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Reminiscences and Maori Stories

Gilbert Mair

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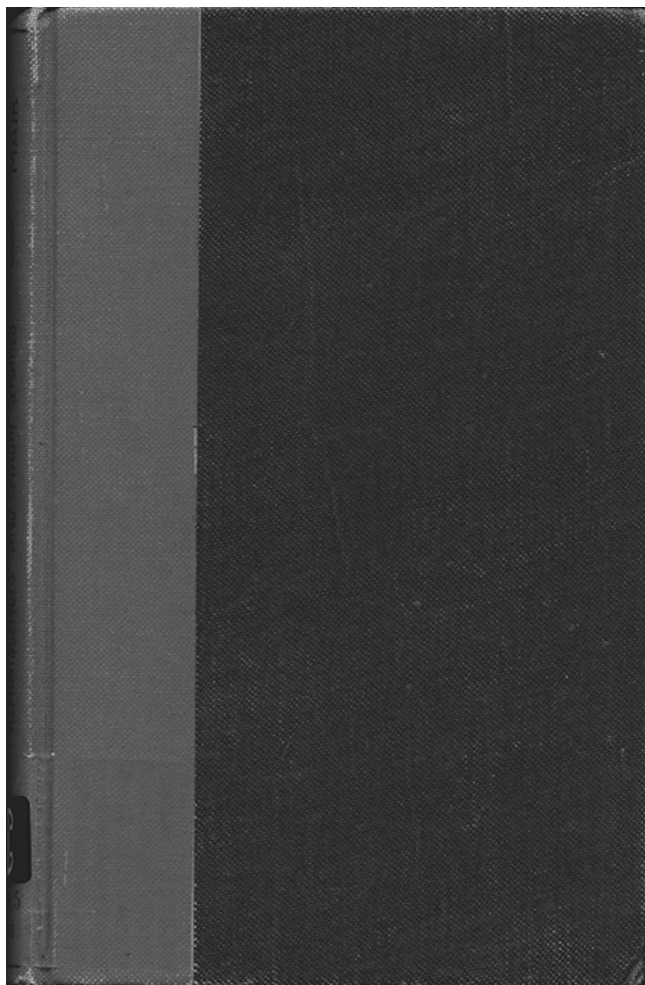
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A LONELY GRAVE.

Captain Gilbert Mair at the last resting-place of Captains Travers and White, and a number of their men who fell in the Ruatahuna Campaign, Urewera Country, May 7-8, 1869. Photograph at Orangikawa Pa. Tatahoata, by James Cowan, January 24, 1921.

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REMINISCENCES
AND
MAORI STORIES

BY
CAPTAIN GILBERT MAIR, N. Z. C.



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[PREFACE]

PREFACE

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THE author of this collection of Maori legends and reminiscences of old New Zealand was a man whose name will have an enduring place in the annals of pioneer life and endeavour in this Dominion. Few men, even in the most perilous days of our islands' history, had such an adventurous life as that on which Captain Gilbert Mair looked back. As Pioneer Surveyor and Explorer, Soldier, Government Official, and Farmer, he did more than most men to make this land of ours fit for peaceful settlement. He was of a type that will never more be seen in New Zealand, for the conditions that produced and developed his peculiar genius have vanished for ever.

Captain Mair, the son of Mr. Gilbert Mair, a splendid Scottish pioneer who settled in the North of Auckland a century ago, was born at Tawa-tawhiti, Whangarei, in 1843. In his teens he was engaged in helping his elder brother buying kauri gum from the Maoris – many of them Arawa, who had temporarily camped on the Northern gumfields – and he acquired early a thorough knowledge of the native language and an uncommon insight into their modes of thought and ways of life. In 1860 he was articled to the Surveyor-General to learn land surveying, and he secured his provincial certificate in 1864. Shortly before the Waikato War began he was engaged in surveying and cutting up a large area of native land between the Waikato Heads and Raglan. Later he was appointed clerk and interpreter at Tauranga, and when the war was renewed in the Bay of Plenty district in 1866 he was given an opportunity of developing his natural military talents, conjoined with his native knowledge of bushcraft and his athletic, tireless physique.

When operations were set on foot in 1867 against the Piri-Rakau natives, in the forest country inland off Tauranga, Mair accompanied the expeditions, at first as volunteer and interpreter, and soon distinguished himself by his dash and daring and his intrepidity and enterprise in bush scouting. This was the beginning of a military career in which he, like his gallant elder brother, Major William Mair, gave his country high service and won the confidence and admiration of both Pakeha and Maori for soldiering vigour and fearlessness. Most of his work was done in command of Arawa friendlies, to whom "Tawa," as he was universally known, was the ideal type of a soldier chief. Their only complaint against him was that when on the warpath in pursuit of an enemy his pace was so impetuous and tireless that very few of his men could keep up with him!

From 1867 to 1872 Gilbert Mair was almost constantly in the field on active service, and that service the most harassing and difficult in the whole range of the Maori wars – scouring wide areas of the wildest country, and, in the last two years of the campaign against Te Kooti,

searching the Urewera mountains from end to end, in conjunction with other officers, and repeatedly inflicting defeats on the rebels.

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The exploit of February, 1870, near Rotorua, which brought him his captaincy and the rare decoration of the New Zealand Cross, was a particularly dashing and intrepid performance, a lesson to future generations in the disregard of heavy odds. Ohinemutu would undoubtedly have been the scene of a terrible massacre by Te Kooti had it not been for Mair's splendid enterprise and personal gallantry in the running fight of nearly twenty miles that day with a force greatly inferior in numbers to Te Kooti's column. Here nothing but Mair's own persistence and straight shooting averted a rebel success. His defeat of Te Kooti was the turning point in the last war.

Because of his special knowledge of the Maoris and the country, Captain Mair was often selected by the Government to accompany distinguished visitors through the Rotorua district, and his charm of manner endeared him to all whom he guided through that then rather remote wonderland. In 1870 he was chosen to take H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh to Rotorua and the Rotomahana Terraces. Thirty years later he had the honour of greeting our present King and Queen at Rotorua. He was in charge of the arrangements for the reception of Their Majesties by the Maoris at that great gathering, and he was indeed the most prominent pakeha New Zealander there, in his capacity of interpreter of the speeches and chants of the Maoris, and the messages of the King.

Many years ago Captain Mair suffered an irreparable loss by the destruction of his great collection of manuscript matter in a fire in Wellington. In this disaster he lost the substance of long researches in Maori history and folk-lore. Had these notes been available, he would have embodied them in a book, or several books, long ere this, but it was impossible to gather the data again. What remained was but a fragment of the vast store of knowledge he acquired from the chiefs and tohungas of the vanished generation.

Had Captain Mair chosen to write of his military record, he could have given us a book of thrilling adventure, of perilous deeds almost without end. In the present volume he, however, preferred to write chiefly of his beloved Maoris, among whom he spent the greater part of an extraordinarily well-filled life, and for whom – old foemen as well as comrades – his loving sympathy was keen in these later days, when the native race is all but submerged by the stronger race. These stories have their definite historical value; they preserve pictures of a life that we shall see no more, and they give us vivid glimpses of the real old Maori, his peculiar mental processes, his ways of life in peace and in war.

It is fortunate that a pioneer with so many-sided a career should have turned in the evening of his days to chronicle the varied and often curious episodes of a romance-filled past; it is unfortunate that we shall have no more from his pen.

HENRY BRETT.

Takapuna, Auckland,

December, 1923.

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CHAPTER I. A LONELY GRAVE. THE STORY OF A MOUNTAIN CAMPAIGN.

CHAPTER I.

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A LONELY GRAVE.

THE STORY OF A MOUNTAIN CAMPAIGN.

The Urewera or Tuhoe tribe, descendants of their famous ancestor Toikairakau (the Eater of Leaves), who lived thirty generations ago, occupied that broken, densely-wooded country between Waikaremoana Lake and the Whakatane district, intermarried with the offspring of those who came six or seven generations later in the Mataatua canoe. They were a fierce, warlike people, whose proud boast, "Tuhoe mou-mou taonga, mou-mou tangata ki te Po" ("Tuhoe, the destroyer of earth's treasures and the waster of mankind unto death") resulted in the bones of their warriors finding a resting-place on many battlefields, but their wooded fastnesses generally saved them from disastrous invasion.

In the days of the wars with the New Zealand Government they became so persistent, especially as the notorious rebel Te Kooti found a safe refuge there, that in April, 1869, three columns of European and friendly natives were organised to march on their main stronghold, Ruatahuna, at the headwaters of the Whakatane River. The total number of the three columns exceeded 1,200 men. That under Colonel Herrick, from the Wairoa (Hawke's Bay), was to build boats on Waikaremoana Lake, cross over, and junction with the other columns in Ruatahuna, but failed signally to fulfil this duty. After much fighting, Colonel Whitmore's column, marching via Te Whaiti, and Colonel St. John's, travelling sixty miles up the Whakatane River, united at Tatahoata on May 8. On the 7th, Captain David White, one of the very finest bush fighters in the Colony, was shot dead while leading the corps of guides across a ford on the upper Whakatane. St. John's column was halted, still under heavy fire, and White's body was laid to rest in a grove of manuka on a shingle bank in the valley. The men lighted a huge fire on the grave, where they cooked breakfast,

entirely deceiving the enemy, who never thought we would commit such an infraction of tapu; hence they never discovered the grave.

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On the 8th, while attacking the strongly palisaded pa, Tatahoata, near Mataatua village, Captain Travers was ordered to hold a point of dense forest, known to be occupied strongly by the enemy, but instead of taking cover behind the fallen timber and trees, he was directed to shelter under a frail tumble-down old fence, some twenty yards outside the bush. Standing on a tree-stump, he was sternly making his men take cover when the rebels opened a heavy fire. His trusty batman crept up and implored him to come down to a place of safety, but Travers replied: "A British officer never takes cover." He fell almost immediately, and after a number of his men had been killed or wounded, they fell back on the main body with their officer, and the dead and wounded; but not before his servant had shot his assailant, who proved to be a Whakatane native named Hemi Paraone Te Waiewe, whose brother, Pauro Te Waiewe, was one of my best men. Hemi had been living in the Marquesas (in the Eastern Pacific) for many years, and was the most splendidly tattooed man I ever saw. Not a portion of his body the size of a lead pencil but what had been wonderfully ornamented with birds, reptiles, flowers, and fish, done in the most brilliant colours of the rainbow. The markings from the waist to the feet formed a perfect kilt. Pauro, who had not met his brother for thirty years, obtained permission to bury the body, but the curiosity was so great that successive parties of his comrades kept exhuming the corpse, and dashing water over it to study the elaborate ornamentation. This went on for several days, till Pauro, quite worn out, approached me very dejectedly, and asked me how many times was it incumbent upon a man to bury his brother, telling me he had already done so seven times. I reminded him of the Scriptural injunction of "forgiving even seventy times seven," when he muttered: "Oh, that's all very well, but it does not apply to a man who has borne arms against the Queen." He drew the line at the mystic seven.

The gallant, handsome young Captain Travers and his seven comrades we buried with solemn military honours on the right hand side of the pa gateway, the enemy beating their booming "pahus" or wooden drums, and firing volleys from the surrounding wooded mountain sides. The air was so clear that they could shout to each other freely across the mile-wide valley of the Whakatane. Junction with Colonel Herrick's column

being impossible through his failure to build boats, food and ammunition running out, and the snowy season setting in, the united columns under Whitmore withdrew via Te Whaiti. Major Mair took the wounded out by the Horomanga Gorge.

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Next day Te Kooti, with a large force, returned from a triumphant raid on the Mohaka settlement. He immediately ordered his followers to resurrect our dead and give their bodies as food for the beasts of the field and fowls of the air. Two years later (May 30, 1871), Captain Preece and I, with our respective Maori forces, reached Matatua, and made peace with the natives there under the chiefs Te Whenuanui and Paerau. We found the heads of Captain Travers and his comrades stuck on the tall posts of the Tatahoata Pa. The natives, men, women and children, joined our force in diligent search, and collected almost every bone, though portions we found had been carried by pigs and dogs for hundreds of yards. These we buried with full military honours, the now friendly natives joining reverently in the service. A year later, we discovered some of Captain White's remains, which had been swept by an abnormal flood many miles down the Whakatane River. We collected these and placed them with those of his comrades, planting two poplar trees at the head and feet. One of these shows in the photograph here given, taken by Mr. James Cowan when we rode through the Urewera Country together in 1921. The other tree was destroyed by fire some years ago.

Fifty-four years have passed away, yet no stone marks the final resting place of these gallant men. Truly the words of the Psalm of Asaph apply in this sad case:

"The boar out of the wood doth waste it,
And the wild beast of the field doth devour it."

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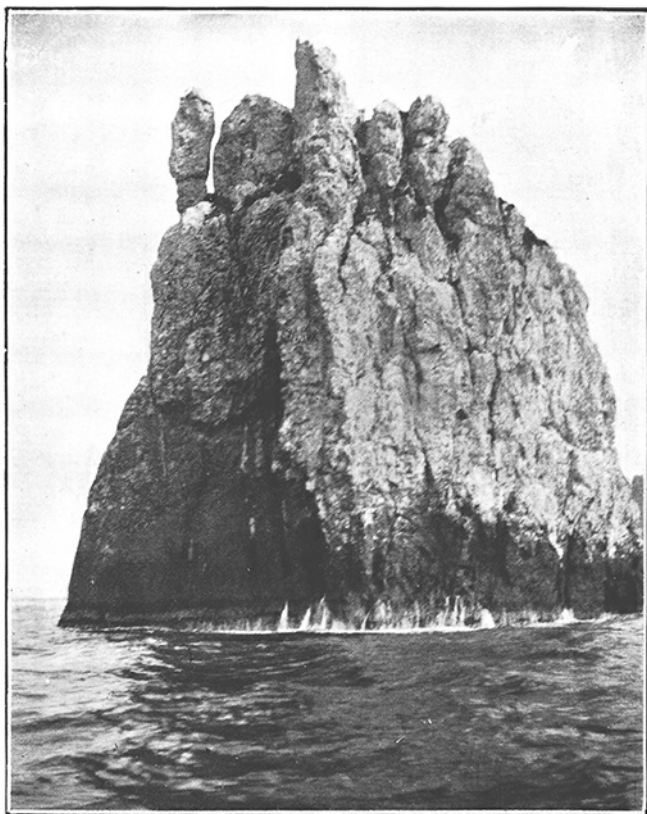


PHOTO BY R. MAIR.

PAEPAEAO TEA. The threshold of Aotearoa.
A joyful sight to the weary voyagers.

PAEPAEAO TEA.
The threshold of Aotearoa. A joyful sight to the weary voyagers.

CHAPTER II. TE ARATUKUTUKU'S REVENGE. THE STORY OF THE SUNKEN PA AT ROTORUA.

CHAPTER II.

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TE ARATUKUTUKU'S REVENGE.

THE STORY OF THE SUNKEN PA AT ROTORUA.

Nearly sixty years ago, on my first visit to Rotorua, there stood long rows of huge, roughly carved posts partly encircling the Muriika promontory at Ohinemutu, while extending a hundred yards or more into the lake were countless other posts, in part submerged. On inquiring about these posts, I observed a reticence among those interrogated, and I failed to learn anything more than the fact that they were the remains of a populous pa which, some generations ago, suddenly disappeared in the hot waters by which it was then mainly surrounded. At last I learned the story from the chief.

A long time ago, said my old Maori friend, a certain woman of high rank named Te Aratukutuku, of Tuhourangi and Ngatituwharetoa, came to Muriika pa, having relatives there. She was suffering from the fell disease mentioned in the fifth chapter of St. Mark, 25th verse, and sought the health-giving waters of Te Papaouru. Added to her terrible affliction, she was totally blind, and therefore more or less unaware of the spectacle she presented, but whenever she passed a group of women she heard their derisive laughter and satirical remarks, and upon inquiring of a relative, she learned how repulsive was her appearance. She had been wounded in the house of her friends, and great indeed was her mortification. Byron declares that –

Sweet is revenge, especially to women,
Pillage to soldiers, prize money to seamen.

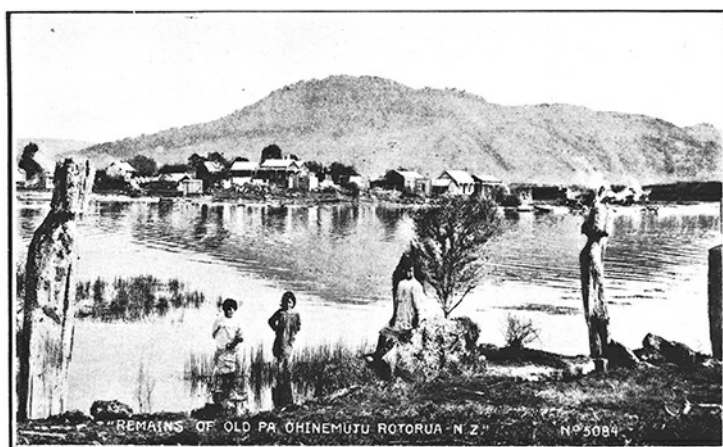
And poor Aratukutuku was no exception to this rule. She determined on a terrible revenge for the monstrous breach of hospitality and the shame and disgrace brought upon her by the people of Muriika.

Painfully the indignant chieftainess made the long journey to Lake Taupo. There she appealed to the numerous protecting gods of her own people for help, and they responded willingly to her call. Accordingly, a Pahi Atua, a travelling company

of beings endowed with supernatural powers, accompanied her back; to Rotorua. Being overtaken by daybreak at Te Wai-whiti-inanga, the long sandy beach at the mouth of the Puarenga stream, and to avoid being seen by the dwellers of the doomed village, they, by enchantment, were transformed into a mass of driftwood, and lay on the lake strand like the aftermath of a great flood.

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The curiosity of the villagers became aroused at the novel sight, as there had been no flood. Moreover, on inspection, they



THE SUBMERGED PA, MURIKA, OHINEMUTU.

THE SUBMERGED PA, MURIKA, OHINEMUTU.

discovered the logs were of trees not found growing in the district, and, more mystified than ever, they returned to their pa to discuss the phenomenon. At midnight the pahi atua resumed their usual forms, and surrounded the sleeping village. Conjuring up all the powers of evil, they destroyed the doomed pa. Muriika was suddenly engulfed in the boiling waters of Ruapeka Bay, and all its dwellers perished miserably therein.

"Can you wonder," asked the old chief, "that we should wish to let such a discreditable episode in our tribal history sink into oblivion? That was the reason of our disinclination to mention it."

About four years ago Rotorua Lake was lower than it had been for half a century, and a greater number of posts and stumps could be seen round Muriika Point. I frequently

waded out among them, and found some perfect "takuahi," or hearth stones, and several stone axes. At one place a cluster of totara piles represented the foundation of a once famous pataka, or store house, known in ancient days by the very significant name of Tatua Wetekia – loosen your belly-band – which, tradition states, was always kept stored to the roof with every kind of the choicest foods, so that in the event of a surprise party of guests arriving, be there a score or many hundreds, an ample feast was soon available.

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The mauri, or mana, of Ohinemutu was centred in a red pointed stone, about three feet high, which stood a little beyond the north-east corner of the pretty church. It had been set up by a famous ancestor of the Arawa people, Ihenga by name, son of Tuhoro-matakaka (fiery-eyed), a son of Tama-te-kapua. The latter had a second son, Kahu-mata-momoe (sleepy, soft-eyed), whose daughter Hine-te-kakara (the fragrant maiden) had been given in marriage to her cousin Ihenga. He it was who claimed Rotorua by right of discovery, and named it Rotorua-nui-a Kahu, after his father-in-law. Ihenga had an only daughter, who also took her mother's name and who was basely slain by Tangaroa-mihi or others on the east side of the lake. The murderers disembowelled her, and cast the intestines into the lake. Ihenga searched long and anxiously for his beloved child, and discovered the remains hanging on a snag near Ngongotaha, hence the name of the place, Hakaipuku. To punish her murderers, he set up the stone above-mentioned as a rahui, naming it Ohinemutu (the only daughter), and for ten years the people were forbidden to take food from the lake.

Strange to relate, Hinetekakara's stone played an important part in saving the pa from destruction at the hands of the great Ngatihaua chief, Te Waharoa, who defeated the combined Arawa at Mataipuku on August 6, 1836, and drove them panic-stricken into the pa. The defenders neglected to close the Waharoa, or gateway, and were endeavouring to escape by crowding into their canoes, when Korokai, their aged chief, flung his arms round the sacred stone, exclaiming: "Let me die on this sacred soil." His example so inspired the tribe that they rallied just in time to expel the invaders and save Ohinemutu from a terrible massacre.

Hinetekakara's stone was for many generations an object of veneration to which visitors paid oblation and offerings, but in the late Eighties it suddenly disappeared, and rumour had it that it was converted into road metal by the prosaic-minded officials then controlling the destinies of the Rotorua township.

CHAPTER III. THE MARTYRDOM OF FRIGHTENED PHEASANT.

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THE MARTYRDOM OF FRIGHTENED PHEASANT.

During the middle Sixties and early Seventies I was often called upon at a few hours' notice to hurry into the Arawa territory and raise a fighting force of two to five hundred, as the emergency required. There was always irrepressible anxiety to enlist among these ultra-loyal people, and I often experienced great difficulty in keeping the number of aspirants within my orders.

One such occasion arose when news was received that a force of six hundred hostile natives from Waikato were on the march to join the Piri-rakau ("Cling to the Bush") tribe, then living along the outskirts of the great forest extending from Oropi to Whakamarama. At that time I was residing temporarily at Rotorua, and had a large number of Tower percussion muskets, square tin cartouch boxes containing fifty rounds, which the Maoris called "kitinis" (kitchens), on account of their size and awkwardness. Blue serge jumpers and a kind of sailor cap with a band of turkey red, and small bright shawls worn kilt-wise, composed the uniform, a supply of which was kept stored there in case an emergency should suddenly arise. My quarters were in a large whare, called "Tiki," the fine carved doorway of which is now in the Auckland Museum. I had twelve Maori policemen at my disposal, serving out musket, ammunition, blue serge shirt, and cap and badge to each man after I had formally enrolled him and he had taken the oath of allegiance (really a work of supererogation, when dealing with such intensely loyal people as the Arawa tribe).

The very first man to offer was a grey-haired tattooed warrior named Wehi-Peihana ("The Frightened Pheasant"), about seventy years of age. He was lithe, active, brave as a lion, as I had proved through seeing him under fire on many occasions previously, but knowing I had a large number to choose from, I told him he was too old, and called on the next man, despite

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SKETCH BY GENERAL ROBLEY.

WEHI-PEIHANA
("The Frightened Pheasant").

The Sentinel at the Gate of Maketu Pa.

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WEHI-PEIHANA
("The Frightened Pheasant").
The Sentinel at the Gate of Maketu Pa.
SKETCH BY GENERAL ROBLEY.

the old chap's wild cry of disappointment. Still he never relinquished hope, and persisted in coming forward forcing me to invent some more or less genuine excuse each time to dampen his military ardour and loyalty. It was a long, tiring, hot summer's day, and about four o'clock I had got my pick of the best men (about four hundred, I think), and cried out, "Kati ra" ("It is enough"), when Wehi-Peihana sprang forward with flashing eyes, shouting: "You say I am too

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old. Behold me dance; I am more active than some of those young men you have chosen. I was fed on fern root and hinau bread – the sustaining food of our ancestors (Te Whatu-turei-a-Rua). I can run through the forest without shaking the dewdrops from the leaves." He then performed several war dances, displaying wonderful agility, and concluded with a prodigious bound like an old-man kangaroo. He stood confronting me, shouting: "Give me my gun! Let me fight for the Queen!"

I felt nonplussed. I had been working hard since daylight, and was peevish and irritated at the poor old man's persistence, and I said: "I will not enlist any tattooed man."

He seemed utterly crushed, and cried: "Kahore ahau e mate tara-whare" ("I will not die under the eaves of a house").

The scene was the shore of the warm Ruapeka Bay, immediately below Lake House Hotel, but the water in those days came right up to the bath buildings. Over a thousand men, women and children were sitting round in front of the carved house "Tiki," and right along the western side of that large furiously boiling spring, "Te Wai-hunu-hunu-kuri" ("The Water Wherein the Dog was Scalded").

Wehi-Peihana rose to his feet, and throwing off all his old clothing except a twill shirt, he walked deliberately to the terrible pool and jumped in, sitting down in it up to his neck. A dreadful wail of distress rose from the women and children, and hoarse cries from the men of "He atua porangi"; "he rewera" ("A mad god; a devil"). Then they all fled incontinently, none daring to look back, the women covering their heads as they ran.

I was left alone to do the best I could towards saving him, and by treading dangerously near the boiling water I managed to get him by his shirt collar and dragged him out. Somehow I got him over the narrow sandspit of ten to fifteen feet to the lake. Then I bethought myself I had seen the day previously a large number of salad oil bottles in a little wooden store, where Lake House now stands, then kept by a native named Hone

Werahiko (the discoverer of the Karangahake goldfield). Like a man possessed, I dashed through the crowd, sprang over the counter, and took about two dozen bottles in my arms, and then rushed back, when, to my horror, I found that the old man had gone back into his dreadful bath, and when I essayed to reach him he actually moved further away to get out of my reach.

Owing to the village being crowded with visitors, many hundreds having come here for safety, there had been a large number of accidents, and I had given orders to have the dangerous springs fenced in. All had been made secure except this one, but a huge bundle of manuka poles lay handy for this purpose. I was just able to put them across the narrowest part, and, keeping my balance with difficulty, I walked along the swaying, sagging poles to within the reach of the old man. When I endeavoured to put my left hand under his right arm, he pressed it tightly against his side, causing me to use such force in pushing my hand through that the skin tore away in strips. While dragging him toward the shore, my left foot slipped in, and as I was too much occupied to take my boot off I got badly scalded, my hands as well.

Again I got him into the tepid waters of the Ruapeka, and shouting sternly in his ear: "E noho!" ("Stay here!"), I rushed up to my room, tore the large hune (raupo) mattress from my bed, spread it on the floor, and, rolling up the sides, I laid my military waterproof sheet over it, placing the poor victim in the hollow. Then, knocking off the tops of the bottles with my sheath knife, I poured the oil on him, constantly splashing it over the body, and I gave him a big tot of commissariat rum. The poor old fellow poured out the vials of his wrath on my unfortunate head, saying: "If you had let me join your force you would have saved yourself all this trouble. It serves you well right. I am not sorry for you." Later on he drank a pannikan of tea and ate a tin of sardines, then passed away at three o'clock in the morning. He assured me that he was so angry and excited that he felt no pain. Only after he died did any of the natives come to my assistance.

