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# FRONTIER LIFE.

## Taranaki N.Z.


by

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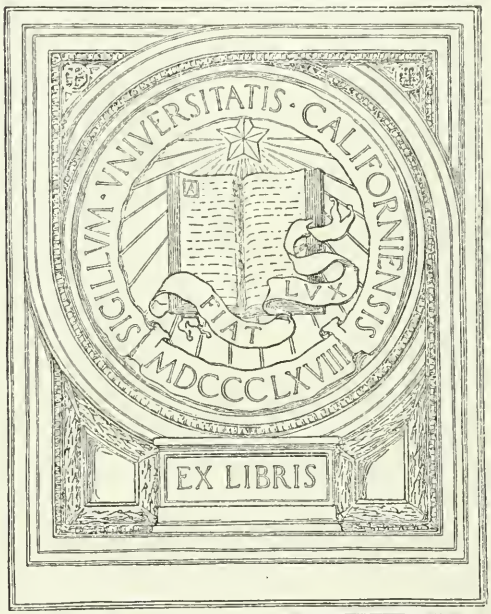

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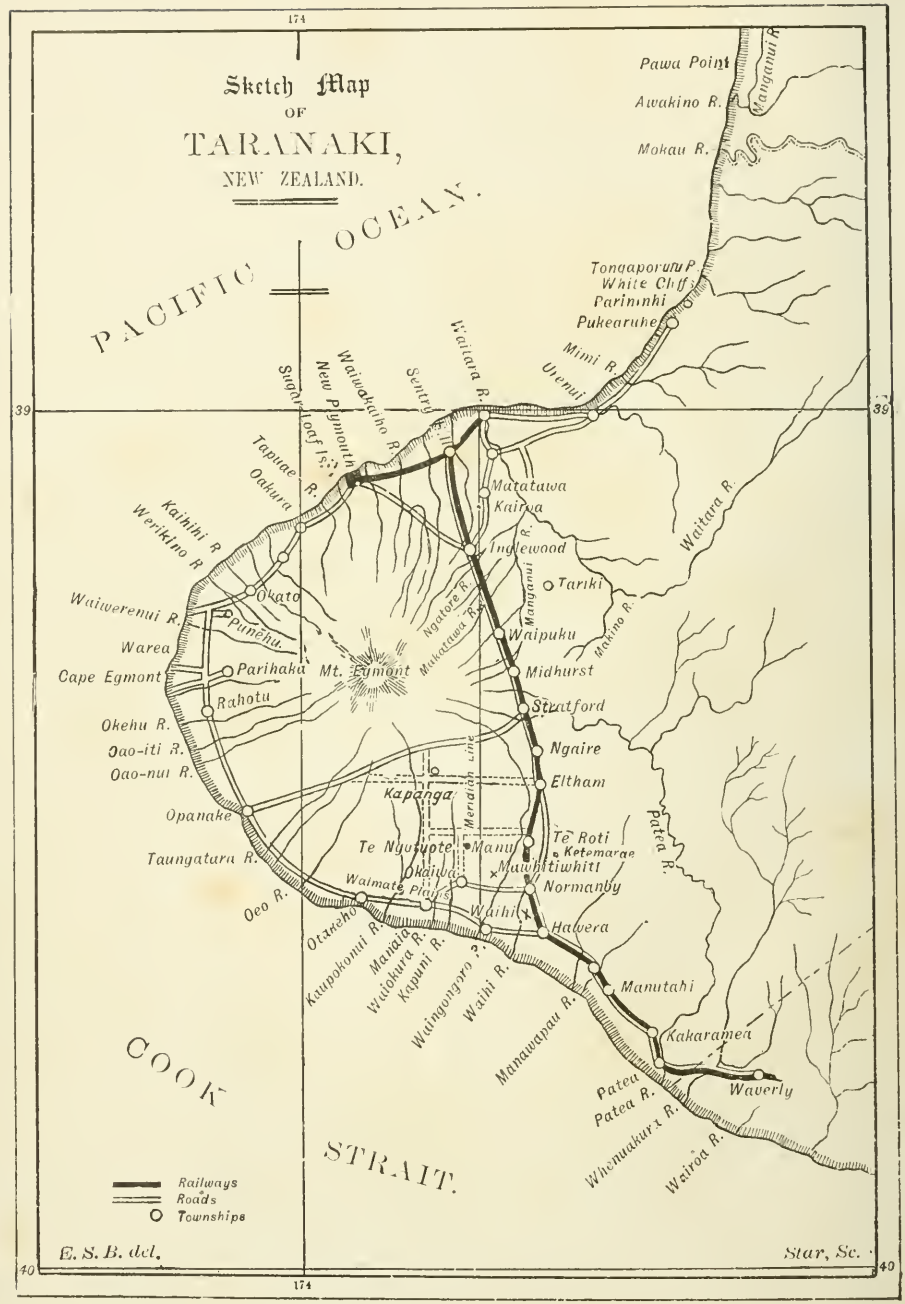

# FRONTIER LIFE:

## TARANAKI, NEW ZEALAND.

BY

EDWIN STANLEY BROOKES, J.P.

FORMERLY GOVERNMENT STAFF SURVEYOR, TARANAKI,
ALSO
DELEGATE FOR NOTTINGHAM AND MEMBER OF THE BOARD OF MANAGEMENT, ENGLAND, OF THE ALBERTLAND SPECIAL SETTLERS, 1862.
MEMBER OF THE AUCKLAND INSTITUTE, ETC.

WITH MAPS AND SKETCHES.

BY E.S.B.

AUCKLAND, N.Z.:
PRINTED & PUBLISHED BY H. BRETT, SHORTLAND & FORT STREETS.
1892.

TO

MY FATHER

THESE FEW BRIEF PAGES ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

TAKAPAU, ALBERTLAND,

NEW ZEALAND, JULY 20th, 1892.

# PREFACE.

THIS little work contains a number of incidents that I hope will not be devoid of interest to the general reader. The various descriptive scenes are chiefly the result of personal observation during some years of tent life in nearly all the frontier parts of Taranaki. I had unusual facilities for watching the progress of settlement of forest country in that provincial district during the period between 1875 and 1885. The information thus gained I have embodied in a series of sketches, some of which appeared in briefer form in the "Kaipara Times," under the title of "Sketches by a Surveyor," during August, September, and October, 1889.

The chapters that deal with the technicalities of surveying will be interesting chiefly to members of the profession. A new system of surveying, in place of that formerly in vogue, was introduced by Messrs. Thompson and McKerrow, Surveyors-General, and in the Taranaki district it was carried out by the Chief Surveyor in a manner that could not be excelled. The united feeling in the Field Survey Staff, and the kindly spirit that prevailed amongst my party in camp life, will always be a matter of pleasant remembrance to me.

These sketches also embrace an epoch in the history of New Zealand not to be lightly passed over—the period when the long-standing Native difficulty was solved. This will account for the political vein running through some chapters in which I have endeavoured to bring out in bold relief the important services rendered in securing a lasting peace between the European and Maori races by various prominent New Zealand statesmen —notably Sir George Grey, Sir Julius Vogel, and the Hon. John Bryce.

One important feature will be obvious to the reader, namely, the record of my own observations of Maori life and character. If I have lingered fondly upon the customs and traditions of this interesting people, it is from a desire to place on record information that derives a peculiar interest from the fact patent to every observer, that "Old New Zealand" is fast passing away.

In drawing my labours to a close, I must refer gratefully to a list of authors found at the end of this book, from whose works I have received many valuable hints. I am also indebted to the "History of Taranaki," by the late B. Wells, for a few extracts; and to the "Defenders of New Zealand," by the late W. Gudgeon, for a description of some of the heroes of the native war. My thanks are specially due to T. F. Cheeseman, Esq., Curator of the Auckland Museum; to Captain Shillington, R.A., of the Auckland Free Library; and to the Rev. W. Gittos, for many years native missionary in the Kaipara district.

E.S.B.

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# ERRATA.

Page 29.—Twelfth line, "a Bill" in place of "an Act."

Page 74.—Last line but one, "Maui" in place of "Mani."

Page 87.—Tenth line, "one-third" in place of "three-quarters."

# APPENDIX.



# SKETCHES.



## COLOURED.

# FRONTIER LIFE, TARANAKI.

## CHAPTER I.

### FROM AUCKLAND TO NEW PLYMOUTH.

AN announcement appeared in one of the Auckland papers of May, 1874, that surveyors were required by the Provincial Government of Taranaki. There were in the colony a number of surveyors out of employment at that time, for in this branch things bore a look of depression. Perhaps no matter how good the times there will still be a few unemployed, especially in large towns.

I was indebted to the courtesy of Captain Heale, Inspector of Surveys, for a letter of recommendation to the effect "that I had an extended knowledge with the mechanics of surveying." This led to my services being accepted, and I was chosen out of a large number of applicants. The Captain's sympathy had been enlisted by the sight of a small instrument (see Appendix B) that had been my study and work for some months. It was taken to him for inspection and thus he was enabled to form a judgment of my capabilities.

Now came the question of a theodolite, the one that I had been possessed of having been sold in San Francisco on my return to New Zealand. The choice, however, was to me no small matter, so I paid a visit to the shop of Mr. Thos. Peacock, Optician, Shortland Street, Auckland, and selected one from his stock; this, acting upon the advice of the Chief Surveyor, I shortly afterwards exchanged for a transit theodolite, so that as well as being able to take horizontal angles, vertical ones could be taken also. The use and value of these instruments may be explained in this manner: What an officer of a vessel can do with the sextant and chronometer, or the compass and log at sea, the surveyor can

accomplish with the theodolite and electric telegraph (for time) or the theodolite and steel band in a more correct form on land. The position can be fixed from time to time as he advances with his survey.

It is remarkable how attached a surveyor becomes to his theodolite. So it was with myself. My little star gazer, as I used to call it, went through the whole campaign with me. So jealous was I of it that it was never entrusted to other hands but once. This was to one of the cadets, who managed to knock the eye out of it one day, when the instrument had to be sent to the optician who put a more powerful glass in its place.

Although the simplicity of the transit makes it a wonder of mechanism, the surveyor must be a mechanic to understand every part of the instrument, so that when taken to pieces he can quickly put it together and adjust it again. The best field surveyors are those who do not neglect this branch of surveying.

I have deviated here a little to show that the chief object of a surveyor's care is his theodolite, this being the very foundation of his work ; as, should it be thrown out of adjustment by any means, there is no dependence to be placed upon the survey.

The uncongenial work of packing up was followed by the still more difficult task of saying good-bye to all the dear ones at home. Taranaki had not at that time a very good reputation with Aucklanders. It was considered the hot-bed of the Maori rebellion, and the great difficulty of landing there made travellers inclined to give it a wide berth. The steamers had often to pass by the settlement in rough weather, landing their passengers at Nelson and bringing them back again by the next boat, when, should the weather prove more favourable, a landing was effected. This was in the days when the breakwater was undreamed of and steamers had to roll about in an open roadstead.

The portmanteaux, etc., were bundled into the trap, and off I started to catch the train for Onehunga, arriving in time to secure a good berth on board the steamship 'Ladybird,' for Taranaki.

The month of June is generally unfavourable for a trip on the New Zealand coast, as we all soon experienced. We were not long in steaming down the Manukau Harbour to the Heads. The test of seamanship came as the bar was approached. The Ladybird behaved very well till she glided through the Heads into the open ocean, but then she commenced to pitch and roll in a manner frightful to behold. A gentleman with whom I had been conversing pointed out the spot where the 'Orpheus,' an English

man-of-war, had been wrecked. At that moment it was all I could do to hold on, with a very peculiar feeling rising in my throat. Still the thunder of the surf on the bar brought vividly to my mind a recollection of that awful catastrophe which no pen can fully describe—one of the many sad events of stirring times enshrined in the memories of Aucklanders; so many gallant fellows lost in sight of land caused a thrill of sympathy to be felt throughout the colony. I was visiting Auckland when it occurred on a beautiful calm Saturday afternoon, February 7, 1863. There was no electric telegraph at that time, but the news spread like wild-fire, "A man-of-war is wrecked!" The sad looks of each one I met on the Sunday following can never be effaced from my memory. While I was gazing on the spot where the ill-fated vessel struck the breakers were lashed into fury as the waves broke over the bar, curling up to a great height into white foam, showing that no vessel could possibly escape if once aground on those treacherous sands.

Of all the boats I have travelled in the 'Ladybird' takes the cake for caprice. As there was a stiff wind blowing, the captain thought it doubtful whether we should be able to land; but a sense of relief came early in the morning when the anchor was let go; then the whistle was blown to wake up the boatmen on shore, when shortly after the mail boat arrived alongside with Captain Bailey at the helm. The surf was making a terrific noise at the time—a white line of rollers could be seen chasing one another to the beach, where they would break in one mass of white foam. It was for a time doubtful whether the surf-boat would be able to get off from the shore. After a while with a great deal of tugging she got ahead pulling on the guide rope over the white breakers; then when free all the boatmen took to the oars and were not long in bringing her alongside the steamer.

Very little of the town could be seen from the deck—only a few houses dotted here and there with the Marsland Hill barracks on the highest point of the town. The first sight of the place would give the impression of its being a rural town, as so many trees were interspersed among the houses. It was no delightful position standing on the deck with the wind blowing hard, whistling through the rigging, having to hold your hat on all the time. There was a dull grey look all around—the mountain was enveloped with clouds, but the Sugar Loaf Islands were visible about two miles distant; while the waves were lashing with terrible force against the base of these rocks, sending up spray to a great height. Paratutai is the headland rock, about 500 feet in height, it is the boldest feature of these rocks, and near the foot of it the

present breakwater jutting out into the sea. The breakers could also be traced by the beach line towards the Mokau.

By the time the leading features of the scene had been fully impressed on my mind, a voice could be heard calling out, "Any one going ashore." The passengers were handed into the boat, which was a very uncomfortable proceeding, as you had to make a spring and a jump in when the boat rose up on the top of a huge wave. All was now ready; the rope was cast off and the boat drifted away from the steamer. Then the men tugged at their oars and the boat swept along, riding the seas in a fair manner until coming to the breakers, when the spray gave us all a thorough drenching. One moment the nose of the boat would be high in the foam, the next in the trough of the sea, the alternate rising and falling causing a most curious sensation to the stranger. The eye of the steersman was now fixed upon a buoy a little distance ahead, when with a dart of the boat hook he caught the leading line from it to the beach, which kept the boat from going broadside on to the sands. The oars were then shipped, while the surf with one heave or lurch caused the boat to come with a bump upon the shore, where willing hands soon run her up out of the reach of the tossing waves. Horses were then hitched on to the bow, drawing the boat up high on the sandy beach.

The following extracts from the "Taranaki Herald" of the 6th September, 1858, will give some idea of the perils that frequently attended the shipment of passengers at Taranaki in what the settlers call the good old times:

"The arrival on Wednesday of the 'White Swan' from Nelson was nearly attended with the saddest result to a considerable number of persons. The weather was squally from the westward with a rough sea, and it was notified through the harbour boat, which had communicated with the steamer, that the latter would not wait beyond the return of the boat from the shore. Accordingly the remaining passengers hence for Auckland had no alternative but to leave at once. The boat had nearly passed through the surf, which was breaking some distance out, when she shipped one or two seas, and in hauling back to regain the shore the hawser parted. The boat then broached to, shipped more water, and sunk. The crew and passengers, including two ladies and two children, in all 17 persons, were now struggling for life amidst drifting luggage, oars, and other floating materials, in an angry and broken sea. The crowd collected on the beach included the families and the friends of the unfortunate persons in the water, and the excitement was extreme. A considerable number of military, civilians, and natives at once rushed into the sea and breakers in the apparently forlorn attempt to render aid. And it is to the providential circumstance of the wind and drift of the sea setting towards the shore and counteracting the effect of the unfavourable tide that their united efforts resulted in every person being saved, one or two being in the last stage of exhaustion. The amplest medical aid was afforded, and the attention and sympathy shown by everyone present did much to deprive the catastrophe of its full severity."

"The undersigned take this opportunity of expressing their sense of the strenuous exertions of the boatmen to save passengers on the occasion of the alarming accident of Wednesday last. They also present their sincere thanks to those gentlemen in particular who plunged into the surf and rendered such essential aid; and in general to the numerous friends, medical and otherwise, who, by every imaginable form of kindness, expressed their sympathy and rendered their aid. And especially they record their gratitude to the God of Providence for so remarkable a preservation.—JOHN WHITELY, JOSEPH H. FLETCHER, JAS. RITCHIE, ROBERT SCOTT, H. RENSHAW, S. FORD."

When I jumped ashore I was met by the Chief Surveyor, who, after giving me an invitation to spend the evening with him, kindly directed me to Mr. W. Cottier's Masonic Hotel, where I found suitable quarters awaiting me.

The first impression of a place are generally the most lasting, and on my first glimpse of New Plymouth I formed an opinion that I never modified afterwards. The style of its shops and public buildings is essentially English. Of all the towns I have seen and passed through since leaving England none reminded me so much of the old country as this rural town; a sense of quietude seemed to pervade everything. You might enter a shop and have to search some time for the owner. No one seemed to dream of thieves; indeed such a sense of security it had never been my lot to witness before.

I must mention one very distinctive trait of these people. There is a pride and independence of character about a number of them that is very marked, clearly showing that the middle class of English society predominates. The kind way they have taken strangers by the hand would put to shame many larger towns in the colony. I may give one instance which it was a pleasure for me to witness: A circus proprietor with all his paraphernalia, consisting of tents, a trained pony, dogs, monkeys, etc., ventured to visit the town, when after performing some nights with poor success all was packed up to leave by the steamer. But the weather proved unfavourable, the vessel passing by a second time, and ruin stared the poor man in the face. Some friends persuaded him to open again with his show, when they gave him a bumper house, sending him away happy. Some may be inclined to sneer at this, but I regarded it as a genuine expression of the kindly feeling that pervades all classes of New Plymouth society. One difficult feat to accomplish is to secure a genuine full house when a thing is played out, and this poor show was attended by the elite of the town.

The population at that time was composed principally of old colonists from Devonshire, the town being founded by the

Plymouth Company in the year 1841. It was laid out by F. A. Carrington, chief surveyor of the Company, with the streets running at right angles. He was also one of the first settlers, and on my arrival was the Superintendent of the Province of Taranaki. He may properly be styled the father of New Plymouth.

The Government Offices were nothing to boast of, small wooden buildings opposite the present railway yard. Beyond this a little to the left was the old landing place on the beach, and adjoining a dilapidated building called the Custom House. Brougham Street may be considered the centre street of the town. At the corner of Devon and Brougham Streets, nearest to the Government Offices, stood the Masonic Hotel; this allotment is now occupied by the Bank of New Zealand. Not far from here on the Devon line northerly was an old wooden bridge—such a structure as would be seen in rural England—of only sufficient width to allow one dray to pass over at a time, having a hand-rail and narrow causeway on both sides; this spanned the Huitoki stream. The roadway of this street was 125 links wide, it only being metalled a few feet wide and this without any fixed grading. In passing through the town the small gardens formed a most noticeable feature, almost leading one to believe that the townspeople were market gardeners. Altogether, New Plymouth looked to me far more rural than Nelson.

Towards the end of Brougham Street the eye is attracted by St. Mary's Church, a plain stone building of no architectural beauty; but its quaint simplicity and quiet churchyard carry the mind of the stranger almost instinctively back to some village scene in dear old England. The parsonage adjoining the church is the residence of Archdeacon Govett, who has been for many years incumbent of St. Mary's Parish. The churchyard is, to the stranger, one of the most interesting in New Zealand. There rest many of the Pilgrim Fathers whose names are associated with the conflicts and triumphs of pioneer life in the settlement, and there, too, are sleeping many brave fellows who fell fighting for Queen and country in the famous Maori war. A little distance beyond the church is Marsland Hill, crowned with its barracks, where women and children were taken for shelter during the war, when the town was menaced by the natives. When I reached New Plymouth I found the barracks occupied by immigrants who had arrived a few days before from England. Quite a panoramic view can be obtained from this hill of the town and roadstead.

Devon Street, or Devon Line as it was formerly called—a reminder that the first survey had not been forgotten—is the

principal street of the town. On passing along this thoroughfare one notices the office of the "Taranaki Herald," the first newspaper printed in the province, established August 4th, 1852. The Oddfellows' Hall, a neat wooden structure, has sitting accommodation for 300 people. A short distance beyond is the Round House, built by Mr. Hurst, one of the pioneer settlers, and nearly opposite the Scotch Kirk, of which at that time the Rev. Mr. Breach was pastor. Still further along the Devon line is the house of the late Josiah Flight, Esq., formerly Resident Magistrate and the apostle of temperance in the New Plymouth district. I shall always gratefully remember the kindness with which he received me, and the interesting incidents of early days he narrated. He died a few years ago at a good old age.

Turning into Liardet Street, the visitor notices the Wesleyan Chapel, in which is a marble tablet erected to the memory of the Rev. J. Whiteley, who was murdered by the natives at the White Cliffs. Mementoes of the war between the races meet one at every turn. Standing near the town boundary and looking towards the cemetery, the eye rests upon a monument in the shape of an obelisk. This striking object stands on a hill facing the road, and was erected to the memory of those who were murdered by the natives at the White Cliffs on the 13th February, 1869.

# CHAPTER II.

## FOREST SETTLEMENT.

AFTER spending a day or two in the Survey Office I obtained all requisite information, with plan of the boundary of the Moa Block.* It was with pleasure I received instructions to prepare my party, who had been got together on a short notice for the field, and to take stores to last for one month. I was also informed that a number of government immigrants would accompany me, these being the first instalment that had been landed at New Plymouth; so altogether we made a conspicuous party, with two drays full of baggage and stores, going up Devon Line. This street had a very deserted appearance as we passed along, few people being about; it was still early in the day which might account for this. We were all walking and, as the bullocks came on slowly, it gave us time to look round.

On passing through the Henui, the ironsand works, with the large furnace and buildings, could be seen from the road. These works were erected at a large outlay. I witnessed the metal run out in a molten state in 1876, by Mr. E. M. Smith, who at present represents New Plymouth in the House of Representatives. He is a man who has given a considerable portion of his time to the study of this mineral, but the problem has yet to be solved how these vast deposits of ironsand that lie along the sea beach near here can be utilised and made payable. Some of my party were constantly showing me all along the route blackened foundations and chimneys, the remains of houses that had been burnt

* At the mouth of the stream Waingongora there is an ancient pa called Rangatapu. Sir George Grey, when Governor, collected a large quantity of moa bones here; they were found in the kitchen middens. According to the traditions of the Maoris, they drove these gigantic birds into the enclosure and then slaughtered and feasted on them. The Moa Block, although some 20 miles from the pa in question, carries with it the synonym—the land of the moa—as these birds must have roamed through its vast forest at pleasure, coming out in the night time to feed upon the open plains.

down by the natives during the strife between the Maoris and Europeans.

Having passed the Wesleyan Chapel and the English Church, a quaint little building erected in Bishop Selwyn's time, we crossed over the Waiwakaiho Bridge, a large structure with an arch rising from the platform or roadway. The first bridge was erected further down the river and was washed away in a heavy fresh. I have frequently noticed the rapid rise in these rivers, caused by snow-water running from the mountain, and they will go down again just as rapidly.

Some few chains beyond this bridge, to the left, the natives put up a large pole in 1849, which was standing, at the time of my first visit, with a carved figure on the top, as a warning to Europeans not to advance any further eastward. Not seeing it a few years after, I made enquiries of the toll-gate keeper, Mr. Bishop, as to what had become of it; he said it had been destroyed by fire. This was a pity, as it had been my intention to have preserved it in case of it not being damaged. Many a night have I ridden by this object at all hours, when I could almost picture the natives dancing the savage war dance around it amidst the glare of their fires. Such was the scene that one of my party told me used to take place.

