first line. Rapata then sent to Whitmore for reinforcements, and No. 7 Division were sent up. These men threw up a long line of trenches, parallel to the enemy's works; and the artillery having, with great exertion, brought up a mortar, opened a vertical fire of shells with great effect. The shells had to be carried on men's backs for about three miles, over some terrific ravines.

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Colonel Fraser, with 100 armed constabulary, and 100 Ngatiporou under Hotene, were now sent round the right flank to cut off the enemy's retreat in rear; and a long line of Ngatiporou, with No. 6 Division of the armed constabulary under Major Roberts, connected the two parties, forming a line 700 yards long. Thus, all chance of escape appeared to be cut off, for every point was guarded except the small piece of cliff before mentioned, which was about seventy yards in length, and situated between Rapata in front and Colonel Fraser in rear. This place was considered too steep to admit of the enemy's escape, and was, moreover, exposed to a flanking fire from either party. Scarcely had these dispositions been completed when it

commenced to rain, and continued for some days, increasing the hardships of the siege considerably, as the men were obliged to live in the rifle-pits, which were soon filled with mud. For some days a very heavy fire was kept up on both sides. On the 2nd of January Captain Brown, No. 7 Division, was shot dead; and, on the 3rd, Captain Capel, of the same corps, was wounded. Some of Colonel Fraser's men in rear had very hot work. A few of them, under Captain Swindley, had climbed the precipitous razor-backed ridge in rear of the pah, and formed rifle-pits, under the rock terraces that formed the summit of Ngatapa. This movement cooped the enemy up in their pah, and so alarmed them that they made several desperate efforts to dislodge our men. In one of these attempts Nikora, the Hauhaus chief, was badly wounded. Our men held the terrace rifle-pits with the most stubborn courage, losing several good men, among others the Maori Serjeant Heteraka. Constables Biddle and Black have since received the New Zealand Cross of Valour, for their intrepid conduct on this occasion. On the 4th,

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Rapata, after consulting with Colonel Whitmore, determined to storm the outer line of parapets. For this purpose he told off fifty picked men, and sent them down into the ravine, with directions to scale the cliff immediately under the end of the first parapet. This was a work of both danger and difficulty, for the cliff was steep and gravelly, affording but little foothold. To make matters worse, the Hauhaus, seeing that something was going on, crowded to the end of the trench, and fired down, wounding five of the stormers. To do this the Hauhaus had to expose themselves, and they suffered severely by the fire of the coverers. Finally, Ngatiporou succeeded in climbing up under the outer face of the parapet, which they cut through with their spades, and opened a raking fire up the trench – cleared it, and took possession of the first line of defence.

Eight of the enemy were killed in this smart affair, and we had the same number of casualties. A sap was now commenced. from this base towards the second line, and

carried on all through the night; with the intention of blowing up the parapet and storming the main work next morning. The enemy's fire was now very heavy and well directed. At one spot, where a shell had partially breached the wall, an officer had stationed himself to fire at anything that darkened the aperture. This evidently inconvenienced the enemy, and they retaliated in kind. A Ngatiporou passing the sap was shot dead; and while the doctor was examining his wound another passed, and met the same fate, both being shot through the head. Meanwhile, the storming party, 200 strong, sat in the trenches waiting for daylight. About 2 A. M. a woman in the pah called out to her relations among the Ngatiporou that Te Kooti had escaped. The Maories feared that this was a trap to lead them into the pah, and called to the woman to come out to them; but she was equally cautious, and would not move, until she was certain of the presence of some chief, who would be answerable for her safety. Finally she recognised the voice of old Wikiriwhi, and came out. Her tale that all the Hauhaus had escaped, and that only the wounded, women, and children, were left, was not believed at first; but as day dawned our men advanced cautiously, and found that her words were true enough.

On taking possession of Ngatapa several wounded men were found, and quickly disposed of by Ngatiporou. One young girl, badly wounded, was about to be killed by these people, when an Arawa native threw his arms round her, and saved her for the time being. But when the doctor had seen, and pronounced her case incurable, the benevolent Maori lost all interest in her fate, and, after covering her with a blanket, and giving her a biscuit and a panikin of water, went his way rejoicing. Some of the Poverty Bay settlers afterwards promised to carry her out; but, for some reason or other, they neglected to do so, and she was finally found by Rapata, and he out of compassion ordered her to be shot.

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HIS ESCAPE FROM NGATAPA: THE CHASE. THE HAUHAU CHIEF, NIKORA TE WHAKAUNUA, AND ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY MEN, KILLED.

WHEN it was found that the enemy had escaped, Rapata suggested following them up. The colonel gladly acquiesced, and a sharp pursuit commenced. Rapata ordered his men to follow the trail for some distance, and then scatter in small parties. He foresaw that the enemy would be too weak from want of food to continue long on the march, and would therefore scatter out of the line of pursuit. His penetration was rewarded, for his men came up with, and captured, numerous small parties of the enemy. Those who attempted to escape were shot, and those who surrendered were brought before Rapata (a stern judge), who, after a few questions, ordered them for immediate execution. The system was simple; they were led to the edge of the cliff, stripped of the clothing taken by them from the murdered settlers, then shot, and their bodies hurled over the cliff, where their bones lie in a heap to this day. Some of the pursuers were two days absent, and even these brought in prisoners. In all, about a hundred and twenty Hauhaus were killed, including one chief of high rank, Nikora Te Whakaunua, of Taupo. Weakened by his wound, he was unable to escape. His near relation, Te Rangitahau, stood by him to the last.

Another chief of rank was captured; his name was Renata Tapara, and he was the husband of the woman who first reported the escape of the Hauhaus. This man had been sent to the Chatham Islands with the other prisoners: but as he was nearly related to Rapata, and other chiefs of Ngatiporou, they had procured his release;

and when Te Kooti landed, Renata showed his gratitude by joining him at once.

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When Rapata heard that Renata was taken and being brought to him, he was greatly puzzled to know what to do with him; for save him he would not: at the same time he feared the anger of Ngatiporou chiefs if he should kill him.

Finally, he sent word to his men, that he did not want to see the captive. This was Renata's death-warrant. On receipt of the message, the party ranged their prisoners in a row, preparatory to shooting them. But Renata, game to the last, rushed at his executioners, knocked one man down, broke through, and got into the bush; but did not escape, for he was followed by two men and shot. Rapata felt that unpleasant consequences might ensue, if his brother chiefs heard that he had ordered Renata's death; so he wisely took the initiative, and sent for them, to deliberate on the fate of the dead man. he made a most feeling speech, saying how wrong it would be to save such a man just because he was related to them; and expatiated still more strongly on the duties of relatives one to the other; in fact, he placed his friends in such a dilemma that they did not know how to decide. Finally, old Wikiriwhi said, "We leave it to you." "Then," said Rapata, "he is a dead man." By this time all the Europeans had left Ngatapa; but Rapata remained with sixty men, waiting for his stragglers to come in. When he had collected thorn, he struck through the bush over the Paerau range, and came out at the head of the Waikohu stream, near Makioi. On his march, he captured eighty more prisoners, men, women, and children, and, wonderful to relate, spared them all. When asked the reason of this unusual clemency, he replied, "I was afraid the Pakehas would call me the butcher." Our loss during the siege, was one officer and ten men killed, and an officer and ten men wounded. Native accounts say there were more than two hundred men in the pah having arms, under the command of the following chiefs, viz., Te Kooti, Nepia Takutahi, Te Rangitahau,

Petera Rangihiroa, Herewini, Karanama, Paora Toki, and Nikora Te Whakaunua. During the latter part of the siege they were in want of both food and water, and would have been obliged to surrender but for the rain. By hanging out blankets and clothing, sufficient rain-water was caught for immediate use. The night that Te Kooti escaped from Ngatapa, the Whakatohea from Opotiki came to visit him, and request that he would join them at Maraetahi. Te Kooti met these people during his retreat, accepted their invitation, and remained with them for some time. While there, the Taupo chief Wirihana came with a message from Te Heuheu inviting him to Taupo.

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Te Kooti did not accept, for he had other views at this time; so he visited the Uriwera, and induced them to join him in a raid on the friendly settlement at Whakatane. One hundred men were told off for the kokiri, and placed under Wirihana, who was anxious to distinguish himself. In the meantime, Colonel Whitmore had returned to Wanganui, having thirty-five constables for the protection of the bay.

For some time after the events related, Maories of desperate character, who had been more or less implicated in the massacre, left Te Kooti, and returned to the bay, where they were allowed to remain unmolested. The settlers, justly indignant that men who had so lately murdered women and children should be allowed to settle again among them, formed themselves into a vigilance committee, and some of the members who had lost relatives during the massacre bound themselves by oath to shoot the next lot of ruffians who made their appearance. An opportunity soon presented itself. Three men left Te Kooti, and presented themselves at one of the native villages in the bay as cool as though they had never been engaged in the massacre. The chief Panapa Waihopi apprised Mr. Wylie of their arrival, and he in turn warned Messrs. Benson and Brown, both of whom had lost relatives during the massacre. These three avengers proceeded

that night to the pah, and a Maori who accompanied them pointed out the man specially reserved for Mr. Wylie, he having assisted in murdering that gentleman's son.

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Mr. Wylie fired, but without effect, for his nervous anxiety made him miss. Benson, a man of a different stamp, saw that the whole thing was likely to prove a failure, and bring them into ridicule; so, after firing a hasty shot at the escaping murderer, he rushed at the man told off for him, and shot him dead. The third Maori, alarmed at the fate of his comrades, made good his escape. On the following morning Benson was in the township, and, to his astonishment, was warned to attend as jurymen at the inquest on his victim. In vain he assured the constable that he was the man who had done the deed, and that he ought not therefore to sit. The myrmidon of the law declined to entertain the excuse, and threatened him with divers pains and penalties for noncompliance.

So Benson not only sat on his own trial, but gave evidence against himself; and the intelligent jury, having heard his statement, brought in the following verdict, "Shot by some person unknown, and serve him right."

A piece of pure patriotism, that deserves commendation in these degenerate days.

CHAPTER XLVI. OPERATIONS AGAINST TITOKOWARU.

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OPERATIONS AGAINST TITOKOWARU.

FORT LYON AMBUSH AT THE PEACH GROVE: MASSACRE OF SERGEANT MENZIES AND SIX MEN.

AFTER the fall of Ngatapa, Colonel Whitmore returned to Wanganui, and resumed operations against Titokowaru with his usual energy. The various divisions of the armed constabulary were pushed forward, and on the 21st of January Colonel Lyon occupied the high ground on the

right bank of the Kai-iwi stream, over which he had already thrown a rough bridge, and hastily fortified the position, to form a depot if required. A few days later Colonel Whitmore arrived in camp, and after reconnoitring the country decided, to advance by the Inland road on the following morning. Close to Fort Lyon this road entered a bush gorge, of so dangerous a nature that if held by an enemy it would have been impossible to force a passage. Of this Colonel Whitmore was perfectly aware, and sent forward Major Kepa and his Wanganuis that evening, to work round through the bush and take possession of the opposite end of the gorge. Later in the evening five European scouts went out on a similar errand, under the guidance of a settler who held land in the vicinity. They were instructed to scout about the gorge, and ascertain, if possible, whether the enemy were in possession. About grey dawn the camp was alarmed by a volley, and turned out in time to see the five scouts running from the bush, pursued by a large number of Hauhaus, who succeeded in overtaking one of them (McKenzie), and tomahawked him in sight of the whole camp, before his comrades could render him assistance. The settler who led them was also wounded. By this time the camp was under arms, and a smart skirmish took place for a few moments, during which we lost another man, the enemy retiring rapidly, but without loss. It was a most fortunate circumstance for the force that our scouts had discovered the ambush, which the enemy had laid on either side of the ravine through which the road ran. Had the discovery been delayed one half-hour, Nos. 3 and 6 Divisions would have marched into the very centre of their enemies, and have been shot down without the smallest chance of retaliation. Immediate advantage was taken of the Hauhaus' retreat. Four divisions of armed constabulary followed up, passed the gorge, and took up a position about two miles beyond. Here the force concentrated and on the 2nd of February advanced upon Tauranga-a-heka pah, of which the main body of the Hauhaus held possession.

Three divisions of the constabulary skirmished across the open ground in front of the pah, and took cover under a long line of bank and ditch; sufficiently near to the enemy to be able to exchange rather strong repartee between the occasional volleys. This position was held all night, as it was intended to surround the pah on the following morning; but just before dawn the Hauhaus fire stopped, and our men no longer received answers to their challenges. The divisions waited anxiously for daybreak, when Constable Black of No. 1 Armed Constabulary volunteered to reconnoitre the pah; he jumped over the bank and walked coolly up to the palisades, climbed up, and found that the enemy had gone away during the night. This pah, like that at Moturoa, was beautifully built; the casemates would have held 500 men, and could only have been taken by mining, or by starving the garrison. Instant pursuit was ordered, and while the Europeans followed the track leading to the Weraroa, Kepa and twelve of his men followed the Hauhaus trail through the bush to the Karaka Flat, where he suddenly found himself in the midst of the enemy's rearguard. Fortunately for Kepa, the enemy could not fire for fear of shooting each other, so this brave little band fired a volley into the thickest of their foes, then clubbed their rifles, and broke through the ring, leaving one of their own men and three of the enemy dead behind the in. The firing brought up No. 3 Division, just arrived at the Weraroa. They crossed the deep ravine separating the two plateaus, and while deploying on the Karaka received a volley which wounded three men; the fire was returned, and Te Ritemona, a chief of Ngaruahine, killed. This satisfied the Hauhaus, who continued their retreat across the Waitotara, leaving behind them the headless body of Hori Raukawa, who had been killed when Kepa was surrounded. On the 4th, the force was employed in searching for the enemy, but failed to find them. On the following day 200 men marched to Moturoa, under the impression that Titokowaru had re-occupied that stronghold; but it was

not so, it had evidently not been visited since the fight on the 7th of November. The bodies of those men who had been left on the field that day, or rather what was left of them, for they had been treated in the same manner as at Te Ngutu, were collected, brought away, and burnt in one high pyre. On the return of the force to the Weraroa, intelligence was received that two settlers, Messrs. Brewer and Williams, who had gone out to look for cattle, were missing; it was concluded as a matter of course that they had been waylaid and killed, but to the great delight of everyone in camp, they turned up that night, and reported that they had been chased by the Hauhaus, and had only escaped by hiding in the bush until it was dark. From this it was evident that the wily foe were still lurking in the neighbourhood, and a week later the force received a strong confirmation of the fact. Colonels Fraser and Herrick, and Major Cumming, while visiting the camp at the Karaka, were informed that there were quantities of peaches on the other side of the Waitotara river; the two latter wished to go and get them, but Colonel Fraser demurred, objecting to walk up the steep bill.

Sergeant Menzies, of No. 2 Division, hearing the discussion, volunteered to go for the peaches. After obtaining Colonel McDonnell's permission, he took nine men and crossed the river in a small canoe. They were quietly gathering the fruit, unconscious of the presence of an enemy, when a volley was fired at them. None were hit; they seized their rifles, and instead of making a stand under the shelter of the river-bank, they foolishly tried to get into the canoe. The enemy, seventy strong, took advantage of this, and lining the river-bank, shot them down one by one. No. 2 Division, hearing the firing, rushed to the rescue, but too late; they recovered the canoe, and, crossing, found Sergeant Menzies frightfully tomahawked, his left leg having been cut off and taken away. Another man was found who had succeeded in swimming the river, and had been shot through the head just as he landed. Of the ten men, seven were

killed and one wounded. This unfortunate affair cast a gloom over the whole camp, but it also taught the men a useful lesson, though at the expense of seven lives. The Hauhaus, elated by their success, tried another ambush on the following day, but without result. The Arawas of No. 8 Division fell back in confusion, but, Kepa and his Wanganuis charged through them, and the enemy saved themselves by a precipitate retreat, and their knowledge of the ground.

CHAPTER XLVII. OPERATIONS AGAINST TITOKOWARU – continued.

CHAPTER XLVII. OPERATIONS AGAINST TITOKOWARU – continued.

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MURDER OF THE REV. MR. WHITELY, LIEUTENANT AND MRS. GASCOIGNE. AND THREE CHILDREN. SKIRMISH AT OTAUTO ON THE PATEA RIVER. ATTACK ON TE NGAHERE.

ON the 20th, intelligence reached Colonel Whitmore that the Rev. Mr. Whitely, Lieutenant Gascoigne, Mrs. Gascoigne, and three children had been murdered at the White Cliffs, north of Taranaki, by the chief Wetere, and his Ngatimaniapotos. No motive for this diabolical act has ever been assigned, and it can only be supposed to have originated in an outburst of fanaticism on the part of the king (Tawhiao), as both Wetere and Reihana accused him of having instigated the outrage.

The Rev. Mr. Whitely was about the last man in New Zealand whom the Maories ought to have murdered, for he was one of their sincerest friends. He was not one of those missionaries who, because they sympathise with the Maori, think it necessary to abuse their own countrymen, and he was respected accordingly; for a Maori is ever suspicious of those whose zeal leads them to decry their own kindred.

This crime placed the colonel in a difficulty by forcing him to send 100 men to Taranaki, as a protection

against any further outbreak on that side; but it did not prevent his carrying on the pursuit of Titokowaru. Up to the 7th of March, the force was employed searching the Upper Waitotara for the enemy; but without effect. Maori-built stretchers were found, showing that they had several casualties, and in one village the Arawas disinterred, a body, that had evidently been shot only a short time previously. On the 8th, Colonel St. John, commanding at Patea, reported Titokowaru and his force in the neighbourhood, of the Putahi and New Taranaki. Colonel Whitmore started in pursuit, but not soon enough to stop the enemy laying an ambuscade on the sea cliffs at the mouth of the Whenuakura, and attacking the baggage convoy; had the execution been as bold as the design, they must have met with great success, as the officer in charge of the convoy, Lieutenant Hunter, had but few men, and some of them behaved badly. Yet so feeble was the Hauhau attack, that he beat them off without losing a man. By this time the scouts had ascertained that the enemy were at Otauto, a village on the left bank of the Patea river; and on the evening of the 12th, two columns under Colonels St. John and Whitmore started to attack the position. The left, under St. John, 200 strong, marched up the right bank of the Patea, and occupied Otoia and the fords of the river, so as to cut off retreat in that direction; while Colonel Whitmore with 400 men proceeded up the left bank to attack Otauto. The morning was very misty, and our leading men almost stumbled over the advanced picket of the Hauhaus, who fired and retreated on their main body, rousing them to a sense of their danger. The divisions were at once deployed into line and pushed forward, but they found themselves exposed to so heavy a fire from the enemy, rendered invisible by the mist, that they were compelled to halt, and lie down until the fog lifted. After about half an hour's heavy firing, which did but little harm, objects became clearer, and Kepa reported that the enemy's camp was within a few yards. A general charge

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was ordered and the enemy retreated, closely followed by the Wanganuis, who returned about noon, having killed two or three stragglers and captured two women.

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On the first alarm the enemy had abandoned their camp, which was pitched on the edge of a deep ravine, and had taken cover just under the edge of the plateau, in a position evidently chosen beforehand, whence their fire could sweep the ground all round the camp, without the smallest danger to themselves. Had not our men halted and taken cover when they did, our loss would have been serious, as the enemy, covered by the mist, would have continued their fire until our men had almost touched them, while we, unconscious of the deep ravine, would have fired over their heads. As it was, we had six killed and twelve wounded, whereas the enemy did not lose more than three men during the fight. On the 16th, Kepa, who had been some days scouring the country, sent word that he had found the enemy in force at Te Whakamaru. Colonel Lyon, who was then in command of the column, pushed forward and joined Kepa on the evening of the 17th, and the whole lay in ambush within a few hundred yards of their foes, waiting for daylight. The plan of attack agreed upon was that Kepa, with the Wanganuis and the Arawas, should make a long detour, and take up a position in rear of the Hauhaus, while Colonel Lyon with the Europeans attacked them at first dawn of day. Could this plan have been carried out, it must have resulted in the extermination of the enemy; but their good fortune helped them on this as on other occasions.

During the night, Titokowaru and other chiefs could be heard speaking to their people, lamenting their losses at Otauto, and disputing as to the route by which the retreat should be continued. While this was going on, a mounted scout, whom we afterwards heard was Katene, came from the enemy, and rode through the advanced guard without seeing them; but unfortunately discovered the main body,

and galloped back firing his revolver. Our men, knowing that their chance was gone, hurried forward to the attack, and found that the chief who two months before had threatened to drive the Pakeha into the sea, and who really believed he could do it, had bolted ignominiously. Again Kepa started in pursuit, with a picked force of Wanganui, Arawa, and Europeans. The enemy were found very much scattered, as though they apprehended pursuit. Three men who had taken shelter in the trees were shot, and three women captured, and brought into camp, where they gave the important information that the Hauhaus were retreating on Te Ngaihere, that almost mythical stronghold of which everyone had heard something, but which no one had seen.

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Te Ngaihere is situated about sixteen miles inland of Keteonetea, and is a large island in the centre of a broad quaking swamp, the narrowest portion of which is four hundred yards across. In former times, the Ngatitupaea tribe, after meeting reverses in the field, would retreat to this natural fortress, where they were perfectly safe from pursuit. It is quite probable that the swamp was deeper and more impassable in those days, for though difficult and often dangerous of passage, it does not offer insuperable obstacles at the present time. Of this fact Colonel Whitmore was not aware, and proceeded under the impression that the dangers were as great as formerly. The force marched from Keteonetea on the 20th, and camped near Tirotiromoana, and on the evening of the following day reached Te Ngaihere. It was necessary to devise some means of crossing the swamp, and Colonel Whitmore, seldom at a loss, ordered the whole force to employ themselves in making supplejack hurdles, fifteen feet long and four feet wide, sufficient to cover four hundred yards of swamp. So well and silently was this work carried out, that the hurdles were all finished, carried to the swamp, and laid across it, by the evening of the 24th, and this without

alarming the enemy, who had not the slightest idea that the force was in their immediate vicinity. At 4 a. m. on the 25th the column began to cross; it was easy work for the first hundred, but before the last man had passed, the fibrous quaking surface had sunk under the pressure, and the men were up to their knees in muddy water. Leaving Colonel Lyon to hold the tete-de-pont in case of retreat being necessary, Colonel Whitmore pushed forward, and having partially surrounded the kainga before dawn, he felt certain of success. So close were the men to the enemy before they were discovered, that they heard one of the Hauhaus say, "Soon this evil man" (Titokowaru) "will cause the Wanganuis to come down upon us at night, and destroy us." The people of this village had no great love for

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Titoko, and had refused to join him. Their astonishment on discovering our men was most amusing; some ran away, while others ran towards us, giving us welcome, and the Wanganuis called out to our men not to fire, as their chiefs Aperaniko and Kawana Paipai were among the people of the village. Men, women, and children were seen escaping across the swamp within fifty yards of our line, and no order was given to fire, as Colonel Whitmore was under the impression that they belonged to the Ngatitupaea, whereas they were really Titokowaru's tribe. When the fugitives had gained a fair start, Takarangi, chief of Te Ngaihere, came forward to welcome Colonel Whitmore, and explained that the people who had run away belonged to the Araukuku tribe, who were afraid to trust themselves with the Pakeha.

The colonel had never heard of these people, and did not know that they were rank Hauhaus, who, under the direction of Titoko, had been engaged in every action against us, and had lost their leading chief Kaake at Te Ngutu o te manu. When at last he was made acquainted with the state of affairs, the enemy had got a long start, and it was too late to overtake them. Takarangi admitted

afterwards that there were ten of Titoko's men in the kainga, but that he had been afraid to say so. The failure of this ably conceived and well executed plan must be attributed entirely to the Wanganui tribe, in their anxiety to save their near relatives, the Ngatitupaea, and to pay off an old debt of gratitude to Titokowaru.

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This debt had been incurred nearly forty years before, when the Ngatipehi of Taupo, 200 strong, under Te Whakarau and Tauteka, made a raid upon the Waitotara tribe; at first they were successful, but delayed their return march so long, that they allowed the tribes of Taranaki Ngatiruanui and the Pakakohi to muster to the number of 1100 men. This strong war party found the Taupo tribe entrenched at the Patoka pah, an immediate attack was made, and the result was that very few of Ngatipehi escaped. Only one man was spared by the victors, and that man happened to be a Wanganui, and a near relation of the chief Pehi Turoa. He was saved by the father of Titokowaru.

CHAPTER XLVIII. OPERATIONS AGAINST TITOKOWARU – continued.

CHAPTER XLVIII. OPERATIONS AGAINST TITOKOWARU – continued.

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COLONEL WHITMORE MARCHES ON GENERAL CHUTE'S TRACK TO TARANAKI. HUNTING UP STRAGGLERS. CAPTURE OF PAKAKOHI BY MAJOR NOAKE.