Years afterwards, when that fine author and congenial good fellow, the Hon. James Ingles – who wrote so many excellent books under the nom-de-plume "Maori" – visited Rotorua, I told him this story. When writing "Our New Zealand

Cousins," he quoted this incident as a proof of "the gallant Captain's popularity," which was such, he averred, that Maori warriors on being refused admission to his force used to commit suicide. A slight perversion of the facts.

Anthony Trollope, too, who at a later date, while standing at my side at the "Pool wherein the dog was scalded" and listening to my story of "The Frightened Pheasant," also jumped to similar erroneous conclusions as set forth in the first edition of his book, "Our Antipodes."

I cannot believe after all these years even that I gave any justification, but whenever I met my brother officers after these books were published they used to chaff me most unmercifully, saying enviously: "By Jove, Mair, you did pull those old boys' legs properly."

Of course, they were well aware of the facts of the case – there never was any doubt about the incident – but the only wrong inference was that it was quite usual for Maoris who had been refused admission into my Arawa Flying Column to commit suicide in their mad despair and disappointment.



CHAPTER IV. THE DECLINE OF THE MAORI.

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THE DECLINE OF THE MAORI.

The illustrious navigator, Captain James Cook, visited New Zealand five times: –

First: October 8, 1769, to March 31, 1770; 174 days.

Second: March 21, 1773, to June 8, 1773, 75 days.

Third: October 21, 1773, to November 26, 1773; 36 days.

Fourth: October 17, 1774, to November 11, 1774; 25 days.

Fifth: February 10, 1777, to February 27, 1777; 17 days.

Total, 327 days.

During the above-mentioned visits these Islands were circumnavigated two and a half times, and Captain Cook and his officers estimated that there were two hundred and fifty thousand Maoris residing on the coast line; he having been in close communication with them except when bad weather occasionally drove his ships off shore. He says, "They were in vast numbers" in certain localities, notably in the Bay of Plenty, between Whakatane and Mercury Bay, while he named Okurei or Maketu Point "Town Point" where eleven thousand people were living, yet this is only a small promontory of under 2000 acres.

Judging by the vast numbers of earthworks which exist over most of the interior of the North Island, in the deep moats or ditches of which huge trees are seen growing, the ditches and drains on land were at one time under cultivation but have now reverted into swamps. I do not consider it an exaggeration to estimate the interior population as equalling that of the coast, making a total of half a million.

And now arises the speculation, "What has become of so numerous a people?" The tribe whom Cook found living on Town Point were undoubtedly the Ngatiwhakahinga, a swarm

colony from the warlike tribe, Ngaiterangihouhiri, who, under the renowned chiefs, Rangihouhiri and his fighting general Tamapahore, had come from Whangara about the neighbourhood of Gable End Foreland, and, later dispossessing Tapuika, the descendants of Hei, a chief of the Arawa canoe, they moved northwards, conquering the whole of the Tauranga lands, and leaving the Ngatiwhakahinga aforesaid to hold Maketu; which they succeeded in doing for over a hundred years against the combined efforts of the Arawa tribe. Of this once numerous people not a trace now remains, except perhaps a few individual Tauranga natives, who can trace their descent from them.

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Another extraordinarily numerous people were the Panenehu, residing in Opotiki Valley, who disappeared suddenly, leaving nothing but their places of sepulture; at one of which I found a mass of mouldering bones. I counted 397 perfect skulls, but an equal number probably had been trampled to pieces by cattle.

The whole of the Coromandel Peninsula was once occupied by Ngatihuarere, the descendants of Huarere, who was a son of Tuhoromatakaka, Tamatekapua's son. They were the great builders of the pas, which are so numerous in the Thames district. In 1893, I could only find three of their descendants living, Hamiora Mangakahia, Peneamine Tainui, and Hohepa Mataitaua. Old Manihera Ruamano told me that all the lands about Horohoro once belonged to a large tribe named Ngati-waihakari, who were smitten by some epidemic somewhere about 1780-90; that not one was left to tell the tale, and he, about 1840, had found great numbers of their remains about Parekarangi. But I could name fifty other tribes who have passed as a dream in the night, leaving misty traditions that they had died from some terrible visitation. One noted tribe, the Ngaiwi, were the builders of the huge pas on the coast between Maketu and Matata, one of which is half a mile long, subdivided by artificial ditches forty feet deep. Then consider what a vast number of people it must have taken to scarp the numerous volcanic hills about Auckland, to create the serried terraces, and defend the same from covetous foes. These pa builders well merited their name – "Te Waiohua," the waters of abundance.

The first epidemic of which we have fairly reliable evidence was that which spread all over the North Island, ten or fifteen years after Cook's last visit, in 1777, and was known by the name "Te Rewharewha." After it had run its course, many districts lay desolate for a number of years. For instance,

Maketu remained in that state at the beginning of last century, up to 1820. At least about that time another epidemic, known as Kai-Ariki or Kai-Atua, "The Destroying God," started in the North and spread as far as Cook Straits, being particularly fatal on the West Coast and Taranaki. Several minor visitations are also recorded, one named "Te Karawaka," was very severe in the North, in or about 1840. It was a kind of low fever, probably typhoid, and received its name, which signifies a minnow or whitebait, from the following circumstance: –

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An old chief, Te Puhipi, of Kaitaia, greatly distressed at the tribe's losses, consulted my uncle, the Rev. Mr. Puckey, and inquired whether the complaint then raging was typhus, and on being told it was not nearly so bad, he asked what was the difference between it and typhus. My uncle replied: "As much as there was between a karawaka (a minnow or whitebait) and a tohora (whale)." Hence the name.

It is significant that all these epidemics came from the North, and rather circumstantial details are given, which show that in at least two instances these contagious diseases were contracted from crews of shipwrecked vessels. Between 1814 and 1820 the Church of England missionaries, who had then acquired considerable knowledge of the North Island, believed that the Maoris numbered from a hundred to a hundred and twenty thousand; a terrible falling off from Captain Cook's estimate, which could only have been caused by epidemics.

It is believed that the ravages of war, mainly caused by Hongi Hika's raids, from the date of his return from England and Sydney in 1821 to 1827, when he was mortally wounded at Hunuhunu, Hokianga (dying on March 6th, 1828), and fighting arising out of his raids, were responsible for forty thousand deaths.

At the conclusion of Sir George Grey's first Governorship, the Maori population was put down at from 55,000 to 60,000, and they have steadily declined ever since, till, in 1901, the census showed under 45,000. Since then it has been taken twice, the numbers being 49,000 and 55,000 respectively.

I am sorry to say that these estimates are, in my opinion, entirely approximate, and of no real value in taking the very necessary measures to ensure the preservation of a noble race.

To make a census accurate it should be taken on one day, as in the case of Europeans, instead of, as heretofore, sometimes extending over several weeks. The Maoris are a nomadic people, constantly on the move, visiting relatives, widely separated, gum

digging, bush falling, shearing, etc., added to which is the pernicious habit of taking new names to perpetuate the memory of a deceased chief. For instance, when Hemana Pokiha, a noted young chief committed suicide by shooting, his tribe, the Ngatipikiao, then numbering over 400, took different names, such as Te Kapu-Ti (he having asked for a cup of tea a moment before), "the trigger," "the rifle," and so on. In the event of a block of land passing through the Court, all these new names would be put into the title, and so the multiplication goes on till I have known a man hold land under eight aliases. An individual is often claimed by four or five hapus or subtribes out of a desire to show the importance of greater numbers.

Our Government will fail lamentably in its duty unless an accurate Maori census is obtained.



CHAPTER V. IN HOT WATER.

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IN HOT WATER.

In the early Seventies, when European visitors came in large numbers to view the peerless Terraces of Rotomahana, about one hundred of the Tuhourangi tribe were living at Te Ariki, the place they landed from canoeing across Tarawera Lake to canoe up the hot river into Rotomahana, or to walk the intervening three-quarters of a mile to the Terraces.

The object creating the greatest sympathy and interest among the European visitors was a charming little crippled Maori boy named Tehirama, a grandson of the famous old chief Rangiheuea. He was about eleven years old. Both his feet turned inwards, while a large projection under the left arm-pit showed that he was also suffering from scrofulous enlargement of the heart.

He was a wonderfully bright and intelligent lad, his face constantly wreathed in smiles. The only relief he could get from pain was to rest in a hot bath. Just on the western side of the village there was a most suitable place, a circular pool about ten feet across and three or four feet deep, and fed by a beautifully clear warm spring, which ran in a strong current through the pool, and so into the lake.

I had a stretcher made, covered with soft cloth, a foot-rest, and comfortable seat and support for the back and head, one end of the stretcher resting on the bottom and the other against the bank, so it could be raised or depressed as required. This enabled the lad to lie with as much of his body immersed as he wished. I had a neat raupo roof after the shape of a Chinese mandarin's hat placed umbrella-wise over the whole extent of the pool; also a strong swinging oil lamp, and a floating tray on which was placed the little boy's looking-glass, brush and comb, and books. Another tray, containing food, he could draw out by a string. Day and night, no matter how fiercely the storms were raging or the winds blowing, he remained in perfect comfort and free from pain. I represented his case to the Government, and received instructions to send one of my

mounted orderlies from my camp at Kaiteriria twice a week with provisions, and I was authorised to supply the lad with every kind of food for which he expressed a wish.

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Months passed by, and interest in the lad's case extended all over the colonies. His mother, a fine woman (Emma) lived in a little hut near the pool. The temperature of the pool never varied, but it could be increased or lessened if the lad wished it. The scrofulous sores broke out all over his poor little body, Which otherwise appeared to be well nourished, as it might well be with the excellent food with which he was supplied. Dr. Tracey, a surgeon, of Sydney, begged his parents to allow him to take the lad to Australia, believing he could effect a cure, but when the lad was lifted out of the water in his stretcher he screamed with agony, and begged to be put back. At the end of a year there was not a portion of unbroken skin the size of a threepenny piece on his whole body, and after living fifteen months, and having only been lifted out of the water twice, he died. He was bright, cheerful, and happy to the last.

Many paragraphs relating to this lad appeared in the New Zealand and Australian papers of the day, and they were looked upon as travellers' tales, and many people declared in their ignorance that it would be quite impossible for such a thing to have happened. But only the other day, under the heading, "Four Years in a Bath: A Brave Man's Fortitude," I read an account of a wounded Army officer, Lieut. Milton B. Mackall, who had lived in a warm bath for four years. He recently died at Baltimore. Lieut. Mackall was wounded by a shell in June, 1918, the lower part of his spine being severely injured. His wounds were too large in extent to carry out the necessary flushing by the ordinary methods of tubes, so the doctors decided to immerse him continuously in a bath, his body resting on a water mattress. He displayed most remarkable fortitude during the long ordeal, and helped to cheer the patients suffering from shell-shock by teaching them to play musical instruments.

CHAPTER VI. TE POKIHA'S GREAT NET.

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TE POKIHA'S GREAT NET.

THE TALE OF THE RECORD HAUL OF FISH.

Te Pokiha, the fine old chief of Maketu, excelled all Bay of Plenty chiefs in the magnitude of his undertakings. His last effort was the weaving of a great net, which created such a stir on the East Coast that he was content to rest on his laurels, and it was never again used. During the winter months of 1885 several hundred of the Ngatipikiao living at Maketu were busily engaged in weaving a huge net, which Te Pokiha determined should outrival the famous historic one made by his remote ancestor, Taramainuku, the fame of which is enshrined in story, song and proverb by the Maori people. Tradition states of Tara's net that he fastened it to two huge posts, which are now represented by lofty pinnacles of rock against which the waves dash in vain.

About Christmas, Te Pokiha's net neared completion. Smooth, oval pebbles were obtained from Motiti (Flat Island), each weighing a pound. These stones were enclosed in woven pouches of seasoned flax, of which also the net was composed. The stones were strongly bound to the lower rope, the kahararo; the upper rope, the kaharunga, also was made of closely plaited leaves of whanake (the cordyline, or cabbage tree). These weights were tied about one foot apart, and must have aggregated at least two tons. On Boxing Day the net was taken in sections to Otumakoro flat, below Maketu pa, and the setting up, or toronga, was carried out with solemn ritual, performed by the wise old men of the tribe. Those taking part in the final stages were tapu (sacred); they carefully abstained from food till midnight. The net was tightly drawn to several rows of stout posts, and on being measured by Captain Turner, Mr. Butt, and myself in the presence of a number of Europeans, was found to be ninety-five chains long.

It was then discovered that there were no canoes at Maketu large enough to carry the net, and a stalwart crew was dis-

patched to Matata, returning next day with a fine waka-taua, or war canoe. The beautifully carved topsides (rauawa) having been removed, the canoe was placed parallel to another of equal size about twelve feet apart, and a stout platform of smooth planks nailed across. On this double canoe stage the huge net was piled.

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On New Year's Day of 1886, the weather being favourable, the crew of thirty stalwarts rowed the double canoe over the bar, then along the coast westerly some distance. The director of ceremonies, a grand old fisherman, Tohe te Whanarere, climbed to the top of the 96-foot telegraph wire tower and directed its movements. The whole sea as far as the eye could reach was covered with reddish brown patches, each an acre or more in extent, and denoting a solid shoal of fish from surface to near the bottom; all passing slowly eastward round Okurei, or Town Point. Naturally the crew and the large assembly wished to encircle the biggest shoal, but they were warned by the wary old fisherman to wait for his signal. So shoal after shoal went by, making for the mouth of the Motu River, the most famous place in the Dominion for kahawai, till at last an insignificant little brown patch approached, when, much to the disgust of the onlookers, the old man shouted "Haukotai mai!" ("Surround it!").

The canoe dashed in front, six men rapidly paying out the net. Steering north, then west, finally they brought the canoe to shore, with a considerable portion of the net unexpended, about a quarter of a mile on the north side of the Maketu River. The spectators, numbering quite a thousand, essayed to draw the net ashore, but finding it too heavy, the canoe was relieved of the balance of the net and sent out to the poito, a carved human figure holding a fish and representing Tangaroa, the Polynesian Neptune, which floated at the centre, here about thirty feet deep, made of very small meshes.

Te Whanarere having descended from his lofty look-out, now took charge, and, divesting himself of his clothing, rubbed his body with red ochre (kokowai, horu, or takou) mixed with fish oil, and plunged into the sea. The water seemed a seething mass of denizens of the deep; quite a number of large sharks, countless sting-ray and other fish were plainly visible. In answer to our warning he shouted back, "Ko-Tangaroa-puka-nohi nui e kimi putanga ana" ("Neptune, the many-eyed, is seeking an outlet"), meaning the fish were too concerned at their novel position to molest anyone. He swam out to the crew, ordering them to lift the konae clear of the bottom. This

they did twice, until the fish perceptibly lessened. Still the net came but slowly, and the top rope (the kaharunga) parted. Then the spare ends of the net were passed round outside, making three thicknesses, and the incoming tide brought it about half-way up the beach. When the ebb threatened to carry it hack, stout posts were driven in at high water, to which

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MAJOR TE POKIHA AND WIFE.

MAJOR TE POKIHA AND WIFE.

the net was fastened. Then there was a long wait. All this time no one was allowed to partake of food. At last the vast mass of fish was left clear of the water, and amid tremendous excitement the work of carrying the spoil above high water mark commenced.

Te Pokiha marked out thirty-seven places, placing a man at each to keep tally. When 500 fish had been laid on each spot he ordered 250 more, then another like number, till each mound contained 1,000, for presentation to the various sections of the Arawa tribe who were present, and a like number to Captains Turner, Simpson, the writer, the missionary, the postmaster, and the hotelkeeper. When this was done all the big sharks and sting-ray remained on the beach, for those

who cared to take them. The fish caught consisted mainly of kahawai, schnapper, trevalley, gurnard, moki, tarakihi, parore, kingfish, tutahuna, kapeta, pepeke, mangopare, mangotara (several kinds of smaller shark), the latter a small blue shark, much prized for its fine oil, also about twenty "takiari," which attains a length of 12 to 14 feet, and has been known to attack swimming horses, cattle, dogs, and human beings. There were also uncounted numbers of smaller fish, such as koheriheri, or koheru (horse mackerel), kutorotoro (sand fish), and some new species.

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Quite a variety of flotsam and jetsam was also brought in, including three medium-sized anchors, one of which was of ancient date with wooden stock, iron bound, a mass of barnacles. Probably these had all belonged to coastal trading craft, of which the Arawa tribe owned about twenty in the early Sixties.

As soon as the counting was completed, every vehicle on wheels and every sledge, boat, and canoe were used to carry away the spoil; but darkness found the task unfinished, to be followed the next and successive days by the inhabitants in cleaning, salting, smoking, and drying fish. So the odour ascending heavenward was not exactly that of Araby the blest; indeed for weeks afterwards a resident of Maketu could be recognised by his ancient and fish-like smell.

Certain sceptical persons aver that there is only one true fishing story, namely, that mentioned in the New Testament, about the two disciples who went a-fishing, and who, after "toiling all night, caught nothing." In like manner, I had my doubts about the miraculous draught made by Zebedee and company on the shores of Lake Genaseret, but after witnessing Te Pokiha's haul made at Maketu on New Year's Day, 1886, I willingly accept the Biblical story.

Captain Cook and Sidney Parkinson, Sir Joseph Banks, draughtsmen, mention seeing the Maoris using floating nets over a mile in length, catching mackerel (tawatawa) some distance off Cape Brett, but this fish is rarely seen nowadays.

Having resided in the Bay of Plenty off and on since 1864, and watched the countless shoals of fish which cover the sea from Mercury Bay to Cape Runaway in the spring for months, I perpetually wonder why our fish supply should be so precariously uncertain and expensive.

CHAPTER VII. THE MURMUR OF THE SHELL.

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THE MURMUR OF THE SHELL.

Poets have sung of the beauties of the sea shell and scientists have endeavoured more or less intelligently to demonstrate how the murmur came to enter it, but to the old-time Maori, all ignorant though he was of the theory of "sound waves," an explanation was both poetic and feasible, and here it is.

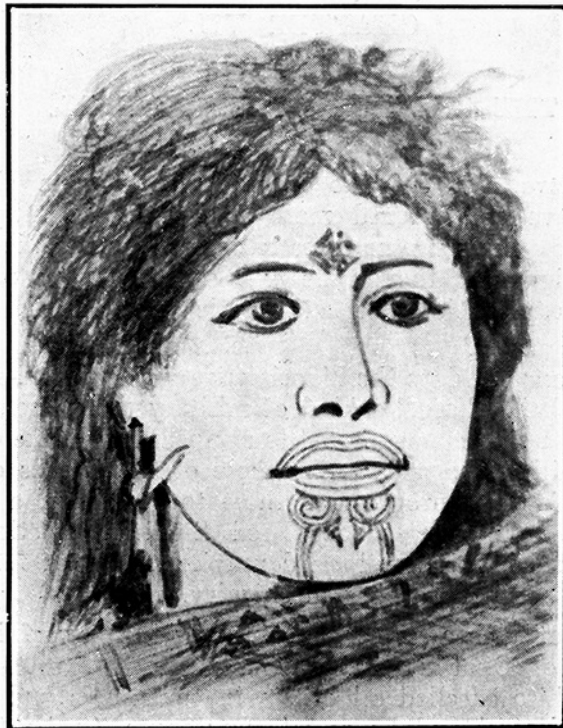
In the ancient days the Maoris were wont to hold functions called "Whakahorohoro," a kind of military tournament. Warriors from far and near gathered to compete in warlike exercises, games of skill and strength like those of the Greeks of classic times. During the progress of these tournaments, a truce of God existed, and it was considered the highest etiquette to bestow marked hospitality toward unfriendly tribes, for the old time Maori was not wanting in chivalry.

It was at such a gathering, given by the powerful Whakatohea tribe of Opotiki, that a young chief from Turanganui named Tawhito excelled all others in comeliness and trials of strength and skill and he met Tauputaputa ("The Changing Year"), who was the pride and beauty of her tribe. He was a modest youth, and concealed his feelings till the days of grace had expired, when he besought her parents to let the fair Tauputaputa become his wife. But they strongly refused an alliance with the Turanganui tribe on account of long standing animosities.

Tauputaputa, for her part, felt strangely drawn towards the young chief, but she, too, was shy and diffident and "never told her love, but let concealment, like the worm i' the bud, prey on her sun-browned cheeks." Tawhito sadly returned to his home, and a year passed filled with hopeless longings. Long he pondered how he should make the loved one return his passion. At last he consulted the family priest, who instructed him what to do. He went to the seashore, and taking a toitoi shell he

breathed into it a love incantation or spell (a whakaahu wahine) then cast it from him. This charm he repeated four times, throwing the shell to the four winds of heaven. He returned that night to dream of his beloved Tauputaputa.

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TAUPUTAPUTA
("The Changing Year")

SKETCH BY GENERAL ROBLEY.

TAUPUTAPUTA
("The Changing Year")
SKETCH BY GENERAL ROBLEY.

On the morrow his yearning was so great that he determined to seek her who possessed his soul, and for her sake to brave the hostility of her tribe and the danger of passing through enemy country. He informed no one of his intention, and one night when his people slept, he started forth up the Waipaoa River, and by next night he had entered the great forest which extends toward Opotiki, where, for the present, we shall leave him.

Tauputaputa sighed in hopeless despair for her noble young warrior, and her parents became anxious for her health, and

encouraged the village maidens to come and join in their amusements. One day her mother persuaded them all to sally forth on Awakino Beach, promising that the girl who found the largest toitoi would win a handsome husband. Soon they espied such a shell washed up by the waves, and raced for it. Tauputaputa, being swiftest of foot, outstripped the others, and on finding the shell dead with a hole in it she cast it away in disdain. But that dead toitoi shell would not be denied. Thrice it was cast up at her feet, only to be thrown back in anger far into the sea.

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At last, when the shell appeared the fourth time, the girl thought, "Surely this is more than chance." So she went apart from her companions, and taking the shell with her, sat on a rock, when the memory of Tawhito filled her mind with pain and she wept over the hopelessness of her love. Bowing her head on her lap her ear touched the shell. It seemed to say, "Tawhito sent me to tell of his love."

Hope was renewed and the girl gathered leaves of the sweet-scented karetu grass weaving a string, and she hung the messenger shell from her neck. She was a different Tauputaputa when her companions rejoined her. They chided her for wearing such a worthless ornament, but she replied, "You do not know what this toitoi means to me."

For many nights the young girl dreamed of Tawhito, and she determined to seek him, first of all making a confidant of her father's tohunga, to whom she told the secret of the shell. He said it was a favourable omen; that it meant that Tawhito was on his way to meet her, and she must wait. But she became terrified lest he fall into the hands of his enemies, which would mean certain death, therefore she must go at once. The father endeavoured in vain to dissuade her, but finding that she was determined, he said: "It is well, O daughter. " "Whaia e koe te iti kahurangi; ki te tuohu koe me mouna teitei." ("Search out the sacred greenstone treasure, the kahurangi; if you bow down let it be to a lofty mountain.") His meaning was that she was not to let any small obstacles turn her from her bold project. He also taught her a spell or invocation for success, commencing: "I hira mata tao taonga ki te whai ao." ("Open my eyes that they behold the precious treasure of life"), tell her that no matter how dire her peril or distress might be, correct recital of those words would give her her heart's desire. And that night she heard the voice of the shell telling her more insistently than ever that Tawhito loved her.

Though a great storm was raging, the girl sought the war-trail leading to Turanganui. Taking a small basket of kao, or dried kumara, tied to her waist at nightfall on the second day she had reached Motu, Te Wao-nui-a-Tane (the great shade of Tane-Mahuta's forest). She had become hopelessly lost, her small supply of food had been swept away while swimming a flooded stream, the storm still raged, her feet were bleeding, and fainting from hunger she sank to the ground in despair, fearing that she would never more see Tawhito. Suddenly she remembered the counsel of her father's tohunga and she repeated the spell he had taught her. Instantly hope returned to her heart and the blood coursed rapidly through her veins.

The maid sprang to her feet, groping her way through the dense undergrowth. Feeling a smooth surface under her feet, she discovered she had regained the lost trail. This she followed for some distance till she smelled the smoke of a tawa fire and she soon discerned a faint glimmering light. Then a great fear came upon her lest she fall into an enemy's hands.

Cautiously crawling on her hands and knees she drew nearer and espied a solitary figure bowed over the fire. Emboldened, she approached nearer, and who can tell her joy at meeting her lover Tawhito.

Here the curtain falls, and when it is raised again, Tawhito and his wife Tauputaputa are living happily in his pa at Titirangi on the hill above the entrance to Turanganui River (where the town of Gisborne now stands). And she bore him many children whose offspring live on the coast at many places between Mahia and Uawa, and their maidens to this day, when playing on the seashore after a storm, still search for toitoi shells which they press to their ears hoping to hear the message of love which came bringing joy to Tauputaputa of the changing year.

Note. – I first published this story in an Adelaide paper in 1867.

CHAPTER VIII. THE PORTRAIT OF ROTA.

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THE PORTRAIT OF ROTA.

About 1870, when the Native Land Court was sitting at Maketu, a brokendown Englishman appeared on the scene, putting up at Duncan Robertson's hotel. A week passed, and when the landlord demanded payment, it was discovered that the visitor was penniless, though professing to be a member of the Royal Academy. To help him out of this difficulty, the late Mr. Butt and I induced a fine old chief named Rota to sit for his portrait. The price arranged was £10. The artist was minus paints, brushes, palette or easel, but a travelling carpenter, who had been doing some gate painting, lent his pots and brushes, and a temporary studio was fixed up at the end of the hotel verandah. The venerable chief, a fine figure, with his tattoo and his flowing white beard, thereupon sat for his picture for several days. Sitting motionless on a high perch, he suffered a kind of martyrdom in the presence of a large number of his tribe, whose patience was severely strained by the frequent visits made by the artist to the bar – to mix his paints, he explained.

In the meantime the question of finance began to trouble the old man, who confided to me that as he only received a stipend of £20 annually, he would be on short commons for the remainder of the year, and he wanted to know if he could not repudiate his engagement, especially as he had signed no document, but he was told it was too late to go back on his promise.