Bell Block had its quota of ruins. The village contained at that time two public houses, the same number of stores, school, church, etc. This settlement is in the midst of a fine level country, but seemed to be much neglected. It was only four miles from New Plymouth. We then crossed the Maungaraka stream, when a short distance further brought us to Sentry Hill, near the present site of the railway station.* One mile from here we came to the commencement of the forest, then proceeded along the mountain road until coming to the house of one of the military settlers, Mr. William Old. The road being impassable for a dray beyond here, we unloaded all the stores and baggage; then what could not be made into swags we left in this settler's charge until sent for. It was hard work for the immigrants to carry their loads, as they were not used to rough bush roads, which, to tell the truth, were almost impassable for travellers. The bush had been felled to form a road one chain wide, but it might be said this was all. Close to the Waiongona River there was one solitary hut, belonging

* At the latter end of 1874 I rode out with the chief surveyor, Mr. Thos. Humphries, to Mahoetai, which is a little westward of Sentry Hill, on the Waitara and New Plymouth road, to assist him to lay out the road through the spot where the battle had taken place, November 6th, 1860. He pointed out the spot in the swamp where two of the natives were shot. Mr. Humphries was at the time of the fight an ensign in the Taranaki Militia and a good marksman, having won many medals. The natives suffered a severe defeat by the forces of General Pratt, and Te Wetini Taiporutu was killed. Rewi, although at hand, would take no part in the engagement.

to the most advanced settler inland. Here we all spent the night, jammed up like figs in a box; one of the immigrants burning the sole of his boot off through sleeping too near the fire. There was a very lively fellow amongst them who went by the name of Sambo, his jokes and fun kept the rest in good spirits. Yet with all this it was at times easy to perceive that some began to lose heart as they got further into the forest, most likely thinking they might be eaten up by the natives or get lost in the bush. One of the immigrants afterwards got lost for some three days close to the road. He was found by a search party, having at intervals dropped various parts of his clothing which, when found, proved he had been walking round in a circle within a short distance of the road.

Early in the morning, after a scratch breakfast, all were busy getting their loads or swags into order and a start was soon made. A difficulty now presented itself as to how the Waiongona River could be crossed. This river takes its source from the mountain and was too deep to ford. There was a cliff on the opposite side with a tree leaning against it in an almost perpendicular position; in this tree notches had been cut so as to form steps, and therefore it got the appellation of Jacob's Ladder. It was with great difficulty that we climbed up with our swags, as it was about twenty-five feet high. However, when the feat was accomplished the journey became one of mere scrambling over logs and branches, until arriving at the present site of Inglewood. Here we found the first survey camp; that of Mr. Cheal and his party, who had been up some days before us. They gave us a welcome; so as it was late in the afternoon we did not pitch our tents but found sleeping quarters with them. The bitter cold of the first night in tent on this road was so sharp as to deprive me of much sleep. In the morning, on opening the entrance to the tent, the ground was white with frost, and the air both keen and sharp.

The immigrants were not long, with the aid of Mr. Earp as instructor, in putting up two large whares, which gave them very fair quarters while they were employed felling the forest of the present site of Inglewood, and making the road towards Sentry Hill passable for drays.

Although we were now comparatively isolated in the wild forest, Mr. Cheal held divine service on Sundays for the immigrants and survey parties.

The mountain road runs in the direction of General Chute's track, but more direct and with a much better line of road. The immigrants had now an overseer appointed over them in the person of Mr. Robinson—a better choice could not have been

made. Soon a band of Germans, Danes, Swiss, also a few Italians arrived with their families, when whares and tents became dotted all over the ground.

The surveys were now pushed on with a rapidity that seemed astonishing, owing principally to the level nature of the ground. Then, when a clearing was effected where the town was to be located, the Superintendent and Provincial Secretary with a number of the councillors arrived on the spot, bringing with them a lunch basket well provided with sparkling champagne to perform the ceremony of christening the township "Inglewood." This was on the 23rd of January, 1875. There were now three Auckland surveyors engaged upon the sub-division of the Moa Block, which work being rapidly completed the first sale took place March 20th, 1875. The whole of the lots were quickly taken up, as the greater portion of it was on the deferred payment system.

After the first sale, commenced great activity in Inglewood, the building of government cottages, private stores, hotels, etc. More immigrants kept on still arriving, and the constant draying of timber with carting of stores soon made the roads almost impassable. A person riding on horseback had to plough his way for miles up to the saddle girths in mud. This mud was of a much lighter and freer nature than the stiff clay usually met with elsewhere. There was now every attraction for bushmen and shingle splitters; the immigrants also were not long under their instructor in becoming good axemen and bush-fallers. In a short time, library, churches, and buildings of all descriptions were erected, and many of the immigrants moved on to their sections from the township. The Moa and other blocks had been laid out with the understanding that the railway would follow, so the land was sub-divided equally on both sides of the mountain road, leaving one chain in width for the railway another chain for the road.

Burning off the clearings or bush fires generally commenced towards the end of January, lasting until March. As a rule each clearing burns out in about a week or fourteen days, leaving charred barrels or logs to be again fired some other time when thoroughly dry; or they can be split into posts and rails if the right kind of timber or straight in the trunk so as to allow of splitting easy. The lighter branches that may not have been burnt up are then logged or chopped up into small pieces, thrown into heaps and burnt off. Those who have never witnessed one of these large bush fires would scarcely believe the grand effect that is produced by them. The vast volume of black smoke that

arises after the fire brand has been applied causes a dark shadow to fall on all surrounding objects; this is accompanied by a roaring noise when, after a few seconds, flames of fire burst out to a tremendous height, disclosing a bright red furnace beneath that makes you run away from the scorching heat. I remember having to run the gauntlet when the bush was on fire from Inglewood to Sentry Hill. There were some dead pines nearer to the latter place. The railway was not formed then. It was nearly eleven o'clock at night. I was riding a splendid horse, but at the same time doubtful whether it would face the smoke and fire. More than usual horsemanship being required to guide my steed along the burning mass close alongside the mountain road. But it would be next to impossible to forget the glorious sight presented by the tall pines on fire right to the top, some of them dotted all over with brilliant lights resembling spirit lamps emitting a clear bluish flame, caused by the resin in the tree burning out. Then beneath the light scrub was burning with a fierceness causing it every now and again to flash out with grand effect, showing surrounding objects for a long distance as if in broad daylight. At times I had to ride fast to escape the burning heat and to avoid falling trees. This was risky in the extreme; but to turn back again would have been still more so. There was no alternative but to dash forward at a gallop. The noble animal being one of those well-bred horses that Hawera can turn out, there was no need to urge it forward—it seemed fully aware of the impending danger as well as myself; so with its ears set forward my terrified charger went dashing along in grand style. The glare of the fire added a charm to the scene, and it was only when a dense cloud of smoke swept across the road that I had to draw the rein somewhat tight; then pressing my knees into the side of the saddle as the ground was rough I let the horse go free, when I appeared to float along like a spectre while the fires were roaring and crackling on both sides of me, so that to get through meant a race for dear life.

A year or so only had elapsed when the railway was commenced from Sentry Hill towards Inglewood. I took a great interest in the progress of settlement during its various stages in this district, and it was made still more interesting to me because I had a previous initiation in special settlement in the north, where I had witnessed a number of people attempt to settle but who could not owing to the want of means and the difficulty of obtaining suitable employment:

The great success of this scheme for promoting settlement in forest land of the Moa and other blocks successively opened, must

be attributed to the fact that the immigrants were let piece-work upon the road and railway as the contracts were carried out. The bush on the road line was felled one chain wide with a twenty-foot track cleared in the middle, and men were also employed on the railway clearing a track, taking out stumps, etc., and afterwards making the cuttings or earthwork by piece and contract. This is the secret of the success of the first body of settlers, so that while the husbands or heads of families were employed in this manner their wives and children were working on the land which had been taken up on the deferred payment system, generally not far away from the line of railway.

If we look at the matter in a proper light it must be admitted this is the true way to foster settlement. We will take as an example of the reverse side the trunk line of railway between Te Awamutu and the Upper Mokau, where the line has been pushed beyond settlement. Where no land has been obtained on the completion of each portion of line, away go the labourers and population that have been brought together during its construction, leaving a white elephant to the colony in place of a paying line. The line has to be paid for, although for lack of settlement the money spent on its construction is virtually wasted.

The settlers upon the Moa and other blocks, with the money obtained by contracts, gradually made homes for themselves. They bought small clearings and stocked them with a few head of cattle, paying their instalments regularly, thus making the best of settlers. Of course there were numbers who purchased the land outright and also employed labour, but the immigrants as a rule took up deferred payment sections which were disposed of with those that were sold for cash, thus, strictly speaking, mixing capital with labour.

The staff of surveyors now increased. Block after block came into the market, with the village of Waipuku. Almost as soon as five or six miles ahead of the railway line became surveyed and settled, the line was carried another step forward, still providing work for those settlers that might require it. Then, as each portion of railway was opened, that section of line paid well from the commencement. The fact speaks for itself.

Taking an average of those that came out under the Albertland Special Settlement Scheme, north of Auckland, only about one-fourth were enabled to settle upon their land. In the case of the Moa and surrounding blocks all may be said to have become permanent settlers; in any instances where settlers gave up their lots their places were soon filled by others.

An argument may arise as to the quality of the land at

Taranaki and Albertland respectively. Certainly this is in favour of Taranaki, as far as the land around the mountain is concerned; but on the other hand, Albertland settlers had also many advantages in their favour, except the work that was required to tide them over their difficulties. To the lack of work may be attributed the exodus of so many. In short, if the same advantages in regard to railway works had been given them, there would not have been a more flourishing settlement in New Zealand.

And so this system was carried on past Midhurst, Stratford, Ngaire, and Eltham, to an average width of five miles on each side of the railway line until coming to Normanby, occupying some years, establishing hundreds upon the land, enabling the immigrants with others to pay from one pound (£1) to two pounds (£2) per acre for their sections.

It must be remembered that a portion of loan money had been devoted to immigration purposes, for erecting cottages and enabling the incidental expenses to be paid. The same proportion had been allowed all over the colony, but it is a question whether it was spent generally in as economical a manner and with such gratifying results as in Taranaki. As Sir Harry (then Major) Atkinson and Colonel Trimble took an active interest throughout, the Colonel living in the midst of the settlement on a portion of land purchased at one of the sales, they can look back with pleasure to one of the most successful schemes ever introduced. The carrying of it out in the first stages was due to Thos. Kelly, Esq., M.H.R., who was also Provincial Secretary at the time.

Taranaki, for the size of the district, may be said to have the best roads in the colony. Altogether, between 1875 and 1885, sixty miles of railway were made and close upon 200 miles of graded roads metalled or gravelled. It has nearly the same mileage in bush-felled roads, with other works in connection with them such as bridges, culverts, etc.

To a person immigrating to a new country the first inducement is the opportunity of acquiring some land to call his own. This can only be done by the freehold system; this is the attraction. Perhaps on this point I may speak more positively, having been selected the delegate representing fifty-one emigrants, and elected to the Board of Management in London of the Albertland Special Settlers, I can firmly say that the great incentive to the large majority of emigrants was the prospect of acquiring a freehold property. The same remark applies to most of the settlers on these lands, numbers of them foreigners. From what I saw of them

personally they were happy and contented with farms they could call their own; they also spoke well of the ruling power of the Queen and the government of the colony. Should the term "lease" have been put to these people, they would have come at once to the conclusion that it meant a species of serfdom that they had long been subjected to in the fatherland.

In the preceding remarks I have alluded chiefly to immigrants. Now one word on the colonials who have been brought up in the colony. They may be regarded as a restless or unstable section of the population, though there are many exceptions. In most cases to them a lease would be preferable to having to purchase the land at once. What I wish to show is this—that to bring all lands under a perpetual lease would be the very means to stop to a great extent emigration to New Zealand. The system of having a choice is far the best. At the present time a person can make a selection under any of the following regulations:—Village settlement, homestead, deferred payment, rural or leasehold, or a perpetual lease.

With regard to the unemployed, it is almost certain that when there is a dearth of work the town becomes the rendezvous of those out of employment; for this reason it is always from the towns we hear the cry. This, in a new colony, will be a constant source of trouble to those in power in times of depression. The question then arises, what is to become of these unfortunates? I will venture to say that New Zealand has openings for all who can wield an axe or use a spade. If men cannot do this and are without any other means of support, they are not fit for the land or what may be termed suited for a pioneer life.

If village settlers are placed on indifferent land or isolated blocks, those who have the slightest knowledge of farm life will predict failures. Settlers can only stop on their sections so long as stores and work are provided for them. It then becomes a matter of grave consideration whether in most cases it is not the undeserving that reap all the advantage, causing the industrious to pay for it. To place the unemployed upon the land without aid in some form is a fallacy. For centuries the greatest statesmen have been trying to find a solution to this question, but have not as yet succeeded.

I may sum up the capabilities of the land surrounding Mount Egmont in a few words. It is a pastoral country—the soil is of a light nature, often of a dark chocolate colour; it varies in depth, is very porous, having generally a gravelly pumice foundation. This soil brings forth grass in abundance. There is not that consistency in the soil requisite for a grain producing district, and

fruit trees grown on it run too much into wood; they require a stiff soil. But a good kitchen garden can be made, and I have seen fair samples of vegetables produced from this land.

The climate is a moist one, and the land is well adapted to stand almost any quantity of rain as it soon filters through the light soil. The mountain has a great deal to do with the moist atmosphere, as the rain clouds collect at the back of it, and rain often falls at Inglewood and Stratford when there is none at New Plymouth. It is possible the disappearance in time of the forest will alter the climate greatly, then where there used to be too much rain there will not be enough. Heavy frosts are common in the winter time, snow only falling at intervals in the most severe seasons.

Taranaki is celebrated for its fat cattle. They are usually sent by steamer from the Waitara or New Plymouth via Onehunga to Auckland, this being the chief market for them. Butter is also exported in large quantities. From the excellent quality of these two main exports may be gathered the true capabilities of the land.

# CHAPTER III.

## SURVEYS AND LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

TO pass on without giving a brief sketch of the surveys would be to omit the very foundation of settlement, thereby leaving this portion far from complete. I shall not be far wrong in saying the greater portion of the best and level land had now been surveyed, and so it will most naturally follow that the surveys of the future will be more expensive as the land gets more broken. As far as my judgment goes, it will also become gradually inferior in quality as the surveys proceed.

Taking this as a base, and then applying the same principle to the whole colony, would it not be as well to class the land so as to let the surveys be undertaken according to the nature of the country or the class of land it represents?

The difference between compass surveys and that of the theodolite traverse with its consequent calculations, also extra office staff required would be fully one-half more in cost of the latter. This is a matter that ought to be taken into consideration, for it resolves itself into this simple question, whether on comparison with our present system we are not even beating the revenue survey of the old country—a wealthy nation with nearly forty millions of population. Is it possible that we have forged ahead three centuries, holding the future responsible for the present, our population being considerably under one million? There are, no doubt some reductions to be made in our present system of surveys as the settlement of the country will never support it, and this branch of our governmental system will sooner or later be made to meet the requirements of the time.

This does not mean that I disapprove of the system we have at present, as far as accuracy is concerned. As a surveyor, it has

been a source of interest to me in all its branches; this very knowledge makes it still more apparent that as the borrowed money is cut off we shall have to come within our means before New Zealand will ride proudly upon the waves of prosperity.

Sir Julius Vogel's policy ushered in most extravagant outlay, only fit for wealthy communities, commencing with the Government, then coming down to our local bodies. The time has now come for reflection and the adoption of more economical measures.

I do not think, as some do, that a great evil has been done by the policy so far. No! we have had the best masters in government, education, lands, engineering, surveying—the lesson now learnt will be easily applied under still greater reductions. Sir Julius Vogel, our great enemy as many would lead us to suppose, was a blessing to New Zealand. Take as an instance of foresight the policy of Public Works. The money it brought into the colony enabled us to conquer the Maori; also to bring the native murderers to justice, thereby enabling those in power to push the railways and roads through the very stronghold of these natives. It assisted in settling with a numerous population the country round the hot-bed of the native rebellion, extinguishing disaffection like the snuffing out of a candle.

The cost of surveys was a subject much discussed amongst the field staff, for should the mileage be given in the reports in the place of acreage, some curious remarks would no doubt be made. I had a conversation with Captain Finnerty, one of the staff surveyors, on the subject. This gentlemen, I may remark *en passant*, was in China with General Gordon, and made the exploits of that distinguished soldier the subject of a lecture which he delivered at Midhurst, when the report reached England of Gordon's untimely death. Captain Finnerty was of opinion that the surveys would in time revert partly to the old system, in this manner: The compass would be used in connection with the triangulation system, or, briefly, confining the error within each triangle. In conversation with the late Chief Surveyor to the West Coast Commission, I discovered this was almost similar to the views held by himself, and Mr. Anderson, late Staff Surveyor, India.*

Speaking of the north of Auckland, the necessity of some less costly system is only too apparent; many whom I know cannot have their boundaries marked out at present owing to the cost exceeding the value of the land.

* This gentleman was considered the best mathematical surveyor we had upon the staff. He kindly gave me one of the printed forms for star work they used in India. The tragical end of this young officer spread quite a gloom over the field staff.

Several curious instances have cropped up since I occupied the position of Chairman of the Wharehine Road Board. A gentleman wrote up to the Rev. E. S. Brookes, saying he had purchased a lot at auction in the Wharehine district, asking whether he could give him any information with regard to the land, and also stating he had £180 and wished to know if that would enable him to settle upon it. This letter was handed to me; so knowing the section very well, a reply was returned to this effect: The section you describe is kauri gum land, with the best of the gum taken out; there is no firewood upon it or any stream of water. It would therefore be useless to settle upon it. This gentleman has now for some years been paying rates upon this portion of land. Here is an example where even a few acres more or less would not be missed in fixing the boundaries. In this instance the owner would probably give someone a little to take it off his hands.

With reference to the old surveys. Through a little agitation of the people the Government had a block of land re-surveyed some years ago, which must have cost close upon £2,000. The few errors there were in the original survey could have been remedied for £200. Many will say that the survey costs should be reduced, but this cannot be if the present system of surveying be maintained, especially in isolated and detached surveys, as the time occupied in this class of work is more than anyone not acquainted with the profession would credit. For country lands, if decimals of a link have to be split, and minutes have to be divided on wretched land, so long will a large staff have to be employed, and the people will have to pay heavily for this class of work. The time is coming when the country will demand a less costly system; only then I have reason to believe will the Survey Department rise to the occasion by initiating some approved system that will embrace the two objects, less costly yet equally effective. Again, in the place of having straggling surveys, they will have to be confined more to the outskirts, by which will be saved enormous cost in road construction and repairs.

A few hints to those about purchasing land will perhaps be acceptable. In the first place procure a plan of the block you wish to select in from the Survey Department and Crown Lands Guide. Secondly, do not trust to this as regards quality, but make a thorough inspection of the section you think you would like, taking with you, if a new-comer, a qualified person to judge of its quality. This would save many a heart-ache in after times, as the land varies so much; hundreds, being deceived, have had to give up in despair after spending money

with many years of labour upon their sections. It is very difficult to give an idea of what land to make choice of, but the growth upon it is mostly a safe indication of its quality. The best forest land near the plains was covered with whitewood, fuchsia, fern trees, bush karaka, also interspersed with rimu, ratas, miro, and occasionally with tawa and puketea ; the open land generally with high fern, tutu, flax, etc. A stream of water running through is indispensable, and the ground should not be too broken. Before commencing to farm look round those farms nearest to the block ; there will be more learnt by this means than years of experience would give. To illustrate the ignorance of country life shown by some new arrivals, I may refer to a practical joke that was played on board the 'Matilda Wattenbach,' the pioneer vessel of the Albertland settlers. The perpetrators had gauged the man who was to be duped. Each person on board over the age of 18 was entitled to 40 acres of land, those under that age to 20 acres, after paying their own passage money. One of the young men came to me wanting a sketch of a piece of land, and I was to make it mountainous ; so bringing my skill into play it was done to the satisfaction of the party. He now took this plan asking several other young fellows to go up with him towards the leader's quarters at the other end of the vessel. Coming back again down the main deck in a body, and approaching an elderly unmarried man they called out his name, informing him the leader had sent him a plan of his section, but was very sorry to say his forty acres were found to be standing edgeways. He never doubted for a moment the truth of the statement. The young fellows handed him a plan, which, after carefully inspecting, he folded up, taking it down below and putting it carefully away in a box in his cabin. This to the great amusement of all those that were in the secret. I had reason to think he often examined this plan, which must have been a puzzle to him. Though I had a good laugh at the time, in some of the country that I have since travelled over, what was at first meant for a joke has almost been verified.

Another instance that may be attributed to over-government causing an injustice to the ratepayer is worthy of being placed on record. It happened previous to my taking office on the Wharehine Road Board. A section of land had been sold for rates due, no owner being found for it. All accessible documents were examined and no error was detected by the Board. But in place of selling the land advertised, the person authorised to sell disposed of the adjoining piece, which had all the rates paid and the deeds of which were held by its owner. On re-surveying the

proper section under the Land Transfer Act, the mistake was found out. The land had to be re-sold and a fresh conveyance made out, the Board having to pay a portion of the costs, the Registrar kindly striking out half the law expenses.

The time is drawing near when some alteration will have to be made in local administration, or, to put it tersely, there must be a cutting of the Gordian knot of red tapeism. It might cause some slight friction to do this, but it becomes every day more plain that some change must be made, for the people are becoming more enlightened. It follows, as a matter of course, that those bodies who give their time and abilities free cannot be slighted or hindered by obstructions caused by well-paid officials in authority. This cannot be done without the true patriotic principles of local government being completely crushed out, meaning in its fullest sense, determined opposition to all progress, the only ending to such a suicidal policy.

The only way out of this will be to enlarge the functions of the local bodies, giving them power to settle the waste lands of their districts, or otherwise they will degenerate into mere bodies of paid officers holding positions of a lucrative nature. I do not say this without being somewhat conversant with all the ins and outs of these institutions, with a knowledge also of the Civil Service; so it is not without good foundation I make these assertions that more power will have to be accorded to local bodies to still further induce our best men to come forward and take an active interest in their districts.

Take our most recent surveys, when it will be seen how many new roads are stopped—deviations have to be made—thus proving an expenditure that is entirely beyond the means of local boards, meaning that some other important work must go to the wall. To illustrate this more fully, take the advertisements in the papers, proclamations under the Public Works Act, stoppage of roads, by County Councils and other bodies.

Then with regard to local government, how foolish it would be for us to attempt to legislate for Otago in this respect, or for Otago to govern our proceedings in Auckland, these two centres being quite distinct locally as to requirements. Yet for all this it amounts to almost the same thing practically. In place of local requirements being made known as to the sectionising of the land, it is already planned miles away from the locality in question, often entailing considerable cost in surveys, whereas if the local wants were known, all this expense would be saved. In place of 25-acre lots having been laid out, it was sometimes

found that they should have been 200 acres. It might be said the district had been consulted in the matter, but at present this would not hold good, as there is no power conferred in a district to decide this important question. It is only too evident power will have to be distributed in this direction, for so far it is rather contracting instead of expanding, which means increased expenditure.

Again, take the cumbersome machinery of Public Works. No matter how small a deviation is required for a road, there are the numerous forms to adhere to—survey fees, lawyer's fees, and an amount of red tapeism that makes it far preferable to leave this part of the business alone, trusting to the honesty of the settler, as the expenses would swallow up all the revenue of some old districts. No County Council nor Road Board can properly do their duty in advancing the progress of the country districts at the present time without being hampered by some of these restrictions. Then unless this is simplified, especially in broken country where there has been no grading attempted, advance in many parts will be next to impossible. We have now in the Wharehine over two miles of road deviations all in constant use. To take over these odd pieces would require a number of separate deeds and surveys, a process which, providing the district had to recoup the amount at once, would mean the setting aside of one year's income of the Board. It is a certainty that these deviations, with their easy grades, must be regarded as a first necessity to make the farms pay in the vicinity, for as the Government loans cease so will subsidies to local bodies. Moreover, some other scheme of local government must rapidly ensue, unless the country is to be to a great extent abandoned.

The Wharehine is not an isolated instance of this nature, for I feel well assured that the manner in which settlers second the efforts in pushing through good roads means a power that will come uppermost in assisting in a better form of local government with still increased powers.

Having been asked to survey some deviations for another Road Board, my advice was: "Leave it alone, you will require the money. Keeps the receipts of purchase safe. Then when you have most of the deviations required, it can all be done at considerably less cost. Should any attempt be made to block any of these roads, then you will be compelled to take the same under the Public Works Act, when there will be little or no difficulty." But from my own knowledge the country settler is too honest to attempt anything of the kind, for he will find it to

his best interests to assist in bettering the roads on which his own prosperity ultimately depends.

To show what a board may accomplish when the members work in unison, I will give a brief account for the information of other members. In 1886 I found Wharehine the worst graded district for many miles around, with grades rising from 1 in 10 to 1 in 4. In 1890 they had been reduced chiefly to 1 in 15, the land in many cases given; the Government also allowing deviations through their property. This was effected in addition to improvements such as formation of roadways, while the rates collected amounted to only £43 a year. The Board at present is in nowise indebted; several pieces of land with fencing have also been paid for. The road has been so formed that it will take the traffic of the district, and in some instances it has passed through the best and most valuable land. I cannot but compliment my co-workers and settlers on their permanent work, which, without the perseverance they have displayed, could not for many years have been accomplished.

