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Incidents of the War. Tales of Maori Character and Customs

Thomas McDonnell

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Incidents of the War

TALES

OF

MAORI CHARACTER AND CUSTOMS

ETC., ETC., ETC.

BY

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL McDONNELL

OF THE NEW ZEALAND MILITIA.

Auckland

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INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

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INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

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I WAS residing in Hawke's Bay in 1862, when hearing that a mounted corps was about to be raised in Auckland, to be used as a defence force for the colony, I proceeded to that town, which was then the seat of Government, to offer my services as a colonist in assisting to quell the native disturbance, that had from small beginnings now assumed the proportions of a war of some magnitude, and promised to become still greater. Week after week brought news of fresh disasters, and of such and such a tribe having joined the King natives, who thought that the lands of their ancestors were being wrested from them and slipping from their hold, which was sufficient of itself to rouse every savage feeling in the breast of the New Zealander. Many, no doubt, had private reasons for hating the Europeans, but the one absorbing feeling in their hearts was: "Our lands are going from us against our wills! Let us kill every pakeha we can. They are but thistles! Let us cut them down and save our country." No one pakeha knew this feeling existed, and had existed, among the natives better than I. My knowledge of their character was not as poets love to pourtray it, but as it really is – nothing worse and nothing better. I had hunted, fished, and travelled with them (with all tribes), and had been much thrown with them in their districts, kaingas, and pas. I had not become acquainted with their character by second-hand means or translations through Government or other interpreters, few of whom, alas! were then fitted for the very important position they filled, and many of whom were only Pakeha-Maoris – sans culottes – who had private ends to work, which the twisting of a sentence would materially aid. A great portion of the misery and desolation this country has suffered has been caused by men of this description. I repeat, I had not gained my knowledge of the natives by these means. I had the advantage of knowing the Maori language from childhood thoroughly, and by mixing with them had become acquainted with their habits and customs and the practical use of their native weapons, which has often proved of good service to me. My father, a captain in the Royal Navy, had on certain occasions only one argument. If a native grossly insulted either himself or his family he knocked him down. The natives understood his argument, which had rarely to be repeated.

Otherwise he was their friend. No settler was more respected or more beloved by the Northern tribes, and the name of "Kapitane" (the native name for captain) is, though he is no more, well known and remembered in the North.

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On my arrival in Auckland, I called upon the Premier (the Hon. A. Domett), from whom I had received much kindness and consideration during his residence in Hawke's Bay, where he had filled the office of Resident Magistrate. I told him why I had come to Auckland, and asked for a commission in the Colonial forces, which I understood were about to be raised. Mr. Domett told me that the time had not arrived for raising this corps, but that, when raised, I should receive a commission in it. In the meanwhile he gave me an appointment as interpreter to Mr. Lawlor, Resident Magistrate at Coromandel. I thanked Mr. Domett, and went to assume my new duties, feeling certain in my own mind that this corps, or some corps, must soon be raised, and that Mr. Domett would never have promised had he not intended to perform. So I left Auckland for Coromandel in high spirits. There was little or nothing to do in Coromandel, as everyone was too busy to engage much in litigation I managed to arrange many matters between Europeans and natives out of Court. It answered the purpose quite as well, saved me much trouble, and the Resident Magistrate much annoyance. I used to occupy much of my spare time in digging in a creek for gold, in company with some friends. It put me in mind of my digging days in Australia, and served to kill time. We used to work hard to keep the claim dry; but at last we bottomed the creek. My share of the expenses came to thirty pounds; there were five of us. The result of our labour we looked upon with no small pride, for, under a strong magnifying glass, it looked very rich, the point of the penknife which held it looking like a broad bar of steel covered with huge nuggets of gold. One of my mates, a careless sort of fellow, opened the door of the room we were in, and a puff of wind flew away with our riches. Our party broke up, we dug no more, though I am certain there is plenty of

gold in that creek. If any one disputes this he can go there and try for himself.

Several months flew by, when the whole of Coromandel was placed in a state of ferment by the receipt of the news of the diabolical murder of Traggett and Hope, who were killed by an ambuscade on the West Coast, near New Plymouth, with several others. This happened in May, 1863. Soon afterwards the Defence Force was raised, a splendid fellow appointed to command, and I received my commission, giving me the rank of sub-inspector in the same corps. My friend Von Tempsky received an ensign's commission, and raised a corps of Forest Rangers. Lieutenant Jackson raised a similar body, and these two corps, and the names of their two skilful leaders, Jackson and Von Tempsky, are entwined with the history of New Zealand. Jackson and Von Tempsky will ever be remembered. I joined our headquarters at Otahuhu, some eight miles from Auckland,

and was there introduced to my brother officers, and our major, and commanding officer. The corps consisted of two troops of fifty each; each troop was under an experienced officer – Captain Walmsley and Captain Pye, V.C. – and there were two sub-inspectors to each troop. A gentleman named Mr. Mair was attached to us as interpreter. We all soon became fast friends, and I look back with feelings of pleasure and pride to the many pleasant hours we all spent together. Alas! how many of those gallant settlers have fallen in seeking to restore peace to their adopted country.

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RECONNOITRING THE REBEL CAMP AT PAPARATA.

Camp life during our stay at Selby's farm was very monotonous. A parade in the morning, a walk round our horses at stables, and now and then a light puff of blue smoke, accompanied by the faint sound of a shot from the high wooded range about Queen's Redoubt, fired by some of the enemy's scouts, showing that every movement in our camp was watched with the eye of a hawk, were almost the only break in our camp life. It was a weary time. We were forbidden to stray from camp, as the enemy were always on the look-out to cut off stragglers, and many an unfortunate man met his fate quite unexpectedly and unprepared in this way; but in spite of such sad warnings these orders were not too strictly obeyed. I believe I felt the inaction more than the majority of us. I was unaccustomed to confinement, and loved to roam in the woods, and being an expert bushman I had little fear of being surprised. In a rather melancholy humour one afternoon I started for a prowl by myself, and ascended the hill at the rear of our camp that over-looked the broad river Waikato, and where I could obtain a bird's-eye view of the valley below and the country to the right, where the river sailed on to the sea. Gaining the summit of the hill, I sat down, and taking out a glass I had borrowed from our Colonel, commenced to take a survey of the country. The enemy's strong-hold, Paparata, I could see remarkably well from my position, and on closely examining the earthworks, distant about twelve miles, I formed a resolve to scout up to the position and obtain intelligence that was much wished for, and report to the General for his information. I took another long look, and, full of ideas, retraced my steps to our camp, not knowing how best to frame my request to our Colonel. I sought advice from my old friend Von Tempsky, who promised to do all in his power to obtain permission if I would promise him one thing in return, his request being that he should accompany me. This being agreed upon, we started together in search of Colonel Nixon and laid the matter before him. For a long time he would hear nothing of it, and withheld his consent to speak to the General, pleasantly remarking that we were too valuable officers to lose. He said that Sir Duncan never would give his consent, that he had reconnoitred the position before with a large body of troops, and had thought it best to let it

alone for the present. After much persuasion, the fine old fellow promised to see about it the next morning, but gave it as his opinion that the General would not allow us to risk our lives. I thought differently, and that any information about Paparata would be very acceptable, as he wanted information. Next day Von Tempsky and I were requested to attend at head-quarters at 1 p.m., when, introduced by our Colonel, we met the chief, who told us the heads of the information he wished for, and gave his permission for us to go, and wished us a safe return. We received a letter to the officer who commanded at the next post to allow us to pass, and early the following morning we started. Our reception here was very ungracious, and we were forced to quit the camp before dark, and march to Koheroa, a post some seven miles off, and out of our way. The road between the two posts was only used by strong escorts, and a corporal of the 18th had been waylaid a week before, having ventured alone to start to walk the distance, and was tomahawked by the natives. However, we reached Koheroa safely about 3 p.m., and met with a hearty welcome from the garrison, who proved old acquaintances of mine. We had scarcely got rid of the dust of our march when His Excellency Sir George Grey and Sir Duncan and staff arrived in camp. Sir Duncan was surprised to see us here out of our road; but I informed him of the cause. The following day we took notes of the country, and made ourselves as familiar as we could with the position of the hills and general features of the neighbourhood, so as to be prepared for any emergency that might happen to us. We then returned to camp, and after partaking well of our friends' hospitality, we started at dusk on our enterprise. We had to retrace the steps we had come some six miles along a razor-backed ridge, with gullies and swamp on either side – the very places for ambuscades; and supposing scouts to have been out that evening, they must have seen our figures against the sky. This idea gave us much anxiety afterwards. In a short time we came to the branch track leading in the direction of Paparata, now about seven miles distant. The country was quite level up to it, with the exception of a few small gullies. A very large swamp was to our left hand, backed by a high wooded range, intersected with deep ravines running into the swamp. To our right was the road we had just come along, the Waikato River, and the enemy's position at Meremere. Before us lay Paparata. The path we were now on was scarcely discernible, it being very dark, and at times, we could scarcely tell if we were off or on the track, but by keeping the night air on our left cheek, and stooping down now and again to feel for the road, we moved slowly along. Any tree and dark object was carefully approached, lest it should prove an enemy. Our object was to avoid a meeting, if possible, for many reasons, and we did not know but that we might fall in with scouts sent to shoot stragglers and pick up information. Presently we heard the buglers at Queen's Redoubt

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sound the last post, the echoes replying and dying away in the ranges. All again was still, and nothing broke the silence but the boom of the bitterns from the swamp – a rather melancholy sound at any time. Perhaps it was not till now I fully realised the risk of what we had volunteered to perform. Onward we went, gradually nearing our destination. We had gone over six miles, when we came to a little swamp, over which we had to pass. Pungas were growing in the middle of it, and in the dark we mistook these for a picket of the enemy. We crept up on hands and knees, and to our no small satisfaction found our mistake. We had made up our minds for a small fight if there proved occasion for it, but, of course, anything in this way would have spoilt the object in view. We crossed over and entered a broad track, fenced in on both sides with toitoi and flax. On our right was a long narrow clump of forest. We passed a small village on our right, and could detect the odour of the cooking ovens of the inmates. We continued on for about 500 yards, now and then getting into clear patches of grass and clover.

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Presently we heard voices approaching, so we began to retrace our steps till we could get to one side and allow the natives to pass us; but we had not gone far when we heard other voices approaching in what had been our rear. "We are in for it now," I whispered to Von Tempsky, and it struck us both that we had been seen by scouts as we had passed over the razor-backed ridge before mentioned, and that we were in rather a mess, and were being hunted. One chance seemed open – to leave the path and strike for the narrow belt of forest. This we did, and went a short distance and sat down to rest for awhile. The two parties of natives met nearly opposite to where we were seated, muttered a few words too indistinct for us to understand, and then they moved off in the direction we had been going. We remained quiet for a short time, but, as we commenced to move off again, the day began to break, and cocks to crow all round us. We did not know where we had got to. About this time I was lying on my back, when I imagined I saw a man standing over me. I fancied I recognised the features of a half-caste named George Clarke, a noted character in Hokianga. I had presented my pistol, and in another moment would have pulled the trigger, when the figure faded away, the object

taking its real form, a koromiko bush. For the time I could have sworn it was a man. I suppose the strain on the nerves caused this strange hallucination.

We now heard a horseman approaching, and presently a native galloped past on a grey horse. A brute of a dog yelped at his heels. The dog stopped close to where we lay. He evidently scented mischief, and was trying to attract attention to it; but at last he obeyed a shout from his master and made after him, a great relief to us. It was now light enough to distinguish objects more plainly. The flax we found ourselves hidden in was about four feet high. This was all the shelter we had, and to our disgust we found it would be impossible to gain the forest without being seen by the

natives, some of whom were on the alert. Our position was such that we required to use the greatest caution lest we should be discovered. We were in a small piece of flax swamp that stood in the centre of a level bit of country, showing a very different aspect to what it had borne as we had marched on it by night. I stood upright to get a good view of the position, when Von Tempsky gave me a tug. I turned, and he pointed silently to a native standing about twenty paces from us, holding a bright double-barrelled gun in his hands. I at once threw myself down on the ground. Fortunately he had not seen us. After the sun had risen we took another view. Good heavens! we were almost in the centre of the natives, and on two sides of us, and about 500 or 600 yards off, were newly-dug rifle pits, and some earthworks, and new roughly-made whares.

"After the natives have had their breakfast," whispered Von Tempsky, "they will find us out, old fellow."

"Very likely," I replied; "some horrid hag will be coming to cut flax and discover us hidden here. Of course she will yell out her discovery, other natives will come up, and we will be tomahawked."

We resolved, should we be discovered, to fire right and left and make a dash for it as well as we could. Von Tempsky, I could see, was thinking of his wife and little ones. I blamed myself for bringing him. It did not at that time so much matter for myself. I had no one to care for me. Having arrived at the conclusion that we were in what the Yankees term a "considerable fix," we determined to make the best of it, and commenced our breakfast off biscuit, two cakes of chocolate, and a tin of kippered herrings, and prepared for what might happen. The natives were all now on the stir, and after their morning meal a certain proportion commenced work at the pits (the pa was on the hill above us), others making speeches; and we gathered that a large body of natives had arrived the previous day from Meremere to talk affairs over with the men at Paparata. Some natives now began catching pigs, and sometimes a porker would dash close by us, pursued by all the curs in the place. We dared not stir, and at times our very breath seemed suspended, our nerves were strung to the uttermost, and several times I was on the point of rushing out and having the suspense over. Anything was better, so it seemed, to silent endurance. The wind, now proving our best friend, continued to rise, and soon increased to a gale, and rain fell in torrents, continuing without intermission all day, and to this change in the weather, thank God, we owe our lives. The little hollow where we lay commenced to fill with water, which soon rose five or six inches. The high wind beat down the flax, so we could not sit upright, but had to lie on our sides in the water, keeping ourselves dry as we best could. It was trying work. For twelve long hours we were forced to keep this position, every moment expecting to be found out. At last the day passed away into night and the rain ceased. We tried to resume our sitting posture, but we were so cramped we could hardly

effect this. After chafing our limbs as well as we could we prepared for our return. We had run the risk, but had gained a considerable part of our object, and had a tolerably correct estimate of the enemy's strength, and from speeches we had heard we collected a certain amount of information needless to repeat.

We now commenced our return, and after re-crossing the swamp with the punga roots we waited a short time, thinking the man who had ridden away in the morning might return. Luckily for him, or maybe for ourselves, he did not make his appearance. We resumed our journey, and reached Koheroa about one a.m. Captains Phelps, R. Langtree, Green, and Picard, of the Artillery, were anxiously waiting up for us, and had almost given us up for lost. Captain Phelps was afterwards killed at Rangiriri, and I lost a dear friend. Langtree, too, has also gone to his long home. Wherever Green and Picard may be, I trust they are as happy as I wish them to be. The next day we returned to Queen's Redoubt and headquarters, reporting ourselves and the result of our trip to the General, who was pleased to thank us for the service by letter and in general orders. Our dear old Colonel was delighted to see us safe back, and threw up his cap and cheered; indeed our welcome back to camp was very flattering to us. So began and ended our trip to Paparata. The enemy shortly afterwards evacuated the position, in reality not a very strong one. Colonel Nixon, beloved by all those who knew him, met his death-wound some months afterwards at the fight and taking of Rangiaohia, and this country sustained in him the loss of one of its bravest and best leaders. My friend and comrade Von Tempsky has also met his fate at the hands of the Hauhaus, shot dead in action at Te Ngutu-o-te-Manu. I have gone through much, yet I am still here; and I often, when musing with myself, think with softened feelings of those dead and gallant friends of mine who have gone, but whom I some day hope to meet again.

THE BATTLE OF RANGIRIRI. – GENERAL CAMERON'S BRAVERY.

Soon after our return from Paparata, No. 1 troop, under Captain Walmsley, was ordered to accompany a force of regulars to the Thames, who were to march across the country from there and get to the rear of the Paparata. We marched to Auckland and shipped our horses on board the steamer Cairo. The Forest Rangers accompanied the expedition, which sailed from Auckland to the Firth of the Thames in five steamers, two of which were men-of-war – the Esk, commanded by Captain Hamilton, and the Miranda, commanded by Captain Jenkins. A heavy gale brought us to anchor near Mareitai. During the time we were anchored here, we heard of the storming of Rangiriri, the fortifications of which pa were constructed with much skill and care. Our troops suffered severely. General Cameron exerted himself to the utmost, regardless of his person. "Let us kill the General," said the natives; "he is too much for us;" and many a gun was levelled

at him; but the natives then were indifferent marksmen, and happily the General escaped. I notice a singular error in a work on New Zealand ("New Zealand – Past, Present, and Future," by Missionary Taylor), in which, referring to Sir Duncan Cameron in this very fight, it states that "the General exposed himself, and the natives might have killed him, but, in admiration of his boldness, said, 'Don't shoot him; he is a brave man.'" But the natives of New Zealand, although capable of admiring a brave man, will nevertheless, if he is opposed to them in fight, shoot him if they can, like sensible fellows. Captain Mercer, R.A., Lieutenants Davis and Alexander of the Miranda, lost their lives at the storming of this place. Many a brave fellow bit the dust that day. The natives lost one hundred and ninety men, and about one hundred and eighty surrendered, and were placed on board a hulk in the Auckland harbour. The expense of keeping them there must have been something considerable. Bread and meat of the best description, port, sherry, brandy, and beer were provided, besides sago, sugar, jams, sardines, potted meats, and butter. The butter being found fault with (I have been glad to eat worse), pots of the best Scotch marmalade were substituted. They lived well. By Jove they did! – that is if they got all these good things. Many visited the hulk to see the prisoners and learn Maori!

LIFE AT SURREY REDOUBT. – LOOTING HORSES.