At last the painting was completed, the £10 demanded, and the canvas proudly held aloft by its creator. But Rota was absolutely non-committal in his replies, stating that he could not judge of its merits as he hadn't his spectacles. "Better get them," said the landlord, who, under the circumstances, could not be considered an impartial witness. "I have left them at Otamarakau," pleaded Rota. This was one of his homes, a day's journey away. "Here, take mine," said the landlord, thus dispelling the old man's last hope of relief.

"What do you think of it?" asked the artist eagerly, giving the painting into his hands.

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Rota studied it deeply from every point of view, the back, end on and upside down. The scrutiny occupied a quarter of an hour. At last he said: "Iu te werry kerewa tangata" ("You are a very clever person"). "This picture represents three distinct subjects. Looking straight at it, it appears to be a beautiful waterfall, with some rimu trees behind."

"Well," the artist whispered to me and the landlord, "I wanted to depict the old warrior as standing in his primeval forest."

"Then," continued Rota, "if you view it obliquely from one end, it is wonderfully like a funeral procession; the trees in the waterfall represent the waving plumes of the hearse. But if you turn it upside down, you can plainly see two lions fighting, and I think they must have alarmed Rota, who has evidently fled. I tink too much te raiona, too nuki nuki Rota (too much lion, too little Rota). I won't pay for it."

A deadlock having arisen, it was arranged that Rota should sit for a second painting, the first one to be destroyed. But even then, Rota, as he grudgingly produced the £10, declared his firm belief that the waterfall, the funeral procession, and the fighting lions still haunted the Englishman's marvellous portrait.

CHAPTER IX. WHEN DOCTORS DIFFER.

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WHEN DOCTORS DIFFER.

It was my good fortune when in command of the Arawa Flying Column No. 1 to have attached to me Mounted-Sergeant Christopher Maling, a New Zealand Cross hero. He had been on a week's leave, living with a particular mutual friend of ours, a chief of Ngatituara, and one dark night, when Maling was returning to the chiefs home at Taumataherea, Rotorua, he fell into a boiling spring, and was scalded nearly to his hips. Dr. Hope Lewis, the medical officer in charge at Rotorua, was immediately sent for, and insisted that the sufferer should be taken to a temporary hospital, but his native friends strongly objected, saying that as he was their guest they were responsible for his well-being, and they wished to treat him after the Maori fashion. They had a wider experience in scalds than any other person living, seeing that for nearly seven hundred years their ancestors had lived practically in hot water.

Dr. Hope Lewis insisted on using the ordinary European methods. The natives strongly objected to it, and at last a compromise was arrived at by which Maling's right leg was to be treated Maori fashion, and a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, was to use his skill in dealing with the left leg, which he immediately proceeded to do by laying it out on lint and saturating it with lime and linseed oil. The natives, on their side, dispatched two old women in a canoe to Hinemoa's Point, some three miles away, where, in a deep lagoon in the middle of a swamp, they were in the habit of procuring a jet black kind of mud, containing much oxide of iron, which they generally used for dyeing the borders of their flax mats. The pond was some thirty feet deep, and the mode of procuring the mud was for the women to swim to the middle of the pool, one with a Maori calabash, while the other dived down, bringing up as much of the liquid mud as she could hold in her clasped hands. This was repeated until the desired quantity was obtained.

Hurrying back to the bedside of the sufferer, the mud was poured into a wooden trough, and thoroughly manipulated with a stone pestle, pounding up any lumps into impalpable mud. The leg was laid on a strip of calico on a layer of plantain leaves, and the mud baled over it at intervals, eventually covering it evenly, and totally excluding the air. The patient described the mud as most soothing and cool, alleviating all pain, which could not be said of the oil and linseed treatment. The doctor dressed his limb every day, but about the third day the Maori leg (as we shall now call it) became dry and threatened to crack, which the Maoris said was an indication it should be moved, and it would be necessary to put the patient in a warm bath.

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Dr. Lewis furiously objected, declaring that his patient should not be touched with hot water, so Maling was then gently lifted on a kauhoa, or Maori stretcher, and carried to a famous bathing pool called Okahukura. The limb was allowed to be covered with the warm water, and by bathing, the mud came away, leaving the skin perfectly clean. Signs of granulation had already set in. The same progress was gone through again, and a fresh coating of mud applied. I cannot say how many times the process was repeated, but in less than two weeks it was quite evident that the leg treated in the Maori fashion would be the first healed, and so it proved. At the end of five weeks it was perfectly well, and it was a case then of waiting for the other leg.

Suffice to say that about two months afterwards the men of Captain Preece's No. 2 Flying Column challenged No. 1 to a football match, which, took place on the famous Pukeroa Hill, when Maling became the hero of the day, outstripping all the others, and obtaining several tries and kicking a goal or two.

The excitement amongst the Maoris was immense, and whenever Maling made a good run shouts of delight went up: "Kuru te Maori Waewae! (Good on the Maori leg). Give him the Maori leg ewery taima!"

My esteemed friend Dr. Lewis, though bitterly disappointed at being outpointed by ignorant savages, was too much of a sport to show it, and applauded Maling's efforts as loudly as anyone.

CHAPTER X. THE STORY OF WETEA'S FAREWELL.

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THE STORY OF WETEA'S FAREWELL.

There died at Kirikiri, Thames, on December 27th, 1899, a remarkable old Maori known as Matene Te Nga. He was probably the last survivor and eye-witness of the tragic events which occurred when the Totara Pa, on the left bank of the Waihou or Thames River, was taken by Hongi Hika, the Maori Napoleon, in 1821. Matene remembered the pa being attacked some years before by a united war party of Ngapuhi and Ngatipaoa, under the noted chief Te Hinaki. On that occasion a very great multitude, mostly women and children, were shut up in the fort, and, their water supply being cut off, they were in extremis till a band of sixty or seventy young braves from within the pa clothed themselves in their thickest mats and sallied forth. Fighting their way through the enemy, they reached what was then a deep pool at the foot of a small waterfall called Te Korokoro-o-Tuhukea, just below where Mr. Anderton's house now stands. After plunging into the water, they fought all the way back to the pa, which they regained in somewhat diminished numbers, and, hastily throwing off their mats, wrung the precious moisture into the parched mouths of the perishing women and children. This battle was called "Te Waiweruweru," or the battle of the dripping garments.

Matene told me that one bright spring morning in October, 1821, while he was engaged with his people potato planting about Kopu, word came that a large fleet of canoes was sailing up the gulf. This fleet contained the dreaded Hongi and 800 Ngapuhi, all armed with muskets. The enemy landed at Whaiapu, below the Totara Pa, by the graves there; but in those days the Thames River ran quite close to the railway line,

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PHOTO BY A. J. ILES, ROTORUA.

MATENE TE NGA.

MATENE TE NGA.

PHOTO BY A. J. ILES, ROTORUA.

and there was a shelly beach, and no mangroves as at present. After marauding all over the country, murdering all they met, the Ngapuhi offered to make peace, and fifty or sixty chiefs, including Te Wera, Te Morenga, Te Whareumu, Ururoa, Titore and Rewa, were admitted to the pa. After being hospitably entertained and presented with some mats and greenstone meres, the visitors withdrew in the evening.

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Te Morenga lingered behind the rest, and stooping down, pressed his nose to that of Ahurei, the second man of greatest rank in the pa, and whispered, "Kia tupato" – "be on your guard." The Ngapuhi were seen to embark and sail away in the canoe, but they only went as far as Tararu. Returning on foot before dawn, they took the pa by surprise, slaughtering, it is said, a thousand persons, and taking innumerable prisoners. Ahurei slew the first man who entered by splitting his head with a stone axe. The Ngapuhi only lost two men, Pu and his eldest brother Tete, the son-in-law of Hongi.

Among the unhappy prisoners were two young men of high rank, who had surrendered upon being called by name. They were led before Hongi, who ordered them

to be bound and a cooking fire lighted. When the oven was heated, Hongi was about to slay his captives, but the elder one, Wetea by name, said, "Spare me yet a little while, that I may sing a last farewell to my people, to the land, and to the world." He then composed and sang a pathetic chant, commencing "Horahia te marino."

While he was singing his death dirge the people crowded round, and the sight of the noble young man, now about to die, so moved them to pity that they besought Hongi to spare his life. But the cannibal general's heart was filled with fury at the loss of his son-in-law, Tete, and rushing upon Wetea, he plunged his short sword into his bosom, cutting off a portion of his breast, which he thrust into the fire, roasted and ate.¹

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HONGI-HIKA.
The Famous Ngapuhi Warrior.

SKETCH MADE BY GENERAL ROBLEY, FROM BARRY'S PICTURE OF HONGI,
AT BURLINGTON HOUSE. PHOTO BY A. J. ILES, ROTORUA.

HONGI-HIKA.

The Famous Ngapuhi Warrior.

SKETCH MADE BY GENERAL ROBLEY, FROM BARRY'S PICTURE OF HONGI AT BURLINGTON HOUSE. PHOTO BY A. J. ILES,
ROTORUA.

The heroic Wetea paused not in his singing, and showed no sign of fear or anguish, but afterwards, while smiling scornfully, he taunted Hongi, saying: "Is this the worst a great warrior like you can do?" This so enraged Hongi that he drove his weapon into Wetea's throat, and applying his lips to the gaping wound drank in Wetea's life-blood till the young brave fell forward on his face and died. Wetea's nephew and fellow-captive, Tukehu, shared the same fate, and both bodies were cooked and devoured.

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This treacherous act of Hongi's was looked upon with great disfavour by a number of his companions. Te Wera, Te Morenga, Whareumu, and others separated from him, and sailed round Cape Colville to the East Coast. They went South as far as Te Mahia, where Te Wera became the great chief of that district.

When Hongi and the Ngapuhi were satiated with feasting on the slain, they returned to the Bay of Islands, landing at Kerikeri in December, 1821. They took with them the embalmed body of Tete. His widow, after murdering a number of hapless young female prisoners, shot herself in the presence of all the people.

This is the death song chanted by the brave young Wetea: –

WETEA'S DYING LAMENT.

Horahia te marino,
Horahia i waho ra
Hei paki omakanga
Mo Haohaotupuni
Hei hukenga waihoe.
Noku te wareware
Te whai rangi au
Nau e Ahurei

Kai tonu ki te rae
O Kohi ra ia
Marama te titiro atu
Te puia i Whakaari ra
Ka taruru tonu mai
Ka wehe te marino.
Hei kawe i au e
Kai tu tonu mai

Translation.

O peaceful, spreading calm,
So beautifully fair,
Stretching far o'er sea,
No stormy clouds are there,
Beclouding the sky.
As the swift-gliding bark
Haohaotupuni canoe²
With paddles all flashing
Sailed far, far away.
Bewildering also was it
Not to follow thee there,
But that hope is past,
For it wert thou, Ahurei;³
Who so rashly thus ventured
Too near the wild cliffs
Of rock-bound Kohi.⁴

Te pou o te Kupenga
O Taramainuku.
Ko wai au ka kite
Ku rehe ai au
Te titiro ki Moehau ra ia
Me kawe rawa ra
Hei tokau pau e
Ki tawhiti ra
Ki te ketunga rimu
Ka wehe rangi au e-i.

E'en thence might be seen
Far-famed Whakaari⁵
Whose sky-reaching clouds
Foretold my sad doom.
Yet beguiled by the thought
That the calms follow storm,
And would bear us away
Where we never might part,
But still stand together,
Like the firm standing pillars
Of Taramainuku's great net⁶
I cannot see;
Mine eyes are dimmed
With misty tears.
I cannot see
The towering peaks
Of mighty Moehau⁷
Ah, speed my spirit hence
Through ocean depths
And caverns wreathed
With waving weeds,⁸
To that far shore.
Farewell to this sad world.

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¹ The weapon used by Hongi on this and many like occasions was a short sword, called a hanger, used by men-of-war for cutting down boarding nets. It was presented to Hongi by King George IV.

In 1826 my late father walked over the desolated Totara Pa, the site of which was then strewn with human bones-a veritable Golgotha.

² Haohaotupuni – A famous ancestral canoe, said to have returned to Hawaiki.

³ His uncle Ahurei, who disregarded Te Morenga's warning.

⁴ Kohi, the S. E. head of Whakatane Harbour.

⁵ Whakaari, or White Island, whose lofty column of snowy-white steam warned the Maori navigator of the approaching storm.

⁶ Two lofty pinnacles south of Cape Kidnappers, H.B., said to represent the posts of Taramainuku's net.

⁷ Moehau, or Cape Colville, a classic mountain home of the fairies.

⁸ Maori legends state that the spirits of the departed spring from the hanging branch of a pohutukawa tree at Te Reinga, at the North Cape, and enter a cave covered round by wreaths of waving seaweeds, and are seen no more on earth.

CHAPTER XI. PIERRE DE FAUGERAUD: A ROTORUA MEMORY.

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PIERRE DE FAUGERAUD: A ROTORUA MEMORY.

During the last Maori war General Whitmore established a corps of guides or scouts, and whenever a special service was required needing courage and swift action, these men never failed. Sergeant Christopher Maling was their commandant. Among their number was a Frenchman, Pierre de Faugeraud. the subject of this sketch, who afterwards became General Whitmore's cook. But when the corps of guides was disbanded, Pierre joined my Arawa Flying Column No. 1 as cook, and proved himself indeed a treasure.

In those days Rotorua and Taupo were famous for two things. One was the boisterous appetite the beautiful atmosphere always provided; the other was the almost insuperable difficulty of satisfying it.

But Pierre never failed. If I had the luck to shoot a duck or pigeon, or Pierre could commandeer a neighbour's rooster or sucking pig, he would provide a repast many an epicure might envy.

Often times five or six unexpected visitors would appear at my camp to find my larder empty; but give the faithful Pierre a pound tin of lobster, an onion, a few ounces of dripping, and some potatoes, and it was surprising what a tasty meal he could give us.

When my Flying Column was disbanded I assisted Pierre to start a small eating house at Wairoa, above Lake Tarawera, where he more than held his own against two opposition licensed houses. The tourist traffic was then assuming large proportions, from four to five thousand persons visiting the Terraces during the season. But on the 10th of June, 1886, disaster overtook the happy village through the Tarawera eruption, over a hundred Maoris and several Europeans losing their lives. I obtained employment for Pierre at Rotorua, but he never recovered from the break-up of his home, and he died at Ohinemutu. We buried him on Pukeroa Hill.

After the full establishment of the Government township, orders were given that those buried on Pukeroa should be removed and re-interred at the new Puarenga cemetery. This work was entrusted to two of Pierre's old pals. They harnessed up an old grey horse that Pierre himself had often driven to the Wairoa, and went about their task. After placing their comrade's coffin in the trap, they made more than one round of the several hotels, finally taking two bottles of rum and stopping frequently to drink Pierre's health in solemn silence. These stoppages and the returning memories of many jolly days the trio had spent together in the old days had their effect on the driving, and both fell head over heels backward on the coffin, crushing the frail lid to splinters. The sight they witnessed unnerved them, and they fled to Rotorua in a demented state, reporting to the authorities that Peter had sat up in his coffin and glared at them. They were directed to lie down in an outhouse and sleep it off.

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They declared that Pierre's once splendid black beard had turned white, and grown nearly to his feet, and in places was projecting through cracks in the crazy coffin. He had a remarkably large, bald head during life.

In the meantime, the old horse quietly jogged Wairoa-wards, reaching the village in the afternoon. A large number of tourists and natives had just completed a visit to Rotomahana. On the old horse stopping in their midst the young men and women swarmed around the cart. A piercing wail was raised: –

"Aue! aue! Kua hoki mai a Pita, kua hoki mai ki tona iwi kia Tuhourangi ki te Wairoa. Hoki mai e Pita e." ("Alas! alas! Peter has come! Peter has come back to his people, to Tuhourangi, and the Wairoa. Aue!")

And so Pierre was laid to rest once more, mourned over by a weeping concourse of the warm-hearted Tuhourangi.

CHAPTER XII. THE KOTAHA: A WEAPON OF OLD MAORIDOM.

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THE KOTAHA: A WEAPON OF OLD MAORIDOM.

Over twenty years ago I placed a kotaha and several darts (or kopere) in the Auckland Museum.

The kotaha, or staff, is a stout piece of manuka about an inch and a-quarter thick and about four feet long, the lower end tapering and carved with a hole, to which is attached a stout bit of flax cord, terminating in a round, flattish knot; the upper end usually was carved to resemble a human hand. The kopere, three feet six inches to four feet, is made of the hardest wood heavily barbed, so that withdrawing it from a wound would be impossible; the end is a very sharp point, hardened in the fire. When used, the dart is stuck loosely in the earth at an angle and direction calculated to strike the object aimed at. The thong is then wrapped round the dart once, just below a small ridge, so that when propelled, the string frees itself in its forward flight.

The Ngatiwhakaue, of Ohinemutu, Rotorua, were famous for their skill in using this primitive weapon, and on one historic occasion, while attacking Puhirua pa over a hundred years ago, one of the warriors, Te Umanui by name, hurled his weapon with so true an aim as to transfix a chief in the pa through the heart. The spot where Umanui threw it from was pointed out to me; it is a small eminence some eighty yards inland of the pa.

This weapon was also made on a much heavier scale, and when handled by two persons clusters of darts up to nine in number were thrown at a time. In such cases they were very effective on open land when used against a matua, or solid body of men, charging, as the enemy could not parry the darts effectually, and the solid front would be broken. Of course the

angle of elevation was adjusted to the estimated distance. When discharged at an angle of 45 degrees by two stalwarts, the kopere travelled an astonishing distance.

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Some writer recently declared that the Maoris never used spears. This is quite a mistake, though they never acquired the marvellous precision of the Australian blacks. One kind, the tao, was sometimes forty feet long, and frequently had a whalebone point. It was used in the trenches, and thrust out through the outer palisade, or pekerangi. The huata was a shorter kind much used in close fighting, and also thrown as occasion offered. I have seen a naked Don Juan forced to stand up against an infuriated husband, assisted by a brother or henchman, perhaps, and having only a short stick or whalebone mere in one hand and a clout made from an old flax garment in the other, to parry the vengeful shaft hurled by no gentle hand at ten or fifteen paces. It was a veritable ordeal by battle.

The grand old Maori friends of my youth were wont to practise all such warlike games for my edification, but I was an indifferent pupil, and a worse recorder of what I so often witnessed.

CHAPTER XIII. HATUPATU, PIONEER OF ACCLIMATISATION.

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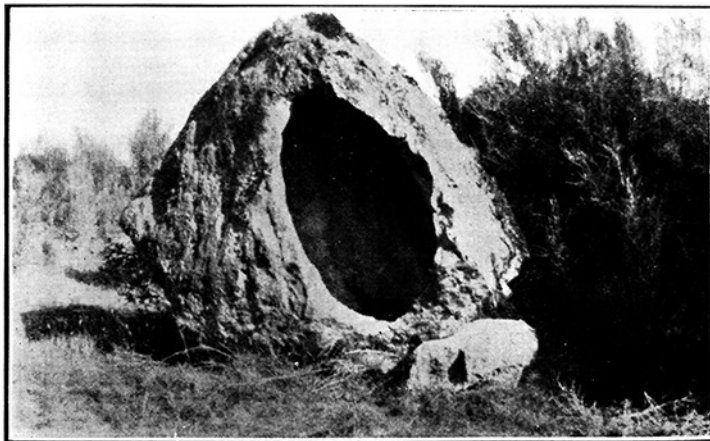
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HATUPATU, PIONEER OF ACCLIMATISATION.

Hatupatu was one of the most famous ancestors of the Arawa tribe, and his exploits five centuries ago almost rival those of the demi-god Maui, the Polynesian Hercules. He had his share of warlike activities, such as the slaughter of Raumati and his band of marauders who came from Tauranga and burned the sacred Arawa canoe at Maketu. The last of the expedition was the red-headed giant himself, whom Hatupatu overtook at Maunganui, the east head of Tauranga Harbour. Raumati essayed to escape by swimming to Matakana Island, but was overtaken on the North Spit, where Hatupatu cut off his head, and the place has been called "Panepane" (the severed head) ever since. His next exploit was killing and eating the pet birds of a terrible witch named Kurangaituku, near Atiamuri. When pursued by the dreadful ogress, he saved himself by repeating an enchantment which caused a huge stone to open and receive him; it finally opened again and permitted him to escape. This remarkable stone, about six feet high, stands by the road on the west side of the Waikato River, near Atiamuri; the opening in it appears like an arm chair, just as though designed to fit the human form, while on its outer surface can be seen the scratches made by Kurangaituku's finger nails. Still followed by the infuriated vixen, he was overtaken by her at Whakarewarewa, and just as he felt her hot foetid breath on his neck, he came to a hot spring, which he sprang across, and the witch, thinking it was cold, stepped in and perished miserably. Hatupatu, with Rangiteaorere, combined against Kawaarero, and his people conquered Te Motutapu-a-Tinirau, or Mokoia Island. Henceforth his energies were devoted to planting new trees on the island and endeavouring to stock the waters of the lake with various kinds of fish.

Hatupatu's first experiment was the sending of a large party of slaves to catch eels in the Pukerimu and Oraka streams,

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PHOTOS BY W. A. CARTER, 1920.

THE WITCH'S ROCK.

THE WITCH'S ROCK.

PHOTOS BY W. A. CARTER, 1920.

on the Tokoroa Plains. The eels were packed in kohukohu, a soft kind of moss procured from swamps, now largely used by the Forestry Department. The eels were "all alive-o" on arrival at Ohinemutu, but a wily tohunga induced Hatupatu to believe that he must put the fish under a spell, otherwise they never could be recaptured. Accordingly, a quantity of dry fern was placed where the shore sloped steeply into the lake, and when it was burnt to white ashes, the eels were emptied into it, wriggling into the water more or less scorched. Several days elapsed, when the dead fish were seen floating on the surface, to be quickly collected and eaten by the artful tohunga, whom Hatupatu promptly knocked on the head.

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His next attempt was more successful, for he brought that mysterious delicious little fish the koaro, a species of galaxias or retropinna, from Rotoaira Lake, Tongariro. It became extremely plentiful in both Rotorua and Rotoiti, and in the late sixties I witnessed vast quantities being taken out of the Hamurana River, below the beautiful spring there. A noted chieftainess of the Rangiwewehi tribe (daughter of the chief Kahawai, who fell in the assault on Te Tumu pa, May 7th, 1836), named Makuini, held the mana of the koaro fishing, and the season being correct according to the state of the moon, permission was obtained from the old lady, who was then living at Maketu. My old friend Taupua Te Whanoa permitted me to be present at the operation, which was carefully carried out with all religious observances, no food being partaken of from the setting to the rising of the sun. A long, funnel-shaped net with a pocket was stretched across the river in the straight course below the splendid spring, whose waters emerge with great force; the net was lowered into position and pegged to the bottom with forked sticks at about 8 p.m., then a fifty-foot canoe, which had been scrupulously washed, was moored to a stake at the lower end. Two hours then elapsed; when the pocket was lifted, the end untied, and several hundredweight of the beautiful fat little fish were emptied into the canoe. This process was repeated during the night till quite a ton weight had been obtained, when the net was lifted, and a certain time elapsed before it could be used again. I was told that it was only used three times during the season, and after that the fish were taken with the kokopu (a much larger fish) in pouraka or baskets baited with pounded kakahi, the fresh-water shellfish. As far as I can remember, the koaro were blind, only gaining sight after living some time in the lake, at least, this is what the Maoris assured me. I never

heard of any being caught after Makuini's death, but an old friend of mine, Ihakara Te Aukaha, often sent me a few odd ones taken in deep waters at Rotoiti, and only then after 11 p.m. in koura nets. Of course, the introduction of trout was the death knell of the koaro, and I very much fear they will be destroyed utterly in Rotoaira Lake in like manner.

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Hatupatu subsequently tried to introduce schnapper to Rotorua. Stationing a hundred slaves along the Maketu-Rotorua Road at convenient intervals, each provided with calabashes of salt water, a party of stalwarts left Maketu carrying a huge patua (watertight vessel made of totara bark) with seventy schnapper, but in spite of constant changes of salt water, on reaching Ohau Channel, only one gigantic fish (a tuhaha) was living. Quickly as possible it was liberated in Rotorua, when it swam all round Mokoia Island with its tail projecting (a very bad portent); it then swam straight to the place where first liberated, flapped up the beach in the direction of Maketu, and gasped out its life.

Nothing daunted, Hatupatu then had a quantity of crayfish introduced in the same manner, none of which was seen till a month had elapsed, when a party of natives were travelling inland at night, and on reaching Te Hiapo one of them stumbled over an object in the road, calling out in pain that his foot was wounded, and it was discovered that he had trodden on the sharp spikes of a huge koura. Hence the present name of that place, Koura-tara-mamae (the painful wound from a crayfish spear). I ask my intelligent readers to accept this incident as a proof of the truth of this story.

There is no further effort recorded of Hatupatu's experimenting, beyond the fact that Ihenga, one of his relatives, and presumably, therefore, a member of his society, brought koura (fresh water ones) from Tiringa Lake in the North and put the same in the Lakes. He is also reported to have placed a kind of inanga in Waitepuia Stream at Maketu, also brought from the North via Cape Colville, but they escaped to the salt water, their offspring being probably the Retropinna Richardsoni, or smelt.

Hatupatu then developed a taste for forestry, as evidenced by that fine old totara tree which stands in lonely grandeur on Mokoia Island. The story being that while returning from a raid on a prehistoric tribe, Te Kawerau, in the Haehaenga or Tarawera River valley, he observed a totara tree growing on Haroharo Hill, from which he took a spray which he stuck in his tikitiki, or hair knot, and eventually grew where he

planted it. Scoffing Europeans have doubted this story, saying that the totara does not grow from cuttings, but my dear old friend the late William Hall, chemist, of Thames, showed me several paddocks he had fenced in with splendid hedges of totara, all grown by himself from sprays of small lateral branches.

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A few chains further up the hill, in a sacred grove, stands a solitary tawa, also planted by Hatupatu. Until recently it was an object of great curiosity, owing to a perfect skeleton having become enveloped in the wood, but a wretched Cockney named Smith, having visited the island, told the people at Lake House while in his cups, of the "great lark" he had enjoyed in smashing up the skeleton with a rock. There being no law dealing with such an offence, three of my friends, the late Messrs. Mitchell, Butt and Harry Taylor, and myself interviewed the vandal the same night, and frightened him out of his senses by assuring him that the natives were thirsting for his blood. He immediately packed his portmanteau and asked us to arrange for a coach to Tauranga or Oxford; but we informed him that all avenues of egress were closed by parties of infuriated Maoris, that his only means of escape was via Galatea to Hawke's Bay. It was then arranged that a driver named Cookson should convey him via Kaingaroa Plain to Runanga, and so on to Napier, which he did for £100 – "and no questions asked."