The great fault of road boards in the majority of instances is owing to their funds being too small to admit of engaging an engineer. For this reason, through a course of years, a large sum has been entirely thrown away.

After much careful consideration, I cannot but think that a better form of local government could be obtained by abolishing road boards and county ridings, and electing the number of members to compose the local body according to the population to be represented. First much useless expenditure of money would be avoided; second, all local interests would be done away with, and men would be more likely selected for their abilities by decentralising local influence.

## REPORT OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT COMMITTEE, 1890, NEW ZEALAND.

Brought up 11th September, 1890, and ordered to be printed.

### ORDER OF REFERENCE.

Extract from the Journal of the House of Representatives.

WEDNESDAY, THE 30TH DAY OF JULY, 1890.

RESOLVED—"That a Committee be appointed to consider and report on the question of local government; with power to call for persons and papers; three to be a quorum; the Committee to consist of Dr. Hodgkinson, Mr. T. Mackenzie, Mr. Bruce, Mr. Tanner, Mr. R. Thompson, Mr. Lawry, Mr. O'Conor, the Hon. Mr. Bryce, Mr. Saunders, and the mover." (Hon. Mr. FERGUS.)

## REPORT.

The Local Government Committee have the honour to report that, owing to the advanced stage of the session when it was set up, allowing of so little time for maturely considering a subject of such magnitude and importance, and to the press of other public business, they can only report briefly.

1. Your Committee believe the present state of local government to be unsatisfactory, and they think that local bodies having separate elections and distinct powers are too numerous, but that with reduced numbers and extended areas the remaining boards should have extended duties and powers conferred upon them, to enable them to discharge such functions as are now performed by Hospital and Charitable Aid Boards, Education Boards, Land Boards, Licensing Committees, Stock Department, etc.

2. That the financial position of local bodies should be established on an assured basis, avoiding fluctuation and uncertainty as far as possible.

SAMUEL HODGKINSON,
Chairman.

11th September, 1890.

# CHAPTER IV.

## TEMPERANCE AND INTEMPERANCE.

IN connection with settlement the temperance question should be considered. In new towns or villages, the first building is almost sure to be the hotel, which we all know is opposed to the promotion of all real progress. These hotels are generally supported in the outset by shingle-splitters, bush-fallers, contractors, and labourers, but as a rule, scenes connected with the early history of these places, baffle description. Twenty and thirty pounds of hard-earned cash I have known to be knocked down in the course of a day or two. This is out of the usual course of observation, and can hardly be comprehended by those who are not familiar with such places, which are almost absolutely without police control. Sometimes when a man has spent all his money he is put out in an insensible state to recover from his debauch under the starry canopy of heaven. Should he be a man of position, or if there are other inducements, he can finish his bout in a little back parlour out of sight.

Many will affirm that these places help on settlement, but from my own experience it is the reverse—they retard it. Fortunately they are not much frequented by the true pioneer, as every shilling to him is precious. He has first his family to look after, the clearing of his land, then stocking it, so that really nothing can be spared. There are often a few who lose all control in the first instance, they spend recklessly and then they leave the district. The great drawback of these places is the temptation they offer to a man who has got a good farm together. He is first attracted to the place when the temptation becomes too strong for resistance; sometimes drinking habits are

formed, and in a short time his farm passes out of his hands. Many are the wrecks in the first settlement of a new country.

As far as it was in my way to visit these places, there was always a courtesy shown to myself, although an abstainer. In many of them I was even treated better than their own customers. Most of these first proprietors, in my judgment, were too generous, as at the end of ten years not one of the original owners occupied the first hotels of Inglewood, Waipuku, Stratford, Eltham, Okaiwa, and Manaia.

I will now lead the reader, step by step, to a closer acquaintance, with one of these grog shanties.

The village of Stratford wore the garb of an English Christmas. The snow was falling fast, the ground becoming covered in one night to the depth of six inches with a pure white mantle. So, wishing to view the scene, I went out into the clearing. There was something most exhilarating in it, and while standing here the snow ceased to fall, old Sol burst out in all his glory, reflecting his rays upon the mountain, which now resembled King Frost as it was glistening in the sun. A keen cutting air was blowing from it, bracing one's nerves up to the highest pitch ; the scene altogether had a magical appearance as snow to such a depth rarely fell here.

It was easy to picture, in addition to this scene, an Arctic explorer encamped in his tent amongst the hummocky ice, the stumps bringing out this resemblance, while in view was the edge of the forest covered with snow—the ice cliffs, the branches hanging down with their unaccustomed burden. As our regular work was now at a standstill, we set to making walls of the tree fern, placing them upright at the edge of the firefly on both sides, so that we could keep out the bitter cold blast of wind that swept down the Patea River on the edge of the clearing. We could not get sufficient warmth from the large fire we kept going in the evening. Finding the place still cold we enclosed the tents with a wall of the same, leaving an aperture so that we could enter with ease, through which the men brought in huge logs of firewood. It often surprised me how the tents bore the weight of snow on the top of them, as each day I had to get the men to scrape it off. Then the more snow there was the higher the spirits of the party rose, for they set to snowballing one another, having a merry time of it, until their fingers became quite numb. I did not escape, for it was some fun to the rest when a ball caught me square in the neck—the queer feeling of that cold snow gradually working its way down my back next my skin still gives me the shivers. Now it became exciting,

each getting punished more or less in return. One ball thrown with a vengeance missed the object, striking a slab-hut belonging to a shingle-splitter named Hickmate. The noise it made was a signal for firing a volley at this poor man's dwelling. It made so loud a report as to bring out the inmate storming and swearing, but he was soon obliged to take shelter inside. A survey party let loose is often hard to restrain, and so while the snow lasted the poor old shingle-splitter got no rest.

This was when Stratford was being surveyed—there had been two hundred acres of forest felled and burnt off at the latter end of the summer. On the opposite side of the clearing to where we had encamped might be seen on the side of the mountain road a little drink shanty, licensed so that travellers could stop and refresh here on their journey. This place was miles away with only occasional supervision. Bullock-drivers and others used to assemble there, some of the most larrikin elements it would be possible to conceive, for when the proprietor was busy or incapable of attending to the bar, one of the bullock-punchers did this duty for him.

So, as accidents will happen, a young woman made her appearance at this small dwelling. On finding she had no means, and there was no other place to go to, the party congregated discussed amongst themselves who should take her in. At last it was agreed that she should be provided with a place at the back of the shanty occupied generally by two bushmen, one of them being our neighbour Hickmate. His manner of life was to earn money at the hut opposite to us, then spend it at the grog shanty, for he was a thorough toper.

The leader of this gang arranged that they would have a spree and marry this woman to Hickmate, so they had what they called "a jollification." When in a small room of the shanty, as they were all seated round, the young woman and the toper were well plied with drink; the ceremony was then gone through by one of them dressing up as a parson unknown to these two, who went through the performance to the satisfaction of the rest, to judge by the expressions the onlookers gave vent to. The couple really believed they had been married. When all was over, mirth of the most boisterous kind prevailed; glass after glass was emptied, and one by one they sank down exhausted under the table, to rise with a most uncomfortable feeling in the morning.

Hickmate, with his new wife, lived in the little place at the back of the shanty. For about a fortnight we missed him, as his hut was unoccupied all this time, a most unusual

thing. More than once inquiries were made about him by some of the party, especially as he was not in the habit of absenting himself for more than a day or so at the most. However, at the end of that time, we were all awakened in the middle of the night by a thumping noise. I sent one of the party with a light to see what was the matter, and he found Hickmate battering his own door and swearing. He then came back laughing, saying that Hickmate was drunk, and had his face blackened, with half his whiskers shaved off. In this state he had arrived at his dwelling. Hickmate came over to me on the following morning to unburden his sorrows, telling me he had just been married, but had proved his wife to be a bad woman, which so preyed upon his mind that he took to still harder drinking. I did my best to get him to leave the strong drink alone and to become a sober man. The way he would promise me not to touch it again would really have been convincing to some, but to me it was the reverse. It had become engrafted into his nature. I observed the man after what had taken place, he lost all his light-heartedness, and never appeared the same again.

A carousal has just been described of a kind common enough in the early days of the colony. It happened, too, in a province that could boast of more Good Templar lodges to the population than perhaps any other portion of New Zealand. How degrading the picture. Awake! Arise! temperate settlers of New Zealand. Strive to make an effort in new settlements so as to keep away the attraction of strong drink, for these dens cannot help but bring great evil in their train.

What are those impassioned orators of the temperance platform about that they have not as yet tried to stop this enemy to successful settlement, which is likely to become the curse of these beautiful isles of the South? No colony has such a chance in the world if temperance advocates were to combine and devise some means for the abolition of strong drink, or to prevent grog shanties being established in new settlements. Then the future of these settlements would be assured, and many a farm that is now only half-cultivated would flourish like an oasis in the desert. Albertland! Where are your brothers in this noble cause, that you with a few brave men have fought the evil close upon thirty years, keeping the flag of temperance unfurled in the face of the foe, establishing the principle of no drink shops allowed? What are your advocates doing? Such an example of success has been accomplished, that even the surrounding country is becoming leavened by the same principles. It is useless to bring

forward statistics to support the desolating effects of strong drink, when anyone carefully looking around other settlements is able to trace most of their misery to the cause of intemperance. Home comforts have been destroyed, and the money that should have made a bright and happy future, has gone in the cup that steals away the senses, depraves the man, and finally ends in his destruction. What a different future if all were to combine to make the country by abolishing these drink shops, wiping out one of the deepest stains of our beautiful land. This very operation would mean a prosperity not dreamed of by the most sanguine, and my own experience of the past would suggest that an Act be passed to prohibit, for some years at least, the sale of intoxicating drinks in all new settlements.

Still another instance against the establishment of hotels on these new lands. One of my party had received a cheque of seventeen pounds odd for wages. This man, being a German, thought that notes, gold, or silver, would be preferable to the cheque, so he was on his way back from town bringing this amount in a pocket-book, which he placed with care in his coat pocket. As it was a warm day he took off his coat and carried it over his arm. He dropped the pocket-book between Inglewood and Waipuku, and after travelling some distance on the road discovered that he had lost it. On returning back to look for the same, he overtook the only person he had passed upon the road. He asked this man, who was a bushman, whether he had seen anything of the book. The man replied he had not. He then went forward to Inglewood and informed the constable of his loss. A detective was at once telegraphed for, who slept in the same room with this bushman. This bushman had been noticed spending money freely in the afternoon at the hotel. He was observed during the night examining the pocket-book—the number of one of the five-pound notes was also obtained—yet before this man was arrested he had got through all except about thirty shillings. This amount had all been expended between Sunday afternoon and Monday morning.

The case was so glaring that I engaged a lawyer to watch it, but as he gave no hope of any of the money being recovered, it was not pressed. For all this the man was sent to gaol for six months. The money was intended to clear and stock a portion of the poor German's land.

# CHAPTER V.

## EPISODE AND WILL POWER.

ONE chilly evening I strolled up the platform of the Patea railway station after a long walk from the Upper Patea River. It was now dark, the season verging on mid-winter. The bustle of the station had commenced as the ticket office window was open, and the bright light of the approaching train from Wanganui could be seen steadily drawing near the platform. Off jumped the guard, who was soon actively engaged seeing to the luggage midst the noise of hissing steam and the excitement of an outward-bound train.

There was the usual noise of bell-ringing, with the familiar sound of "all aboard," as I jumped on, closing the window and ventilators to keep out the cold, then ensconcing myself in a corner of the carriage. The whistle gave a shriek, after which the train slowly passed the lights and gazing faces collected upon the platform and steamed out of the station-yard. The black shadow of the town of Patea appeared, marked by its twinkling lights. In the course of a few seconds the carriages whizzed over the Patea bridge with a rumbling noise. Nothing could now be seen but the dark night. The slightly swaying motion of the carriage was accompanied with a noise indicating a fast motion, showing that we were progressing rapidly on our journey, marked at intervals by a shrill whistle at some road-crossing.

I drew myself together, and buttoned up my overcoat as the dim light of the carriage brought out plainly the rain-drops upon the window outside, and made me feel still more the piercing cold. I now tried to close my eyes, having first looked round the compartment. There were five persons in the carriage besides myself, so that the conversation kept up made it impossible

for anyone to sleep, and a person, though half-dozing, could not help but overhear some portion of the subject being discussed. My attention was arrested by one of the speakers saying he had come out in the 'Matilda Wattenbach.' At that word I was at once aroused, and asking his name, I recognised an old shipmate after the lapse of many years. Then the old times were rapidly discussed with those more recent; being now one of the successful colonists, owning some hundreds of acres of rich land at Patea. The buggy had gone forward with his wife and family to Hawera, where he was to meet them. Now came a longer whistle, then lights could be seen in the distance as the train gradually drew up at Hawera. We got out, leaving the station, and walking up to the main street of the town; and over the bar of the Old Hostelry he asked me what I would take. I chose a temperance drink, as I was going to stay at Hawera for the night.

How enticing some of these places look with the long rows of bottles arranged with considerable taste, the colours blending one with another, labelled as "Old Tom," "Pure Whiskey," "Best Brandy," etc., the light shining upon them making the rich tints fairly sparkle again, with the additional attraction of a pretty maid behind the bar. So it was that night. A young lady was there dispensing drinks to those who wished—a tall graceful girl with good features. To me there was a tinge of melancholy upon that fair face which gave it a great charm. Can we be astonished at both old and young falling before these syrens of the bar, when they have such attractions, and then becoming by degrees habituated to this drinking custom. On looking upon this interesting face—the model for an artist—an instinctive feeling made me think how degrading she felt the position of touting for drinks. Perhaps, if we could only look behind the scenes, the smiling face often conceals a heavy heart.

As I was lounging about the rooms, which were lit up brilliantly, but no fire lighted, the barmaid kindly asked me if I would not prefer the bar parlour, where there was a good fire. So, accepting the proffered kindness and thanking her, she led me into a comfortable little room in which there was a blazing fire, asking me to take the arm chair near to it. In this room were two gentlemen so intent on a game of cards that my presence was not noticed. As the time now drew near for closing, a lady in a black silk velvet dress came into the room, sitting down on the couch—there was also another person who occupied the end nearest myself. We commenced a conversation as the game went on as to the

improvements taking place upon the Waimate Plains, which greatly interested me. From where I sat the bar could be seen, and it was evident by the weary movements of the barmaid that she was tired of the long hours and wished to get away. It came as a relief when the clock struck ten. The lights were soon extinguished, after which the bar was rapidly closed. When she came in, leaving the inner door ajar, she seated herself near the captain, and was soon intently watching the game of cards.

The game now became of the greatest interest to those concerned, as could be seen by the looks upon each countenance. The captain's opponent was evidently the favourite of the barmaid—her beautiful face, with its animated expression, was a study in itself. The young man became evidently inspired by it and came off the victor, the captain losing the game with a bad grace. A pound note being placed upon the table, the young lady asked me what I would like to have to drink. I thanked her briefly, saying I was an abstainer. The rest of the gentlemen had drinks all round.

It has often struck me forcibly that many persons have a power if properly cultivated that would make them prominent in the particular sphere that it would be adapted to. The great difficulty would be to locate the gift or "will power" so as to know in what direction it should be employed. This should embrace all those passionate feelings, such as pain and pleasure, sarcasm and sympathy, with a large knowledge of human kind—not the least will be a firm determination to succeed. We have many examples of this power in our greatest generals, statesmen and others, carrying in many instances enormous sway. If these characters are carefully scrutinised it will be found in the majority of cases they are comparatively retiring individuals or not fond of great show, so that it is only upon special occasions that the great power is exerted and so comes to the front with all its resplendent glory. To a great extent this powerful agency may be obtained in a more humble sphere by those who make it a study. It will be termed by some a mesmeric influence only to be obtained by a great deal of practice. At any rate this power is a gift that is brought out in our greatest lecturers, and of these I will give a few illustrations that have come prominently before me as I get farther on.

My first appearance in public is still the cause of a relaxing of the features when I think of the comical inventions I then resorted to. I must have been about nineteen at the time when I joined an amateur company called the Orpheus Minstrels. The

parts of music could be read at sight. The musicians were of a high class, and I was the only one where any deficiency might have been expected to occur. According to advertisement we appeared at the Town Hall, Derby, when the first portion of the programme was fairly gone through ; then the quartette came on and through some cause or other a miserable failure was made of it, so much so that the performers found it very difficult to get off the platform amidst the hisses of the audience. Several of us had been laughing at one another in the dressing-room, as our friends seemed such strange acquaintances. I had already got a large pair of spectacles on, a false beard, an old long coat, and carried a large snuff-box, with a guitar slung on one side. In the midst of our jokes in rushed the quartette party, running in one after the other, with despair depicted in their faces. The leader came up to me much agitated, saying that it now rested with me to save the troupe. I could not help saying to myself, if they fail who are used to the public, what can be done by me, as this was the first time of coming under fire. Anyway, after a few comic expressions, and a waltz played upon the guitar, followed by taking a handful of what appeared to the audience to be snuff, it was in roars of laughter at the contortions I went into, and with a stump speech upon the "Steam Engine," all went merrily to the end. This guitar I have always had an affection for, as the professor, Mr. Hopkins, after playing to me after a music-lesson one evening, "Chime again Beautiful Bells," with a grand expression, related that, years ago, he used to take it with him when engaged to play at Annesley Hall, Nottingham, the seat of Squire Muster.

In speaking of this power I must indicate what it was that first led me to look into it by attempting to obtain some knowledge upon so interesting a subject. At an early age I became passionately fond of the Fine Arts, in this department winning some distinction. I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that the various masters I came under have a great deal to do with this, or it may be said it is their "will power" that is so truly represented in their pupils. This may apply to T. K. Fusseli, Headmaster of the School of Design, Nottingham, 1850 ; Hugo Reid, Headmaster of the People's College ; and J. Bright, writing and drawing master ; also W. Goodacre, F.R.A.S., of Standard Hill Academy, a building erected upon the spot where Charles the First unfurled his standard in the Civil War. Three of these teachers were artists of no mean ability ; it cannot be wondered at if what has been conveyed by will power will often in some form or other show itself afterwards in those that inherit the gift.

The last-named gentleman built the present Baptist College at Chilwell, Nottingham, with the artistic residence in connection with it. I remember when a boarder at the Academy, being taken over it, when it was drawing near its completion, to see the beautiful oil paintings, one of which I could not help gazing upon with admiration. This was the Falls of Niagara taken from nature. Mr. Goodacre was in the habit of travelling with a number of students during the summer holidays.

From this institution has sprung one of our greatest lecturers, the Rev. Charles Clarke. When at school I did not let the library escape, and many were the books I perused. After leaving school I had the run of the library of the Mechanics' Institute. It became almost a mania—I read about six volumes a week. It was also in the hall of this noble building, capable of seating upwards of two thousand people, that I listened to J. B. Gough, who, with that great power of oratory no pen can fully portray, described the burning ship with John Maynard at the helm—but his real effort told in that "will power" which he exercised in bringing thousands to sign the pledge during his career.

Another one who may compare with Gough, but not as an orator, would be George Cruikshank, the caricature artist. To me when he was addressing an audience he appeared the prince of mimics. This, too, when he occupied the platform at Loughborough, Leicestershire. He had made a special journey from London for the purpose, and I am not ashamed to say that I with others, at the end of his address, rolled up, taking the pledge to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, which I have never since regretted.

Then again, the command of "will power" exerted by Henry Vincent and Gavazzi was also something to remember, causing people to shout out in the middle of their lecture, then as suddenly bringing them to order. I will ask why should all our great lecturers make the gem of their lectures the subject of Oliver Cromwell? To me it is simply this—that in him they have a model of the greatest "will power" the world has yet produced, and by whom they can sway their audiences at their pleasure. This is the secret why they make it their principal lecture.

It was on this subject Gavazzi excelled all others in sarcasm, even literally carrying away the audience at his pleasure. The same with Henry Vincent—in repeating the last prayer of Cromwell before two thousand people, he could keep them in a breathless silence throughout.

Having listened to them it caused me to study this popular ideal, when on comparing the two, his detractors and admirers,

I found that Oliver Cromwell, with Milton by his side, shone forth the most brilliant star of English history. It was with pleasure I found my own conception of this noble Englishman verified when visiting Madame Tussaud's Waxworks, London. Here he stood life-size in the plain uniform of his famous regiment of Ironsides.

So it is no wonder that I wrote a letter for home, when on board the 'Matilda Wattenbach,' saying "We have just sighted the Three Kings, on the 3rd of September, the day upon which Oliver Cromwell gained his greatest victories."

"There is no chance, no destiny, no fate,
Can circumvent, or hinder, or control
The firm resolve of a determined soul.
Gifts count for nothing; will alone is great,
All things give way before it, soon or late.
What obstacle can stay the mighty force
Of the sea-seeking river in its course,
Or cause the ascending orb of day to wait?

"Each well-born soul must win what it deserves,
Let the fool prate of luck. The fortunate
Is he whose earnest purpose never swerves,
Whose slightest action or inaction serves
The one great aim. Why, even death stands still
And waits an hour, sometimes, for such a will."

NOTE.—The Rev. E. S. Brookes has a Bible which was purchased as Oliver Cromwell's Bible, containing his autograph. It was printed by John Field, Printer to the Parliament, 1653. Attached to it is also the Book of Psalms dated 1654. It has a diamond-shaped plate in centre of cover, and the corners and clasps of silver. There is also another book relating to Sir Thomas Fairfax, Knight, Captain-General of all the forces in England and Wales; also to Lieutenant-General Cromwell, with other letters from 1647 to 1649. Printed by Calvert, London, about 1650.

# CHAPTER VI.

## THE NATIVE PROBLEM SOLVED.

"To the Electors of the Waitotara District: Gentlemen,—Mr. Bryce having decided to look to you for election, I consider it my duty to give way. The present crisis indicates that the policy of active opposition to Maori sedition is the only safe one, and I think it is a policy which deserves to be endorsed by Mr. Bryce's unopposed return. — George Hutchinson. Parliamentary Debates, 'Hansard,' July 2, 1889."

IN introducing these brief sketches of Taranaki, it is with the idea that a new field will be opened out to artists as well as to all lovers of scenery. The riches of nature in all its beauty, both mountain and plain, foliage in all its luxuriance, skies ever varying in the most beautiful tints, with small rippling streams widening out into broad rivers as they sweep majestically onward until they enter Cook's Strait or the great Pacific Ocean—scenes already become historical—such are the glimpses which may be gathered in the ever active life of a field surveyor.

Taranaki, and I may add the whole of New Zealand, had never witnessed such great changes as occurred between the years 1875 and 1885, the latter half being during the Hall Ministry, under which the strides of progress were still more remarkable. This may chiefly be attributed to the full sway of the Public Works policy, created by Sir Julius Vogel, with a bold determination to overcome the native difficulty. During this period the population doubled itself.

I well remember Sir George Grey and the great native meeting at Waitara, 9th January, 1878, where he and Riwi planted the

tree of peace, which was to continue to grow up between the two races, this being brought about by the then Native Minister.

One could not help noticing the old Maori warrior—his face and forehead one mass of tattoo marks done in elaborate scrolls by some talented native artist many years ago. He stood speaking to the assembled natives and visitors in an earnest manner. This, too, on the very ground where commenced one of the severest struggles that ever took place between the two races. About this time my party were engaged in cutting the meridian line between Waitara and Stratford. It may interest some to know that this line was laid out true north and south by the chief surveyor, with a large transit instrument, from the circumpolar star Octantis—frequently called the South Polar Star. This was afterwards verified by Captain Heale, Inspector of Surveys, Auckland. The first site being four miles from Waitara to Kairoa; thence it was carried on in one straight line through heavy forest some thirty odd miles, making the base from which all the surveys in Taranaki were then to be calculated. This line was afterwards continued to the Waimate Plains.

A short time after the meeting at Waitara an attempt was made by the Grey Government to survey the Waimate Plains, but it ended in the natives under Te Whiti's orders forcibly turning off the ground the staff of surveyors then engaged upon this work and carting all their equipments off the plains.

No doubt this sudden termination to what appeared to be a progressive policy had to some extent to do with the fall of the Grey Ministry. It is only just to say that Sir George Grey inaugurated the policy or inserted the wedge that was to end the native difficulty for all time.