The weather having cleared up, we weighed anchor, and steamed for the Thames. The force disembarked, and we marched to Wainongo, over the hills, taking it in rear, Major Drummond Hay acting as our guide. This settlement was deserted, but the rebels had made preparations for our reception, if we had tried to effect a landing in the boats in front, rifle-pits having been dug in the scrub that fringed high-water mark, and newly-cut boughs of trees had been artfully stuck in the ground, in front of the pits, so as to hide them, and to appear as if they were simply bushes that had grown there. We erected a redoubt at this settlement, and christened it the Miranda. Herds of cattle roamed the neighbourhood, and many a capital hunt we had, spearing and shooting the bulls. This was at last attempted to be stopped, but the temptation was too strong for some of us. Our horses would stray over the ground occupied by the cattle, men were sent to look for them, and this nearly always ended in a cattle hunt. The force now moved on. Not a rebel was seen, but there were plenty of tracks, and we wondered where the Maoris had vanished to. We camped on some rising ground that commanded a good view. Here another redoubt was erected named the Esk. We moved onward again, and finally camped on a hill above Paparata, from where we could see Queen's Redoubt and the broad, clear river Waikato. Paparata had been left by the natives, who had got intimation of the force in rear of them. The rebels were very

daring in their attempts to gain information. I know for a fact that natives used to leave Paparata and go through the forest, keeping on the ranges, coming out at a flat bush near Otahuhu. They would remain in this bush till nightfall, and then find a way over the fields into Auckland, purchase tobacco and newspapers, see their friends, and return the same way they came.

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A redoubt was erected at Paparata named the Surrey. A series of operations now commenced of hunting up the enemy; but most of them had cleared out and gone up the Waikato. I here amused myself by looting several horses, which I managed to pass on to Auckland. Many a hand-gallop I had on my trusty horse Retribution. One evening I had secured a fine chestnut mare, five years old, and a perfect picture, worth forty guineas to anyone. A certain officer – a colonel – sent his groom to me to ask if I would sell this horse and name the price. I mentioned £30, and I would give a week's trial, or a four-mile gallop with any horse. After dark I was in my tent when the Colonel came to me. I invited him in, and he produced a bottle of brandy – a very scarce article with us subalterns. The Colonel placed the brandy, corked, on the ground, and spoke pleasantly. "I wish for the mare you have looted; I want her for my wife, and will give you £5 for her." I laughed. "She is worth £40, Colonel. You shall have her for £30." "No, no," he replied. "If General Carey knew you had been looting horses he would be very savage. You had better let me have the mare. I will give you £7 for her." My friend was now desired to draw the cork of the brandy. "Now, about the mare; you had wiser, by far, let me have her." "You can have the mare, Colonel, for £30, and not a penny less." "Very well," said he, "all loot horses will have to be given up to the transport corps, to-morrow," and he flung himself out of the tent. We kept the brandy. If he had asked me for the mare politely, I would have made her a present to him, but I was not to be frightened into selling her. Feeling that the Colonel would make good his threat on the morrow, I resolved to lose no time. I saddled my horse quickly, and, taking a trusty man with me, led the horses round and galloped to Queen's Redoubt, passed the sentries at a gallop, with "Officers' horses, to be shod," and placed them in a fair way of being forwarded to Auckland, returning myself to the Surrey Redoubt in the morning. I was at the stables when a groom came up to me. "Compliments, sir, from Colonel --, and he will give you £10 for the mare." "My compliments back to your master, but the mare and all the loot horses galloped last night in the direction of the Queen's Redoubt. Your master had better send you after them." The mare brought me £30 by auction. I looted a fine black horse a day or two after this, and presented him to Brigadier-General Carey, who commanded the expedition, and I believed it carried him well afterwards.

A strong garrison was placed in charge of the Surrey Redoubt, and I was sent to Armitage's farm, on the bank of the Waikato

river, with twenty-five men, where a detachment of the 14th Regiment was stationed. The remainder of the Defence Force, under Major Nixon, moved to Whatawhata, on the Waipa, a branch of the river Waikato. I had little or nothing to do at Armitage's farm. I detested the place. We had to provide orderlies to carry despatches, a work the men hated. The commissariat for the troops and officers' messing went up by boats, principally manned by sailors of Her Majesty's ships of war; and fine pickings these fellows got. There was a low wooded island in the middle of the river. Here the sailors used to land and overhaul the stores. Many a case of brandy, wine, and now and then champagne, were confiscated by them; and the rum – the fellows used to drink it as only British sailors know how. "Hang the old Commodore; tap another cask, Jack," said they. They had what is called "plants" on the river bank, and well Jack remembered them. They worked hard though, and were often wet through to the skin.

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One morning some of the enemy's horse were reported on the other side of the river. We made a party up of two officers of the 14th, myself, and a couple of men, and went across the river. The horses gave us the slip and galloped away. One fine horse, however, continued galloping along the bank until he reached the margin of the Mission Station at Kaitotehe, and jumped into a large orchard there. "Now we have him," I cried, and we paddled the canoe up the river, then landed and went after him. Now it so happened that a certain naval officer was at this time stationed at Kaitotehe, and had made it a practice, when any unfortunate devil of a sailor or marine looted a horse or found a piece of greenstone, to take both horse and greenstone from him. We had heard of this, and here they all were, supposed to be guarded by a sailor whom we found up a tree eating cherries. "Are they all the loot horses?" I inquired. "They are," replied the man, swallowing a mouthful of cherries, stones and all; "I have to do guard over them and the fruit." I determined to take all the horses, and we sent them galloping down the river bank. My friends jumped into the canoe, and I with two men ran after the horses, and with some trouble got them safely across to Armitage's. We had fifteen. They had all belonged to the enemy, excepting a grey mare, the property of the missionaries. We had ten good horses, five yearlings and foals. We gave six horses to the men and kept the other four. The yearlings and foals were a nuisance; what to do with them we did not know.

The next morning an orderly rode up and handed me a note demanding the horses. "What horses?" "The loot," replied the man, grinning. "Then you will not have them," I said. He rode back, and I received a letter threatening to report me to General Cameron. In the meanwhile we sent our horses to Auckland and sold them. I now received a letter from head-quarters, telling me to deliver up the property of Mr. --, the missionary. I sent back the grey mare, which we had no intention of keeping, and I sent word the yearlings and foals would follow

the next day. Two mounted men came up to fetch the yearlings and foals, but they, as soon as they got out of the yard, plunged into the Waikato and swam across the river. No more correspondence on the subject took place that I know of. I believe it created much amusement at headquarters, and gladdened the hearts of the sailors who had been done. I gave them a fair proportion of what the horses had fetched as their share.

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THE FIGHT AT RANGIAOHIA. – DEATH OF COLONEL NIXON.

At length I received instructions to join our headquarters with my detachment. Never was an order more cheerfully obeyed, and soon we joined the troops under General Cameron at Te Rore, where the pas of Te Rangi and Pikopiko were, two of the most formidable pas I had ever seen. After the loss of life at Rangiriri the General was reluctant to storm these pas in front, and having procured guides, determined to march to the rear of them by Te Awamutu at night. Preparations were made; a large force told off of foot and horse; a troop of mounted artillery were under Lieutenant Bate, R.A.; Von Tempsky's and Jackson's Rangers, and our Defence Force – the whole comprising 1,200 men. On Saturday evening after dark the forces fell in. The strictest silence was enforced as we moved off parade, the General

commanding in person. Our guides led us over hills and through valleys. I was so fatigued that I slept half the night in the saddle as we moved slowly on. As we neared Te Awamutu the sun rose on a glorious morning, fresh and fair; but there was little time given for thought. Our corps was ordered to the front, and as we passed the mission station at Te Awamutu, every house of which was familiar to me, the order was given to advance and capture the village of Rangiaohia, two miles ahead. "Forward! trot!" A few more minutes – I knew the ground well – and we would be there. The native village rapidly came in sight. I was close to our major. He gave the word "Charge!" and we galloped up. A few natives rushed out of their whares, firing their guns at us, and then ran to the right and left over the kumera and corn plantations; our men pursuing them. One fellow I singled out was running slowly towards a large peach grove; he reached it about six horses' lengths before me, slowly turned round, dropped on one knee, shouted "Kia mate" (for death), and fired. The ball passed by me, and before he could rise I fired at him with my revolver. I now found myself rather detached from my comrades, but a hundred yards or so to my left I saw half-a-dozen of our fellows cutting at something with their swords I galloped up, and the following scene was taking place: – The men had surrounded a small peach tree, rather tall, and the branches of which spread out some distance from the stem. A single native held the stem of the young and pliant tree with both hands, and was jumping from side to side, using the tree to keep off the horses, and twisting to avoid the cuts which were

being made at him. His activity was extraordinary. As I got close up I determined to save him; this, from my eye, he must have divined, for he made a feint, a dive under a horse's belly, avoiding two cuts made at him, and, with a leap like a kangaroo, lit on my saddle bow, clasping me round the shoulders. The violence of the shock, for which my horse and myself were not prepared, threw the animal right back on his haunches. "I will save you," I cried; "but jump off, quick!" He did so, but held my leg tightly with one hand, beseeching with the other. I sent the men away to look for more natives. After a pause I looked round, but could see no one in sight, though firing was going on. I now asked the Maori where his gun was, as he had a couple of cartridge boxes on. He pointed out some docks, and said it was there. I told him to fetch it, but promised to shoot him if he played any tricks. He brought me his arms, and I then desired him to fetch my horse round to where my own people were. So we went on for about six hundred yards, until we came to a group of our men who had dismounted. I gave them the prisoner, and inquired where our colonel was. They pointed to the other side of an enclosure containing some huts, and I saw Colonel Nixon, Walmsley, Pye, Bowen, Wilson, and Mair standing with a few men on the other side. Leaving my horse here I sprang over the fence, and advanced through the huts towards them. They waved me back and shouted, but I could not hear what they said, and kept on. As I passed one of the whares, in the low doorway I noticed a trooper – as I thought – kneeling and looking in; but as I passed before the door several shots were fired at me. One glance now showed me that the trooper was dead, and the hut occupied by Maoris. I quickly ran forward. The colonel had only just come up with the others as I had appeared, and now requested Captain Walmsley and myself to come with him and charge the hut – a low, slabbed whare, about five feet high, with sloping roof. The doorway we were going to charge could only have been entered in a stooping position. It was almost certain death, but I could not argue the point. I advised our Colonel (Nixon) to take off his scabbard, which he did, and we advanced, revolver in hand, round the corner of the hut, Nixon leading. A flash, a report, and our gallant and beloved commander fell back in our arms. We carried him out of the line of fire, and laid him on the grass. I cannot describe the great sorrow felt. At last he rallied a little, and I went for some water, and was returning when two natives made after me. I, however, gave them the slip. Our Colonel had been hit in the left side, the bullet passing through his body, and breaking two of his ribs. Our men, now in a fury at seeing the Colonel fall, rushed the house, but were driven back from the low doorway. A sharp fire from the house kept the place. The Rangers now came up, and at it we went again. Bang! bang! two more fellows dead; another charge, two more fallen. The floor of the house was two feet below the level; it was a covered in rifle-pit. The Imperial

troops now came up; they ordered us to stand back. They charged the house, but it was of no use; they were beaten back. One man made a rush forward, and put his head in at the door, but staggered back with a ball through his head. Strange to say, this man (65th Regiment) lived a week. Someone now set the thatch on fire. Volley after volley was poured into the hut, and we concluded that all had been killed inside, when a naked little child, about four years old, darted out of the burning whare, and rushed first to one side and then to the other, its large brown eyes dilated with terror as it dashed about, trying to escape, like a wild bird. Several shots were fired, but the men, in their excitement, did not know what they were firing at. At last, seeing that escape was impossible, and being exhausted, the child sank down on its knees by a young bush, as if appealing for its protection, and, covering its eyes with its baby hands, sat panting. Mr. Mair wrapped it in a great-coat, and the men put biscuits before it. The child gazed from one to the other, trying every now and then to repress a deep sob. At last it looked shyly at the food, and presently commenced to eat heartily. Another rush from the burning house, and a man came out. Many shots were fired, and I and Von Tempsky could hear the thud of the balls as they struck him. He staggered and reeled, and the firing ceased. The Maori lifted his head and gave one earnest look around, as if bidding us a mournful farewell, then taking up the corner of the half-burned blanket he had on, he covered his face and lay down and died.

The troops now fell in, and marched back to Te Awamutu. Mr. Mair, Major D. Hay, a half-caste lad, who had acted as guide, and myself, rode towards a house I had remarked, built in European style, and near a grove of trees. We had noticed a little white flag flying from the roof. We dismounted, fastened up our horses, and I knocked at the door, which was locked. I heard whispering inside, and called out in Maori to open the door. The bolt was withdrawn, and we entered. There were about thirty young women and girls inside, some of whom I knew. Most of them were crying. I requested Hay to ride after the troops, and inquire what the General wished done with these women. He left, but did not return. I told the women that they had no cause to be frightened, gave them what tobacco I had in my pouch, and shook hands with them. They begged me not to make them prisoners. The half-caste guide now spoke to them. "You dog," said the women, "you slave; you led the pakeha to kill your mother, your sister, and," holding up a pretty little girl, "your cousin, too. Stand off! stand away!" It suddenly struck me we had better clear off. All the troops had gone, and some natives would be sure to return. We wished the women good-bye, mounted our horses, and rode up to the smouldering whares; but we were glad to turn away. Mr. Hale's body, that had been drawn inside the hut, was burnt into a cinder; only his feet were left in his boots. We now heard natives entering the house we had just left; so we galloped after the

troops. Our corps camped in the graveyard of Te Awamutu, and I slept wrapped in my plaid, the grave of some infant serving me for a pillow. I was tired out, and slept as soundly as the ashes that reposed beneath me.

We rose early next morning to bury our dead. There were two brothers in our corps, one a sergeant, the other a private, named Alexander, and they were much attached to each other. One of them, the private, had been shot before the hut and was buried with the other dead. The sergeant swore to be avenged. He had not long to wait. The news of our attack on Rangiaohia had been rapidly conveyed to the pas of Te Rangi and Pikopiko. The natives, furious at being outwitted, and goaded to desperation at their beautiful and pet district round Te Awamutu and Rangiaohia being in our hands, turned to drive us back. The King's force now evacuated their pa, and marched at night by the broad dray track to Rangiaohia, where, if they had been doubting whether to attack us or not, the charred remains of the village destroyed the day before caused them to hesitate no longer. We had taken possession of the district on Sunday. On the Monday morning following they made a desperate effort to regain what had passed away from them for ever. Our camp at Te Awamutu was protected by strong pickets. One of these pickets, about ten a.m. on Monday, was attacked. The sentries on duty held their ground, and the enemy drew off to return in greater numbers. The trumpet sounded "Boot and saddle," and in a few moments we were all mounted on parade, and moved off under the command of Captain Walmsley. The General rode with us to where two roads met. The enemy had taken possession of a double ditch and bank that ran along the top of a rise. We were ordered to gallop past this bank and take up some ground to the right. This order was carried out under a heavy fire from the embankment as we thundered past. Where we were going to and what we were

about to do I knew no more than a child. The thick yellow dust that rose in clouds prevented me from seeing anything, and nearly choked me. We pulled up in some ti-tree, where we dismounted. The 50th and 65th now came up, and as they prepared to charge the ditch and bank from which the natives (several hundred) were firing rapidly, we remounted and waited for the order to charge. One of Bates' men, a few paces from me, suddenly tumbled from his horse, shot through the head. The Imperial troops fixed bayonets and, cheering loudly, rushed up the rise, our force following them slowly. A few hot moments passed, several men and officers went down, and the Maoris left their position, running down the other side of the rise into a raupo swamp, nearly dry, and a number of them took to the right and left. Had the soldiers, after driving the rebels from the ditch, continued in pursuit, instead of halting to form up, they might have killed a great many of the rebels. The cavalry divided, No. 1 taking one direction, and No. 2, thirty strong, taking another. Sergeant Alexander cut down two of the enemy, and so avenged his brother's death. One native fired off his musket at

us at our camp fire, and commenced to relate what he would do if he had command. We were awfully bored, but when he drew Von Tempsky's sword out of its sheath, and only wished he had half a dozen Maoris before him, with their spears, such as those (pointing to some the men had captured), I thought it time to put an end to his nonsense. "You might find it rather difficult," I said, "to ward off one of those spears, if properly handled." He rudely told me I knew nothing about them. "Well," I said, "I do not know, perhaps, as much as you do." Here I laid hold of a six-foot spear, a stout one made out of manuka wood, called a matia. Von Tempsky chuckled, and so did Wilson. They both knew what I was going to do. Our visitor said, "I might hurt you with the sword." "I will chance that," I replied. "I am now – look out! – going to give you a choice. I will either hit you right on the crown of the head, or give you the point in the stomach." He placed himself in an attitude. "Come on." I gave a spring and war whoop, danced round him for a moment, and, after a feint or two, brought the butt end of the spear heavily on his head. Down he went. I rushed at him, and in a quick way asked Von Tempsky to make haste with the tomahawk. I let him get up at last, and he walked off a wiser man as regarded his knowledge of native weapons. Von Tempsky was the only man whom I had tried that I could not touch; but he was an excellent swordsman.

PAT'S STRATAGEM.

During the war with the Maoris many of the soldiers deserted from the regiment they belonged to and scattered themselves over the country. Scores of them went North, where they were employed by timber merchants and others. Little effort was made, as a rule, to recapture these men, but after the troops had gone home a Gazette was issued proclaiming a free pardon to all deserters from Her Majesty's service. Attempts had been made previous to this to capture a few, and a reward of ten pounds per head offered for their capture.

One strapping young fellow, a son of Erin, had taken "French-leave" of his regiment. Pat, as he was called, ran away, and after roughing it some time in the wilds, engaged himself as cook to a large party of sawyers. Now Pat had been an officer's servant, and was a first-rate groom; so really his loss was more than his master could bear with equanimity of temper, wherefore many inquiries were made as to where he had taken refuge, with a view to his arrest.

At last, a mean-spirited, sanctimonious devil-dodger betrayed the hiding place of poor Paddy, but the distance was too great to send a corporal's guard to arrest him; and, in fact, to have done so would have been useless, as he would have had timely warning of his danger. Two natives, however, for a reward of twenty pounds, offered to capture Pat, handcuff him, and deliver him bound, like Samson, into the power of his enemies.

The plan of these brawny savages was to entice Pat to their village, which was not far distant from where the sawyers were working, where he was to be overpowered by numbers and tied up. But, though many plans were laid to accomplish this, they all proved failures. Brown, dusky-eyed girls were sent to lure Pat from home; but, though more than willing to make love to these charming children of nature, Pat kept his beat round and about the hut and sawpits. It is not at all unlikely that he received a quiet hint or so to be on his guard from one of his brown adorers. But the stealthy Maoris, ever on the alert, contrived to ascertain that on a certain day all the sawyers were going some distance back in the bush, and would not return till the evening. The Maoris thought that Pat, with two against him, would have no chance of escape if they happened to light on him unprotected. They had obtained full leave to knock him down in case of resistance, so they started on their expedition. They crept up to the hut about dinner time, armed with a gun, a hard-wood spear, and a pair of handcuffs. On looking through the window, they saw Pat sitting by the fire, alone, smoking his pipe, and half asleep.