THE Hauhaus had apparently retreated in the direction of Ngatimaru, inland of the Waitara river; but as it was possible that straggling parties of the enemy might be in the neighbourhood of Te Ngutu, Colonel Whitmore sent the chief Kepa to scout that country. This was done on the 3rd of April, but no trace of the enemy was found, and it was evident that the Hauhaus had really deserted their country. Such being the case, the Wanganuis were sent

back to their homes, and the European portion of the force, 318 of all ranks, under Colonel St. John, marched through the bush by General Chute's track to the Waitara. The column camped that evening at the Patea river; they had been delayed by the illness of Colonel Fraser, who had an epileptic fit on the road, and a portion of the force were detached to carry him back to Patea. The second day's march brought the column to Mataitawa, and on the after-noon of the following day they reached the Waitara. From here Colonel Whitmore and the Hon. J. C. Richmond reconnoitred Mokau from the deck of the Sturt; but decided that the landing would be attended with too much danger, and that it was not advisable to attempt an attack. The various divisions were therefore embarked for Tauranga, on the long-projected campaign against the warlike Uriwera tribes, in their own mountain fastnesses. Operations against the Hauhaus in the Patea district did not cease with Colonel Whitmore's departure. Titoko and the Ngaruahine tribe had certainly cleared out of the districts, but his allies the Pakakohi and Ngarauru, numbering about two hundred fighting men, were still to the fore, if they could only be found. These tribes had joined Titoko while successful, and deserted him immediately after the fight at Otauto, when it became evident to them that the Pakeha would be too much for the Hauhaus, who were now about to reap the reward of their misdeeds. Colonel Lyon was left in charge of the Patea district, and he had under his command about two hundred of the constabulary, including No. 9 Division (Ngatiporou) and several local volunteer corps, the majority of whom were tried men.

Captain Bryce of the Kaiwi cavalry commenced the work that ended so successfully. During the latter end of March, while scouting the bush behind Pakaraka, that officer took prisoners a man, woman, and child; the man was spared on condition that he acted as guide to an expedition then forming to proceed up the Waitotara river. On the

1st of April a party of 143 men, under the command of Major Noake, started through the bush to strike the river inland, and on the second day arrived at a small settlement called Pokai, where they had the good fortune to find a canoe. From this point Captain Hawes was sent back to Te Auroa village, with the double purpose of keeping open the track in case of retreat, and searching for canoes, while Captain Kells was sent forward with a small party in the captured canoe, on a similar errand. Both were successful; Captain Kells found two large ones at pah Rakau, and Hawes another at Te Auroa. Major Noake was now in a position to ascend the river, and pushed forward to Te Iringi with sixty men. This was a large settlement, which it was fully expected would be defended by the enemy; but such was not the case, for it had been recently deserted, the cattle and poultry being left behind. The guide, when questioned, said he believed the men had retired to Piraunui, a large settlement at no great distance. The column therefore advanced cautiously, expecting a volley every minute; but on nearing the pah a white flag was seen waving from the palisades, and our men were welcomed by a decrepit old woman, who had evidently been left to receive them.

Captain Bryce was sent forward next day and ascended the river ten miles farther, until he came upon three men in a canoe; the men escaped, but the canoe fell into our hands.

By this time the column had penetrated sixty miles up the river, and had destroyed or carried off everything portable; but the main object of the expedition failed, as the Hauhaus were evidently on their guard, and had retired to the Upper Wanganui. Such being the case, Major Noake retired to the Weraroa, where the loot was sold, for the benefit of the men engaged. On the 20th, Captain Hawes, one of the best scouts in the service, started with ninety men, composed of No. 9 Division Armed Constabulary (Ngatiporous) and some volunteers, to scout the country inland of the

Whenuakura river. No sign of recent occupation was seen, and it did not appear that the Pakakohi tribe were inhabiting that district. The Waitotara and Whenuakura districts had now been searched unsuccessfully, and there only remained the Patea; this was left to Colonel Lyon, who on the 3rd of May crossed the river at Hukatere and camped at Otauto, where fresh tracks were seen. A party of Ngatiporou scouts under Te Hata were sent in pursuit, and came across three men, two of whom were caught and shot.

On the following day two others were seen, and met the same fate; one of them proved to be a woman dressed in men's clothes. Another party of our men saw about forty Hauhaus, most of whom escaped by their canoes; the others scattered in every direction, and our force having no canoes returned to Patea. On the 9th of June, Major Noake took the matter in hand with complete success; he started from Patea with 270 men of all ranks, and proceeded up the river in canoes. On the fourth day they arrived at a village called Paetata, where they were met by an envoy from the leading chief of the Pakakohi (Ngawakataurua), who wished to sue for peace. Mr. Booth, native magistrate, went up the river to arrange terms, while Major Noake held the envoy as hostage for his safety.

Mr. Booth was absent longer than was expected, and Major Noake, uneasy as to his fate, took fifty men and started for Kurenui, where he found Taurua and his people. The major was not learned in Maori diplomacy, and cut the Gordian knot in a manner very pleasant to think of. He first gave Mr. Booth to understand that, having arrived on the ground, he (Major Noake) was master of the occasion; so after sending half his men to the rear of the pah, he informed Taurua that, before he treated with rebels, they must lay down their arms. The Hauhaus, unused to such decisive measures, hesitated, but it was too late, the Pakehas were all round them, and evidently quite ready to commence. So Taurua made a virtue of necessity and fell gracefully, by laying his gun at the major's feet. His

men followed suit, and thirty guns were quietly laid on the ground. The tribe were then informed that they would be taken to Patea, until the Government had decided as to their treatment; so the whole of that section of the tribe, forty-six men, including the chiefs Taurua, Iraia, and Kiriona, thirty-seven women, and forty children, were taken prisoners and handed over to the safe keeping of Ngatiporou. Eighteen canoes were taken as Government loot, but their houses and cultivations were not destroyed, as they had given in peacefully. Thus far we had been most successful, but there were still about seventy members of this tribe at large; and immediate steps were taken to capture them, before they could join Titokowaru at Ngatimaru.

To accomplish this, Hori Kerei and a party of the Wanganui tribe started in pursuit, and returned on the 21st with forty prisoners, of whom sixteen were well armed. The last expedition was on the 7th of July, when Captain Hawes succeeded in capturing eight men up the Whenuakura river, but unfortunately allowed the chief Te Onekura to escape. This man had been the leader in the treacherous murder of Mr. C. Broughton; he was recaptured a few weeks later, and died in Otago, as did all those who took an active part in that murder. Nearly the whole of the Pakakohi tribe were now in the hands of the Government, to the number of 180. The

men were transported to Otago, and won golden opinions from the authorities by their quiet behaviour; it may therefore be concluded that imprisonment did them good, as quiet behaviour had not been characteristic of that tribe for several hundred years.

These operations ended a campaign which had commenced with the murder of the three settlers a year before. During that period, many engagements had been fought, in everyone of which our loss had been much heavier than that of the enemy's; but, for all that, the Hauhaus had been completely beaten, and driven out of their country.

The following table will show the losses on both sides during the campaign.

Losses suffered by the Colonial Forces in the Campaign against Titokowaru.

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Corps.	Killed.	Wounded.
No. 1 Division Armed Constabulary	1	7
No. 2	20	17
No. 3	17	10
No. 5	6	7
No. 6	4	8
No. 7	2	0
No. 8	3	3
Scouts	2	0
Wellington Rangers	4	9
Wellington Rifles	5	6
Taranaki Militia	2	7
Patea Cavalry	2	1
Patea Rifles	3	0
Kupapas	4	6
Settlers	6	1
Total.	81	82

Total ascertained Loss of Enemy.

Killed.... 45

Prisoners... 182

CHAPTER XLIX. CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE URIWERA TRIBE.

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CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE URIWERA TRIBE.

REASONS FOR THE CAMPAIGN. MARCH OF CONVERGING COLUMNS.

COLONEL Whitmore having driven Te Kooti from Poverty-Bay, on the east coast, and Titokowaru from the Ngatiruanui country, on the west coast, now turned his attention to those troublesome people known as the Uriwera. Their offences had been great and numerous; and to crown all, they had taken an active if not a leading part in the Poverty Bay massacre. No tribe in New Zealand deserved punishment more than these people. Living in the midst of almost impenetrable and forest-clad mountains, and seldom mixing with Europeans, against, whom they could have no grievance, they were, nevertheless, one of the first

tribes to join the King party in the Waikato, and, with the Taupo and Upper Wanganui, they fought against General Cameron at Orakau and other places. Waikato, for some reason, did not fight at Orakau, but contented themselves by looking on at a safe distance. The Uriwera have not yet forgiven the desertion which cost them so dear, and, if properly handled, would make valuable allies in any future war with Waikato. Since that period, they had made themselves conspicuous, by the murders of Pitcairn, Bennett White, and other Opotiki settlers; but the day of reckoning was at hand, for the war was about to be carried into their own country. Colonel Whitmore's plan was comprehensive – perhaps too much so; but he, knowing the difficulty of one column co-operating with another in the New Zealand bush, would not allow the campaign to depend upon happy chances, but made each detachment in a measure independent of the other. No less than four columns were to march in this expedition, and each from a different point; three of them were, if possible, to rendezvous at Ruatahuna, or some other spot in the Uriwera country, and annihilate all opposition. Colonel Whitmore was to start from Te Matata, with a mixed force of Europeans and Arawa, and march by way of Kokohinau across the Kaingaroa plain. he would then attack Te Harema pah, in the Ahikereru valley, and push on to Ruatahuna to meet Colonel St. John, who, with another column, would march from Whakatane, and follow the riverbed to the same place, attacking all the pahs and kaingas en route. The two parties having met, would, then join and march over the Huiarau range to Waikaremoana, where it was expected Colonel Herrick would be found. This officer would march from Te Wairoa, cross the lake (then almost unknown), and destroy all the pahs, after which there would be little to do, beyond hunting the stragglers. The fourth column, consisting of the mounted division of the armed constabulary force, some sixty strong, were to march from Wanganui to Napier, and thence by Te Haroto to

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Taupo, where it was intended they should act as a patrol, and cut off all fugitives attempting to reach Waikato. In pursuance of these plans, a portion of the west coast field force, consisting of Nos. 4 and 6 Armed Constabulary and No. 8 (Arawa Armed Constabulary), left the Waitara in the Sturt and St. Kilda steamers on the 10th April, and arrived in Onehunga on the evening of the 11th. After landing the baggage, No. 6 Armed Constabulary and the guides were marched across the isthmus to Auckland, with the intention of embarking at once on board the Lord Ashley, then lying at the wharf; but the temptation to remain one day in Auckland was too much for men who had been months in the bush. It was dark when the column reached Queen Street, and its strength gradually dwindled and became beautifully less as it reached the wharf, when it was found that only about half the men were present. Nos. 4 and 8 Divisions behaved no better; they had landed early in the morning, and had been all day in town, but this did not satisfy them, and many were absent when the steamer started. Colonel Whitmore seriously affronted the whole force, by telling a member of the Government, "This is what I have to put up with – mutinous men and discontented officers." Now, excepting always No. 8, the Arawa division, who had been pampered until they were perfectly useless, the men were not mutinous, but simply thought they deserved a holiday, even though it did delay the force for a day. The proof that the officers were not discontented, is that they actually put the camp equipage and baggage on board the steamer themselves at midnight, it being impossible to get men in the hurry and confusion of embarkation. On the 13th the force (minus sixty men) reached Tauranga, and camped at Maunganui, to await the arrival of Colonel Whitmore, who had remained in Auckland to hunt up the stragglers. Meanwhile the Sturt and St. Kilda returned to the Waitara, to bring up Nos. 1 and 2 Divisions, and on the 14th Colonel Whitmore arrived with the absentees. A steamer

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had been chartered to bring them down, and the amount was deducted from their pay; if I recollect aright, it amounted to £5 per head. The Arawa division, finding themselves once more in their own country, and that their services were urgently required in the forthcoming campaign, saw a chance of giving some of the trouble for causing which this insolent tribe is notorious: so they promptly mutinied, and were disbanded, or, more strictly speaking, they disbanded themselves, and ill-natured men still say that we lost nothing, and the enemy gained as much by their defection.

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CHAPTER L. CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE URIWERA TRIBE – Continued.

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CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE URIWERA TRIBE – Continued.

TE KOOTI ATTACKS WHAKATANE. TAKING OF AHIKERERU. DEATH OF LIEUTENANT WHITE. DOINGS OF COLONEL ST. JOHN'S COLUMN.

ON the 19th, the force reached the Matata, after a most fatiguing march over heavy sand, and one-half the men were crippled by the new boots they had purchased in Tauranga. Whether Te Kooti had foreseen this combined attack or not, it is impossible to say, but he certainly anticipated it, by striking one of those rapid blows for which he is so famous. On the 18th of March, a kokiri of 100 men, under the Taupo chief Wirihana, and directed by Te Kooti, attacked the settlement of Whakatane. The leader was one of the first men killed; he was shot at the mill by an old Frenchman (Jean Garraud), who made a vigorous defence, killing two men before he was tomahawked. The large pah was next attacked, but the Hauhaus were beaten off with heavy loss, and the enemy retired to the cover of a large whare, and commenced to sap. After two days' work they succeeded in reaching the palisades; and Ngatipukeko (the occupants of the pah), having expended their ammunition, lost their two

chiefs Hori Tunui and Heremaia Tautere, besides five men, three women, and two children, called a truce with Te Kooti, and agreed to surrender the pah that evening. Te Kooti, on his part, was only too glad to terminate affairs in this manner, for he had lost nearly twenty men.

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After concluding negotiations with the large pah, the Hauhaus crossed the river to attack a smaller fortification on the opposite bank, and sacked and burnt the stores of Messrs. Simpkin and Milburne. When Ngatipukeko saw Te Kooti safe across the river, they quietly left their pah and escaped in the direction of Te Matata; for some time their retreat was not noticed, but on being discovered they were pursued so closely, that many would have been killed had not Major Mair appeared on the scene. That officer had received information of the attack, and was advancing with a strong party of Europeans and. Arawa. Te Kooti, unwilling to try conclusions on the open ground, fell back to a strong position among the hills, where he awaited our attack. he had then about 200 men of various tribes under his command, Uriwera, Whakatohea, and Chatham Islanders, so superior as fighting men to the Arawa, that Major Mair decided not to attack until further reinforced. On the 12th, a skirmish between the enemy and a small reconnoitring party ensued; but as usual, where Maories alone are engaged, without loss. On the 15th a forward movement was made, and it was then found that Te Kooti had retired inland, and carried off the people of the Paharakeke village, numbering about fifty, men, women, and children. That same evening, reinforcements of the Arawa arrived, and raised Mair's force to 450. Next morning they started in pursuit, and found the trail leading in the direction of Tauaroa; our advanced guard reached that place on the 18th, and found the enemy there in force.

During the evening, a deserter from Te Kooti arrived in camp, and gave the information that there were 100 men in Tauaroa, besides the Paharakeke and Patuherehere

people; and that sixty mounted Hauhaus had gone to Motumako, to take prisoners the Ngatimanawa tribe, who lived there. Major Mair sent a messenger at once to hurry up the main body, and as they arrived, assigned to each tribe a position, to prevent the enemy's escape during the night.

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It was now getting dark, and the chief Pokia declined to take up his post; in vain Major Mair urged that Te Kooti might escape. The chief admitted the probability, but declined to move until daylight. Wi Marsh's people and the Ngatiwhakaaue took up their position; Ngatipukeko refused to go nearer than five hundred yards, and Ngatirangitihi, who knew the place well, not only refused to act as guides, but disappeared altogether during the night. Under such circumstances it is not astonishing that Te Kooti again escaped. About 9 p. m. the mounted Hauhaus returned from Motumako, and a skirmish ensued between them and Wi Marsh's people; during the confusion which ensued, Te Kooti probably effected his escape, for about midnight it was discovered that the pah was empty. In the morning, the dead body of a Maori was found in the rifle-pits of the pah; he had been taken prisoner the day before; his hands were tied, and his head cut to pieces. Shortly after daybreak, Te Kooti's rearguard might be seen ascending the high range leading to Ahikereru. But the Arawa refused to pursue, showing the same intense dread of the Uriwera that they afterwards exhibited when with Colonel Whitmore. Peraniko, chief of Ngatimanawa, succeeded in escaping from the Hauhaus, and reported that it was Te Kooti's intention to make raids on the Pay of Plenty settlements; and that in the event of the Uriwera joining him, he would attack either Wairoa or Mohaka. Major Mair, after his experience of the Arawa, took the wise course of disbanding this braggart but useless tribe, and awaited the arrival of Colonel Whitmore and his Europeans, of whose advent he had received notice. On the 21st of April, the Sturt and St. Kilda arrived with

Nos. 1 and 2 Divisions of the armed constabulary, to join Colonel St. John's column at Whakatane, and as those men had the hardest fighting during the campaign, their doings shall take precedence of the others. On the 22nd, No. 1 Division Armed Constabulary marched to Oporiau, and No. 2 occupied the mill at Whakatane, ready to receive the stores expected by the re turn trip of the Sturt, which arrived on the 1st of May, with provisions and ammunition.

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On the following day, the column assembled at Oporiau, and each man received sixty rounds of extra ammunition, and five days' rations, for the march to that terra incognita, Ruatahuna. On the 4th, the column, consisting of the following companies,

No. 1 Division Armed Constabulary.. 108 men of all ranks.

No. 2 " " 97 "

No. 4 " " 23

No. 8 " " 7

Guides..... 10

Native Contingent...180

In all..... 425 men,

commenced their march into the enemy's country. Two doctors accompanied the column, and the friendly natives carried some spare ammunition and two days' supply of very bad bacon.

After a long and tedious march of twenty miles up the bed of the Whakatane, during which the men crossed this strong stream twenty-eight times, the force camped for the night at Tunanui.

On the following day, the march was of the same description, and the men camped at Waikere Whenua. Up to this time no sign of the enemy's presence was visible. On the 6th, the column started at 6 a. m., and about noon had gained the top of a high hill, from which the Hauhau village of Omaratangi could be seen. While the

men were resting, and Colonel St. John was reconnoitring the position, the report of a gun was heard in the village, and

the column supposed themselves discovered, but such was not the case; Colonel St. John, however, gave orders for an immediate advance and attack. So steep was the range on which the force stood, that they appeared quite close to the village, but the winding track took some time to descend. The guides, led by Lieutenant White, and the handful of Ngapuhi, composing No. 8, under Captain Gundry, dashed into the village, completely surprising it. Six men, two women, and a child were killed in the confusion, and several women taken prisoners, our only casualty being Lieutenant White, who was slightly wounded. The real work now commenced in earnest, for the Uriwera, delighting in ambuscades, and enraged at their loss at Omaratangi, would be certain to retaliate in the difficult country lying between them and Ruatahuna. The force camped for the night in the captured village, and resumed their march on the following morning, continuing up the bed of the Whakatane. Lieutenant White and his scouts led the way cautiously, knowing that they would be ambushed before long; and while in the act of crossing the river, about two miles from camp, the volley came. White fell, mortally wounded, in the water, and a constable of No. 8 was severely wounded. The enemy were established in a strong position on the opposite bank, commanding the ford, which it was impossible to cross until they were dislodged. To attain this object, Colonel St. John ordered No. 1 Division to advance up the river, cross at another ford, and, if possible, cut off the ambuscade. No. 1 were smart in their movements, but when they had arrived at the spot indicated, the enemy had decamped to a safe distance on the range above. Here the brave Lieutenant White received a soldier's grave, and of him it may be safely said, that no better man ever fought in New Zealand. Meanwhile, the Hauhaus had taken up a position on the range over which the track led, and amused themselves by firing volleys at the burial parties, wounding two of the native contingent, one

mortally. The column moved forward to attack this position, a very nasty one, for the track led through high fern and wound up the steep face of the hill. So rough was the ground, that it was hardly possible to show a front of more than two men, a formation very trying to the leading files.

A party was therefore detached to turn the enemy's left, and outflank the rifle-pits on the ridge, which completely commanded the track. The whole face of the hill was covered with dense fern and scrub, and towards the top there was bush, affording splendid cover to the defenders. After allowing sufficient time for the flanking party to get into position, the main body received orders to advance, and dashing up the steep slope, entered the pits, which they found deserted; two or three stand of arms had been left behind by the enemy in their hurry. After a short halt, the column pushed forward to Te Whenuanui's pah, about three miles distant. It was a tumble-down sort of affair, erected on a spur near the bush, and, like all the Uriwera pahs, evidently not meant for defence, for they never dreamt that we should have the temerity to attack them in their own mountain land. When within eight hundred yards, the enemy opened a harmless fire, and the colonel, having examined the place through his field-glass, ordered Colonel Fraser, with No. 1 Division and some Maories, to work round the left of the pah, while Nos. 2 and 8, under Sub-Inspector Scannell, took the same movement on the right; at the same time he gave instructions that on reaching certain points, a general charge should be made by the two divisions. Fraser's course could be traced until he entered the bush; but the right attack was lost sight of at once, their line of advance being up one of the many mountain streams with which this region abounds. The centre, under St. John, were about to advance, when Fraser's men were seen to rush out of the bush, and make for a clearing about two hundred yards from and completely commanding the pah.

This premature movement alarmed the enemy for their safety, and they hastily evacuated the place and fled to the bush, before the right attack could get into position. The force camped here for the night, fires were lighted, and the men had just made themselves comfortable, when the sentries reported the enemy in force on the edge of the bush; the men turned out in great excitement, and a few shots had been fired, when the intrusive enemy was discovered to be a sub-division of No. 2, who, in some unaccountable manner, had lost their way during the attack. Early on the morning of the 8th, some of the enemy were observed on the edge of the forest, and one of them was shot by a friendly native; he proved to be the husband of a woman captured at Omaratangi. After breakfast the reserve bacon was served out, and the column marched for Ruatahuna.

CHAPTER LI. CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE URIWERA TRIBE – continued.

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CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE URIWERA TRIBE – continued.

RUATAHUNA. DEATH OF CAPTAIN TRAVERS. MAJOR ROBERTS' COLUMN.

ABOUT noon the force arrived in front of Tatahoata. This fortification was built on an open plateau, with the main bush on its right front, the Whakatane river six hundred yards distant on its left, and a deep creek, with high scrub on its banks, in rear; the pah was garrisoned by about sixty men, and forty more were posted in a small bush commanding their right flank. Colonel Fraser and his division, supported by the Ngaitai tribe, were ordered to skirmish between the pah and the main bush, which was held by the enemy; the left sub-division of No. 1, supported by No. 4, were to engage these men, while the remainder pushed round to the rear of the pah; No. 2 Armed Constabulary and the Whakatohea tribe were to skirmish

across the open ground in front of the palisades, and get as near as possible; the third party, consisting of No. 8 Armed Constabulary and the Ngatipukeko tribe, were ordered to work round the left of the pah, through the scrub above the Whakatane river, and, if possible, to communicate with Colonel Fraser in rear. This disposition, had it succeeded, would have cut off the enemy's retreat, and rendered their destruction certain; the weak point was, that it pre-supposed the Uriwera remaining in their pah until the arrangements were complete, whereas the wily savages did not do so. While the several divisions were taking up their appointed positions rapidly and in good order, some one ordered the retire to be sounded; the men retired, and the Hauhaus, taking advantage of the circumstance, opened a heavy fire at close quarters, killing and wounding several men. Colonel St. John discovered the blunder in time, and ordered No. 8 to continue their flank march, and the enemy finding that they were likely to be cut off, abandoned the pah. Meanwhile Captain Travers had not been idle with his detachment on the right; he had cleared the Hauhaus out of the bush, but at the sacrifice of his own life, for he held the mistaken idea that an officer should never take cover.

During the skirmish, he was continually asked to do so by his men, but refused, and his last words were, "You cannot say I have not done my duty, boys." Only one dead Hauhaus was found after the fight, and it is probable that their loss was small, as they had the advantage of good cover, while most of our men had to advance across tolerably open ground; our loss was not large considering the work done, being only four killed and six wounded. That evening, the right column under Colonel Whitmore arrived in sight of Tatahoata; the colonel, attended by a few guides, arrived in camp that night, but left his men camped two miles away. Considering the difficulties of the country, and that it had never before been traversed by our forces, and was therefore unknown, it speaks highly

for Colonel Whitmore's dispositions that the two columns should reach their destination (Ruatahuna) on the same day. At the same time, in Maori warfare nothing is gained by accurate marching, for either column was sufficiently strong itself to have borne down all opposition; and Maori warfare is generally in too Parthian a style to admit of successful attacks in rear, while engaged in front by a portion of the same force. Retreat is too easy in a rough country to so lightly armed and active an enemy.

The right column under Major Roberts was composed of a mixed force of armed constabulary and Arawas, the latter under their own chiefs. Colonel Whitmore accompanied this party, as he feared complications might arise among the various tribes bearing the name of Arawa, each of whom was jealous of the others, while all were in a state of funk at the prospect of penetrating the fastnesses of the Uriwera. Such being the case, Mr. Clark, Civil Commissioner, whose influence was paramount with these tribes, accompanied the colonel. The column marched from Te Matata, by way of Kokohinau and the Rangitaiki liver, on the 4th of May, 1869; about noon on the 6th, they arrived in the Whaiiti valley, and advanced to attack Te Harema pah, unseen by the enemy, who expected the force by another route. Ngatipikiao, under the chief Pokia, led the way, and for a wonder behaved well – rather too much so, for without giving the main body time to get into position, they charged into the pah, killed five men, and took the women and children (sixty in number) prisoners. Many escaped in consequence of the rashness of Ngatipikiao, but the main body of the Hauhaus fighting men were guarding the Tapiri track, by which route they supposed the Pakehas would come. They were led to this belief by the fact that Heruiwi was occupied by Captain Moorsom and his Bay of Plenty Cavalry.