Hatupatu also planted on Mokoia a puriri tree which he obtained from Katikati; it is still growing near Te Rakau's cave, opposite Kawaha. He then planted that fine grove near where Tutanekai's house stood, consisting of whati (entelia arborensens). Ihenga, aforesaid, gave Hatupatu roots of the edible fern Marattia salicina, which he had brought from Kaipara; these were planted at Mangatoi, near Te Puke, and at Okere, near Taheke.

I could mention other instances of Hatupatu's benevolent activities, but consider I have stated sufficient to show that the Auckland Acclimatisation Society is generations behind him in matters of fish introduction, notwithstanding its proud boast of priority. Further, with all due respect and appreciation of this Society's efforts, it may truly be said that Hatupatu exercised infinitely better judgment in all his experiments.

CHAPTER XIV. NOTHING BUT LEAVES. A STORY OF OLD TAUPO.

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NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

A STORY OF OLD TAUPO.

About one hundred and twenty years ago there was living on the upper waters of the Manganuiateao River, under the shadow of Mount Ruapehu, a turbulent little tribe, a band of Ishmaelites, whose hand was raised against every man, and every man's hand was raised against them. They were constantly attacking and marauding the surrounding tribes, but generally escaped punishment owing to the inaccessible nature of their country. Eventually they had the audacity to murder some of the members of a great and powerful tribe of Taupo, Ngatituwharetoa. This was the last straw. They were promptly attacked by a war party, under the leadership of two prominent warriors, Te Tuiri o-Te Rangi (the trembling heavens) and Te Rangi-kaheke-i-waho (the widespreading firmament), and the offending tribe, who bore the high-sounding name of Te Hokowhitu-a-Ouenuku (the seventy sons of the rainbow), were practically destroyed. Only the wife of the chief, with her new-born son, escaped; she jumped off a bluff into the river, and crossed to the western side of the Wanganui, whence she made her way through broken country to her own tribe near Taranaki. Here she found a home and sympathy, and devoted her life to the upbringing of her son, whom she named Turahui (the dedicated one, or the appointed one). With his mother's milk was fostered a spirit of revenge, and he grew up in the belief that his mission was to avenge the wrongs of his tribe.

The years passed away, and Turahui, by his proved bravery and wisdom, found himself an acknowledged chief of several tribes in the Taranaki country. But now the time was opportune to carry out his life's mission, and, selecting carefully a war party, he started forth. His principal warrior, who commanded his own sub-tribe, was named Tamakana. The war

party took the trail for the Taupo district, striking the southern end of the beautiful Lake Rotoaira. They marched along its shores with the great volcanic Mount Tongariro on the right. There, at Otukou or Papakai, a neutral chief called out from his pa on the hill for the war party to partake of food. The hospitable chief sent out his slaves, who soon returned with a number of baskets of a delicious kind of little fish, Koaro, found in Rotoaira. This is a very sacred fish of the Taupo Maoris, and strict ceremonies pertain to its capture. It is invariably put up in small ornamented baskets between layers of the scented olearia leaves. The heap of food was then presented to Turahui, who broke the usual feast etiquette of the Maoris. Instead of keeping the smallest portion for himself, he retained the whole for his own tribe, giving none to his fighting man, Tamakana. When he came to the last empty kit, he turned it upside down, scattering the leaves, and exclaiming "Titiro mai: Ko te rau kau, ko te rau kau." ("Behold: nothing but leaves, nothing but leaves.") The indignant Tamakana made no reply, but he remembered those words. The war party then resumed its march.

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On approaching Tokaanu the warriors turned along the eastern shores of Lake Taupo, and moving cautiously by night, they came to the Tongariro River, at that time the principal home of the Ngatituwharetoa, who occupied both banks of the river. On a little island in the river lived the two chiefs, the Trembling Heavens and the Widespreading Firmament.

Turahui selected six of his most trusted followers, after hiding his main body in the surrounding scrub, and towards dawn swam out to the island. The two chiefs (by this time old men) were suddenly throttled and dragged out and their heads held under the water till they were dead.

Turahui then started on his return march. In the morning, when the slaves went out in a canoe taking food to the old chiefs, the two rangatiras were missing. A cry was immediately raised, when footprints of the war party were discovered, and a hot chase was set up. By this time Turahui, bearing the bodies of the chiefs, had gained ten to twelve miles start. On reaching the scene of the feast of the previous day, the kindly chief called out: "Turahui E. Heaha nga ika o roto o te kupenga a Tumatauenga?" ("O Turahui: What fish have you caught in the War God's net?") and Turahui replied "Ko te Tuiri o Te Rangi, ko Te Rangi-ka-heke-i-waho, he mea tiki atu e au i roto i te kopua kanapanapa nga atua hei kai ma raua whaka-ariki ra ano." ("The Trembling Heavens and the Wide-

spreading Firmament, whom I sought out and brought away from within the shining belly of the gods, to be sustenance for me, who am their equal").

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Declining hospitality, the marauders resumed their flight, and by nightfall had reached the head waters of the Wanganui River, at Porere (where, on November 4th, 1869, the gallant Captain St. George was killed while leading his native contingent in the attack on Te Kooti's stronghold). Weary with the forced marching and feeling temporarily safe from pursuit, Turahui halted for the night; but his rest was uneasy, and toward the rising of Kopu (the morning star), on placing his ear to the ground, he could hear the tramp of many feet, and he knew the position was surrounded.

Rousing his sleeping followers, he shouted: "Tamakana! E! Maranga, maranga! Ko te whaka-ariki, ko te whaka-ariki! Tahuritia, hei pupiri i te mana o to iwi." ("Tamakana, arise, arise! Here come the shining ones, here come the terrible ones! Turn thou and fight for the honour of thy tribe!").

But Tamakana, remembering the fish incident, replied: "Tahuri atu koe a Tama-kai ika, ki te whawhai. Ka haere ahau a Tama-kairau. Heikonei ra." ("Turn thou and fight bravely, O eater of fish. As for me, the eater of leaves, I bid thee farewell.") And he fled and escaped with his whole force.

Turahui and his small war party performed heroic deeds of valour, but they were outnumbered five to one, and at last Turahui was left standing alone surrounded by his dead warriors. He was challenged to mortal combat by a famous chief, Te Heuheu, a giant seven feet high. Turahui was a skilled warrior, and the two fought with varied success until Tamamutu (Te Heuheu's nephew) speared Turahui from behind, and he fell.

The braggart Tamamutu cried, "Behold the strength of my one arm," and Te Heuheu replied, "Nay, rather, our two arms."

The dying Turahui replied: "Boasters both! It took your four arms to slay Turahui."

So Tamakana, having other fish to fry, ran away and lived to fight another day.

As for Turahui and the Seventy Sons of the Rainbow, there remained "nothing but leaves; nothing but leaves."

CHAPTER XV. THE LOVE TRAGEDY OF WAIAROHĪ.

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THE LOVE TRAGEDY OF WAIAROHĪ.

Near Atiamuri, on the Upper Waikato River, there is a curious row of monumental stones, about which some fantastic theories have been propounded.

When I first saw these monuments of the past, in September, 1866, they were exactly 140 in number, and all had been procured from the flaky stone deposits in the immediate neighbourhood. An old chief Manihera Nihotahi, then living near the noble Horohoro Mountain, gave me the following narrative of their origin, which had never before been committed to writing:—

About twelve generations ago, Te Manihera's great ancestor Ruamano, was living on the eastern foot of Horohoro with his numerous people, the Ngatiwaihakari. Ruamano's wife, Waiarohi, was remarkable for her beauty, and it happened that a Ngatiraukawa chief of note, Whaita by name, came on a friendly visit to Horohoro from his home at Kakepuku, that striking conical hill which forms one of the portals of the King Country. His guest having expressed a wish for kaimataitai (sea food), Ruamano set out for Hauraki to procure fish. During his absence Whaita and Waiarohi became much enamoured of each other, and Ruamano learned on his return how shamefully his hospitality had been abused. He therefore told Whaita that only the laws of hospitality protected him from punishment; that he had better go immediately. However, some of Ruamano's enraged kinsmen gave chase, and Whaita only escaped death by springing across a gorge of the Rahopaka stream, which is still called "Te Rerenga a Whaita" (Whaita's leap).

Waiarohi became mad through losing her lover, and her demented wanderings through the district are perpetuated by the names of certain places. For example, where Ruamano once lived is called "Te Parekarangitanga a Waiarohi" (the mad adorning of Waiarohi), because she used to adorn her hair with flowers, like mad Ophelia, in Hamlet, and sit on a hill awaiting her lover's return. A precipice near by is called "Te Hereherenga," where her maidens bound her up hand and foot just as she was about to throw herself into the abyss, the name meaning the binding place. That remarkable hill opposite Horohoro is known as "Haparangi" (crying to heaven), because Waiarohi was wont to climb the heights to bewail her lost lover. A red stone on the Rotorua-Taupo Road, called "Te Tangihanga a Waiarohi" (the weeping place of Waiarohi), marks the spot where the grief-stricken woman was discovered by Whaita, who had ventured to return, and who then took her to Teewe, a place near Whakamaru Mountain, where a numerous people called Ngatikahupungapunga, subjects of Whaita's, resided.

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Here the lovers lived very happily till occasion arose for Whaita to return to Kakepuku to superintend the kumara planting, so he entrusted Waiarohi to his people's care and set forth. He had just finished an unusually large plantation, when a messenger brought tidings that Waiarohi, who was about to bear him a child, had suddenly disappeared. Suspecting treachery, Whaita ordered his people to dig up the newly-planted crops and convert the tubers into kao, a form of food much used by war parties. On reaching Teewe, Whaita was guided to the burnt remains of Waiarohi's house. Throwing himself in an agony of grief among the ashes, his face struck a hard object, which he recognised by the "kauae," the harp-shaped tattooing on the chin, to be Waiarohi's lower jaw. She had evidently fallen face downward in a pool of her own blood, which had preserved that portion, while the rest of her body was consumed.

Mastering his grief, Whaita soon learned that his slaves had become weary of procuring birds and other delicacies for their mistress, so beat her to death, at the same time sending a message to their overlord that she had returned to Ruamano. Whaita immediately attacked the treacherous Ngatikahupungapunga, slaughtering great numbers and pursuing the remnant to Atiamuri, where they were hemmed in among the rocks on

the west bank of the Waikato River. Here 140 were slain, and the much-discussed row of stones was set up to mark Whaita's terrible revenge. A few of Ngatikahupungapunga found a final refuge in Hawke's Bay, where I met the last lineal descendant, a one-eyed man named Pene, who died about thirty years ago.

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When I first saw the row of stones in 1866, they formed an unbroken line, with here and there one standing up several feet higher than the others, to mark the fallen chiefs. In 1873 my native contingent was stationed at Niho-o-te-kiore, and during my absence on sick leave a number of the memorial stones were carried away to make a baker's oven or kitchen middens at the camp.

Such, despite a learned professor's megalithic monument theories, is the true story of the Atiamuri stones.

CHAPTER XVI. ON MAORI NAMES.

Some friends in Tauranga, where I am now resident, pronounce the simplest Maori names quite incorrectly, and when reminded of it reply, "What does it matter; they are only Maori names?" To be logical, why need we pronounce correctly at all? Here are a few illustrations of this ear-annoying mispronunciation: –

Katikati (to nibble) is popularly Katty-kat.

Maungatapu (sacred hill or mount) is mutilated into Manggertap.

Waimapu (delectable waters) is called Waimap.

Papamoa (male parent of the moa) becomes Papper-moa.

Karewa (uplifted or floating) is Karewha.

Kahawai (strong in the water) becomes Karwy.

Aongatete (snaring young teal) is pronounced Awangger-tetty.

Hapuku (greedy stomach) is pronounced harbooker, with a very big B, and so on without end.

Most Maori names are descriptive, or intended to perpetuate some historic incident, beautiful, romantic, or tragic. I will give a few examples: –

Katikati, near Tauranga, derived its names from the following circumstance: When the famous Arawa canoe landed at Oparaoa, the South-east Spit, the voyagers, observing the great mangrove bank called Rungateranga, mistook it for kumara plantations, which it closely resembles. The women murmured at not being allowed to eat all the kumara they were saving for seed, especially as the children were hungering, and they said, "Let us eat them now as kinaki, as relish for our fish, seeing that we have reached a land where kumara grow naturally." The captain, Tama-te-kapua, was doubtful, but allowed the women to have their own way. But it was noticed that he sat apart nibbling lingeringly at his slender allowance, and Whakaotirangi, a woman whom Tama-te-kapua had abducted, leaving her husband (Ruao) behind, said: "I shall keep my share of kumara

tubers, seven, the mystic number." She did so, placing them in a small kit or bag, which she suspended from her neck for safety. The voyagers had barely finished their repast, and turning their eyes toward Rungateranga, when lo! they saw that the phantom kumara patch was covered by the incoming tide, and great were their lamentations. However, Whakaotirangi's seven precious kumara were planted in a garden called Parawai, at Maketu, and yielded so bounteously that in two years the immigrants once more possessed their staple food in plenty. Whakaotirangi's name has passed into a synonym for a prudent thrifty woman, and the greatest compliment you can pay an industrious Maori woman nowadays is to hazard the remark, "You must be a descendant of Whakaotirangi." Any collection of treasures is called "Te-putea-iti-a-Whakaotirangi" (her little basket). It is noticeable that descendants of each of the five canoe crews aver that this Maori Martha came in their vessel, but the Arawa people give most details and are best entitled to the claim.

Ruao, who was left lamenting in distant Hawaiki, crossed Kiwa's dark sea in another canoe, and found Tama-te-kapua, and Whakaotirangi living at Matarehua, the inshore point of Motiti. He promptly challenged his rival to mortal combat, and as he was of giant size and strength, Tama-te-kapua soon lay gasping on the sand. Ruao carried a small Pandora's box hanging from his neck; this he had filled with all the loathsome parasites that afflicted the Egyptians of old and have tormented human beings and animals ever since. These he rubbed over the abductor's head and body. Tradition states that there were no such pests here before Ruao's importation; and dwellers in the land of the Long White Cloud (cattle owners especially) are not likely to perpetuate his infamous memory.

I will give just one more descriptive name out of thousands I know – Karewa, of tuatara lizard fame. In fine weather, owing to mirage, it appears to be like Mahomet's coffin, floating in the air, the silver streak of sea showing plainly underneath; hence the name Ka-rewa, to float.

Maori names are spelled phonetically, are euphonious, and it is hard to understand why our New Zealand born, at least, often fail to appreciate them. The root of the fault lies in the schools. Every teacher should be required to learn at least the Maori alphabet, with the vowel values, so that the young New Zealanders may have an opportunity of acquiring a fairly correct pronunciation of his home-names.

CHAPTER XVII. THE TALE OF THE JEALOUS SISTERS.

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THE TALE OF THE JEALOUS SISTERS.

Sitting in the Native Land Court, listening to the tales of blood, pillage, of treachery, of desperate battle, of love and chivalry in the old times, as recited by the elder warriors, some of whom have been leading actors in the events they speak of, one frequently hears the most romantic stories. Many years ago one story in particular impressed me as a typical example of the true romance of the Maori.

A valuable tract of land was being dealt with, and great prominence was given to a famous spring of remarkably pure cold water, called Waitaria (the "Waiting Spring"), which took its name from an incident that occurred twelve generations ago, whereby the great ancestress of the tribe who claimed it and the surrounding land obtained her lover. This is literally word for word how the old chief related the story to the Court. Leaning on his staff (taiaha), and addressing the Judge, he said: –

Listen, O Son, while I speak of the land before the Court, and of the sweet waters of Waitaria. In the days of our great ancestor, Te Tuiri o te Rangi (the Trembling Heavens), two women of high rank lived near this spring. They had been dedicated from birth to live as Puhi (vestals), and were sacred persons. Those who were afflicted by ills or evil spirits went to them and obtained relief. Their fame spread through the land. None dared to woo them, and even while wars raged between neighbouring tribes no one would harm them, for was it not known that the Gods favoured and protected them. They were sisters. Their names were Rehutai (Sea Mist) and Tangimoana (Moaning Sea); the latter was the younger sister. They were very fair to look upon. Indeed, none of the girls here present in Court could compare to them for beauty. [This statement was received with scornful gestures by a bevy of young Maori

women who were listening very intently.] Now, it came to pass that many chiefs of high rank began to wonder whether they could not win these young women. Yet none was bold enough to approach till at length a great warrior named Rautoroa (Albatross Plume) determined to brave all the dangers of a long journey from his home in Wairarapa, near Wellington, through hostile country through trackless woods and over rugged mountains, in the hope that perchance Rehutai or her sister would reciprocate his passion. Rautoroa told his aged father of his determination, and the old man said: "It is well. Seek ye the precious jewel. If you bow down let it be to a lofty mountain." The meaning was: "Let nothing but the insurmountable turn you from your purpose."

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After many thrilling adventures Rautoroa drew near to the dwelling of these young women, but his heart was filled with doubt whether they would be gracious to him, and he took counsel of his trusty slave, who came bearing presents of sweet-scented oil made from the berries of the titoki, fragrant with the young fronds of the mokimoki. He went to a pool and washed, putting rare plumes in his hair, and donning his choicest bordered mats, and placing his greenstone mere in his girdle, then looking at his reflection in the clear waters, he saw that he was comely, and he knew that he would win his bride. The pool is known to this day as "Te Waiwhakaata-a-Rautoroa" ("the looking-glass of Rautoroa"). When he neared the place where these maidens dwelt, they, with their people, stood up in the gateway, bidding him welcome by waving green boughs and crying: "Come hither, the illustrious heaven-born stranger, the white crane of single flight!" and they placed the choicest foods before him and overwhelmed him with the lavish hospitality which so distinguished our race. And he tarried with them a long while, yet did not tell the cause of his coming. It may be that he could not make up his mind as to which of the sisters he loved, for they were both equally beautiful, and each tried to excel the other in the tender care with which they anticipated his slightest wish. Now, Rautoroa's slave soon saw that these vestals had lost their hearts to the bold young warrior from afar, and he told his master what his thoughts were, asking him did he not notice that they would never leave him alone with one or the other – that they both took care always to be present.

"You foolish fellow," said his master. "Pray, what do you know about women's ways and women's hearts? Do you not remember the ancient proverb which says that 'The weaving of

a garment may be seen, but who can discern the working of a woman's mind?' It is true I have noticed that one never leaves the other, but that is due to the love of sisters."

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And so the time sped on, O Judge. With us Maoris it is the woman who first declares her love for the man, but try as they might these sisters never gave each other a chance of speaking privately to the young stranger. One would come and sit by his side and look into his face and sigh, but when she strove to speak, the other sister would nestle by her side as close as little birds in their nest. Now the young man began to ponder in his mind whether it would not be best to wed both the sisters after the manner of our ancestors, rather than they should be divided, only he thought that perhaps they would be just as jealous then as now. So he decided to bide his time. One night Rehutai said to her sister: "Our guest needs water. Do you go quickly to the spring and bring him drink in your calabash," "Nay, rather do you go," replied Tangimoana. "I will go if you will come too," said Rehutai. Then they took each a gourd, and ran to the pool. Tangimoana said: "Let me go first and fill my calabash." She filled it, and turned to go back, but making a pretence of slipping, stumbled up to her knees in the spring, making it all muddy. "Oh, you stupid girl!" cried her sister; "you are as clumsy as Rona (the Maori Moon Goddess). Now I shall have to wait ever so long till the water becomes clear before I can fill my calabash. It would have been better had I come alone. Were you not my sister, I would strike you."

Tangimoana gave a saucy laugh and hastened back to the house. By and bye Rehutai came back, still feeling very angry. Aue! her dismay and vexation when she beheld her artful young sister, apparently fast asleep by Rautoroa's side. Hardly could she restrain her passion. She grasped the stranger's battle-axe and sought to destroy her successful rival, so terrible was her mad frenzy. Then the love for her young sister came back into her heart, and she remembered how they had grown up together, and she relented. Quickly she resolved what to do. She would go away for ever rather than let Rautoroa see that she loved him. Going silently forth, she drew to the slide of the door, and left the happy lovers. Climbing a lofty mountain, she sat down to weep. A stone now marks this spot, which is called Te Tangihanga ("The Wailing"). Then she wandered on to another hill, where she wove a wreath of raukawakawa leaves and put them on her head as an emblem of mourning, and this place has been called "Te Karangitanga a Rehutai" ("The Madness of Rehu-

tai"). Then on and on went Rehutai to yonder hill, which now bears the name of Ohinemokemoke ("The Lonely Maiden"), and she was seen no more. She must have been carried away by the fairies who lived in those mountains.

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Now, Tangimoana would not allow Rautoroa to return to his own land, and he became the paramount chief of her own tribe, and she bore him children, from whom all the people here in Court before you, O Sir, are descended. And our fires have burned on the land ever since, and our marks on it are the names given on account of Rehutai and Tangimoana's love for our ancestor Rautoroa. Therefore, I say, O Judge, be just. Give us the land of our forefathers, and may you live for ever.

* * * * *

Whether the Court was moved by this pretty story I cannot say, but it certainly made an order of disposition, vesting the fee simple of the parcel of land described in the schedule hereto in the descendants of Rautoroa and Tangimoana as tenants in common, so soon as they should furnish the Court with a list of names of claimants.

CHAPTER XVIII. A TRAP FOR A LOVER.

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A TRAP FOR A LOVER.

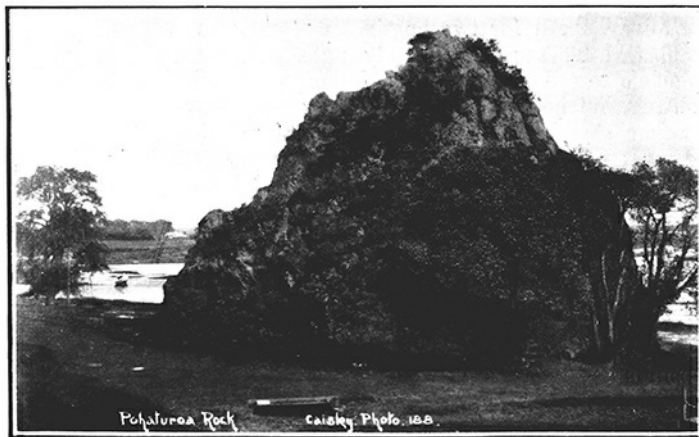
Sitting one evening listening to the storm beating outside my Ohinemutu dwelling, my thoughts turned to early memories of Whakatane until they rested on the romantic story of Puketapu fortress! That huge crumbling mass of dolorite slate which overhangs Whakatane is called Puketapu ("the sacred hill"). About one hundred years ago it was held by a noted ancestor of the Ngatiawa people named Rangitoheriri. He was succeeded by his son Rangitahia, who in his old age took to wife a woman of great rank and beauty, Kapua-te-Rangi by name. She was the Helen of Whakatane, and was beloved of Te Whakapakina, the son of Purahokino, an immediate ancestor of Te Hurinui and Te Kepa Tawhio.

Te Whakapakina was a wild youth of great physical attractions, and was wont to meet the fair Kapua in secret while her husband and the tribe were busy casting their nets in the bay near the western spit. But one night Te Rangitahia overheard Te Whakapakina proposing to Kapua that some dark night he should essay to climb the sheer cliffs of the Sacred Hill and carry her away. The jealous husband kept his own counsel, and made his plans accordingly. He strengthened the palisading and closed the Waharoa, or gateway, of the fort, leaving only one small aperture resembling a modern cow-bail. To the top of the shaft, which worked on a pivot pin in a frame, he attached a stout rope.

Night after night, rope in hand, he waited in grim silence till the moon waned. At last after many false alarms, his long vigil was rewarded by feeling the fatal rope in agitation. He immediately pulled on it with all his strength, and fastened the end to a stout post, Te Rangitahia then proceeded deliberately to inspect his "catch," and found his rival, the gay young Te Whakapakina, in the agony of death through strangulation.

Rangitahia kept a discreet silence as though nothing had happened, but next morning a terrible cry arose from the women on discovering the body of their young Adonis. Purahokino, hearing the tumult and the mention of his son's name, seized his spear, and sallied forth from his pa at Kuharua, above the Wairere waterfall, threatening to run the youth through the body for being the cause of so much domestic commotion.

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THE CLASSIC POHATUROA ROCK.

THE CLASSIC POHATUROA ROCK.

But on reaching the scene of the tragedy, and finding the body caught in the trap, he instantly divined the facts, and, addressing his dead son, he cried aloud: "Mehemea he whanako kai, ka mate ahau i te whakama, tena ko tenei, he whanako tangata e kore au e whakama." The meaning of his speech was: "My son, O my son! I feared that you had been detected in some petty act of pilfering food or other plebeian chattels. Hence my determination to slay you. But I misjudged you. Your ancestors ever held that there were only two things a man should give his life for – land and women – and you have chosen to die for the greatest of these treasures. Had it been as I feared, I should have died from shame. But now I am unashamed."

But in spite of his assumed composure, Purahokino mourned sorely for Te Whakapakina, as David of old did for Absalom. He secretly sought the Whanau-a-te-Ehutu tribe, living at Te Kaha, to avenge his son's death; whereupon they suddenly attacked Puketapu pa and slew Te Rangitahia. For this service they were rewarded by Purahokino bestowing upon them famous Whakaari (White Island). This they held till the late thirties, when Te Hurinui's grandfather, Apanui, and Te Kepa Toihau abrogated the cession to Te Whanau-a-te-Ehutu, and sold the island to the famous old Pakeha Maori Phillip Tapsell for two hogsheads of rum.

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Old Toihau was already noted for having broken the world's record by drinking a fathom of rum (six bottles) at a sitting, but he now went one bottle over, making seven, which I believe still holds the record. Therefore his cask was soon empty; whereas Apanui, being extremely moderate in his libations, hid his hogshead under the sacred karaka trees at Pohaturoa Rock, at the entrance to Whakatane, trusting that the sanctity of the place would ensure its safety. But he had a rude awakening one dark night by discovering old Toihau and some boon companions carrying away the precious fluid in taha Maori, or calabashes, leaving the cask empty, the robbers evidently believing that 36 O.P. rum was a sufficiently potent antidote against any infraction of "tapu."

I knew and loved these two grand old men – so unlike one another, yet perfect types of the noble old-time rangatira, whose like we may not see more. Peace be to their ashes.