"He is ours," they thought as they opened the door and went in.

Their entrance aroused Pat, who looked up. He took in the situation at once. It has been said that Irishmen are wanting in ballast; but when was ever a true Irishman placed in a dangerous predicament that he did not act with perfect sang froid and all his mother wit come to his rescue? Pat rose and welcomed his visitors.

"Come in, Johnny, my boy; shure all the sawyers chaps 'ave gone to the bush, and won't be back till to-morrow; sit ye down. Where are the illigant wahines (girls) and how are yez all; begorra we'll 'ave somethin' to ate – pork chops and plum-duff, and bile some praties, and put on the billy, for a cup of tay is the right thing in the cowl weather, Johnny me boys," said Pat, looking at his visitors with the "tail of his eye."

The Maoris understood quite enough English or Irish to comprehend that they were going to have a delicious feed of fried pork chops and potatoes and tea. They no doubt felt that their man was safe and their prisoner, and it was but fit and right that he should prepare a good dinner for them.

After the chops were eaten, they could, of course, handcuff him and take him off; so they loosened their flax belts in anticipation – pork chops was not an every-day meal with them. Pat bustled about, cut up the chops, pitched more wood on to the fire, filled the kettle, though he remarked that, "Divil a cow them sawyers had, so there was no milk and the two goats is dead, rest be to their sowles." So chattering merrily on he took down the huge old and worn frying-pan, and placed it on the tripod. In went the pork chops and plenty of lard; on went the potatoes and kettle. Pat set the table in order, tin plates, pannikins, knives, and forks.

"We can eat by the fire," said the Maoris.

"Divil a fear," said Pat, "two grate jintlemen rangatiris like yer two selves to ate on the floor, you will just sit down at the table wid me. Take yer seats boys, till I bring the praties."

Each native having piled up his plate with potatoes, Pat fetched the hissing frying-pan full of chops swimming in fat.

The time had come!

In the twinkling of an eye – an Irish eye – the whole of the contents of the pan, chops, scalding fat, and all were capsized over the head of the most powerful of the

two Maoris, and before he could give utterance to his howl of terror and pain, Pat brought the frying-pan with his two hands and all his might on the head of the other, and with such force and good will, the fellow's head came through the bottom of the old pan, which rested like a collar on his shoulders. The two Maoris rolled on the earthen floor of the hut. Pat went out at the door, snatching up the gun as he went after wishing them good-bye, and telling them to make themselves perfectly at home, he slipped away into the forest.

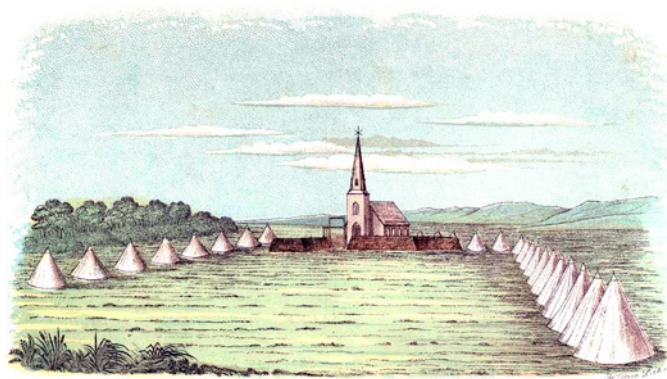
"Batheshin," said he, "the dirty varmints to make me waste the mate and praties and spoil me frying-pan."

No one attempted to molest Pat after this, and he became a first rate bushman, and is now, I believe, doing well as a small farmer.

THE TRIAL OF KEREOPA. – HORRIBLE DISCLOSURES.

The preliminary trial of Kereopa commenced at Napier, on 11th December, 1871, before B. Sealy, Esq., R.M., and J. A. Campbell, Esq., R.M. The magisterial inquiry was commenced on the 12th, when the prisoner was committed to take his trial at the Supreme Court, on 21st December, on a charge of murdering the Rev. Mr. Volkner. We give below the leading points of evidence taken by the Magistrates. Penetito deposed: "I saw the prisoner in 1865, at Te Tuku. He urged the people of that place to become Hauhaus. It was in the spring of 1865. He went from Te Teku to Whakatane. He asked the people of that place to give up the Roman Catholic priests that he might kill them. They had not agreed to it. Kereopa then went to Opotiki. He asked the chiefs there to let him have Mr. Volkner, that he might kill him. I myself heard him do so. Mokomoko, one of the chiefs, agreed to do it. Mokomoko was hanged by the Europeans at the Wairoa. The day after I heard Kereopa make the demand, I started for a place called Te Puio. I returned the same day. When I got back, I saw the people assembling in a church. Then I saw Kereopa with Mr Volkner's head. He was standing in the pulpit. It was wrapped in calico. Then I saw him gouge out Mr. Volkner's eyes. The right eye was in his right hand, and the left eye in his left hand. Then I saw him put the right eye into his mouth and swallow it. I then saw him put the left eye into his mouth. It stuck in his throat. He drank something that I thought was water, till I saw the blood running down his chin. After I saw Kereopa with the head, I saw the body lying outside

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VIEW OF REV. VOLKNER'S CHURCH, OPOTIKI.

VIEW OF REV. VOLKNER'S CHURCH, OPOTIKI.

the church. My brother wrapped it up in a blanket." Pihana Tiwhai deposed: "I saw him and Petara at Opotiki. The prisoner had a basket with him with a European's head in it. The first words that I heard him say were, 'Friends, this is a word from God to you. If any minister, or other European, comes to this place, do not protect him; he must die! die! die!' Petara said next, 'I am come to bring the new God to you. This is the true God. If a minister or European come within these boundaries, he shall not be spared.' I knew Mr. Volkner. He arrived after Kereopa and Petara had come to Opotiki about five days. He came by vessel. The vessel came up the river, and lay close against the bank. As soon as the vessel came alongside the Taranaki natives tied up the Europeans, including Mr. Volkner and Mr. Grace, and led them away to the gaol. I saw the whole transaction – I mean by the Taranaki natives – Kereopa and Petara, and those that came with them. Next thing I saw was Mr. Volkner being led away. I could not see who the native was who was leading him. I was too far off. It was one of the Taranaki natives. My wife said to me, 'Don't follow them; they are putting Volkner to death.' I went away to a mill near. In the evening I returned. I was told that Mr. Volkner was killed, and was shown where his body was. The body had on black trousers, boots, and white shirt. There was no head on it. I asked Kereopa to let me have the body to bury it. (The witness here gave some very disgusting details of the treatment the corpse subsequently received.) I saw Mr. Volkner's head, and that of another European, afterwards, at Opotiki, in a tent." Wiremu Pahi, sworn, deposed: "I remember when Kereopa came to Opotiki in March, 1865. Mr. Volkner was then absent in Auckland. The first the Taranaki natives did was to rob Mr. Volkner's house. Kereopa said Mr. Volkner was to be killed. At the time of Mr. Volkner's arrival Kereopa was inland. The vessel when it arrived was robbed, and the Europeans put in gaol. Kereopa returned on the arrival of Mr. Volkner. Kereopa then sent some people to bring Mr. Volkner from the gaol, that was my house (the names of some of the party were given). Kereopa was also with them. Mr. Volkner was brought to the church. After the talk was done there, he was led off to be hung. Kereopa gave orders to take him to a tree and hang him. The last I saw of Mr. Volkner was when he was being led to the tree. I went to my plantation; when I returned Mr. Volkner was hanging on the tree. I went straight to my own house. After a short time I returned to the church, and saw Mr. Volkner's body lying outside it, without the head. Thauraira Kari cut the head off. Kereopa told him to do it. The head was put in the church through the window. Kereopa placed the head on the table before him, and took out the two eyes with his two hands. He said: 'Listen, O tribe, this is the parliament of England.' Then he swallowed the eyes. After this the head was carried round to all the people in the house. I went out. I

saw the body." Renata deposed: "Two Jews, besides Mr. Volkner and Mr. Grace, arrived in the same vessel. After the vessel arrived he went inland and saw Kereopa there. He was telling the people that he had received a message from his god that he was to kill Mr. Volkner. I went back to Opotiki. After I arrived I saw Mr. Volkner led from a whare to the church. Kereopa was alongside of Mr. Volkner. I did not go to the church. The next thing I saw was Mr. Volkner being led from the church to a tree. Kereopa was a few yards behind Mr. Volkner. Kereopa had Mr. Volkner's watch and waistcoat on, and Mr. Volkner had on a shirt and

trousers. I saw them lead Mr. Volkner up to a bush. After that I went to my own place on the opposite side of the river. I stopped at my place some time. When I got back I saw Mr. Volkner's head in the church. I looked in at the window. I saw the head on the table, and the two eyes in Kereopa's hand. Kereopa first offered them to his god, and then ate them himself. Kereopa had seagull feathers stuck in his hair." Hori Wetere Te Motutere deposed: "Kereopa asked the people of Te Teko to let him have a European named Aubrey, a miller there; they did not give him up. He went next to Whakatane. There they asked the people to give them up the Catholic priest, Father Grange, to kill him. They did not agree to do so. They next went to Opotiki. I went into the church. I saw there the head lying on the table, and Kereopa with one of Mr. Volkner's eyes in each hand. He said: 'These are the eyes that have looked on the destruction of this Island, I will eat them. He has eaten me, and I will now eat him. He crucified me, and I will crucify him.' Then he swallowed the eyes. He drank something out of a pannikin. I don't know what it was. He then said: 'All men, women, and children, must eat of this sacrifice.' I jumped out of the window and ran away." Hautakura being sworn, deposed: "I live at Waitotahi. I remember the arrival of Kereopa and the Taranakis at Opotiki in 1865. Kereopa explained the Hauhau religion and laid off boundaries. 'Whatever European comes within these boundaries,' he said, 'whether minister or otherwise, they shall be killed.' After this Mr. Volkner arrived, and was taken to gaol by Kereopa's orders. I heard him give them. They then assembled at the Catholic Church Kereopa said, 'Listen! Mr. Volkner must die this day.' I went home. I came back some time afterwards, and found the people all assembled near the church. I was at the doorway. I heard Kereopa say then again, 'Mr. Volkner must die this day.' He then sent a party to fetch Mr. Volkner. Keramita, Kahupaia, Hakaria, and Kereopa himself were of the party. I remained in the doorway, and saw them leading up Mr. Volkner. Kereopa had Mr. Volkner's clothes. When they got to the doorway of the church Kereopa ordered some men to lead him to execution. The words he used were: 'Come some people, and lead Mr. Volkner to kill him.' The same persons that went to fetch him on the former day led him away together with Kereopa and the whole population. They were Taranakis. Kereopa was close behind

Mr. Volkner when he was being led away within a yard of him." The prisoner was then asked if he wished to say anything for himself. He declined to do so. The prisoner was then committed for trial before the Supreme Court on the 21st December, 1871, and afterwards he was hanged.

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ON THE EMPLOYMENT OF NATIVE FORCES.

During the war at the north with Hone Heke and Kawiti, which, on our side, was conducted principally by Col. Despard, many natives from Hokianga under their chiefs – Tamati Waka Nene, Te Tao Nui, Wi Kipa, Wi Hopihana, and others – rendered us great assistance, partly from a good feeling they entertained for the whites, and partly from hatred to their old enemies, and a natural love of fighting which is inherent in the New Zealander. Tamati Waka Nene held a prominent part throughout the war, and his word carried great weight with the majority of the friendly natives. The first Maori stockade, or pa, attacked by our troops was Okaihau. This pa, much to the astonishment, and against the advice of the chiefs, was rushed by the soldiers, and resulted in about thirty of our men being shot down within a few feet of the palisading, and we had to retreat. Kawiti's men, who were in the front, charged our troops; but they never again tried this, many of them being killed by a charge of bayonets.

After this, Colonel Despard depended greatly on the advice of our native allies, as he wisely saw he did not understand the enemy's mode of warfare, and that our natives had ways and means of knowing what the others were about, and manoeuvred accordingly. But however Tamati Waka obtained his knowledge of passing events he never, as a native general or chief, thought of ordering the natives to do what he considered best but when he had arrived at certain conclusions. As, for instance, at Ohaiowai he wished to take possession of a certain eminence, which commanded a portion of the enemy's work. Perhaps this had been the result of a secret conference with two or more old chiefs. Early in the night Tamati Waka would have a dream and a huhi (a convulsive starting of his right or left arm). The dream might have been a successful weka hunt, or that a taniwha (a fabulous sea monster) had invited him to a feast, as the case might be, which would denote to the tribe's success. The order would be given in the following manner: "The enemy have (the oracle informs) determined to attack our camp, and in doing so will succeed in killing some of us; to prevent this a strong party will take possession of the hill over the pa to-night;" when, before morning, it was occupied by 250 men, and then Colonel Despard was informed of the movement, and desired to do certain things, but almost always when the arrangements had been nearly completed by our natives for destroying the enemy after their own way of advancing and fighting, an abortive attempt at storming would be made, never once successful, and always ended with the enemy escaping, and us losing many valuable lives, to the anger and disgust of the

friendlies. Towards the close of the campaign the officer in command admitted that, owing to the peculiar mode of warfare, to be successful against the enemy, it was necessary for his troops to act as a contingent to the friendly natives, and not the natives as a contingent to the troops; and he was right, as there were then several hundred friendly natives in the field, by nature independent, impetuous, trickish, and impatient of control, who could only be managed by their chiefs through their superstitions, and not by ordering them about, and they were not fighting so much for love of the pakeha as from the memory of old grievances. The love so often prated about for the Queen weighed not a feather in the balance. Letters and speeches, commencing – "O Governor! great is my love for you," "O Queen! we are your children, and our love for you is great," means no more than, "I remain, yours truly," or "I have the honour to be," etc. At this time they were receiving no pay for their services, but this was nearly forty years ago, and the conduct of Hone Heke and Kawiti was condemned by most of the northern tribes. We will now turn to the present and the last few years.

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When the Arawas assisted the Government in 1864 they received no pay, but were only supplied with arms and ammunition during this time; though I had considerable command over them, I was careful not to let such appear. I gained the confidence of their chief, and certain successes were obtained, as they fought to revenge themselves on their enemies and not on ours. It gave them no little confidence, too, the fact that they were fighting under our law, and were considered to be helping the Government and the Queen's general.

Shortly after this they were placed on pay, when they soon found out, if the fighting lasted one week and the enemy were beaten, the pay only lasted one week, and then abruptly ceased. The result of this discovery was, they used all their cunning to prolong hostilities. This was only to be expected would occur when under their own chiefs, who if they had ever urged them to action, would have less influence with their tribes. But a European placed in command had no reason to fear the loss of any influence he might have obtained if he considered himself as a gentleman ought to, and if properly supported by the Government; for the natives who know when a man does his duty respect him accordingly, but they will, to attain their own ends, write letters to the Government requesting that so-and-so be removed, mentioning some childish reason, in the hope that another pakeha may be sent to replace the one in command, in the further hope that the new-comer may fall more easily into their ways, and they have an easier time of it while the pay goes on. As one instance out of scores I could mention, I will relate what happened to my friend the late Captain St. George. He at the time was stationed at Taupo in command of a body of Arawas, who had to do their duty. Returning one day with his native orderly from a long wet ride, he retired to change his clothes. The two principal chiefs of the settlement or pa came to

him, and begged for one of the bottles of rum he had by him. This request he refused. Had he given it to them they would both have become tipsy. Shortly after this, Captain St. George sent for his orderly and gave him a glass of grog. The two chiefs heard of it, and wrote a letter to the Commissioner (a gentleman), and begged he would cause the officer in command to be removed, as he was giving the men rum, and making them drunk, causing neglect of duty. The

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Commissioner, Mr. Clarke, enclosed this production to Captain St. George, asking an explanation. The chiefs acknowledged to the letter, said they had written it in a moment of anger, and wrote to Mr. Clarke explaining the truth, and confessing they had told a falsehood to spite the officer for not giving them the bottle of rum.

I have obtained many successes with the Arawas serving under me when in receipt of pay; but I have made allowance for their customs and superstitions. Up to a certain point I have often given in to their wishes, when I had my way in return. I have my secrets worth knowing, the advice of an old and noted Tohunga chief, and if we have to fight again, which, perhaps, we may, a few of the secrets of my Tohunga Karakia (praying wizard) may be found useful, even though times are altered from what they were, and the officer who may then be placed in command of our forces (if he is not too proud to inquire) shall be made acquainted with at least a few. My sword belt has got so stiff, and the lock of my rifle so rusty that it would require more soft soap to soften the one, and more sweet oil to lubricate the other, than the Government stores can perhaps provide. No chief, however he may wish to perform his duty to the country, has sufficient power among the hapus a tribe consists of to get the men to make short, quick work of a campaign against their wishes, and retain his influence; for that, amongst the Maoris, is subject to their changeable opinion. The tribe led against our enemy have little or no feeling of hostility to those they are expected to fight. They have had their day of utu (payment) for the past, and think now that five shillings a day under their own chiefs, who are bound, as their chiefs, to look after the interests of the tribe, is a good thing. And let any chief beware lest he strain this point too much, as there are those who would quickly thwart any apparent intention from one of themselves to use the tribe for the pakeha.

The power of a chief is well hinted at by "Old New Zealand" in the scene of the wrestling match with "Melons." The head chief appears, and is very angry. "Look at that; the pakeha does not bear you any malice. I would kill you if he asked me. You are a bad people – killers of pakehas. Be off with you – the whole of you – away!" This command was instantly obeyed by all the women, boys, and slaves; but I observed that the whole of you did not seem to be understood as including the stout, able-bodied, tattooed part of the population – the strength of the tribe – the warriors, in fact, many of whom counted themselves to be very much about as good as the chief." The sympathy of the natives is for themselves, and

not for the pakeha; and this is very natural. Why should it be otherwise?

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Tribes sent out under their own chiefs are expensive and sometimes mischievous, and little is done for the reasons I have mentioned, though much may be reported, etc.; but the same natives, in concert with Europeans, under a European officer who has some knowledge of the Maoris, will not fail of success, always provided the natives are honestly told the European is in command, whose word must be obeyed, and from whom there is no appeal, then good will result. The Europeans otherwise had far better go by themselves, when, if not worried and harassed with the telegraph from all quarters all at once, will in the end have their opportunity, and succeed.