About four miles inland of Cape Egmont there is the native settlement of Parihaka, of which Te Whiti stands most prominently forward as the head or Maori prophet,* a fanatic who had gained an ascendency over the native mind by holding monthly meetings and prophesying, also leading them to believe the lands would come back again into their possession, even those which were now occupied by the settlers. He was a good orator, and could rivet the attention of those who listened to him, as he was endowed with more than ordinary intelligence. The natives would gather together from all parts of New Zealand by the 17th of the month to listen to him, when the very sedition he was

* Some years ago the 'Lord Ashley' was wrecked near Cape Egmont, when Te Whiti and other natives were the means of saving some eleven persons who had landed from the wreck, whom they forwarded to New Plymouth during the war.

spreading increased his following so much that it became a source of annoyance to the Government and a menace to the settlers.

There was no trusting to the more peaceable attitude to which this native endeavoured to lead his followers, always ready with Scripture applicable to his wish. Yet with all this we have had proof of the fickle and inconstant nature of the Maori. Take, for instance, the case of the Rev. Mr. Volkner at Opotiki, on the East Coast, also the Rev. Mr. Whitely on the West Coast, both of whom were most brutally murdered.

Here then were natives flocking to Parihaka with provisions and money, impoverishing themselves for the future. There were many amongst them who also defied our power by harbouring Hiroki, who had murdered one of the men belonging to a survey party. This native had the audacity to parade himself before the Native Minister of the Grey party when on a mission to Te Whiti at Parihaka. By this action it appeared only too plainly that it would require a government of more than ordinary firmness to bring this man to justice. So when the Hall Ministry came into power, and the natives commenced obstructions by ploughing up the land belonging to the settlers, road obstruction, etc., things came to a crisis.

The Hon. John Bryce was now recalled to the Ministry, when a more decisive policy was insured. It was generally thought that Te Whiti himself was glad of the Government interfering. As his prophecies had failed by not coming true, most of the young men were now getting beyond his control.

The Governor even went to Parihaka trying to adjust matters, but Te Whiti calmly told him "the potato was cooked," meaning thereby nothing more could be done. So it became quite evident to all that the natives were prepared for open rebellion.

Shortly afterwards I was sent to re-survey the township of Manaia, also the surrounding block. This portion had been previously laid out by one of the staff surveyors, but owing to the natives having removed and destroyed many of the pegs, the work had to be gone over again.

Whilst here I had the opportunity of observing the natives closely, the theodolite being often on the main road when they passed by on their way to Parihaka. It was laughable to see the gingerly way in which some of these natives would approach near the instrument. The invariable expression that would fall from them after a long drawn breath was "taipo," meaning evil spirit; but my interpretation was—a mystery, or something mysterious. In order to show them a friendly spirit, I would allow many of these natives to look through the telescope, when they would

withdraw from it much perplexed. I always used the inverted eye piece, which was less cumbersome, also more powerful ; but as it turned everything in view upside down, it completely puzzled them, as they could see, when looking through it, the men walking on their heads as they were at work in front of the theodolite.

It was apparent from the absence of that usual bounce that characterised the natives that the firm attitude taken by the Native Minister had its effect.

This also roused the same spirit and determination in the settlers all around, which meant fighting to the last for their homes, causing them to form into companies, drilling to the number of about two thousand men. There was a population now in New Zealand of close upon half a million of whites, with about forty thousand Maoris, but most of the latter live in the North Island under the "Maori King" or their chief, Tawhiao. The Armed Constabulary Force, with the working party, were stationed at Werikino—close upon six hundred men. Owing to the engineer of the road party having gone on an exploring expedition for a road between Stratford and Opunaki, I was sent down by the chief surveyor to carry on the work. On my arrival at the front I reported myself to the commanding officer, and after a stroll round the camp I was escorted, by Mr. D. Atkinson*, to the road works under construction, these being under his charge. They appeared to me to be of urgent necessity, also of a permanent character. Close alongside these works was the native village of Punihu, to which I paid a visit, and saw the meeting house with its obscene carvings in front, and also the opposition prophet to Te Whiti called Motu.

On the following day Major Tuke, then in command in the absence of Colonel Roberts, appointed to my party six Arawas. These natives have been noted for their attachment to the Queen, and make first-rate soldiers. They had their fern hooks as well as rifles with them. At eight in the morning the bugle sounded the assembly, the men forming in line opposite the two long rows of tents. At the further end, on the top of a little mound, stood a small fort, made by throwing up an embankment and carefully sodding the front in layers. This circular fort was occupied by a sentinel, from which position he could command the country round, and from the same could be seen the Pacific Ocean.

After the roll call the gallant major came out of the large marquee giving the word of command, when the covering party, fully equipped, filed off to their duty, which was to take up a

* This gentleman was a brother to Sir H. (then Major) Atkinson, and was drowned a few years ago in the Northern Wairoa River.

position in advance of the road works. Then followed the road party with their rifles, all having their side bags with lunch in for the day. They were then constructing the Great South Road in advance of the camp, a deviation having been made avoiding the beach.

After arriving near to the Waiweranui River we commenced cutting the road line so that the road works could proceed.

In crossing the river one of the natives became so excited in fully expecting a brush with Te Whiti's men that he fell over the edge of the bank, dropping into a deep part of the stream, and got a thorough ducking.

The natives took this as a bad omen, but all ended well. The major was out in front with his men posted here and there in the scrub. Then as we cut the line for some chains further through the ti-tree (this could be called the first line into Te Whiti's land) we suddenly came upon the major. He was reading a telegram just then received from the Native Minister, directing him not to proceed any further with the line for the present.

My party of Arawas now returned to the camp, and during the afternoon Colonel Roberts came in, from whom I had permission to return to my own party, who were far in the forest, many miles on the other side of Mount Egmont.

A military camp life is not to be forgotten. Towards evening parties kept dropping in as they, no doubt, had finished their work or left it in order. Then the bustle commenced with their evening meal, each tent having its mess. Cooks were running about in all directions with dishes and tins of large size, showing the enormous appetites that had to be appeased. Afterwards the tents began to light up, and, being bell shaped, this had a very pretty effect. Those who had a taste for music commenced to practise, some playing tin whistles, others cornets, etc. Altogether, what with the constant passing too and fro of the men, and the hum of conversation, the scene reminded me exactly of our old English fairs.

There was a square wooden building with iron roof close to the road. This they called the billiard saloon, and used for recreation purposes; it was open to the men of the force until nine, after that time to the officers. There were other places put up of a temporary character where amusements could be indulged in and refreshments obtained.

The number of Maoris about struck me as most novel, especially so many wahines.*

* Women.

Many of the Armed Constabulary came to speak to me, some that I thought to be settled in Auckland; showing that they preferred a military life with all its changing scenes and the discomforts that usually attend a frontier life to that of a retired country settler.

Pickets were now set for the night in a cordon round the camp, when the challenging and relieving one another every few hours, sounded to me quite weird. Sleeping in one of the officers' tents, with their weapons and accoutrements hanging round the tent pole or piled on boxes or any vacant place, a decoration that strongly reminded me of the "Southern Cross Knight" buckling on his sword for the last fight.

I found Colonel Roberts both a gentleman and soldier. As far as I could glean from numerous sources, it was through this able officer that so many, in their retreat from Te Ngutu O Te Manu got out of the bush safely from that most disastrous fight September 7, 1868.

The last section of the railway between Sentry Hill and Normanby had been pushed rapidly towards completion, this making the communication at the back of the mountain for military purposes of vast importance. A precaution had been taken to have the luggage sheds of Stratford and Midhurst loop-holed in case of emergency, so that any retreat of the natives in this direction could be cut off should the attempt be made. The advance upon Parihaka took place on the 5th of November, 1881. The very boldness of this movement, to say the least, was a brilliant conception, combined with the masterly way in which it was carried out, throwing a halo of military success upon this event. Up to this time the subduing of the natives had been altogether unattainable even by our greatest English generals, making it appear to those not knowing the native character one of the most ludicrous of checkmates.

Volunteers had been massed some few miles from Parihaka from different parts of the colony, and great excitement prevailed at Pungarehu and Rahotu camp, as they were under orders to march at daylight. The Armed Constabulary and Taranaki Cavalry and Rifles marched from the latter camp at 6.45 a.m., the Armed Constabulary Band playing as they left.

The natives at Parihaka numbered some 2,500 men, women and children, appearing very clean. A great proportion of them wore white feathers as a head dress. They had been expecting the soldiers to visit the pah before daylight. Early in the morning a chief of the Ngatiawas addressed the assemblage, cautioning them to use no violence. The weather was exceedingly warm, and the

Armed Constabulary and volunteers arrived rather exhausted from their tramp in heavy marching order. From a hill in front of Parihaka, the Armed Constabulary appeared at 7.15 a.m., they having been joined by the volunteers from Rahotu, who came by the way of Parapara. The troops on reaching Kapara separated—one body composed chiefly of volunteers took the left with the intention of proceeding to the rear of Parihaka, the rear and main body continuing to march on to Parihaka direct.

The front body of men advanced over the slope to the south west of the pah at 8.30 in the morning, and making a gap in the fence of one of the native plantations, approached the pah, halted, and waited the advance of the main body. Immediately this body was observed by the natives, about 200 young children were sent to the high ground in front of Parihaka and danced a hake. From the excellent time kept by the children, whose ages ranged from eight to fourteen, it was apparent that they had been trained specially for the purpose. The staff turned on the road leading to Parihaka at 8.30, and the children turned their attention to them, performing as they had done to the other companies. On a small rise in front of Parihaka the staff halted for the Armed Constabulary to approach. The whole then came on towards the pah headed by the Armed Constabulary skirmishers. At nine o'clock the skirmishers of the Armed Constabulary Force had taken up position on the hill immediately above the native burial ground, and were accompanied by Mr. Rolleston and Mr. Bryce. The former was on foot, while the latter was mounted on a white horse. At five minutes past nine the four companies of Armed Constabulary had reached the foot of the hill, and then Tohu commenced addressing the native assemblage. His utterances were of short duration, and were inaudible except to those close at hand. Captain Gudgeon and Captain Newall were advancing to the front of Parihaka with a company of Armed Constabulary. The Maoris still kept their squatting position with the exception of the young girls, who were enjoying themselves with skipping ropes, and the boys who were playing in front of the pah. None appeared the least afraid of the approach of the Armed Constabulary.

A few minutes later the Hon. John Bryce, Colonel Roberts, and staff reached the square or marae, but almost immediately proceeded to the rear of Parihaka, where the constabulary were posted. The Armed Constabulary, when opposite the house that was built for His Excellency the Governor in case he should visit Parihaka, halted. The volunteers to the west of Parihaka now closed in, still keeping to the high ground.

At 9.35 Major Tuke and Mr. Butler, secretary to Mr. Bryce, came into the pah. The former gentleman addressing the natives said: "We have come to hear Te Whiti's reply to the proclamation issued to him." After an interval of five minutes, there being no reply, Major Tuke read the Riot Act, calling on all the natives to disperse. The Act was translated into the native tongue by Mr. Butler, after which both gentlemen retired. The natives did not appear to take any interest in the reading of the Act.

At 10 o'clock some excitement was caused in the pah when the Constabulary were to be seen retracing their steps to the front of Parihaka. The natives evidently thinking that the Armed Constabulary had come for the purpose of dispersing them, called on the friends and relations who were loitering about the pah to assemble, which was immediately done. Tohu again addressed the people saying: "Let the man who has raised the war do his work this day; let neither woman cook nor man cook stir. We have partaken of food; let none of us stir lest any of us be absent. Be patient and steadfast, and even if the bayonet come to your breast do not resist." The company who were on the west of Parihaka descended and took up a position in the rear of Parihaka. At this time a complete line around Parihaka, with the exception of the east side, had been formed. At twenty minutes to eleven Captains Gudgeon and Newall with an arresting party (with handcuffs) of the Armed Constabulary, marched to a position to the left of the marae, where the natives were squatting. Major Tuke then called on Mr. Butler to point Tohu out, Colonel Roberts joining the arresting party. Mr. Hursthouse (interpreter), acting on instructions, called upon Te Whiti to come and stand in his (Mr. Bryce's) presence. Te Whiti replied that the Hon. Mr. Bryce and Mr. Rolleston must come to him. Mr. Bryce refused to go to Te Whiti, and said he must come to where he stood (near the graveyard). Te Whiti replied: "I have nothing but good words in my mouth for him or anyone." Mr. Bryce replying said: "From your good wishes I feel inclined to humour your wish to come and see you. Make a good road, therefore, for the passage of my horse through your people and I will come to you." Te Whiti: "But some of my children might get hurt." Mr. Bryce: "No this is a quiet horse." Te Whiti: "I do not think it good you should come on horseback among my children. If Mr. Bryce wants to talk to me let him come on foot." Mr. Bryce: "The days of talking are over." Te Whiti: "When did you find that out?" Mr. Bryce: "Since this morning." Te Whiti: "I have nothing more to say." This conversation was carried on through the interpreter, Mr. Hursthouse.

At 11.30 a.m. an order was given for the arresting party to advance. The natives immediately cleared a passage for the men, and the party advancing to where Te Whiti was seated, arrested him without the slightest resistance whatever. When the men reached Te Whiti, Colonel Roberts called to them: "Let him walk if he will." Te Whiti walked quietly with four Armed Constabulary to where Mr. Bryce and the officers were stationed. His wife walked through the file with him. Tohu and Hiroki were taken in a similar manner. The large assemblage looked on calmly and scarcely a word was spoken. Te Whiti and Tohu were not handcuffed, but Hiroki was. The arresting party retired at 11.35 a.m. Te Whiti and Tohu after addressing the natives were conveyed to the redoubt at Pungarehu under the escort of the New Plymouth Mounted Rifles. Hiroki was sent to the redoubt. The positions of the corps present were—the Thames, Auckland, and Nelson Battalion on the left; Marlborough, Canterbury, and New Plymouth contingent on the right; the Wellington Navals in the rear; the Wanganui on the front face—Wellington contingent also on the front, but on the opposite side of the road; and all the Armed Constabulary were in the pah. Hon. John Bryce, in the name of the Queen, thanked the volunteers, officers, and men for their valuable services. He thought the demonstration was of the greatest value, showing the power at any time at the command of the Government. The troops engaged were 1,700, the Armed Constabulary forming the advance guard.

This display of force was necessary, the natives well knowing it was backed up by as many more along the coast, with those also at the back of Mount Egmont, a district then only recently settled. No mere play would have brought up three hundred of these men to drill in the town of Inglewood in their own time and at their own expense. They were drilled by Colonel Trimble, one company being composed entirely of foreigners. My own services were offered in case of outbreak, for I should have been proud to be the guide or officer of one of those companies, all being sterling bushmen well known to me.

Whatever may be said of the bloodless fight, it is more honour to those that led the advance than if six hundred men had been killed, as we have only to glance back some years previously, when the Imperial and Colonial troops combined, numbering nearly ten thousand men under arms, retired, leaving the Maoris still unsubdued.

Speaking without bias, it was honest John Bryce's unflinching policy that saved the surveyors whilst performing their duties, as the natives were previously for decided obstruction; and the

Maoris were far more startled at the name of John Bryce than that of "taipo."* He is the man that drove the wedge home and for ever ended the native difficulty.

After the advance upon Parihaka the Hon. John Bryce at once became a great chief with the natives, his name being always spoken with the highest respect.

* Quite a different impression of this word "taipo" may be received to that which is intended, therefore it will need further explanation. It must not for one moment be understood that the natives believed the Native Minister to be hard-hearted or in any way cruel. This is not the meaning this word is intended to convey. But the truth of the expression will be only too plain to those understanding the native character. It is used to denote reverential awe. It will also be seen as these pages are perused that the natives show no outward signs of fear so far as human agency is concerned, and it is almost next to impossible to get them to evince any astonishment at the most unusual occurrences. Where we should be all excitement they, to all outward appearance, are quite unconcerned. So it is requisite to show that the manner in which this word "taipo" is used is in a superstitious sense. There is no concealment in this for instance in the observance of the tapu. As the night comes on the Maori becomes another being; all control appears to be lost. He will sing a mournful dirge while out upon the water in his canoe fishing, purposely as he thinks to drive away the evil spirit; but it is a very unusual thing for natives to be out at night except on these fishing expeditions. I attribute this to their superstitious fear. A better illustration of this dread will be read further on in the "Native Tragedy."

Another instance which will bear this out more fully I will give in detail as it occurred. In 1864 I was one day exploring my section of land at Whangaroa when, close to the beach, I came upon a quantity of pipi shells, in the middle of which was what appeared to be a most singular stone embedded amongst them. So after looking at it for a little while, wondering why it should be so smooth and round, I took it up, when to my astonishment it turned out to be a human skull. On examining it closely it was perfect except a fracture across the temple of nearly two inches in length and one quarter of an inch deep. This fracture had been healed up. Looking round the spot there were several other bones, no doubt belonging to it. It looked as if the natives had held one of their cannibal feasts upon this spot. Having at this time just completed my first slab hut with an ornamental pathway in front leading to the karaka bush, to make it still further artistic, at the entrance, I put a stake in about four feet high and placed the skull upon the top. For about a fortnight it had graced my pathway, causing visitors to stare in that direction. At last Soloman, a rather old native, came and appeared pleased with my new walk, but when he caught sight of the skull he gave a horrified stare, and began expressing his anger, saying "Kakino," or no good, pointing to the skull, leading me to understand he would never visit my place again if I did not bury it. To satisfy him I took it down and placed it in a box in my hut. Shortly afterwards, having a visit paid me by Dr. Fisher, of Auckland, the skull was brought out for his examination. He appeared much interested with it, stating the blow or indent across the temple, in his judgment, was sufficient to cause death, and that the natives must have had some means or remedies that we were entirely ignorant of, for he could not see otherwise how it could have healed up. It is one of those singular cases that would require further investigation. This skull was forwarded to the Auckland Museum. Visiting the Auckland Museum in 1891, I found it amongst the collection. The object in bringing this forward is chiefly to show that the natives regarded with superstitious awe and dread anything relating to their tapu or religious belief. No doubt this spot had been tapued with all it contained.

# CHAPTER VII.

## THE DEATH TRAP OF THE PLAINS.

THERE is a difficulty in treating the following subject. History is comparatively silent upon it. Yet to eliminate the dark or melancholy side of the sketch would render it far from a true picture. Nothing ever created such a sensation or deep interest during the war in New Zealand as the enshrouded mystery in connection with the incident to be related, which was graphically given by an eye-witness. As battles are lost and won, our lives mixed with sadness and pleasure, so will the kaleidoscopic scenes of these sketches change before the reader.

The Imperial troops that had been stationed in the colony were gradually withdrawn, the last detachment leaving Taranaki, after a number of years of hard fighting with the natives; this, too, without peace having been proclaimed, while the natives in the meantime maintained a sullen reserve.

In January, 1868, the Government ordered the raising of the Armed Constabulary, when Major Von Tempsky was sent to Patea to take command of the force raised in the district. There were evident signs of mischief brewing, as the Maoris burnt the huts formerly used by the military at Warea, as well as those at Waihi, and shortly after several of the militia were brutally murdered.

The Government at once made an effort to quell this rebellion. Major Von Tempsky, who had been ordered to Auckland, was sent for, and Colonel McDonnell, Captain Ross, Captain Page, Captain Newland and other officers were ordered to proceed to the disturbed district.

Major Hunter, in the absence of Colonel McDonnell, was at this time in command at Waihi. There was another redoubt about three miles to the South of Waihi—it was a place of some

strength, situated on a knoll, surrounded by a ditch and breastwork. Here were stationed twenty-five men, under the command of Captain Ross, who, in false security, slept in a whare outside the redoubt. These places, Waihi and Turiturimokai, had a special interest for me, as they are in sight of, or what may be called close to, the Waimate Plains. Captain Ross had charge of the latter redoubt. The tragic end of this officer, with those who fell with him, make the military career of young New Zealand one of the saddest pages of our history.

"At 4 o'clock on Sunday morning, the 12th of July, the sentry inside the redoubt saw a Maori creeping in the fern outside the ditch, and shortly afterwards the sentry outside perceived in the twilight the outlines of a human form, and challenged twice and fired. This was the signal for a yell, a rush, and a volley from the rebels, by which Lacy, the outside sentinel, received a wound in the shoulder. The redoubt was then assaulted by the rebels, and the awaking garrison, panic stricken, leaping over the embankment, were cut down by the enemy outside. Captain Ross rushed from his whare to the gate of the redoubt, firing a rifle handed to him by Lacy, the wounded sentry, and emptying the chambers of his revolver in a hand-to-hand encounter with the foe. Falling in the gateway, with a bullet through his head, he called out, 'I am done for, men, you must do the best you can for yourselves.' Four men held a corner of the redoubt, but the rest were either shot down, tomahawked, or had escaped.

"On hearing the firing at Waihi, Major Von Tempsky and his men at once mounted and started off in the direction of the redoubt. On approaching it they saw the natives actively engaged in the attack ; but the rebels, finding themselves about to be charged in the rear, quickly retired to the bush. Finding that he could not cut them off, Major Von Tempsky rode to the redoubt, where a shocking sight awaited him. About three feet inside the gateway lay Captain Ross, frightfully tomahawked and with his heart cut from his body. Not far from him, near the gate, were the remains of Gaynor. In one of the angles of the redoubt lay the bodies of Sergeant McFadden, Corporal John Blake, and Private Shield, Captain Ross' servant, weltering in their blood, and on the parapet on the outside was the body of Private Holden. Lemon, the canteen-keeper, lay alongside a whare on the outside of the redoubt, with his heart torn out and his body cut to pieces. The following is a list of the casualties incurred in this unfortunate affair :—Killed : Captain Ross, Sergeant McFadden, Corporal Blake, Constables Shield, Holden,

Ross, A. Beamish, Swords, Gaynor, Lemon. Wounded: Constables Lacy, Beamish, Kershaw, Flannigan, Tiffin. Total: Ten killed and five wounded. Only three dead bodies of the rebels were found."

Although this introduction is short, it speaks volumes, nor can it be read without a sigh or even a tear. Yet what was to follow was far more terrible in its effects, causing a feeling that became contagious during those fierce struggles with the natives, that it was better for those engaged to die fighting than to be captured alive. To judge of these times we must first remember the large extent of country, the nature of the ground to travel over, with its rough roads and native tracks, as well as bad commissary arrangements, and no friendly population to fall back upon within many miles.

Although by the occasional failure of these small bands of soldiers we may have been humbled—we cannot call it defeat—it became a lesson that has not been forgotten, for it has made or given us the best soldiers, and officers who have learned to practise caution in place of recklessness. The fact must not be overlooked that these men had as an enemy one of the most warlike races on the face of the earth, full of fire and energy, and displaying great engineering skill in the fighting tactics of their own country.

When observing the movements and military bearing of the officers in connection with the different companies of the Armed Constabulary Force, I was convinced that the officers that were repulsed at Te Ngutu o Te Manu were those that could be relied upon the most in 1881. A better choice could not have been made by those in power.

The hero of the natives was Titokowaru. The numerous chiefs that I came in contact with all appeared friendly towards me except this chief; but sooner than see the theodolite when he passed by he would slouch his hat over his eyes, except when he had his blind eye in that direction.* Still one could not help admiring this great warrior, although his personal appearance was decidedly against him. This chief was imprisoned for creating a disturbance at the town of Manaia on the plains, and it was during this time instructions were given me to cut up into rural sections the land belonging to his tribe. (Sir William Fox was now chief of the West Coast Commission.) This land was near Okaiwa, the best on the edge of the plains, and was the place where the brave Von Tempsky fell. It had been for years tapued† ground with the Maoris, no white man being allowed to see it.

* The sight was destroyed in one of the numerous encounters with the Europeans.
† Sacred.

I was in Auckland when Major Von Tempsky was at the height of his fame—the hero of the day—having fired many youthful hearts for a soldier's life. A kindly feeling still lingered towards him. After reading the official report of the fight of Te Ngutu O Te Manu, or "the beak of the bird" (the native interpretation), it aroused a deep interest within me to visit the place. Here was the very ground about which I had conversed with so many who had taken part in this sad affair, besides having had several of them in my party. Yet, strange to relate, from all of them I could only obtain a confused account of this engagement.