The Arawas, satisfied with their performance, declined to go farther that day, so Colonel Whitmore gave in, and camped the force in the valley. On the 7th they again

refused to march; and the colonel, seeing that his plans were likely to be frustrated, ordered Major Roberts with No. 6 Armed. Constabulary, and the guides as advanced guard, to continue the march. The chief Pokia, who evidently wished to establish a character, proceeded with the column, and, thanks to the influence and exertions of Mr. Clark, the whole tribe followed. The track, as is usual in this abominable country, led up the bed of a creek, which had to be crossed and recrossed nearly fifty times. The guides under Captain Swindley led the way cautiously; for theirs was a work of danger, it being more than possible that they would fall victims to an ambushade. After some hours' marching, the enemy, who had chosen their position well, opened fire, killing one and wounding two of the guides. The main body came up quickly to their assistance, and after a smart skirmish the enemy retired. Hemi, the man who was killed, was a Waikato native, and a man of proved courage; he had been for years guide to the imperial troops in Taranaki, and was mainly instrumental in saving the lives of Lieutenant Cox and a party of the 57th Regiment after the disastrous affair of Ahuahu. The column halted for the night close to the battle-ground. During the darkness, the Arawa began to compare notes as to their ultimate chance of success; the majority declared they would go no further in such a wild, unhallowed country, where the Hauhaus kicks were so much more plentiful than Government half-pence.

In the nick of time Pokia came to the front, combated their arguments and calmed their fears, by offering to take the lead with his tribe of Ngatipikiao, provided Colonel Whitmore would allow him to fire into suspicious places as he advanced. This was a truly gallant offer, for in the bush the Arawas were as the newest of new chums. The colonel willingly agreed to Pokia's proposition, as there was nothing to be gained now by a silent advance, convincing proof that the enemy were in front of them on the track having been received.

On the following day, the wounded men were sent back

to Ahikereru under escort, and the column proceeded; the track led over successive ranges, very tiring to heavily laden men, and early in the afternoon they reached the last ridge overlooking the Ruatahuna valley, and at least 1500 feet above it. A good view was here obtained of the Tatahoata pah; a large number of men could be seen in and around it, and the colonel justly concluded that Colonel St. John was in possession. Not so the Arawa, their fears magnified our men into Te Kooti and hundreds of followers; but the march was resumed, the descent was lung and steep, and it was quite dark before the column reached the valley where

they were ordered to camp. The colonel, energetic to the last, taking a few men of the guides and a bugler, started to visit Tatahoata, to the great alarm of our native allies, who could, not believe that Colonel St. John had taken the place. When within a short distance of the pah the bugler was ordered to sound a call, and was promptly answered by an unmistakable British cheer, which removed all doubts. On the 9th, foraging and scouting parties were sent out in different directions to find traces of the enemy, and, if possible, food, for the rations were nearly consumed, and the men were threatened with horseflesh, a prospect not looked forward to with satisfaction by the European portion of the force.

CHAPTER LII. CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE URIWERA TRIBE – Continued.

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CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE URIWERA TRIBE – Continued.

TE KOOTI. ATTACK ON MOHAKA. MURDER OF LAVIN, HIS WIFE AND THREE CHILDREN, WILKINSON AND COOPER.

ON the 1th, the Hauhaus were discovered in possession of a high hill overlooking the camp, and a trifling skirmish, mere waste of time, took place, so that Colonel St. John put a stop to it. Two horses were killed this day for meat, but no one seemed to care particularly about it, though one

mess-man made a stew, and disguised the horse with potatoes sufficiently to admit of its being swallowed.

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On the following day, the Hauhaus took possession of a hill two miles from camp, and began to entrench themselves, but were dislodged after a slight skirmish by a division of the Armed Constabulary. The conquered ground was then handed over to the Arawas to hold, while the division returned to camp for their blankets, as they intended to hold the position so long as the column remained in the valley. No sooner, however, had the Europeans retired, than the Arawas did likewise, and the enemy resumed possession, and on the 12th, four divisions of the armed constabulary were paraded to retake the hill; sharp work was expected, as Te Kooti and his men from Mohaka were said to be present. Such, however, was not the case; Te Kooti did not arrive until after the force had left Ruatahuna. Contrary to their expectations, our men found the rifle-pits empty, and the hill deserted; but the Arawa scouts, under Major Mair, came across a Hauhau picket, who fired and wounded one of them. The remainder, with he exception of one man, bolted; but the major and this man charged the picket before they had time to reload, and a few shots from their revolvers started the enemy running for their lives. Colonel Whitmore had taken the precaution to send a number of Arawas under Henare Te Pukuatua round the back of the hill, to turn the position in case of serious resistance; into this party the picket ran. Three of their number were shot, and Henare, proud of his success, cut off their heads and brought them into camp, thinking that the results of this skirmish might have somewhat calmed the fears of our allies, Colonel Whitmore tried hard to persuade them to follow him to Waikare Moana; but without the slightest effect, for the Arawas, having a dread of bush fighting, particularly when against the Uriwera, were satisfied with their present safety, and only desired to get out as soon as possible. That night they held a general korero, at which all but sixty (Pokia's

men) decided to return to Ahikereru on the following day. Under these circumstances, Colonel Whitmore made up his mind to proceed with the Europeans and Pokia's men, if the retiring natives would carry out the wounded. This they promised to do; but twelve hours altered the course of events, and next morning it was found that Pokia's men had also decided to return. It was perhaps as well that they did so, for the season was too much advanced to render it safe to cross the snow-covered Huiaurau range; so, after destroying one more large kainga, the force returned to Ahikereru and took up a line of posts on the Rangitaike river, from Te Teko to Fort Galatea. Here it was intended the men should pass the winter, and occupy Taupo in the following spring. The main body of the Arawas under Major Mair, carrying the wounded, had retired by way of the Horoman gorge, a different track to that by which they came. They started on their return march shortly after Colonel Whitmore's column had left. Hardly had they ascended the range, when they saw the enemy, who had evidently been watching every movement on our part, enter their deserted camp.

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For some hours the retreat went on quietly, but about midday the enemy overtook the rear-guard of the Arawas and a few shots sent this valiant tribe rushing down the track in a state of panic-stricken terror, leaving the Ngaitai and Ngatipukeko tribes to hold the enemy in check and carry the wounded. Had it not been for the personal courage of Major Mair and Dr. Leslie, with this small but faithful band of men, who declared they would never leave their leader and his friend, the wounded must have fallen into the enemy's hands. As it was, the enemy followed all one day and part of the night, but were afraid to venture on too close quarters with men who paid so little attention to their firing and yelling. On arrival at Fort Galatea, it was found that plenty of rations had been stored there, and if any of my readers have lived on horseflesh and potatoes for any length of time, and in very

small quantities, they may picture to themselves the gastronomic feats that ensued.

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Te Kooti, after his attack on Whakatane and retreat from Tauaroa, mentioned in the preceding chapter, retired to Ruatahuna, where he called a meeting of the Uriwera, and proposed to attack either Mohaka or Te Wairoa. The Uriwera chiefs consented to join him, provided he would make a raid upon Mohaka, which was the more unprotected place of the two.

One hundred men were selected from the mixed tribes who followed Te Kooti, and with this force he marched over the Huiaurau range, and arrived at the south-west arm of the Waikare Moana lake. Te Kooti here issued an order that he would cross over in the first canoe, and that his men would then follow. A section of the Uriwera paid no attention to this order, but pushed out into the lake in a small canoe, which, when about half-way across, was capsized by one of those squalls which frequently occur on this lake. The crew reached shore with great difficulty, leaving their arms and ammunition at the bottom. So exhausted were they, that one died from fatigue. Te Kooti, with his usual promptitude, took advantage of this circumstance, and assembling his men, warned them of the extreme danger they incurred by disobeying his orders, and concluded by informing them, that the reason he had ordered them to wait until he crossed was, that God had warned him of the coming misfortune, and that it could only be avoided by Te Kooti himself crossing in the first canoe. The superstitious Maories were much impressed by this statement, and did not again disobey.

From hence the Kokiri marched by way of Te Putere to the Upper Mohaka, and arrived at the Arakanihi village before daylight. The native inhabitants, thoroughly surprised, were taken prisoners and butchered without much noise, the tomahawk being the weapon used.

A party of the Uriwera were then sent across the river to attack the bouses of the Europeans. Messrs. Lavin and

Cooper were met on the road, and the latter was shot, but the former, who was not hit by the first volley, attempted to escape with his wife. They were, however, overtaken and shot. For some reason, the Hauhaus did not molest the bodies. When found by the European force, Mrs. Lavin had a large sum of money in her pocket, and Mr. Lavin had his revolver. Three little children (Lavin's), while playing on the river-bank, were tomahawked, as also Mr. Wilkinson, making in all seven Europeans killed, a Later on the same day the Hauhaus marched down the river and attacked the Huke pah, which had a garrison of six men, and several women and children.

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The greater part of the fighting men were on an expedition against Te Waru's village at Te Kiwi, and little thought that Te Kooti was turning the tables upon them in so truculent a fashion.

CHAPTER LIII. CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE URIWERA TRIBE – Continued.

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CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE URIWERA TRIBE – Continued.

TE KOOTI. ATTACK ON THE HUKU PAH. MASSACRE OF MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN.

THE Huku pah was built close to the edge of a steep cliff, with moderately open ground on its front and flanks; but Te Kooti got his men into a hollow in the ground, about fifty yards from the pah, and summoned the garrison to surrender. The defenders, though few in number, were under the influence of a courageous man, named Heta; and they refused. The Hauhaus opened fire and commenced their rifle-pits.

All that day the place was resolutely defended, and on the following morning (Sunday, 11th of April) Te Kooti, finding he was losing time by fighting, and that the rocky nature of the ground prevented sapping, had recourse to

stratagem. he again summoned the pah to surrender, assuring the people that he would not harm them; but in the event of refusal, he threatened to storm the place and kill every man. Heta, game to the last, and distrusting Te Kooti, urged his comrades to hold out and fight on, but the chief Rutene went out to meet the enemy. Te Kooti had now introduced the thin end of the wedge, and forthwith proceeded to drive it home, by persuading Rutene to go to the next pah (Hiruharama) and fetch Hopihana, the son of the head chief (Paora Rerepu). Te Kooti rightly concluded that if he had this chief in his power, he could place him in front, and march up to each pah with impunity, for none of the Mohaka tribe would, dare to endanger the safety of their chief by firing.

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Rutene started on his treacherous errand, and used all his eloquence to assure Ropihana that Te Kooti intended them no harm. He concluded by remarking that the enemy had plenty of rum, taken from the public-houses. This last argument was too much for the young chief, and he consented to go; his wife and people would have detained him by force, but he broke from them, jumped the parapet, climbed the palisades, and joined his enemies.

Te Kooti now felt safe, and putting Ropihana in front of his men, he marched up to the Huku pah and demanded admittance. Heta was called upon to open the gate, but refused, saying to his men, "Now you see what Rutene has done; if Ropihana were not there, I could shoot Te Kooti dead." Heta's refusal did not avail the garrison, for Rutene and one of the Hauhaus, a man of great strength, opened the gate by lifting it off its hinges, and the whole party entered. At first they began to tangi over one another, as if they had been friends long parted; but after this had gone on for some time, Te Kooti stopped it by saying to the women of the pah, "Cook food for us."

One old woman, bolder than the rest, replied, "We cannot, you have taken it all from us."

"Yes," said Te Kooti, "my hand is strong." He then turned to his people, and said, "I prophesy that there will be a force sent from Te Wairoa to help these people, and it will arrive about noon; we must be prepared to meet them, therefore I order you to disarm these people."

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The women and children, thinking rightly that they were about to be killed, began to cry, and some of them ran away; but Te Kooti commanded them to remain, declaring it was not his intention to hurt any one, but that he required the arms. Heta had been a silent spectator up to this time, but he now said to some of the women near him, "Get out of this pah, and escape towards Napier; I shall never leave it." The women took his advice, and they, with a few children, were the only persons saved.

Most of the men surrendered their arms quietly, but Heta and another refused, the former saying, "We know that we are being disarmed that we may be more easily killed; but if I have to die, so also must you." So saying, he raised his rifle and fired at Te Kooti, but, unfortunately, a Hauhau standing near struck up the muzzle, and Te Kooti again escaped. Heta was shot at once, and a general massacre ensued. Rutene, the cause of all the mischief, ran to Te Kooti for protection, but it did not save him. Another Hauhau seized Ropihana and tried to shoot him, but he wrenched himself free, and escaped to the big pah, although he fell wounded three times on the way, being bit by as many successive shots. All the women and children that could be found were soon despatched, and then Te Kooti turned, his attention to the big pah, which he invested, after having taken the precaution to dig rifle-pits commanding the track by which relief must pass from the Wairoa. Four kegs of ammunition and several rifles were taken in the Huku pah, and this supply was of great service to the enemy in their attack on Hiruharama. On the same day that Te Kooti attacked Mohaka, a Maori from that place reached Te

Wairoa with intelligence of the raid. Captain Spiller, of the armed constabulary, who was in command, seems to have been under the impression that the attack was a mere ruse to draw him and his men from Te Wairoa, thus leaving the more important place open to attack. Te Kooti's friend and ally, Te Waru, was supposed to be in the neighbourhood of Waikare Moana, awaiting a chance of this sort to do mischief. Under this supposition, no stops were taken to succour the besieged, beyond sending Trooper George Hill of the armed constabulary force to reconnoitre the pah, and ascertain the truth of the Maori's statement. Both at Napier and Te Wairoa prudence was carried throughout this affair almost to the verge of timidity. There were at the latter place twenty-five men of the armed constabulary force, and as many settlers, ready and willing to fight; there were, also, nearly two hundred Maories quite ready to be led by the Europeans. A moiety of these men could have raised the siege, and saved the Huku pah; and there need have been no apprehension for the safety of Te Wairoa, for eight hours would have brought Ihaka Whanga's trusty tribe to take charge of the place in their absence. But nothing was done, and Trooper Hill proceeded on his journey of nineteen miles alone.

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When about half-way, he met Messrs. Burton and Lamplough, two settlers, who offered to accompany him; on arrival at the top of the ridge above Mohaka, the party could see the flags flying in the Huku pah, and puffs of smoke from the enemy's rifle-pits. So far, all was well; the Hauhaus' presence was proved, and it was also seen that the pah held out. Hill rode back with the news at such a pace, that just before he reached the Waihua stream his horse knocked up. Luckily, he was soon after joined by three men, who had been sent in search of him; one of these he sent back with the news, while he returned with the others to the ridge to watch the Hauhau movements. The three troopers naturally concluded that a

force would be sent at once to assist the beleaguered friendlies; they therefore returned to the ridge, that they might be in a position to give information on the arrival of the force.

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On their way they again met Burton and Lamplough, who returned with them; the horses were tied up at the bottom of the hill, and the small party ascended to the ridge, where they remained watching events for about two hours, until quite dark. They then returned to their horses, and found that one of them had broken

loose; as it was necessary to find it, Hill and Trooper Tew started to search, each taking different tracks. The others, instead of awaiting their return, rode over the flat, and in their rambles came across Tew, whom they very foolishly challenged in Maori. His answer was short, for he immediately fired and shot Lamplough's horse dead. Burton, concluding from this that Tew was a veritable Hauhau, fired in return, and so startled his own horse, that he shied and threw his rider. The third man (Mitchell), hearing the firing and the galloping of the riderless horse, felt certain that the Hauhaus were on them, and shouting to Hill to run for his life, galloped off as hard as he could, until he came to grief over a flax-bush, and was also left horseless.

Each man being under the impression that he was surrounded by the enemy, took cover, hardly daring to breathe. Hill, hearing Mitchell move among the raupo, slid over a steep bank into a swamp, where he stood all night with his carbine ready, and up to his knees in mud and water. In the morning this ludicrous series of mistakes was discovered, and a cooey brought all the stragglers out of their hiding-places.

CHAPTER LIV. CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE URIWERA TRIBE – continued.

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CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE URIWERA TRIBE – continued.

TE KOOTI ATTACKS HIRUHARAMA. GALLANT CONDUCT OF TROOPER HILL.

SHORTLY before noon, a party of 100 Maories, under the old chief Ihaka Whanga, arrived on the ridge. Twenty-five of them were Mohaka men, who had been absent on an expedition against Te Waru's village (Te Kiwi), where they had killed nine men. They were burning to avenge the deaths of their women and children, and were consequently to be depended on; but the same could not be said of the remainder (half Hauhaus), who did not intend to fight if they could help it. The five Europeans were eagerly questioned about the pahs, and stated that, so far as they knew, neither had surrendered. The war party, satisfied at this, pushed forward rapidly, but found on reaching the ridge that the Huke had fallen, but that Hiruharama still held out.

The garrison, seeing our people on the ridge, called out to them to charge at once, or the pah would be taken, as there were only ten men inside, and they could not stop a rush if one were made. To charge for the pah would necessitate our men running the gauntlet of a long line of rifle-pits; but this did not daunt the Mohaka men, and the chief Kupa called for volunteers to assist him. Trooper Hill immediately volunteered, and taking off most of his clothing to go light, charged down the hill with his small party. At the first rifle-pit the Hauhaus stood up and delivered their fire, but the Mohaka men, intent only on getting into the pah, passed on; Hill returned the fire and shot one of the enemy. The pah was gained with the small loss of two wounded, to the great disgust of Te Kooti,

who had now lost all chance of taking it. The main body of our Maories under Ihaka Whanga remained on the ridge, and opened fire on the enemy's rifle-pits; but they did not stay there long, for Te Kooti detached a party of the Uriwera to take them in rear. This was too much for their philosophy, and they bolted, leaving their old chief, who disdained to fly. Only two men of his own tribe were with him, and they defended their position until it became desperate, when Ihaka ordered them to separate and hide in the scrub, as the only means of saving their lives. The two men were found and shot, but the old chief, although his pursuers were close upon him on several occasions, escaped and returned to Te Wairoa next day. En route he met a party coming to look for him, little expecting to find him alive. When the Mohaka men entered the pah, they found little boys and girls armed with any weapons they could get, standing on boxes, or mounds of earth, to enable them to fire over the parapet. Hill took post in one of the angles, where the enemy could be distinctly heard sapping towards the palisades, though the hard limestone soil made this a work of great toil. The palisades were old and rotten, and the garrison feared lest they should be pulled down in the Maori fashion, viz., by the enemy throwing a rope and cross-bar over them, and then dragging them down by their united strength. To remedy this weakness, Hill proposed to use some bullock chains, then in the pah. The Maories, glad of the suggestion, passed them along outside the stakes, and fastened each end to the large corner posts, thus rendering the pah secure against anything the enemy could do with a rope. Hill had secured a double-barrelled gun and a long spear to supplement his rifle, and with these weapons took post in the threatened angle, where he was supported by two able-bodied men, two little boys, and three girls; besides this, he had the moral support of the Maori parson, who came round every hour and prayed for his success.

Provisions were very short, but as a great favour, Hill, who had eaten nothing since breakfast the previous day, received a panikin of tea, one apple and a biscuit.

A steady fire was kept up throughout the night, to prevent the enemy rushing the pah, or trying the effect of the rope. Shortly before daylight the Hauhaus bugles sounded, and when it became light enough, four flags were seen in front of the pah, and almost immediately the enemy began to fire volleys from these different points with great regularity and precision. This was kept up for some time, while the defenders of the pah were standing ready without firing a shot, thinking it but a prelude to something worse.

The garrison to a man mustered on the threatened side, for the pah was so large that only one face and two angles could be defended at a time. Anxious glances were now directed by the defenders towards the Napier track, in the vain hope that reinforcements might appear advancing to their relief; they were indeed on the way, but at such a funereal pace as to be worse than useless, for they were ridiculous.

Suddenly the fire ceased, and a dead silence ensued, which lasted for nearly half an hour, until the besieged could stand it no longer, and one of them named Paki crawled out to the edge of the cliff, where he relieved his pent-up feelings by a war-whoop that startled both parties, for the great Te Kooti with 200 men was retreating from a pah defended by less than forty men. In a moment the whole garrison, men, women and children, were dancing a furious war-dance on the edge of the cliff, in full view of the retreating Hauhaus, who fired a parting volley at them, from a safe distance. So soon as Te Kooti was out of sight, Trooper Hill, who had acted with great courage and judgment throughout the affair, for which he afterwards received the New Zealand Cross, asked the Maories if one of them would volunteer to go with him to Napier, to hasten up reinforcements, for he

presumed that Te Kooti would be pursued. The Mohaka Maories refused to go, assigning as their reason that the Hauhaus retreat was only a stratagem to draw some of them into an ambush, and that they had parties lying in ambush on the several tracks. Holding these opinions, they tried hard to stop Hill from going; but he, catching one of Te Kooti's knocked-up horses, managed to make it carry him twelve miles along the beach to Waikare. When in sight of Finlayson's house at that place, he saw several men and horses at a distance; but as they appeared to be Europeans, he went towards them, and caused considerable commotion, as they took him for Te Kooti's advanced guard, and were undecided whether to fire or retire. Hill seeing this, soon convinced them of his identity, and gave Captain Towgood, who was in command of this advanced guard of thirty men, the information that Te Kooti had retreated. Amongst this party was a Mohaka settler, whose wife and little ones were hiding somewhere in the hills; the husband asked for volunteers to help him search for them. Hill and two others offered to go, and after tracking them for some hours through the fern, found them; they had been wandering about since Saturday morning, it was now Monday evening, and had been joined by a Maori woman and child, who had escaped from the Huke pah. When Captain Towgood received intelligence of Te Kooti's retreat, he sent a letter on to Colonel Lambert (who was in command at Patane), to hurry up the various forces.

The news of the attack upon Mohaka had reached Napier on the evening of the 10th, about twelve hours after the attack commenced at Te Huke, and during the night a whale-boat with five settlers arrived from the same place and confirmed the news. On the following morning, Captain Towgood, whose energy was conspicuous throughout the affair, started with thirty volunteer horsemen, as an advanced guard, for Captain Tanner's troop of Mounted Rifles, about sixty strong. With these

two parties combined, Te Kooti should have been cut to pieces, for his men were nearly all drunk on the second and third day of the siege. Captain Tanner's

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troop left Napier about noon on the 11th, and considering the urgency of the occasion, and that Mohaka is not more than fifty miles from Napier, it was only reasonable to suppose that they would have overtaken Towgood's party, who camped that night at Waikare. Had they done so, the combined force would have been in time to cut up the enemy's rear-guard, and have made them disgorge their plunder. But it was not to be, for Captain Tanner did not reach Mohaka until the morning of the 14th, and did not even then follow the enemy, nor did Colonel Lambert, who arrived shortly after, with the mounted division of the armed constabulary, the pick of the force. When the Mohaka tribes saw that it was not intended to follow the enemy, they expressed their indignation quietly, but forcibly. "When," said they, "Nikora and Rangihiroa intended to attack Napier, we were with you in twelve hours, but you have taken three days, and now do nothing."

Such indeed was the case with 160 men, and Te Kooti's flag flying only a few miles inland. No pursuit was commenced, but in place a reconnoitring party was sent out to bury the dead, and this done, the force returned; by no means contented, for the men were humbled, and felt that they cut a sorry figure before the brave Mohaka natives. Some native women who were taken prisoners by Te Kooti, and afterwards escaped, informed the force that the Hauhaus camped for two days only a short distance up the valley, and that they might easily have been destroyed, as most of them were very drunk. The statement that "they might easily have been destroyed" may be taken with a grain of salt, but there is still the fact that the Hauhaus awaited the attempt. So ended the Mohaka raid, and the disgraceful mismanagement attendant thereon; for this is the only charitable way by which

the affair can be explained. Our loss was seven Europeans and fifty-seven friendly Maories killed, whereas the Hauhaus lost only twelve men, and were allowed to retire unmolested.

CHAPTER LV. CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE URIWERA TRIBE – Continued.

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CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE URIWERA TRIBE – Continued.

DOINGS OF COLONEL HERRICK'S COLUMN. DEATH OF TROOPER NOONAN. WAIKARE MOANA.

THE third column to operate against the Uriwera was placed under command of Colonel Herrick, with orders to march either to Maungapohatu or Waikare Moana. To assist the colonel in raising his motley force, the Hon. J. C. Richmond (native minister) left the Bay of Plenty about the middle of April, taking with him Captain Gudgeon, to command the native levies who would form the majority of this column. On the way down the coast the St. Kilda called at Hicks Bay, and a letter was written to Rapata and his tribe of Ngatiporou, asking them to muster 150 men and await the return of the steamer to convey them to Te Wairoa. The armed constabulary at Poverty Pay (twenty-five men) were ordered to march for the same place, Henare Potae and his loyal tribe relieving them. Mr. Richmond then went on to Napier, and finding that the mounted division had been diverted from their original destination (Taupo) by the Mohaka raid, placed them also under Colonel Herrick, as infantry for the time being, their horses being left at Te Wairoa. Thus in a very short time 200 Europeans were collected; many of them were not of the best quality, as they had been drafted out of Colonel Whitmore's veteran divisions, and left behind as garrisons, still there were good men among them. These remarks do not, however, apply to the mounted men, who were some of the best in the force. Rapata, for some

reason of his own, did not enter into this expedition with his usual spirit, and would probably not have left his district, had not the Government availed themselves of the services of Mr. E. Hamlin, who, as an old acquaintance had sufficient influence to induce Rapata to bring 170 men to Te Wairoa. Here Colonel Herrick's troubles began. The Europeans were ready to start, but the Maories hung back, and Rapata offered to garrison Te Wairoa, but would not commence a campaign so late in the season amidst the rain and snow likely to be experienced at the high altitudes of Maungapohatu and Waikare Moana. The Wairoa tribes, most useless men at their best, promptly endorsed Rapata's opinion, and it looked as if the expedition would be a failure. But Colonel Herrick's patience was exhausted, and ignoring the natives, he ordered the Europeans to march for Tukurangi, a high peak, about twenty miles distant, over which the track to the lake led. From this point they were to commence a sledge-track both ways, to enable stores to be brought up, as also boats to cross the lake.