The old Wanganui contingent, when acting with the European forces, was a happy and successful way of employing natives, and would be so again, but the European portion of the force ought to number two or three to one, and a European to command the whole is indispensable, if certain success is looked for.

Such is my practical experience during eight years' campaigning in New Zealand, and of more than forty years' residence among the natives.

One time I particularly wished to march in a certain direction, and had concluded, as I thought, all arrangements with the fighting chief; but he, feeling his way with the tribe, preparatory to giving the order, found that for some reason or another they were not willing to go, and looked to him to frustrate the march and my plans. He returned and told me of the feeling existing. It was absolutely necessary for the success of certain designs that we should march, and he knew this. "Exert your influence," I said, "and make them go." "That would never do," he replied, "they would soon cease to listen to me; but as we are all on pay – you appear to be angry with me – I will then speak to the tribe, and get them to march." I did as requested, and had the satisfaction of hearing my friend complain loudly to the tribe that I was a pakeha, a hard pakeha, one who would not listen to reason; that this march was not required, it being only a whim of mine, etc.; but they must remember they were only on pay, and some weeks in arrears. Perhaps after all they had better march; he would write to the Government to remove me; so they would all march now he had decided it. In a short time they paraded, declared their chief was a "Tangata whai whakaaro" (man of understanding), and knew how to manage affairs. The chief returned to me with laughter in his eye, and said, "Come, be quick, while they are in the humour; I had to abuse you, but I hope you are not angry; they are my tribe, and I must not lose my influence." I replied I was much pleased, and that he might abuse me to his heart's content as long as good results were obtained. Two or three days afterwards, when the tribe saw the good our march had helped to, they took great credit to themselves for what had been achieved.

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ILLUSTRATIVE OF NATIVE ALLIES. – THE MARCH ROUND MOUNT EGMONT.

After the capture of Otapawa, and the total defeat of the natives at Ketemarae, Ahipaipa, Pa Poaka, Mawhitiwhiti, and other places by General Chute, arrangements were made by the General for one of the most hazardous enterprises ever undertaken in New Zealand. This was to march through Mataitawa, by the old track round Mount Egmont. As far as the contingent and Wanganui kupapas were concerned, Maori ingenuity was fairly exhausted in trying to persuade the General from such an arduous task, but he was not to be put off. Men were told off for the expedition from each regiment in camp, and the Forest Rangers, under the personal superintendence of their gallant leader, Von Tempsky, cleaned up their trusty breech-loaders, and made preparations. As I was hors de combat from my wound, which my late exertions had made very painful, the General came to my tent, where every information that could be procured from the Maoris was obtained, and laid before him in the presence of Commissariat-General Strickland and His Honour Dr. Featherston.

I was instructed to tell off as many natives as I thought would be sufficient, procure special guides, and report progress with the least possible delay. The General then left us. I then asked the doctor to collect all the chiefs into our tent. This was done, and a long korero (talk) ensued. At first the chiefs declared that it was impossible to go round the mountain by the proposed route; that the force would never get out of the bush, and that it would be better to go round by the coast. We combatted every argument that they brought forward, and finally wrung an unwilling consent from them that the natives should go with the expedition. I may here remark that it was absolutely necessary that the natives should go, as no one knew the direction to be taken in the pathless forest about to be entered. Doctor Featherston communicated the result of our consultation to the General, who, naturally concluding that all obstacles were removed from his undertaking, ordered a certain number of rations to be issued to the men of all corps about to march, and to be cooked at once.

Somehow or other a kind of instinct which I seem to have, whenever Maoris are concerned, caused me to feel certain misgivings when they consented to go. I could not feel sure in my own mind that any of them would really start. True they had said, "Yes, we will go, you can tell the General that so many shall accompany the force," and that they had also drawn fresh ammunition and rations; but yet, knowing them as I did, I was by no means easy on that point. This worried me. I felt that any blame would naturally fall on myself, and as I lay in my tent thinking the matter over, the uncertainty gradually established itself as a fact. The natives did

not intend to go, but I had no proof to lay before the General.

I knew Mete Kingi and others had from the commencement of

the campaign endeavoured to raise obstacles in the way, and the reserved look Mete had on his face during the korero in my tent helped to confirm my suspicions. I felt miserable and helpless. It was now about 9 p.m. The echoes of the bugle, sounding "lights out," had scarcely died away among the hills when the curtain of my tent was slowly raised, and a native crawled in. I recognised him as one of the most faithful of my followers. Many were the plots which he had given me timely warning of. "What is up now?" I said, in a subdued voice. "But a word," whispered the man; "when the General parades to-morrow morning, one native alone will be present, and that is myself. Mete Kingi and the rest have been deceiving you. None of the natives will go round the mountain. The tribes have their orders. I must go now," he continued. "I could not come near you before." "Kapai (good)" I replied; "it is enough. Go away quietly, as you came." Soon after he had gone, Dr. Featherston returned (we occupied the same tent) from the General's quarters, when I mentioned the visit I had had. We sent for the native chiefs, my brother William (who now commanded the contingent) taking the message. They soon collected. On putting the question plainly, and demanding an immediate reply, they said (like the hypocrites they were), "It is true the men will not go, in spite of all our endeavours to induce them." Mete added that his heart was broken utterly; he might get over it, but he thought not; his heart would remain dark for ever. I frankly told him and the others that they lied, and that he had, through his superstition, tampered with the men; that my familiar spirit had told me so, and it was therefore no use denying it; and I ordered the whole of them – contingent officers, and all – out of the tent.

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The doctor lit his cigar, I filled my pipe, and we gazed at each other for a few seconds in silence. "It's that beggar, Mete Kingi," I said, breaking silence. The doctor ground his teeth, and smoked away vigorously, uttering short but pithy sentences between each puff of smoke. "The General will be in a towering rage. I have only just left him, and he was delighted at having overcome all difficulties. It is now half-past twelve, and he ought to know this. What's to be done?"

Only one chance occurred to me to try – being unable to move about – and with Dr. Featherston's consent, I prepared to put it to the test. Hori Kingi te Anana, at this time the principal chief of Wanganui, had with his tribe received much kindness from Dr. Featherston. They looked up to him for advice, not only from the high position he held, but privately. Hori Kingi respected him as one who had never deceived him, whose word, once passed, was good for the performance of what had been promised, but who, at the same time, was not easily imposed upon by threats in whatever shape they were made. I awoke my brother, Capt. McDonnell, and asked him to find Hori Kingi, and bring him by himself to our tent. I then advised Dr. Featherston to recount to Hori, when he came in, the events that had taken place between them during the past

few years. The friendship that had during that time existed between them – his own fixed determination that the expedition should march as already agreed upon, at 3.30 p.m., and then telling Hori that the other natives might remain if they chose, to then ask him, as his old and trusty friend, to accompany him. Dr. Featherston caught at the idea, and I prepared to translate word for word what the doctor might say.

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Presently the old chief entered, and squatted on the floor of the tent. "So the natives won't go to-morrow, Hori," I said. "They will not," he replied. "They are not required to now," I rejoined, "but the doctor has something to say to you before he leaves in the morning, and he will now speak." Dr. Featherston then made a short, straightforward speech, and to the point, that understanding the natives at the eleventh hour had resolved not to go, he had sent for his old friend Hori to request that he would accompany him in the morning with the troops.

Old Hori was much excited, and moved about uneasily. "I would, oh Featherston, go with you," he said, "but I am lame. Behold my foot."

"I sprained my ankle severely some days since," replied the doctor, "yet I accompanied your natives wherever they went. My ankle is much swollen and very painful now, but I will go to-morrow, and you, Hori, shall accompany me. It shall never be said that the whole of the Wanganuis were frightened. You and I must prevent this evil thing."

The blood of his ancestors rose to the old chief's brow, and his face underwent a change. "Patatone, but for you, where would the tribe be? If Europeans had acted like you, like chiefs, we would not now be fighting. You have been – you are – our father. Hori Te Anana speaks now. Hori Kingi will go with his father – go by himself with you, but will not return again to his tribe. I will, in future, go where you go, and stay where you stay. You will hear me tell my tribe this. I go to bid my people farewell. Listen, both of you!" As Hori uttered these words, he rose and stood upright at the door of the tent.

It was a clear night, and the contingent and kupapa tents showed out white and distinct, and not a rustle was heard as the old warrior spoke. "O Whanganui! Whanganui! farewell. The tribe, farewell! The past, farewell! Farewell for ever! Listen to me now. Harken to me. I cast off my tribe, and they are no longer mine. The spirit of the tribe has fled, bewitched by Ngatimanui. They have become strange. They are now what they were not. I cast them on the dark side of the path. I, Hori te Anana, leave with my father, Dr. Featherston, and the Queen, to-morrow. Farewell to you, O tribe farewell! I have spoken; it is enough."

A low hum, like the working song of the bees, like the murmuring of a stream, arose in the camp of the Maoris as the old chief spoke. I could feel that everyone was drinking in his words, and now and then a low moan was heard, which proceeded from the

women of the tribe. Hori re-entered the tent, and grasping each of us by the hand, said, in a subdued voice, "They are my children, I think. Some of them will come with their father."

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A shrill voice was now heard addressing the tribe, and, my ears being quick, I told Hori, word for word, what was going forward. Chief after chief of the plotters succeeded the man now speaking; but a muffled roar from the contingent presently echoed through the camp. The young warriors, the best and the bravest, had been worked up to a pitch of frenzy. Mete's name was coupled with English oaths, and he was most unromantically told to "shut up." "He is a coward," said one. "He is always meddling," added another. "We thought you did not want us to go, Hori," said they; and, although it wanted an hour of the time to parade, tents were struck, baggage packed, and over seventy of the flower of the contingent (with cries of "To Taranaki! to Taranaki!") formed up on parade, with arms and accoutrements, ready to march.

The reaction was complete, but the excitement had cost old Hori a struggle, and he asked for a glass of spirits, which, by the way, he had scarcely ever tasted before. The General now looked in to wish me good-bye. He little knew then of the previous night's work we had had. One of the plotters (Paora) now came to the tent, and began to tell me and the doctor how very glad he was that the natives had consented to go, and how superhuman his endeavours had been to accomplish the result. "I feel cold," he continued, and stretched out his hand to a flask of commissariat. I jumped up, regardless and oblivious of my situation, and kicked the rascally hypocrite out of the tent; but I hurt myself worse than I hurt him. The force fell in, and my friends bade me adieu, and inarched away on their uncertain journey.

A CURIOUS MISTAKE.

During one of our long and hungry marches through the Tuhua forests in search of the notorious Te Kooti, Major Kemp, who was leading at the head of a column of 400 men, committed a curious mistake. We had from the plain seen fires that were supposed to be those of Te Kooti's bands, and the smoke rose in a high pillar to the sky. I took the bearings with a small compass I had, as there was no known road, intending to guide the force myself in search of the enemy. Kemp, however, earnestly begged me to let him lead the column, so, as I knew him to be a splendid bushman, and that his instincts were of the right kind, I resigned the first post of honour, and took the second, that is the rear of the whole. The duty of a leader of a column in a trackless forest is, first, not to march too quickly; secondly, to notice every log and creek the men have to cross over, and regulate the pace accordingly, halting occasionally to allow the men in the rear to close up. I of course thought that when Kemp made the request he did he was going to trust to his native instinct But I was mistaken; a brilliant idea had occurred to him! He noticed that a compass Mr. Maling, one of a corps of guides,

had pointed in one direction, no matter which way the case containing it was placed. Now, the direction the fires were in from us was about due south. One end of the compass was as good as another to Kemp, and he came to the conclusion that the compass pointed for Te Kooti himself, and that if he held the compass, it would soon take him to where Te Kooti was, and in this way he would cheat the other sections of tribes now on the march, out of the honour and glory of killing this miscreant. Full of these ideas, and chuckling to himself, he entered the bush at the head of the column. On we went over hill, creek, and dale, clambering up steep ascents, and carefully descending all but precipices, halting ever so often. Such a scramble I never had before or since, and I have gone over some rough country. To make matters worse, it poured as if a second deluge had been let loose. At last darkness set in, and we camped without fires, as Kemp assured me from signs he had seen, we were not far off from Te Kooti now. But the other chiefs declared we had passed the place where the smoke had been seen hours ago, and that we would soon reach Waikato or Auckland. For my part, although I had no suspicion of the truth, I felt sure we were all at sea, and were off the scent. The next morning this proved to be the case, and the column had to return to camp the best way it could, as our meagre stock of biscuits had given out. Several days after this Kemp came to my quarters, and looking curiously at my compass, said, "I cannot quite make out this instrument." I explained it to him as well as I could, and how vessels were guided by it on the trackless ocean. "I know they are," said Kemp, "but it is because the needle points out the direction the ships must take. Is this not so?" "Eureka, I have it now," I thought, as the truth flashed upon me. "Did you have a compass the other day when we were out after Te Kooti?" "Yes," replied Kemp: "I halted too, every now and then, to see if we were going in the right direction, but somehow or another we did not go right." I could not help laughing; but it had caused one of the roughest and most wearisome marches we had at Taupo. I satisfied Kemp of his mistake, and I think he will trust to his native instincts in preference to any compass in future.

TALES OF THE MAORI.

TALES OF THE MAORI.

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TOENGA POU.

ON the left bank of the Hokianga River, about twenty miles from the Heads, was once a famous native settlement. The rich kumara grounds belonging to it were celebrated far and near, and right in front, half way across the river, was an island, fringed with mangrove trees, on the extensive flats of which, at low water, an unfailing supply of shell-fish, eels, and patiki were to be procured. Stingrays were also very abundant here, and I have seen them caught measuring five feet across. At the back of this settlement a high hill, the summit of which had, after great labour and skill, been fashioned by many hundreds of pair of hands into a formidable pa, hewn, as it were, out of the solid earth. It was the principal stronghold of the settlement; and even to the present day, though most of the outer lines have been filled up with dry leaves and rubbish, and the outer and deep ditch is now less than half its original depth, enough remains to form a good idea of what this fighting pa once was. It would probably have taken five hundred navvies, working with pick, shovel, and barrow, twelve months' hard work to cut down and form this work; but when one knows that all the tools with which this was undertaken and accomplished were only bits of hard wood, pointed and burnt hard in a fire, and the only means of carrying away the thousands of tons of earth, stones and gravel, were small buckets made of flax, one is forced to admire the courage and perseverance of the New Zealander in those days.

This pa was called Karewa Ki Runga (the Lofty Reared on High). Hence the Maori canoe song –

Puke tiki tiki te puke ne Karewa,
Iri noa aki taku aroha to maunawa.

O lofty hill, the hill Karewa;
Yet my love is loftier within my soul.

"Karewa Ki Runga" was the fighting pa of the Popoto tribe at the time I speak of, and they numbered over one thousand warriors, the most powerful tribe of the Ngapuhi, and Muriwae Te Tuku Take was its head chief, and at the period I tell of was in the prime of his life, a just man according to tradition, but a stern and terrible warrior in battle. He was the grandfather of Te Taonui, who

proved himself such a staunch friend to the Europeans at the time of the war with Hone Heke. Taonui (Big Spear) was then about sixty years of age. His father, Te Ahuriri, died about 1849, and was supposed to be at least 110 years old at the time of his death. He remembered Captain Cook well, and at that time he had, so he said, wives and children, so Muriwae Te Tuku Take (his father) must have been about forty or fifty years of age when what I am about to relate occurred, and several years before the arrival of the great navigator Cook to these shores.

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The Maori villages under Karewa Ki Runga were Otaehau, Te Horeke, Parepare, Mangatete, Mangaraupo, and Waikahanganui, and the slopes of Karewa, part of which were cultivated as calabash grounds. Karewa Ki Runga frowned aloft some 700 or 800 feet above the villages, and commanded the whole; but about a mile from this hill were two other pas, which had also been cut out of a solid hill top, but they were inferior to Karewa in height.

At the back of the Waikahanganui settlement, the village furthest off from the centre, was one of the most beautiful wooded valleys I can remember. A narrow brook of clear, ever-cold water ran through the middle of it; here and there were gigantic kauri trees, but the graceful miro were crowded on both banks of the little stream, and lined the valley stretching away to the ranges on each side of it. This stream, in the pigeon season, when the berries on the miro trees were red ripe, used to be covered from sight by thickly-leaved branches, which were placed over it. It was but a moss-lined little brook, about eighteen inches wide, but deep, and ran the same winter and summer. This covering over was a work of care, but places were left at intervals here and there for the birds to come to bathe and drink. Each of these drinking places was provided with innumerable perches for the birds to light and plume themselves upon, but rows of snares were placed in every direction, and meshes out of number. These were made out of the cabbage tree leaves, being much stronger than flax, and kept their shape like very thin steel. When this valley was used for bird meshing, about three miles of it was laid under snares, and during the season it was under strict tapu, and only visited each evening before sundown, to remove the captive and drowned birds and replace any of the snares which had chanced to get broken or displaced; but under no pretence whatever were strangers permitted to go there, either in or out of season; in fact, it was never thought that anyone could have dreamt it possible to go to places of this kind, not being one of the tribe, and death would have followed to a certainty anyone who so transgressed tribal rights. The usual take, or harvest, of birds in one month, during the full fruiting of the miro in its season, was from 4500 to 5000 birds, such as pigeons, parrots, and tuis; but even in my time, when I was a youngster, I used to accompany old Toenga Pou, when he went out bird snaring to this valley, and have helped to lift between 300 and 400 birds from the few hundred

yards of the stream he had prepared in the way I have described. There were other valleys and places, bird snaring grounds, in plenty on the estate of the Popotos; but the Puna Valley was far away the best and most valued, as it was so complete and near to the settlements. Each of three pas, even when no war party was expected, was held by an efficient garrison, and the tribe took turn and turn about, naturally and by instinct, to guard them. Hundreds of short darts, so pointed at the ends that on striking an object the point would remain in the wound and, being barbed, prove difficult to get out, were kept in covered pits. Heaps of round iron stones, weighing from one to five pounds each, were collected from the beach and piled up for the use of the slingers (kotaha); and heavy logs and boulders were kept in place on the outer ditch to use in case of an assault, and ready to launch over the precipitous sides of the pas, in case such a defence was required. Before early dawn, which the tui and bell bird heralded each morn, the war note of the watchers in the pas proclaimed all was well, and a good watch kept. The slumbering tribe in the villages beneath now bestirred themselves, and soon hundreds of columns of white steam, shooting upwards to the sky, showed that the morning meal of the Popoto tribe was being prepared in the ovens. After this was eaten, the tribe betook itself to its different occupations, which varied according to the seasons. Behind the hills on which these pas stood were forests, extending for many miles, and where the young men and maidens used to go bird-hunting, and snaring and spearing tuis and parrots, and to gather the wild fruits of the forest, and collect scented moss for their hair.