I went to the village where resided Katene, a native chief who at the time of the fight was captain of the native contingent. His kaianga,* Mawhitiwhiti, was a pretty native village on the edge of the plains towards Normanby, one or two of the buildings with artistic facings forming quite a picture. He also had a number of acres of very rich land under the plough. Briefly explaining my object in coming to see him, which was to know in what part of the clearing Major Von Tempsky fell, and whether he would come and point it out to me, he kindly consented to do so, although at this time he had a counter attraction. Never shall I forget walking up to the clearing with him to what was once the stronghold of Te Ngutu O Te Manu. He stood in the same rifle pit where Titokowaru stood, bareheaded, with the sun shining upon him, relating, as we all stood by, "the fight over again."

He said this was the spot where Titokowaru was standing with his hands uplifted in despair, calling upon the Atua† to come down and defend them, as their cause seemed to be hopeless, for they all expected to die, there being only one hundred and fifty of them (men, women, and children) against three times their number.

At that moment there was a flash of a sword at the edge of the bush—here Katene pointed in front of him—and a second afterwards a shot was fired from a tree. At the same time Von Tempsky fell to the ground.

Titokowaru, who knew the leader well, called out, "We are saved!" Here Katene's face lit up immediately, growing excited, the old war spirit coming back again. Then, pointing to a rata tree to the left, he said a Maori (since dead) was up there, named Kau, with two guns. It was rather a large tree, still standing, with a comparatively straight trunk, the branches spreading out about twenty feet from the ground, in the fork of which the native

* Village. † God.

stood, sheltered by the foliage, and from this tree the fatal shot was fired.

After this, officer after officer fell in trying to rescue the body. It will be necessary to state the reason of this. Katene pointed out to us that to the right of Titokowaru there were several trees left standing in the clearing at the time. One, a large rata, was afterwards burnt down; the spurs or roots were still visible. This tree, being hollow, had a stage erected up in it where the branches forked out. Several Maoris occupied this position as sharp-shooters. One tree close to the bush still partly standing—a pukatea—with a square hole cut out three feet from the ground where the native got in, being covered up afterwards so that no opening could be seen; then he ascended inside until some twenty feet from the ground, firing through loop holes.

This accounts for the rapid fall of the officers, when, as Katene expressed it, the soldiers afterwards got disorganised and kept coming to the edge of the bush in mobs only to be shot down. All this took place rather late in the day. The men then made a rush across the clearing, leaving the pah on their right, which was well protected by high palisades; these were of more than ordinary strength.

In crossing the clearing another officer and a number of men were shot. It must be borne in mind this was the retreat. They had entered the clearing at the north west corner, and were now going in a southerly direction through the forest to the plains.

Katene then left the pit upon which he turned round, walking to the top of a gentle rise, which was evidently the centre of the pah. He stooped down and began scraping away the soil with his hands, asking, at the same time, for a spade, with which he disclosed the tops of thick slabs all charred. This he told us was the large meeting house that was burnt down when the soldiers entered the clearing some time after the fight. He then proceeded about two chains further on, looking carefully again on the ground. At last when he found the object of his search by scratching up some of the remaining charcoal of an old fire, he gave us to understand that on this spot they burnt the bodies of all they could find. It took four cartloads of wood to consume them.

This was the account that I had listened to, which was related while we were all gathered round the camp fire one winter's evening, near Inglewood, before that town was in existence. Four of my party were young boys in New Plymouth at the time of the war, and each related some incident of the struggle. One told us how the retreating

parties had heard the cries of one poor sergeant when he was undergoing frightful torture, and the deep impression it had made upon his youthful mind.

After asking one of the men to drive into the ground a peg so as to mark the spot, I did the same with the other places, believing they would be required at some future day. They were then connected with the road traverse, so as to place them upon the office plan.

If my memory serve me, the first tracing of it was made by a draughtsman who had been in the band that played a number of these men out of the town of Wellington on their way to the front. He was so much interested that he made a special journey to ask me if the traverse of it could be found in the field book, receiving an affirmative in reply with other information; this he inserted in the book.

Now I had to ask Katene to show me the spot where Von Tempsky fell. He then walked back over the ground already traversed, passing the pit, until arriving at the edge of the bush close by a whitewood tree, where he stopped, saying, "Here it is."

At this juncture he was asked by one of the party how he came to be there to see it, when he should have been fighting on our side, and the contingent should have been away more to the south. Hesitating a little he then replied that after seeing the soldiers running away, he and the others went over to Titokowaru* with their arms and ammunition. Then it was on entering the clearing that he saw him lying here (pointing to the ground). Becoming excited again he said on going into the pah all seemed confusion—men, women, and children were all dancing about naked; it was a perfect pandemonium.

The young men wished to pursue the disorganised soldiers. They went up to Titokowaru in a body, but his answer to them was, "We will rest now." There is no doubt but for that restraint few would ever have seen the open land again, as they had to push through some three miles of heavy bush matted with supplejacks, many not getting out until late the next day. I conversed with one man who had his arm shot off in the engagement. He barely managed to crawl out through the bush. I saw the skeleton of one three miles back in the forest. He had taken the wrong direction. Several have been found as the bush began to be cleared away.

The leader of the forces in this expedition did not use sufficient caution in examining the surrounding bush. The expedition

* Titokowaru died about 1888.

itself being caused by a challenge thrown out by Titokowaru; such was the report.

We erected a fence around the spot where Major Von Tempsky fell, placing in the middle of the enclosure an upright cross of black punga,* with an inscription to his memory. The words were cut by each one of the party.

In drawing this sketch, which may be of interest to many Aucklanders, to a close, I may say I have been asked what became of Von Tempsky's sword, and what did they do with his body.

Katene could not give a clear answer to either of these questions, but we formed our own conclusions as to the latter. Between the tree from which he was shot and the place where he fell there was a large camp oven fully three feet in diameter, broken down the middle, which "told its own story."

As I contemplated Katene's commanding figure—the phrenological shape of his head, his noble forehead, the gracefully tattooed lines of his face, which had not marred his features, denoting a high standard of chieftainship—and listened to his voice and the refined expressions he gave utterance to as he stood upon this ever memorable ground, it appeared to me most conclusive that this Maori warrior had higher capabilities than the usual run of the chiefs of New Zealand. To call this chief a wretch or a scamp would be so misplaced as to grate upon one's ears. I could not detect a trace of anything unbefitting his chieftainship. To say that Katene deserted us in the fight is also unfair. Katene did not go over to the rebels until the battle was fairly lost to us and all was disorganization. In this state could we expect otherwise?—the spirit became contagious; it was only the affection of brothers. Here we may pause. When Colonel McDonnell retreated and left Von Tempsky's company to cover that retreat, was it not possible for Katene, with his force joined with the young men of Titokowaru's, to have almost annihilated our forces by cutting off their retreat? Katene was too noble for an act like this, and no doubt pleaded with Titokowaru in those few words given with such deep feeling, "Let us rest now." This much I will say for Katene—the touching manner in which he referred to Von Tempsky, lying dead, when he pointed to the spot and said, "It was here," showed me a most deep and silent grief. Although, as a warrior, he could not shed tears, yet his attitude told of a deeper affection than any words can express. There was also a vast difference between the advance upon Parihaka in 1881 and that against Te Ngutu O Te Manu in 1868. The former had

* The black tree fern, which is most durable, lasting for years. But it is to be hoped a more lasting monument will take its place, with this addition to the inscription: "And other brave knights who fell round this spot." [A permanent one now marks the spot.]

the Native Minister in command, with the telegraph and railway and good roads at hand, while the latter was destitute of these. Hence the whole responsibility rested with those in command upon the ground. The Defence Minister at the time (the Hon. Colonel Haultain) could in no wise be held responsible for any mistake arising. The best generals are those who make provision for a good retreat of the whole force.

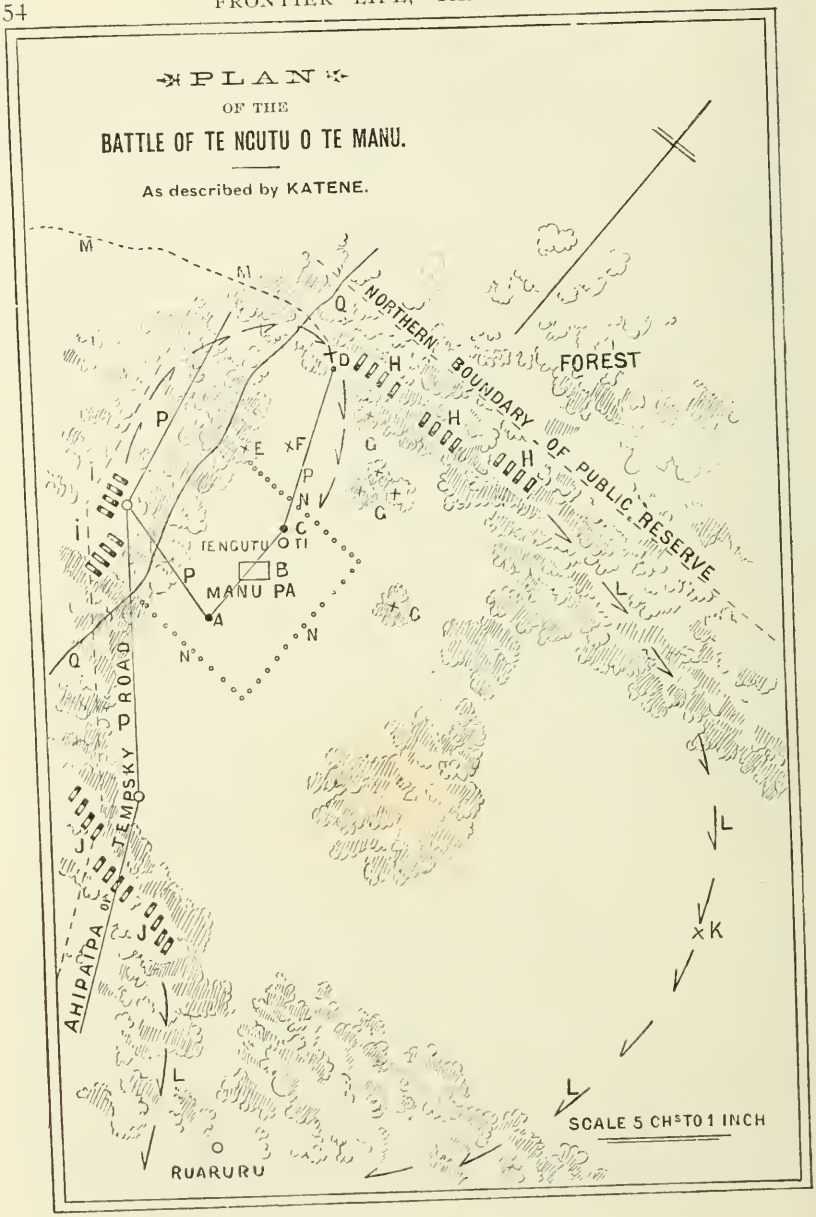
This clearing is now reserved as a public park, and should the bush round it be preserved from the fires it will well repay a visit of the tourist. It is within one hour's drive of the Normanby Railway Station, through country both historical and picturesque.

At the foot of the rata tree from which Von Tempsky was shot, one of my party found a club about fourteen inches long, made of rata. This, through the length of time that it had been lying on the damp ground, had got much worm eaten. It had been given to me, and I handed it over to the High School Museum, New Plymouth, as a "relic of days gone by."

It is doubtful whether the skull of Von Tempsky had been preserved. The native interpreters that I have spoken to have no authentic information concerning it. Katene said decidedly that he knew nothing about it, and probably did not wish to know.

To show how well the natives had tapued this clearing, we found at the foot of a rata tree a chest two feet long by one and a-half feet wide, and the same in depth. This, too, only a short distance from the clearing on the old native track. Another chest we found on the same track about ten chains from the clearing. The force must have entered the forest by this track, and possibly these chests contained hand grenades which they may have brought up to attack the stronghold with. The chests were in a good state of preservation; one of them I took with me into town, keeping it as a curiosity. Some fourteen years had elapsed since they were deposited in these trees. Portions of several old flint muskets were found with "Tower" marked upon them. The search for relics was one of great interest, as no battle-field in Taranaki is more celebrated or has its incidents so wrapt up in mystery. Many a hunt was made to find Von Tempsky's sword, but it always proved unsuccessful.

This memorable scene has already been visited by hundreds, but as time goes on visitors will be numbered by thousands. I have listened to the narratives of those who had taken an active part in its history, as to some romance that was being told. It represents the closing struggle, with all its ferocity, between two of the bravest races in the world, and Te Ngutu o Te Manu will be remembered throughout all ages.


PLAN
OF THE
BATTLE OF TE NGUTU O TE MANU.
As described by KATENE.
NORTHERN BOUNDARY OF PUBLIC RESERVE
FOREST
TENGUTU O TI
MANU PA
AHIPAPA
TEMBSKY'S ROAD
RUARURU
SCALE 5 CHS TO 1 INCH

The interpreter of "the fight over again," I think, requires more than a passing foot note. The services of Mr. Alfred Lovett Burdett were secured, as he formed one of my party at the time. He had served some time at the White Cliffs in the Armed Constabulary force, and on the Waimate Plains, also as a volunteer in the advance upon Parihaka, during which time he had become acquainted with the native language; he also being one of the first young pioneers of the Albertland Settlement, with a lively disposition, fond of company, and he made himself a general favourite.

Arriving in town one day the doctor to the force kindly sent me word that a young man named Alfred Burdett had died suddenly in the hospital, and had been buried the preceding day.* He requested me to go and see the steward, as there were papers, jewellery, etc., left. He also believed me to be the only person in town who knew his relatives.

After going and seeing the steward I visited the cemetery, where I found, to the left, poor Burdett's grave, close to the entrance gate, in a most obscure spot. A common burial had been given to this frontiersman. Beneath a weeping willow he slept the last long sleep. Memories came thick and fast as I looked at the new-made mound, thinking of the parents' bleeding hearts when the fatal note arrived to say—"Alfred is dead." How to convey the news of his death in a few words cost me no

KEY TO THE PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF TE NGUTU O TE MANU.

A—Where all the bodies of the Europeans found by the natives were burnt in one heap.†
B—The large meeting house of the natives.
C—Rifle pit where Titokowaru stood.
D—The spot where Major Von Tempsky fell.
E—Rata tree from which Major Von Tempsky was shot.
F—Where the large camp oven lay.
G—Trees where the native sharpshooters were posted.
H—Major Von Tempsky's Company.
I—The Native Contingent, of which Katene was Captain.
J—Colonel McDonnell's force.
K—Where Captain Palmer was shot in the retreat.
L—The line of retreat.
M—Old native track by which Von Tempsky's Company entered.
N—Palisades around the stronghold.
O—Ruaruru.
P—Traverse line.
Q—Stream.

* The date I have tried to ascertain, but have been unable to do so. See Appendix C.

† The ground (A) where that fearful immolation or pai mairire orgie took place on the night of the 7th September, 1868, had, for some reason, not been included in the fenced portion, which is a great omission, as a few yards more might have made it sacred ground.—See Appendix E.

Letter and Plan kindly forwarded by the Chief Surveyor of Taranaki.—Appendix E.

Short Biography of Von Tempsky.—Appendix F.

little effort. How pleasing it would have been for me to say "kind friends watched over him and Christians followed him to his last resting place." Many, perhaps, are the instances in a new colony where these waifs and strays are hurried off to their last home, with this brief record: "Unknown—somebody's darling!"

## THE SOUTHERN CROSS KNIGHT.

Lines suggested upon first seeing a bright-eyed little girl, the only child of one of those brave officers who fell in trying to rescue Von Tempsky. This child, born about the date of the battle of Te Ngutu o Te Manu, to the credit of the Government, a few years afterwards when left an orphan, became a little pensioner.

Good-bye, my loved one, I am off to the plains,
Believing that affection in absence remains;
The treasure that binds us shall be blessed in the fight
As the one sweet thought of a Southern Cross Knight.

From the redoubt at Waihi on a clear starry night
Each sentry would look at the snow-covered height,*
The stillness being broken by those weird-like sounds—
The challenge of the knight as he went on his rounds.

The knight often thought of his darling and home,
Of the pleasure in store when winning renown;
But in this like fame the chances are great—
Oft reserving to the brave an indifferent fate.

The Maoris were fierce, these natives were brave,
They'd fight for their land—it was all they could save.
The challenge thrown out was hailed with delight,
Each side bracing up for that terrible fight.

The camp in commotion with constant alarms,
The knights were all ready with buckled-on arms;
The command of Von Tempsky was "onward the right,"
And so they departed with cheers for the fight.

These knights were in glory with their swords on the dance,
As the forest was entered with the scouts in advance—
With Von Tempsky at their head why nothing could fail,
Never dreaming the reverse and that heart-breaking wail.

The stronghold they reached when Tito's† courage failed,
Till a shot from a rata made the bravest hearts quail.
Our knights lay thick in this horrible death trap,
A warning to commanders in mystery wrapt.

* Mount Egmont. † Titokowaru.

# CHAPTER VIII.

## MOUNT EGMONT; OR, THE ARTISTS' PAGE.

IT is no wonder the plains around Mount Egmont were such battle-fields, dotted as they are with pahs and redoubts. From nearly all of these places there are most enchanting views of this noble mountain. Taking the whole circumference of its base for miles you can see from almost every opening and clearing this conical mass rearing itself aloft with majesty—from the vegetation line to its snow-capped summit, radiating like a star in the distance, where it can be seen by passing vessels some eighty miles out on the Pacific Ocean. At the same time it guards like a sentinel the entrance to Cook's Strait from the west. It is an object of admiration to sailors on the sea, and to settlers and travellers on land.

As a picture it is one of the most beautiful objects in the world. We do not wonder that the Maoris idolized Taranaki—or Mount Egmont as we call it—nor are we surprised at their fighting to the last for their fertile plains and most beautiful mountain.

Mount Egmont, with its night-cap on, is an enchanting study for an artist, and may be considered as one of the chief sights of Taranaki. It will often cause to a stranger on first beholding it, a peculiar feeling of dampness. Should he wish to gaze on it for any length of time, he should be prepared with a waterproof coat, as Jupiter Pluvius will be sure to find him out, the night-cap being nearly always a safe indication of rain. This cap is formed by a dull grey mist, commencing generally at the top, then spreading downwards until the mountain is lost to view. The outline of mist is so clear at first as to deceive you for the

mountain itself. At first I could not understand why the settlers so often glanced at the mountain, particularly before setting out on a journey, but I soon found it was a most reliable weather-glass, and before the surveyors left camp in the morning they would look at it to see if the day would be fine.

There is another phase of this mountain. This is on a windy day when the snow is often blown off the summit in small particles, making the top appear lop-sided, as the edge of white snow mist is so clear and at the same time so well defined. Another striking scene is when it is covered low down with snow, the reflection of the sun's rays upon it, mostly towards sunset, change the usual dazzling whiteness to one of the richest tints of light pink, a scene at once so striking that one is chained to the spot as by a magician's wand. This reflection seldom occurs, and even when seen it would be difficult for an artist to imitate either in oil or water-colours, as at best it would be far from the reality.

Some of those charming paintings of the mountain that are to be seen on small papier-mache stands, inlaid with pink pearl, give the best idea of the delicate tint. These artistic works of art often adorn with taste a corner of a drawing-room ; the top of the table which is centred, swings in a slanting direction, thereby taking up less space, forming in many cases, the most handsome picture in the room. Tourists and artists who wish to ascend this mountain will find between the month of February and March the best time to venture to the top, as between these months it is almost free from snow. Several ladies have accomplished this feat, although the latter portion is a most tedious ascent, owing to the loose sand and rocks that have to be scrambled over. Amongst the gentlemen who have more recently made the ascent was Sir William Fox, who is of a good old age. The old route by Bell's Falls, at first generally taken, was from New Plymouth to the ranges, to the foot of which parties either drove or made the journey on horse-back, camping for the night on the ranges ; on the following day visiting Bell's Falls and making the ascent to the summit, when they would be enabled to make a much more rapid descent, arriving in town towards evening.

At the present time there are several routes, but in each case it is necessary for a stranger to secure a guide—although the mountain looks so close it will be found a good step before it is reached. The route from Stratford is the nearest, a little over ten miles in a straight line. There are several other lines, one

by Manaia, Midhurst, and Egmont Village, so that the tourist has a choice of roads.

The report of surveys of New Zealand, 1890, says: "Over four miles of the continuation of the Egmont Road, Egmont District, through the Egmont Forest Reserve, has been felled half a chain wide, and a bridle track cleared nine feet wide, and about five chains of swamp have been drained, formed, and metalled. There is now a good summer driving road to the forest reserve line, fourteen miles from New Plymouth, and a good bridle road the remaining four miles to a small clearing, where tourists usually camp, enabling them to ride to an elevation of over 3,200 feet, from whence the ascent to the summit of Mount Egmont is usually made in three hours. A large iron hut, divided into rooms, will probably be erected at this point before next summer for the convenience of tourists.* A large number ascend annually by this route (some seasons over 300), and the number will probably increase as greater facilities and conveniencies are afforded."

Barometers must range according to the height of the mountain, 8,260 feet. It is still open for some venturesome spirit to obtain a record of a series of observations as to temperature, etc. From each quarter of the compass studies can be made of this beautiful object. With the means of transit so easy there is no great obstacle experienced by artists and tourists. The various places or positions from the mountain will stand thus: New Plymouth north, Otakeho south, Midhurst east, Cape Egmont west.

Sketching is an art that ought to be more practised by young New Zealanders. They would not only find it a pleasant recreation, but very useful in many of the trades and professions of the colony, especially in a mechanical branch. Drawing is also useful, for should some design be required that could not well be explained, it is easy to give the desired information by an outline, no matter how roughly done. New Zealand, with its beautiful bays and rivers, plains and mountains, magnificent forests and lakes, all within easy access, will in time have its hosts of sketchers. In older countries they form into little parties for sketching expeditions, with an artist at their head to point out the beautiful choice of scene, and to explain the foreground to be bold, and the distance touched with a light hand, teaching also the true lines of perspective. These little

* This has been already accomplished. See "Complete Directions for Ascent of Mount Egmont," compiled by the Taranaki Scenery Preservation Society.

sketching parties would doubtless do much towards establishing art in the South Pacific.

I would advise those who wish to quickly obtain a portfolio of pretty and effective sketches of bush scenery to use the tinted Paris boards, selecting the tint which will suit the subject to be sketched. With the aid of a little Chinese white for the finishing strokes some very effective drawings can be made. These drawings may be shaded with three grades of lead pencils, F, HB, BBB. These are merely hints to learners, for the true artist can make a beautiful picture (taking tints for the ground work) with a burnt stick and a piece of white chalk.

Another, though more difficult method through not being able to erase any line that may be introduced, is to use the enamelled boards commonly called tinted erasing boards. These boards are cheap, yet beautifully tinted in colours, in a circular, oval, or square form, so that a choice of shape, also of tints to suit the subject, can be obtained. The outline must first be drawn, then the shading may be undertaken; the finishing strokes are then accomplished by erasing with the point of a penknife any light or white strokes or parts where necessary in the drawing. As a change, water colours may be used, which still further increases the effect of the picture.

Map drawing may be said to be almost a mechanical operation, but in one instance, wishing to introduce a feature of the district, I made a sketch of the mountain in Indian ink, bringing out the title Otakeho in relief.

Taranaki owes its bracing climate to this mountain, and I have felt on many occasions, when there has been a light breeze blowing from the same, an invigorating sensation as if a new life had been imparted. When the breeze is blowing from the south fine weather can generally be predicted, lasting three days. On a winter's day with a strong breeze blowing from this direction in New Plymouth the air becomes piercingly cold. Although the change is great, the most delicate enjoy it when properly wrapped up.

I had an experience of eleven years of tent life in the district, and though not of a robust nature, and constantly shifting about in all weathers, camping upon damp ground with green fern leaves for a feather bed, I may say that I never had a touch of rheumatism, simply because the following precautions were taken:—First I always kept up a good fire when in camp, so that in case of feeling a chill, I could take a good warm by it; second, I always slept on a good waterproof sheet; and third, which is the most important, when wet I avoided cold, if confined

MOUNT

IN TARANAKI.


EGMONT.

to one place, by jumping up and down, throwing the arms about, and moving every muscle of the body. The same applies to the feet, which should be kept from feeling cold, and on arrival in camp wet clothes should be changed immediately. By this means no cold was ever taken, and therefore no chance of any rheumatics settling in the system. But the sudden change from the forest to the open land, or from the country to the town, was noticed by most surveyors, resulting in a hoarseness or slight cold. This may be attributed to the change from a moist to a dry atmosphere, as for instance, coming from beneath the tall trees where the sun scarcely ever penetrates out into the open would naturally make a great difference.