THE KAINGAROA PLAIN AND THE RESURRECTION OF PERANIKO.

CHAPTER XIX.

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THE KAINGAROA PLAIN

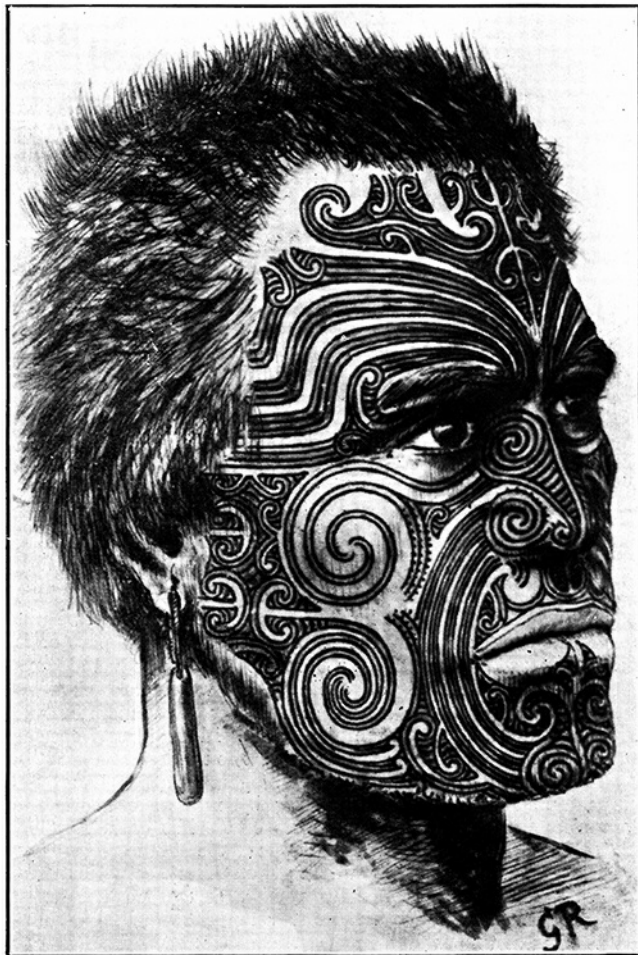
AND THE RESURRECTION OF PERANIKO.

Kaingaroa, te mania i haroa e te kahu.
(Kaingaroa – The plain levelled by the soaring eagle.)
Kaingaroa – The long enduring home.
Kainga-poto – The quickly vanishing wealth.

That great prairie of the North Island, the Kaingaroa Plain, extending for nearly a hundred miles north and south, is not without its folk lore and history for all its unpeopled and monotonous character. Its story goes far back into the centuries; it is six hundred years since the wizard-like Ngatoro-i-rangi, the High Priest of the Arawa canoe, explored this broad backbone of the island and bestowed place names as far south as the great volcanoes of the Tongariro Country. Some day the whole of this vast level expanse of territory will be put to profitable use; already the Northern and western part of it is becoming a new forest. Our State Forest Service has already planted many millions of choice trees which are showing phenomenal growth. Kaingaroa bids to become the most famous artificial forest in the Dominion, and will require a special railway line to convey the timber output to market.

From time immemorial the Kaingaroa prairie had been claimed and used for bird-hunting by numerous aboriginal tribes bearing the euphonious names of Te Kawerau, Ngaiwi, Te Aruhe-tawiri, Nga-rarauhe-mamae, Te Heke-o-Maruiwi, Te-Raupo-ngaoheohe (the waving bulrushes), Te Tururu-mouku. They were inoffensive people, and when twelve or thirteen generations ago the more strenuous warlike descendants of those who arrived in the great canoes came from northward under the leadership of two warriors, Manawa Kotokoto and his nephew Wharepakau, the original dwellers were destroyed or driven elsewhere towards the south. The whole of this vast territory became the property of the two small tribes,

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TOMIKA TE MUTU.
Sketch by General Robley of a famous
Tauranga Chief, 1865.

TOMIKA TE MUTU.
Sketch by General Robley of a famous Tauranga Chief, 1865.

Ngatimanawa and Ngatiwhare, who, through relationship with the Arawa and Urewera tribes, became a buffer. This country they were still holding at the time of the signing of the Treaty of Waitangi and when the Maori King was set up shortly before 1860. The Ngatimanawa became conspicuous on account of their single-hearted devotion to the Crown, fighting against their near relatives, and, though never able to place more than half a hundred men in the field, many of the women bore guns manfully. They did such fine service scouting and fighting, and were always in the advance, so they were named "Mair's Forty Thieves." I was

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authorised to pay them a bonus of 2/- per diem on the quiet.

In 1820, a taua toto (a blood party), under the Hauraki chief Tuteranganini, passed southward over the plain, intending to attack some of the tribes further on, but the outlook was discouraging, and on viewing the abnormally large cabbage trees, which are said to have been planted by Ngatoro-i-rangi to show his two sisters how far he could jump, Tuteranganini named the largest one after an hereditary enemy, cursed it, and ordered his warriors to chop it down, then resumed his march homeward quite satisfied with this proof of his prowess. The second tree, though not so large, was such a prominent object on the great level, expanse, that when riding or walking it took an interminable time to pass it, hence the travellers averred that it really moved along abreast with them.

There are many names connecting this plain with Ngatoroirangi's famous vestal sisters, Kuiwai and Haungaroa, such as Te Wairapukao, where the women searched all night for their lost kit of kao (preserved kumara), Te Puna-takahi, where Ngatoro-i-rangi, like Moses of old, caused a spring to burst forth to save his fainting sisters.

When walking over Kaingaroa for the first time in 1866, I turned off to view the stump of the tree destroyed by Tuteranganini forty-six years previously. There was a solid rim of green bark about 11 feet across, with small trees growing out of it at intervals. The companion tree was cut down by the men engaged surveying the block in the Seventies. Looking southward as you travel along the Rotorua-Murupara Road, you will see a mound just to the right of the 33-mile peg. This mound is named "Te Upoko-o-Po" (The Head of the Night). It was densely covered by convulvulus, and wild pigs were always found there. When viewed from the north fifteen miles away it loomed up like a mountain, yet it was only twelve or fifteen feet above the surrounding level. When I first travelled

over Kaingaroa it was deep in Karetu, the native vernal (Hirocloe redolens), and other valuable feed grasses; you could not find a switch to whip your horse. But constant burning off has depreciated the soil seriously, and now it is covered with manuka and dracophyllum only.

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Of all the striking episodes in which I have had the good fortune to participate during a long and strenuous life, the buying of Kaingaroa stands out in a stronger light than any other of my official acts.

In 1877, the Government having expressed a wish to purchase Kaingaroa, I was authorised to carry out the survey, which was done accordingly. The paramount chief of the Ngati-Manawa, Peraniko Tahawai, guided the surveyor and myself round the boundaries. In 1879 the block, estimated to contain 120,000 acres was brought before the Native Land Court, when, in spite of bitter opposition from neighbouring tribes, it was finally awarded to the Ngati-Manawa. Before I could carry out the purchase I was appointed Land Purchase Officer at Whanganui.

The affection of my noble and devoted old friend Peraniko for me was quite a pathetic obsession. Though over seventy, he insisted on accompanying me on all my military expeditions. The moment his quick eye noted suspicious signs of the enemy he would spring in front and smilingly whisper, "No bullet shall harm my tamaiti without passing through my own body first." His good old wife Ruihi was equally devoted. Two of their children had been baptized Te Mea and Riripeti (Elizabeth) after my parents.

It was a sad parting when I left for my new sphere of action, as the dear old chief seemed to be dying of tuberculosis. Very soon most pathetic messages kept arriving from the tribe imploring me to hasten back, while his son-in-law, Waretini, actually travelled to Whanganui to persuade me to return. He afterwards adopted the name of "Nga-waea" ("the telegrams"). I had nine survey parties out in the field whom it was impossible to leave, and finally news came of Peraniko's death.

I was notified by his people that all funeral ceremonies had been postponed until I could return, and so it came about that my faithful old friend had lain in his grave a year and eleven months ere I was free. I immediately informed the Ngati-Manawa tribe that I would reach Galatea on a certain day, bearing with me the purchase money for Kaingaroa, about £15,000.

As requested, they sent me my pet orderly, Pani Ahuriri, to meet me at Tauranga. My honoured friend, the late Judge Brabant, had arranged that the payment was to be made in cash, mainly Bank of New Zealand books of 100 single notes, and some larger denominations. Somehow it became known in Tauranga, where there happened to be some undesirable characters, that I was leaving with this large sum, and the police warned me of the risk. My Maori lad had his Calisher and Terry carbine and a revolver, while I carried two heavy Dean and Adams revolvers. I carried the money in a heavy satchel. On reaching Maketu the landlord, Duncan Robertson, informed me that three suspicious characters had spent the night there, and had been inquiring which road I generally travelled when going to Galatea. So I changed my route and followed the old war trail via Kaiwhatiwhati. Several days afterwards the natives reported having found where these ruffians had been camping in the thick scrub overlooking the narrow crossing of the Pokairoa River, evidently waiting for me.

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On the appointed morning a mounted escort met us at Ngatamawahine River, informing me that several thousand natives had assembled at the village near Fort Galatea, and I was to be accorded a wonderful reception. This somewhat aroused my curiosity, but they would not enlighten me further than that Ngati-Manawa had determined to make the gathering memorable on account of my regard for their old chief.

As we approached Galatea the scene reminded me of a new goldfields rush. The place was embowered in foliage; flags everywhere; over a hundred tents and marquees lining both sides of the marae, with the fine carved house "Tangi-haruru" at the end of the square. Our horses having been taken, we advanced with the escort, ushered in by the firing of volleys, hundreds of women waving the white plumes of the kakaho and crying out the ancient welcome, "Harira mai te aroha" ("Bring hither the love", and so on.

In front of the house knelt the different tribal matua- solid phalanxes of stripped armed men, who sprang to their feet in rotation and performed the thrilling peruperu (war-dances), finally uniting in a body of 800 men in one grand finale. Then the heart-moving strains of the tangi burst forth from over three thousand voices.

Lifting up my eyes to the front of the carved house, imagine my feelings on being confronted with my deceased friend Peraniko, who had been exhumed from the grave wherein he had lain for two years. The body had been carefully washed; his

jet black hair, which had grown very long, was oiled and ornamented with rare plumes of the huia and white crane. He was seated on a high structure plentifully adorned with choice mats, while his cold hand still grasped the family talisman, a greenstone mere. Death had wrought no change, nor was there the slightest odour. He had always been remarkable during life for his high complexion, rivalling that of a half-caste, and it still appeared perfectly natural, except for slight dark rings under the eyes, which were closed as though in sleep. At his feet was the faithful widow bowed in an agony of grief, and with her were the children.

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Hatless and with bowed head I stood for nearly three hours, deeply moved by the affecting strains of the tangi.

Some of the visitors, less closely related, had resumed their seats, and low sympathetic murmurs reached my ears: "Kati ra. Kua ea te mate o to matua ka mate koe." ("Cease to mourn, the sorrow for your parent has been assuaged.") According to Maori etiquette, I had to assume indignation at these interruptions, and, speaking sternly, I replied: "Who are you that you should dare to measure my tears for my parent?"

I then went forward and pressed noses affectionately with the widow and the fatherless ones. I hung the leather satchel with the £15,000 about the woman's neck; she retained it until it was required for distribution. Mats were laid in the marae and a seat where I sat and listened to numberless eloquent speeches from notable Maori orators, wherein the virtues of my deceased chief were extolled, also his great love for me; that his mana was so great that for a long time he had kept the King of Terrors at bay in the hope of seeing me again in the flesh, but as that was not to be, his body had been miraculously preserved, as all present could testify, "Surely," said the orators, "this should lessen your sorrow."

Then followed a feast on a gargantuan scale. Tangaroa, the Polynesian Neptune, had been levied upon, and all his spoils brought to the marae. The Rangitaiki River had given forth its famous eels in great profusion, and Tane-mahuta, the Forest God, had unstintingly yielded the feathered creatures of his domain. A number of European traders had their marquees full of delicacies of all kinds.

At the end of the feasts there were hakas and dances till midnight. Then I was invited to join a small party of elders, and we carried my old friend away and buried him temporarily, to await final interment on the sacred mountain Tawhiuau.

The following morning I read over the deed of cession, explaining at great length its irrevocable nature. I reminded the tribe of the ancestral name of Kainga-roa (the long enduring home), saying that if they accepted the money I had brought it would henceforth be called Kainga-poto (the quickly vanishing wealth). This saying of mine has since become a proverb for all large land sales in the Bay of Plenty.

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To facilitate the sale, although the land had been awarded to 120 persons, it was mutually agreed in open court that only twenty-nine representative persons should be placed in the certificate, each one a representative of his or her relatives among the 120. I strongly urged Ngati-Manawa to make adequate reserves, and 1,700 acres and three small totara bushes were cut out, and it is on one of these that the carved house and largest village now stand.

A select committee was occupied two days and nights preparing a scheme for division of the money. The list was read out from time to time, till on the third day consent was unanimous, and it was nailed on the front of "Tangiharuru." Minor lists were made also for the distribution under each of the twenty-nine representatives and the apportionment of a thousand pounds for the visitors.

My friend Henry Mitchell, the surveyor, and Captain Way, J. P., were in attendance, one to mark out the reserves, the other to attest the signatures and payment. We three were seated in the marae watching the division of the money, when two of Peraniko's children came forward bearing three split sticks, one with a book containing 100 single bank notes, which was stuck in the ground before me, the others containing £50 each, were given to my two companions. It devolved upon me to act, and after discussion with Mr. Mitchell, who was well acquainted with Maori custom, I took a single note from each parcel, and, waving these high, exclaimed: "You tell us these gifts represent the tears we have shed for our parent Peraniko. I say 'No,' Our tears are not purchasable. They have already been poured out to fertilise the lands of your ancestors, which have this day passed for ever to the Queen, that it may in future bring forth its fruits in great abundance. As for this money, I have held it in my hands fast, I have consumed it, it now rests in Te Poho-nui-a-Toi ('the great stomach of Toi')."

I then took the money back. It was returned again and again, till I closed the incident by going for a walk. I gave each of my companions a single pound. The attesting officer looked rather disgusted, and considered I had paid far too

much importance to native etiquette; but the Maori esteemed one all the more for so doing.

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After the purchase money was finally distributed, every owner came singly or in family groups bringing gifts of money. For instance, Peraniko's brother, Rawiri, and his large family were grieved almost to anger because I positively refused their gift of £120, brought to my bedside at midnight; their excuse for coming at such an inopportune hour was that they were (whakama) ashamed of the smallness of the token, and feared lest the others would hear of their niggardliness. The total offered gifts must have exceeded £600.

I mention these incidents to disprove the oft-repeated statement made by ignorant Europeans that the Maori has no such thing as gratitude, nor any word representing thanks. Quite a mistake, for when giving a Maori a present he shows his appreciation by his countenance, repeating little, not unmusical, grunts and sounds, muttering: "E toku ariki, nui atu toku whakawhetai ki a koe. Kia ora koe." ("O, my lord, great is my aroha for you. May you live for ever.")

Again, the Maoris are accused of want of constancy – another mistake, for during my life among them I have seen many instances of the most tender affection existing between married couples. Quite frequently, if one died, the survivor never re-married. The last and most touching instance of never dying love was shown by the dear old widow Ruihi. For eleven long years, regardless of weather, she came every morning from the little village at Awangarara to weep over her husband Peraniko's grave, and when the tribe removed to their present kainga, she remained near the grave till death claimed her.

Of the thousands of natives then present, probably barely a hundred are still living, and of the many Europeans who were with me, only two, Mr. William Bird, of Galatea, and Mr. Joe McCrae, of Taneatua, remain. I have just received letters from each corroborating the foregoing historic incident.

CHAPTER XX. PUMICE THE PRESERVATIVE.

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PUMICE THE PRESERVATIVE.

The Maoris, from immemorial times, possessed a fair knowledge of embalming bodies and of preserving the heads of their dead, but in the ease of Peraniko Tahawai, the last whose body was disinterred for the tangi in a remarkable state of preservation after being in the ground for two years, they relied more on the well-established fact that pumice had an undoubted property of arresting the decay of interred bodies. The following few instances, out of the many of which I have known, are quoted in proof of this narrative: –

(1) In 1866 an old chief named Te Araki guided my brother, Major Mair, and myself to a small cave in the Lower Waiotapu Valley wherein lay the dessicated bodies of an ancestress of his tribe, Ngati-whaoa, named Hinewhata, and her daughter. He stated that about ten generations previously her people were attacked and the bulk of them driven into a large cave above Orakeikorako, on the Waikato River, and that refusing to surrender they were suffocated by large fires, which were lighted outside the cave's mouth. Only Hinewhata, aforesaid, and her daughter, about eight or nine years of age, escaped, but both subsequently died of starvation and exposure. When we visited the cave we saw the bodies. Hinewhata lay on her right side, holding the dead girl, whose face was completely covered by her mother's profusion of long black hair. Both were intact, except where rats or wild dogs had gnawed through the flesh, and one hand was missing. The cave was absolutely dry.

(2) In the Eighties, Henare Poihipi of Taupo took me to a cave on the famous Wairakei Block, and showed me the mummy of a lad six or eight years of age, perfect in all respects. I have a photograph of the mummy, which was afterwards sold to a Melbourne traveller as a curiosity. According to Henare's story, the child died five generations ago.

(3) On June 8, 1869, Te Kooti with a large force broke through the Taupo country and killed nine men of the Bay of Plenty Volunteer Cavalry at Opepe, a small bush on the Taupo-Napier road, ten miles from Taupo. Among those who fell was a young friend of mine, Trooper Fred. Gill. His poor mother was so affected by the loss of her only son that her medical adviser declared that the lad's body must be brought home and interred in sacred ground. I undertook this duty, and set out with one companion, an old Maori tohunga named Patara. We could only travel by night, hiding in the day time, as the country was still unsafe. Eight bodies had been buried in one deep grave, each resting on a wide slab of thick totara bark; another slab covered every one. My friend lay at the south end next to Sergeant-Major Slattery, their arms entwined round each other's necks. Lifting off the covering slabs, they lay quite clear, and I noticed that their faces were perfectly life-like; no signs of decay or odour were apparent. Fred had flaxen hair, and two days before starting on his fatal ride I had ruthlessly barbered him, leaving the scalp showing, and now the hair had grown six inches. He was a well-grown lad of seventeen, and it was a hard lift getting him to the surface, which we managed by tying our tether ropes to the totara slabs. We then carried the body to a little gully forty yards away, where there was a fine pool of rain-water. After carefully washing him I laid down a thirty yards slip of oiled twill nine feet wide, thickly saturated in a specially-prepared mixture, in which the body was rolled, the edges being turned in, making it practically three thicknesses, then strongly stitched and laid across the pack saddle. Being quite pliant it fitted exactly, and never slipped from the straps. We could only travel at night, and during a bitter southerly gale, and, of course, we could not move out of a walk.

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I had the deep satisfaction of witnessing the mother's complete recovery, so one was more than rewarded for performing a strenuous task.

(4) In 1872, my dear old comrade Major Gascoyne had to perform a like sad duty for his great friend Captain St. George, the bravest of the brave, who fell leading the assault on Te Kooti's stronghold, Te Porere, south of Lake Taupo, on November 4th, 1869. I procured the same old Maori tohunga (Patara) to assist him, and I understand his experiences were identical with mine in Trooper Gill's case, though St. George had lain over two years in a warrior's grave. There are some

pathetic lines by Alfred Domett in "Ranolf and Amohia" on the death of St. George, who was his stepson.

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(5) In 1906, when I was chairman of the Royal Commission dealing with the Urewera Reserves, the Te Whaiti Block case was being heard and one set of claimants mentioned that an ancestress of their tribe and her daughter lay in a cave quite well preserved. This was promptly denied by all the other claimants, so the Commission adjourned for a couple of days to make a personal inspection. We formed up a big riding party, over a hundred. Sure enough, a few miles from the main settlement on the banks of the Whirinaki River, at the foot of a high overhanging pumice cliff, in a layer of impalpable dust, lay a young woman, her shrivelled arms around her daughter, nine or ten years of age, the black hair from the parent and child closely interwoven. The bodies had originally been carried there on a framework of poles, perhaps a hundred years ago, but these crumbled to dust on being touched. The skin of the mother and child was unbroken except that part of the girl's hand was missing. The evidence showed that they had lain there in their last sleep for over one hundred years. Such indisputable evidence rendered the duty of the Commission much easier than it would otherwise have been, and enabled the Crown to acquire a title to very valuable country.

These are a few out of the many cases I could instance illustrating the preservative qualities of pumice earth.

CHAPTER XXI. A MEMORY OF GOVERNOR GREY.

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A MEMORY OF GOVERNOR GREY.

It was my pleasure and privilege in a life in the Rotorua County, extending over fifty years, to act as guide or interpreter, or to help entertain all the Dominion Governors from the time of Sir George Grey's second term of office, including the present admirable representative of our King. For many years the only European residents of the Lakes Country were the Rev. Mr. Spencer's charming family, at Te Wairoa; an old American sailor named Neri Kai-Kiore (Ned, the rat eater – he preferred rats to wild pigeon or pork); a very fine old Englishman, Francis Frances, a bootmaker, who lived exactly where the Government's big bath-house now stands, and who had a fine family of fifteen half-caste children, whom he had educated admirably; an old Pakeha-Maori named Thomas Smith, and myself.

Visitors in those olden days were very different to the present generation of tourists, who rush through according to a set programme. Many were scientists, authors, or great travellers. Here are a few notable personages whose names come to mind involuntarily: – G. A. Sala, Mark Twain, Richard Proctor, J. A. Froude, Count Hughen, Anthony Trollope, Lord Ebrington, Mr. Cassells (the London publisher), the Hon. James Ingles (whose nom-de-plume was "Maori"), Dr. Henry Kingsley, the Earl of Pembroke.

In Dec., 1866, H. M. S. "Challenger," Commodore Maguire, anchored in Pilot Bay (Tauranga), with Sir George Grey. The Commodore and a number of the ship's officers accompanied his Excellency inland, with the intention of going as far as Taupo. The Arawa natives gave the Governor a splendid welcome, having conceived an intense regard for him during his first term of office, 1845-1853. On a visit to Mokoia Island he persuaded the native chiefs to disinter the famous kumara god "Matuatonga." It had been buried ten feet deep in the sacred grove a hundred years ago, for safety. Mokoia being without

a rival for its prolific kumara crops, the other tribes were prepared to take any risk to obtain possession of the beneficent stone deity. Huge karaka trees were growing over the sacred image, and the six workmen only succeeded in getting it out after a hard day's work. It was then discovered that their persons and their clothes had become horribly tapu. They were forbidden to return to their wives for a week, and their clothes had to be burned. I had to dispatch a Maori sergeant of police to Maketu with an order on a French storekeeper there, named Borrell, for six new navy blue suits, and a tohunga, the celebrated Tuhoto Ariki, was invited to come from Wairoa to purify their bodies, which he did, also for a consideration.

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On reaching Taupo we crossed the lake in a fine war canoe named Te Kanaenae. After a joyous welcome from the Ngati-Tuwharetoa, at Tokaanu, Sir George Grey determined to proceed overland to Whanganui, so I had to return to the "Challenger" with the old commodore. But before leaving a difficulty arose through the Governor wishing to follow his identical trail in 1848 to Otaki, but the local natives declared they could not undertake the responsibility of his safety, owing to the hostility of the Upper Whanganui people, so many of whom had been killed at Moutoa in the fight with the Whanganui loyalists in 1864.

Three whole days were spent in animated discussion; the Governor telling me that he could not submit to the indignity of having to return to Tauranga. The Ngati-Tuwharetoa chiefs had all dreamed bad dreams, and all arguments seemed to have failed. In the meantime, though the Commodore and I had started, we were recalled, in case his Excellency had to go back to the ship after all. The poor old Commodore was badly knocked up after his 100-mile ride over rough country.

On the fourth morning the people (some four or five hundred) met in the marae, and, on being asked what was to be done, they stated that the dreams overnight were more unfavourable than ever. And now came an opportunity for the superior diplomacy of the White Chief. But let me first explain that our party had been escorted by seventy men of the Tuhourangi tribe, from the Wairoa, the descendants of the great ancestor Tuhourangi, whom tradition states was ten feet high.

Sir George stood up and said, "Listen, O Chiefs of Tuwharetoa. For three nights you have been dreaming dreams, and last night I, too, had a dream."

Amid great excitement the people cried out: "Tell us your dream, O Governor. What was it?"

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"Last night," said the Governor, "in my sleep my spirit descended to the lower world, and behold I stood upon the shore of a great fresh-water sea, and I beheld a very tall man standing by me. Presently I saw him stoop down and look at a shellfish which kept opening and shutting its mouth. He picked it up and threw it back, but ere long the waves brought it ashore again, and the tall man picked it up and put it in his kit, but the shell, which was a kaikai-karoro, still kept gasping. Then my spirit came back to me and I awoke. Can you learned men foretell the meaning of my dream?"

A long solemn pause ensued, the large assembly evidently very deeply impressed and seriously perturbed in mind. At last the interest and suspense became almost unbearable, when a deeply tattooed, wizard-like, aged man, named Te Whetu Te Ngarara, arose. "Governor," he said, "I will interpret your dream. The sea your spirit saw was Taupo Moana. That shellfish is only found on the shores of Cook Strait. You are that fish and the tall man is Tuhourangi."

The moment he resumed his seat the loyal chief, Te Kepa Te Rangipuwahue, sprang to his feet shouting, "Tuhourangi e! Whitiki, whitiki! Mau e kawe te Kawana." ("Tuhourangi, arise! gird on your arms! It is for you to take the Governor to the salt water of Raukawa-Cook Strait.") In half an hour his Excellency, guarded by the faithful Arawa, who had escorted him from Wairoa, was marching sturdily southward. In four days the party reached Whanganui, and then on to Wellington, each man to be rewarded by the Governor with a superfine outfit, even to boots and blankets, much to the shame of the Taupo natives.

Sir George Grey's astuteness made a great impression upon the natives and myself. He had perfectly mastered the intricacies of the aboriginal mind. His two particular Maori friends at Rotorua were the two Ngatiwhakaue chiefs Hori Te Haupapa and Ngahuruhuru. The first was always known as "the man who boiled the Governor." It arose in this way: It was impressed on his Excellency that he must bathe in Hinemoa's bath, and one day Hori persuaded him to do so. Hori waited until he had undressed, then his Excellency said it was too hot. while Hori told him he would be disgraced unless he bathed in his famous ancestress's bath; but argument was in vain, and the Governor began to put on his clothes, when Hori picked him up in his arms and, jumping in, soused him thoroughly.