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I will now as well as I can remember, for it is many years since old Toenga Pou recounted his strange story to me, and which had been handed down to him by his forefathers, relate what he told me one night when we two were camped out in a miro bush on the Matakahi Hills, where we had gone to get birds.

TOENGA POU'S TALE.

The once great Popoto tribe, of whom I am one, gave a feast in the pigeon season to the whole of Ngatiwhatua who lived on the Kaipara and Wairoa runs; the scaffolding alone which was to support the piles of food was six kumis long (a kumi means sixty feet, so the total length would have been 360 feet). Each scaffolding was one kumi in length, and tapered up from its base, which was twice the stretch of a man's arms (12 feet) to 40, 50, 60, and 75 feet in height, according to the strength or amount of food the hapu of the tribe it belonged to had, and tapered off at the top to about 18 inches broad. On the bottom tier would be about 600 baskets of kumeras; a strong platform was lashed over this to support the next tier of, say, 500 baskets; then another platform, and so on, until a single row of baskets graced the top of the pile. In all, to each piece of scaffolding there would be between 3,000 and 3,500 baskets of kumeras; here and there would be calabashes of

preserved birds – pigeons, tuis, kakas, weka, kiwi, curlew, ducks, and widgeons; fish of all kinds, tons of them taken in immense tidal bag nets 70 feet long by 25 feet square at the mouth, narrowing off to 18 inches, an immense basket capable of holding two hogsheads fastened on the other end. These nets used to be set near the mouth of a creek in the tide way, and held in position by two stout spars firmly driven into the river-bed, and were filled to tightness each tide – bundles of dried dog-fish, sharks and eels, and baked dogs, preserved rats, etc., but at these tribal feasts, unless under peculiar circumstances, such as returning from war, or an impromptu feast on the death of an old chief, when, if a lazy slave taken in war could be spared, he would be eaten; no human flesh would form part of a feast such as described. Even when human flesh was eaten it was cooked in a separate oven, and not tossed about as a common article of food, except on the battle field, whatever may be said to the contrary.

The Ngatiwhatua accepted the invitation of the Popotos and came, to Hokianga by the coast from Kaipara, first assembling at Mangawhare, on the Wairoa River, making that their starting point. The party consisted of two thousand men and women; the young children were left behind, and all those who were old and infirm. They all, of course, went fully armed and prepared for war, for one could never tell what might happen. Besides, it was not wise or prudent to go unarmed and place undue temptations in the eyes of their hosts, the Popotos, or not to be able to take advantage of any good chance that might occur to themselves; but the head men of each family hapu of the tribe received a hint, in a speech addressed to the whole by the head tohunga, Puni, to keep the young men within bounds during the intended visit. (A large party of natives travel slowly; and though I walked once for a wager from Mangawhare to the sea beach, and on then to Hokianga to the settlement of Waimamaku in one day, and without anything to eat by the way, but which was not included in our wager, for I lost my provisions in the surf of a stream I crossed, Ngatiwhatua took one month to go this route.) At the head of the Hokianga River the party were met by a fleet of war, fishing, and other canoes, sent to convey them up the river. Each pa had its usual garrison doubled, and an extra row of manuka stakes was shown to have been placed round the already double palisaded pas. The green boughs and leaves were left on each stout stake, as a hint that any attempt to surprise the garrison would be vain and without hope of success.

The fleet of canoes drew near after the morning's meal had been consumed, and the noses of the canoes touched the landing-place pointed out for them at the settlement, and 1,500 warriors, not including the women, formed up in array. They were met by the Popotos and their allies, and a terrific war-dance took place on both sides, until (as Toenga Pou said) Karewa Ki Runga reeled again. Then the distant garrisons had each their war-dance, which contained, said Toenga, a very strong hint of power. The guests

were then shown to their quarters, and after an abundant meal night closed over the whole.

The next day the feast was karangaed (called) that is each piece of scaffolding was formally handed over to a hapu of Ngatiwhatua by a corresponding hapu of the Popotos, and this was subdivided again and again until all the food and delicacies were distributed, and a week's feasting and unbridled license of all kinds was indulged in. But any vestige of morality that may have existed before amongst these children of nature was, as such, according to Toenga's strict account, considered out of place, and carefully put by where nobody could find it; but as it was not required, it was not sought for. The pigeon portion of the feast was extolled to the skies – the freshness, the flavour of the aromatic, miro-berry fed birds, the lumps of yellow fat! Alas! such have never been seen since. The backbone and thighs melted away in their mouths, and fairly bowled over the conceit of the Ngatiwhatua, who asked, "Where did you get these delicious birds?" This question was a breach of Maori etiquette; but a young chief without any brains replied, "These birds came from the Puna Valley. We had ten takings in one month, but only a few birds are here of what we took, and there are many large calabashes of preserved birds in the storehouses in the valley now," but this was a bit of bounce. Now, gluttony pure and simple, and before which passion all has to go down to gratify it, is unfortunately a leading trait, in the Maori character (said Toenga Pou). Once let gluttony get possession of a chief and his tribe, and they will not rest till it has been appeased.

"Ugh!" said Ngatiwhatua, amongst themselves, "more of these fat pigeons in calabashes at Puna Valley, are there? Why should these Popotos have retained these? If we could surprise and slay these people we could have all their nice settlement and the rich bird valley," and the water ran out of their jaws at the bare idea of continual feasts of pigeons and other birds.

Now, Te Koukou, a famous warrior of Ngatiwhatua, and his giant brother Ngahe, had been overtaken by this spirit of kaihoru (gluttony) and an opportunity was sought for; but our garrison never relaxed their vigilance, and it was hopeless to attempt anything unless these were overpowered first. But the time drew near for the guests to disperse and return to their homes, so the canoes were accordingly prepared to take them to the heads, so far on their way back, but all Te Koukou's and Ngahe's men declared they would return overland by way of Mangakahia, that being so much shorter than going by the round of the sea beach. At this a large proportion of the warriors said they would go that way too. So about 800 men left one morning for Mangakahia, and the rest left for the heads, accompanied by a number of Popotos in the canoes, little dreaming of what was about to take place.

Te Koukou had, according to custom, asked a small party of Popotos to see them as far as the forest, through which they would have to pass to get to their own country. This forest was about fifteen miles distant, and about twenty of them accepted and went,

and one girl named Ponaiti (small joints). On reaching the forest, Te Koukou slew every man and ate them, but saved the girl, whom he told he intended to make his wife, a proposal and alliance which she cheerfully assented to then and there. The other division of Ngatiwhatua, on reaching their former camping place at the heads of the river, contrived to quarrel with their late hosts about a woman. This led to blows, and some of the Popotos were slain, and the rest fled back in dismay with their canoes to the settlement, vowing vengeance. They had barely ended their tale to the assembled tribe when Ponaiti, the girl, stood in their midst, nearly dead from fatigue and running; but she managed to tell her people of the slaughter of her father and other relatives, and what her destined fate had been, ending her horrible tale of blood by saying that Te Koukou was on his way to surprise the pas and kill everyone.

"Get ready for them," was the only sentence that fell from Muriwai te Tuke Take. The tribe was like a flock of birds all at once. Men with tapued back and still more

tapued heads and arms seized huge baskets of kumeras, bundles of dried fish, calabashes of water, and streamed up the hill sides to their pas. In less than the roasting of a small kumera in the ashes, the villages were deserted, and all was quiet in the fighting pas and ready. Ponaiti said that she had so deceived Te Koukou as to lead him to think she had remained at Mangakahia till he returned; but she had made tracks through the forest after they had left, to get home before they could attempt their surprise. "They won't go to the villages," said the leading warriors, "but will attack us at dawn to-morrow; and they think they are sure to surprise us, when the destruction of the settlements would follow." Scouts were sent out down the hills to give notice of their approach. They returned soon, and reported the advanced guard of the enemy creeping up the hills, followed by the main body. "Let them come close, and be ready with the logs and boulders, and slings and spears. I will give the charge," said Muriwai te Tuke Take, and several trusty messengers were despatched, by the rear of the pa adjoining the bush, to warn the river natives at Opara, and at Taheki and Wairua, close to the Mangakahia forests, to warn them to look after and close up all the roads, so as to let not one of Ngatiwhatua escape after they were defeated – for that result was looked upon as a certainty, as the Tohungas had foretold. Silence now reigned supreme in the three pas, as the occupants waited the coming storm; but as the objects began to form out of the darkness, the enemy were seen within a few fathoms of the pa, preparing for the final rush up the steep rise in overwhelming numbers.

The chief Tohunga's son had been killed and eaten by the enemy before him, and the fighting chief passed the word, and then one horrible yell burst from Karewa ki Runga, quickly followed by two more frantic war cries from the two other pas. These were returned by the enemy, who had to win now or be eaten. It was

in reality your head or mine, and the enemy sprang up the rise to the assault, but the varied collection of rocks and logs, and a shower of slung iron stones, accompanied by well-aimed darts, whistled about their ears and heads, and bore them down. But the enemy fought with determination, knowing the terrible result of defeat, especially in a case like theirs. Each pa was attacked simultaneously, but heavy logs rolling down the steep sides of the pas bore down tens of warriors, and many jaws were broken and skulls cracked by the slingers. At last, seeing their attempt was hopeless, the enemy broke and fled in every direction. "Now then," sung out the chief, "let them smell the pigeon's fat in the valley of Puna. The empty calabashes of our tribe will be filled before night. Show no quarter. Kill everyone, and we will have enough Mokai Mokai's preserved tattooed heads to adorn every post in the pa and village, and our women will sing to them from the flutes we will make out of their thigh bones," and the pas poured out their forces on the retreating enemy, while the old and infirm priests, who viewed the battle from the pas, cursed them in their flight. One special curse was so curious I have not forgotten it. "Haere! haere! Katahuna-e-au-ngahinu, o-to-tua-roa, he Turamaheiriwi i to wairua ki te reinga, haere! ha-e-re! Tenei au te haere nei." "Run! ay run! but I will render down the grease out of your backbones to light your soul to the reinga with. Run! ay run! Here I am now, in full chase."

Run they did. Many brave deeds were done; but what was the use of defeated men fighting? So many of them never warded off the blows given in anger, lest they should be made prisoners and tortured. Te Koukou and his big brother were both killed after a tough struggle. The majority of those who escaped fell into the hands of those who had been warned by the scouts to be on the alert, and their varied tortures afterwards amused the people for several days, until finally they were eaten. A very few ever reached their homes. The whole hillside, from summit to base, smelt of blood and the flesh and fat of men, for the slaughter had been great, and the Popotos rejoiced exceedingly at their splendid victory over Ngatiwhatua, who, in numbers, were once able to cope with them; but now their principal warriors were slain, and their heads would be preserved and stuck up on the edge of their pas, and on every carved post in the settlements beneath.

Many years afterwards, the Ngatiwhatua tried to retrieve their loss and get payment, but were met on the sea beach between the heads of the Kaipara and Hokianga rivers, and on this occasion the Popotos were accompanied by one European; this was the notorious Jacky Marmon. Here a fierce fight took place, which ended in the total rout of Ngatiwhatua, of whom many scores were killed and eaten.

Jacky Marmon himself related the history of this fight to me personally, and his description at the time made my blood run cold in my veins.

The top of Karewa Ki Runga was oblong in shape, about 80 feet long by about 50 feet broad, about 35 feet above the rest of the hill from whence it had been formed, and the sides were steeper than an angle of 45 degrees. A deep ditch surrounded this fortified mound, which was 6 feet deep and 12 feet wide, and the earth taken out of it and from the cutting away to form the pa itself was used to make outer lines of breastworks, and make the rest of the hill steeper and smoother in doubtful places. A double palisade had stood on the outer edge of the ditch, and I remember several of the old puriri posts that had formed part of it as sound in their positions as if freshly placed there, but I believe puriri will last as long as iron.

During the war with Hone Heke in 1845-46, my father, Captain McDonnell, R.N., fortified Te Horeke, then our homestead, and had two 32-pounders dragged up to the top of Karewa Ki Runga and placed in position there, and at one time we had a garrison of 300 river natives, whom he partly armed with flint-lock Tower rifles and no end of ball-cartridges; and there is no doubt the news of our garrison, and one upper and lower battery of two 32-pounders, seventeen pieces of cannon lower down, consisting of 18-pound carronades and long sixes, had a grand moral effect on those natives who were hesitating which side to join, and also on Heke and Kawiti's men; but we had lively times of it for several months, and many Europeans were scared and left the district, never more to return to it. We saw it out; but few know, or would credit it at this distance of time, the hardships, troubles and dangers some of the pioneer settlers went through, or of the miserable returns made to them for their dogged perseverance and courage.

THE TRIBAL PAKEHA – STORY OF A FEAST AND A DOUBLE SUICIDE.

A favourite pastime of the Maori in the "good old times" was the "moari," or swing, formed by placing a long tapering ricker or spar firmly on some rising ground, and sometimes, for a love of peril, on the brink of a precipice. A number of ropes, according to the size of the spar, were fastened to the top of it, one below the other at intervals of a foot, from which the people would swing, grasping the ropes in their hands and then running swiftly round and swinging off into the air over the sloping ground, river or cliff, as the case might be. Then as each person alighted, the spar being relieved from the weight springs more erect, causing the individuals yet revolving in the air to be lifted higher with a jerk, and experiencing a feeling as if the ropes were being dragged out of their hands.

Serious accidents often used to occur. I have a very vivid recollection of losing my hold one day as I was swinging round a thirty-foot moari and of revolving through mid-air. I was flung into a swamp, where I was picked up much bruised and shaken. I once saw a Maori named Tamati Tutonu sent spinning through

the air from a sixty-feet moari and disappear through the tops of some puriri trees. Fortunately for him he was not killed, but he could not bear us to touch him, as many of his bones were broken. A Job's comforter improved the occasion, and told him it had happened as a punishment to him for swinging on a Sunday; but the poor, ignorant, unsophisticated Maori said that if the rope had been new, in place of being old and rotten, it would not have occurred.

A rather romantic, though sadly tragical, affair occurred in connection with one of these swings. It chanced to be one of the tallest ever known, had ten ropes attached to it, and was situated near to a precipice that overlooked a mountain torrent, that hissed and dashed wildly over huge black-looking boulders and rocks.

No accident had hitherto occurred from using this celebrated moari; perhaps the reason of this was that few dared stand the jerks of the outer ropes as the inner swingers landed. A great feast was given by the tribe at their chief settlement, where this moari stood, and which on this occasion was handsomely decorated with feathers and painted with red ochre. Thousands of dried sharks, eels, pigeons, whale-birds, tuis, wekas, potatoes, kumaras, and the large kai pakeha and taro were provided. Steamed dog, too, but the latter delicacy was for the chiefs and the men of high rank who were expected. There were several hundred pigs, dead and alive, which had been killed in the most approved way. Their legs had been tied, and then they were cast into the deep water. Piggie was soon drowned, when he would be dragged on shore and cut up. The reason the natives killed pigs in this way was to avoid losing the blood, as the meat ate shorter, and pleasantly reminded the converted cannibals of old repasts eaten in the blood. There were numerous bundles of the sugar ti plant. There never had been, said some, such a prodigious feast; but, as with the pakehas, so with the Maoris, there always will be croakers and wet blankets, and a few old and toothless men were heard to grumble. Certainly they had not been permitted to partake of the steamed dog that their mouth watered for. It was too bad! They spoke slightly of the feast. "As a feast it was well enough; but to compare it with those given in their day by Kaikaru and Te Ngaungau, of the Patu Powhaitere tribe (eat eyes and the gnawer of the paraquett-killing tribes, who used to serve up crushed and steamed infants in raurekau leaves) would be too ridiculous; but men were men in those days – gone, alas! never to return. We then lived upon our enemies; but now – ugh!" etc., etc.

Well, the feast was attended by many hundreds of men, women, and children, who had assembled from far and near. The flax belts were discarded now, and shark oil and pigeons' fat were used copiously, being well rubbed into the skins of the gluttons of the various hapus about to be pitted against each other, to enable them to eat the greater quantity. No Government officer or painstaking missionary were there, so no bursts of loyalty were recorded or frantic expressions of love and attachment to Queens and Governors,

which sound so loud, and mean so little. No, this was a time for relaxation and real enjoyment. Everybody was allowed full swing, and to do just as they liked. This was true happiness! Only one pakeha was present – the tribal pakeha, "Our pakeha," who was owned by the chief of the tribe, though they all had a share in him, as will be seen by and by. He had been solemnly invited, and here he was, proud of the honour. Other pakehas, who were jealous, hinted, in a shabby sort of way, that it was because he had lately received an instalment of goods from Auckland, which instalment now dangled and streamed out from the scaffolding that supported the huge piles of food. These jealous pakehas used to relate afterwards that for the goods displayed that day "Our pakeha" merchant did not get paid. Paid? All I know is, that two years afterwards, at a return feast for the one mentioned in this account, he got for his share a nice little kit of dried tapued eels, of which none could, or dare, partake of, except himself; and he was, with great ceremony, presented with an ancient spear that had once belonged to the famous Horopuku (swallower of stomachs), and earnestly desired to take the greatest care of it. Not paid, indeed! He ate all the eels, and his emotion was visible when the ceremony of presenting him with the spear was over, and whenever he walked abroad through the village afterwards with the spear, as he often used to. After filing his schedule, and being allowed to wander out of prison a free man, he was, although destitute of cash or credit, ever certain of being saluted and welcomed by "Advance, the man who ate the sacred eels! Welcome, the pakeha ngawari (a complimentary term, meaning soft pakeha) who guards the spear of Horopuku!" This tribal pakeha died shortly after he was released from prison. The honour of the spear was either too much, or the sacred eels had disagreed with him, perhaps. He was buried by the tribe that owned him. The women composed a sweet, poetic lament over him, in which he was spoken of as "Tino pakeha ngawari, he pakeha pai (a real, good, soft pakeha, whose like they would never, never see again)."