We passed in sight of Mount Egmont in the barque 'Mendoza' on my return from San Francisco to Nelson, in November, 1873. All on board were charmed with its beautiful appearance and symmetry. A sketch of it was taken from the deck, with the ocean and ship in the forepart. On entering Cook's Straits the atmosphere became thick and foggy, the sails had to be reefed—the barometer foretelling a storm of no ordinary vehemence, when for two days we were laying to, then beating up, and when occasion required wearing ship, at the same time drifting with the current.

Towards noon of the second day the captain had completely lost his reckoning, when he kept the lead going. All at once rocks* were seen close ahead through the mist—fortunately there had been a good look-out kept. At once the vessel was nicely handled and quickly brought round; then a sigh of relief came from the hardiest sailor on board at escaping certain doom. After scudding along until about four o'clock the clouds lifted from the top of Mount Egmont, the cliffs showing distinctly beneath. I asked one of the sailors to go down into the cabin and bring me up a sextant, with which an altitude, or the angle of elevation, was immediately taken—then to the compass was the next operation to obtain the bearing. No sooner was this done than the mountain clouded over again. Now, having known the height of the mountain, the position of the vessel by this means was soon worked out, when the result was obtained approximately. For this I was complimented by the captain and officers.†

* These rocks were afterwards found to be some miles to the north of the French Pass.

† On board the barque some little interest was occasioned on crossing the line. It was a matter of speculation as to whether we had crossed it or not. There were seven of us at work, six with sextants and one with a quadrant, taking the sun's altitude so as to obtain the latitude. Each tried to be the first to give the desired information. As I had a form ready made out, this was taken up on deck. Then as soon as the observed altitude of the sun had been obtained it was worked out on the spot, showing that we had crossed the line and were four miles to the south of it. I need not say that any break in the monotony of ship life is received with pleasure.

On the easterly side of this mountain, from the native settlement of Ketemarae, near Normanby, to Kairoa, five miles distant, from Sentry Hill to the south was, as late as 1875, a dense forest, with the exception of a recently completed rough felled road called the Mountain Road running through it. The site of Inglewood had also just then been felled and completed by the immigrants.

Through this forest General Chute made one of the most celebrated marches on record. At the head of a force consisting of two hundred and forty men he cut his way through it for close upon fifty miles, entering near Normanby, January 17, 1866, and emerging near Kairoa on the 25th of the same month. On this march they ran short of provisions, and were obliged to consume their pack horses. Altogether, with the rough nature of the work they went through, they came out of the forest with their clothing in shreds, and were forced to wait for a supply before they could make an entry into New Plymouth.* This is what one of my party informed me actually took place.

This track was always an interesting feature during the survey, as it had to be crossed and re-crossed many times, the men often finding soldiers' buttons, parts of old clothing, and near it in one tree a large number of bullets.

I sketched a large rata tree growing close to the initial station of the surveys at Huirangai, having two separate roots, the trunks joining above forming an archway fifteen feet from the ground, from the top of which it made one large tree. This tree was called Chute's triumphal arch. The whole of the force must have passed underneath it.

On this track there must have been close upon one hundred gullies that had to be fascined, or fern trees laid alongside one another to allow the horses to cross over. I took particular notice of the labour it must have cost ; also the first-class manner in which the work was executed. Apart from this there would be the banks of twenty-three streams and rivers partly to do. All this, with the cutting of a fair width of track, made it an engineering work of no small magnitude. Then there had to be taken into consideration the scouting or advance party that would have to be employed in keeping a sharp look-out, as since the surveys have been completed clearings have been found only a mile or so below this track all along, showing the need of caution.

Considering this work as a whole it is one of the brightest examples of the pluck and engineering abilities of one of our

* See appendix G.

British generals, perhaps never before exhibited in so marked a manner in New Zealand.*

Where the station is fixed at Kairoa on the meridian line there is a good view of the top of what is called the Kairoa pah, close to which General Chute passed in his march. It is one of the best preserved pahs that I have yet seen, and within a few chains of the station, connected to the same ridge by a narrow steep neck of land. This pah must rise, as far as I could judge, some two hundred feet or more, in a conical form, from a stream at the foot in the valley below. While I camped here it was often a pleasure to take a stroll over this grand piece of engineering work. It does not follow that the Maoris placed this large hill here, but they certainly did a vast deal of heavy navvying work in forming the upper tiers of the battlement. I spent some time in examining these as they rose from the narrow neck of land in three terraces, covering a large space in almost circular form. The rifle pits, as we would call them, were excavations below the surface of the terrace at regular distances in a bell shape all round. (In one of these pits on one of my visits I found a young cow which had fallen in, and could not have been long dead by its appearance.) It was often difficult to go from one terrace to the other without first finding the track made by the cattle. At this time it was covered with light mixed bush, and must have been many years vacated by the natives. On the plateau at the top there were some mounds with upright head boards, showing that it was used as a burial ground, and by the number, as they seemed to be somewhat old, most likely they were natives that were killed in the war, as the British military redoubt of Mataitawa was on the next ridge northwards, only some forty chains away, with the native settlement a little to the westward of the station. From the station northwards some five miles was the mouth of the Waitara River and the Pacific Ocean in the distance, but on looking southward it was then heavy forest with the pah a little to the right.

Here on this romantic spot I have gazed upon a solitary tree which had a number of initials cut upon it, and under one was H.M. 57th. Was this tree a monument with the names engraved upon it? I looked higher up for some cabalistic sign; there was no word carved there. Yet for all that what a train of reflection these initials brought forth. The writers were no lost explorers, although they may have never returned to their native land. Several times I have passed over this incident and withdrawn it so as to avoid bringing myself forward, but this I find is useless.

* Von Tempsky accompanied this expedition.

Even around this tree, as it stood apart from the rest of the bush, has life been sent into a future state with a lightning rapidity.

It was at this time, when fierce war was raging here, that the Waikato rebel prisoners, having escaped from the Kawau Island, Auckland, while on their way from Puatahi, their rendezvous, passed through the southernmost portion of the Albertland settlement. The Rev. W. Gittos was away at the time, perhaps, on some diplomatic mission in connection with it. These natives were then coming to initiate our friendlies into the art of fighting, a spirit that was spreading with fearful speed, that made the stoutest heart in our settlement tremble. One wrong step or movement on our part meant our destruction. We were in the midst of the natives, and at their mercy. The captain of these natives came up to me, as I was on the Oruawharo beach watching carefully every movement on their part. He said : "I want you to put my men through." I understood that to mean I was to inspect them. Many amongst their number were friendlies, and from their looks I took my cue. I knew if I were undecided I should lose power ; so I called out in a loud voice, "Fall in!" and the friendlies and rebels ran from all directions, dropping in or forming company in one long line on the sandy beach near Wangaroa, Oruawharo.

When the usual routine of company drill was gone through I thought I would confound them, so gave the command to countermarch, when, to my astonishment, they went through it in such an inspiriting manner that I soon brought it to a conclusion. I had gained sufficient knowledge to know that if they were properly officered they would make the best troops in the world. There was a precision in their movements, showing that it was their natural element. The bugler would give repeated blasts on the flax bugle, and what was more surprising, as I was keeping the little army moving, the native rebel captain swore in the most terrible English at his men to keep them up to the mark. Whether he had gained this knowledge from actual observation of English drill I cannot say, but they all understood the commands when given in English. Most of them wore a blue serge blouse with a red cross upon the breast, and were fully equipped with rifles, belts, and pouches—the latter filled with ammunition.

Having had a reflection cast upon me for acting as I did in this, I must say in defence that these two hundred prisoners, taken in the Waikato war, had no right to be in the midst of a defenceless settlement ; again I was but young and the time critical, also these natives, mixed as they were with friendlies,

required different treatment than if they had been Europeans.* What I wished to instil into them was a sense of loyalty; that I could only impress upon them by a commanding will, which I exercised to the discomfiture of the blackguard captain. The physiognomy of some of these rebel natives was awfully repellant, short thick necks, repulsive features, and a vile expression of language, forming a most remarkable contrast to the young native men of our own age in the Oruawharo settlement, to whom we were all greatly attached. There was a marked difference between the two, as the latter were tall, had good features, and open countenances. The contrast made the former look fiendish in the extreme, and should an outbreak have occurred they were capable of the most horrid and barbarous treatment to their captives. To show still more how critical was our situation, I may mention our rifles, guns, and even accoutrements, had been purchased some time previously by a European in the district, and we parted with them thinking they would never be required. But, to my utter astonishment, during my inspection of the natives I saw these arms in the hands of the rebels, and I have no hesitation in saying we owe our preservation to the loyalty of the Oruawharo natives. If anything like success had taken place in the south it would have gone hard with us. To show that none of this is fiction, after the inspection the natives went over the river to the native settlement of Aho (which place is now only marked by a large canoe, which has lain close to the spot for about fifty years). Afterwards a few stragglers came along through the settlement, some of them trying to pick a quarrel with us. One of these natives actually levelled his rifle at me as he was behind a bunch of growing flax. I instantly stooped down under a perpendicular bank on the beach, and was soon out of range under this cover. The same day a number of the young men of the Wharehine district met and held a consultation as to the course we should pursue. Some were for building a block-house for refuge in case of emergency on one of the highest hills in the district, on which was an old native pah; but as we were without the requisite arms to enable us to make any defence, and without ammunition, stores, etc., and at the same time some sixty miles away from the town of Auckland, with no road then to Puatahi, where these rebels had taken up a position between us—with all this before me I counselled a strict neutrality.†

* There was a rumour amongst the natives that 4,000 of the Bay of Island natives were on their way south to join the Waikatos.

† To show how anxious they were for arms, two days before the inspection two vicious-looking natives came to my cabin a little after daylight, one having a sharp tomahawk

The settlers most likely looked more to me, as I had drilled them on board the 'Matilda Wattenbach,' coming from England. In a visit to the native settlement of Oruawharo, January 14th, 1891, I was struck with a drawing on the door of Edward Marsh's (one of the natives) storehouse. It was a rifleman in full uniform. I asked him who had done it. He said one of his boys. I remarked he had a good taste for drawing, and ought to have entered the list for a prize at the Port Albert Art and Industrial Exhibition. He then commenced to tell me it was like myself, when we had a good laugh. It at once brought to mind the memorable inspection on the beach of the once rebellious natives, and an inspection of volunteers of which he happened to be one. When I came to examine the sketch it was the exact dress of the Robin Hood Rifles of 1862.

A special feature in the forest of Taranaki is the vast number of rata trees. Some of these are veritable giants, making this tree the monarch around Mount Egmont. In one of these that I came across recently burnt down near the Makatawa river, leaving the spurs still marking out the base, a tent eight feet by ten feet, with fly and ropes, could have been pitched inside very comfortably. There were still portions of the barrel or trunk on the ground unconsumed by the fire: by this I judge the height to have been over one hundred and sixty feet. I have several times had five of my party with axes round one of these monsters, dipping and backing until it commenced to talk, as the bushmen would say, that is, to crack, showing that it would soon fall, when the dippers would be called away, leaving it to those who were backing it, as there is then no danger, the tree falling away from them. It was now that each stroke of the axe told by the slightly swaying forwards of the huge mass. Then, with a report like the firing of a gun, it would break off at the stump, making one shiver at such a mighty weight coming down with an awful crash. The ground fairly trembled again similar to an earthquake, the noise of which would reverberate like thunder, and could be heard for a considerable distance. Towards Christmas time, when these ratas are in full flower they present a very gay appearance, and are noble looking trees. One is disappointed to find these trees almost always hollow. This is accounted for in this manner: The first tree has evidently been in the majority of cases the rimu. So in the place of these ratas there were originally rimus. In many I have noticed the barrel still in a decayed state inside, which, upon pressing with the hands, moulders

on a shaft some four feet long; the other was armed in a similar manner. They wanted to purchase my double-barrel gun, offering me £18 for it. It is needless to say they went away disappointed.

away, the rata having, as a vine, crushed the life out of them. Though it has taken many years to accomplish this, the end has been the slow but sure destruction of this vast rimu forest. I have seen these vines in all stages round these rimus.

But what puzzled me most was this, that I should see a long rata rope, perhaps not more than two or three inches in diameter, hanging from the top or fork of one of these pines, some seventy feet in length; for often has one of my party had to ascend by one or two of these ropes with his slash-hook in his belt to cut down an overhanging branch that might be in the way of the sight of the theodolite. Most of these vines had taken root at the foot of the tree in the ground, not, as some suppose, in the first instance, but after it had descended from the limb or branch above, where the seed had germinated, really making the rata in its first stages an aerial plant before it commenced as a tree. I have had many of these trees felled and have cut through the rubbish afterward. I could see where the vine had encircled the limb above, the seed having taken root in the mould that also supported a large tuft of coarse grass resembling the kiekie. The blade of this grass grows about two feet long and two inches wide, the crossways of the blade forming an angle of about fifty degrees, so that in the event of rain it conveys a quantity of moisture to the roots, and also retains a large portion, acting as a kind of reservoir, giving sustenance to the vine while on its way downwards. There will be found a good description of it in "The Forest Flora of New Zealand," by T. Kirk, F.L.S.

I don't know of any book that seems so like an old friend as this one. All the native names were well-known to me, and there were very few of the trees with which I was unacquainted. It is a work that I can fully recommend to all those who take an interest in our forests: the drawings are beautifully done, and it is the cheapest work the Government have yet issued. One great point in this work is the order of arrangement, thereby entirely avoiding that confusion which previously existed in reference to the different timbers.

Before this forest is swept away there is an opening for a scientific investigation in order to ascertain the probable date of the last eruption of Mount Egmont. It is also evident that rimus which have perished in ratas were, as far as I can judge, taking the largest, between five and six feet in diameter—this is further apparent from the appearance of the surface of the ground and soil. I think that these were the first large trees. If so, the calculation may soon be made by adding the diameter of the rimu to that of the rata, or the number of years' growth of each

together; it will then leave a margin for the accumulation of sufficient surface soil and the seed to germinate.

Dr. Diffenbach says "the natives have no historical account of any eruption of Mount Egmont, and maintain that the country at its base is less subject to movements of the earth than any other parts of the island, especially those which are the most mountainous. They have, indeed, tales which, if divested of their figurative dress, may refer to the recollection of former volcanic activity. Such is their account that Tongariro and Mount Taranaki are brother and sister, and formerly lived together, but quarrelled and separated."

There is also another scientific branch open to those interested. This is the geological formation around Mount Egmont, and the physical nature of the country. At the back of the mountain, close to the watershed of the Makara, or the dividing ridge between the Patea river flowing south-east, and the Makara and Makino flowing north-east—taking the same distance between the top of Mount Egmont and Cape Egmont, which is westerly, then taking this distance in an easterly direction, we come to the Makara river. The banks of this river are very steep, and they get more so towards the Makino. In the bed of this stream you can plainly see rock oyster shells embedded in the clay. They appear almost the same as in a natural state as the water flows over them, but to the touch they are quite rotten, and are easily broken.

Some two hundred feet above the level of this stream there are boulders on the ridge—large stones with these shells embedded on the surface. I will give an extract from Thompson's "New Zealand." He says: "At some distant period New Zealand was a portion of a large continent which now lies beneath the sea, and at a more modern geological age it consisted of a number of rocky islands, precipitous and barren, except in the mountain ravines. At this era the North Island consisted of three islands, since united—about the Bay of Islands and in the neighbourhood of Auckland; and a large inlet of the sea extended nearly across the island in a line between White Island and Mount Egmont. The evidence upon which this rests is supplied by the numerous lakes in the district and round the margin of several of which the pohutukawa tree is still to be seen growing, the only place where this tree has been observed flourishing away from the sea coast."

Now from all that has been adduced it is not at all improbable that the sea once bathed rocks in the vicinity of the Makarau, or that it formed the entrance to the Straits, and that these rocks

were upheaved at the time of the eruption of Mount Egmont. Taking all this into consideration, with the trees and shells and recent alluvial formation of pumice and gravel, the time that may have elapsed since it was last in action might not exceed 700 years, and this during the occupation of New Zealand by the Maoris, and to which their traditions may figuratively point.

# CHAPTER IX.

## THE MAORIS AND WHENCE THEY CAME.

IN my younger days of settlement a tribe of natives lived opposite my home, and their assistance was often rendered me in many ways out of kindness. Previous to 1865 I had visited most of the settlements along the East and West Coasts. In those days there was no regular communication with Auckland, and walking had mostly to be resorted to, as the trading boats ran irregularly.

I have often stayed at the native settlements while on some of these journeys, and by this means gained an insight into their manners and customs that few could obtain otherwise. In all cases they appeared to me the most hospitable natives that it would be possible to meet with. I have many times dropped into their villages towards evening when the best mat and food that they had were given to me. These were the days of Bishop Selwyn, and I am not surprised he became so attached to these natives of New Zealand.

There is no need for me to hide the attachment that I have to these noble natives. We must take them as a whole, and as we have found them personally. The very right that has descended to them through generations of chieftainship may in a measure account for this nobleness of bearing, which is fast dying out, never to be again resuscitated as in those "good old days of New Zealand."

It is with a sigh that I write down the certain doom of these creatures of a Southern clime. It is inevitable that they must fall before the giant strides of civilization: their very calling which brought out that warlike spirit and fierce daring is, alas!

departed for ever, and these natives may well weep over the bones of their forefathers.*

The murders that they have committed in the past struggle with the Europeans seem to some unpardonable offences ; but taken into consideration as an offset against these, those cases where they have saved life should be remembered, and the real culprits in connection with these outrages are only few. Therefore, to brand the whole would be as unjust as it would be ungenerous. I cherish the hope that I shall see raised upon the spot where he called upon God to defend them, at Te Ngutu o Te Manu, now a public park, a monument to Titokowaru, the Maori general, with these words inscribed thereon, "We will rest now." It would be a fitting tribute to the last warlike struggle of the Maoris.

Most of the works upon New Zealand refer to the traditions of the Maoris as in some way explaining from whence they came. I have not the slightest doubt that these point to the Sandwich Islands. The food or vegetables that they brought with them to New Zealand and have since cultivated will bear this out to a great extent. Take the taro. This esculent would soon run out if not properly cultivated, for it was in the past their chief source of food supply, and I think the only one handed down that can be distinctly traced to other parts, as it is not a natural product of New Zealand, and must be propagated by manual labour to be preserved.

There are others, such as the kumara. This vegetable grows to a much larger size in the Sandwich Islands. At first, when I saw them in the market I took them for potatoes, as they were so large and dumpy ; but it accords with what has been handed down that they grow to a much larger size in their native soil. The coldness of our climate is probably one of the reasons why they grow much smaller in New Zealand. The Sandwich Islands are in 20 deg. North Latitude, while the northern parts of New Zealand near the North Cape and Bay of Islands is 35 deg. South Latitude. The southern portion from the Equator may be also considered : as you increase the latitude, although of the same number of degrees with the northern, will be colder, owing to the large extent of ice zone at the South Pole, and no warm current as in the northern regions. The gourd (calabash) plant is one of the most useful to the natives. When fully grown the inside is scraped out ; then it is made into a vessel for carrying

* There used to be a common custom at one time with the natives called the Hahunga or annual feast.

† Captain Cook mentions the taro in connection with the Sandwich Islands.

water, or preserving honey, fat, etc. The taro† (Colocasia antiquorum) seems to me a distinct product, cultivated under similar circumstances, to those prevailing here, both in situation of ground and planting. There was also a striking similarity in position and style of whares or houses to those of the Maoris. This was to me a most convincing proof that there is something identical between these natives and the natives of New Zealand. It is almost a wonder that during all the Maori wars the kumara and taro have not run out, but we find they made a wise provision against this, as in olden times the storehouse or place where these vegetables were kept was tapued, so that only one person might go in to take out these stores, this being generally left to the priest or tohunga.

The prettiest building in Katene's village, on the edge of the Waimate Plains, was his storehouse. It was built on piles or pillars about four feet high, then upon these the flooring was laid, which projects over the outer piles some two feet (the object of this is to keep out the rats, as they are most destructive to the vegetables). Then the structure was raised upon this, mostly with low sides and a steep-pitched roof. Where the ground is favourable an excavation is made in the form of a bell. A small aperture is then left on the top, which is neatly framed with wood and covered. I have been astonished at the keeping powers of some of these places, even for fruit. Maniaia, one of the leading chiefs on the Waimate Plains, gave me a treat one day by bringing a luscious water-melon out of one of these places when this fruit was out of season, thereby showing the preserving qualities of his underground storehouse.

Some of the natives had quite a primitive way of breaking up their land. When I first arrived in the colony they used a pointed stick—the handle about five feet long; some nine inches from the point a fork or branch had been left on of about four inches, so that the foot could be pressed upon it to force it into the ground. (See Fig. 5, p. 77.) The spade has now superseded this ancient implement. Their cultivations were kept in very good order. Small mounds were generally made for the kumara when the shoot would be planted pointing towards the north. Every second or third year the ground is vacated for new land. The best ground for cultivation is where the bush has been recently felled and burnt off. Maize, melons, and other crops planted amongst the ashes, or wheat, oats and grass-seed sown upon it broadcast, require no further trouble until the time of reaping the crop.

The karaka tree, which is fast disappearing, was, during the

survey, the pride of the Waimate Plains. The berries, when in season, hung in rich golden clusters, and the delicate perfume pervading these groves, used to be something delightful. As I happened to be close to one of these groves when the natives were gathering the fruit to preserve for food during the winter months, I watched the modus operandi. They would climb the trees and with thick sticks knock off the berries into a bullock dray, which had previously been drawn underneath, until it became filled, after which they took them down to a large pit or Maori oven near the stream. These berries were on an average one-and-three-quarter inches long, by nearly one-and-a-quarter inches in diameter, resembling in shape that of an acorn without the cup. After the usual preliminary step, stones were heated in a fire. These were then placed round the pit or oven and in the bottom. The berries were now laid in, and the top covered with leaves, over which was spread earth to a sufficient depth to allow them to steam, until properly cooked. This operation requires several days. They were afterwards steeped in the stream. By this means all the poisonous matter was abstracted, and they were ready for use. To preserve them for a longer period they were dried in the sun. If any European were to eat this rotten, stinking stuff, without becoming habituated, it would most certainly turn his stomach. The pulp or outer coating of the seed in its natural state tastes like an over-mellow apple, and may be eaten at any time without risk.

The seed of this tree * is said to have been brought from Hawaiki, supposed to be one of the Sandwich Islands from which the Maoris emigrated. This was, I think, the last home of the Maoris before arriving in New Zealand, and it in a measure corroborates the close connection between the natives of New Zealand and of the Sandwich Islands. The mail steamer 'Dakota' being delayed on April 5th, 1873, for one week at Honolulu on her last trip from Auckland, gave me an opportunity of comparing the two races. The natives of Honolulu are much freer in conversation than the Maoris; they are also of a more lively disposition. An illustration of this occurred in the following manner: One of these damsels seeing me crossing over to the drinking fountain near the Government buildings, filled the cup, after rinsing it out, and handed it to me, for which politeness I said "kapai," upon which she burst out laughing, knowing me to be a perfect stranger to the place, as it was my first day upon shore. Their dress is very similar to that worn by the natives

* This tree has nowhere been found except in New Zealand.

here. I allude more to the manner, style, and colour. They wear one gaily coloured loose robe, mostly made of print. Their really happy looks and manner impressed me much.

In hospitality the Honolulu natives of the Sandwich Islands surpass the New Zealanders. I gathered this not only from my own observation, but from many on board the steamer, where information can be more readily collected than from persons residing a long time in one place. As it was a holiday the passengers spread out in all directions, almost every hole and corner of Honolulu and the country round for some miles inland, being ransacked. I devoted some little time to watching the natives marketing, and the manner in which they would make a bargain, and also visited their cultivations and taro fields, even tasting their poa. I accidentally formed a slight acquaintance with one of them on the outskirts of the town, having just returned from the falls, where I had taken a sketch, and was much interested in watching some of the young men while bathing go over the falls, both sitting and standing on a board. I also saw them disporting themselves in the sea, diving for coral. They appeared to be in their natural element. The conversation in broken Maori was readily understood by them ; many of the words were almost the same. The friendly greeting and rubbing noses, also that of ancient tapu are similar to the New Zealanders. The knowledge I possessed of the natives in New Zealand at once gave me an introduction to them, and when I explained to them I knew some of their relatives in New Zealand they could not believe it, but were astonished at the words that corresponded with their own. Though at this time quite ignorant of Maori tradition I was fully convinced in my own mind these islands were once the home of the Maoris. The freedom and gaiety which the Sandwich Islanders possess have been lost, perhaps, in a great measure when they were en route to New Zealand, or as they intermixed with other islanders. This may to some extent have caused that fierceness of demeanour which has been so much noticed by almost all writers upon the natives of New Zealand. Whether the Sandwich Islanders came from Egypt or India originally is undetermined, but their language compared with that of the Maori leads to the inference of a common origin. A personal acquaintance with these islanders and their traditions might possibly determine the base of all the theories arrived at * From Mani and Hawaii it is easy to trace the course they may possibly have taken until arriving at New

*A work of much interest is "The Aryan Maori," by Edward Tregear, and may do much to enlighten those who wish to go into the scientific derivation of many words.