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The march of the Europeans had some effect on Ngatiporou, for about ten days after camp was pitched at Tukurangi, they appeared crawling up the hill, having taken three days to march twenty miles. Herrick, determining to strike while the iron was hot, ordered the whole force, now 400 strong, to march for the lake on the following morning, and about mid-day they reached the small bay of Onepoto, after a march of thirteen miles. Camp was pitched in a narrow gorge, between two hills; a most dangerous position had the enemy been enterprising or numerous, but it was the best available. No sign of Maories was found here, but far up the Hereheretau inlet, smoke could be seen rising from the two pahs Tiketike and Whakaari; the problem was, how to get at them. The shores of the lake were rocky and precipitous to a degree, and as the lake resembles nothing so much as a gigantic cuttle-fish, its long arms stretching far into the

hills in every direction, it would have been a work of weeks to march round. Two small boats were now being brought to the lake on sledges, but they would carry too few men to be of real service; there were also some remarkable pontoons built of sheet iron, shaped like a cigar, which were sent from Napier; but the force to a man declined to embark on board them, preferring death on the field to drowning.

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The talented inventor of those pontoons evidently thought the lake a sort of mill-pond; while, on the contrary, it is a most dangerous sheet of water, subject to squalls that would have torn these tubular cigars to pieces in a moment. Under these circumstances, Colonel Herrick determined to build two large boats, each of which should carry seventy men; they were to be built by a nondescript body of men, of the Horse Marine type, who accompanied the force, and bore the imposing title of the Naval Brigade. The boats were to be completed in three weeks. Sawing commenced vigorously, and the planks were soon ready, but the numerous other articles required for construction were not there, and had to be forwarded from Napier; consequently the boats took six weeks to complete. When finished, they were, however, good specimens of naval architecture. Meanwhile reinforcements arrived at such a rate, that great difficulty was experienced in keeping them, even on half rations; and, but for the large quantity of potatoes found in various clearings, the force must have retreated. No. 2 Division Armed Constabulary had arrived from the Bay of Plenty after their march back from Ruatahuna, and the European force at Onepoto amounted to 260 men, besides those holding the various posts in rear; nearly three times too many, as 100 Pakehas and the same number of Maories would have been ample, had they secured boats, to have destroyed, every Hauhau on the lake. Up to this time the enemy had kept carefully out of sight; but on the 10th of June, Trooper Noonan, carrying despatches, was waylaid and shot dead within two miles

of Onepoto, and his letters and arms carried off by the enemy. After this, strong escorts were despatched with each convoy, making the work hard for the Europeans, as the Maories refused to do this or any other duty. By this time the boats were finished, but the men were not fated to reap laurels in this campaign; for a change of ministry had taken place, and they viewing with alarm the very large expenditure of nearly £400 per diem, and, the probability of small results, even though the force crossed the lake, ordered Colonel Herrick to withdraw his men to Napier. The stores and material were packed back to Te Wairoa, but the boats were filled with stones and sunk in sixty feet of water, where it was supposed it would be easy to fish them up again if required.

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Forty men were left as a garrison at Te Wairoa, the natives paid off and sent back to their respective districts, and the armed constabulary left en route for Taupo, where it was intended to employ them against Te Kooti, who had visited that place, and been joined by Te Heuheu and all the leading men of Ngatituwharetoa. The losses in this campaign will be shown by the following table. The friendly natives suffered severely, and most of the enemy were killed by them.

Europeans in actual warfare: Killed 6, Wounded 8
Europeans not in actual warfare: Killed 7, Wounded 0
Total. : Killed 13, Wounded 8

Friendly Maories.....: Killed 75, Wounded unknown.
The Hauhaus.....: Killed 49, Wounded unknown.

CHAPTER LVI. THE TAUPO CAMPAIGN.

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THE TAUPO CAMPAIGN.

THE MASSACRE OF COLONEL ST JOHN'S ESCORT AT OPEPE. TE KOOTI'S VISIT TO THE WAIKATO AND RETURN TO LAKE TAUPO.

TE KOOTI received intelligence of Colonel Whitmore's attack upon Ruatahuna, while resting at Waikare Moana after his Mohaka raid. He at once sent forward 100 men, under Paerau and Peka, and this party arrived in time to follow the columns in their retreat. Te Kooti and the main body arrived later, but had not the satisfaction of fighting the Pakeha. The active ruffian had, however, no intention of remaining quiet, but marched at once for Heruiwi, an old native village on the edge of the Main Bush, overlooking the Taupo plains. This position enabled him to watch the movements of the Pakeha, and choose his opportunity to cross the Kaingaroa plain on his long deferred visit to Te Heuheu, at Tokanu, and King Tawhiao, at Tokangamutu. While at this place, two troopers of the Bay of Plenty Cavalry, carrying despatches from Colonel St. John, attempted to pass through the village. They were seen and waylaid by the Hauhaus. One of them was shot, his body tied to his horse and started loose on the Kaingaroa plain; the other man escaped minus his horse, and returned to Fort Galatea, when he found that Colonel St. John, with an escort of troopers, had left for Taupo.

On the following morning, Te Kooti and his party left for Taupo, and on the 7th of June came in sight of Opepe. The notorious Peka led the advanced guard, and was astonished to see smoke rising from the deserted whares, as they had not anticipated meeting anyone at this place.

Word was sent back to Te Kooti, who ordered some of his men to saunter up to the whares and pretend that they were Arawas, while the main body crept up one of the numerous ravines which intersect this part of the country, and cut the people off from the bush. The orders were well carried out. The Hauhaus walked up to the unsuspecting men, who proved to be a party of the Bay of Plenty Cavalry, acting as escort to Colonel St. John, while that officer inspected the various positions in Taupo with a view to future occupation. The escort were somewhat startled by the sight of those armed natives, but were reassured by their calling out and saluting them in Maori fashion "Tena koutou," and more still, by the Opotiki troopers recognising among them some of the Opotiki tribe, who said they belonged to the Arawa contingent. Others said they were Taupo natives, who had come to ascertain who it was occupying Opepe. During this conversation the Hauhaus had gradually got between the troopers and their arms, which had been foolishly left in the whares. One or two of the men, who seem to have had doubts as to the character of their visitors, seeing other Maories coming out of the bush in skirmishing order, tried to get at their weapons, but were stopped by the Hauhaus, who, having no further need of concealment, commenced the massacre. Nine troopers were killed immediately, but Serjeant Dette, with Troopers Leary and Stephenson, succeeded in getting into the bush and escaped, arriving at Fort Galatea, forty miles away, on the following day, when they informed Colonel Fraser of the almost total destruction of their party.

Cornet Smith, who was in command of the escort, escaped also, though severely wounded, and managed to reach Galatea some days after the attack. Colonel St. John, Major Cummins, Captain Moorsom, Lieutenant Clark, and an orderly, had left only a few hours previously to visit Pohipio Kainga at Tapuaeharuru, and thus escaped the fate of their escort. The first intima-

tion they had of the massacre was from the Messrs. Hallet, who left Tapuaeharuru later on the same day, en route for Napier. On reaching Opepe they saw the half-naked bodies of two men lying near the track, and without waiting to see more, galloped back and informed Colonel St. John of the circumstance. That officer proceeded at once with a party of Maories to look for the bodies, and found nine. He then went on to Galatea, hoping to overtake or send help to those who had escaped, as they had neither food nor blankets, a serious thing on the Taupo plains in winter, where the thermometer frequently falls below freezing point. Meanwhile Te Kooti, satisfied with his doings, for he had taken all the arms and ammunition of the party, continued his march to Waitahanui, where he camped. On the following day he reached Te Hatepe, and found a decrepit old man named Hona living there; Te Kooti wished to protect him, but the Uriwera took the first opportunity of shooting him. This act did Te Kooti more harm than anything he had previously done, for Hona, insignificant as he appeared, was a near relative of the great Wanganui chief, Topia Turoa, who eventually took revenge by influencing the King party against Te Kooti, and by taking the field with 350 men in the campaign that forced him back to his fastnesses in the Uriwera country, with the loss of four-fifths of his men. Te Kooti's influence was soon supreme in Taupo; the well-disposed men, like Hare Tauteka and Paora Hapi, withdrew from the lake, but Te Heuheu, Paurini, Whiripo, and Matuahu joined him at once.

When Te Kooti felt himself firmly established in Taupo, he selected 300 men of various tribes as an escort to accompany him on his long deferred visit to Waikato. Several chiefs of note followed in his train, among them Hakaraia, of Tauranga notoriety, Paerau, of the Uriwera, and Te Waru. Waikato received due notice of the intended visit, and assembled at Tokangamutu to do their guest honour. On Te Kooti's arrival at that place, he

went to the quarters of the Ngatimaniapoto tribe, and was received most enthusiastically by Rewi Manga and his people; but Waikato proper held aloof until Rewi sent messengers, asking them to visit his guest. Five hundred of them responded to the invitation, and brought presents of dried fish and flour. When they arrived within a short distance of the village, Te Kooti ordered his men to load with ball cartridge and fire over the heads of his visitors; this extraordinary proceeding startled and enraged Waikato to such an extent, that they threw down their intended presents, and declared that they would fight Te Kooti on the following day. This threat they did not carry out, but held carefully aloof. Te Kooti wasted a week waiting for Waikato to get over their anger, but as they carefully ignored his presence, he had to be contented with the support of Rewi and Ngatimaniapoto, a few of whom, with their chief, accompanied him on his return to Lake Taupo, in the firm belief that they should witness the utter destruction of the Pakehas and their allies, the friendly natives, against whom Te Kooti nourished a deadly hatred. It was this movement on the part of Te Kooti and Rewi that induced the Government to withdraw the force from Waikare Moana and concentrate them at Taupo, as it was clear that any reverse suffered by us in that district would convert Rewi and his tribe into active allies of Te Kooti, instead of passive spectators, as they then were.

In pursuance of those designs, Lieutenant-Colonel Herrick, with 180 men of the armed constabulary, marched to Runanga, at the entrance to the Taupo plains, and erected a strong stockade, which it was intended should be the depot from whence the field force should be supplied. Other posts nearer Napier had been taken up for the same purpose, viz., Titiokura, Te Haroto, and Tarawera. At Runanga, Herrick was joined by Paora Hapi and forty men of the Ngatiterangiiti tribe, and a few days after, Henare Tomoana and 120 Napier Maories joined the force.

This reinforcement enabled Colonel Herrick to take the field with nearly 200 men, after providing garrisons for the various posts in rear, and that officer only awaited the arrival of Colonel McDonnell (who had chief command) to commence proceedings.

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CHAPTER LVII. THE TAUPO CAMPAIGN – continued.

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COLONEL MCDONNELL ASSUMES COMMAND. SKIRMISH AT TE PONONGA.

ON the 6th of September, 1869, Colonel McDonnell arrived in Napier, overland from Wanganui via the Patea-Taupo country, and after a short interview with Mr. Ormond (Government agent), returned to Patea, with the intention of taking command of the Maories under Renata Kawepo and Hare Tauteka. With these men he would cross the Rangipo desert at the foot of Ruapehu, and place Te Kooti (now at Rotoaira) between two fires, as Colonel Herrick was advancing from the north by way of Tokanu, on Lake Taupo.

On the 8th, Henare Tomoana, with 140 men of his own and Paora Hapi's tribe, started from Runanga, and reached Tauranga on Lake Taupo next morning. Hardly had they unsaddled their horses, when the sentries observed a large body of men advancing towards their position with flags flying, evidently with the intention of attacking Henare's forces. Paora Hapi, over ready to fight, tried to induce the Napier men to sally out of the old pah and engage the enemy on the open plain; but they had not the dash of the Taupo men, and preferred to throw up hasty rifle-pits in the old tumble-down pah, and to leave their horses, 120 in number, to be taken by Te Kooti. The Hauhaus advanced steadily, throwing forward the flanks of their long line of

skirmishers, surrounded the pah on three sides, the fourth was secured by the lake.

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As in most Maori engagements, very little dash was seen on either side, but a heavy fire was kept up throughout the day, and towards evening, Te Kooti, finding the garrison of the pah nearly as numerous as his own force, and better armed, withdrew his men, having had three killed.

Henare lost all his horses, and had three men wounded; on the following day the attack was renewed, and a few more of our men were wounded, after which the Hauhaus withdrew in the same aimless manner. While this skirmish was in progress, Colonel Herrick was at Runanga with No. 2 and the mounted division of the armed constabulary, and marched with the latter so soon as he heard of the affair. On the 12th, Colonel McDonnell, with seventy men of the Patea force, took possession of Rotoaira, which had been abandoned by the enemy, and scouted towards Tokanu. Here he found the Hauhaus in force, and shots were exchanged; but as the colonel's force was not one-fifth of the enemy's, he wisely abstained from attacking, and returned to Rotoaira, where he built a pah for the greater safety of his small force. On the following day the Wanganui chief Wirihana arrived with the remainder of the Patea force. Scouts were sent out, and it was found that Te Kooti had abandoned Tokanu, and was retreating in the direction of Moerangi. No time was lost in taking possession of this strategical position, and on the 16th, McDonnell and Herrick, with the men under their respective commands, met at Tokanu.

On the following day, Hare Tauteka reported that four of his scouts were missing, and was in great grief, as his prophetess declared that they had been killed by Te Kooti, consequently there could be no doubt about the matter. Such a prophetess! hag was written in every line of her face; with a son still more dreadful to behold, for he was a victim to the Taupo leprosy, or Ngeringeri, and was literally dying inch by inch, or more correctly joint by joint.

Nevertheless the old lady was strong in prophecy, not in the Delphic line, but good, strong, outspoken assertions.

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On the 19th, Captain McDonnell arrived from Wanganui, and reported himself as the advanced guard of seventy Maories, under Kepa; he also stated that some semi-friendly Hauhaus had informed him that four scouts had been murdered by Te Kooti, and their bodies thrown into a swamp. Colonel McDonnell had the place searched, and their remains were found, literally cut to pieces; after this practical proof of her powers, the old prophetess walked about with an air that defies description, but something resembling that of an Irish gentleman at Donnybrook fair.

McDonnell had incautiously expressed some doubt as to her powers, but as he thoroughly understood the value of a well trained prophetess, he sent for her, and was converted to such an extent, that all her after prophecies were in the interests of the force, and sounded strangely like McDonnell's own opinions. Towards the end of the campaign her visions were rather wild, but she held her own against the opposition seer (Henare Tomoana's), and denounced him as an impostor. Hare Tauteka, a very pleasant specimen of the Maori Rangatira, was much cut up at the death of his four scouts, an account of which was afterwards heard from a prisoner. They had taken up their position in a bush near one of the frontier villages, and being short of food, had gone to the kainga to get potatoes; it was late when they reached the place, so they decided to sleep in one of the whares, thinking they would be safe for one night. But it was not to be; they had been watched from the ranges by two parties of the enemy, each forty strong, and seeing the scouts enter the whare, they descended from their position and surrounded the hut. The four doomed men were asleep, and had fastened their guns to the centre pillar of the whare; this was perceived by the enemy, who peered through the chinks of the door, and by the light of the fire took in the whole situation. In a moment they had burst open the door,

seized the arms, and secured the men; they were dragged outside before Te Kooti, who offered to spare their lives if they would join his band, but, to this offer they gave a decided refusal. In the morning they were brought out, and offered the same terms, which they again refused. Te Kooti then ordered their execution, and they were chopped to pieces and thrown into the swamp.

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An account which there is every reason to believe true, is related of one of these men (a Waikato); he was a chief of some note, and at the time referred to was a staunch supporter of the king movement. At one of the many meetings held by his party, he gave his opinion as follows: "If the Pakeha attack us, and we intend to win, we must not run from our pits directly they charge; so listen all of you, if in our first engagement I see a man run away, I will shoot him." he kept his word, for at Kohiroa, when Sir Duncan Cameron led the 14th Regiment to the charge, a man near the chief rose to retire, and he shot him dead. There was some difference of opinion among the Waikatos about this deed, but as the victim was a man of no consequence, the affair died out. The chief, however, declared that if they persisted in running away, it was useless fighting, and that they had better give in at once. Such being his opinion, he declared he would make an example of the next runaway; he was as good as his word, for at Rangiaohia he shot another, but this time it was a man of rank, whose relations made such a fuss, that the chief was banished from Waikato. He joined his connections in Taupo, and opposed the king party as warmly as he had formerly supported them; but, outcast as he was from his tribe, Te Kooti did not help his cause by killing him, for Waikato had not forgotten his existence. The weather at this period was unusually severe, bad even for Taupo; continued heavy rain, and consequently floods all over the country, prevented the supplies of biscuit and groceries being sent up from Runanga. Luckily there was plenty of meat and potatoes, or the force would have fared

badly, for all through this campaign they never received on an average two days' rations of biscuit and groceries per week.

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The men now occupied both Rotoaira and Tokanu, Colonel McDonnell being at the former place. On the 24th of September, an orderly, who had been sent with

despatches to Tokanu, returned and reported that he had been fired upon by an ambuscade of the enemy and forced to return.

The friendly natives refused to believe this story, and on the following morning, Colonel McDonnell rode out with twelve troopers to scout the place; when near Tokanu, they were fired upon by the Hauhaus, who had taken up a position on the spurs of the range commanding the track.

The colonel and his troopers galloped past them, and met the Taupo natives from Tokanu, under Captain St. George and Lieutenant Preece, who, alarmed at the firing, were hurrying to the attack. The colonel dismounted and joined them. The enemy were in possession of all the high ground above the camp to the crest of the hill, which was densely wooded; and at the point where the track entered the bush, the enemy had thrown up a long line of rifle-pits. The spurs of the ranges were now thronged by the enemy, who advanced with loud cries to the attack; but, after some sharp skirmishing, our Maories, led by their European officers, charged and drove them back on their supports so quickly, that the killed and wounded were left in our hands. One of the latter, a tall savage, who had been shot in the knee, was asked by a chief whether he had been at the Poverty Bay massacre, or at the death of the four scouts. "At both," he replied; and some hours after, Hohepa might still have been seen flourishing about with this man's head. The enemy now rallied, and charged down the spurs, but McDonnell ordered his men to lie close, and wait for the enemy at close quarters; they did so, and gave them a volley that sent them flying to the bush in

disorder. Te Kooti was here in person, and made a stand at the rifle-pits on the edge of the bush, but to no purpose, for Lieutenant Preece, at the head of the Taupo men, took them with a rush, and the enemy broke and fled down the wooded range, leaving most of their killed and wounded behind thorn. The latter were soon despatched, for Colonel McDonnell was not a man likely to spare scoundrels who openly boasted of having participated in the Poverty Bay massacre; in fact, there has never been an officer in New Zealand with less of the maudlin sentimentality, known as Exeter Hallism, than he. In this fight, called Te Pononga by the Maories, the enemy had 250 men engaged, and left seven bodies on the field; our strength was about the same, and our loss two killed and four wounded. This skirmish, apparently small in its results, was in reality of very great importance; for in the first place, it lost Te Kooti his prestige among the inland tribes, he having been beaten in a position chosen by himself, and by an exclusively Maori force of barely equal strength; secondly, it decided Rewi as to his future line of conduct, for had we been beaten, there can be no doubt that the powerful tribe of Ngatimaniapoto, always inimical to us, would have thrown in their lot with Te Kooti. This would simply have meant 600 fighting men of a superior class turned loose upon the northern boundary of Taranaki, and upon the Waikato plains.

But Te Pononga turned the scale in our favour, and Rewi returned to Waikato, where he expressed his opinion openly that Te Kooti was an impostor.

CHAPTER LVIII. THE TAUPO CAMPAIGN – continued.

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ARRIVAL OF MAJOR KEPA AND THE WANGANUIS. THE WAR-DANCE.

ON the evening of the fight, No. 2 Division, under Sub-Inspectors Scannell and Northcroft, arrived at Tokanu; and McDonnell announced his intention of following the enemy up next day, but late in the evening a messenger arrived from Kepa (who was on his way with seventy picked men), requesting McDonnell not to fight until he arrived. This McDonnell agreed to do, as he felt that by waiting a day or two, he would have the assistance of seventy trustworthy men, who, with No. 2 Division, could command success under any circumstances. The weather was bitterly cold at this time, and the men, not overburdened with blankets, suffered exceedingly, and would have done so much more but for the magnificent hot springs that surrounded them on all sides. Two-thirds of the force were generally to be found in the large circular spring, sitting with the water up to their chins, discussing the topics of the day. In fact it was a sort of club-room for the men, but a very dangerous one; for at this period the largest of the boiling springs, distant scarcely twenty yards from the bathing-place, was in a state of great irritation, and about twice a week would blow up with very little warning, throwing a column of boiling water a hundred foot high. The Maories had never previously seen it in this state of blow-up; but the cause was explained, when the eruption of Ngauruhoe took place a few months after. To add to McDonnell's troubles at this period, Henare Tomoana's prophet dreamed a dream, to the effect that Waikato had joined Te Kooti, and that they were about to attack Rotoaira. This excited the fears of Renata Kawepo

to such an extent, that without consulting the colonel, he sent a messenger to Henare at Tokanu, desiring him to bring up his men at once.

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Next morning they arrived in camp, and when the colonel expressed, his dissatisfaction with the movement, and requested them not to leave their posts again without orders, Renata replied that he should do as he liked. McDonnell at once told him to return to Napier, as he did not want disobedient men. This changed the chief's tactics, and he became more tractable, and in a fit of candour explained that out of his 300 men there were not more than sixty who would fight. The colonel naturally asked what the others were there for, "There for?" said Renata, "why, to see the others fight, and to make a noise."

The force now kept close to camp, to encourage the enemy, who grew bolder every day and swept off all the stray cattle and horses; but the day of reckoning was at hand, for McDonnell only awaited the arrival of Kepa and his Wanganuis. There was no time to be lost, for potatoes were getting scarce, but luckily the camp was well supplied with meat from Murimotu.

This state of inaction did not suit McDonnell, and to pass the time he took out the mounted division on a reconnoitring expedition and came across the enemy, who were decamping from a village which had been partially fortified. They were moving across the plains towards the Iwituroa range which divides Taupo from Tuhua, to the north-west of Tongariro.

The troops were very anxious to charge them; but McDonnell, who intended something more decisive when he did act, would not allow it, for Te Kooti had nearly three hundred men, and it needed a severe lesson to break up this force effectually. On the 1st of October, Kepa and his men arrived at Rotoaira. It was but a small detachment, but they were all tried, men; their delay had been caused by the dreadful weather, the illness of their leader, and by the misrepresentation of Te Aro. This

chief, for reasons best known to himself, had consistently misled Kepa as to the distance and depth of snow on the Rangipo desert; moreover, he had unpleasant dreams, which everyone knows are serious things with Maories. McDonnell's work at this period was anything but light, mentally speaking. It was no easy matter to keep harmony among the different tribes, and at, the same time allay the superstitious dread still felt towards Te Kooti. His force was in many ways composed of very discordant materials, and inattention to any of their grievances or peculiarities might have proved disastrous to the country at large. The Arawa and Napier tribes now prepared for a war-dance to greet the Wanganuis, who were slowly advancing in column, stripped naked, and rifles at the port. Renata Kawepo and the other chiefs sallied out of their pah naked as the day they were born and waded the river; after the usual challenge, Wanganui came on and the Napier tribes opened the performance. Only one man has ever succeeded in describing the war-dance, so I refer my readers to "Old. New Zealand" for that, freely acknowledging my inability to help them. At the close of the dance, Ngatikahungunu formed front two deep, and a hoarse cry went down the ranks of "Eyes right," with an addition of "Pai ia rewhi" (by your left), which was promptly obeyed by bringing the muzzles of their rifles to the front, capping, and then, after whirling the guns two or three times over their heads, snapping them off at Wanganui, who were kneeling in column of fours, their eyes on the ground, and heads turned a little in listening attitude – in fact, they were doing it properly. The ceremony of snapping the caps (called the cap-dance) was gone through three times and was done in capital time, when again the command "Eyes right" was heard, and they all knelt down as Wanganui sprang to their feet. Kepa, who seldom took part in a war-dance, now appeared stripped to the waist, lean and gaunt from his late illness, and led off his men in first-rate style. At the conclusion,

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the renowned little fighting man Winiata called out to Ngatikahungunu in broken English, mixed with much bad language, "Too much you make a loose the-caps; my word, Colonel Gorton (Inspector of Stores) make you pay." The Napier men now began a series of performances of the most disgusting nature that can possibly be imagined. If Dame Goody of Exeter Hall had but been present, I fancy it would rather have cleared away the fog in which that venerable old lady is enveloped with respect to the Christianised state of the natives.

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Warlike speeches followed the dances, and Renata Kawepo, after a long tirade, proposed that in a week's time they should march out and look for Te Kooti. Kepa, a man of acknowledged ability in warlike matters, was not likely to stand dictation from any chief, so he and McDonnell ignored the suggestion, and agreed that Wanganui should rest during Sunday, and attack Te Kooti on Monday.