I have forgotten the swing. On the afternoon of the day of the feast the guests began to gather about the maori, and inquiries were made aloud, "Will anyone show us how the swing works? Will anyone swing?" when presently six young men and four young women, one a handsome girl named Takiri, who was betrothed to a young chief named Te Whetu, came forward, and an old chief, a kind of Master of Ceremonies, sang out, "Clear away from the maori, so that the view be not intercepted." The six young men were stripped to the waist, and wore shawls firmly girded round their loins, reaching down to their knees. The girls were dressed in short bodices, reaching below the waist, over which they had bright-coloured shawls, fastened around the middle by gay scarfs. Te Whetu did not wish his betrothed to swing, but she would not be deterred. At a given signal they gave one strong pull all together to see if everything was safe, and the tall

kauri ricker trembled and quivered from top to butt. Takiri sang the usual chant in her clear voice, and then away they whirled around, and off the brink of the precipice. Then came the cries of applause. "Well done! well done! Look! look at the muscle! Hold firmly! Well done! well done!" When suddenly there was a pause in the cheering. Takiri's shawl had given way at the waist, and, floating over the precipice, was wafted away by a current of air. "Takiri, Takiri," cried some of the women, "you had better send Te Whetu for your shawl." Te Whetu rose and walked away to one side. As soon as the young girl had alighted, she went, upright as an arrow, to the pa, dressed herself in her best mats, and returned. "Oh, Te Whetu, farewell! Do you not comprehend? I am going now to swing on the outer rope of the moari. Te Whetu, I am going." Then, turning to the crowd, she said, "Man the inner ropes – all of them. I am going to show I am brave, though I am but a girl. I don't care for the accident, or for your sneers, you women that have driven away my betrothed husband. Man the ropes!" The young men came forward and, in compliance with her request, seized the ropes. Then, with a loud cry as they stamped round, away they went, all alighting except Takiri. The moari, relieved from the weight, straightened with a spring, when, at that instant of time and trial, the poor girl cried, in a rapid, clear voice, "Farewell, tribe! farewell, Te Whetu! Here is for the reinga haere ake! Follow!" and relaxing her hold, she, as from a catapult, was hurled away and dashed out of all form on the rocks beneath. One loud wail of terror broke from the assembled natives. Te Whetu went straight to his hut and closed the door. Immediately after a dull sound was heard, the hut was entered, but Te Whetu had joined Takiri in the reinga. He had placed his double-barrelled gun to his chest, and pulled the trigger with his foot. After this the moari was cut down, and the settlement was deserted for many years.

HOHAIA-TE-RARAU'S VISIT TO ENGLAND AND THE RESULTS.

A young Ngapuhi chief went on a visit to England in the good ship William Hyde, sailed by Captain Gordon. The captain had taken a fancy to the chief, and offered him a free passage home. Hohaia te Rarua was the name of this New Zealander. He had a desire to visit England, and was much influenced by many things he had heard, and wished to see for himself as to the truth of the wonders he had heard of. He was a modest, well-behaved young fellow, and of the bluest Ngapuhi blood. It was in 1843 that he went home. His old father, the Taonui, was very much against his going, and after the ship had sailed away, used often to express himself somewhat as follows: – "He will never, never return, either to his tribe or to his country; he will see the Queen, and she will make him an offer which he will be forced to accept; he will become her husband, and I shall not see him any more with my eyes. The Queen is only a woman

after all, and will have no thought for me, his father, but only for herself, women are so wanting in thought." Te Taonui got some young fellows (Europeans) to write to the Queen for him, and to Hohaia. He begged Her Majesty on no account to have anything to do with Hohaia, and cautioned the latter on no account to marry anyone, whatever else he did.

When Hohaia returned to New Zealand after two or three years' absence, he was an English-speaking Maori, and as finished a rogue as ever Exeter Hall raved over. The Taonui fondly imagined that his letters had prevented him from milking any misalliance, and when Hohaia assured him they had, the old man gathered

himself unto his fathers in peace. Hohaia became so outrageous in his ways that had he lived in Australia he would speedily have come to grief, but his career was brought somewhat suddenly to a close.

EXHUMING OF NATIVE DEAD.

It is (or used to be) a native custom after the death and burial of a chief, to state at the time of interment when the remains were to be disinterred to allow the bones to be scraped and conveyed to their final resting place in the sacred caves belonging to the tribe. In the "good old days" the New Zealanders used to place their dead either in the fork of a puriri tree, or on a platform until the flesh had wasted away; but this ceased to be practised a short time after the introduction of the honey bee, as the bees used to visit the decaying bodies of the dead, and the natives had a prejudice to honey made, as they termed it, out of the fat of their deceased relatives. I used to tell them the bees were the best judges, and wished, no doubt, to flavour their honey and convert the fat into wax, but the Maoris could not see it in that light!

Great feasting used to take place at these gatherings to exhume the dead, and the office of bone scraping and polishing was always performed by tohungas (priests). A truly correct account of one of these hahungas (exhumings) would be too ghastly and sickening to give here. The priests would convey the remains to the nearest stream or creek, and literally scrape the cheesy flesh that adhered to the bones into baskets with their skinny fingers, and then empty the disgusting mass into the stream, and compliment the departed in a chant as the water swept it away. The skeleton would then be pulled to pieces, joint by joint, until the body was dismembered. The skull would be most carefully gone over, and all the flesh and hair that remained would be carefully picked off with their long-nails. Then the bones would be scraped and polished, and then smeared over with a preparation of shark oil and pigeons' fat and red ochre, and carefully wrapped in newly-dressed flax. The stench that came into the camp, where the tribe had assembled to feast in honour of these ghoul-like proceedings, was high in the extreme.

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TE ERIA: OR, CALIBAN THE ROBBER, AND HOW HE WAS LEGALLY ROBBED IN TURN.

The natives at the North were, as a rule, an honest and well-behaved people, and if proper respect were paid to their time-honoured customs and sacred places, were always hospitable and civil. But of course there were exceptions to this rule.

There was one noted thief on the Hokianga river named Te Eria. Theft was inbred in him; he would steal anything. He excelled in all his performances. In snaring pigeons, ducks, or snipe, none could equal him, and as he used to rob from the snares of others, he used always to bag more birds, though he often got into trouble in consequence. Being a fearfully ugly fellow, with double-jointed fingers, and a body somewhat inclined to deformity, his repulsive aspect had earned for him the name of Caliban; but robber though he was, he was never at a loss for employment in other ways, being so handy with either oar, axe, or spade, while on a wild cattle-hunting expedition, to have him as one of the party was to ensure success, as he was such a good tracker and bushman.

One evening it had been arranged that Caliban should accompany a hunting party I had organised, and I took him into the house I occupied to consult as to the best route to take. I showed him a bright brass cartouche-box full of ball cartridge, also my powder flask and shot belt, and about twenty figs of tobacco, the latter intended for the use of the natives going with me. Our talk over, I showed him out of the house, and shut the door. (We never used to lock the doors until after the natives had become civilised or demoralised – as far as the natives are concerned, it is a distinction without a difference.)

I rose at daylight to assemble our party, but Caliban could not be found; neither could my brass cartouche-box, flask, shot belt, tobacco, or my spare rugs. "Caliban again!" I exclaimed. Instinct led me to the beach by the river – to the shed, where I used to keep a pet racing canoe. That had gone too. I sought one Ipu, Toenga's son, and we held a council, and both of us solemnly declared war to the knife on Caliban.

The result of our deliberations suggested that the thief had crossed the river, and would make off with his spoil to the Rarawa tribe, from whom he came. Another canoe was quickly procured, and away we started, first arming ourselves with a couple of Tao's spears. I also took with me a heavy dog whip, perfectly new (for I never flogged my dogs), and an ugly weapon it was. We soon reached the other side of the river, where we found my canoe comfortably stowed away amongst the young mangroves, and presently we struck Caliban's trail, as we were familiar with his footsteps; they bore a marked resemblance to the Roman letter V, rounded off at the lower end. We hastened on, and about an hour's run on his track brought us to a native fishing village. I asked the first man I met, "Is Te Eria here?"

"Yes," was the reply.

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"He has robbed me," I said, "and we are going to have a taua on him."

"Not with the whip?" I was asked.

"Well," I said, "no – that is, if he will fight like a man." The native pointed to a house, saying, "He is in there; call him out."

"Putā mai ki waho" (come outside), I cried, "and defend yourself. Here I am ready to be killed. What is the good of life to me, now I have lost my brass cartouche-box, flask, and belt? Come out, I say, and finish the work you have commenced."

Ipu and I were ready to pounce upon him with our spears and give him a sound drubbing, and kept running up and down, not at all like persons waiting to be killed – that being merely a form of speech and a sort of apology to the inhabitants of the village in conformity with Maori politeness. As Caliban would not come out, we went in, and discovered him sitting on the earthen floor of the hut with one of my rugs on his shoulders. I tore it off, leaving him naked. "This is my rug."

"It was given to me," he replied.

Ipu by this time had found his bundle, and on unfastening it the desire for life returned, for here was the brass cartouche-box, flask, and all. Caliban grinned, but declared that for those articles to be found in his bundle was the most remarkable and curious thing he had ever known to happen.

"You will," I answered, "O Caliban, ever remember this remarkable occurrence by one just as curious and more unexpected," and out came the dog whip, and as he would not take his reward standing I gave him while sitting a sound lacing over the back and shoulders. He made some horrible faces, but never uttered a cry or stirred hand or foot.

After I had finished he said, "If you haven't finished you had better go on."

"I have ended," I said.

It was the first time he had been caught red-handed by us, and he richly deserved what he got.

Caliban now rose slowly, and declared he would go straight to the Rarawa tribe and return with a party of his friends, and thus he proceeded to tell what he would do, but his threats were too horrible to mention. Ipu at length cut him short with, "No Rarawa who can fight would ever follow a man who has showed himself to be no more than a dog. You had a chance offered you to defend yourself, but refused to do so; now, like a coward, you boast of what you are going to do with women and children." Then, addressing himself to me, he said, "It is too late now to go cattle-hunting to-day, and Te Eria must be punished for the threats he has made. Let us return and row up to his place with our party and muru (legally rob) him of his kumaras and hogs."

On our return home we launched the boats and pulled up the river to Caliban's farm and sacked it, and returned with two boat-

loads of kumaras and several fat hogs bearing Caliban's ear-mark. We were well fed, too, by the other inhabitants of the village. The natives, when they heard of our taua, said that we had, under the circumstances, acted strictly within the law of muru (robbery), and that Caliban had been in the wrong all through, because no one would help him!

Caliban avoided our settlement for some time after this, as he was of opinion that he might be shot or speared for having tried to get a party to help revenge him, though he had failed. But one evening I chanced to see him paddling past our place in a great hurry. I was just starting for a pull in my canoe, so I gave chase, and in spite of his exertions I overtook him, and peace was made. A cattle-hunting expedition was got up, and my robber friend was to the fore as usual. Caliban continued to keep his name up as a robber until he died, but I believe we were exempted from his pilfering.

A MAORI SALUTE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

A tribe of natives, who lived near the head of the Hokianga River, having by some means recovered two cannons from the wreck of a vessel that had been cast away, were in high glee at their prize. What, indeed, were tuparas (double-barrel guns) and ngutu-pareras (duckbills, the name they had given to flint-lock pieces) to these puripos (guns of thunder).

This tribe determined to force an opportunity for displaying their treasures to their less fortunate neighbours, and trusted to make them play second fiddle in the matter of salutation. They would, in future, be known as the tribe who owned the thunder guns. To accomplish this much-to-be-desired notoriety, it was requisite to give a feast and invite the neighbouring tribes. They had plenty of powder, and set to work to put these guns in position on the sand, using a log of wood to elevate the muzzles. But, at the trial discharge, it was found that the guns would jump up in spite of various contrivances to keep them down. So, as carriages were unknown to the natives, a couple of ponongas (slaves) were told off to sit straddle-legs across the guns while they were discharged, and the ears of the multitude were ravished by the loud reports that woke the sleeping echoes in the opposite ranges of hills. The fame of these two guns got spread abroad, and the tribe became the envy of the river in consequence.

The eventful day of the feast arrived, and the visitors came from far and near in their canoes. The two cannons were placed in position about twenty feet from the palisading of the pa, and were loaded to the muzzle with powder and stones to discharge into the river. The two men told off for the duty now mounted on one of the cannons. "Fire," cried the chief in the pride of his heart. Flash! bang! and a tremendous report, followed by a shower of stones on the water, astounded the natives, and doubtless the visitors all felt small. But the gun had bounded up after the

discharge, and the two natives were sent sprawling, one one way, and the other the other; but this was taken to be part of the performance by the lookers-on. They now prepared to fire off the other gun, a long nine-pounder, cast goodness knows when. Several pounds of powder had been well rammed into it, and some scores of round iron stones were packed on top of the powder. One native sat in triumph upon it with his face towards the touchhole, holding a lighted fire-stick in his hand. The word to fire was again given, and the light was applied, and a mighty explosion took place. As might have been expected, the old honey-combed gun had burst into fragments. None of the bystanders were hurt, but where was he who had fired the gun? Portions of him were found and gathered into baskets; a woman picked up a piece of the front part of the skull.

But as it was only a slave who had been killed, the sorrow was for the poor dear gun, the departed glory of the tribe. "Where are the eyes?" cried out the native lads, when the women exclaimed, pointing at the same time to the palisading of the pa, on which was seen plastered one temple, cheek and eyebrow of the unfortunate wretch who had been blown up, "Aue! a-na na! ehara i te hanga! e kamu mai ana ki au katahi ano." (Alas! well, well! was ever the like seen! he is winking at me, upon my word.) The quivering of the muscles of the eyelid had been mistaken by the woman for a piece of facetiousness on the part of the dead man's spirit as represented by his eye, and "he is winking at me," was passed about for several days afterwards by the native wits of the settlement.

THE MAORI ATUA (GOD).

Respecting the Maori Atua, the conception of the New Zealander with regard to the future state after death would seem to be very vague. They supposed there were many gods, but there were only two or three of them of any recognised importance, such as Maru, Tu, and Tauwhaki. After the death of anyone his spirit proceeded rapidly to a cliff near the North Cape and sprang off, disappearing into the sea and re-appearing again in the reinga, the abode of disembodied spirits; here they all assembled, the good, bad, and the indifferent. They carried on their contentions here as they used when they formerly inhabited the human form when on earth. They fought, they loved, and died again, but after this second death no one seems to be able to tell what became of them; even their tohungas do not pretend to say, except they became ngaro-noiho, viz., disappeared. Maru, Tu, and Tauwhaki ruled the destinies of man on earth, but it does not appear that they had anything to do with the reinga, and flitted about from place to place, appearing only to the seers and tohungas (priests). These deities were, on the whole, antagonistic to mankind, but if propitiated through their priests would permit the tribe to be successful in war or in any tribal undertakings. Then they would assist individuals in their pursuits. If a tribe was going to war they

would make presents to propitiate the gods through the priests, who would place a number of reeds in the ground, and then retiring a short distance, pronounce an incantation, and then send short clubs whirling amongst the reeds, and judge by the way they fell whether the gods would crown the expedition with victory. If a man caught an unusually large or fat eel it was expected he would give, if not the whole, at least a portion, of it to the priest as a present for Maru or Tauwhaki, and thus secure a continuance of good fortune. Woe betide the unhappy person who should steal Maru's presents; certain death would follow such a transaction. There was no hope of reward hereafter or punishment for good or bad conduct during the life upon earth. Opinions differ as to the food eaten by the

spirits in the reinga. Some say they live on large kumaras; other priests say they catch flies and insects and subsist on these, over which they quarrel and fight. On my return once to Wanganui from the North I happened to mention that I had been to the Rerenga Wairau (Spirit's Flight) – the cliff. An old man drew near me, and asked me if I had noticed any spirits leap off into the sea. I told him that they came so rapidly one after the other that the noise made as they jumped into the water made quite a disturbance. "Ah," he replied, "then it is true. I thought it was so, and what the missionaries have told us is wrong."

MAORI COURTSHIP.

In the good old days young Maori girls were seldom if ever consulted as to their inclinations as regards marriage, though occasionally a damsel would show such determination and power of will as to get her own way, accepting or refusing a partner for life, or may be until she got tired of him, in spite of any previous decision of the tribe; but sad scenes used to occur too frequently, and often a young girl fell a victim to the manners and customs of her race. Desperate struggles used to take place between tribes somewhat related to each other, one party forcibly resisting another who came prepared to seize a girl as a wife for one of their young chiefs; the recognised law being that if the tribe who came to take the girl, by force if necessary, succeeded in dragging her away from her relations and the tribe she belonged to, their right to have and retain her became established and recognised, and no future tribal attempt would be made to recover possession of her, though single attempts at revenge were not altogether unknown to happen, when it would depend upon circumstances – supposing the person who made such an attempt got injured or killed – whether his people would make it a tribal affair. To sum up, it depended very much upon circumstances whether justice reigned triumphant, or was strangled for the sake of a tribal reason, but in this way they were no worse than their white brothers. At times the policy was to take the part of the revenger, when the tomahawk would be dug up, and bitter feuds take place.

To illustrate this state of things, I will relate the following

occurrence that happened on the Hokianga River. I became slightly concerned in these events, but I had been fully cognisant of all that had previously transpired at the Taua tango wahine.¹

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With her tribe at Pakanae, a settlement nigh to the heads of Hokianga, lived a young and handsome girl named Pupu,² who was deeply attached to a young man of her own tribe called Te Ngaru o te Moana,³ and a very fine young fellow he was. At a feast given to Pupu's tribe by another tribe who lived near the source of the Hokianga River, up the Waihou, the beauty of Pupu attracted the eye of an influential young chief named Toetoe, who began, after the custom of the Maori – and really the customs in this way are pretty nearly the same all over the world – to make love to Pupu. But she would have nothing to say to him – would not give him "encouragement," as it is usually termed. All her heart was in the possession of The Wave. But Toetoe declared he would have her, and that, as no other way was open to him, he would take her by force; and Pupu knew too well what this meant.

The feast over, the guests returned to Pakanae, and soon after assembled in committee to decide whether they should permit Pupu to be taken away quietly when the abduction party appeared in their canoes, or whether they should seriously oppose them. It was just a matter of policy, as the other tribe were distant allies of theirs. But up to this moment the fact that Te Ngaru and Pupu had arranged their future was unknown to the tribe – or at least no official notice had been given by the young parties. It would have saved a lot of trouble if they had done so.

The argument in committee was rapidly going in favour of letting Pupu be carried away with or against her will, when Te Ngaru bounded up and made his speech. Te Ngaru's speech, of course, was opposed to anything of that kind, he declared that, cost what it might, his betrothed should never leave or be taken away as a wife for Toetoe, and he at once claimed Pupu for his wife, and called to the tribe to stand by him and the girl whom they had brought up.