Zealand. The route of the natives to New Zealand must have been by the Samoan group, which course would correspond with their traditions. The natives of Tutuila (an island of the Samoan group), of whom I saw nearly two hundred, might properly be called red men,* and have a copper-coloured skin; but the colour of the Honolulu or Sandwich Island natives approaches the Maori, almost a dark brown. Probably they may have touched at one of these islands, and taken captive some of the natives, or those of the Friendly Islands as they would lie in their course. This would account for that cast of colour which is often seen in the natives of New Zealand.

Drawing a line between the Sandwich Islands and New Zealand we then find to the eastward the Washington Isles or Marquesas Group, the natives of which are almost white. Then again to the west, at New Guinea and Australia they are black. Then closer to, in course between the two islands, we have the dark brown race of the Cook's Group and Tahitian Islands eastward, and the red or copper-coloured natives of Samoa and the Friendly Islands westward, with those of Fiji of a darker cast. In many of their forms and ceremonies they are most strikingly similar, especially in their tapu, mode of cooking, stone implements, rubbing of noses, so that there cannot be any doubt respecting the dark-brown race as to their one common origin. Eoa, of the Friendly Group, lay in the course of the s.s. 'Dakota,' of which high mountain we had a splendid view.

While at Honolulu an invitation was sent me for the conversazione, which happened on Good Friday. It was held in connection with one of the religious bodies. Captain Ingersol of the 'Dakota' and three others were invited from the steamer. I saw the captain several times afterwards in San Francisco,† and in conversation we often referred to the conversazione got up for his benefit. From what I saw of the small town and country round I could not help designating it "The Happy Island."

* The traditions of the natives refer to a party of red men who came to the country in the 'Tainui;' their chief was called Apa-kura, meaning "Party of red men." The articulation was not distinct like the Maori's; it appeared of a more gutteral sound. The line of demarcation was so great I was fully convinced they were a distinct people (the Samoans).

† I had purchased a small ship's chronometer of Mr. Bartlett, Queen Street, Auckland, in order to study the art of navigation to better advantage. I got the captain of the 'Dakota' to rate this with his own on board. It led to much information in this branch. The chart of the Pacific Ocean (one of the Admiralty charts) that I used has the course and distances run, with the dates, also the latitude and longitude of each day marked upon it. The same also with the return journey, at longer intervals, of the barque 'Mendoza.' I have also been much interested when, conversing with several officers of our coastal steamships, in observing the attainments of those belonging to the magnificent fleet of the Union Steamship Company of New Zealand. To attain to the position of an officer of one of these vessels should be the height of a colonial seaman's ambition.

# CHAPTER X.

## RELICS OF THE 'TAINUI.'

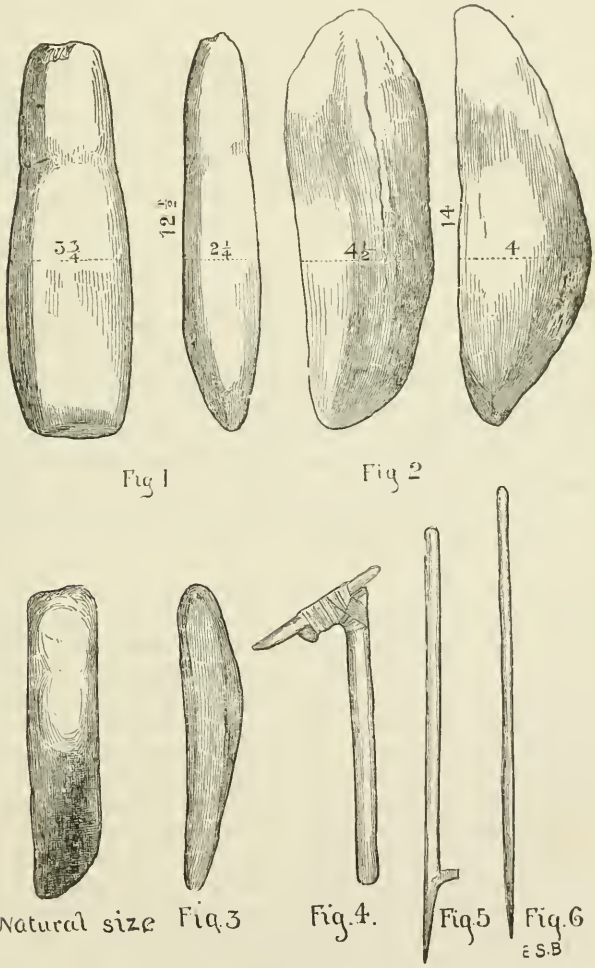
THERE is little variation in the native language all over New Zealand, both in the North and South Islands. This is more surprising when we consider the extent or range, close upon one thousand miles, from one end of the colony to the other. If we look at this in a proper light it will be seen that what relates to the natives, whether in Auckland or any of the other provinces, will be of interest to the people of the whole of New Zealand. It is just possible that before the first canoe that brought these natives had completed its journey the crew of the 'Tainui' had a view of Mount Egmont * in eruption, which may probably have had the effect of frightening them back into the fine harbour of Kawhai, where there is still a remnant of the tribe called Tainui, and the natives still point out the last resting place of the canoe, which is marked by a stone at each end.†

When writing the first portion of "The Maoris, and Whence They Came," I was led to consult a number of authors upon New Zealand relating to the native traditions. For some of these works I was indebted to the library of the Rev. E. S. Brookes, Albertland, and to the Port Albert Library, and also referred to the Auckland Free Library Catalogue. While so employed upon the first I examined some curios on a small table at the side with the interest of an antiquary. I found amongst them one of

* The canoe probably went into the Mokau river, where the stone anchor is to be seen at the present time, called the anchor of the 'Tainui.' Also not far from here is the shrub or tree growing that has been called the tainui, supposed to have grown from the skids of the 'Tainui.'

† The Rev. W. Gittos informs me he has seen the stones, and the distance between them is about one hundred feet.

more than ordinary interest, which I immediately recognised. It was an old Maori toki.* This axe had been dug up at the depth of about five feet below the surface of the flat ground




close to the beach. This was while superintending the making of a drain on my section of land in 1865. A second axe (see

* Axe. See Fig. 2, p. 77.

Fig 1, p. 77.) somewhat similar but lighter in weight, was found near to the other one, and taken out of the same drain. The last one is still perfect in form, except through use the edge is worn away a little. It has to a certainty withstood the inroads of time for some hundreds of years with a defiance that argues well for the lasting nature of the stone.

At the time they were found I had several men working at the drain. My object was to take the water off some flat land near the beach so as to bring it under the plough for cultivation. After the men had dug through some very stiff black soil they reached the bed clay of the flat beach, and there they found these axes lying upon this bottom, of a bluish clay in colour. Though so many years have elapsed since they were first unearthed it has come to my recollection as if they were only taken up yesterday, for they were then taken away and preserved until leaving the settlement in 1873. Perhaps the strangest part of it all is that they are now in existence, as during the last twenty-six years they appeared of little value. After entering into the Government service in the latter part of 1874, and leaving the district, these stone axes must have been thrown out of the house as of no value. Fortunately, the Rev. E. S. Brookes about twelve years ago saw one of them lying close to the beach, and, noting the curious shape, took it home, placing it in his library. So it is entirely to what may be called an accident that the preservation of these relics is due, and that these few last pages have been written.

In 1886, upon leaving the Civil Service at my own request, I returned to the settlement, when, seeing the other axe lying about near the flat where it was found, and thinking it might get damaged with the horse and sledge, I put it away where it would be safe and easily found when required. Even at this time the traditions of the Maoris were as a closed book to me, having taken but little interest in them, so the little I may have read was entirely lost. These antiquities opened out at once to me a wide field for investigation. That these axes must have been buried for a long period of time was to me a fact that I could not dispute, but for how long required some thought and calculation to determine approximately. The ground was well known to me for a length of twenty-eight years: I resided within sight many years as it was only five chains away. The accumulation of earth, etc., that might have taken place during the several centuries could be arrived at by the alteration of the ground in question during my knowledge. The native name of the locality is called Takapau. This is the most western portion

of the Albertland settlement. It had evidently been inhabited by the Maoris for centuries previously, as the numerous pipi shells and stones below the surface where they have had their fires and coppers indicate. Yet more than this, there are still almost in perfect condition the remains of their dwellings, that is, the foundation of earthworks. These occupy the hill top—a tapering hill flattened at the front and back, fifty-four feet high—giving a splendid view of the bay, and from which they could watch the narrow entrance some two miles off, to guard against a surprise should they have had any enemies. With each link I became fully engrossed with all pertaining to these natives. With this olden relic of an axe before me all the associations connected with it were brought to the front. I noticed how much the stone of the axe resembled the boulders of the blue rock of Taranaki that I had so often seen in the rivers running from Mount Egmont. These boulders I had frequently closely inspected, especially when broken or split in half, so a rapid conclusion brought me to think the axe before me was from that quarter. But on a more mature and closer inspection the grain of the axe appeared to be coarser and of a bluer colour, though of the same volcanic formation usually described as trachyte. Again, with all the zeal of an antiquary my object was now to find the second axe or toki, but although I had a recollection of where it had been placed yet for some time I had not seen it.

The recovery of the second axe would be important to me as it was more perfect than the other. Not being able to rest, a thought struck me that the children having keener sight might have seen something of it. When questioned about the stone, one of them told me that only a short time back they saw it in a low forked branch of one of the poplar trees near the beach. I remembered the tree, but had not noticed it for two or three years. It evidently showed that they had quicker sight than I had, for, going to the tree in question there it was in the fork, but so surrounded by young shoots that it was only by looking closely that I could detect it. If this had been left for another few years it would have become entirely embedded in the tree itself. This curiosity was truly a perfect axe or toki, excepting the sharp edge having gone, no doubt, with use; but it is clearly to be seen that these two axes were for two different classes of work. The larger one first mentioned weighed fifteen pounds, and was four and a-half inches wide by four inches broad, the length being fourteen inches. It was sharpened in a slanting direction (and I have every reason to think was used for the more particular work in canoe building or other purposes) in a similar way to our adze,

fixed on to a wooden shaft (see Fig 4, p. 77.). The very size and weight of this axe must have required a powerful native to use it for any length of time. It makes me think the first natives were still more endowed with physical strength than their descendants.

In my research to obtain information on this point I came upon what I required in Sir George Grey's valuable work, "Polynesian Mythology," and it is to this effect: "The men of the canoe 'Arawa' (Shark) were giants. Tama-te-kapua (a leading chief) was nine feet high, and Rua (who followed in the canoe 'Puketea-wainui)' was eleven feet high. There have been no men since that time so tall as those heroes. The only man of these later times who was as tall as these was Tuhourangi: he was nine feet high: he was six feet up to the armpits." So I cannot look upon these large stone axes without associating them with a giant race of men.

The second axe or toki weighed eight and three-quarter pounds; width, three and three-quarter inches; breadth, two and a-quarter inches; length, twelve and a-half inches. This one is sharpened at a right angle with the side of the stone, and no doubt was used for the same purposes as our axe, especially for cutting off the large chips. Knowing the ground for so many years where they were found, and making the calculation of the time that they would have been buried here, I came to the conclusion that fully five hundred years must have elapsed since they were first deposited at this place.

Mathematics may be made without much assistance a motive power that will solve problems that no other course of reasoning would lead to. Often when we wished to know practically the certain results or accuracy of some difficult problem I have applied a mathematical test for its solution; again, by another different method to act as a check upon the former, when, should they accord, it would be taken for granted as correct. This very course may be applied in this case to these ancient axes, as in this instance I had arrived at a conclusion of which I wished to have the proof; but what was still more strange, having taken all into consideration I gave expression to an opinion that these axes came out in one of the first canoes to New Zealand.

This would be thought a very wild assertion by many, but allowing that I have had a wider circle of knowledge than is accorded to many in respect to the natives, by observation in various parts, this conclusion will not appear so rash as at the first sight. My whole object was now to obtain more definite knowledge concerning these antiquities, and for several days I could

not rest, being continually looking out for a fine day, as from where I was residing I had a fine view of the river Oruawharo. Being a calm day we required to cross over the river, so as to see the natives of the settlement of Rengarenga. It was not long before I obtained the desired opportunity. I took with me one whom I had frequently employed to ferry me across the river, which is about one mile wide where I intended crossing. I also carried with me the smaller axe. When arriving on the beach we embarked in a punt or flat-bottomed boat. The river is tidal, and at low water a considerable portion of mud flat is left dry. We easily pushed the punt over the flat into deep water, then with even strokes she glided along, while I sat in the stern enjoying the beautiful river scenery. It was one of those lovely spring days when the peach trees were in bloom, laden with delicate pink blossoms, which I could just discern on approaching the shore. The tide was fast running out, so the boat's head had to be kept well up, causing a silvery ripple as we glided along. I should fail to give any adequate description of the view before me as this point of land, though now deserted, is rich in all natural beauties. Years had passed since I had visited this place which, on again beholding, called to memory the first days of the Albertland settlement. We were then opposite Rengarenga, a point running into the bay facing the red bluff known as Whangaroa; the latter composed of a perpendicular cliff of so-called red sandstone. We rapidly approached the native side, and soon discerned that the former lovely grove of peach trees were now nearly all blighted. These trees, when in all their luxuriance, suggested those two lines in the "Maori Bride,"

> We strayed along the shady grove
> Of peaches in their bloom.

But now how altered! I looked for the pretty weatherboarded cottage that formerly stood near to some fig trees, the peach trees forming the background; then rising gradually behind these a hill covered with cabbage trees, fern, flax, toi-grass, and the pretty light bush mixed here and there with karaka trees which brought out the lighter shades of green foliage. What a change! The cottage had disappeared, the little garden of Eden, once so enchanting, was now overgrown with weeds. This once beautiful spot of earth presented a picture of desolation. A noble chieftainess with her slaves once resided here. She had one of the most classic faces I have ever seen. Her lips and chin were slightly tattooed, and the look of refinement mingled with haughty pride, bespoke her descent from ancestors of noble

lineage. Lavinia! I marvel as I recall that sad look as you sat before your little cottage. Did it imply unrequited love? If so, better to die soon than linger on sad and broken-hearted. The place had all the signs of being tapued ground. Even the peaches have not been eaten by the natives for many years, and close to the place, on a little hill that acted as a shelter to the cottage, is the burying ground of the settlement.

As a contrast, another of these natives comes to my recollection. We used to call him Pish, as he could not pronounce the word fish. Fishing seemed to be his chief occupation, and I have often seen him with his torch on a dark night spearing the patiki or flat fish on the beach. (See Spear, Fig. 5, p. 77.) He had a visage so repulsive as to almost cause a shudder, yet to myself and others in the settlement he appeared perfectly harmless. The natives said he was a slave taken in one of their fights, and at the time must have been very old. They would often joke about him, and said he was no good as he had eaten his wife when in a fit of rage, which, with his cannibal look, required little imagination to make us believe to be the truth.

We ran the boat into a little bay that had a sloping, sandy beach, then walked up to where the village Aho used to be. It, too, had disappeared. Here I remember seeing a very old chief, who had been put into a tent outside the village to die. It must be now twenty-seven years ago. This made a great impression on me. He was suffering from asthma, and it seemed such a barbarous custom that my sympathies were with the poor old chief.

The land about here is of splendid quality. It is now in cultivation. As I walked up the gradual slope from the beach I thought that I might meet someone who would give me intelligence of the native I wished to see. I soon observed a girl in the distance hard at work planting potatoes on the old ground that had been cultivated years ago. I was not long in making my wants known. I could not help noticing this native girl. She was hard at work planting, using a spade. The women amongst the Maoris do most of the manual work about a settlement. I have repeatedly seen the men lying down watching their wives do the work. One old native women more particularly arrested my attention. Though bent almost double with age she delved into the ground with all the vigour of a youthful person. After a little conversation I left them, and passed over some good grass land in company with one of the natives who was going to the present village. Here I shook hands with an old acquaintance, Edward, whom I knew in the first days of

our settlement. He evidently looked pleased to see me. I brought out the axe, at the same time asking for information about it. He leaned back against his house with the axe in his hand, and gazed up into my face for a little while. Whether his thoughts were about myself or the axe it would be hard to say, but his son, John Edward, appearing on the scene, soon put us on the right track as to where we could obtain the desired information. We two walked over to where his grandfather was working in a small patch of ground near the beach. His name was Solomon (in English), or Te Aria (Maori), the oldest native chief on the Oruawharo settlement. He had altered little, being an old man when we arrived in 1862. After the usual salutation, as we knew each other well, the nature of the business was explained by John Edward, who acted in the capacity of interpreter for me. This youthful-looking native spoke English fluently. I was astonished at his proficiency, but reflected that he must have been under the care of the Rev. William Gittos, Wesleyan missionary (see Appendix K.) to the natives stationed here when we first arrived. Mr Gittos may rightly be termed the father of the Albertland special settlement.* Since then the young man informed us he had been educated for three years at the Wesley College, Three Kings, Auckland. I proffered payment to him for interpreting, when these were his characteristic words, "All the Maoris here like your father and you, therefore I shall be pleased to do all I can without payment."

Now took place another of those interesting conversations which would in some way, I felt convinced, throw some light upon the object of my visit. It was on the 2nd of September, 1890, this chief, Te Aria, who is close upon ninety-six years old, with his memory still good, left his work, and we three sat down on the grass, alongside the cultivation, in a circle, with the stone axe in the middle of us. Te Aria, taking it up and looking at it carefully, said, "This toki was brought from Hawaiki in the canoe 'Tainui.'" He also told us there was another toki: it should be near to where this one was found † (still looking at the stone axe). Then he gave, as I judged, part of the tradition, for it accorded with what I had read, but the tradition as written may not be exactly the same as to the course the 'Tainui' took. While thinking this over he added, "The 'Tainui' came into the Kaipara; the bluff or point where the occupants first landed

* The Rev. W. Gittos really made the choice of the block of land, that is, his advice was taken in the matter, and he has been associated with the settlers more or less ever since. My own opinion is a better block could not have been chosen at the time.

† No doubt the natives had seen them lying on the beach.

on the river they called Whangaroa.* Close to this place, along the beach was their place of settlement called Takapau."† Then he drew my attention to the flat here at this place, Takapau, one portion of which the tide came over at high water, the beach acting as a protection to anything inside of it. Near to this spot where the tokis were found the 'Tainui' lay sheltered by the beach.‡ As the axe had been laid down he now took it up again, still more narrowly scrutinising it; then, without the slightest hesitation he said, "The toki is six hundred years old." This being the chief point I wished to know, as of course he was not aware of the results I had arrived at. Then I said that he must be near the mark as to the age, also about the stone coming out in the 'Tainui' as far as it would be possible to calculate or judge from the evidence before us.

Although the foregoing had been given briefly yet it contained much which was of the greatest interest. Some further conversation ensued, but as it related chiefly to those simple words it is unnecessary to repeat it. He now gave me the first account of his ancestors that came out in the canoe 'Tainui.' Shortly afterwards he paid me a visit dressed in European style, with black cloth coat and trousers, when I obtained the remainder, which are here given in their genealogical order:—

| NAME. | MEANING IN ENGLISH. |
|---|---|
| § IHENGA | Building. |
| KUMIKUMI | Whale fish. |
| TUMATAPO | Fighting in the night-time. |
| MANGARU | Shaking mountain. |
| MANGATIPA | Hill of large pipi shells. |
| TANGIHUA | Hill near Whangarei where native died. [sleeping. |
| MARERETU | Fighting, slipping away, stand |
| TUTAMOI | The same as calling the dog; large branch. |
| MANGANUI | Hill where some natives died. |
| WAIKARA | Water of colour. |
| TARAHOKA | Shelter against the wind. |
| WAIPOUA | Water of snags; sun red. |
| TAMAHUNGA | Knocking on the head; killing. |
| TOITOIOREI | Belongs to me; fight for flesh. |

* The same as the name on the original survey map (native interpretation "Waiting for a long time").

† Name on the original survey map (native interpretation, "Where they put down a mat and went to sleep"), or to me, "Where they resided for a long time."

‡ While the men were digging the drain close to where the axes were dug up, there were numbers of pieces of wood crossing the drain at right angles. One piece I remember was split up by one of the men so as to see what timber it was. The remark made at the time was that it did not resemble any wood that he had seen in New Zealand. As these pieces all crossed the drain at about the same depth it is possible for them to have been the skids upon which the canoe rested, and they may have been brought from Hawaiki.

§ The one who came out in the 'Tainui' canoe.

| Name. | Meaning in English. |
|---|---|
| Atuanui | Big god. |
| Murimurinui | High tide ; new moon. |
| Ahitahi | One fire. |
| Omamari | Going with a light load. |
| Paheheke | Slip. |
| Kihiwi | Eating people. |
| Takahunga | Footmark. |
| Ouriti | Number of cabbage trees. |
| Patapata | After cutting up into squares. |
| Waikawae | Carrying water. |
| Papakotore | Red clay. |
| Mahutu | Sharp frost mist coming along. |
| Wairapakura | Lead sky. |
| Wainui | Big water. |
| Tareha | White. |
| Poroporo | Surveyor ; cut short. |
| Aria (Solomon) | Sacred place. |
| Ngataru (Edward) | Lily. |
| Paratine (John Edward) | Tie on canoes ; vine. |

We then went over to see my father, who resided close by, he being pleased to see Solomon, as he had not seen him for a number of years. Solomon said he remembered the Rev. Samuel Marsden when he first came to New Zealand. Whether he said he was baptized or made a minister I did not clearly understand, but he said he must have been about twenty years old when the Rev. Samuel Marsden came, which was in the year 1814.*

Another of those links attaching importance to this subject is the native word "whanga," used as a prefix only to names along the coast between the parallel of 35 deg. and 39 deg. South latitude, New Zealand. It may be merely a strange coincidence, but at any rate it is suggestive that this prefix will in a measure be the means of tracing out the course taken by the 'Tainui' after reaching New Zealand.† When the natives paid me a visit on the 9th September, 1890, I had a map of the colony laid out upon the table. I then pointed out the probable route of the canoe 'Tainui' from Poverty Bay to Kawhia, and I may say in this they coincided with me. Therefore, to make it still more intelligible, one of the survey maps of the North Island can be taken for reference. The first is Whangara, on the East Coast, Poverty Bay. Hereabouts they may have first sighted land. Perhaps, fearing to go on the mainland, they may have taken shelter at this small island. The meaning, as interpreted to me,

* From the flagstaff hill at Kororareka, Bay of Islands, Auckland, can be seen in the distance Te Puna, the first mission station in the colony, where on Christmas Day, 1814, Samuel Marsden preached his first sermon to New Zealanders. Here then Solomon must have been initiated as a tohunga of the Christian religion. Across the harbour can be also seen Waitangi, the scene of the signing of the treaty in 1840 by which we hold these islands.

† See "The Ancient History of the Maori," by John White, page 37, vol. iv.

is, "Waiting for days." We then come to Whangamata, further north, meaning, "Waiting with arms ready for the fight." Next we come to Whangapoua, meaning "Waiting for the large pipis." It is therefore more than likely they took a supply before proceeding further on their voyage, when they would round Cape Colville, steering across the Hauraki Gulf, landing at Whangaparaoa somewhere near Christmas-time, when the pohutukawa was in full blossom. These trees at Christmastide are truly pictures in the North, covered with scarlet flowers, with which numbers of the settlers decorate their homes as a reminder of the good old English Christmas. The meaning of the word Whangaparaoa is "Waiting for food." We now come to Whangarei, meaning "Waiting for the cooked breast of a native." Next we find Whangaruru, the English of which is "Waiting while they killed the owl, or more-pork." Then passing the Bay of Islands, we come to Whangaroa harbour, where they "Waited a long time." Afterwards rounding Cape Maria Van Dieman, we come to Whangape, meaning "Waiting for the inside of the pipi"; after which they entered the Kaipara harbour, steering their course up the Oruawharo river, which is the middle estuary of the Kaipara harbour, until arriving at the point of Whangaroa, where they again "Waited for a long time," until going to the Waikato river, taking its course to Whangapoa; thence back again to the mouth and on to Kawhia harbour, where this remarkable expedition of the 'Tainui' ended.