Some little time previous to this, the men at Tokanu under Colonel Herrick had been marched over the range to Kotukutuku, where the prophetess and her leper son resided, this being a more central position from which to act against the enemy. The order of march was as follows: Kepa, with the Wanganui, Taupo, and Napier tribes, was to march on Sunday night from Poutu by the left shore of Lake Rotoaira, and endeavour to get in rear of Te Kooti's pah on the Iwituroa range before daybreak and lie perdue. McDonnell with the mounted division, No. 2 Armed Constabulary, and the Arawas, would march from Kotukutuku on Monday morning, and engage the enemy by a false attack in front, leaving the old prophetess at their camp to burn some old whares and create plenty of smoke, to deceive the enemy into the belief that the greater portion of our men were still in camp. McDonnell further intended to retreat hastily directly he was attacked, and thus give Kepa time to close up in rear and draw Te Kooti out on the plains, where he could hardly

fail to be cut to pieces. Renata's rascally prophet disarranged all these plans, as will be seen.

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McDonnell left Poutu with the mounted division, who had to lead their horses up the steep sides of the hills that rose like the roofs of houses right out of the lake, and reached Kotukutuku just before sundown; Te Kooti's pah was visible from here, and by the aid of a glass the enemy could be seen walking on the parapets.

CHAPTER LIX. THE TAUPO CAMPAIGN – continued.

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THE FIGHT AT KAITERIRIA. DEATH OF CAPTAIN ST. GEORGE.

BEFORE turning in for the night, McDonnell collected the Arawa and made them a speech, recalling to their minds all that their ancestors had done, the many fights they themselves had fought, and how bravely he had seen them hold their own. "Think of Matata; recall to your minds Waihi, Maketu, and Rotorua, when we defeated Waikato; and shall we allow this tutua (common fellow), this upoko kohua (boiled head) and his band, who are only fit to kill women and war with children, to remain in his pah and insult us? Wanganui and Renata's people are in rear of the pah; their names have been more loudly proclaimed than yours; but I place my trust in you, and am here to lead you. I need no reply; let your actions speak to-morrow." Such was the strain in which McDonnell spoke, and with good effect, for bounceable and absurd as it may sound to our ears, it is mild compared with the inflated bunkum used by their own chiefs on similar occasions. Captain St. George also spoke a few words to his men, and then all retired for the night, each one choosing the softest spot of ground he could find. The gallant St. George slept his last sleep on

earth, but McDonnell was too anxious about the movement of Kepa's force, particularly after seeing the flash of a match struck on the other side of the lake, which act of folly, McDonnell viciously remarked, could only come from Hawkes Bay. Before sunrise, the force under McDonnell had breakfasted and commenced their march; they soon rounded the lake and reached the village of Papakai, where, to the colonel's annoyance, he found Kepa just arrived, instead of being, as he should have been, in rear of Pourere. Kepa and Captain McDonnell explained that the delay was caused by the Napier tribes, who had hindered the march as much as possible, because their prophet had foretold that some serious disaster would happen. Colonel McDonnell, naturally exasperated, walked up to Renata, and asked him the reason of his extraordinary behaviour. His reply amused everyone, for he evidently wished to show off before the other chiefs. He said that he had given orders to halt, and wished to have breakfast; that he was going to take the direction of affairs, and that after food was cooked he would send a herald with this (producing the rusty hopper of a steel flour-mill, to be used as a trumpet) to summon the enemy to surrender. He would give them one day to think over it, and if the enemy were obstinate, he would then consider the best way of making them surrender. While Renata was disclosing his intentions, McDonnell, seeing the futility of contesting the point with such an obstinate old savage, rapidly formed another plan, and proceeded at once to execute it. Renata and his 300 men knew that nothing could be done satisfactorily without them, and thought that they had the game in their own hands; so McDonnell said nothing, but rather seemed to agree with them, and strolled off towards St. George and the Arawas. The village of Papakai consisted of a long row of huts built on the edge of the bush that fringed the table-land, from which Tongariro rose. To the front and left, was perfectly level country up to the Iwituaroa range, distant

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about two miles, at the bottom of which, on some tableland, was Te Kooti's pah Pourere. The men had begun to cook food in the usual native oven, Wanganui and the Europeans on the right, Ngatikahungunu in the centre, and the Arawa on the left. McDonnell found St. George at the latter camp, and taking him apart, informed him of Renata's behaviour and his altered plans. St. George entered cordially into the affair, and when the colonel left, he called out some of his young men, and got them to follow him on to the plain to have a look at the pah; here he kept them engaged, while McDonnell, who had explained his plans to Colonel Herrick, went to Wanganui, and called out, "The Arawa are off to the pah! quick, or you will be cut out! Away, mount the hill and get on the table-land; the Europeans will go with you." Wanganui rose like one man; never should an Arawa be before them. "Tatua, tatua!" (arm, arm) was the cry, and they dashed through the bush and mounted the table-land. St. George waited until he saw them moving straight for the pah, when he suddenly shouted out, "Titiro ki Wanganui" (look at Wanganui); "they are going to deprive us of the credit of the day, they are going to take the pah." The young Arawas looked, and without more ado, led by St. George, they made straight for the pah, keeping parallel with Wanganui, who were on the plateau above thorn. McDonnell, seeing the success of his plan, then went to Renata, and with an appearance of childlike innocence, said, "I thought you had given orders not to attack the pah to-day! Have you changed your mind about the white flag and the mill hopper?" "No," replied the chief. "Very well," said McDonnell, "Wanganui and the Arawa are off to take it, and I am going to follow." Renata looked for a moment at the colonel, he felt that he had been outwitted, and accepted his defeat. Only one thought seemed to possess him – that he and his men must not allow Te Kooti to be beaten without their help. He seized his rifle, and calling out, "O tribe!

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Collect them, colonel; aue, aue!" (alas, alas). "O tribe! quick! quick!" and the old fellow hurried off with his people to the scene of action. "O, colonel," said he, "its all through that prophet, Henare's poropiti;" and then, in a fit of intense exasperation, shouted, "Humbug the poropiti," for the old fellow was not wanting in pluck.

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The enemy, seeing the Arawa advancing, sent a party to take possession of the high ground, over which Kepa and his tribe were marching unseen by them, and had just opened a sharp fire on the left flank of the Arawa, when, to their great astonishment, they found themselves assailed by Wanganui in such rough fashion, that they had to beat a retreat across the river, followed by our men like a pack of hounds.

Winiata, as usual, killed the first man, and two others were left by the retreating Hauhaus.

Meanwhile, the Arawa and Taupo men were not idle. They waded the river under fire, and carried a small earthwork (used as a picket station) with a rush, and killed some of the enemy. McDonnell, with a few of Renata's people, now came up and joined in the attack, and Wanganui, pressing forward, separated into two parties; one under Wirikana attacked Te Heuheu's pah, while the main body, under Kepa, dashed up the hill for Te Kooti's pah, Winiata and Turei leading. St. George, seeing the state of things, and that Wanganui would take no denial, called on his men to follow, and away they went in hot pursuit.

In a few minutes, two sides of the redoubt were lined with our men, who began to fire through the loopholes; the enemy gaining no more benefit from their parapet (which was eight feet high and four foot thick) than our men did, for there were no angles to sweep the ditch. Winiata with his usual daring thrust his arm into a loophole, and seizing the muzzle of a rifle, dragged it through before the owner could fire; others stuffed lumps of pumice into the loopholes, to stop the enemy's fire, while the

parapet was being undermined. But this slow work did not suit the fiery spirits outside, and Winiata, ever ready to distinguish himself, climbed the parapet, and fired rifle after rifle, as they were handed up to him, among the masses of the enemy inside. But the poor little fellow's heroic career was soon ended. A bullet fired from below passed through his brain, and he rolled a corpse into the ditch.

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Thus died Winiata Pakoro, the most renowned fighting man of fighting Ngatihau; and so long as that tribe exists, so long will they speak with pride of his deeds, and of the many tribal enemies he sent to their long account. While No. 2 Division were ascending the hill on the opposite side of the pah to support Kepa, they were joined by Captain St. George and some of his men. A number of the enemy, cut off from the pah by our rapid advance, had occupied a piece of bush, and now

opened a smart fire upon the flank of No. 2 Armed Constabulary, with the view of assisting the escape of their beleaguered comrades. Hesitation would now have been fatal, as most of the enemy would have escaped; so McDonnell hastily detached a party against the Hauhaus in the bush, while he led the rest against the pah. They were received with a volley, but, strange to say, the only person hit was St. George, who throwing up his arms, took two or three paces forward, and fell dead, with a bullet through his brain. Meanwhile Wanganui, exasperated by the death of Winiata, and well seconded by the other tribes, scaled the parapet and stormed the pah. No quarter was given to those who remained, all were shot or bayoneted. Colonel McDonnell had a very narrow escape; one of the Hauhaus near the gate of the redoubt waited until he was within a few yards of him, and then levelled his rifle. The colonel, who thought the man had surrendered, no sooner saw the action than he sprang forward, and struck up the muzzle as the piece exploded.

Another moment, and the noble savage was lying brained by the butt of a rifle; making, as McDonnell remarked, a total of ten killed by him at various times. Thirty-seven

of the enemy were buried after the fight, and about thirty women and children taken prisoners; the mounted division also recaptured Henare's horses that had been taken at the Tauranga skirmish.

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Our loss was small, if counted by numbers, being four killed and four wounded, but St. George and Winiata could not have been replaced by fifty men. No. 2 Armed Constabulary, after clearing the bush before mentioned, found two women lying severely wounded in the scrub; Dr. Gibbs was sent for, and he pronounced the elder to be mortally wounded, but said the girl, who had a shattered knee, might recover. The latter stated that she was related to Henare Tomoana, so McDonnell sent for the chief and told him to carry her to camp, as there was hope of her ultimate recovery. This he refused to do, and wanted to shoot her. Such barbarity could hardly be allowed; so No. 2 Division took charge of the girl, and carried her out to Poutu most carefully, and handed her over to the women of Henare's tribe. A few days after, the chief came to McDonnell, and told him that the girl was one of the women who had betrayed the Mohaka tribe to Te Kooti, and that he should therefore shoot her; he was warned not to commit so atrocious an act, unless he wished to be disgraced, but it was shortly after reported that the woman had died from her wounds. Renata Kawepo met with what would have been a most laughable accident, had it not been so serious. During the fight he had entered the bush by himself, and came across two Hauhaus, a man and a woman (the latter's husband had just been shot in the pah). They both attacked Renata, and a severe struggle commenced. Luckily for the chief, a constable of No. 2 and an Arawa came up during the affair, and made things even by shooting the man; they then stood by to see fair play, as the girl was evidently a match for her adversary. After a sharp tussle, the Amazon got Renata down, gouged out one of his eyes, tore his ear to pieces, taking the greenstone ornament, and otherwise so mauled him, that he

fainted with the pain, and had to be carried to Papakai on a litter. It was rather hard on the chief, but he was a most obstinate old fellow, and the woman received more sympathy than he from all but his own tribe, who were furious.

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But for the Arawa, who took her prisoner when things were getting severe, Renata must have been killed. Henare Tomoana demanded that she should be surrendered to him; but McDonnell had a lively recollection of this chiefs behaviour to the other girl, and refused, causing her to be brought to his tent, lest they should take her by force.

When there, she was asked to relate her battle with the old chief, and her eyes literally blazed as she recounted the fight, adding, "I only wish I had killed him; I should not then regret the loss of my husband so much." "He will lose an eye," said McDonnell. "Kaitoa" (serve him right) said the virago. During the whole night the Napier tribes were firing away their ammunition, to the great disgust of the other Maories. In the morning it was found that they had expended 2500 rounds. After the fight at Pourere, the force returned and camped at Papakai, and the next day McDonnell went to Poutu for ammunition. On his return he found that the men had moved to Otakou, where there were still a few potatoes.

During that night, Henare's prophet had another dream, about an attack from Waikato; consequently all the Ngatikahungunu returned to Poutu, where McDonnell allowed them to remain until he could persuade them to return to their homes, they being neither useful nor ornamental. Food was now very scarce, nearly all the potatoes being done; consequently Kepa and his men were sent to Kotukutuku, and the Europeans returned to Tokanu, there to await the arrival of rations. McDonnell, taking advantage of the unavoidable delay in following up Te Kooti, sent one of the women prisoners with a message to Te Heuheu, warning him to leave Te Kooti, and surrender, or he would be followed to the bitter end. Two

days after the chief arrived, and surrendered with several of his tribe.

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To Heuheu was submissive enough to the European and Wanganui Maories, but extremely bitter against Hohepa Tamamutu and the Taupo natives, blaming them for all that happened; firstly for having him to be made prisoner by Te Kooti, and secondly for fighting against him. He concluded his speech by expressing a wish that Hohepa had led the storming party, that he might have shot him dead. It is quite probable that To Heuheu's statement (that he was a prisoner, and therefore obliged to fight) was true, for there is no doubt that Te Kooti hated him. The chief gave us considerable information, but none of vital importance; from him it was learnt that Te Kooti had been wounded in the assault on Pourere, a bullet having struck him on the hand while in the act of taking a percussion-cap from his waistcoat pocket. The bullet wounded the thumb and fore finger, cut the third finger completely off, and passed through the fleshy part of his side.

CHAPTER LX. THE TAUPO CAMPAIGN – continued.

CHAPTER LX. THE TAUPO CAMPAIGN – continued.

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SEARCHING FOR TE KOOTI. SKIRMISH AT TAPAPA. CAPTURE OF EIGHTY HORSES AND CONSIDERABLE LOOT.

OUR Taupo force had now a series of marches and countermarches before them in order to find the whereabouts of the enemy, who were so well served by their scouts that they had little or no difficulty in avoiding us. A description of one of these expeditions will serve for the whole, and save the reader much dry iteration. The column started from Papakai on the evening of the 22nd October, for a night march round the base of Mount Tongariro; the whole of this district is intersected by swamps and ravines

difficult to cross even in daylight, and by night productive of many tumbles and much bad language; for on a night march it is usual to move in Indian file, each man holding on to or following the coat-tails of the man in front; and should he happen to fall into a ravine, there would in all probability be four or five armed men on the top of him in a moment. At daylight the colonel found himself enveloped in a dense fog, on the edge of the forest where Te Kooti was supposed to be. Thus far, everything was favourable, but about an hour after daylight it began to rain in a manner peculiar to Taupo, defying macintoshes and all the arts of man; creating intense discomfort, particularly as the force had the unpleasant prospect before them of some hours' march in the bush, and a soaking wet camp at night, tents not being included in the impedimenta of the force. Traces of small parties of the enemy were found, but nothing to lead to the belief that the main body of the Hauhaus were in the neighbourhood. After eighteen hours' marching McDonnell called a halt, and the column camped, wet, tired, and hungry. Luckily, there were Maories present who, if they have not fire at their finger's end always ready (like their great mythical ancestor, Mahuika), yet manage to produce it in a marvellously short space of time, and the men were soon warm, if not dry. On the following morning the column resumed its march through the still pouring rain, turning their steps homeward, having given up the search for Te Kooti. En route they fell in with and captured one of the worst of his band, an escaped Chatham Islander named Tawhana, a son of the turbulent old chief, Rangihiroa, who was killed at Petane. The prisoner was questioned by McDonnell as to Te Kooti's whereabouts, but nothing was elicited from him but lies; for, ignoring the fact that he was personally known to all the Napier tribes present, he denied his identity, and expressed great surprise that any one of the name of Te Kooti had ever existed. Up to this point he had done pretty well, but when he went on to

state that he had just come from Pipiriki, on the Wanganui river, and had seen two steamers there, the whole column were struck with admiration at his inventive powers. Strange to say, he was not shot; the grandeur of his imagination had saved him. It was a pity his memory had not been quickened and the question put a la Maori, as in a case I once witnessed, where it had the desired effect. A prisoner was taken who had a short memory; he sat on the ground in the centre of a ring of stern faces, perhaps all the sterner that the captive was so childlike and bland his judges were really puzzled. Suddenly, a mere boy said in a very matter-of-fact tone, "I am going to shoot that man, so get out of the line of fire." A general scatter was the consequence. The captive's face got very anxious as the boy levelled his rifle, and every breath was held; three times was the rifle levelled, with the apparent intention of hitting the man in the eyes. The captive, after gazing steadily at his executioner for a second or two, became unable to stand the strain on his nerves, and covered his face with his hands; suddenly the hammer fell, and, to the astonishment of every one, the cap only exploded. The captive gave a convulsive start, and the boy, after some uncomplimentary remarks to his gun, put on another cap, saying he would have better luck next time; but his victim's nerves had already given way, and he intimated his readiness to speak the truth in future. It was not until after he had given the information required that he was told the boy had only been playing with him, the charge in his gun having been previously withdrawn. On arrival at the camp, McDonnell ordered the Ngatikahungunu tribes to return to their homes at Napier, as he felt himself strong enough without them to destroy Te Kooti if he could find him, and was very glad to get rid of this troublesome and disobedient part of his heterogeneous force. Some further time was spent in useless marching, before it was discovered that Te Kooti had retired to the king's country, where he was at the present time safe, it

not being considered advisable to risk an embroglio with Waikato; for to have done this would immediately have placed in Te Kooti's hands the whole of the Waikato and Ngatimaniapoto tribes, which would have pleased the ruffian vastly. The potatoes, which had hitherto formed the chief food of the force, failed altogether, and McDonnell, finding it impossible to keep his men together, reluctantly sent back the Wanganuis to their own country, where Kepa's presence was urgently required, Topia Turoa, the great ancestral chief of the tribe, having sent him word to the effect that he had a message of great importance from the king, which he would only divulge in Kepa's presence. The solution of this mystery was anxiously looked for; when it came, it was so far satisfactory that Waikato had withdrawn their protection from Te Kooti, and had requested Topia to join Kepa in hunting this band of murderers out of the Maori king's district. Nothing could be more desirable, for the chief had never forgotten Hona's death; and instant preparation was made, so that by the 13th December 600 men under the two chiefs started from Pipiriki on their journey up the river to Taumarunui (Te Mamaku's pah), where they expected to find the enemy, as that turbulent old warrior had joined the Hauhaus. They met him eventually at Maraekowhai with most of his tribe, and the usual war-dances being gone through, the old chief coolly ordered Topia to return; this was promptly refused, and in such a manner as to leave no room for mistake in the intention of our war party. Mamaku understood the case, and he not only submitted with a good grace, but became friendly at once, supplying the Taua with food, and even informed them that Te Kooti was at Makokomiko, about thirty miles further on; at the same time he sent a message to Te Kooti, telling him to escape while he could, as the Wanganuis were on his trail. On the same day an envoy from the king arrived at Maraekowhai with a letter to Topia, approving of his march, and urging him to go on. The

fact was that Waikato was in a state of alarm, lest Te Kooti should go to Te Kuiti and do as he threatened – make his own laws. Te Kooti, however, took Mamaku's advice, and left Taupo and Tuhua, and on the 12th of January he turned up at Patatere, where he was joined by Hakaraia, Mahi te Ngaru and the Ngatiraukawa.

There is, perhaps, nothing more astonishing in Te Kooti's career, than the power he possessed over the minds of his fellow-Maories. Occasionally successful in his raids, yet invariably beaten in fair fight, he could, nevertheless, persuade or frighten any tribe into joining him. After the hardships and losses during the Poverty Bay campaign, where not less than one hundred and fifty of his men were killed, the Uriweras joined, him readily to attack Whakatane; and although they lost twenty men, and were driven back to their own country, yet it did not prevent them from again coming to his assistance at Mohaka, and following him on to Taupo, where they were again beaten in three successive fights, losing upwards of fifty men, and literally hunted out of the district. Yet no sooner had Te Kooti reached Patatere, than a portion of the Ngaiterangi and Ngatiraukawa were ready and anxious to share his fortunes. Kepa soon found that Te Kooti had left the district, and wrote at once to McDonnell, requesting him to follow up and join him at Waimahana; Kepa then sent back 200 of his men, to guard the river against a reported movement on the part of Titokowaru, while he pushed forward to Tapapa. On the 20th of January the two columns met. McDonnell had now 600 men under him, and he lost no time in commencing operations. On the 24th, the force reached Tapapa. Henare Te Pukuatua had the advance, composed of Arawas, and during the march rushed a village, capturing three men and killing another who refused to surrender; they proved to be an advanced picket of Te Kooti's, whose presence was now ascertained. The force now camped for the night. McDonnell, intending to attack the Hauhaus' position at early dawn, detached

Kepa with 200 men to march round the left of the Hauhau pah, so as to be ready to take them in the rear, while he attacked in front. In the morning a thick fog obscured the whole country, hiding objects only a few yards distant; and McDonnell delayed the march until the fog lifted. Well it was that he did so, for, as the men stood to their arms, a heavy volley was fired from the bush only a short distance off, and the camp was attacked by Te Kooti at the head of 200 men. Had the morning been fine, the main body of our men would have been absent, and the few left in charge would undoubtedly have been killed. For some minutes our men laid down and reserved their fire, as it was nearly impossible to say where the enemy were; but as the fog lifted, the position of our own men could be sufficiently seen to avoid firing into one another, and a few volleys drove the enemy back. Topia and his Wanganuis followed them for some distance; unfortunately, Kepa was absent, or a much more vigorous pursuit would have ensued. The enemy only lost five men killed and probably twice that number wounded. Our loss was nearly equal, being three killed and five wounded. Meanwhile, Kepa had not been idle; on the previous evening he had reached the position assigned to him, and seeing the Hauhaus advancing, as he thought, to meet him, they descended into a deep ravine, and he awaited their attack the whole night; but as it did not come, and hearing the firing at Tapapa in the morning, he at once understood the movement of the enemy, and turned the tables on them by at once charging into Te Kooti's pah. The garrison (few in number) fired a volley and bolted, leaving a considerable amount of loot, and, better still, eighty horses, sixty of which were captured, and the remainder shot. The horses were a very serious loss to Te Kooti, as with them he could at any moment escape with his Chatham Islanders, whereas without them he was liable to be cut off, as he nearly was at Kaiteiriria a few days after. Te Kooti now concealed himself with his usual ability, and for some

days our scouts searched in vain for his trail. On the 30th, McDonnell sent Kepa and Topia with a strong force to ascertain his whereabouts, while he marched in a different direction with the same intention; on his advanced guard reaching the village of Kuranui, they received a volley from the Hauhaus. McDonnell hastened up with the main body, and found his men in possession of the village, the inhabitants having taken to the bush. While the men halted, they were again fired upon from the top of a cliff some 500 yards off, which had been scouted only an hour previously. Up to this time, it was doubtful whether it was Te Kooti's men, or the inhabitants of the village, who had fired upon us; but later in the day, our scouts captured four men in a village about two miles distant, and they gave the important information that Te Kooti, with 200 men, was in the bush on the range above the village. It being too late to attack that day, Kepa and his men were left at Kuranui to watch the place, while McDonnell and his men returned to Tapapa. On the following morning, Kepa and Lieutenant Preece, with 350 men, entered the bush at the place from which the enemy had fired the day before, and found the top of the range rifle-pitted but deserted; about two miles further on, a large deserted camp was also found, which had evidently been occupied the day previous; and here the tracks branched, one towards Tauranga in the Bay of Plenty, the other to Tapapa, and it seemed evident by the foot-marks the main body had taken the latter route. Kepa and his men followed up, and hearing voices ahead sent out scouts, who saw four men, and fired on them, though without effect; but one of them, in his hurry to escape, ran right into our main body and was captured. Prevarication with the Wanganuis would have been dangerous, so the prisoner gave his name as Te Harawira, of Ngaiterangi, and further informed Kepa that Te Kooti and his men had taken the other track leading to Tauranga. This caused a general right-about face, and our men followed the other track vigorously for

some miles, when voices were again heard. This time our scouts were more successful, and succeeded in shooting a chief of Kereopa's tribe, who was well armed with rifle and revolver. The line of the enemy's retreat had now been ascertained, and Kepa would have followed up to the end, but that he had left camp without food, and as he could not possibly undertake a bush march of three or four days under such circumstances, he was again compelled to return to camp.

CHAPTER LXI. THE TAUPO CAMPAIGN – continued.

CHAPTER LXI. THE TAUPO CAMPAIGN – continued.

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TE KOOTI'S ATTACK ON OHINEMUTU: SUCCEEDS IN AGAIN REACHING THE URIWERA COUNTRY.