Hori was afterwards made an assessor at £20 per annum – in fact an M.C.B., a Maori Companion of the Bath. Quite a number of others were ready to try the same experiment if opportunity offered.

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During the reception of Sir George Grey at Rotorua it was noticed with surprise that his greatest friend, Ngahuruhuru, remained silent during the eloquent and eulogistic speeches, but when all the chiefs had concluded the old man walked with grave mien and measured tread into the marae, and, first addressing his own people, said: "You being common, ignorant Maoris had to speak in your tongue, but being a 'Poi Pakeha Mihingare' (a missionary pakeha boy), of course I am expected to address the Governor in English." Then, shaking the Governor's hand fervently, he said, "Good-bye, my boy, how are you? Very well, thank you, sir."

He then resumed his seat, leaving the assemblage much impressed by his command of the English language.

Of all the Governors, Sir Arthur Gordon impressed the Maoris the least favourably. When he arrived at Ohinemutu he wore a dirty shabby suit, buttons missing from both vest and coat, and a still dirtier Crimean shirt minus a collar. His head covering was an enormous Kilmarnock bonnet, which must have belonged to his gamekeeper's great-grandfather. He went on to Wairoa next day, where Tuhourangi had made great preparations for him by way of welcome, the chief Te Rangipuawhe greeting him with a most beautiful speech. When replying, he made no reference to the speeches, but vehemently denounced the pakeha land buyers, telling the natives that their ancestral lands were more precious than their skins, and so forth.

When I presented the several very distinguished chiefs, he showed a strong disinclination to shake hands, remarking: "Mair, I don't like these Maoris of yours; they don't know their place. When I visited the Fijian villages they prostrated themselves or knelt down, placing their hands on the earth and then to their foreheads." He seemed very offended when I replied: "Oh, the Maoris are not like that. Any of these chiefs can trace his genealogy back forty or sixty generations, and when the Duke of Edinburgh came here they met him on terms of perfect equality, and I honour them for such pride of race."

CHAPTER XXII. WHEN MOUNT EDGE CUMBE TREMBLED.

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WHEN MOUNT EDGE CUMBE TREMBLED.

In the year 1866 my brother, the late Major Mair, who was then resident magistrate at Taupo, was removed to Opotiki, and I was appointed clerk and interpreter. The native troubles were settling down for the time being. The principal tribe living on the Rangitaiki River, about Te Teko, was Te Pahipoto, under a fine old chief named Rangitukehu, who had remained loyal to the Government; but four small associated tribes called respectively Warahoe, Ngamaihi, Te Hinamoki, and Te Pohokotia had joined the rebels and were mostly hiding in the Urewera Country. They were direct descendants of the famous ancestor Toi-kai-rakau, who lived about thirty generations ago. Their paramount chief was a very fine tattooed man named Manuera Te Pohokotia. He had been captured by my brother at the fall of Te Teko in October, 1865, and had taken the oath of allegiance and was making a nice home on the east river bank some miles above Te Teko, near Otipa.

In December, 1866, Manuera sent word that a number of his people were coming in to surrender, and invited my brother to be present at a large meeting and feast the Pahipoto and his people were giving in honour of the occasion. We had a fine reception from the big assembly at Manuera's kainga, which was on a terrace above the Rangitaiki River. A large house was being built, and a fine old Frenchman named Jean Guerrin was preparing timber for a flour mill. He had a comfortable raupo whare of four or five rooms. He had married Irihapeti, the daughter of Manuera, who was the most lovely Maori woman I have ever seen; her younger sister Monika was almost equally beautiful.

That evening Jean, with an air of mystery, told us that he had a treat in store for us. This was a case of Tennant's Edinburgh ale, which he had managed to save when the

Hauhau preachers came from Taranaki in 1865, and hid in a cave near Te Waimangeo. But we were never to enjoy that beer. In the morning two women were sent for it, and about midday Jean, with a smiling face, drew our attention to the pair coming down a spur on the west side of the river carrying something evidently very heavy slung on a pole between them. At the river bank they rested awhile at the canoe's bow.

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Noon past, Manuera shouted, "Hukea! hukea te hangi!" ("Open, uncover the ovens!") In a moment all was activity. We saw the sisters embark in the frail canoe. An odour ascended heavenward on steaming wings, fragrant and appetising, to mingle with scented cabbage-tree and manuka blossoms. When, hark! An appalling sudden roar came apparently from Putauaki, or Mount Edgecumbe, lying west about four miles; the hitherto clear blue waters of the deep swift flowing Rangitaiki rose bodily up many feet in a swirling foam of dirty bubbles; large masses of the banks, here over twenty feet high, came crashing down raising high waves. The earth oscillated violently; the massive Mount Edgecumbe and the summit called Te Tatau o Te Rangi (the Gates of Heaven) appeared to sway backward and forward.

Several huge rocks were seen gliding down the eastern slope of the peak, ploughing great scars almost to the base; they can be seen to this day close by the Te Teko-Galatea road. Many rifts opened almost under our feet, to shut up with a snap just as rapidly; one on a terrace between us and the river, growing a heavy crop of potatoes, gaped open about three feet wide, then as suddenly closed, ejecting a column of evil-smelling bluish mud perhaps thirty feet high. The lines of tethered horses broke loose and joined up with a mob of maddened cattle, all neighing and bellowing, and the chorus of howling dogs completed the tumult.

All this occurred in the twinkling of an eye. A moment before I had seen the light canoe gliding over the calm waters, propelled by Monika's paddle, while her sister sat on a box nearer the bow. Now neither was to be seen, and a cry, "Alas! Alas! where is the canoe?" came from the women. The next moment it appeared on the surface some fifty yards down, the sisters clinging to each other across it. The excited Frenchman uttered an encouraging, "Mon Dieu, rukaute mo te pia, Betty. Horeme taiti" ("Look out for the beer, Betty! Hold him tight!") I ran down the bank, plunged in and got my arm round Monika, who seemed paralysed with fear,

and brought her ashore; while Irihapeti essayed to swim with her precious box, but the swift current dashed her against a huge totara stump, of which there were a score or more in the river bed, and it was lost.

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The moment another tremor was felt our host Manuera shouted, "Wharikitia, wharikitia nga papa kei toremi" ("Spread the boards and slabs, lest you be swallowed up"). A hundred willing hands attacked the large piles of house and mill timber, and our dinner, still smoking hot, was spread on a place of safety, and the largest logs placed round the table for seats. Grasping his taiaha Manuera shouted, "Ka tohungia te kai" ("The food will be dedicated"). This he did by formally making it over to my brother, who was evidently upset and naturally disappointed about the beer, for the grace he uttered was more remarkable for its brevity than for its religious fervour.

I think the large assemblage put up a record in disposing of the huge piles of good things. Meanwhile Manuera tightened up his belt and began uttering violent imprecations on Ruaimoko, the earthquake god, for his unceremonious behaviour. Turning towards the offending mountain he uttered the curse, "Pokokohua! to upoko hei kai mau! E kore e hoki toku mana i akoe!" ("May your head be your food.")

After the meal my brother and I strolled about and found many earth cracks running about north-east and southwest. The longest we estimated at five hundred yards; the majority had closed up, but we noticed that the western lips were always some inches lower. We also saw many next day on returning, but they diminished in magnitude the further we got away from Putauaki. We heard later that a number of animals were lost through getting into these earth fissures.

Mount Edgecumbe is a beautiful symmetrical, truncated cone. At each extremity of the summit there is a small peak where the Maoris were wont to lower or huri their dead into deep apertures. The eastern one, the higher, bears the significant name, "Te Tatau-o-Te Rangi" (the Door of Heaven), while the western one is called "Te Matapihi-a-Rehua" (the Window of Sirius).

I think it was in the late fifties when Rangitukehu's comely daughter (I have forgotten her name) died very suddenly, leaving the Pahipoto overwhelmed with sorrow. In honour of their chief, and as an act of sacrifice and self abnegation, happily rare though fully in accord with the highest

Maori customs, they, after expending their food, cattle and pigs at the numerous tangis, burned all their comfortable houses. The only tribal asset remaining was a sum of three hundred sovereigns. This, it was decided, should be expended in purchasing several hundred yards of the best silk procurable. A special messenger was dispatched overland via Rotorua to Ngauawahia, and down the Waikato River to Auckland, where Archibald Clark shipped the silk. In an incredibly short time the messenger returned, having obtained a passage by Mr. George Simpkins' trading craft. The body of the Kahurangi (garment of heaven – a name applied to a beloved female child) had been embalmed by smoking over fires of acrid green herbs to absorb the pyroligneous acid and vegetable oils, and was

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then enfolded in rare mats, the weeping women bringing their rarest heirlooms and placing them on the body, which was finally rolled up in several hundred yards of costly silk. It was too weighty to be carried to the summit of Putauaki (2900 feet) and placed within the portals of the Gate of Heaven; so it was deposited in a curious mass of rocks at the foot, named Te Niho-o-te-Kiore (the rat's tooth), and there it lay till the early seventies. Then Rangitukehu, or, as he was henceforth called, Te Wharewera (the burned houses), asked me to accompany his younger brother, Matutaera, to the Rat's Tooth as it was rumoured that vandal pakehas had rifled the remains. We went, and happily found the roll intact. Torrential rains had made a deep well-like place, into which we lowered the mortal remains with our tether ropes. Then we rolled in big stones and broke down the earth, completely covering up all trace, and so the Kahurangi of the tribe may rest undisturbed by sacrilegious hand till the last trump sounds.

The tragedy of brave old Jean Guerrin and sweet young Monika remains to be told. In March, 1869, Te Kooti, with about 500 men, made a sudden descent on Whakatane. He attacked the great Rauporoa pa, and was repulsed with heavy loss. The pa at last was evacuated when Te Kooti directed a Taupo rebel, Wirihana Koikoi, and the chief Rangihiroa, of Ngatihineuru, to assault the flourmill. A small redoubt had been erected near, instead of round it, and this was occupied by the brave old miller, his wife, Irihapeti, Monika, and three Ngatipukeko, one of whom was deaf and dumb. The two women loaded some Tower muskets for Jean, and he used his famous French gun with such effect that Wirihana lay dead in the gateway; some three days afterwards I found three more hidden in the mill dam. On the third day of the siege

the enemy, by ascending a near hill, discovered the weakness of the garrison, and succeeded in setting fire to the large raupo house within the redoubt. The end soon came; Jean was shot, two of the Ngatipukeko escaped, and the other was killed. The two women were about to suffer the same fate, when Te Rangihiroa, struck by their beauty, dared to disobey Te Kooti's positive order that none were to be spared. He saved them, and took them to his own tent. Te Kooti was exceedingly wroth, declaring that all three should die, but Irihapeti, who was distantly related to Te Kooti, pleaded for her captor, so his life was spared on the express condition that he make Irihapeti his wife, and, with his own hand, slay his innocent sister-in-law that was to be. At the last moment Te Kooti became aware that Guerrin had concealed a large quantity of ammunition, also that Monika knew of the hiding place. She was sternly ordered to divulge the place, but positively refused, thus making her fate certain, and she died true to her promise not to reveal it. Page 80

As Te Rangihiroa approached to carry out Te Kooti's sentence, twisting the thong of his hatchet round his wrist, he called out, "Tu mai e Monika," "Stand up, Monika." She flung her arms round her weeping sister, asking, "E Peti, tena e roa te whakamamaetanga?" "Will the suffering be long?" Peti answered, "Kaore, he poto noa iho." "No, it will be quite brief." The younger sister then exclaimed, "Mau e pupuri i oku ringa ringa kia manawanui ai ahau." ("Hold you my hands that I may have courage.") She did so, turning her face away while the vengeful blow was struck.

This is the most pathetic incident of the Maori wars within my memory. I gladly put it on record in the hope that perchance it may inspire some New Zealand artist to make it the subject of a picture.

CHAPTER XXIII. A VANISHING RACE. THE STORY OF THE MORIORI.

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A VANISHING RACE.

THE STORY OF THE MORIORI.

To all intent they are a vanished race, these Moriori of the Chatham Islands. There are but one or two pure-blooded members of the ancient tribe of seal-slayers and albatross-hunters who survive in the moist and foggy isle of Wharekauri. Their history is a romantic and pathetic story; it holds, too, a lesson and a moral of peculiar interest to civilised peoples. Here was a race that was found unarmed and unprepared, a too amiable people, who believed in moral suasion rather than force of arms. In theory the attitude of the Moriori towards war was ethically correct and admirable. In practice it was suicide. The Moriori had never heard of Christ or the Sermon on the Mount, yet in their island home a hundred years ago the altruistic tenets of Christianity were in actual existence, which is more than can be said of any civilised country at the present day – for the simple reason that any nation that practised them in their entirety would be swept out of existence by its neighbours.

The word-of-mouth traditions of the Moriori, with their elaborate Whakapapa, or genealogical recitals, go back to the misty ages. One given in 1852 by Tamahiwiki, who had three generations living at the time, was 180, equal to a period of 4,500 years. Maikoua, who was living at Awapatiki in 1868, gave us 133 generations in his genealogical tree. At all events they were living at Wharekauri over a thousand years ago. Tradition states that Papa, the girl wife of Tamakohuruhuru, was cruelly murdered by her husband when the tribe was living near Maketu, on the Bay of Plenty. Her body was discovered hidden in a Pukatea tree. The girl's father sought a revenge, and in the fighting which ensued Tamakohuruhuru's tribe was

defeated and nearly exterminated. The survivors took to their canoes for safety, and after many adventures reached the Chatham Islands, where they settled.

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The Moriori were an older and more mixed people than the great Polynesian race, to which they were inferior physically and mentally, though living under much higher moral laws as regards sacredness of life and property. I assumed that they were much like those autochthonal tribes found in New Zealand by the crews of the great canoes about the year 1350, but so far as I have learned no other Polynesian community was such a benevolently inclined people, which is the more surprising when we consider that the Moriori's existence was a continual struggle against most unkind natural conditions.

Benevolence to all was the predominating feature of Moriori ethics. According to their ideas it was evil to cause the death of another or to take a man's land from him. The various tribes were constantly exchanging visits, and when they occupied each other's land for a time they never attempted to claim what did not belong to them.

"For integrity and uprightness the works of the present generation cannot compare with those of our forbears," says a narrative drawn up by the elders of the tribe at a meeting at Wharekauri in 1852. "Their laws were founded absolutely on truth and justice, and were promulgated by Rangimaiwhenua, even in ancient days, hence our unwarlike and inoffensive nature, for we followed the teachings of our ancestors, Rongomaipapa, Rongomaiheri, Marupuke, Tutarangi-Marama, Minoi, Te Timo, Moari, Hamatirikaka, Rangiroa, Tupeneke, Tamangarue, Maruhoko, and Ke. The offspring of these ancestors was Nunuku. He it was who established the law that men should cease to slay one another at the time when man-eating was prevalent consequent on the coming to these islands of the warriorlike Moe and his tribe Te Rauru in the canoe Oropuke. (There were two other canoes of strangers – the Rangimata, commanded by Mawake, and the Rangihoua, whose captain was Honeke.) These people were consumers of human flesh till Moe was slain. Nunuku's descendants multiplied and perpetuated the covenant which he had established when he said: 'After me through all generations all evil is to be laid aside. Even if blood shall be shed, no one must be put to death' ('I muri i au ki tera whakapaparanga, ki tera whakapaparanga, ko te patu me tapu toake').

"It was from the teachings of Nunuku that peace came upon the land, and the Moriori lived in peace and happiness

from the time of their ancestors Matanga, Maruhoanga, and Tamaturangi.

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"They were, moreover, a very sacred people, and obeyed most strictly all the laws relating to tapu. For instance, the women and men never ate together. Nor would the young people eat in the presence of their ariki, nor the chiefs with the plebeians. They were very strict in all observances, and prayers were recited every time that food was partaken of."

The food of the Moriori, it was stated in this historical document, consisted of "eels, fish, karaka berries, birds, fern root, paua, pipi, porure, and whitebait."

"The god of the Moriori was Hatitimatangi. He appeared in the stormy winds, and he cured all ills and healed all diseases and cast out devils. And so it came to pass in the days of a certain generation a man was born who was afterwards called Moturangi. He lived at Kaingaroa, and the god Hatitimatangi descended upon this man and abode with him, and revealed to him that shortly a child would be born into the world. Now the people awaited the fulfilment of this prophecy and the appearance of the promised stranger, and on a certain day in the early morning a woman named Hine-kai-wairua went out from the door of her house, and, lo! she beheld a young child lying in a heap of firewood, and she pondered within her heart, saying: 'surely this must be the child we were told would appear.' But her hands were not laid upon it. Now the child was unlike the children of this world – it was altogether different: and the woman Hine-kai-wairua ran and hastened to bring it some cooked food as a propitiatory offering, lest the apparition disappear, and she fed it with milk from her breast. When it grew to manhood it was unlike anyone else; it had a dark skin (kiri-papauri), and its face was quite black. The name of Rutowaikura-te-Wakaputa was bestowed upon the child, who was a male; and on arriving at adult age he took to wife a woman of the land, and begat children – Tamahuareka, Tumatakoao, and others.

"Up to this period the garments worn by the Moriori were made from flax, but weaving was discontinued, and they clothed themselves with garments made from sealskins. If such were not obtainable they would plait mats from flax, and only the chiefs would wear the sealskins. Their most highly prized garments, which were also a token of rank, were of two kinds, and called respectively tahei and marohara. Their ornaments were red feathers, albatross plumes, sharks' teeth, and awango. The garments mentioned were very finely woven. Only the tahei was

made from carefully dressed flax, while the marohara was composed of undressed flax leaves, the tahei being worn next the skin, and the marohara over it.

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The latter was about five yards long, and after being wrapped round the body about two yards were left, forming an apron or fringe, which hung down before and behind and waved to and fro with the wind; it was called taputapu. When thus clothed the Moriori adorned their foreheads with red feathers, and wore albatross

plumes at the back of the head. Inner garments of sealskin and albatross skin were also worn. The Moriori did not tattoo their faces and bodies like the Maori."

Such were the modes of clothing and the manner of living adopted by the race up to the year 1835, when the Maori came from New Zealand. I do not believe that in the whole of the romantic or historic literature pertaining to the Pacific Islands there is anything more heart-moving than this simple account of the martyrdom of an inoffensive people, who were living an idyllic life, when an era of horror suddenly dawned on their lonely yet happy isle. The Moriori were conquered by a ferocious war party of Ngati-Mutunga and Ngati-Tama, men of Taranaki, who forced the captain of an English vessel, the brig Rodney (or Lord Rodney), which had entered the harbour now known as Port Nicholson, to convey them to Wharekauri. These invaders, under the chief Pomare Ngatata and other leaders, had heard of the peace-loving Moriori, and they found them, as they expected, an easy prey.

November must have been the month of the invasion, for the Moriori narrative says: "We were drinking honey from the flax flowers when the Maoris landed at Whangaroa and built a fort at that harbour." "In the month of December," the history continues, "they spread all over the island, slaying the people in the north at Waiteki, Waikanini, and other places. The footsteps of the invaders were then upon all parts of Wharekauri. The Moriori assembled at Te Awapatiki. There were gathered 160 chiefs, besides the multitude of the common people, and a council was held which included the chiefs from Karewa and Ouenga. It was proposed to make a combined assault on the intruders, and even though many of the Moriori might fall they would succeed. But neither of the two highest chiefs, Tapata and Torea, would consent to any of the Maoris being slain, as that would be contrary to the covenant of our ancestors. So there was nothing for the people to do but return, each family to its own town or village. On reaching their homes, the enemy were found in possession, and the Moriori were taken

prisoners, the women and children were bound, and many of these, together with the men, were killed and eaten, so that the corpses lay scattered in the woods and over the plains."

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Those who were spared from death were herded like swine, and were killed and eaten from year to year, whenever their captors longed for human flesh. Never were the teachings of Christ more gladly welcomed than when the missionaries reached the Wharekauri Islands. Then the killing of these hapless people ceased for ever, but they were still treated with great severity, and every indignity was cast upon them.

When I visited Wharekauri on official business in 1868 what struck me as being so remarkable was the absence of bitterness and the sweet reasonableness of the language used by those who guided me over the island, pointing out the scenes of actual tragedy with the cooking ovens (hangi) and skulls bearing bullet and tomahawk wounds, and the larger bones broken and split for the marrow. One of the narrators pointed out how he escaped from one of these murderous night attacks more than thirty years previously by wrapping himself up in the thick green slime plant (confervia) growing on the shores of the great salt-water lagoon of Ouwenga, with only his nostrils above water. All his relatives had been slain, yet he uttered no word of bitterness.

The late Mr. Alexander Shand introduced me to some of the principal Taranaki natives, of whom two at least had been actual participants in the invasion. They neither denied the Moriori recital of brutalities nor did they consider such conduct discreditable, but merely attempted to minimise their deeds by declaring that their victims often incurred punishment for their petty thefts and dishonesty. The truth was that the enslaved people were forced to perform all labour such as planting potatoes and procuring food without receiving any adequate share or reward for their incessant toil.

To the tribal narrative drawn up by the elders and people at Awapatiki in 1852 was appended a Moriori census at the time of the invasion. This showed the total population as 946 males and 727 females, total 1,673, less 216 who had been killed and eaten by the invaders; but the narrative explains that a considerable number of children whose names had been forgotten should have been included with the killed during the conquest. This left 1,457 Moriori living in the year 1852. On my visit, only sixteen years later, the doomed race had dwindled to a few hundred sorrowful persons, the males still in the majority. Some of the women had been taken away as slave wives by the

victors, who, when asked by me to explain this rapid decrease, declared it to be due to the Moriori being a very sacred people, living under strict religious observances, which involved daily breaches of tapu during their enforced semi-captivity. But they were no doubt part starved, heart-broken, disease-stricken, and hope-bereft, a doomed people whose idealistic principles had brought them ruin.

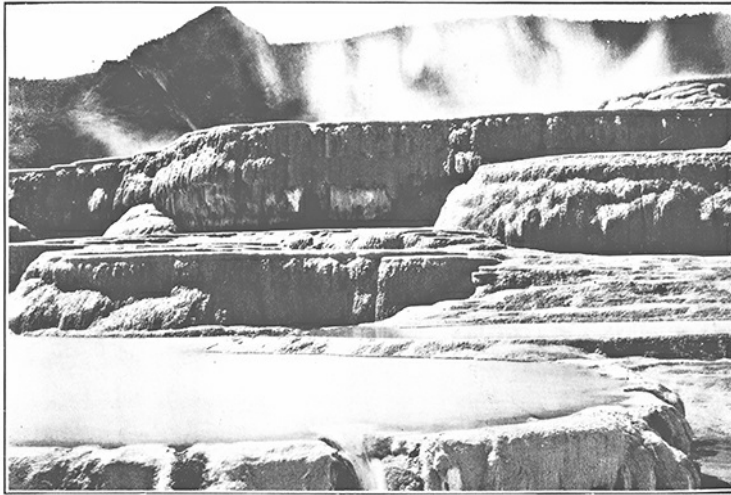
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The final tragedy in the story of this dying race was the shocking death of Mr. Alexander Shand, or "Riki," as the Moriori called him, who was the sole remaining repository of the Moriori language and history. Suffering for many years the severest disabilities, which he endured with an intense devotion to science, and in his latter years practically bedridden, he met with an appalling fate on July 28, 1910, through the burning of his house. There was no help near, no witness of his heroic struggles to save his magnum opus, the completed labours of his long life, a full and elaborate history of the Moriori race, the almost completely consumed fragments of which show that he had vainly essayed in his dying struggles to hurl it to a place of safety. He was one of the army of martyrs to science which has helped to make our Empire great.



CHAPTER XXIV. ANTHONY TROLLOPE IN NEW ZEALAND.

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VANISHED GLORIES: TE TARATA TERRACE.
Described by J. A. Froude as "The Great White Throne of Revelations"!

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CHAPTER XXIV.

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ANTHONY TROLLOPE IN NEW ZEALAND.

Quite a number of literary giants visited New Zealand in the days of the Seventies and Eighties, and Rotorua – not so easy of access then as it is now – was in most cases the great objective of the tour.

One of these celebrities was the famous novelist Anthony Trollope, who made a pilgrimage to the colonies in 1872, when he was at the height of his popularity. I met him by appointment at Tauranga. He was a typical and jovial John Bull in appearance, with his breeches and gaiters, very stout and hearty, downright in manners and brusque. A fine type of an Englishman, an excellent rider and judge of horseflesh, and he never tired of relating stories of the hunting field. And he hated snobs and society snobbishness with a deadly hatred.

Mr. Trollope was anxious to see the Rotorua country, and especially the wonderful terraces at Rotomahana, and I accompanied him throughout the tour. Our first stay on the horseback journey was at Maketu, then a very large village of the Arawa tribe. Here the novelist fraternised with the Maoris. In his little book "Our Antipodes," he wrote, "I was smiled on by the Maori women and smiled back at them when they came and sat near me, so near the contiguity that it almost amounted to an embrace." He also mentioned that the schoolmaster called, and was apparently greatly devoted to the Maori children, as he seemed acutely anxious about their religious condition and so forth. At his earnest appeals we consented to delay our departure for Rotorua next morning from seven to ten. On reaching the schoolhouse we were informed that the schoolmaster had got drunk after we went to bed, had broken the hotel windows, and finally had been carried away by two policemen. So he was not on hand to do the honours.

From Maketu we rode to Rotorua, and there I introduced my companion to the novel pleasures of the hot spring region.

Describing his first night at Ohinemutu, he wrote, "After dinner we went to bathe in a hot pool, the captain leading, where we found three Maori damsels, but this was nothing – nothing at least in the way of objection. The night was dark, and if they so thoroughly understood the old French proverb, now become so loyally English, why should we be more obstinate or less intelligent? So I crept into the pool, they encouraging and patting me on the back. If I was disappointed with Ohinemutu and the deficiency of its geysers, it was made up by the courtesy of the maidens, and it was something to bathe with them in water almost boiling."