After many hours of consultation and argument, it was definitely settled by Te Anga, the head chief of the tribe, saying, "The girl can remain and be your wife, O Te Ngaru, if you can get the willing hands of the tribe to help you to retain possession of her when Toetoe comes to take her away. But first of all, perhaps Pupu wishes to go. I dare say she gave Toetoe encouragement at the haka,⁴ and spoke soft words to him, and would prefer living between the mountains up the river to remaining at Pakanae, where she can see the sea beach and hear the rumbling of the breakers over the home of Tamure and Araite Uru."⁵

Pupu demurely replied that she was content to remain where she was – and with Te Ngaru.

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"Enough, then, has been said!" exclaimed Te Anga, "the meeting is ended."

About three weeks after these events four canoes, containing about a hundred men and women – for the latter play an important part in affairs of this kind – and a few elderly chiefs to see fair play, approached Pakanae; and about an equal number on shore at the village were ready to resist them in the coming struggle. Football is nothing to what used to take place, the girl being the ball, as it were. Poor Pupu had seated herself at a little distance from her party in a clear space, and was surrounded by a few old hags, who coquettishly related in a vain way what troubles they had gone through on account of their good looks in their time, and contemplating with the greatest possible satisfaction and delight the coming events of the day.

The visitors were now welcomed with loud cries and the waving of shawls and mats by the Pakanae natives, who formed up to meet them. The strangers were shown to a place of honour, and every luxury in the way of kumaras, shark, and mutton-fish, etc., was placed before them. Loud were the grunts of satisfaction as the baskets were rapidly emptied, one after the other, until all was consumed. Half an hour's rest, and then up rose Toetoe.

"I have come to fetch Pupu for my wife; we have a long way to return. Let Shell listen to this: we must go."

Then a few women, probably his sisters and aunts, and four or five strong-limbed young men, rose and went to where Pupu was sitting. A similar number of Pupu's people rose and sat down again by the side of Pupu.

"I have nothing more to say," cried Toetoe, who then went up to Pupu. Stooping for an instant, Toetoe caught Pupu by the waist, and placed her, in spite of her struggles, on his shoulders. Pupu now gave a loud wailing cry, in which horror, hate, and despair were strongly mingled. This acted as a signal, and at once poor Pupu became the centre of a surging, yelling, frantic mob of men and women, one party trying to carry off the girl to the canoes and the other trying to detain her.

In affairs of this kind, should the girl really wish to go, the struggle is but a sham – a make-believe. The girl is unhurt, and gets away with a little damage to her dress, and a few single wrestling bouts end the affair. But in Pupu's case the girl did not wish to go, and the blood of the young men was roused. No weapons were permitted to be used, though rough tumbles, tugs, and blows were exchanged to such an extent that the unfortunate girl was nearly pulled to pieces, and in less time than it takes to relate this Pupu was almost denuded of clothing. Now she was lifted high in the air, then pitched forward, dragged over the sand and back

again by her limbs and hair, torn and mauled by the men as well as by the women – each side equally rough. But as yet no advantage had been gained by either side. At length the poor

victim was left gasping, senseless, and bleeding on the rugged sandy beach, while each party mutually rested to get their breath. A short time elapsed, when at it they went again, and again the vile work was gone through. Page 607

Alas! poor Pupu. She was in the end borne off triumphantly by Toetoe's party, placed in one of the canoes, forcibly held down, and rowed away. "Cease the struggle," cried Te Ngaru; "let them take her." But Te Ngaru, though fate this time had forced him to relinquish his bride, had no intention of giving her up altogether; he knew that a certain time would be allowed to pass before Pupu would be forced to take Toetoe for her husband, and weeks probably would go by before she recovered from the terrible pulling about she had undergone.

About a month after the struggle, Te Ngaru, with his two brothers, came to the Horeke in a canoe. I knew them well; they often had worked for us on the station. Te Ngaru told me that he was going to steal back his betrothed, and wanted me to lend him our four-oared gig. One tide would, he said, take them to the place where Pupu was kept, one tide to wait in ambush, and the next ebb return. I had felt very sorry for both parties, and I thought it would be a splendid thing to help restore Pupu to Te Ngaru, so I made up my mind to run the risk from a certain quarter, and take the boat and go with them. I got my friend Ipu to go with us. We started away after all but ourselves had retired to rest, and a few hours' pull took us to a creek near to Toetoe's village. Ipu was sent to reconnoitre. To explain his presence there, he was to say he had come to visit an old relative who lived in that neighbourhood. This was carried out in the morning. We waited impatiently for his return, or for some sign, the place being about half a mile away. The day passed by, yet no sign. The tide began to ebb, and Te Ngaru now became more restive. He wanted to go to the village, and it was with difficulty I restrained him. Whether I would have been able to do so for long I cannot say; but we now heard footsteps rapidly approaching, and a great noise in the village.

"Cast off the ropes – out with the boat-hook – make ready to shove down the creek!"

This order had scarcely been whispered by me, when Ipu and Pupu, bright, but out of breath, sprang into the boat. In less than a minute we were in the main stream, and had the satisfaction of seeing several dusky figures on the edge of the river. They were calling out for Pupu, and wondering where she could be hidden, for we were in the deep shadows of the river.

We let the boat drift a bit, and then shipped the oars, and in a few hours we were safe at home. Pupu and the others at once got on board of their canoe and reached their home at Pakanae at day dawn.

Toetoe made an attempt to get back his wished-for wife, but he could only raise a few followers, as he had been dreadfully laughed at for not being able to keep what had been won for him. He got

no sympathy, but in an encounter he had with Te Ngaru, he received from him a severe spear bayonet thrust through his thigh, which laid him up for some time, and as public Maori opinion went this time happily in the right direction, Toetoe had to become reconciled to his bad fortune. An old warrior tried to console him for his loss by telling him that it could not matter much; he could get another wife, who probably would attend to his requirements, and cook for him far better than the girl he had been deprived of. Page 608

MAORI CRUELTY.

Kai Hau (Eat the Wind), a Ngapuhi chief, once related to me an account of an expedition he had taken part in when a young man, that went from Hokianga and the Bay of Islands to the Auckland district and commenced a war on the natives there. He went on to say – I will give the account as nearly as I can remember him to have told it: –

"Ah, that was a taua! The number we killed was very great; and oh! the quantity of kumaras and human flesh that was eaten! I was a young man then, and one day I had, with a few others, returned to where Auckland is now, from Onehunga, which was then a fine kainga, with large kumara plantations. But all the land there is spoilt now, as stones have been placed upon it for carts to run upon. But that is just like pakehas' work. Well, I had captured a young girl (by his description about sixteen or seventeen years of age). I was young, and had intended to make her one of my wives when we returned to Hokianga, as she was a kohio pai (nice girl); but on descending the hill near the watu (Shortland Crescent) we were met by another party of our own fellows who had returned unsuccessful after their day's work. They asked me when I had captured the girl. (They noticed her, as she was momona – fat).

"Never mind where I got her," I replied; "I am going to take her back with us to Hokianga."

They asked me to let them have her to eat, as they were hungry, and seeing she was tetere (plump).

"I won't," I replied.

"We must have her," they cried, and before my companions could come to my assistance they seized her.

I held on by one leg, when presently one of them tomahawked her. I was very, very angry at this. If they wished for food they ought to have hunted for themselves. But I cut off the leg I held, and that was all I got of her for my trouble.

"What did you do with the leg?" I inquired.

"Do with it?" he asked. "Ate it, to be sure. What else should I do with it? But I was vexed, as I wanted to be kind to the girl, and the other natives had no right to act as they did. It was not fair. However, I had utu (payment) for it. I picked a quarrel with the man who tomahawked her, and speared him through the thigh, and several days afterwards the men who were carrying him were set upon by the enemy, and had to leave him; so he was cooked and eaten.

"I think, now," he continued, after a pause, "that I am old, perhaps it was foolish for us to have eaten one another; and if the pakehas were to go away, I would not again eat human flesh. But we have pork and cows now." Page 609

"It is because the missionaries have told you how wrong it is to eat such food that you are now a Christian, I suppose? You have been baptized, have you not?"

"You are wrong," he answered, stoutly; "I have nothing to do with that tribe. They are nothing at all to me, and I won't be baptized. They told me that Tu, my ancestor, and Wharewera, my father, are in a big fire, being burned, and that I am a rewera (a devil), and, unless I am baptized, I will be burnt, too; but I don't believe it. Tu was killed and eaten, and he cannot be burnt now. I don't want anything to do with the tribe of missionaries. Tu and my father were toas (braves), and I prefer going to where they are. No, I will follow my ancestors to the reinga (spirit world) and to the kumara grounds; but if I am to be burnt, I am to be burnt, and don't provoke me to be talking about it."

Some of the tortures inflicted at times on prisoners of war may be interesting, to show the strange spirit that existed, especially in those who were acknowledged by the tribe to be first-class warriors. The prisoner to be tortured was brought forward amidst screams and yells from the women. One method was to lash the arms and legs to two strong stakes driven firmly into the ground and the width of the victim's body apart. The head was secured from rolling about by being lashed to a cross piece of wood placed behind the neck, and fastened at each end to the stakes to which the prisoner was tied, who was, of course, naked. An incision was now made with a sharp shell or piece of volcanic glass or tattooing chisel across the shoulders on each side of the spine. The operator would then cut slowly down by the side of the spine (but not to touch the bone) to the small of the back. The blood would then be licked from the wound by the women and children. Another cut would then be made, and the slice of flesh would be torn down the whole length of the back. This strip of flesh would be slightly roasted before the victim's eyes and swallowed, and he would be asked to look at a piece of his own back. Slices would be cut off in this way, and the children would be encouraged to throw hot ashes on the prisoner and pierce between his ribs through and through with long reeds, etc., until the unhappy wretch expired. Another way was to fasten the man down to the ground with cross stakes, and heated round stones would be placed on his body and allowed to burn out the flesh; and to finish off, the eyes would be burnt out of their sockets, and red-hot gravel put in the mouth to stop the screams. Heated rods would be placed in children's hands, and they would be desired to burn holes in the legs and arms for the amusement of the lookers-on.

The man who could stand by and see all this without showing by speech or action that he pitied the sufferer was considered a warrior of the first degree, as his heart was hard and all pity had left his breast.

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DEATH OF THE CHIEF WILLIAM RIPA.

William Ripa, a northern chief of high rank, and the head of the Matapungarehu tribe, was one of the handsomest Maoris of his day. The tattooing on his face and his brow was beautifully done, every line had its graceful curve. He was a powerful chief, and as brave as a lion. His two brothers – younger than himself – were named Hetaraka te Ngo and Hone te Ware. Some dispute had arisen between the Matapungarehu tribe and the Whanau Pane. Turau, a chief of the latter, had insulted a near relation to Wi Ripa, who had avenged the insult according to Maori law, and had seized a horse belonging to Turau as payment. Here the affair was supposed by Ripa to have ended, but Turau had determined otherwise, and only waited a favourable opportunity to have his revenge.

The Matapungarehu had dispersed to their villages, as it was planting season. Wi Ripa, with his two brothers and a slave, had retired to their home on the banks of the Waihou River, and engaged in their usual occupations.

Turau heard of this and formed a plan to kill the chief. During the war at the North with Honi Heke, the Matapungarehu, under Wi Ripa and his brothers, rendered great service to the country, assisting to put down the enemy, many of whom, though now friendly to the whites, bore Wi Ripa and his tribe a deep grudge for what they had made them suffer. One of these, a chief of Te Taheke (I forget his name, but will call him Taheke) never forgot the treachery. This man was of high courage, but bore a bad character, and was noted for his animosity to Wi Ripa. To this chief Turau went and unfolded his designs, and Taheke promised to aid him all he could. They collected about thirty followers, all of whom hated Wi Ripa for his daring and pluck. Kepa, one of these men, said that nothing would please him better than to kill Wi Ripa, but that he would fight him fairly and face to face. Against the wish of the others he sent a messenger to the three brothers, that on a certain day a war party would attack them.

Wi Ripa demanded of the messenger the names of the chiefs who were to attack him. The man mentioned all excepting Taheke. "You can return now," haughtily replied Ripa; "four men will meet them. I will not disturb the tribe to drive those dogs away." Te Ngo wished his brother to let him fetch five men who lived close by, but could not win his consent. "No," said Wi Ripa; "they would summon the tribe from their cultivations." The day before the attack, a lad brought the news to Wi Ripa that Taheke was one of the thirty. Ripa regretted now he had not allowed his brothers to collect a few men. Te Ngo then proposed they should leave the village. "What!" cried Ripa, "and let Taheke say I fled before him? I killed his relations and

will now kill him, though now, I foresee, I will fall also. I know my time draws nigh; but it is well."

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The same evening, Wi Ripa, taking his gun and spear with him, walked to the bank of the river, and desired his favourite wife to bring him his son, and seated himself by the water's edge. When the lad was brought to him, he addressed his wife thus: – "Listen to my words and be brave. Take the child away from here to-night, at once. See well to his food, let him have plenty to eat; be careful of him; the actions of his fathers, my ancestors, will teach him what a chief ought to be. Go, enter the canoe, and pull up the river to the tribe." The wretched but obedient wife acted as she had been bidden. Who can tell what they both suffered, for each knew they would see one another no more.

Wi Ripa now returned to his brothers and requested them to leave him. "I am to die to-morrow; before this time I will have gone – get you to the tribe." They both refused to leave. "It is well," said Ripa. "Listen to me; the spirits call me. I am a dead man, they sound through the forests. Yes, I come; the tall fern trees will bow their curled heads in sorrow as I pass. I'll bid them farewell as I hurry on – farewell. On land, farewell! O rivers, my home, all parts, farewell! The mullet leap as the flood tide runs. I leap on the ebb. Remain here, O river Hokianga. I'll retire with the morrow's evening sun. Farewell, O tribe; all echoes repeat my words; be brave, be strong. It is enough my brothers, I have spoken. Apopo! apopo! i te ata!" (To-morrow, to-morrow in the morning we will be brave, to meet our enemies – the enemies of our tribe.)

Early the following morning the canoe containing the war party landed about 300 yards below the village, and where there was a huge block of stone, behind which Turau placed himself, sending the party on. As they advanced, Wi Ripa and his brothers stood up and cried, "Haere mai, haere mai" (Welcome, advance; welcome the strangers).

The party came up rapidly, Taheke leading.

"Stand!" cried Wi Ripa; "what seek you?"

Taheke advanced nearer. "I seek a horse; I seek blood. Give me your wife for Turau."

Te Ware levelled his gun. "Friend," he cried, "retrace your steps or I'll fire."

Taheke came nearer. Te Ware pulled the trigger, but the cap missed fire. "Advance, charge!" cried Taheke. "They have no powder in their guns."

There was a rush forward. Wi Ripa shouted his war cry; four double reports awoke the echoes, and two chiefs fell dead. Three bullets in Taheke's heart finished him.

"Re-load my gun, Te Ware," cried Wi Ripa, putting down his gun, and he dashed forward with his spear among the enemy.

Katahi, karua, katoru (one, two, three), and at each count a man fell, pierced through with the spear. Some badly-aimed shots were fired at Wi Ripa, who ran back to his brothers, and

they gave Turau's party another volley, who now commenced to retreat. Te Ware rushed after them, but was shot through the chest. He sank on the ground, but managed to re-load and fire, bringing down one of the enemy.

Wi Ripa jumped forward, and kneeling, embraced his brother. Te Ngo and the slave tried to part them. "I remain here," said Wi Ripa, "Te Ware is dead; take our guns and my mere (greenstone weapon) to our tribe. Go quickly."

Turau's party seeing Te Ware lying still on the ground, and his brother with his head on his breast, concluded both were dead, and returned. But Ripa jumped up, struck one down with his spear, and then seated himself on the ground. A man came up from behind and struck him down with a heavy spade; one more blow killed him.

Turau's party now placed the two bodies in a hut, collected their dead and wounded, five killed and seven badly hit, and made for the canoe. The tribe came down and took the bodies of their chiefs away, and hundreds of natives came to show their respect. A small Maori war ensued. Other chiefs and Mr Maning, an old settler, arranged terms of peace.

William Ripa's son, the lad his wife had conveyed up the river the night before the death of his father, was serving with the Ngapuhi Contingent on the West Coast (Patea) during the disturbances of 1868, and I had many conversations with him. He was apparently a fine young fellow, and was much moved when I told him I recollected his father's and uncle's death.

JEALOUSY.

A well-known settler in Hokianga was one day seated in his house, the doorway of which fronted the river. A white pipi shell walk ran in a curve to the gate, which was fastened to the gate-post by a curved piece of iron hoop and a latch. The distance to the gate from the house was about one hundred yards. A chief, who had already killed three or four fellows in sudden fits of passion, had visited the settler this day, and brought his youngest and most favoured wife with him. The chief, whose name, by the way, was Kaitoke (eater of worms), was sitting just inside the threshold of the doorway, keeping his wife in view, who was seated on the grass a little to one side of the house, but out of sight of the settler, and had a huia (white-tipped feather of the New Zealand crow) stuck in her hair as an ornament.

It was about dinner time, and the settler's native servant had laid the cloth and knives, and had brought in the dish of potatoes. In fetching the things in he had to pass and repass the girl where she was sitting. On his return to the kitchen he halted, plucked the feather from her hair, and made as if he would place it in his own hair, and then replaced it and passed on. Kaitoke had seen this while conversing with the European (about spars, I think), when he quietly asked if there was such a thing as an axe or an adze in the house. "Yes, you will find an adze in that room,

if you want one," replied the settler. Kaitoke rose, got the adze, and resumed the former subject of conversation.

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When the native man returned with the dish of meat, his eye caught Kaitoke's, who then rose to his feet. The man now dropped this dish, and ran for his life towards the gate. Kaitoke jumped up in hot pursuit. The settler saw the two running, but did not know the reason, not having seen the by-play. He rose and looked beyond them to see what they were running for. The man gained the gate, but, whether paralysed with fear, or otherwise stupefied, I cannot say, he fumbled at the fastening, and could not at the precious moment open the gate. Kaitoke came on him, and, with a hideous yell, buried the adze in the back of his head, leaped the gate, and was away round a stoney point. The settler, a powerful, wiry man, took down his loaded rifle, and started away in hot pursuit, but only got one snap shot at him as he wound in and out of the huge boulders; and Mr. --, I believe, never met him again, as he kept close. The murdered man was buried. He had been killed in a fit of mad jealousy by this chief. This occurred about 1845.