COLONEL MCDONNELL, thinking it possible that his wily foe might double back towards Tapapa, after leading the force on false scent, sent Kepa the following morning with orders to follow the trail of the previous day, and taking 100 men, the colonel himself made a long detour through the ranges to ascertain whether the enemy had returned. After a long and tedious march, the force camped in the forest. On the following morning the march was resumed, and they reached Tapapa in the afternoon without discovering any traces of Te Kooti. On his return, Colonel McDonnell found that 200 of the Arawas, under Lieutenant Mair, had arrived from Rotorua; this completely disarranged his plans, for he depended on these men guarding the tracks leading to the Kaingaroa plains, the only feasible line of retreat left open to the Hauhaus. Under these circumstances, Lieutenant Mair was ordered back with all speed; he left on the 3rd of February, and the correctness of McDonnell's views were borne out by the skirmish on the 12th at Rotorua. Meanwhile Kepa was following the

enemy in the direction of Tauranga, and the first night he camped, a long discussion took place as to the propriety of giving up this stern chase after a flying enemy. One of the principal chiefs tried hard to persuade the Wanganuis to return, but old Kawana Paipai, ever on the right side, sprang to his feet, and combated his arguments by declaring that men who feared a little hardship were cowards, and, pointing to Captain Morrison and thirty Europeans who accompanied them, said, "Even though you go back, these men will not." The Kawana was so personal in his remarks, that no one cared to contradict him, and the column proceeded on its dreary bush march. About midday, tracks were seen on the path that led in the direction of Tauranga, and soon after, articles of clothing, old muskets and other things, which showed Kepa that he was on the right track, and that the enemy were in a great hurry, travelling light. On the afternoon of the third day, our men reached a small kainga, on the edge of the bush; the fires were still alight in the whares, but although scouts were sent out, they failed to discover the enemy's presence. The march was at once resumed, now on a broad beaten track which was followed some distance, until traversed by a deep ravine, on the opposite side of which was open country, and a new earthwork could be seen about a mile distant, occupied by a large body of men, whether Europeans or natives, friendly or Hauhaus, it was impossible to say. While Captain Morrison and the chiefs were discussing the necessity of discovering who they were, the sound of musketry was heard and bullets flew in all directions. This lasted for half an hour, and ceased as suddenly as it began, to the relief of the Wanganuis, who could not possibly understand it, as no enemy could be seen engaging the men holding the redoubt, and it was equally evident it was not meant for them. To ascertain who the strangers were was a service of considerable danger, for, whether friendly or otherwise, they would be sure to fire on any scouts seen, but the thing had to be

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done, and Captain Morrison and forty men were sent out to do it. They crawled up to the redoubt in true Maori style, unseen by the supposed enemy, and, to their astonishment, found them to be a mixed force of Europeans and Maories under Colonel Fraser, whom they could distinctly see inside the redoubt. How he got there puzzled everyone, as he was supposed to be at Rotorua, guarding the passes to the Uriwera country; the only difficulty left was to make themselves known without being fired upon. Captain Morrison again undertook the duty, feeling assured he would not be taken for a Hauhaus; but his bushranging costume had not entered into his consideration, and the sentry would have fired on him but for the intervention of Captain Withers. Colonel Fraser, it appeared, had marched from Rotorua to Tauranga via Maketu, and from thence to the position he then occupied. On the previous day he had fallen into an ambuscade of the enemy, and lost three men, one a European of the armed constabulary and two of his Arawa allies, the enemy retiring without loss. The ambush was laid at Paengaroa by forty of Te Kooti's men, who had waited until Colonel Fraser's leading files were within twenty yards before firing; and it is difficult to understand how so few men were hit. As usual, they retired before our men had recovered from the confusion which invariably attends an ambush. The fact that some of Te Kooti's scouts had been seen in the neighbourhood explained the cause of the firing, for the Arawa dreaded Te Kooti, and wished to keep him at a distance.

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Later in the day they captured an old man, and while the capturer was questioning him about Te Kooti, he was at the same time loading his rifle, with which (after obtaining all the information he required) he deliberately blew out his brains. No astonishment was expressed by the natives present, and the body was thrown into the bush; shortly after, another of the Arawas (who was probably suffering from ennui) dragged the body out, threw it into a hole, and made a fire on the top of it, the

remainder of the tribe being admiring spectators of the deed, this useless piece of barbarity being quite characteristic of the tribe. Kepa proposed immediate pursuit, but Colonel Fraser ordered him to wait until the following morning, when he would go with him. Had Kepa's advice been taken, they might have caught Te Kooti before he reached the Uriwera country, for which he was now making. Colonel Fraser and Kepa marched in pursuit next day, leaving Captain Morrison his detachment and the Arawas, with orders to hold the redoubt for that day, and then to follow up; but Colonel Fraser had hardly gone an hour, when the Arawas discovered they were not safe in so dangerous a place, and away they went, without the smallest compunction for the fate they believed awaited. Captain Morrison and his thirty men. But their fears luckily were premature, as Te Kooti by this time was far on his way to Rotorua, en route for the Uriwera country.

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On the morning of the 7th of May, a European named Louis Baker, a deserter from H. M. S. Rosario, who had joined Te Kooti, came into Ohinemutu and informed the natives that he had just escaped from Te Kooti, who was in the immediate neighbourhood, and who intended to attack Ohinemutu. This intelligence was immediately forwarded to Captain G. Mair, who happened to be close at hand with 200 men, and who, being uncertain when or where the attack would take place, made the best disposition of his force possible, by dividing his men so as to guard a long line of country, at the same time, leaving each party in such a position that they could, at short notice, support each other. About noon Te Kooti showed himself, and very nearly surprised, and did fire upon, a party of Ngatiwhakaaue women, who were collecting food on the edge of the bush, but they fortunately escaped. Having failed in this cowardly attack, he then commenced to burn and destroy the houses and cultivations of the inhabitants, at the same time offering them terms of peace; and, strange to say, many of the Arawa chiefs were inclined to accept

them, notably Petera te Pukuatua, who tried to stop Captain Mair from attacking them, and there is little doubt that, had that officer not been present, Te Kooti would not only have escaped scot free, but would probably have deluded the Arawas into a belief of his sincerity, and performed the Mohaka massacre over again on a much larger scale. But as Captain Mair did not believe in his sincerity, but rather that it was a mere pretext to gain time for his retreat, brought up his young men at the double, and on reaching the top of the hill he saw that his suspicions were verified, as the Hauhaus were about two miles distant, retreating in the direction of Kaiteriria. A sharp run of half an hour brought the two parties in collision: the Hauhaus, nothing daunted, turned about to fight, and after some smart skirmishing which had given his women and baggage time to get a good start, they retired fighting. The fight was very unequal; the hard running had knocked up most of Mair's men, only thirty being present, and the enemy tried to take advantage of their superiority in numbers by making a second stand on the brow of a hill. Led by Peka and Kereopa, they charged most determinedly, clubbing their rifles as they came on; but Mair's men held their ground, and poured in such a steady fire that the enemy were driven back, leaving five of their number dead, after which the Hauhaus contented themselves with occasional firing,

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keeping up the same rapid retreat. When near Kaiteriria, the Tuhourangi and Ngatirangitahi tribes came up from the position they had occupied, but, instead of cutting off the enemy's retreat as they were expected to have done, they contented themselves with joining in the pursuit. The line of retreat was marked by an occasional dead Hauhau, and towards evening Peka, the half-caste, the greatest of ruffians and Te Kooti's best fighting man, was shot. Throughout the retreat he had been the leader of the rear-guard, and had fought manfully. He was the last man killed, for soon after the enemy reached the Tumunui bush, where they were safe, for it was now too dark to

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follow on. It was afterwards discovered that the enemy continued their retreat all through the night, only stopping once to cook potatoes. Their loss was twelve killed, whereas our loss was slight – one killed and three wounded. On the following morning, Captain Mair tried hard to get the Arawas to follow up, but without success, for, as usual, they thought they had done enough. Some days after, Captain Mair received information that Te Rangi Tahau (who, with thirty men, had left Te Kooti after Tapapa) was following up his leader; he went out with the intention of stopping him, and came across one of the enemy, who had been severely wounded on the 7th. Captain Mair would have saved him had not one of the Arawas recognised him as Timoti Te Kaka, Te Kooti's executioner at Mohaka, the man who killed women and children in the wool-shed; for such a wretch there was neither pity nor quarter, and a bullet put an end to his misery. Te Rangi Tahau was not intercepted, for he had changed his plans, and, separating himself from Te Kooti, took refuge with Te Hira, at Ohinemuri. After this period Te Kooti's star began to wane, and had it not been for the Uriweras, he would soon have been without men to do further mischief. The result of this campaign was creditable alike to the Government who planned it, and to the officer who carried it out, and may be briefly summed up in a few sentences. At the commencement of the campaign Te Kooti had been joined by the Taupo and Tuhua tribes; and Ngatimaniapoto, if not Waikato, awaited the issue, with every intention of joining. Topia Turoa and the fighting tribes of the Upper Wanganui were neutral, but doubtful. Within five months, Te Kooti had been beaten in five fights, in which he had lost sixty-nine men. Topia Turoa had thrown off his neutrality, and entered heart and soul against him. The Taupo and Tuhua tribes had been detached from their alliance with the arch-rebel, and the King party had been brought to approve of the campaign to such an extent that they not only allowed but approved of Kepa and Topia's march through their

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boundaries. Te Kooti had certainly succeeded in reaching the Uriwera country, but accompanied only by a remnant of his Chatham Islanders, and the Uriweras, after the lesson they had received, would be hardly likely to be very friendly with him in the future. Our losses throughout the campaign were fifteen Maories and twelve Europeans killed, and twenty-one wounded (chiefly natives).

CHAPTER LXII. THE PATATERE CAMPAIGN.

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THE PATATERE CAMPAIGN.

THE DOINGS OF ROPATA'S COLUMN. TE KOOTI'S ATTACK ON THE OPAPÉ SETTLEMENT. FIGHT AT MARAITAHI. DEATH OF HAKARAIA.

The Patatere campaign was the last in which European forces were employed; from henceforth it was to be purely Maories led by their respective chiefs, and fortunately for the Government, they found two men to be depended upon in Képa to Rangihiwini and Ropata Wahawaha. The Arawas and Ngatikahungunu tribes could not be induced to take the field under the new system adopted by Sir Donald McLean, viz., of payment in a lump sum according to amount of service rendered in place of daily pay. This very wholesome change, if looked into closely, amounted to this: according to numbers killed, so will be your pay. The last two tribes declining this offer, Wanganui and Ngatiporou had the campaign to themselves. The former under Képa were to start from the Bay of Plenty, scouring the Waimana and Waioeka gorge, while Ropata and his people marched from Poverty Bay upon Maunga Pohatu, and thence towards Képa, with whom he would effect a junction and decide upon further movements; in reality, each column moved independently of the other, but with the same object, that of destroying the common enemy,

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Te Kooti. Another but less important movement was to be made from the Wairoa upon Waikare Moana. The native tribes of the former place were put under Mr. E. Hamlyn, and the gallant but small Mohaka tribe, under Mr. Whitty. No one expected a successful issue to this expedition, as Mr. Hamlyn's natives were not fond of bullets. Ropata being the first to start, the doings of his column claim precedence. They left Poverty Bay on the 27th February, 370 strong, marching up the Ngatapa track. From thence he struck across country to the Upper Hungaroa, over one of the roughest districts in New Zealand; on the fifth day's march the column arrived at an old camp of Te Kooti's, where the bones of three persons were found. At first it was supposed they had been starved or wounded fugitives from Ngatapa, but from information afterwards received, it was found that they, with several others, had died from exhaustion while on the march to the Poverty Bay massacre; having been nearly starved for a month previously, they could not stand the march, so were left to die. On the 7th of March the footprints of two or three persons were seen, and ten of the most active of Ngatiporou stripped and went in pursuit, delighted with the prospect of a man-hunt. The men were absent all night, but returned the following morning, having captured, a woman and four children. The husband escaped; he was away at the time of the capture, but Ngatiporou laid in wait for him at his whare, and he was soon seen returning with a pig on his shoulders. When close to the whare, his wife called out "Haere mai" (welcome); this roused his suspicions, for he at once threw down the pig and waited. One of his children, thinking he was about to be shot, called out, and in a moment the man darted into the bush and escaped, although the bullets flew all around him. The woman stated she belonged to the Ngatikohatu tribe, the majority of whom were living at Maunga Pohata, the remainder near Reinga. This and other information which she gave, decided Ropata to

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march straight on the former place, and capture the inhabitants, from whom he could get reliable intelligence as to the whereabouts of Te Kooti. The column now advanced in the direction of Maunga Pohatu, the supposed impregnable position of the Uriwera tribe, of which it had been reported that the track could only be travelled while the wind was in a certain direction; so precipitous were the paths, that men would lose their foothold in a high wind. It was also stated that a southerly wind would fill the deep ravines with snow for weeks, and prevent all possibility of travel. There was, as usual, a grain of truth in this bushel of falsehood, but the majority of our dusky allies and many of our own men firmly believed the report. On the following day, six more of the Ngatikowhatu tribe were surprised and captured, and the remains of three more of Te Kooti's victims were found dead on the track. On the 11th the column reached the pah Puni, where they found another skeleton, and one of the prisoners gave the following account of it. The remains, he said, were those of Te Mano, a chief of the Uriwera, who had come with his wife to join Te Kooti just before the massacre. Te Mano was not a man to stand any nonsense, and he soon quarrelled with Te Kooti; but, finding himself in danger, he tried to escape with his wife. Te Kooti sent fifty men to pursue them, saying that his god had warned him against Te Mano, who was a murderer, and would cause their deaths. The chief and his wife were caught and brought back to the pah Puni, where Te Kooti met them and killed both with his sword. On the morning of the 13th, Ropata selected two parties of sixty men each, placing one under the command of Captain Porter, with orders to attack Ngatikowhatu pah, while he with the other party attacked the Ngatihuri at Toriatāi. This latter tribe were the people to whom Maungapohatu belonged, a dangerous and rough-dealing lot, famous in Maori warfare for their courage, and, like all isolated tribes who had little intercourse with us and no

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grievance against us, were our deadly enemies. It certainly speaks well for the Europeans in New Zealand, that with the exception of Taranaki, all the tribes who have been our enemies are those amongst whom no Europeans have lived and who scarcely ever mixed with us, so could not, consequently, have any grievance against us. Captain Porter, wishing to capture rather than to kill his enemies, quietly surrounded the pah, and, sending forward one of the prisoners with a flag of truce, charged after him and took all the people, forty in number, prisoners. Unfortunately the chief Rakiroa, the greatest of rascals, was absent with Te Kooti, and so escaped the fate of his tribe. Meanwhile, Ropata had not been idle, but Ngatihuri had been more alert, and Toriatāi was found abandoned and watching the movements of Ngatiporou, for two of Ropata's men, straying away in search of potatoes, were fired upon, and one of them killed. His comrades started in pursuit, but the slippery Uriwera were soon out of reach – a mode of fighting strictly in accordance with their system. Forty years ago the celebrated warrior Kopu attacked and captured Maungapohatu, but he lost so many men by ambushes, that he was obliged to retire, the conqueror conquered. One of the prisoners taken by Captain Porter informed him that Wanganui had visited Tauwhare Manuka, and that Képa had made peace with Tamaikowha and his section of the Uriwera. Although the news annoyed Ropata, there is little doubt that Képa was right, for his orders were to catch, kill, or otherwise destroy Te Kooti and his gang; and the best way to do this was to detach the Uriweras from him, and although Tamaikowha was a great ruffian, he had never joined Te Kooti, like the rest of the tribes, consequently he deserved some consideration

Ropata, deeming it necessary to ascertain from Képa personally to what extent his peace-making had gone, pushed through to Ohiwa, which place he reached on the 20th, and found Képa and a few of his men at the village,

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where this active chief had been wasting his time, in a manner very unusual with him. After a short conversation, he informed Ropata that Te Kooti was supposed to be at Waioeka, and that he intended to attack him at once; both left immediately for Opotiki, the bulk of Képa's men being already there, having left on the 3rd instant byway of Tauwhare Manuka. Képa took the track which led up the Waimana river, and, on arrival at Otara, the redoubtable Tamaikowha called out to the war party from the top of a cliff, asking who they were, and fired a few shots, more as a signal to his men than at the Wanganuis: but as our men gave him a volley in reply, he disappeared, and the force moved on to Motuohau, and camped next evening at Ngatuohu, where they were detained for three days by floods; as all the paths in the Uriwera country are the beds of creeks, a small freshet stops all travelling. On the fourth day the force reached Tauwhare Manuka, and the Rawhiti chiefs advised Képa to send a messenger with a flag of truce to the Uriweras, asking them to make peace. The mission was successful, for Tamaikowha returned with the envoy. After the usual salutations, Képa inquired where Te Kooti was to be found, and explained that he did not come to trouble the Uriweras.

The Hauhau chief replied: "I have not seen him or his people, but I am told he has gone to Opotiki, to attack the Europeans and friendly tribes of Te Whanau Apanui, and Ngaitai, therefore I advise you to return quickly, and prevent this mischief." After more talk, the chief promised he would remain peaceful for the future, if the Government would leave him alone, and he assured Kepa that neither he nor his tribe had ever joined Te Kooti. At early dawn the following morning, our men returned post-haste to Ohiwa, and on the way passed Te Kooti's trail leading in the direction of Opotiki. They had not seen it on the way up, as they passed the place at night, but Kepa was much annoyed at Topia and the Arawas, who must have seen it and failed to send him word. The Wanganui were too

late to prevent this raid of Te Kooti's, for on the 9th this enterprising scoundrel had suddenly swooped down on the Opape settlement, and carried off 170 of the Whakatohea tribe, thirty of whom were fighting men, and worse still, he captured forty guns and some ammunition, but the percussion-caps, which would have been the greatest prize, were saved and carried away by a native who escaped. No sooner had the news arrived in Opotiki, than Captain Walker sent a message to Topia to hurry up from Ohiwa, and himself started the next morning with a mixed force of forty Europeans and Arawas, to reconnoitre. When within sight of Opape, seven of the Arawas went forward as scouts, and, as the place seemed deserted, the scouts incautiously approached too near, for in a moment a volley had killed two of them, one, Hetaraka Maihi, being a young chief of the highest rank.

On the following day, Topia, who acted as a sort of fifth wheel to the Wanganui coach, arrived, but too late for Te Kooti, he having reached the Waioeka gorge, and, as nothing could be done without Kepa, he returned to Opotiki. In the meantime, Ropata had met Kepa at Ohiwa, and that same evening, 400 men under three leaders, Kepa, Topia, and Wi Kingi, started in pursuit. After following the bed of the river for some time, the column struck into the forest, and climbed the steep range which forms the watershed between the Opotiki and Waioeka rivers. Their reasons for this were twofold: first, by entering the forest, they would be able to conceal their march, and would also take Te Kooti's pah at Maraitahi in rear, from which point they would not, be expected, and would, consequently have hotter chance of success; and secondly, they would avoid the dangers and difficulties of the river track. On the 23rd, the column reached Maraitahi, and from the range above could see the Hauhaus pursuing their usual avocations, evidently unsuspecting that the enemy was watching them. Topia wished to attack at once, but Kepa, with greater judgment, determined to advance still

further up the range, and after dark follow down the river, capturing the inhabitants of the outlying villages before he dealt with Te Kooti himself; by so doing, they would be ready for Maraitahi at grey dawn. Topia agreed to this plan, and at dusk 120 picked men under two Ngarauru chiefs, Tapa and Uru, were told off for the attack on the first kainga. Kepa's instructions were precise, not to fire except under extreme circumstances, but to surround and rush in before the enemy had time to resist, but above all, to prevent escape. Tapa did his work well, having captured sixteen rebels – eight of whom were men. Two other kaingas were taken in the same manner, not one of the inhabitants escaping, and towards morning they neared the Waipuna pah, where the main body of the enemy, under the notorious Kereopa and old Hakaraia, resided. Kepa now took command, and with 300 men invested the place in the same noiseless manner that characterised all his proceedings. The Wanganuis now charged in, and found to their annoyance that the Whakatoheas taken by Te Kooti at Opape were amongst them; this caused considerable confusion, as Kepa was unwilling to fire indiscriminately amongst them, and the consequence was that Kereopa escaped, but old Hakaraia, a most troublesome chief, but a man of high rank amongst the Ngaterangis of Patatere, was recognised and shot by Hunia Mei of Wanganui; 218 prisoners of the Whakatohea tribe were taken, and of Te Kooti's people, eighteen men were killed, and thirty-five men and seventy-six women and children taken prisoners. So far everything had succeeded beyond expectation, and Kepa, anxious to take Te Kooti, was pushing forward to Maraetahi, when Ropata suddenly appeared upon the scene. After the meeting with Kepa, he had camped at Ohiwa for the night, and early on the following morning marched for Opotiki, where he expected to join him, but to his astonishment he found that this energetic chief, anxious to follow up Te Kooti, had started after him the night previous, consequently, Ropata gave

his men twenty-four hours' rest, and decided to march up the bed of the Waioeka, and confront the enemy, hoping to be in time for the attack, as Kepa and the Wanganuis had a long detour to make. His column met with no opposition until he arrived within a short distance of Maraetahi, where, at the narrowest part of the gorge, the track led along the perpendicular face of an immense cliff, narrow and dangerous at all times, but especially so if well defended; nor could it be turned, except by the path Kepa had taken. It was now defended by a picket of twenty men, who were posted on the other side of the pass, but, fortunately, the sentry was a mere boy, and he failed to notice their approach. Ngatiporou dashed through the pass before he could alarm the picket, who were driven back in confusion up the river-bed, only to fall into the hands of Kepa, who at that moment was descending the river after taking Kereopa's pah. Soon after, a large body of the enemy came down from Maraetahi to stop Ngatiporou, but the tribe advanced steadily, and was in the pah within an hour of the attack on the picket. Te Kooti had been left almost alone to defend his pah, and did not leave it until the Ngatiporous, who could not believe he was there, so weak was the resistance made to their advance, were upon him. The Hauhaus now scattered in every direction through the bush, and, although Wanganui and Ngatiporou followed various trails, only one man was killed and three were taken prisoners. As nothing further could be gained by remaining, they commenced their return march to Opotiki, triumphant over their successes, but, like Mordecai, felt it was all as nothing while Te Kooti lived.

CHAPTER LXIII. OPERATIONS AT WAIKARE MOANA.

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OPERATIONS AT WAIKARE MOANA.

ON his arrival at Opotiki, Ropata found out from one of his prisoners that Te Kooti had a store of reserve ammunition concealed in the forest near Maraetahi, and by dint of threats he made the man conduct him to it. Eight quarter casks of powder were discovered, but this did not satisfy Ropata, and, after much questioning, he discovered a second plant was known to another of his prisoners, whom Rapata placed in charge of a strong escort, with orders to bring the powder or return without the man. By this means twelve more casks of powder and a barrel of bullets rewarded the escort for their trouble, and saved the guide's life. On the 11th of April, Wanganui, anxious to return to their homes, were shipped on board a steamer via, Wellington, and did not again take part in the war, they feeling that, as their own district was quiet, it did not become them any longer to interfere within the boundaries of other tribes. Ngatiporou also left for their homes on the following day, but only to organise another expedition against Te Kooti. The doings of the third column, which should have acted from the Wairoa upon Waikare Moana, was of small account. To this force the armed constabulary stationed at Wairoa were ordered to give every assistance short of joining the expedition, to occupy a few posts on the line of supply, keep open the communication, &c. After considerable persuasion on the part of Messrs. Locke and Hamlin, 200 semi-Hauhaus of the Kurupakiaka and Kahu tribes were got together, and started on the 6th of March for Tekapu. The following day a small party scouted the Wairoa valley to Te Marumaru, where they managed to walk into an ambush of Te Waru's men, who killed the leading file; this so cooled their ardour that they

fell back, leaving their dead behind them. The following morning, Mr. Hamlin proceeded to the scene of the ambush, and found the enemy had decamped, but he followed their trail for some distance, until it entered the Ruakiture gorge, when the gallant Wairoas thought they had gone far enough, and compelled Mr. Hamlin to return to Tekapu. It was his intention to proceed up the Waiau river to Waikare Moana the next morning, but his men declined, having had quite sufficient, and so the campaign was finally abandoned, Hamlin exclaiming in his disgust, "O that mine enemy might yet command a Maori contingent!"

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A few days after, news arrived of the success of the last expedition under Kepa and Ropata, and had a favourable effect on the Wairoa natives; for in their eyes Te Kooti was no longer an invincible hero, protected by his own particular deities, so they also were anxious to have a fling at the dying lion. Such being their frame of mind, Messrs Whitty and Hamlin hastened to strike while the iron was hot. News arrived that Ropata would start about the 1st of May, and the Wairoas, being excessively jealous of their ally, started on the 20th of April in two columns, one under Hamlin by way of Whataroa, the other, composed of the Mohaka tribes under Ensign Whitty, went by way of Putere, with the intention of working round the southern end of Lake Waikare and attacking the Tikitike pah. The first attempt was made by the Ruatahuna track, which, as usual, lay in the bed of a river (Waiau), but a freshet stopped the party and they had to return. Nothing daunted, Whitty next tried to march round the end of the lake; at any time a work of difficulty, but in winter nearly an impossibility, the shores being precipitous, and covered with masses of rock and boulders, over which ten miles would be a long day's journey, and from the very irregular form of the lake its coast line must extend for nearly 200 miles. Rut Whitty overcame all difficulties, until his column arrived at the neck of a narrow branch of the lake, which he expected to find fordable, as in the

summer it is a mere lagoon, whereas now the winter rains had so flooded it, that to cross it without canoes was impossible, and to march round it would have taken many days more than they had rations for. Under these circumstances, Whitty returned to Te Wairoa, and reported the failure of his expedition; the Mohaka tribe returned to their homes by way of Putere, while Whitty, with a few of the Wairoa natives, followed Hamlin's track at the foot of the Pannikiri range, expecting to overtake him on his way to Waikare Moana. Shortly after starting, the tracks of three men were seen, and at Putahi their horses were discovered; some distance further on, at Te Poho, their oven, with the stones quite warm, showed they had just left, and our men followed in hot pursuit, until the tracks entered the Waikare Moana bush. Here Whitty's men declined to go farther, but he at last persuaded four men to accompany him, and in a potato-plantation he captured the Uriwera chief Pataneana, and a woman. The chief, who was partially blind, did not see his captors until escape was impossible. He denied all knowledge of the three persons whose trail they had followed so long, which exasperated Whitty's men to such an extent, that he had enough to do to prevent their shooting the chief. During the next morning the trail was found again, and followed through the bush over the Panikiri range to the margin of the lake, where the original three had been joined by two others, and all had crossed the lake in a canoe. Thus, after five days' clever tracking, our men had to return to Te Wairoa with one prisoner as the sole trophy of their expedition.