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But Mr. Trollope discreetly omitted one little episode from his chronicles. After we had been in the water some time, the old chap said, "I wish I had something to lean against." So I whispered to a fine young woman of splendid proportions, popularly known as "The Duchess," who immediately set her capacious back against his, whereat he exclaimed, "Well, Mair. This is very delightful, don't you know; but I think I did wisely in leaving Mrs. Trollope in Auckland."

At Rotomahana we spent a night on that marvellous islet Puai. It was blown into fragments, with its forty or fifty dwellers, by the eruption of 1886; it must have had a small base like a mushroom, several powerful geysers eternally working against which caused it to tremble unceasingly. It was a strange night indeed for an Englishman. Then we went on to Rotokakahi and put up at Kaiteiriria, one of my military posts, of which he writes in allusion to the joyous life led by my Maori soldiers, "I knew then why the Maori boiled himself to death because he was not admitted to the force." This was an allusion to the tragic story of poor Wehipeihana, narrated elsewhere in this book.

Lake Taupo, too, we visited, going across country by way of Te Niho-o-te-Kiore, my second military post on the Waikato, a ghastly weary plain. "What does that mean when it is cooked?" Trollope asked. "The Rat's Tooth," I replied. "My God!" he grunted, "the poor devils would require to use them to get a living here."

After crossing Lake Taupo, we came back and started for Cambridge, spending one night at a Hauhau village (Waotu), about which Trollope says, "To get to it we had to pass through a dense forest in darkness so thick that I could not see my hand, and marvelled at the captain finding his way."

We returned to Auckland by way of Cambridge. Cambridge then was a very different place to what it is to-day; a rough-

and-ready township, with a large Constabulary station. We put up at the National Hotel, and after dinner it was arranged that we were to make a seven

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o'clock start for Auckland in the morning, and the waitress came to ask me what we would like for breakfast. "Bacon and eggs for two," I replied. My friend had already whispered that thirteen of us had sat down to tea, and curiously enough the remaining eleven all ordered the same meal.

Our breakfast table was about forty feet long, and the guests were scattered haphazard from end to end. There was only one mustard-pot, and whether it was colonial snobbery or politeness, I cannot say, but the whole eleven boarders vied with each other as to who would be first in tendering the mustard. Mr. Trollope gruffly thanked the first to offer it, gave a deep grunt at the second, a suppressed roar at the third. At last one boarder rose up from the far-away end, and bowing courteously inquired, "May I offer you the mustard, sir?"

The literary giant sprang to his feet and bellowed, "Damn your eyes, sir! Look at me! Do I look physically incapable of getting what mustard I require?" The too polite boarder fell back in his chair and there was a terrific silence, only to be broken when Mr. Trollope grunted to me, "Mair, I was a damn fool to sit down with thirteen at a table."

I could not help laughing outright, and he followed, then the whole baker's dozen set the roof shaking with laughter. Much hearty handshaking followed and he said farewell to us all and went his way.

Before he departed, he made me promise that if ever I visited England he would make me follow the hounds on his five-hundred-guinea hunter.

That, alas! was one of the many beautiful dreams that have never come true.

CHAPTER XXV. THE TRAGIC STORY OF THE RANGIHEUEA FAMILY.

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THE TRAGIC STORY OF THE RANGIHEUEA FAMILY.

In a previous article on incidents at the old-time village of Te Wairoa, at Lake Tarawera, I wrote of Tamihana te Rangiheuea. That chief belonged to a very noteworthy Tuhourangi family, descendants from a famous old pagan, about whose conversion to Christianity Sir George Grey gave such an interesting account as quoted in an Overland Journey, Auckland to Taranaki, in 1847. The Tamihana I have alluded to was one of eight of this chieftain's grandsons. When Sir James Ferguson, his wife, and a large party visited the Hot Lakes in 1873, he was greatly taken with my dashing soldier lad Tamihana, whom I had placed in attendance. The Governor got up a wrestling bout between his cousin, Captain Kenneth Ferguson, whom he declared was the champion wrestler of his shire, and Tamihana. The captain was enormously powerful, but had a stiff leg. The stake was £5. A capital contest took place before a very large native assembly. During a spell Tamihana told me he would wrestle a long while, then at last let his adversary throw him, saying, "The Captain would be more pleased defeating me than I would he beating a lame man" And he acted as he promised, like a true sport. There was quite a strong Scotch element present, and very jubilant these visitors were over their country-man's prowess. "Scotland for ever," and so on, but I did not spoil a good thing, it pleased them so.

About thirty of poor Tamihana's relatives were living on Puai Island, in Rotomahana Lake, when the eruption of June 10, 1886, occurred. Their dust was scattered hundreds of miles. He and twelve other members of the family lie under ten feet of stones, mud and ashes on Tokiniho Hill, overlooking the once beautiful valley of Te Wairoa.

A year or more after the disaster, I, with a party of Maori searchers, looked long and in vain for the once familiar little kainga up there. The whole aspect was changed, so that some members of my party who had been born and had grown up there could recognise nothing. Then we saw a wild dog scratching at something. I immediately shot it, and found that it had made a hole six inches deep, at the bottom of which it had been gnawing something, and had scratched up a quantity of human hair. On digging away, we found the body of Akuira Rangiheuea, the elder brother. Next we noticed flies entering some tiny holes in the ground. Search here soon revealed the top of a chimney, built of tree ferns. On pulling up a number of these, we found it was the principal dwelling house, and there lay the doomed family (twelve in number), covered up with their blankets and shawls, as though they had never struggled. It may have been asphyxiation or concussion that killed them. Nearest to the door lay a fine soldier lad of mine, Kitua Te Monita, with his wife Kawhena, sister of Tamihana, a merry, pretty little woman, and their three young children between them. We broke in the house, and heaped it high with earth, and there they soundly sleep, awaiting the last trump. Akuira had evidently come out of the door and struggled through the liquid matter, and almost reached the surface when his strength gave out. All the bodies were in perfect preservation.

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Of the large Rangiheuea hapu, at least forty in number, one of the eight sons, Ihaia, left for Galatea the evening before the eruption, and was saved. His sister, Rahera, married my Maori sergeant, Tumatahi, and is still living. The little boy, Te Hirama, whose story I have told in this book, was a son of Tamihana. Kitua Monita was a very plucky chap, and when we were chasing the Hauhaus through the Whakamarama clearing, and just in front of me, he jumped over a log, and was fired on at the same moment by a rebel a few paces in advance, falling back into my arms severely wounded. The enemy's gun had been loaded with the head and over three inches of what had been a six-inch ewebank nail, which had entered just below the kneecap and followed the bone to the ankle, passing through the instep, the head of the nail just showing through the sole of the foot. His leg swelled to an enormous size, and three days afterwards we took him to Matata with other wounded

in the Sturt, whither I had gone for reinforcements. It being impossible to enter the river, the lifeboat capsized, and I had great difficulty in saving him.

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A LAMENT.

Sleep on, oh, lost ones, within your cold bed,
The cold, damp earth enfolds your forms
'Neath Tarawera's dread storms.
Lift up your gaze to the hills and woods,
The treasures of our ancestors lie low.
Oh, tribe! fast fall our tears in this sad year,
My priceless greenstone jewel,
The treasured mako-otaniwha,
Whose fame reached higher than the hills,
Gone, lost in Ruawahia's deep abyss!
Carry, O winds, my sad farewell
Bear on the greeting from your younger one,
Your fond one, who mourns alone for you
In this dark year. Farewell, a long farewell!

This chant of sorrow for the victims of the eruption is a translation of a tangi-aroha I wrote in 1886 as an appeal to the Maori people of New Zealand for help for the poor natives bereft of their all by the disaster. The response in money, food, and clothing amounted to several thousands of pounds. The name Pare in the waiata is an allusion to Pare-raututu, daughter of Toki, a woman of high rank, chieftainess of Ngati-Rangitihī. She was overwhelmed at Moura, Lake Tarawera, with nearly fifty of the people.

CHAPTER XXVI. A NIGHT ADVENTURE IN THE HAUTERE FOREST.

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A NIGHT ADVENTURE IN THE HAUTERE FOREST.

In rear of the beautiful seaward-looking slopes that come down to Tauranga Harbour, and trending far away to the south and west, is the greatly-broken table-land of forest-clad country called of old by the Maoris "Hautere," their ancient proverb for which is "E kore koe e puta i nga Tete-kura o Hautere" ("You will not force a way through the Todea Superba of Hautere"), an allusion to the vast luxurious growth of the noble Prince of Wales feather fern. It is a rugged tract of bushland, a secure hiding place in ancient days for remnants of vanquished tribes.

On the northern fringe of the bush lived the scattered hapus of the Piri-Rakau, "the Tribe that clings to the Forest," a war-loving clan that made things troublesome for us fifty-six years ago. It was in this retreat of lawless tribes that a little adventure befell me at that period. It is necessary for me to explain that after the general surrender of the Ngai-te-Rangi and associated tribes to the British authorities in 1864, a few small disaffected parties of Piri-Rakau, Ngatiporou, and Koheriki tribes took up their quarters on the edge of the forest and gully-riven plateau, and became a menace to surveyors and others.

In 1866, these rebels, having received promises of assistance from Waikato, planted enormous quantities of maize and other crops at convenient places between Oropi and Whakamarama, in order to provide abundant food supplies on the renewal of hostilities. In the Whakamarama district there were fifty acres of maize in one clearing alone.

In January, 1867, it was rumoured that between 500 and 600 rebel Maoris from Waikato, under Kihitu, were distributed along the forest edge. Surveyors' camps were raided, and a military settler named Campbell was murdered on his section near Waimapu. Several attacks were made against the rebels at Oropi, Kaki, Paengaroa, Irihanga, and Whakamarama, with casualties on both sides. The Rotorua district, and, in fact, the whole of the Lake country, was left practically without fighting manpower, owing to the large contingent of Arawa being recruited under my brother, Major Mair (then R. M.) to fight the rebels, and thus Ohinemutu and other large settlements were left defenceless against an enemy attack.

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For a short period there was a lull; the enemy were hidden somewhere in the great forest, and the Defence Minister, Colonel Haultain, and Mr. Clarke (Civil Commissioner) began to get very anxious, particularly as a rumour had been received, via Rotorua, that an attack was contemplated on that place, in which case Ohinemutu would have been found with over 1,000 women and children, and only thirty old men, armed with Tower and flint-lock muskets. It therefore became imperative to ascertain if Kihitu and his large force were still in the vicinity of Whakamarama. I begged Mr. Clarke's permission to make an attempt to find out, but he positively refused. I had taken part in three attacks on Whakamarama and Irihanga, and had obtained a thorough knowledge of the country. Colonel Haultain was more favourable than Mr. Clarke to my proposal, but still I received no official permission to go.

At last, however, I became desperately anxious to solve the problem of the war party's whereabouts, and one night I started away from my post, the Gate Pa, on the pretence of going to Maketu. I took two days' supply of boiled bacon, some damper, some cakes of chocolate, sugar, and milk, a most excellent, but thirst-producing, food. I carried a Calisher and Terry carbine, tomahawk, sheath-knife, and five-chambered revolver. The latter we had to render waterproof by pouring hot beeswax on the top of the bullets, round the nipples and half-way up the percussion caps. I also carried a schweppes soda-water bottle in leather, filled with 36 o. p. rum, our only kind of flask in those primitive days.

Before dawn, I had forded the Wairoa River at Ruahihi Rapids, and, leaving the well-beaten track to Irihanga on the right, I followed a gully between it and Poripori, intending to strike the south end of Whakamarama clearing. I passed a

small waterfall in the bush, where a few weeks before I had shot a rebel named Aporo in a cave. I had two Ngatipikiao lads with me on that occasion, Tohe and Te Rere.

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I reached the main trail between Whakamarama and Poripori at the very spot where a few days before Eric Goldsmith and Arthur Crapp and a dashing young fellow, Thomas Edward Jordan, all of Captain Skeet's volunteer engineer company, accompanied by Lieutenant Horne, of the 1st Waikato Regiment, and myself had got into an ambush, Jordan being mortally wounded. An examination of the trail showed a large number of bare feet marks all pointing southwards towards Poripori, hence I concluded that the enemy had abandoned their big camp at Whakamarama and gone further south, on account, no doubt, of their recent losses.

The bush being fairly open, I was able to keep off the track, and after going several miles, I found a very large camp unoccupied, though many of the fires were still alight. Following the trail, I came to large, old and new clearings, the latter filled with splendid crops, and traces of recent occupation by large numbers. I surmised this to be the main Poripori settlement. It being almost midnight, I turned off to the left (east), intending to have a sleep. After proceeding perhaps a mile, I struck an oblong clearing mostly covered with rich grass, and at the southern end stood a large house, evidently a wharepuni and somewhat out of repair, but no signs of life, except a strong smell of smoke, from which I assumed that the house was occupied. I scouted cautiously round the edge of the clearing to the nearest point to the dwelling, then hiding my collar swag, rifle and haversack under a log, I started to crawl on my hands and knees towards the low, narrow door which faced east and was open. I found the clearing a mass of tall thistles and cocksfoot, pushing my way through which gave me almost unendurable pain, till I began to feel very sorry I had come. I had a short kilt and bare legs. But in the middle of the opening, just when my courage and power to endure were failing, I struck a smooth trail leading to the door. Reaching the portals, I stopped to peep in, but it was as dark as Erebus, yet I had that instinctive feeling that one always experiences on entering an occupied room. All at once my heart ceased beating, as an appalling snore tore through the room. A cold sweat poured from me, as I felt that only such a snore could have been emitted by a huge savage, a man perhaps nearer seven than six feet and broad in proportion.

Then followed a chorus of snores, rising from deep bass to tenor, soprano and falsetto, terminating with a shrill whistle; the wife I concluded, the half-grown members of the family, and the newly born babe at the mother's breast. I was getting into an appalling state of funk. If I attacked the sleeping family, I thought some innocents, the children perhaps, might be killed. But I remembered my gallant comrade Tom Jordan, and suddenly I saw red. Loosening my revolver holster, and twisting the thong of my hatchet round my right wrist, I entered the house, crawling forward on my hands and knees towards the far end, from which the babel of snores was resounding. Feeling gently with the finger tips of my left hand, I touched the harsh bristles of what felt like a huge Maori head. I determined to destroy the whole family, and gripping the monstrous head, I struck madly at it with my sharp weapon. An awful chorus of sounds filled the air. I was hurled violently backward, rolled toward the door, and dashed with terrific force across the portals, probed all this time by innumerable sharp points, which passed in rushing procession over me, till I lay limp, breathless and exhausted. Then all was still.

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Slowly it dawned upon me that I had intruded unwarrantably upon the peaceful slumbers of a great "Captain Cook" boar, his wife, children, cousins and aunts, who had made of the deserted house a comfortable shelter place. That huge fellow was the "Hauhau" I was about to slay. Daylight was approaching. I gathered up my equipments, and found my tunic covered with blood, so my tomahawk had found its billet. Taking a good pull at my flask (the first since starting), further exploration disclosed that the Poripori encampment was deserted. The whole of Kihitu's army which had been living there had taken the trail in the direction of Kaimai, no doubt heading for Rotorua via Mangorewa.

Most acutely now I realised the imminent danger of the unprotected settlement at Ohinemutu, and fears for the helpless people there spurred me into almost frantic speed for Tauranga. I ran no risk now, for the departure of the rebel force had left all tracks clear. I think I reached Tauranga in record time, and reported my unauthorised, but decidedly useful, scouting expedition.

Colonel Haultain, while grasping my hand, said: "You are a disobedient young scamp, and don't deserve the step

you are getting," which was that fine old soldier's way of informing me that I was to be promoted from ensign to lieutenant.

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The sequel to my exciting but bloodless expedition was our march to the relief of Rotorua. It was a race who would reach there first: our advance guard or the Hauhaus. Theirs was a straight course, while we had to make a long detour via Maketu.

I reached Ohinemutu with a few men just in time to engage the enemy at Te Koutu and inflict a defeat that saved Ohinemutu's inhabitants from slaughter.

The further defeat of Kihitu's force at Puraku (Ahiria) followed.

There are matters of history that need not be entered into here; it is sufficient to say that my forbidden little jaunt into the Poripori wilds was more than justified by the results.

CHAPTER XXVII. THE STORY OF MOTUTAWA ISLAND.

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THE STORY OF MOTUTAWA ISLAND.

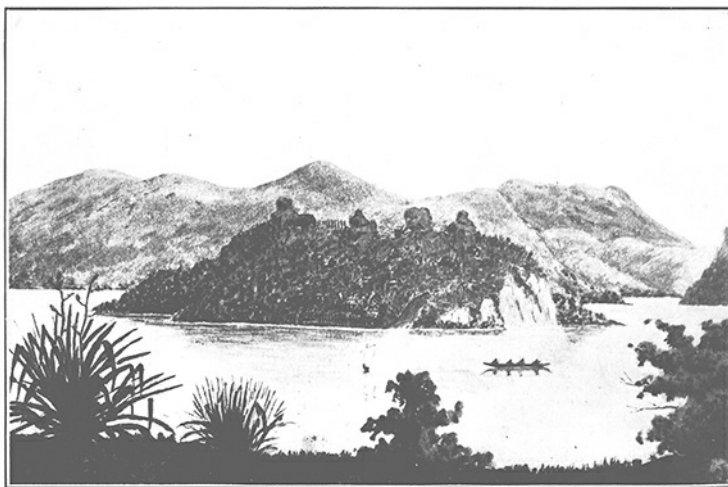
A dark green island, softly foliaged from around its summit to the water's edge, sleeps in hallowed silence on the surface of Roto-Kakahi Lake, which so many travellers pass on their motor trip to the famous Wairoa and Tarawera. A great quietness steeps land and lake; no sound of voices on this once populous isle, nothing to break the long slumbers of Motutawa but the splash of the big trout in the lake and the bell-song of the tui.

Long ago, hundreds of people dwelt on this little isle, which is not more than twelve acres in extent, but fruitful as an orchard. It was the home and citadel of the renowned sub-tribe of Tuhourangi, the warrior clan Ngatiwahiao. Now it is the tribal burial place where thousands of the race sleep their long sleep. Here was laid to rest the beautiful Hinemoa of deathless memory. The spell of tapu is over it all, and the glamour of centuries of human endeavour and romance and tragedy.

Tragic indeed is the story of the salient episode in Motutawa's history of Te-pae-o-te-Rangi and his visit, and the fate which befell him and his warriors from the Far North, an episode, too, that involved the whole Arawa nation in a ruinous invasion and wholesale slaughter.

In 1822, when a taua-toto (a blood party) of Ngapuhi came to the Rotorua Lake district, under the notable chief Te-pae-o-te-Rangi (the Threshold of Heaven), with whom was associated Te-waero and Te-auru. Unhappily for their visit the famous chiefs Te Rauparaha and Te Whatanui were sojourning in the Lake District at that time, and they endeavoured to make this an opportunity of avenging the death of a near kinsman, Te Wheturoa, who had recently fallen at

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THE FAMOUS MOTUTAWA ISLAND.
The burial place of Hinemoa, situated in Roto-Kakahi, the Green Lake.
FROM A WATER COLOUR DRAWING BY COLONEL BATES IN 1864.

THE FAMOUS MOTUTAWA ISLAND.
The burial place of Hinemoa, situated in Roto-Kakahi, the Green Lake.
FROM A WATER COLOUR DRAWING BY COLONEL BATES IN 1864.

Totara Pa, Thames, under the assault of Hongi-hika, the great-warrior who had just returned, in company with my father, from a visit to England, where his vessel had been loaded by benevolent London citizens with agricultural implements and domestic articles. These goods, however, he exchanged on reaching New South Wales for munitions of war, which enabled him to overrun nearly the whole of the North Island.

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Ngatiwhakaue and Ngatirangi-wewehi refused to accede to the wily Rauparaha's plan of attacking the Ngapuhi, so they induced Te Mutukuri to destroy them on reaching Roto-Kakahi Lake. The Northern war party numbered one hundred and seventy men, although the visitors state they were more numerous. In due course they arrived at Epeha Bay, the place of embarkation for Motutawa, which lies some eight hundred yards from the mainland, and called out for canoes to ferry them across. After expressing fears of treachery and receiving warm assurances of amity the Islanders sent a small canoe capable of carrying about twenty-five people at a time, the larger ones being carefully concealed at the western end. On reaching the island, the visitors were received with every demonstration of friendship and were ceremoniously escorted to the finest house on the island, belonging to Te Mutukuri, situated at the top of Te Pakira, in the citadel on the summit of the island, which bore the significant name of Hui-te-Rangiora (Abode of Joy and Goodwill), while the canoe returned to the beautiful sandy bay on the north-eastern side named Paripari-te-Tai, which is concealed by a woody point from the Epeha landing. The first load was taken on board with Te-pae-o-te-Rangi, and was left at Te Huruhuru and all subsequent canoe trips were made to Te Paripari-te-Tai. Great preparations for food were being carried out by the women, numbers of tame dogs being cooked, and the unsuspecting visitors who anticipated a great feast were lulled into false security.

The ferry of death proceeded on its voyage of treachery, and a number of trips were made to the principal landing, where the main body of islanders were assembled, but when the unsuspecting visitors stepped ashore on the white shining sand they were overwhelmed by the number of assailants and thrown down and their heads held under cold water till life was extinct.

When the bulk of the visitors had been ferried over, yet another trip was essayed, but the first person about to embark noticed that the canoe was all wet, and he also noted several

spots of blood, and hesitated to step aboard. At the same moment a canoe rowed by two of the islanders was seen to put off and give chase to a single swimmer who was endeavouring to reach the mainland, while his pursuers were trying to transfix him with their sharp manuka paddles. This transpired to be a strong, courageous man named Te Mangi, who had gone ashore in the first load. He was endeavouring to escape by swimming, but was observed and pursued. Possessing himself of the paddles, he got on board and slew both of his adversaries, and joined the remnant of his party, who, by this time, had become aware of

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this culminating act of treachery.

The Ngapuhi could only express their grief and fury by firing volleys and shouting threats of future vengeance.

The brave Te Mangi, on joining his sadly diminished comrades, related how Te Mutukuri had received his guests with every mark of respect and honour. While the ferrying operations were going on an altercation suddenly arose between Te Mutukuri and Te-pae-o-te-Rangi, when Ngatiwahiao rushed on their guests and slew them in cold blood, Te Mangi alone escaping by breaking through his assailants and jumping over a high cliff. After hiding there for a time, he attempted to escape by swimming.

Between 1830 and 1840 Te Mangi was one of my father's best boatmen at Te Whahapu, Bay of Islands. Missionary journals make mention of him being there in 1828. Every tooth in his head had been knocked out by his assailants during the "Duck Hunt," and he never ceased to bemoan his hard fate and express his regret that he could not eat the pihikete (biscuit) which was at that time the sum et bonum of a Maori epicure. He died at our place at Tawatawhiti, Whangarei, in 1853.

When I was first stationed at Motutawa, in 1865, there were numbers of old men living there who had taken an active part in this fight, which was known as Te-Moana-kawaiwai (the drowning of the young ducklings), who gave me all the minutest details, which, through oft telling around camp fires and within council walls, had become an almost perfect narrative.

Since writing this article I have received two accounts, written by two elderly men, one about 70 and the other 80 years of age, dated from the Bay of Islands and Rotorua respectively, who agree in all details.

The Motutawa massacre afforded an ample pretext for Hongi Hika for his invasion of Rotorua the following year, when he exacted a terrible revenge. It is said over twelve

hundred Arawas were slain when he took Mokoia Island in 1823, and even a greater number borne away to captivity. It redounds greatly to the credit of the conquerors that when after the missionary influence had spread over the land many of the captives had become so attached to their owners that they refused to return to the land of their birth when offered their freedom.

The excuse made by the Tuhourangi for their act of treachery was: "We were urgently warned by our near kinsmen living round the other lakes that Te-pae-o-te-Rangi was visiting Motutawa with treacherous intent, and we were justified in meeting it with treachery."



CHAPTER XXVIII. THE STORY OF HINE-TE-KAKARA.

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THE STORY OF HINE-TE-KAKARA

("THE SWEET-SCENTED MAIDEN.")

Revised Edition of C. O. Davis' legend by G. Mair, re-published in Adelaide paper, 1885.

And they had neither father nor mother nor people. All, all had perished during some terrible epidemic which overwhelmed this island of Aotea-roa seven generations ago, when the most populous districts were left desolate, so that there were no living to bury the dead, when the old-time warrior of Maori Land descended into the embraces of Hine-nui-te-po, the Dread Goddess of Death. And they grew up together, living in the beautiful little bay of Marokopa, on the West Coast near Kawhia, Tuteamoamo (The Angry Waves) and his younger brother Waihuka (Foam of the Sea) and their foster sister Hine-te-kakara (The Sweet-scented Maiden). And when the elder and younger brother beheld the beauty of the sweet-scented maiden, they loved her with all the fierce, passionate emotions of their race. But it was Waihuka who found favour in the maiden's eyes, and when Matariki (the Pleiades) appeared in the spring time she became his wife.

Then, when Tuteamoamo realised the great happiness he had lost he sat silently on the brow overlooking the sandy white beach, gazing gloomily upon Hine-te-kakara and her lover, as hand in hand they gathered shells upon the seashore. And the love he had borne in his heart for his younger brother was turned to deep hate, so that he determined to destroy Waihuka and to possess himself of the beautiful maiden, his wife. But he carefully dissembled his intentions, and contrived to show the greatest solicitude on their behalf.

And it so happened that one day Tuteamoamo said to Waihuka: "I pray you, let us go a-fishing, lest our Kahurangi (treasure) want for food." So they embarked on their canoe, and sailed far out on Kiwa's dark sea till they came to a reef called "Te Tuara o Karewa," almost out of sight of land. There

they lowered the anchor, and very soon the canoe was laden with many kinds of choice fish. So Waihuka said: "Let us return, O brother, lest your sister, my wife, be lonely," "That is well spoken," replied Tuteamoamo. "Do you therefore pull up the anchor." Waihuka essayed to do so, but the carved stone punga had become entangled in the rocks and could not be moved. Tuteamoamo then said: "Do you dive down, O brother, and disentangle the punga." Waihuka immediately complied, but the moment he disappeared beneath the waves his treacherous brother sprang to the canoe's bow and cut the anchor line with his mata tuhua (knife made of obsidian), and hoisted the plaited sail.

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When Waihuka reappeared he beheld the canoe speeding towards the coast, and he cried out: "O my elder brother! Leave me not here on the wide, wide sea to perish! Forget not that we are the offspring of the same father and mother, and remember, too, the mutual affection of our boyhood!"