WITCHCRAFT.

The influenza was very prevalent in Hokianga about the year 1846, and many of the natives fell victims to it through their mode of treatment, rushing when the fever was on them to the river and bathing themselves in the cold water. One tribe had suffered in particular, and many of them had died. The chief Tio (The Oyster) had successively lost three of his children, and the fourth, a fine lad of six years, was at the last stage of that sickness, when Tio summoned the whole tribe to assemble, and addressed them somewhat as follows: –

"Listen to me, O tribe! I have had a dream and a hui (a starting of the limbs in sleep), and I have discovered the cause of the many deaths that have taken place amongst us, including the death of my three children and of that which will soon follow – the death of my son now lying here. We and they have been all bewitched by the old man and woman, his wife, both of whom are now sitting yonder, and unless they die for the evil they have caused and brought upon us they two alone will soon represent this our tribe gathered together here. Therefore it is, O tribe, I have called you here to see justice done. I will kill them this day with my own hands as utu for those who have died through them, and in order that we may live and be saved alive. Lead them forth to the end of the beach to yon sandy point."

The old man and his wife said nothing. Probably they knew it would be of no use. They were led about a hundred yards away and seated by the edge of the river. Tio now stripped, and, taking his long-handled tomahawk, advanced towards them. The old grey-haired woman rose as Tio approached, and, avoiding the thrust he made at her, clasped the chief round his knees, and cried, "Kill me not. Alas! do not kill me. I am innocent, I am

innocent." But he said she was guilty. It was of no avail; she was quickly dispatched. The old man now rose. The tide had, as if in mockery, drifted a branch of a tapakehi shrub to where he had been sitting. This he laid hold of, and – vain thought – attempted to do battle for life with his armed and powerfully-made chief. Alas, poor old man! bend your head to your fate, it will save you a few moments of pain. He ward off two blows, poor wretch! when the rotten stick broke in his hand, and he fell and joined his old wife in the spirit world.

TOENGA'S VISION.

One night I was returning home with a party of six natives from a fish spearing expedition we had undertaken the same evening. The fish we speared at night by torch-light during the run in of the young flood tide.

My old friend Toenga Pou, who, among his many accomplishments, prided himself on being a tohunga (priest), was sitting next in front of me in the nose of the canoe, humming a weird sort of chant to himself in a low dreamy tone, and keeping time with his paddle.

It was a beautiful clear starlight night, and midway up the sides of the two ranges of wooded hills that formed the background to each bank of the river, lightly floated a thin soft line of white mist, the tops of the ranges showing out distinctly against the starlit sky, the surface of the water might have been likened to a mirror in which the stars, mountains, and trees were clearly reflected.

It was a warm night, not a breath of air could be felt. All was serenely still. Our canoe cut her way rapidly through the water, urged forward by our paddles, leaving a long trail of phosphoric light in our wake. We were steering across the river to avoid the effects of the strong running tide, and were nearing a low line of mangrove trees, whose overhanging boughs, dipping and trailing in the tide, caused a ripple as the current swept past, and now and then was heard the gurgling sound made by the water, as it washed up and receded again from the hollow stems of the mangroves.

Suddenly, without warning, Toenga threw up his paddle and stopped in his chant. The action was so marked and unexpected that we all stopped paddling, and the canoe drifted with the tide.

"Heaha?" (what is it?) I asked.

"Taihoa" (wait) replied Toenga; "resume your paddles till we land."

Not a word more was spoken until the canoe touched the shore.

By the time we reached home it was nigh morning, and I went to my house, Toenga following me until I reached the door.

"My son," he said, "I must away to my home. Listen to me; the spirit of Nga Ripene (a young girl I knew well, and a niece of Toenga's) has passed up the river; it crossed the nose of the canoe just when I threw up my paddle on its way to my settlement and huts to carry her love and leave it with her relatives and with me. Alas! alas! Nga Ripene is dead; but I fear her spirit will try and

get my daughter Haupu to go with her to the reinga (the next world). I must go now, as her people will be sure to bring her body up to-morrow to our settlement."

Old Toenga had been very merry over our fishing, and had been more successful than of any one of us. As his aim was so true and his sight so quick, he often succeeded in spearing fish that had been missed by others of our party. But now his mood had changed, and he walked towards his home with his head down, looking careworn and sorrowful. I doubted the truth of old Toenga's vision, as I had seen the girl a few days before, she having been one of a party of Maoris who had called at our settlement on their way down the river, when she had seemed in good health and spirits, and had looked remarkably handsome; and now Toenga had said she was dead! I could not believe it.

Toenga described the sensation he had felt by saying that his hair and flesh had moved of their own accord, doing a kind of obeisance to the spirit as it passed on its way.

About noon on the following day, a native named Puakawau came up the river on his way to Waikahanganui, where Toenga lived. He told me Nga Ripene was dead. She had died suddenly the previous day towards sundown. I told Puakawau the occurrence of the previous night, and what Toenga had said; but he expressed no surprise, only saying he was glad of it, as he would be prepared for the message he was taking to him.

The last request Nga Ripene had made was, that she might not be buried in the kari tupapaku (corpse garden) of the missionaries. She had been christened Matilda, but Toenga was to place her remains with those of her ancestors. Of course Toenga carried out to the letter this last request.

Nga Ripene's death was attributed to her having eaten some peaches that had been grown on a piece of tapued (sacred) ground by mistake. This occurred about 1850.

MAORI CANNIBALISM.

About the last act of cannibalism that occurred in this colony happened in 1845, at Kaiwhaiki, on the Wanganui River. A war party, led by the old Heu Heu and his tribe Ngatituwharetoa, of Taupo, swept down to Wanganui. On reaching Kaiwhaiki settlement, they found it had been abandoned. They dug up a corpse that had been buried for some days, took it to the river side, washed it free from the earth and clay, cut it up in pieces, cooked it and ate it. Several natives are now alive in Wanganui who witnessed this act of cannibalism. But, now I think of it, I am wrong in saying that the above was about the last piece of cannibalism that occurred in New Zealand, as Titokowaru's people ate and converted into soup portions of our men who were killed in action. In 1868 a man who had been shot dead in action, and who had been buried at the Manawapou Redoubt, was taken up, cooked, and eaten.

The following is an account of a strange crime committed at

Murimotu some years ago. I believe it to be a true account of what then took place. A woman of Wanganui married a man from Tongariro, Taupo, and afterwards went with him to live on his lands at Murimotu. The result of this marriage, after a number of years, was six children – all boys. In the course of time,

the woman was seized with a desire to go and see her relations at Wanganui. So, bidding her husband take care of the youngsters, she started away on her journey. Shortly after her departure a severe storm came on, which, for violence and duration of time, was without precedence. Snow fell heavily for ten days, covering the face of the country lying near the base of Ruapehu and Tongariro mountains, and the Patea and Murimotu plains. Day after day passed, but still the snow fell, and buried one after the other of the plantations, kumara, and taro pits. The very houses even were buried, and the snow lay thick in the forests and on the trees. In a few days' time the stock of food in the house where this man lived with his six sons was consumed, and hunger stared them in the face. They dug their way out of the hut and gazed around, but nothing but snow and the line of forest met their view. No food was apparently procurable, and the fall of snow showed no signs of abating. Two more days passed over. At length the father, roused to action by the cries of his starving children, said to the youngest, "Son, let you and I go to the forest to try and get some birds and firewood, lest we all starve to death." The young lad assented, and following his father's footsteps, they struck for the nearest point of the forest. On reaching their destination, the man said to his son "See, there lies a bird." The boy turned to look, and was at once killed by a blow from his father. The flesh was stripped from the bones, and made up into small parcels, and taken back to the house and there cooked and eaten. The other children were made to believe it was preserved birds' flesh. Time rolled on, and the man again requested one of his sons, the fifth, to accompany him to get food, and to assist him in searching for his brother, whom he declared had lost himself in the forest. On reaching the bush, this lad met the fate of his brother; the flesh was removed from the bones, and done up in leaves to represent hua hua, but one limb was left in the fork of a tree. Back trudged the man with his terrible burden, which he cooked for food on his return. The following day the snow began to melt away before a warm northerly wind. Pina, the mother of these lads, had been frightened at the bad weather in Wanganui, and on the first signs of clearing, she started on her journey homeward. On arriving at the settlement she asked her husband how he had managed to procure food. He told her he had picked up some frozen birds in the bush, adding, "We have still some of the flesh left; you are hungry, and had better eat of it." Pina said, "I cannot eat until I see all my children; only four are here, where are the two youngest?" "They were here just now," replied the man. But at last he said, "They have lost themselves in the forest during the snow storm while searching for birds." Pina's suspicions were now awakened, and catching up a

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mat she said, "I will return presently." She made straight for the bush, and in a short time she found the remains of her two sons, and their heads. On her return home she sent her husband away on an errand to the bush, and in his absence she left for Taupo with her family to seek protection and revenge on her husband. The presiding chief, on hearing her story, sent an armed party to capture or kill the man, but on reaching the settlement he was not to be found, nor was he, they say, ever after heard of. All his land was confiscated as payment by order of the head chief of that district.

The above facts were related before the Native Land Court to prove how a certain block of land came into the possession of a particular family, who had not based their claims to it upon ancestral titles

THE LAW OF UTU. – A TOURNAMENT.

When I was a lad of eighteen, the following occurred, which may not be without interest: – My father had gone on a trip to Auckland on some business or other, and I was left in charge till his return. But to understand what is to follow, a description of our house is necessary. The "Cottage," as we called the house my father and mother and younger members of the family lived in, was situated on the banks of the beautiful river Hokianga. A large fenced garden and vineyard enclosed these premises, and separated them from the business part of the establishment. The outer fence on one side formed one end of a large yard one hundred yards long, and was bounded by the river on one side, and the base of a hill on the other. A row of small cottages, including a large building used as a storehouse, lined the base of the hill. At the further end of this yard stood another cottage, having a passage through the centre of it leading into another large garden, orchard, and vineyard. This cottage I occupied with my brother George. Another row of houses had been built at right angles to those that fronted the river, running up behind them. One of these was used for an office. My brothers, George and William, in company with one of our native lads (a tall, ill-grown fellow), intended to go tui shooting, and while George went to our father's office to get the guns, we – that is, Moko, the native lad, my brother William and myself – were standing at some little distance from the office, and nearly opposite my house, looking at some cattle that were now walking between us and the office door. My brother George now appeared in the door way with a double-barrelled gun, which he levelled at the cows as they walked past, and he snapped the piece several times, thinking the gun was not loaded.

I called out, "Don't do that! The gun may be loaded; some of them are; and you might shoot the cows."

"It's not loaded," he replied, and pointed it at my head.

"Don't," I said; "it might go off."

"No, it won't," said he, and shifted his aim on to Moko, who was standing by my side, and just before William, who was a head

shorter than Moko. He pulled the trigger, and bang went the gun. Moko gave a howl, fell backwards, and remained motionless on the ground. The gun dropped from George's hand.

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"There – I told you so!" I said. "You've done for Moko now, at anyrate. A precious mess you have got us into!"

George was so troubled at the thought of what would happen that he made a clean run for the bush, to some caves we knew of. William and I turned Moko over and shook him, but, to all appearances, he was stone dead. However, when we commenced to lift him he groaned.

"Ain't you dead, Moko?" we asked.

"Kua mate rawa ahau" (I am quite dead), replied the corpse.

At last, with some trouble, we got him on his legs. The gun had been loaded with ball, which had struck him a little above the left temple, and running along his sloping forehead had ploughed a line over his head, leaving the skull bare, but untouched otherwise. We got him into the house, and seated him on my bed, and with my pocket knife I cut the strip of scalp away with the hair attached to it. I bound up his head as well as I knew how, and gave him a glass of wine we fetched for him. We were very vexed for Moko's accident, but I was in a terrible state of mind for the results. According to the Maori law of utu (payment) we would be robbed, and if our whole place was not burned down, we might consider ourselves lucky. I blamed myself much for permitting George to enter the office. I desired William to stay with Moko and help him into the house, while I went to look for the other lad we had named Ipu, a fine brave young fellow, and about my own age. I soon found him, and told him of what had occurred. He came to see Moko; and I afterwards sent him to tell his father, old Toenga, a great friend of mine, and a tohunga (priest) of the accident, asking him to return as quickly as he could. I knew that Toenga would collect a few men and come to me at once, after he had sent messengers to Wi Hopihana, a chief of the Popoto tribe, to convey the news to him; for it was a most serious affair. During Ipu's absence I noticed a canoe putting

towards the settlement. I went to the beach to meet it, and as it touched shore, I saw it contained Whakarei, a chief of some rank, and his daughter, who were related to Moko. I knew Whakarei very well, and the Maori custom also, which would, when I told him of our trouble, bind him to remain and assist us out of the ill-effects of the morning's work. So I told him what had occurred.

"Lucky for you," said Whakarei, "I happened to come down the river this morning. You have sent for Toenga?"

"Yes," I said.

"That was wise," he replied: "he will know and do what is required. Toenga will, of course, have a taua (war party) on you, a mere matter of form, but it will strengthen your cause against other tauas." (A family "taua" might consist of knocking you down, or sticking a spear through your leg or arm, seizing your cattle or any other property you happened to possess. It depended very

much on the estimation your friends held you in; it was a toss up, in fact, what they would do. I knew old Toenga very well though, and he had partly adopted me as his white son.) "You must have plenty of food for those who comprise the tauas to-day, as they will remain to defend you against the Ihutai's tribe (it was only this tribe of blackguards I dreaded) who will hear of this by to-morrow. You had better give me the gun with which Moko was hit. I am his relation, and you can then say you have made restitution, and have given me the gun."

We now went to see Moko, and Whakarei unbound his head.

"You are badly hit," said he, "but you won't die, and I have got the gun."

* * * * *

Toenga's party soon arrived, and were met by Whakarei, myself, my brother William, and Ipu, who had returned.

The next day another friendly taua came headed by the Chief Wi Hopihana. This over, news came that two war canoes containing a taua from the Ihutai were fast coming up. On they came with loud yells and brandishing their guns and spears, but I had armed our side with some fowling-pieces and old Tower rifles. The canoes landed their party, who formed up and then charged up the beach towards us, who were kneeling to receive them. They stopped short when within about fifty yards, and a dead silence reigned. At last, with a hideous yell, they sprang as one man erect, and had their war dance. We now shook our guns up and gave them a more awful dance than theirs had been. Again all was silent. At last old Toenga passed from left to right with his bayonet spear and challenged the enemy, calling out to their best man named Kaka.

"You challenge me, Toenga, do you?" said he.

"Yes," said the other, "come and be killed."

"Here I am," said Toenga, and as his opponent advanced to the right, Toenga advanced to the left. Then each of them tacked about, and so on, till they met at striking distance in the centre of the space between the tribes. (They set at each other just as I have seen game cocks do before they fly at one another.) Toenga now made a spring, the other man made a rapid feint, followed by a quick thrust at Toenga's thigh, but to touch my old tutor was not such an easy thing to accomplish, and the old fellow's blood was up. He did not attempt to parry the dangerous thrust, but uttering a frightful yell, he bounded off the ground, avoiding the bayonet, which he had jumped over. Round went his spear with a whiz, and down came the butt end on his antagonist's neck, knocking him off his legs, and laying him on the ground; then bringing the spear's point to the front, he buried it in the ground within an inch of the prostrate warrior's stomach. "Ha! ha! i tohungia ano koe!" (Ah, there, I've allowed you to live). Howls of applause came from our side. Two more now challenged. At last my turn came. Old Toenga gave me his spear, and bade me recall one particular feint and underthrust he had taught me. (Many a rap I got in learning it from him, to say nothing of what always awaited me

at home whenever it was found out that I had been taking lessons from him.) "You do it," continued Toenga, "just as I taught you. Attract his attention before you allow him to close. When making the feint, dart your eye into his with a glare, yell, and at the same time sink the butt of the spear and push forward instantly; the spear will do the rest, and if it does not run through his stomach it will stick into one of his legs, which will answer the purpose just as well. He can't ward off your thrust, as he will be deceived by your eye. Now, my son, move forward; keep your body limp, allow every muscle to have play, and as you close stiffen yourself into your spear." I advanced first to one side, then to the other, to meet my foe. On he came, a beetle-browed fellow, armed with a heavy hard-wood spear. I obeyed my instructions to the letter, and a howl informed me that the spear had done the rest. It had entered above his knee cap, and had gone home to the bone. As he stooped with the pain I brought the butt round with a swing, and down on his head. "Me he toke!" I cried. Ipu now sprang forward, and was met by another lad, and a pitched battle took place, which ended in the victory for Ipu. The Ihutai now asked for payment for the injury done to Moko. "I have given Whakarei the gun. I will give no more, and if I did, Kapetana would kill me when he returns from Auckland," was my reply. "Three of your men have been beaten; do you want any more?" They now moved towards the store which held goods to a large amount, and threatened to break in the door if I would not unlock it. "We cannot prevent them breaking the door open," said one native, "as they want payment, but we will fight them afterwards."

"Yes, I thought, and who will get the goods then?"

"No man breaks open that door," I cried, as three natives advanced with axes towards it.

I resolved to shoot them. I longed to do so now; a change had come over me.

"William," I said, "go to the cottage."

I levelled my short rifle. "Now, break down that door," I said in English, "and I'll shoot you!"

"Come back," cried Wharepapa, the chief of the tribe; "he means what he says, he'll fire, Hokimai come back," and they drew back. For a few seconds I felt sorry they had, but intensely glad for it a moment afterwards. This ended the affair, and a general shake hands all round soon took place. I gave Moko's avengers a feast of pork, potatoes, rice, and sugar on my own responsibility. The Wharepapa took his wounded grandson and the gun which Whakarei handed to him, and the tribe departed in peace to their own place. Wi Hopihana collected all the arms we had issued to our people, but the ammunition was not offered to be returned, and I did not ask for it. The next day they all returned to their different villages in great good humour. This happened about thirty-two years ago.

PLAN OF TAURANGAIKA PA.
WEST COAST.

Abandoned by Tītokiwhiri when attacked by the Colonial Force under Col. Whitmore, Feb. 3, 1869.

WEST COAST.

1 The forcible abduction of a woman.

2 A shell.

3 The waves of the sea.

4 A dance.

5 Two celebrated tanewhas, whose house is on the Hokianga bar. The first-named was a chief, and the second his slave, who gave constant employment to his master by always disobeying his orders.

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