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Hamlin's column started from Te Wairoa the same day as Lieutenant Whitty's, but had been delayed at Makakahi for some days, awaiting the arrival of Ihaka and the Nuhaka men, who sent messengers to say they were on the road. They arrived on the 28th, seventy strong, making the column up to 200, and the march was resumed on the following day. On the 2nd of May, Te Hapimana (fighting chief of the Wairoas) took forty men and struck off to

Pararuru, while the main body went on to Whataroa; here perceiving smoke arising from the bush, he selected eighteen of his best men and proceeded in that direction. After some trouble, he found the trail of several men, which he followed until he came up to their camp, fired a few shots into their whares, then charged, the result being two men and a woman killed, the others escaping. On the 6th, the column reached the Waikare Moana Lake, and found that one of the boats buried by Colonel Herrick in 1869 had been removed by the Hauhaus; the place where the others were buried could not be discovered. Fine potato-plantations, sufficient to provide for the whole force, were found, but the Wairoa men had again enough of campaigning, and informed Mr. Hamlin they intended returning to their homes. On the 9th, they had reached Tukurangi, on their homeward journey; but luckily Mr. Whitty appeared, advancing to their assistance with forty men, provided with grapnels for the purpose of raising the two large boats which had been sunk in the lake. This timely reinforcement raised the spirits of the fickle Maories, a portion of whom now declared they would return to the lake. On their arrival there, a diligent search was made for the buried boats: one was discovered in a very serviceable condition, but of too small dimensions to be of any great use. The larger boats sunk in the lake could not be found, but as the enemy's paks were all on the opposite side of the lake, and only accessible by water, the native force set to work with a will, and soon completed three large canoes. Just then news arrived that Ropata of Ngatiporou, displeased with the advance of the Wairoa men, had abandoned his expedition after capturing most of the Ngatikohatu tribe. This delighted the Wairoas, between whom and Ropata there was no great love, and confirmed them in their resolution to cross the lake at all hazards. From their position at Onepoto, the enemy could be seen daily crossing from their paks on the opposite side of the lake, to the cultivations at Wanganui Oparau, the

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northern arm of the lake. As this place could be easily reached by the force, Mr. Hamlin advised that it should be immediately occupied and ambuscaded, with a view, not only of capturing some of the men, but of more importance still – the canoes of the enemy touching there. This excellent advice was combated by Paora te Apatu, a great chief, but greater coward, and consequently his men declined to go, so that we missed the chance of securing a large canoe with seven men, who were seen to go there the next day. This event happily brought the Maories to their senses, and on the following day fifty men under Mr. Whitty started for the

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cultivations, and, although the weather for two days was too boisterous for any canoe to cross the lake, the third saw two of the enemy approaching in a small canoe, one of whom they shot; the other ran the canoe ashore and escaped, but Whitty's men captured the canoe and brought it off in triumph. This was the first intimation the enemy had of our presence at the lake, which evidently aroused them, for the next day eight large canoes and a whale-boat were seen to cross the lake and land nearly one hundred men at Ohiringi, with the apparent object of taking our force at Onepoto in rear. This caused Whitty to return, and aid the garrison; but the Hauhaus evidently thought better of it, for no attack was made. Hamlin then suggested that fifty men should proceed in the night, cross the lake and make a dash at Tikitiki, as the main body of the enemy were evidently at Matuahū, on the other side of the lake, in a position too distant to help Tikitiki if attacked; but Paora and Hapimana objected, and the scheme again fell through. The following day, however, Hamlin gained by stratagem what he could not do by persuasion. He ordered eighty picked men under Ensign Whitty to go to Wanganui, Oparau, at the same time giving Mr. Whitty private instructions, that on arriving there he should induce the Maories to cross the lake, and take up a position on the other side. The stratagem was successful, for once out of the influence of their chiefs, the

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Maories were brave enough, and no sooner had they crossed the lake than they took possession of Taumatataua. The boat and one canoe landed their men first, and as the place appeared to be deserted, the men commenced to search the whares; but while so doing they received a heavy volley from the bush close by, which wounded one of the men severely. His comrades, taking cover behind the stumps and logs, kept the enemy in check until the main body came up, when the Hauhaus were driven back and followed for nearly a mile in the direction of Matuahū; the force then camped for the night at Taumatataua, and sent the boat and canoes to Hamlin for reinforcements, which duly arrived the same night. The next day the enemy made another attempt, but were observed and fired on by our outlying picket, and their best fighting man, Enoka, killed, which so scared them that they did not even wait to carry off the body, but retreated in such haste as to leave his rifle and accoutrements behind. It seemed to have been the intention of the Hauhaus to have attacked us both by land and water at the same time, for now a fleet of canoes carrying at least eighty men were seen approaching; however, noticing how their comrades on shore had been driven back, they also took fright and retired without coming to close quarters. The next day Mr. Hamlin followed up his success by advancing with 250 men against the Matuahū pah, a strong position, but deserted. Here large quantities of potatoes, estimated at 100 tons, were destroyed. The enemy had evidently not expected the attacking party to cross the lake, as preparations were made for building new whares and planting fresh crops of potatoes; but now the Hauhaus seemed thoroughly alarmed, and had retreated to the extreme southern end of the lake under Huiaarau, sending their women and children to Ruatahuna, while they awaited the further movements of the Government party. Te Waru and his men also retreated to Maunga Pohatu, feeling very unsafe while so near the men whose relatives they had murdered in 1868. On the 16th of June, Hamlin met three

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of the Hauhaus chiefs under a flag of truce. They expressed themselves anxious to surrender, but stated they were afraid he would make them prisoners, and send them to gaol; thus they would lose caste among their people. They then suggested that, if Mr. Hamlin and his force would return to the Wairoa, they would live peacefully for ever after. This proposition was refused, or rather declined with thanks, and they were given to understand that unless they could give some substantial guarantee for their future behaviour, active operations would be resumed. Te Makarini, chief of the Lake Hapu, was willing enough to surrender, but old Paerau, of Ruatahuna, was unmanageable. At last it was arranged that Te Makarini should cross the Huiaarau range to Ruatahuna, and try to induce the whole of the tribe to surrender, Mr. Hamlin, on his part, promising to suspend operations until his return, although he seized all the canoes and destroyed all the potatoes he could lay his hands upon. Towards the end of the month, Makarini returned, having failed in his negotiations with the tribe; but he himself, with seven men and three women and children, surrendered to the Government. He stated that many more would surrender when they had got over the dread of what the Government would do to them for their share in the affair at Mohaka. The chief also said that his tribe had suffered severely during the campaign; six men had died of cold and exhaustion while crossing the snowy-covered Huiaarau range, and four others, who were missing, were supposed to have met with the same fate, while two others had been drowned in crossing the lake. The surrender of Makarini ended the campaign, the friendly Maories returning to their homes; and from that time to the present the Uriweras have lived a quiet and peaceful life.

CHAPTER LXIV. TE KOOTI'S RAID ON TOLOGA BAY.

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TE KOOTI'S RAID ON TOLOGA BAY.

AFTER the defeat and dispersion of the Hauhaus at Maraetahi, Te Kooti retired with the remnant of his followers to Te Wera, a wild tract of bush country on the borders of the Uriwera, whose tracks, clearings, and fastnesses were known only to that tribe, though, at a later period, Ngatiporou and the native contingent, under Captains Mair and Preece, must have known every hill, so thoroughly did they search it.

In this terra incognita, Te Kooti remained hidden from his pursuers, revolving in his mind many a dark deed of murder and violence, which want of men alone prevented his putting into execution.

Among his followers were some of the Hauiti tribe of Tologa Bay, and these people persuaded Te Kooti that he had only to appear at that place to be joined by numerous recruits. This idea met with prompt approval from Te Kooti, being thoroughly in accordance with his somewhat Mahommedan system, the Koran or the sword, only that he was less merciful than those stern fanatics, inasmuch that he generally commenced by killing a few, pour encourager les autres. It was with these views that Te Kooti and about fifty followers suddenly appeared before one of the small inland villages of the Hauiti, and captured a Maori named Peka, who with his wife and two children were the only inhabitants.

Peka was brought before Te Kooti, and ordered under pain of death to give all the information in his power; this the captive did not do, though he took care to appear in as favourable a light as possible, until he could get a chance to escape.

He must have played his cards well, for he got the

chance, and with one bound he was out into the darkness and away to warn his friends, heedless alike of the random shots fired after him, or the probable fate of his wife and children. Like most Maories, he considered his duty to his tribe paramount. The Hauhaus followed closely on the steps of the fugitive, and shortly after daylight came across a few industrious individuals, who proved the truth of the "early bird" proverb in a manner undreamt of by its author, for one of them was shot and two wounded. This very rough-and-ready system of making friends spoilt Te Kooti's chance, for the Hauiti expressed their feelings by returning his fire, and sent off messengers to Poverty Bay, reporting the raid, and asking immediate assistance. Captain Porter responded to the call, and led about fifteen volunteers to Tologa, arriving there the following day. Next morning they were joined by 200 of the Hauiti tribe, and, despite the torrents of rain, followed Te Kooti's trail to Mangahau, a bush range, from which the smoke of the enemy's fires could be seen.

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The Europeans wished to push on at once, but the Maories refused, giving as their reason that the ammunition would get wet in such frightful weather, and the rifles be useless. Under these circumstances the force camped. The next day the weather was equally bad, but on the third day the rain ceased, and the column started round the base of Mangahau, so as to take the Hauhaus in rear, and cut off their retreat. The Pakehas led the column until within a mile of their destination, when the Maories refused to go on, unless they were allowed to lead the way, as they feared that the Europeans, anxious to kill Te Kooti, would fire indiscriminately into the Hauhaus, and perhaps kill Peka's wife and children. To prevent difficulties, they were allowed to take the lead, until they arrived within 100 yards of Te Kooti's camp, when Captain Porter disposed his men in such a manner, that, had Hauiti obeyed his orders, the enemy would have been completely surrounded.

The Hauhaus were camped on a small open flat in the forest, named Te Hapua, and the fifteen Europeans were on a terrace above, not more than twenty yards from their huts, but divided from their foes by a deep creek. Te Kooti was seen and recognised by several of the Poverty Bay settlers, and could easily have been shot, as he was not more than thirty yards from our men; but they withheld their fire, trusting that Hauiti would perform their share of the work loyally. All appeared to be going well, and the destruction of the enemy seemed, certain, when the usual accidental explosion of somebody's gun took place, and in a moment our valiant allies opened a terrific fire upon nothing in particular. It is scarcely necessary to remark that none of the Hauhaus were hit; but it served the purpose for which it was probably intended, and prevented all pursuit, for neither Europeans nor Maories cared to cross the line of fire, on the chance of not being hit. Captain Porter tried it, but was glad to retire, after taking Huhana (Te Kooti's wife) prisoner. This woman informed her captors that forty of the Hauhaus had started on their return march to Te Wera about an hour before our fiasco, and that there were only eight men left with Te Kooti. The unfortunate shot that spoilt one of the best opportunities of ridding the island of its greatest ruffian was either the effect of treachery, or fear lost the woman and children before mentioned might get hurt in the melee, and was fired to warn them in time; for my own part, I incline to the former belief. The results of the skirmishes related in this chapter went far towards settling the native difficulty on the east coast. Te Kooti had for the last time succeeded in getting a number of men together under his command, only to have them beaten, and scattered like sheep, by Wanganui and Ngatiporou. The bush tribe of Ngatikowhatu, devoted followers of Te Kooti, had been broken up, and a portion of them captured; and last, but not least, the Uriwera tribes of Waikare Moana had been

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forced to make peace whether they would or not. Our losses were small, being three killed and one wounded, while the enemy had twenty-three killed and lost eighty-nine prisoners.

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CHAPTER LXV. ROPATA'S CONTINUED SEARCH AFTER TE KOOTI.

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ROPATA'S CONTINUED SEARCH AFTER TE KOOTI.

DURING the month of May, 1870, Ngatiporou resumed their search after Te Kooti.

The principal object in this expedition was, however, the capture of the fugitives of the Wairoa, Ngatikowhatu, and Poverty Bay tribes, who had been more or less implicated in the Poverty Bay or Mohaka massacres, and were hiding in the same forest-clad ranges that still sheltered Te Kooti, and were always available as a reinforcement for his murderous raids. They were, moreover, a source of annoyance and confusion to those searching for Te Kooti. Often, after following a trail for days, our men would find that they had been in pursuit of one of these small parties of rebels, and thus perhaps lost the opportunity of capturing the arch-rebel himself. Under these circumstances, Ropata decided to capture and make prisoners the scattered bands inhabiting the district lying between Maungapohatu and Te Reinga, and take them to Waipatu, where they would be under the surveillance of Ngatiporou. On the 13th, the main body camped at the Waihou lakes, and a kokiri of seventy men proceeded to the Anapu-a-tai village, but found it deserted, the inhabitants having been warned by the man who escaped from the former expedition.

A second kokiri sent to Whenuakura was more successful, for they took twelve prisoners, and learnt that others of the tribes were living at Whakapunaki, a remarkable

limestone mountain, distinguished in Maori tradition as being the home of the last moa.

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A party started in pursuit that same evening, and succeeded in capturing the people of a small village, from whom they received information that there was another village some distance up the Ruakitire river, near Puketapu. This place was also surrounded; many of the people were too old to be mischievous, but eight men, two women, and twelve children were brought away. One of the prisoners informed Rapata that the villages of Whataroa and Orewa had been burnt or destroyed by a Wairoa expedition, and that heavy firing had been heard in the direction of Waikare Moana. This intelligence so annoyed the chief, who had hoped to capture the people living in that neighbourhood, that he returned, to Poverty Bay, with the intention of starting again in the spring. Before returning, he left a letter addressed to the remnant of Ngatikowhatu, advising them to surrender, and assuring them of fair treatment. This letter soon bore fruit, for hardly had the expedition reached Poverty Bay when the chief, Rakiroa, five men, and a woman, arrived and surrendered themselves, handing in six rifles as a proof of their sincerity. Thus the whole of the Ngatikowhatu tribe, eighty-six in number, were now in our hands, and powerless for harm; in fact, like true Maories, they were now anxious to guide us, and fight against those with whom they had so lately consorted.

No further movement was made during the winter, but in December of the same year Rapata received orders to proceed with 200 men of his tribe to Ruatahuna, with a view to collecting the scattered Uriwera, and thus withdrawing them from the influence of Te Kooti. It was further proposed that Rapata should remain at Ruatahuna for some time, so as to prevent Te Kooti receiving recruits, either by force or enticement. These views were approved by both Paerau and Te Whenuanui, chiefs of Ruatahuna, who were in Napier on a peace mission at that period.

The expedition started on the 14th of January, 1871, for Te Wera, where it was reported that Te Kooti was then living, and on the 25th the column reached the watershed between the two coasts. Te Rakiroa, late Hauhau, and personal friend of Te Kooti, acted as guide; and although he was travelling through his own country, so dense was the forest that he lost his way continually, rendering frequent halts necessary that he might climb trees so as to get the general direction of their march. Nothing could be worse than the travelling through this country. Thick scrubby bush interlaced with supplejacks covered the hillsides, which were excessively steep, so that for days the column had to follow the narrow beds of mountain torrents, over slippery rocks, where a false step might be serious, for each man carried nearly forty pounds of biscuit, besides blankets, ammunition, &c. None of these things could be replaced in a black birch forest, where a rat can barely live, and where the traveller will hardly ever hear either bird or insect. An extract from Rapata's journal is worth repeating here, so characteristic is it of the man, and of the difficulties encountered by him, during some of the winter expeditions: "Perhaps we shall all die from the cold and snow brought by the southerly wind! No; we will not die from the cold: if we were the descendants of Ruaimoko we might do so, but we are the offspring of Tongia, who thought only of weaving, and making the rough garment the paki. Ruaimoko was lazy, and cared only for fine clothes, so that the women might take a fancy to his party. When he got to Te Pakira, near Hikurangi mountain, he was pursued by Tongia, who found the whole party frozen to death; and their bones lie there to this day. It is from thinking of our ancestor Tongia I have made these remarks. His thoughtfulness has descended to us, who now carry tents and clothing to protect us from the cold; and it is only by these means we shall be able to carry out this great work. Perhaps some of our friends think that what we are going through is only the ordinary work of a campaign. Can it be decided

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by those who live in comfortable houses what the extent of this work is? No; the magnitude can only be ascertained by treading it with the feet."

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On the 22nd, Henare Potae, second in charge of the expedition, knocked up and was unable to march. This delayed the main body, but Rapata, with 100 men, started in light marching order to search for indications of the enemy.

Some of his men returned the same evening, having separated from the main body and lost their way. They had wandered about the forest for nine hours before they could find their way back to camp. The wonder is that, they should ever have found it in such a country, for Europeans never would have done so. On the following day twenty-five of Rapata's men returned, with orders for the main body to join him and bring on the rations. He had surrounded Te Kooti's pah at Te Wera, and, finding it deserted, was about to follow a recent trail, which he hoped would lead him to the arch-rebel's stronghold. The tracks led in the direction of Maraetahi, which was out of the direct line to Ruatahuna; but the prospect of catching a prisoner from whom information might be extracted a la Maori, was too alluring, and the trail was quickly followed.

On the 30th another of Te Kooti's deserted pahas was found, and in one of the whares two letters were discovered, addressed to Te Turuki (one of Te Kooti's names). One of these letters was from an Uriwera chief of Maungapohatu, asking for information as to his future movements. The second was from one of the Chatham Islands prisoners, named Maika, who informed his leader that the Uriwera were going over to the Pakeha. At the junction of the Kahunui and Waioeka rivers, the recent sleeping-place of the three men was found. They had evidently only left that morning, and, not knowing they were followed, had written their names with charcoal on a piece of board. One of the Hauhau guides recognised them as men who

had separated from Te Kooti after his escape from Tologa Bay, some months previously. Ngatiporou had now been eighteen days on the march, and had

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nearly finished their supply of biscuits; and as it was necessary to replenish before going further, Rapata decided to send to Opotiki for supplies.

Captain Porter with eighty of the strongest men went on this duty, while Rapata proceeded to the Waimana, to interview the Uriwera chief Tamaikowha, and ascertain his feelings towards Te Kooti. Porter started from Maraetahi on February 2nd, and shortly after found tracks of men, one of whom wore boots. This fact led him to suspect that they must, be Government natives, who had been sent up from the coast; under these circumstances he ordered his men not to fire, but to take the intruders prisoners. Ngatiporou started in pursuit, and in a very short time came up with Captain Swindley and four natives, who had come up from the Bay of Plenty to reconnoitre. They probably owed their lives to Swindley's boots and Porter's prudence.

After resting a few days, the eighty men started again, each man carrying fifty pounds of biscuits, which would, with his arms and other impedimenta, amount to about ninety pounds per man, and on the 9th, they reached the mouth of the Waimana gorge, where they found Rapata.

The meeting between this chief and Tamaikowha had been stormy, but had ended satisfactorily. While at the village of Tauwharemanuka an answer was received to a letter written by Rapata, asking the Uriwera to assemble at Tanaki to meet Ngatiporou. The answer was insolent; they simply refused to allow booted feet to pass the boundaries of Maungapohatu. Rapata took but little notice of this message, and, resuming his march, arrived at Tawhana on the 13th. Here they met the Tuhoe tribe, wildest and most savage of bushmen.

A spectator might well have fancied himself in the New Zealand of Captain Cook's time, so wild and fierce was the appearance of these people. Their long hair was tied up in

a bunch, like the scalp lock of the American Indians, and ornamented with white feathers; the effect was ferocious in the extreme. In their speeches to Ngatiporou they denied that Te Kooti was a man of crime, arguing that the slaughter of women and children was only an old Maori custom. Like all the inland tribes, who could have no grievance against us, they expressed undying hatred to the Pakeha.

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On the 14th, another letter was received from the Uriwera, stating that if Rapata persisted in going to Te Tanaki they should leave the place. Ngatiporou still advanced, and found that the Hauhaus had done as they threatened, for there were none but very old people in the village, who informed the invaders that all the fighting men had retired to Te Kakari. Ngatiporou followed, and this persistence had the desired effect, for the meeting came off at last. Although the Uriwera showed great distrust, they behaved quietly, but firmly refused to go to Ruatahuna, and would acknowledge no authority but that of their own chiefs. They also denied all knowledge of Te Kooti, with such an air of sincerity that it puzzled Ngatiporou to decide as to whether they were speaking the truth or not. An accident decided the question. Some of Rapata's people came across a half-mad woman, who mistook them for Te Kooti's followers, and a few judicious questions elicited the fact that Te Kooti was at the Papuni. This clue was followed up, and it was ascertained from an old man that Te Kooti had been at Te Tanaki a few weeks previously, and that his hiding-place was somewhere near Te Haupapa. No time was lost in starting; and during the first day's march the tracks of a man were seen – proof positive that some of the Uriweras had preceded them, to warn Te Kooti. The trail was followed until the 2nd of March, when it became evident to Rapata that his men, who had been living on hinau berries for some days, could not hold out much longer. They had been on half rations for some time previously, and were so much exhausted by want of food that it was

doubtful if they could reach the nearest settlement, Te Wairoa. The pursuit was consequently abandoned for the present, and thirty picked men, under Captain Porter, were sent to Te Wairoa, to get biscuit brought out to the main body, who could hardly crawl. The thirty men were not in much better condition, and would hardly have reached their destination had they not come across a few self-sown potatoes in a small clearing. This helped them on to the Waihou lakes, where fortune placed a small pig in their way, which raised their spirits mightily. At Whenuakura some of the old people of Ngatikowhatu informed Captain Porter that the Maungapohatu people kept Te Kooti regularly informed as to the movements of the expeditions. A plentiful supply of biscuit having been received, Ngatiporou resumed the chase on the 19th. At Orewaha the fresh tracks of a man were found; a few active men were sent in pursuit, and on the second day captured one of the enemy, who had only left Te Kooti a fortnight before. His information was to the effect, that Te Kooti was at Te Haupapa, to which place he offered to guide the column. He also stated that there were three paha there, but, that only twenty-four of the Hauhaus had guns, and that they were supplied with clothing by the Wairoa tribes. The weather at this period was abominable, and the discomfort was increased by Rapata refusing to allow fires, for fear of being discovered by the enemy. On the third day the column reached Te Haupapa, which was silently surrounded, but was found to be deserted, and showed no signs of occupation for at least a fortnight. This was a bitter disappointment to men who had been nearly three months marching through dense forests, nearly always wet through and often half-starved, only to find the enemy's stronghold deserted. The Hauhau guide (Tautata) did his work well throughout the march, and, after reaching Te Haupapa, guided Rapata to a cave where Te Kooti kept his valuables.

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Six rifles, two watches, some money, and other articles,

were found here, and taken possession of. The position of Te Haupapa was admirably chosen as a hiding-place. Situated in the least known part of the Uriwera country, the small piece of open fernland, surrounded by high mountains, was hardly likely to be discovered except by accident. Again Te Kooti had escaped the best laid plans of his enemies; but there was still a chance of capturing him at Anaru Matete's pah, which Tautata stated was on the crest of the Mokouiarangi range, at no great distance from Te Haupapa.

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The column started at once, and, on reaching the summit of the range, divided into two parties; the one under Rapata proceeded to Wharekopae the other, under Captain Porter, to Anaru Matete's pah. The latter party was so far unfortunate as to be discovered by a woman who had been placed as sentry on a high rock above the pah. The Hauhaus, alarmed in time, escaped to the bush; but, in the chase that ensued, two men and several women and children were captured. Anaru Matete and his brother escaped by sliding over a cliff, and thus shook off Ngatiporou.

On the following day Rapata returned successful; he had surrounded Wharekopai and captured all the inhabitants, viz., the chief Tamati, twelve men, and the usual number of women and children. One of the prisoners, when questioned, stated that he had heard Te Kooti say that he would go to Tahuna Taua. This was enough for Rapata, who at once told off three parties of thirty men each to scout the forest in search of this place.

Only one of the detachments found the village in question, and captured a man; but Te Kooti was not there; and as none of the prisoners seemed to know his hiding-place, Rapata concluded that he had left the district, and ordered his men to return homewards.

CHAPTER LXVI THE LAST EXPEDITION IN PURSUIT OF TE KOOTI.

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TE KOOTI SURPRISED BY CAPTAIN PORTER AT RUAHAPU. CAPTURE OF KEREOPA, AND ESCAPE OF TE KOOTI INTO THE KING COUNTRY.