But Tuteamoamo laughed back scornfully, saying: "Where is now your boasted prowess of the days when you often challenged me to dive and swim against you? Do you therefore swim to the shore while I hasten thither to comfort our sweet-scented maiden."

So the faithless brother sailed away, leaving Waihuka alone on the deep.

And Waihuka battled with the waves, which made him their sport, and the currents carried him even farther from where his heavy heart would fain be, and darkness came upon the face of the waters, and he gave up all hope of ever again seeing his young bride, the beautiful Hine-te-kakara, and he began to sink after giving one despairing cry of farewell. But lo! Something firm just then struck his body. It was a floating tree. How desperately he clung to this frail support through the long, weary hours of the night! When morning dawned, even the highest mountain tops could no longer be seen. And the great white-winged toroa, the albatross, hovered over him as he floated helplessly, and the monsters of the ocean gambolled around him. And he invoked their aid, but they heeded him not. But at last a gigantic tohora – a whale-drew near, and Waihuka cried out to it, saying: "O lordly creature of the great deep! Let me rest upon your wide back that you may bear me to some shore, it matters not how wild and far distant."

The great fish hearkened to his voice, and made no resistance as he clambered upon its back, clinging to the central fin

while it set forth on its course. Ere many hours had passed Waihuka's heart was overjoyed at again seeing the land, albeit it was a strange shore that greeted his wondering eyes. And the sacred fish of the Ocean God, Tangaroa, bore Waihuka near; then he slipped from off its friendly back, and soon felt the firm ground under his feet. But he was faint and hungry and almost perishing from thirst, till at last he came to a cave whence there issued a spring of water. Here he abode many days, living on seaweed and shellfish till his strength might be restored, when he would set out in search of his young wife and punish his false brother Tuteamoamo. Here we must leave him for the present.

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When Tuteamoamo reached the shore it was already dark, but he found Hine-te-kakara on the beach waiting. "Where is my lord, my loved one, thy younger brother Waihuka?" she asked. "Alas!" cried the false brother. "Do you not remember the ancient proverb, 'Ore ore moana nui whanaunga kore'? (The cruel waves of the great sea spare neither kith nor kin'). The ocean has claimed your lover. Never again shall you behold him."

And Hine-te-kakara cried with a bitter cry: "Oh, my beloved Waihuka! Why was I not permitted to accompany you even to the gloomy barriers of Haumu, that together we might have passed through the waving sea weeds which fringe the gates of the Spirit Land? Must I be left to live through these long years without you?"

And Tuteamoamo strove to console her, saying: "Grieve no more, O loved one, for my younger brother. It is well with him. Be comforted. Let me be to you what he once was."

But the maiden answered him not, and she retired to her now desolate home, and, closing the door, gave way to her grief. Very soon the false Tuteamoamo came near, crying out: "Weep not, O sweet-scented maiden. Draw back the door that I may come in and comfort you." And Hine-te-kakara answered him: "Kei a koe nga ra, nga Marama me nga tau roa, e Tuteamoamo. Waiho, waiho ra kia tangihia e au taku tangi mo to teina, mo toku makau aroha mo Waihuka" ("The long, long days and months and years are all for you, O Tuteamoamo. Leave, ah leave me awhile that I may weep and mourn for your lost brother, my loved one, Waihuka").

And the maiden continued to shut herself up in the house, and each succeeding night the false-hearted brother endeavoured to make her forget her lost lover, and she answered him as

before. But one night he came again and beat upon the door, saying: "Oh, Hine-te-kakara! Why should you grieve for him that is no more? Draw back, I pray you, the door, that I may come to you." And the maiden replied: "The long, long days and months and years are all for you, O Tuteamoamo. Leave, ah leave me yet awhile that I may weep for my lost one, your younger brother, Waihuka." But now a great fear came upon her, for Tuteamoamo continued to knock at the door, and threatened to break it down. So Hine-te-kakara quickly dug a bole at the far end of the house, all the while calling out to the wicked brother-in-law, and praying him to grant her time till the days of her mourning were ended. But he continued uttering his threats, and just as the maiden had quite dug under the foundation of the end wall the door gave way, and Tuteamoamo hurriedly entered to find that Hine-te-kakara had disappeared into the night.

And the sweet-scented maiden fled through the darkness, and when the morning star arose she found herself wandering by the seashore a great way from her once happy home. And she bethought herself of her lost loved one, and almost dreaded to follow along the shore, lest she perchance might have suddenly come upon his mangled body cast up by the relentless sea. And she called to the albatross, the seagull, and the tarapunga, or sea-mew: "Hast thou seen any mouldering remains on the sands by the sea?" But the birds of the air answered her not.

So she continued searching till the shades of the night were falling, when she sought for some temporary shelter for she was faint and weary. Suddenly she observed footprints, which she followed to a little cave. Who can describe her joy when she found her lover, Waihuka, restored from the hungry sea?

She told Waihuka of Tuteamoamo's base conduct and her escape. And they rested many days till Waihuka's strength returned to him, and he urged their return to avenge the wrongs she and he had suffered at Tuteamoamo's hands.

Hine-te-kakara had brought hither Waihuka's mere pounamu (his greenstone battle-axe). Binding the thong round his wrist, his warlike attitudes made it quiver in the morning sun. "Do I bear myself well?" he asked.

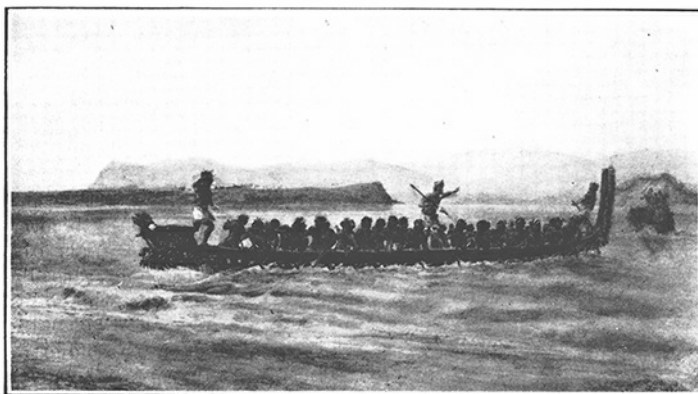
"My loved one, my warrior lord, truly do you bear yourself nobly. Your false brother shall not prevail against you."

Together they returned to their home. When Tuteamoamo espied them, his black heart was filled with fear and rage.

"False one," cried Waihuka, "defend yourself, for your hour is now at hand." Seizing his spear the elder brother strove furiously to slay the younger. But Waihuka was fighting for the love of the sweet-scented maiden as well as his own life and honour, and he smote Tuteamoamo to the ground. Placing his heel upon his neck, he cried: "Were it not that one mother bore us, you would now be taking your last look upon this green earth. Henceforth you are degraded, for my foot has pressed your neck. Go you hence for ever!"

And Hine-te-kakara bore Waihuka many children, who became renowned warriors, and from them descended the Ngati-Apakura tribe and many famous chiefs, including Te Wherowhero Potatau, the first Maori king.

And so ends the story of Hine-te-kakara, the sweet-scented maiden.



WAR CANOE RACE.

Tauranga, 1865. The best representation of a real Maori War Canoe ever published.

WAR CANOE RACE.

Tauranga, 1865. The best representation of a real Maori War Canoe ever published.

CHAPTER XXIX. THE GHOST WITH THE BIG FEET.

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THE GHOST WITH THE BIG FEET.

The late Judge J. A. Wilson of the Native Land Court, though far from being a humorous man, told me of a grim joke he once perpetrated on a noisy, conceited Maori chief from Wairarapa, while engaged in partitioning a native land block of 40,000 acres. The man claimed an area of over 3000 acres, and wasted much time in brow-beating all those who denied his personal rights. At last he was forced to admit that his only claim arose from the fact that twelve generations previously, his ancestor, while crossing the Tararua Mountains towards the West Coast, met a ghost in the evening gloom, thus suffering a severe fright from which he never quite recovered. As his descendant in the twelfth degree he considered he was entitled to a large area by way of compensation for the mental anguish his ancestor had experienced.

The judge then took the witness in hand, and this dialogue followed: –

Judge: Was the ghost a very big one?

Witness: Yes. A huge one indeed.

Judge: About what sized boot was he wearing?

Witness: He had no boots on at the time, but he had very big feet.

Judge: Would they be three feet long?

Witness: Yes. Two feet ten inches to three feet.

The Court then announced that it would give its decision forthwith, which was as follows: – "An interlocutory order will

be made in favour of the claimant for a parcel of land one yard square, provided that he produces to the Court within three months a proper surveyed plan, certified by the Surveyor-General, for the said area, when the order will be duly confirmed and the following fees paid: – Hearing, £1; land transfer certificate, £1 1/-."

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Notwithstanding the derision of the assembled Maoris, the claimant assumed an attitude of perfect satisfaction, and after paying the fees he made a profound bow, and pronounced his benediction, "Kia Ora te Kooti" ("Long life to the Court").

He immediately returned to the Wairarapa, where he related with a wealth of detail how he had won his case.



CHAPTER XXX. THE EARL AND DOCTOR.

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THE EARLAND DOCTOR.

LORD PEMBROKE ON SOUTH SEA BUBBLES.

A VISIT TO TAURANGA AND THE ORDER OF THE PEACOCK'S FEATHERS.

Most New Zealanders have enjoyed that most racy book, "South Sea Bubbles," the joint product of "The Earl and the Doctor," otherwise Lord Pembroke and Dr. Henry Kingsley. It was the outcome of their cruise to the Pacific Islands from Auckland in 1870 in the schooner "Albatross," which left her bones on a coral reef in the Fijis.

It was my fortune in those days to meet many a celebrity travelling through those parts of the earth, and young Pembroke and his tutor, or bear leader, as he was irreverently called, were among them; not that they were celebrities then by any means – that was to come when "South Sea Bubbles" struck a new note of humour, and became a travel classic done in the lighter vein.

But for a curious incident, or series of incidents, with Tauranga as a locale, I should have accompanied the globe cruising pair on their famous voyage, and maybe have been immortalised, one way or the other, in the pages of "South Sea Bubbles."

It was my ambition from early youth, when the mind was full of longings for adventure, to experience a terrific shipwreck. The idea was ever present in my waking thoughts and in my dreams. I prepared myself to act promptly in every conceivable emergency, always having the comfortable feeling that I should survive after displaying splendid courage in rescuing the loveliest female passenger, unmarried for preference.

It was, I think, about the end of 1869 when I received a letter from Wellington, instructing me to place myself at the

service of the Earl of Pembroke, who, with Dr. Henry Kingsley, would call at Tauranga in his yacht, the "Albatross." I was all excitement when a beautiful white painted topsail schooner (a vessel chartered in Auckland by the Earl) dropped anchor in Tauranga Harbour, and I went on board and reported myself. The master of the schooner was Captain Braund, whom I knew very well. He told me that the idea was to cruise around New Zealand, seeing as much of the Maoris as possible, and then I might have to visit the South Seas with the party. It had been arranged that a comrade officer would discharge my military duties in my absence.

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I was taken to the cabin and introduced to the Earl and the Doctor. Lord Pembroke was a typical young English aristocrat, about twenty-three years old, fair-haired, rather delicate looking, and had a pretty lisp withal. He stood about six or seven inches over six feet in height; he was so tall, in fact, that an oblong hole had been cut in the cabin floor in which he could stand, his head all but touching the companion hatch. A most delightful, genial young chap he was, with a nimble wit, and fond of speaking in a very affectionate way of his mother, the Lady Herbert of Lea.

Dr. Kingsley, writer of "Geoffrey Hamlyn" and "Ravenshoe," and brother of the even more famous author of "Hereward the Wake," "Westward Ho," etc., was a sturdily-built, self-contained man of about my own height, full of dry humour; a man with a wonderfully well-stored mind, and the pleasantest of companions. I think he was the Earl's trustee or tutor, for Pembroke deferred very much to his opinions.

The young Earl was very rich; his income was reported at something like £60,000 per annum. A good deal of money had been spent in fitting out the "Albatross" for the cruise. She was most comfortably equipped and generously found; live stock was carried for sea food – pigs and poultry galore. The schooner was manned by a picked crew of twelve men.

During a few days we had some very pleasant short cruises about the Bay of Plenty. We never went far along the coast without the Doctor wanting to drop anchor and fish; he was the most patient and enthusiastic fisherman I ever met, and in the wonderful Bay of Plenty he had his heart's desire. I remember the Earl saying one day: "Mair, I believe when Charon is ferrying Kingsley over the Styx, before he gets half-way across the doctor will bait his hooks and ask the old man to give him another half-hour."

The Civil Commissioner at Tauranga, Mr. Clarke, had suggested to the Maori chiefs that they show these English Rangatiras some attention. Under this arrangement, I got up some good Maori shows for our new friends. One day the principal chiefs of Ngai-te-Rangi requested me to arrange a meeting on board the schooner. These chiefs were Hamiora Tu, Enoka-te-Whanake, Hori Ngatai, Hohepa te Mea, Raniera-te-Hiahia, and Taipari.

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They came aboard at the hour fixed, and were ceremoniously received at the cabin. After brief speeches on both sides, each chief divested himself of a splendid woven flax or feathered cloak, which he spread out on the cabin table. Then on the top of the pile of beautiful mats each Maori laid a greenstone treasure, which included one of the largest and finest "tikis" I ever saw, and there were several ancient carved war clubs, etc. Finally, the crowning gift, the chief placed on the table a carefully drawn and executed document purporting to be a conveyance of the fee simple of Te Ruatuna Island (Mr. Clarke having informed them that it had not been included in the confiscated area.)

After the chief's departure, the matter of return gifts was discussed. The Earl and Doctor had been informed in Auckland that the Maori always refused to accept return tokens. However, I was emphatic that they should be given, as the presents received were of great value. Finally I was requested to select six handsome rugs, which I had sent on board, costing about fifty shillings each.

I was called away to Maketu next day, and on returning in the afternoon, was informed that the chief had been on board, had received their presents, and gone away "highly pleased."

That evening I was requested to guide the Earl and Doctor to the Elms to supper, when a roast snow-white Royal peacock was placed before them as a special mark of honour, at the Venerable Archdeacon Browne's hospitable table. It turned out to be such a wild night, that Mrs. Browne insisted on the Earl remaining for the night. He was given the guest's room, and when asked by the Archdeacon next morning how he had slept, he laughingly replied that the middle part of his anatomy was most comfortable, but a foot or so at each extremity projected. The venerable piece of furniture, imported probably in the 'thirties, is still known as "The Earl's Bed."

The next afternoon he went to Maori gatherings at Matapihi and Maungatapu. The visitors asked me what birds those were that were uttering such discordant noises, and they seemed much

surprised when I said they were English peacocks; that their cries were a certain portent of rain and bad weather, also that the natives kept numbers of them. The Doctor thereupon repeated Voltaire's description of the bird: –

The plumage of an angel,
The voice of a devil,
And the guts of a thief.

I fancied I noticed a kind of reserve between my white companions and myself. Next day I discovered that the bird of ill omen was the cause. While I was absent at Maketu some officious meddling pakeha, whose name I never could find out, had induced them to discard my advice, substituting for the rugs six peacock feathers, which they had purchased from a barber's shop for a shilling each, and a pound a piece of cheap tobacco.

I had my bag sent ashore, and never went near the yacht again. She sailed shortly afterwards for Tahiti, to be totally destroyed a few months later in Nukumbassanga passage, Ringold Islands, in the north-west of the Fiji group.

In "South Sea Bubbles," the writers lament the destruction of these South Sea treasures in the shipwreck, I only hope that all the Maori gifts went to the bottom with her, too.

So ended the beautiful "Albatross." But for those peacock feathers and an atrocious and insulting return for priceless gifts, I should have sailed with her, and have had the pleasure of adding a shipwreck to my other adventurous experiences.

Before the "Albatross" left New Zealand, the Earl wrote me his confession of faith, to the effect that: – There are three kinds of fools in the world: one was the wise fool, who knew what a consummate ass he was, but considered the fact as a secret between himself and his Maker. Another was the happy fool, who believed himself to be rather a genius than otherwise. The last, the fool of fools, was he who consciously and defiantly proclaimed his asininity on every occasion.

He concluded by saying: "I claim to be one of the last class."

I took this to be a proud Englishman's humble apology for a most grievous error in the courtesies of life, in the matter of the peacock feathers, etc.

CHAPTER XXXI. A SCOTCH LASSIE.

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A SCOTCH LASSIE.

MISS GORDON CUMMING'S PUNCH.

In the year 1882 I received an urgent autograph letter from Sir Arthur Gordon, then Governor of the Dominion, asking as a personal favour that I would "take care of a Scotch lassie, a Miss Gordon Cumming, an authoress, who would meet me at a certain place on a date named." The letter was somewhat indefinite, but it appealed to my Scotch blood, so I saddled up and started that very night, reaching the trysting place well on time, keenly anxious to "become acquaint" with the fair lady. Do not blame me, my readers, if I conjured up quite a tender romance – poi dances by the Maori maidens; rides to the Fairy Springs and other beauty spots, etc. Imagine, therefore, my disillusionment when I beheld a tall, massive person, clad in large patterned shepherd's plaid coat, vest, and short skirts, stout grey hose, and wearing a huge Kilmarnock bonnet adorned with a whole grouse wing, and she introduced herself as "Miss Gordon Cumming, sister of the Lion Slayer." She had light hair and eyebrows, and a high complexion. Well, she did not call up in my mind the line, "And light, springing footsteps are trampling the heather." My romantic castles in the air came tumbling down. However, the lady was very companionable, though she expressed preconceived opinions on every possible subject, and disagreed absolutely with my remarks on the Maoris, about whom I am supposed to know something.

After doing the Rotorua sights – barring the riding trips, which I cut out – we put up at McCrae's Wairoa Hotel for the night, intending to make an early start on the morrow for the Terraces, but at breakfast time my protege was missing. I should mention that the Tuhourangi tribe had fixed a charge of £5 for photographing or sketching, fearing that it would

attract visitors to deal for their lands, the very thing Sir Arthur Gordon had so emphatically warned them against. I saw a bevy of children running towards me, shouting: "Te wahine, pakeha! Tamihana!" I raced the 400 yards in the direction they pointed in record time, followed by half a hundred villagers. On topping the ridge overlooking Lake Tarawera, I saw my "Scotch lassie" perched up on a splendid pinnacle rock that rose up twenty feet on the verge of a perpendicular precipice above the lake, many hundred feet below. I heard the Maori land-ranger, a fine athletic fellow named Tamihana Rangihuea, demanding £5, to be answered with a snap, "Not a shilling." I saw him make a grab at her sketch block, which she immediately placed behind her, and then stood up, and, really, she made a striking figure. The great valley of the lake was filled with drifting mist, through which the sun broke here and there, disclosing its lovely blue waters, and grim old Tarawera mountain towered nearly 4,000 feet in the background. The artist loomed up like the Colossus at Rhodes. The Maori official, influenced, no doubt, by the artist's magnificent proportions, lowered his tariff to two shillings. "Not a bawbee shall you get out of me," answered the lion-hunter's sister.

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By this time Tamihana had crawled nearly to the top of the rock, and, exclaiming: "I pull you down soon, I tink," he made a quick grab for her right ankle.

Rolling up her sleeves, the Highland damsel overshadowed him, and just as he was getting his knees on the top of the rock, she dealt him an appalling smack between the eyes. Tamihana toppled over several times, landing on his back on some loose stones with an ominous thud. His comrades ran forward, and stood him up again, he gasping the while and rubbing his head and as many portions of his anatomy as he could find hands for. There stood my Scotch lassie, with the glare of battle in her eyes, shouting: "Come on; if there's any more of your kidney down there, come up here. I'm just in the humour to take on the lot of you!"

I shall never forget poor Tamihana's bewildered look as he plaintively asked me, "Heaha tena?" (What is it?) "He wahine Kotimana" (A Scotch woman), I replied. "My warra," said he, "me no raiki te Kotimana wahine."

Miss Cumming said it was very gracious of me not interfering, and I answered that it was quite unnecessary, as I saw she had "the situation well in hand."

My fair charge seemed highly satisfied with herself, saying: "And now I'll enjoy my breakfast, and we'll go and see if this Rotomahana you talk about so much will come up to my expectations." But the glamour had worn off, and I quite forgot to ask her whether or not it did.

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I was in Fiji shortly afterwards, and while there endeavoured to purchase for the Auckland Museum some specimens of the very interesting native pottery; but, alas! Miss Cumming, with her cousin, the Governor's, assistance, had secured everything worth having in the group, and though I made a fifty-mile voyage in a native outrigger to a small island tribe of hereditary pottery makers, she had been ahead.

Miss Cumming's Maori antagonist, by the way, was a noted ladykiller. But if ever Tamihana presumed too much, the Maori maidens could always silence him by inquiring: "What about the Scotch wahine?"



CHAPTER XXXII. DEATH OF CAPTAIN GILBERT MAIR.

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DEATH OF CAPTAIN GILBERT MAIR.

BURIED AS AN ARAWA CHIEF.

IMPRESSIVE MAORI CEREMONIES.

Captain Gilbert Mair died at Tauranga on the 29th of November, 1923, aged eighty years. He was born at the Bay of Islands in 1843. The funeral ceremonies were conducted in accordance with a wish expressed in a letter addressed to the Arawa tribe, which stated: –

"A word in conclusion for you, my elders, to consider or otherwise. The desire is for my remains to rest in the family vault at Whangarei, but because of my love for friends and chiefs of Te Arawa, Maketu to Taupo, the heart requests that I should lie in some portion of Arawa lands, so that your elder can hear the eight breaths of Te Arawa in action upon its canoe. Your son, however, has settled that I lie at Te Papa i Ouru, which is a matter of rejoicing to me. You honoured me when living, and in death you honour my body by burying me in the boundary of the canoe which I loved dearly."

As soon as Captain Mair had passed away, Mr. Colin Norris, an old friend at Tauranga, communicated with the Arawas, who said that they had decided to receive the body at Maketu, as that was where their canoe landed. The handing over ceremonies took the form of a welcome to a distinguished man regarded as a living visitor. Soldiers who fought with him delivered orations of welcome and appreciation of his coming to the place where the first canoe landed from Hawaiki, where the Arawas multiplied, progressed and produced great chiefs. His friends, many of whom had passed away, had they been alive, the ground would tremble beneath the thunder of their feet. They asked him to spend the night before he passed inland to rest for ever on the great Arawa canoe. Orations continued all day and evening. The body was then taken inside the meeting house, where further tributes were paid all night. The cortege moved on next morning. There were no farewell messages, for it was realised the deceased was going but a little way. Approaching Taheke, the cortege was met by six armed warriors,

who refused to allow a passage until that marae was entered, and the mourning continued there for an hour.

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The body reached Ohinemutu on Saturday evening. Arawas had assembled from far and wide, and a large number of townspeople and visitors had assembled. At the entrance to the pa the cortege was met by several great chiefs, who filled the air with lamentations. Inside were gathered hundreds of Arawas, the women bedecked in greenery (a symbol of grief). The assembled warriors, realising that deceased had reached his last resting place, called upon him and the spirits of the departed accompanying him, welcoming all to the marae to the scene of their activities in life.

The coffin was placed in front of Tama-te-Kapua, the Maori carved house, and surrounded by numerous wreaths, which came from all over the North Island. Mourning continued for some hours. The casket was then taken inside the meeting-house, and surrounded with mats and other examples of Maori art, while the sword of Major Fox, an old associate of Captain M. air, was laid on top. Orations and manifestations of grief continued till daylight.

On Sunday morning further tributes were paid to the departed chief. A memorial service was held in St. Faith's Church, the sermon being preached by the Rev. Spencer. An address was delivered at Tama-te-Kapua by Mr. F. Earl, K.C., who described Captain Mair as the most lovable and generous man he had ever known. The success of the recent lakes case on liberal terms was due to his moulding of public opinion. He died poor in money, but rich in esteem and love.

The arrangements for the funeral were carried out under the supervision of Mr. Tai Mitchell, and Major Sumner was in charge of the military guard of honour, consisting of local territorials, cadets, and scouts.

The interment took place in the afternoon, in the presence of a large concourse of mourners and friends.

Deceased held a unique position, being the only pakeha admitted to full rights of Arawa chieftainship, and, in addition to being accorded a military funeral, received the honours due to a great chief.

FAREWELL MESSAGE.

Captain Gilbert Mair's farewell message to the Arawa tribe, written a short time before his death, contains many eloquent passages. After alluding to eminent friends of the Maoris who had gone before, the message says: –

"The time and opportunity is yours; the leadership falls

on your shoulders. I adjure you, and keep it as the Ohaki of me, your elder, to walk in the footsteps and keep the counsels of your fathers. Walk warily, and depart not therefrom, for the whole Dominion is closely watching you and your doings. Be strong. Jealously guard the good name of Te Arawa, and besmirch it not.

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"Farewell, Matawhaura! Te Tahuna! It pleases me that your majesty, grandeur and natural beauty are preserved for all times to the glory of Te Arawa and succeeding generations.

"A moment but remains, and the heart will cease beating; my people, farewell! Your fathers blazed the track; you walk well and truly therein.

"Oh, my people! While life yet remains, let me for one brief moment conjure up the past, which seems so filled with your many kindnesses that I wish health and long life.

"My children, be men; be strong, and move with a peaceful heart – my days and those of your fathers were days of strife, when human blood was shed – yours are days of peace, when mutual and wise counsels, love for one another and the race prevail. Be therefore brave in the day of peace, and may the Almighty in His Providence bless and sustain you.

"Record faithfully, my dear son, these few words, and deliver to my foremost people. If the opportunity to meet them in assembly had presented itself, my heart

would have rejoiced – but you see me now full of years – aged. Sub-tribes and component divisions of Te Arawa, ally yourselves into one powerful whole.

"Farewell, my people! We shall meet again in the other world. May God have mercy on the canoe for all time. A word to staunch comrades who shouldered arms in upholding the Treaty of Waitangi, and whose services are acknowledged by the Queen's medal.

"Greetings to you! Thoughts revert to those stormy and troublesome days we passed through, and the heart, rejoices that what you fought for then is being upheld now. Peace reigns over the island and its life. You and they who have passed away have made New Zealand a home where the greatest nation, the English, live side by side with the smallest race, the Maori, under one law and loving one another.

"Greetings to you, the courageous. This soldier is going to those soldiers who have departed to tell them all is well behind. Farewell, survivors of the Great War. God bless you all. Greetings to you. – From your loving elder, Captain Mair."

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