A FOURTH expedition, which started from Poverty Bay in the following June, adopted a different system to that hitherto employed. In each of the former affairs the whole of the men had marched in one column; they were now divided into four parties of fifty men each, which would greatly increase the chances of success, as in avoiding one detachment the enemy would possibly fall into the clutches of another. The leaders of the four parties were Rapata, Henare Potae, Captain Porter, and Ruku Aratupu. The first place visited was the Whakapunaki, where Rapata captured three of Te Kooti's men. They had left their leader about six months previously, and had made no attempt to rejoin, as they were under the impression that he had been captured. This was sufficient evidence that the enemy were not in the neighbourhood, Rapata therefore pushed on to Tahuna Taua, to communicate with Porter. That officer had visited the latter place, and found it deserted; he had then gone on to Moeroa, where, from the summit of a bill, he had seen smoke rising from the forest far away among the ranges. These fires could only have been made by an enemy; messengers were therefore despatched to hurry up Rapata and Henare Potae. Heavy rain prevented the junction for two days, but on the 25th the column marched in the supposed direction of the smoke, Captain Porter guiding by means of a prismatic compass, to the great disgust of his men, who looked with contempt on the instrument as a new-fangled invention.

Despite their contempt, the compass proved better than

their judgment, for on the evening of the 26th traces of two men, and, soon after, a deserted, camp were seen.

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Scouting parties were sent out, and, after some days of weary work, returned unsuccessful, the Hauhaus having evidently adopted their old plan of scattering in different directions, to meet again at some place previously named.

Throughout the march the weather had been cold and wet, and the biscuit was beginning to fail. One man, who wandered off in search of food, lost himself, and probably perished of cold and hunger. Rapata was unwilling to return without doing something more than had been achieved; so Captain Porter was sent with eighty men to get supplies, while Rapata continued the search, living on hinau berries.

Porter rejoined on the 10th of July at Te Haupapa, and found that the whole country in the neighbourhood had been scouted, but no trace of the enemy found, except their deserted camps. This confirmed Rapata's belief that Te Kooti had no fixed place of abode, but was continually on the move, to escape capture. Ngatiporou had suffered severely from the cold and hinau berries. Fourteen of the men, as they were unable to march and were an incumbrance to the expedition, were sent to Poverty Bay under escort. Rapata now marched to Te Wera, but was still unable to find his long-sought foe; our men had suffered severely from the winter rains and severe climate of the Uriwera mountains, and two more of their number had wandered from their companions and perished. They felt their want of success strongly. Each of the former expeditions had been productive of some good, but this one had hitherto been a complete failure, and they were only too delighted to receive information that Te Kooti was in the neighbourhood of Waikare Moana, sixty miles distant, for in that case there was no disgrace in not finding him.

The column now returned to Te Wairoa, and in August resumed the pursuit in two columns. A hundred men, under Rapata, marched, via Te Putere and Waiau river, round

the southern end of Waikare Moana; while the other division, of equal strength, under Captain Porter, took the track to the Papuni round the northern end of the lake. The plan of proceedings was, that if either party found Te Kooti's trail, they were to follow it independently of the other; if, however, no trail was found, then both columns were to rendezvous on the western shore of Waikare Moana. Rapata's march was unimportant in its results, and need not be described; but at Te Papuni Captain Porter struck a well-defined trail, leading from the lake towards Maungapohatu. A halt was called, to ascertain if there were other traces in the neighbourhood; finding none, the trail was followed for a few miles, until it was suddenly lost, by the Hauhaus having scattered in every direction. A short consultation was now held, and Ngatiporou decided that the enemy had seen them, and had adopted this measure to throw them off the scent. Such was indeed the case, for it was afterwards learnt from a prisoner that Te Kooti was actually in camp on the opposite side of the range when Ngatiporou first discovered the trail; and a scout posted on a high hill had reported to Te Kooti that he had seen a tall Pakeha (Captain Porter) standing on a rock in the river-bed. A day and a half were spent in searching for a place where the scattered tracks would join, and at last a place was found where about eight men had met. The trail led towards the least known part of the Uriwera country, and was followed for two days, every moment becoming plainer and more marked, from other fugitives having joined. Almost the whole of the third day was occupied in ascending a high range, but the pursuers were rewarded when they gained the summit, by seeing a column of smoke rising from the next valley, about two miles distant. Porter, knowing what a slippery enemy he had to deal with, decided to attack at once. Forty of the least reliable men were left on the range with the baggage, the remaining sixty left in very light marching order, stripped for the fight. Their advance

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was necessarily slow, as caution had to be observed lest the enemy's scouts should discover their presence, and it was dark before they reached Te Kooti's camp.

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To attack under these circumstances would have been madness, for the enemy had the advantage of knowing the ground, and could escape easily. Our men could only crawl as close to the camp as possible, and lie quiet in their half-naked state throughout that, cold winter night, anxiously awaiting daybreak. Te Kooti's camp was in a small clearing, in the centre of which was an old bark whare, occupied, as it was afterwards ascertained, by the rebel and his wife; the rest of the Hauhaus were camped on the lower edge of the clearing, under shelter of some fallen timber. Just before dawn Captain Porter proceeded to put his plan of attack in operation, by sending twenty men under Henare Potae round the right of the clearing, and twenty more under Ruku Te Aratupu round the left, with orders to enclose the enemy as much as possible; while he himself took the centre close to camp, by the fallen timber. When these movements were complete, Ruku was to step into the clearing and call upon the enemy to lay down their arms; if they refused, a heavy cross fire was to be opened on them from all sides, particularly marking Te Kooti, who was known to many of our men.

While these orders were being carried out, an old woman got up in one of the whares and began to gather wood for a fire, and a dog, scenting the ambush, began to bark. The old woman hunted it with a stick, and at the same moment a woman, who was instantly recognised as Olivia (Te Kooti's wife), came out of the detached whare, and Te Kooti's voice was heard enquiring what had alarmed the dog. Some of the men answered "Nothing," and were ordered to cook food at once.

By this time several women were astir lighting fires, and one of them was quietly cutting wood from an immense log behind which six of Henare Potae's men were

lying.

Captain Porter was anxiously awaiting the signal by Ruku, when he was told that Henare Potae's men were stopped by a cliff. He proceeded to ascertain the truth of the report, and found, as he suspected, that there was no cliff, but that the men were skulking. After making them take up their positions, and urging them to behave properly, he returned to his own division, expecting every moment to bear Ruku summon the enemy to surrender; but, before the warning could be given, two shots were fired by Potae's men. In a moment the clearing was filled with naked men and women, running for their lives.

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Our men had no time to single out Te Kooti, as his whare was hidden for the time by the fugitives from the lower camp; all they could do was to open an indiscriminate fire, and charge through the fallen timber. This took some little time, and only two prisoners were taken in the clearing – Olivia and another woman, both of whom had the presence of mind to remain quietly in their whares. At the report of the first shot Te Kooti had burst through the back of his whare, and shouted, "Ko Ngatiporou, tenei kia whai morehu" (It is Ngatiporou, save yourselves). Several sharp encounters took place in the clearing, but none of our men were hurt. The enemy in their retreat scattered in the usual manner, and were closely followed. Several were captured, but only one man succeeded in coming up with Te Kooti's party, and he, being alone, did not care to fire upon nine men, but he succeeded in cutting off and capturing a girl who lagged behind. A notorious ruffian, Wi Wehikore, was among the prisoners taken; but he did not live long, and found no sympathy from either party. He, leaving only a short time before, murdered his wife and child because they were an incumbrance to him. The total casualties of the enemy in this surprise at Ruahapu, was eleven killed and thirteen prisoners, the latter chiefly women. Next day, Captain Porter pushed forward to Maungapohatu, but was delayed by snow on the Opokeri ranges for twelve days; it lay several feet

thick in the valleys. During this detention, two Uriwera chiefs visited the camp, and informed Captain Porter that several Hauhaus had left Te Kooti after the fight, and were then at Tanaki, anxious to surrender if their lives were spared. Two men were sent to fetch them, and returned with Tuatini, and some others of less note. They reported that Te Kooti had only nine men with him, all the others having deserted.

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Ngatiporou, like all Maories who have had a slight success, thought they had done enough, and wished to return to their homes; but Captain Porter compromised with them by going to Opotiki for supplies.

Here, contrary to that officer's expectation, most of his men left; but as thirty of the Ngaitai tribe volunteered their services, the desertion did not matter, and he returned to Maungapohatu with a mixed force of seventy men. Here he hoped to meet Rapata, from whom he had been separated more than two months. Captain Porter had now proof that the Ngatihuri Uriwera had assisted Te Kooti on many occasions; he therefore determined, to surprise Tanaki, where it was probable that Te Kooti might have taken refuge. This plan was carried out, but nothing suspicious was found, and the inhabitants were virtuously indignant that they should have been suspected. To prove their bona fides, they informed Porter that Te Whiu and others of Te Kooti's gang were at the next village, Te Kakari; thither our men bent their way, and surrounded the Kainga, to the great alarm of the people, who rushed for their arms. Porter calmed them down, by saying that he was looking for Te Kooti, that he knew Ngatihuri were friendly to that ruffian, and would therefore take them prisoners to the coast.

This speech greatly impressed Ngatihuri, and brought old Puehu (who had never previously met or spoken to the Government party) to his feet. He said he had determined to have nothing more to do with bad men; and he ended by handing over one of Te Kooti's followers, who

had taken refuge with him. This ended the proceedings. The following day the column marched for Ruatahuna, and had got about a mile on their road when the sound of heavy volleys of musketry in rear made them return. On their return they found. Rapata, who, with his detachment, had followed their trail from the Papuni to Ruahapu, and thence to Maungapohatu.

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Next day the united column marched for Ruatahuna, where, as it was Rapata's policy to humble the Uriwera, he built a strong pah. When asked why he took so much trouble, he replied, "I may have to live here for years. You say you cannot catch Te Kooti or Kereopa, so I shall have to do it."

This reply horrified the Uriwera, who were by no means desirous of having Ngatiporou for neighbours; and from this moment they began seriously to think of catching the two chief offenders. A small party of them were sent out to look for Te Kooti; they came up with him, and wounded one of his men. Information was also given as to the whereabouts of Kereopa. They said he was living at the head of the Whakatane gorge, and Heteraka, late friend of Te Kooti, offered to guide them. The offer was accepted, and a party of picked men started under his guidance. When within a few hundred yards of the village, Kereopa and Te Whiu were seen sitting outside the whares; at the same moment they caught sight of our people, and attempted to escape. Heteraka called on Te Whiu to stop, and he did so, fearing nothing from his own chief, and then joined in the pursuit, a la Maori. Under ordinary circumstances Kereopa would have escaped, but Te Whiu was a famous runner, and was not to be beaten; moreover, he had the advantage of knowing the route Kereopa would take; consequently Kereopa was captured quietly enough. He seemed rather astonished that he was not shot at once, but soon recovered his spirits, and remarked that he knew his luck would be bad because, when he swallowed the Rev. Mr. Volckner's eyes, one of them stuck

in his throat. Ngatiporou did not remain long in the bush after the capture of this celebrated ruffian, but returned in triumph to their homes; nor did they again trouble Te Kooti, who soon after escaped across the Taupo plains, and took shelter with the King party in Waikato.

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CONCLUSION and APPENDIX.

CONCLUSION.

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SIX years have now passed away since Te Kooti reached the King country, and, although several murderers and other lawless characters have taken sanctuary in the same district, the policy of our Native and Defence Minister, Sir Donald McLean (now passed away), and his successors in office, has been to wait rather than again plunge the colony into war. Thousands of emigrants have in the meantime been brought out to the country, while the genial nature of the climate of New Zealand has so contributed to the increase of the population that the Maori has already acknowledged his inability to contend longer against the white man, and has in a measure bowed to the circumstances. Our former governor, Sir George Grey, who had retired into private life in his island home, has again come forward to our assistance, and as premier of the colony has really more power to carry out his policy than he had as governor. The results have been already felt and seen: by his friendly visit to King Tawhiao himself, in the Waikato country, on the 4th of February, 1878, the first step was taken towards breaking up the isolation of the Hauhau, and again cementing the bond of friendship, which has so long been broken; persuasion, with Maories like most other human beings, having had more effect than threats. The incidence of taxation is also being gone into; and, for the future, those who have most will have to contribute most, by the introduction of a property and income tax, the only real fair and equitable method of raising a

fund to carry on the government of a country. The purchase of Maori lands will be simplified, while not only retrenchment in every department will be studied, but all those imports which press on the necessities of life will be gradually removed. No country in the world has at present a better prospect of a future than New Zealand, and no climate in the world better suits an Englishman's constitution.

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APPENDIX.

LIST OF KILLED AND WOUNDED DURING THE WAR FROM 1860 TO 1870 INCLUSIVE.

APPENDIX.

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LIST OF KILLED AND WOUNDED DURING THE WAR FROM 1860 TO 1870 INCLUSIVE.

..	..	Euro peans	..	Friendly Maories	..	Rebel Maories	..	..	..
..	..	Killed	Wounded	Killed	Wounded	Killed	Wounded	Pris oners	Name of rebel tribe engaged
1860	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
March 17	L Pah	2	1	..	..	..	5	..	Ngatiawa
March 28	Waireka	2	11	..	..	17	25	..	Taranaki and Ngatiruanui
June 27	Puketakauere.	30	33	..	..	6	8	..	Ngatimaniapoto
Sept. 7	Huirangi	1	2	..	..	1	2	..	Ngatiawa
Oct. 13	Kaihihi	..	5	..	..	1	1	..	Taranaki
Nov. 6	Mahoetahi	4	15	..	..	34	59	..	Ngatihaua
Dec. 29	Matarikoriko	3	21	..	..	7	5	..	Waikato and Ngatiawa
1861	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jan. 23	No. 3 Redoubt.	5	11	..	..	50	70	..	Do. Do.
Feb. 10	Te Arei	3	9	..	..	9	2	..	Do. Do.
Feb. 10	Huirangi	8	28	..	..	unk nown	unk nown	unk nown	Do. Do.
1863	Skirmishes at various places in Taranaki	13	4	..	7	6	..	..	
May 4	Wairoa Stream.	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	Taranaki
June 3	Katikara	3	8	..	..	28	..	..	Wanganui
July 17	Koheroa	2	11	..	..	27	..	..	Waikato
July 17	Stone Depot	4	10	..	..	5	..	..	Do.
Aug. 22	Kirikiri	2	4	..	..	7	..	..	Do.
Aug 25	Road Party	2	1	..	..	1	5	..	Do.
Sept. 7	Cameron Town.	4	5	..	..	7	..	..	Do.
Sept. 14	Pukekohe	3	7	..	..	6	..	..	Do.
Sept 15	Poutuku	1	8	..	..	9	..	..	Wanganui
Sept 17	Wairoa	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	Waikato
Sept 24	Mahoetahi	..	..	..	..	1	3	..	Ngatiawa
Sept 29	Bell Block	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	Do.
Oct. 2	Poutuku	1	8	..	..	9	..	..	Wanganui
Oct. 23	Mauku	8	4	..	..	16	..	..	Waikato
Nov. 20	Rangiriri	41	91	..	..	50	..	183	Do.
Dec. 11	Hunua Ranges.	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	Do.
1864	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jan. 19	Mangoraka	..	..	..	..	2	9	..	Ngatiawa
Feb. 11	Waiari	6	8	..	..	53	12	..	Waikato

..	..	Euro peans	..	Friendly Maories	..	Rebel Maories	..	..	..
Date.	Name of Skirmish.	Killed	Wounded	Killed	Wounded	Killed	Wounded	Pris oners	Name of rebel tribe engaged.
1864 Feb. 21	Rangiaohia	5	3	..	..	12	12	..	Waikato
Feb 22	Haerini	2	19	..	..	30	..	2	Do.
March 11	Kaitake	1	6	..	..	unk nown	unk nown	unk nown	Taranaki
March 24	Do.	..	4	..	..	1	1	..	Do.
April 3, 4	Orakau	17	55	..	..	130	26	7	Uriwera, Taupo, Waikato.
April 6	Ahu Ahu	7	12	..	..	4	..	..	Taranaki
April 29	Gate Pah	35	76	..	..	20	6	..	Ngaiterangi
April 29	Maketu	..	4	1	6	53	40	9	Ngatiporou and Whakatohea.
April 30	Sentry Hill	..	1	..	..	42	7	..	Taranaki, Ngatiruanui
May 14	Moutoa	1	..	16	30	50	20	..	Wanganui.
June 21	Te Ranga	10	39	..	..	123	12	11	Ngatiraukawa and Te Arawa.
1865 Jan. 24	Nukumaru	16	32	..	..	36	2	..	Ngatiruanui and Waikato.
February	Ohotahi	..	..	1	5	9	..	..	Wanganui.
March 13	Kakaramea	1	3	..	..	56	3	..	Ngatiruanui.
June 10	Mangaone	..	..	6	3	..	..	..	Ngatiporou.
June 10	Tiketike	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	Do.
July	Te Horo	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	Do.
July 21	Te Weraroa	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	Ngarauru.
July 19 to 30	Pipiriki	..	2	..	..	13	..	..	Taupo.
Aug. 2	Warea	5	6	..	..	11	3	..	Taranaki.
Aug 2	Pah Kairomiromi	1	1	..	..	25	..	..	Ngatiporou.
Aug 2	Hatepe	..	..	..	..	2	2	..	Do.
Aug 2.	Pukepapa	..	..	..	..	14	..	50	Do.
Aug 18	TahuTahupo	..	..	1	..	14	..	..	Do.
Aug 18	Te Mawhai	1	..	1	3	10	..	..	Do.
Aug 20	Kumikumi	2	3	..	..	unk nown	unk nown	unk nown	Taranaki.
Aug 24	Weraroa	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	Ngarauru.
Sept. 10	Opotiki	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	Whakatohea.
Sept 10	Pukemaire	2	2	..	5	9	..	..	Ngatiporou.
Oct. 4	Kiore Kino	3	9	..	3	29	1	..	Whakatohea.
Oct 4	Hungahungatoroa	..	..	2	..	12	..	400	Ngatiporou.
Oct 20	Koingo	..	..	..	..	8	1	1	Uriwera.
..	Te Teko	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	Patutatahi.
November	Waerengahika	6	10	3	4	92	..	300	Rongowhakaata.
December	Te Marumaru	1	2	2	2	13	..	..	Ngatikahungunu.
..	Te Kopani	..	..	14	20	54	..	..	Do. and Uriwera.
1866	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jan. 4	Okotuku	1	6	..	..	6	1	1	Ngarauru.
Jan 7	Putahi.	2	10	..	2	15	..	1	Ngatiruanui.
Jan 14	Otapaua	11	20	..	..	29	..	..	Do.
Jan 16	Ketemarae	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	Do.
Jan 18	Araukuku	..	..	..	..	3	..	1	Do.
Feb. 4	Waikoko	1	7	..	..	4	..	..	Taranaki.
Feb 4	Te Whenuku	..	..	2	1	6	..	..	Ngatiruanui.
Feb 4	Te Kopani	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	Whakatohea.
March	Kairakau	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	Do.
March	Waiotahi	1	..	1	..	..	..	..	Uriwera.
April	Otara	..	..	..	..	2	..	12	Whakatohea.
August	Pokaikai	1	..	..	..	4	..	..	Ngatiruanui.
Sept. 2	Ketemarae	..	4	..	..	2	..	..	Do.
Sept	Round Bush	1	..	..	..	1	..	..	Do.
..	..	Euro peans	..	Friendly Maories	..	Rebel Maories	..	..	..
Date.	Name of Skirmish.	Killed	Wounded	Killed	Wounded	Killed	Wounded	Pris oners	Name of rebel tribe engaged.
1866	Pungarehu	3	3	..	2	22	..	9	Ngatiruanui.
Oct. 6									
Oct 12	Omarunui	1	9	2	4	23	28	24	Ngatihineuru.
Oct 12	Petane	..	1	..	..	12	1	3	Do.
Oct 17	Te Umu	..	6[?]	..	..	2	1	..	Ngatiruanui.
Oct 18	Popoia	..	1[?]	..	..	..	..	..	Do.

Oct 25	Do.	1	..	..	1	2	..	..	Do.
Oct 25	Kairakau	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	Whakatohea.
Nov. 5	Tirotiromoana	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
1867	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
May 23	Opotiki	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	Uriwera.
1868	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Feb. 9	Nukutahuahua	..	2	..	..	6	9	..	Do.
March 12	Hokianga and Te Ponga	..	..	8	..	2	..	..	Do.
April 28	Whakatane	..	..	..	1	1	..	..	Do.
June 9	Waihi	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	Ngatiruanui.
June 20	Attack on escort.	..	2	..	..	2	..	..	Do.
July 12	Turuturumokai	10	7	..	..	5	6	..	Do.
July 20	Paparatu	1	10	1	..	2	..	..	Chatham Islands Prisoners.
July 24	Te Konaki	..	..	2	..	3	1	1	Do.
Aug. 8	Ruakiture	5	5	1	..	8	3	..	Do.
Aug 21	Te Ngutuotemanu	4	8	..	..	2	..	..	Ngatiruanui.
Sept. 7	Do.	24	26	..	..	6	..	..	Do.
Sept 30	Patea	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	Do.
Oct. 14	Whatawa	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	Tamaionarangi.
Nov. 7	Moturoa	19	20	a	6	3	..	..	Ngatiruanui.
Nov 10 to 14	Poverty Bay	33	1	37	..	..	..	..	Various tribes under Te Kooti.
Nov 20	Patutahi	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	Do. do.
Nov 25	Makaretu	..	..	8	20	18	..	..	Do. do.
Dec. 3	Do.	..	2	1	4	37	..	2	Do. do.
Dec 5	Ngatapa	..	..	6	4	10	..	..	Do. do.
Dec 14	Patutahi	1	1	..	..	..	..	..	Do. do.
Dec 15	Te Arawaere	..	..	..	..	..	..	28	Ngatikahungunu.
Dec 24	Road to Ngatapa	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	Rongowhakaata.
Dec 28	Nukumaru	1	..	..	..	6	..	..	Ngatiruanui.
1869	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jan. 5	Ngatapa	5	4	6	7	120	..	..	Various tribes under Te Kooti.
Jan 26	Kaiiwi	2	1	..	..	..	..	..	Ngatiruanui.
Feb. 3	Karaka	..	4	1	..	3	..	..	Do.
Feb 14	White Cliffs	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	Ngatimaniapoto
Feb 18	Peach Grove	7	1	..	..	..	..	..	Ngatiruanui.
March 3	Ohiwa	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	Uriwera.
March 8	Waiau	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	Do.
March 10	Whakatane	..	..	12	..	13	..	..	Tribes under Te Kooti.
March 13	Otauto	3	10	3	2	4	..	..	Ngatiruanui.
March 18	Whakamara	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	Do.
March 18	Tauaroa	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	Tribes under Te Kooti.
April 5	Te Kiwi	..	..	2	..	9	..	..	Uriwera.
April 10	Mohaka	7	..	57	..	12	..	..	Tribes under Te Kooti.
May 3	Otauto	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	Ngatiruanui.
May 6	Omaratangi	1	1	1	1	6	..	15	Uriwera.
May 6	Ahikereru	..	2	1	..	5	..	25	Do.
May 8	Ruatahuna	5	6	..	1	5	..	..	Do.
June 4	Heruiwi	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	Tribes under Te Kooti.
..	..	Euro peans	..	Friendly Maories	..	Rebel Maories	..	..	..
Date.	Name of Skirmish.	Killed	Wounded	Killed	Wounded	Killed	Wounded	Prisoners	Name of rebel tribe engaged.
1869	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
June 8	Opepe	8	1	..	..	..	..	..	Tribes under Te Kooti
June 9	Te Hatepe	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	Do. do.
June 10	Onepoto	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	Uriwera
June 14	Kurenui	..	..	..	..	..	..	46	Ngatiruanui.
June 21	Patea	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	Do.
July 7	Whenuakura	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	Do.
Sept. 10	Tauranga Taupo	..	..	..	5	3	..	..	Tribes under Te Kooti
Sept 14	Rotoaira	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	Do. do.
Sept 25	Te Pononga	..	..	2	4	10	..	..	Do. do.

Oct. 3	Pourere	1	..	3	4	37	..	..	Do. do.
1870	..	..	..	..	..	..	..		
Jan. 24	Tapapa	1	1	2	4	6	10	3	Do. do.
Jan 31	Kuranui	..	..	..	..	1	..	5	Do. do.
..	Paengaroa	1	..	2	..	..	..	..	Do. do.
March 7	Hangaroa	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	Ngatikohatu.
March 11	Opape	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	Tribes under Te Kooti
March 13	Maungapohatu	..	..	1	..	..	..	40	Ngatikohatu and Uriwera
March 13	Maraetahi	..	..		..	19	..	38	Tribes under Te Kooti
March 13	Marumaru	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	Uriwera.
March 28	Whataroa	..	..		..	3	..	..	Do.
..	Waikare Moana.	..	..	..	1	2	..	..	Do.
May 13	Whenuakura	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	Ngatikowhatu.
1871	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
March	Wharekopai	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	Chatham Islanders and Uriwera.
June	Whakapunaki	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	Do. do.
August	Ruahapu	..	..	..	..	10	..	13	Chatham Islands Prisoners.

.Killed . Wounded . Prisoners.

Europeans . 460 . 766 . –

Friendly natives . 233 . 155 . –

Rebel natives . 1785 . 418 . 1447

Note. – The loss of the rebel Maories in wounded it is impossible to ascertain, I have therefore only noted those cases in which the enemy admitted particular losses.

THE END.

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