In conversing with the interpreter, the fact was elicited that up to the time of Europeans coming to the colony the Maoris had no written records. As for fixing a date, in some instances they may be near the mark, but in the majority of cases they appear not to have had the remotest idea of it. This applies chiefly to those who have passed away. They may be more relied upon in traditions of their descent, as this would be a means of giving them power over each other, and would be guarded. The accounts of their battles also might be taken; but when it comes to the time or years that any of the events occurred, then it is all mere conjecture.

Close to Whangaroa, on the Oruawharo river, there is the flat called Takapau, alluded to previously. In front of this there is a large pipi ground, extending a considerable distance out into the bay, from which the natives drew their chief food supply. This flat also faces the largest bay on the river. At the back of the stronghold it has been fortified for some miles round, indications of which are seen on every hill of any size, showing that years ago it must have been a place of importance.

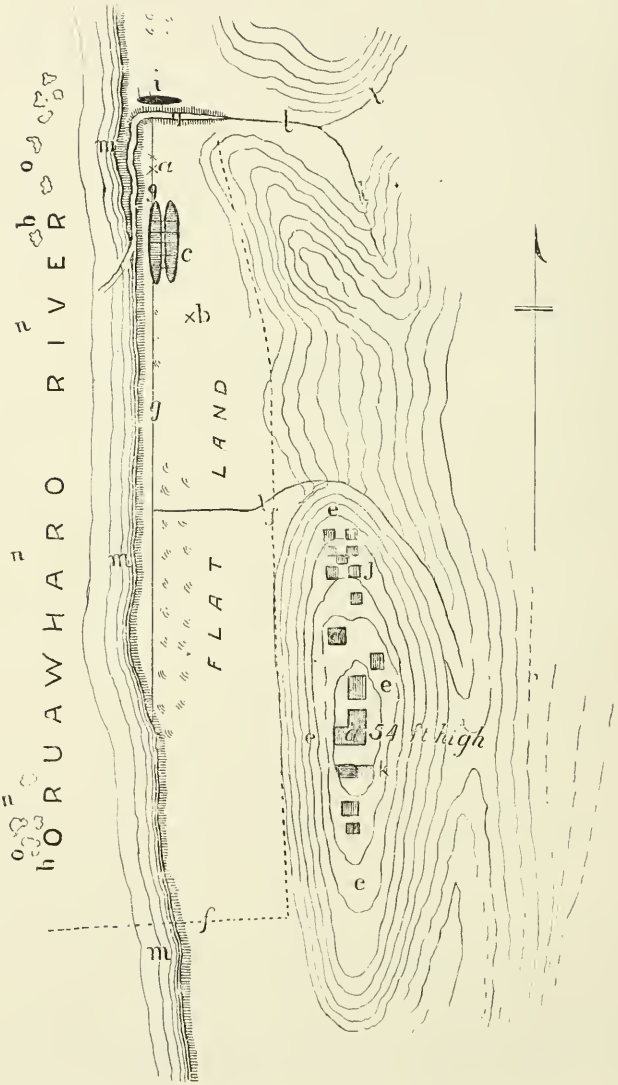
No one knows so much of this ground as myself. A portion of the flat that was heaped up with pipi shells was partially levelled and drains dug, to bring it under the plough. An immense number of these shells were formerly lying on the flat; now most are ground to powder with repeated ploughing and working. Stones of old native ovens are constantly turning up where they have had their fires. At the side of one of these fires, on the subsoil about one and a half feet deep, I found another small axe (or panehea), August 22, 1890, weighing a quarter of an ounce, close upon half an inch wide by three quarters broad and one inch and a half long (see Fig. 3, page 77). The date of this is also very old, as the axe was at the bottom of a drain.* Solomon informed me the last native left this place some sixty years ago, or about the year 1830. He also came to the Oruawharo about the same time. Whangaroa was in the olden times a fort. The trenches are in a good state of preservation at the present time. It has been used as a burying-ground, and the skull was found here which is mentioned in the foot-note to "The Native Problem Solved." Te Aria also informed me that the native was eaten at one of their cannibal feasts. Though I am not a good linguist, I have read the character of the natives through their manner of speaking, so that each movement has been attentively watched, and the very decisiveness when Te Aria said, "This toki was brought from Hawaiki," has still further made me think these stones must have been shaped in an island where there was nothing harder, such as flint or other hard substance, as all along the beach here there are flint boulders of large size. Therefore the inference is that they came from one of the coral islands where there had been some kind of volcanic action. The larger axe of the two is still more ancient looking than the smaller one.† On the 'Tainui' leaving the Takapau, these axes might have been thrown out or deposited here. Finding they could be replaced by a much better stone they were probably neglected, and so they must have remained hidden for generations. A drawing of them is given on page 77, also a plan of the locality where they were found on the following one. The shaft or handle is a copy from an old one I obtained from Solomon. They are much shorter than our handles. The wood mostly used for the purpose is the akeake, of a very hard and lasting nature.

From the same native I obtained a beautiful greenstone axe

* This axe is shaped in the same form as the largest axe, and appears to be flint.

† It will not surprise me if these stones or axes of a large size may in some way be found to have a bearing on those that Mr. Romilly saw in the Louiseades, mentioned in his "Western Pacific," page 138.

TAKAPAU.



the size of a tomahawk, and much similar in shape, chiefly used for the fine work of the canoes, making them smooth. It had been handed down for generations from the 'Tainui,' and is in a perfect state. The name of it in Maori is Arohanoa, meaning "For love and friendship," and with this meaning it was given. I received it on behalf of my father, who has possession of it.* A most singular custom used to prevail with the natives. When they were visited by friendly natives they would bring forth this stone axe, placing it between them as they sat upon the ground, and then would go through the usual crying, often carried on for an hour or so.

I am fully convinced that every effort should now be made to collect all authentic information relating to the native race, or relics connected with them. When a few more years have passed away, it will be found almost impossible to do so.

KEY TO THE GROUND PLAN OF TAKAPAU, EXPLORED BY E. S. B., AND DESCRIBED BY TE ARIA.

a—Where the stone axes were found.
b—Where the small stone panehea was found.
c—Supposed position of canoe 'Tainui.'
d—Village (or pa), with excavations.
e—Hill, 54 feet high.
f—Present fence.
g—Drain.
i—Old canoe—Where found.
j—Kumara pits—Excavation.
k—Trench—Excavation—Old fortification.
l—Watercourse.
m—Sandy beach.
n—Pipi ground.
o—Mangroves.

* Since presented to the Auckland Museum. Te Aria died December 6, 1891.

# CHAPTER XI.

## THE 'TAINUI' AND TE ARIA.

THE illustrious navigator, Captain James Cook, left a record of his voyages, both scientific and descriptive, of the manners and customs relative to those natives of the islands he visited in the Pacific Ocean, which, up to that time, were almost unknown to Europeans. It is a question whether his record has been in many respects surpassed since.

The coastline of New Zealand shows by more recent surveys how correct was his outline of these islands, which we must remember was executed under almost unexceptional and insurmountable disadvantages—no harbours of refuge were then known for him to fly to in unfavourable weather, with his solitary vessel off a rugged and stormy coast some sixteen thousand miles away from his native land. We cannot fail to admire the spirit and indomitable courage of our pioneer voyager and surveyor of these seas.

Taranaki was not left without some distinctive mark of this great man which will keep his name green amongst us for generations yet to come. He gave its highest point of land the name of Mount Egmont. England also honoured him by naming the strait he discovered between the North and South Island, Cook's Strait, which embraces some sixty miles of the shores of Taranaki to the south.

It is from this record, written during his voyages in these waters, that some approximate conclusion can be arrived at as to the construction of the canoe 'Tainui.' It is from its contents that the earliest reliable information can be gleaned, giving it a special interest after the lapse of one hundred and twenty years.

We gather from his journal* that for long voyages amongst the islands double canoes lashed together, a few feet apart, were used, and to arrive at this he must have had special knowledge as to the sea-going qualities of this class of craft, including the build, lashings, interior arrangements, etc. He says: "On Friday, the 4th June, 1773, while off Mortuara, New Zealand, a large double canoe, containing about thirty men, came within musket shot. Among these new visitors one stood at the head of the canoe, another at the stern, while the rest kept their seats; the former held a green bough in his hand, and spoke a few words, and the other made a long harangue in solemn and well articulated words. Being invited on board he at last ventured, and was followed soon by the rest, who eagerly traded with the crew."

There is no doubt in my mind all the canoes that arrived during the migration of the Maoris to these shores were large canoes, but to me the word 'Tainui'† expresses or implies something more than the single canoe.‡ Possibly there may have been two or more large canoes lashed together, for on studying the subject it is evident that for a long journey the ordinary canoe that we are in the habit of associating the Maoris with would be out of place. The 'Tainui' might have been a provision boat of the fleet, carrying the vegetables and seeds that they must have brought with them, most probably from Hawaiki, the Hawaii of the Sandwich Islands. Therefore there will be some difference in the mode adapted for this purpose as to design, etc., to the long single canoe that is supposed to have brought the Maoris of the 'Tainui' to New Zealand, for to have got these seeds and vegetables wet with salt water or exposed to the salt air would, almost to a certainty, have meant the destruction of their germinating powers. At the very least—from the last islands they would leave—that is, either the Friendly or Samoan Group, they would have to traverse from 1,000 to 1,500 miles of ocean before arriving at New Zealand. It also could not be expected that this distance could be accomplished without meeting occasionally with head winds and rough seas. So it is most unlikely the single canoe would be used, as it was known to be unseaworthy for an ocean voyage.

The Rev. William Yates, in his book of New Zealand, 1835,

* I read the voyages of this navigator when a boy with the kind of romance attaching to it with which one invests Robinson Crusoe, but it was with far different feelings I perused it latterly, as it contained much solid information—knowing now much of the configuration of the island it had a fascinating realism.

† Invariably to all Maori names there is a meaning attached, local or descriptive. 'Tainui' being "Great Tide."

‡ Transactions of the New Zealand Institute, Vol. XI., Page 71 and 72.

says: "The canoes of the New Zealanders were formerly procured only by immense labour, on account of the utter absence of all edge tools, except their blunt edge axes, made of a kind of marble or jasper. When a man required a canoe he had to go to the wood and fell his tree with a small stone hatchet, which preparatory work generally occupied four or five men for two months. After this was accomplished it had to be shaped into the form of a canoe, which could only be done with great labour—part would be burnt out, and part would be chipped out with the axe, both were wearisome processes and required much patience. After the vessel was launched much remained to be done to it; if intended for a war canoe, two more trees had to be felled to cut out two planks for bulwarks, and these when cut, had to be shaped and fitted on, and then bored with a small pointed stone, for the shreds of flax to be passed through, with which it was to be tied or sewn to the hull of the vessel. This accomplished, an elaborately-carved stern or stern-post had to be made, and the whole canoe painted inside and outside with red, and one streak of black over the band which secures the sideboards, or what may be termed the gunwale of the vessel. Along the band is always laid a number of the gannet's most beautiful feathers, and on the image placed at the nose of the canoe is fixed a large wig of the feathers of the kaka, or New Zealand parrot. These canoes will sometimes contain from eighty to a hundred men; they are rowed with short paddles, a man sitting on each side, upon a grating raised about halfway from the bottom. They are tolerably safe, even in a stiff breeze, but from their great length they always go through the trough of the sea and not over the waves. If they went over poised on the wave underneath the middle, the back of the vessel would in all probability be broken. Many have been lost at sea through the ignorance or obstinacy of the steersman. When they wish to row quickly their motions are mechanically regular, and the crew are excited and regulated by a man standing up in the centre of the canoe who sings and beats time. The vessels for ordinary purposes are much smaller than their men-of-war, not having a gunwale or any ornament. A number of war canoes are always kept in readiness, in case of a sudden call to arms, but upon any grand expedition they are prepared with the greatest nicety and caution, and every ornament that can be crowded upon them without detriment is lavishly employed. I far prefer the New Zealand to the Friendly Island canoes, the latter having two lashed together are far too unwieldy, and when at sea are unmanageable. They are

decked; have houses erected upon them, and carry between three and four hundred people, besides provisions for this number for several days at sea. I think I have heard them say, that with their means, it requires sixty men to raise the mast when they wish to set sail. A fleet of these canoes, consisting of eight or ten, is a very imposing sight, and a fleet of a hundred New Zealand vessels is a dreadful one, inspiring, from the shouts of the warriors whilst paddling along, the utmost terror in the minds of those whom they are about to attack. None can calmly view a hundred of these canoes in action, particularly when it is considered that they are never brought together in such numbers but with the intention of mischief."

How unseaworthy the long canoe is will be at once seen from the preceding description. Having had a small canoe on the Awakino river fitted as a boat for pulling, I found it extremely difficult to manage; this, too, with all the manœuvring that could be brought to bear against rough and troubled water, which would still come in and cause the canoe to lose all its buoyancy. One day when abreast of what we called the Awakino Camp I could see that extra care would be required on rounding the bend, as it was blowing a strong headwind with a rough sea on. Keeping the course of the canoe closer in-shore, knowing it to be somewhat risky, I brought the bow of the little boat a trifle more obliquely to the breaking rollers, so as to cause her to rise more quickly on meeting the wave. She made good headway, but such rollers I had never seen before in this river—regular breakers, like a tidal wave as they came booming inwards. It was about high water, and what puzzled me the more was this, the river was land-locked or sheltered here, and only a few chains wide. This part was about a mile from the mouth, but it made here a sudden turn, running parallel with the ocean, only separated by high sandhills a few chains apart. The rollers were coming along, a good distance between each, with a regularity showing that there must have been a very heavy swell on outside the river. For a short time we had managed to ride over, but I could now see in the distance one very large wave breaking with an ominous roar, foaming as it came on the top of the swell. Taking in the distance to the shore at a glance, with every calculation of the effect of this mass of water, I told the man who was at the oars to be prepared, and as it was hopeless to get to the side in time, I determined to try and dash through it. The word was given to lay-to, then bringing the head of the canoe to face it in we dashed, when for a second or two there was a swirl of water and lashing of foam. Instead of the canoe riding over

it she cut into the wave, became engulfed, and immediately filled and went down. After a little floundering about we managed to push the canoe in shore, where we baled the water out—then started on our journey again, having succeeded in passing the worst place. I have had similar experiences on several other occasions, and have therefore proved the canoe to be far from safe, as there is not sufficient surface on first coming in contact with the wave to raise it in proportion to the whole length.

No doubt the canoes of the Friendly Islands that Mr. Yates describes were built for war purposes only, and as these islands are in the supposed course taken by the 'Tainui' between the Sandwich Islands and New Zealand, an earlier description of their canoes by Captain Cook, October, 1773, will enable a comparison to be drawn as to the probable build of the now celebrated canoe 'Great Tide.'

"The construction and make of their canoes in point of neatness and workmanship exceed everything of the kind in this sea. They are built of several pieces sewn together with bandages in so neat a manner that on the outside it is difficult to see the joints. All the fastenings are inside and pass through kants or ridges which are wrought on the edges and ends of the several boards which compose the vessel for that purpose. At the end is a kind of deck, one-third part of the whole length and open in the middle. These single canoes have all outriggers, and are sometimes navigated with sails, but more generally with paddles. The two vessels which compose the double canoes are each sixty or seventy feet long and four or five feet broad in the middle, and each end terminates nearly in a point. Thus the body, or hull, differs a little in construction from the single canoe, but is put together exactly in the same manner. All parts which compose the double canoe are made as strong and light as the nature of the work will admit, and may be immersed in water to the very platform without being in danger of filling. Nor is it possible under any circumstances whatever for them to sink as long as they hold together; thus fitting them for distant navigation. They are rigged with one mast and a lateen triangular sail, extended by a long yard, which is a little bent. The sail is made of mats, the rope they make use of is laid exactly like those of Europe, and some of it is four or five-inch. On the platform is built a little shed or hut which screens the crew from the sea and weather, and serves for other purposes." He also alludes to the double-sailing canoe of the Sandwich Islands.

In the Western Pacific or New Guinea, often from five to eight canoes are lashed together to perfom a journey by water of three hundred miles or so. They have a deck across the whole, with a small house built upon it. In the Cook Group of Islands the natives use the double canoe, so that it may be assumed that the Maoris would make choice of that model that was most fitted for distant navigation. The word "Tainui" would suggest one larger than the average. It is also evident that if the traditions are to be relied upon, the Maoris left Hawaiki, performing the whole journey in the same canoes, calling or resting at the islands en route to New Zealand.

These traditions also give the fullest particulars as to the preparations made for their departure, with the parting advice given to them by the chief of Hawaiki upon their leaving the island. One of the most noteworthy circumstances connected with these people is that, through a course of some hundreds of years, they can still point out the direction in which their home or island lay* from which they emigrated, and the places where the different canoes first landed, with many other particulars. All this shows clearly that it was no mere accident or stress of weather that caused them to emigrate to this island. This also leads me to believe that this island was known to them by some means or other, and that it was inhabited previously to the arrival of the 'Tainui.' The manner in which the whole of the canoes that followed were provisioned with taro, sweet potatoes, calabash or gourd, and karaka berries, all tend to show that the position of the island was known to them. A better proof of this is that most of the canoes made the island on the same coast-line within the space of about two hundred miles.

What has greatly astonished me is this : that these natives, who have been for years comparatively civilized, still cling to their traditions with a faith that, with all their present knowledge, is almost incredible.

Te Aria explained to me that the 'Tainui' was a very large canoe, and that it contained upwards of two hundred Maoris. To this I could not but say: "As there were so many of them, was it not likely that this canoe would be a double one?" Upon which he replied, "No ; it was a single canoe." Then I tried to explain to him that it would have to be a very large one to hold that number with all the provisions they would require for the voyage, even if starting from the Friendly Islands. Then again, taking into account the seeds they brought with them, it

* The direction has been pointed out to me by one of the Ngapuhi chiefs, and it corresponds with a line to the Sandwich Islands.

would point to a craft larger than the usual run of canoes. To this his reply was they had no provisions, nor did they need any, as they came along so fast, at the same time being endowed with special sustaining powers for the voyage.* By this it will be clear how their journey to these islands is clothed in a figurative garment, making it very difficult to divest it of its fiction. One can easily imagine how the first arrivals would become almost deified. To extol themselves they would surround the event with an air of mystery as regards minute details. It would not show much common sense to place faith wholly in their accounts. It also stands to reason that some provision had been made for this long ocean voyage ; for, long before they had touched at the Friendly Islands, they would have learned to the fullest extent this lesson of navigation thoroughly. I think it would be more reasonable to suppose the 'Tainui' to be a vessel unlike the rest of the fleet, similar to the 'Aotea' ('White Cloud'), as two canoes lashed together some few feet apart would prove far safer than one large canoe. If this mode of construction had not been used in the fleet, it is not likely that it would have been adopted afterwards when there was no need of any distant navigation.

However, after all the knowledge we can obtain from these traditions, it is still left open to form an opinion respecting them, and possibly we may in time have some light thrown upon it. Even since writing the last portion, "Relics of the 'Tainui,'" I have every reason to believe a part of the same has been discovered. On reference to the plan of Takapau it will be seen where marked "i." Here on the 7th of January, 1891, in making a careful search of the ground, I saw along the edge of an old drain (marked on the plan "g") what looked to be two buried rails, the edge only being seen, as they lay end to end. I had no knowledge of these, although the drain was dug under my supervision in 1865. I took a spade and dug away the bank to the depth of about two feet. Finding the wood one piece, and still continuing inwards, I then took the surface off, thinking it to be an old tree that lay buried ; but as the excavation went on it had all the appearance of being a very old canoe. It turned out to be close upon sixteen feet long by about two feet wide in the broadest part. The age of it must have been considerable, for when exposed it looked like the bark of a totara tree, but much darker in colour, and the furrows running the whole length were about one and three-quarter inches deep—the ridge coming sharper to a point than the bark of that tree. After being

* The same expression I had from Turton. It is possible they were some days without food.

exposed a few days, where it lay, as I had not removed it from its bed, it had shrunk considerably on the surface. To be sure of the identity of the canoe I asked the chief Te Aria to come over and have a look at it. He arrived on the 22nd January, 1891, with another native chief, Toko, who could speak good English, and undertook to interpret for us. Te Aria pronounced it to be a very old canoe, but not the 'Tainui.' I pointed out to him the first skid upon which the canoe had been run up on shore, and upon which it had at one time rested. This I afterwards dug out. It was about eight feet long, and turned out to be part of the mast. It lay in the blue clay of the beach, but was all covered over with two feet of limestone gravel and earth. This was on the same level, and about a foot from the end of the canoe. Apparently, the end had rotted away, as some feet of it and of the sides had gone. The greater portion of the side nearest the drain had quite disappeared, perhaps before it was covered over with the limestone. A part of the bottom of the mast had been broken off, as some three feet from the bottom of the canoe it acted as another skid,* the canoe resting upon it. This portion must have been the bottom of the mast, as it was sharp, and corresponded with the other where broken off; also there was a distinct mark where it had been stepped. Te Aria said it had been sharpened with the stone axe. As we all sat down on the bank, looking at it, the question naturally arose as to what wood the canoe had been made of. This has been most difficult to decide. First, Te Aria said it was rimu. This might possibly turn out to be true. I can only judge so by the rotten timber that I have seen of this tree in Taranaki; but the ribbed nature makes me think that it is from another island. At last, when he had broken a small piece of it, he said he thought it was kauri. Toko said it was not like any wood he had seen, and several others have mentioned other different kinds of wood. Some seem to tell kauri by the smell, but this has quite a different scent to that tree.† Te Aria then referred to the northern portion of Auckland as having been heavily timbered with rimu. Of course, this was at some remote period. He said at the present time nearly all these trees were small and few. I told him I had already noticed the small diameter of the rimus. It is not in the least improbable that the kauri has taken the place of the rimu in the north as the rata has, to a great extent, usurped that of the rimu in Taranaki.

The kauri is by many writers said to be principally confined to

* To be seen in the Museum. Probably the third mast of the canoe.

† Mr. Cheeseman, Curator, Auckland Museum, has examined it with the microscope, and pronounces it kauri.

the paleozoic rocks. Although this may be so at the present time it does not follow that the forest has not undergone various lengthened changes in its flora. It has been forced upon me, after many years spent beneath New Zealand's leafy foliage, that with the constant accumulations of hundreds of years upon the earth's surface that shrub or tree best suited to the soil or its condition will conquer, thereby supplanting the former growth, and following the law of nature. The chief building material of Taranaki is the rimu, or red pine, and I have been surprised at the lasting nature of it when used for survey pegs. The rimu of Auckland is not a durable timber. The most useful and valuable timber in that province is the kauri ; and I cannot refrain from remarking upon the ruthless and improvident manner in which these magnificent forests of kauri are being felled or burnt down. Whatever may be brought forward in extenuation of this course, as there have been no corresponding adequate reserves made for the future exigencies of the colony, it is at a cost that will fall heavily on both town and country, to say nothing of its doubtful commercial bearing not to be surpassed in any other country. Half the kauri exported is from the Kaipara, possibly amounting in the aggregate to twenty million feet a year, and this without any apparent material gain. I have taken Te Aria as an authority upon the rimu of the north, as he has been the original or chief owner of the land on the southern banks of the Oruawharo river. He is at the present time the oldest chief of the native settlement here. He is active, although under the average in height, has a high forehead, is intelligent, quick in thought, decisive, possesses a good memory, and is a thorough business man, mechanic, etc. He labours under the disadvantage of being a little lame, having always walked with a staff since I have known him.

A plan will be found of the old canoe which will need a little explanation. Where the bottom of the old canoe rests, taking this stratum of blue clay or sediment left by the flow and return of the tides, was exactly on the same line or level as that where the stone axes were found, being about one chain to the north of them. To venture an opinion upon them I should say they came in the same canoe and were tapued along with the canoe. The difference in depth of soil in the two positions is that the former is near the watercourse or valley. On the top of the canoe was an average of six inches of clay, twelve inches gravelly limestone, the rest dark stiff soil. For the last twenty-eight years this surface has not altered perceptibly. Toko, wishing to see the canoe where it would dry, we lifted the shell of it out on to the

bank, turning the bottom upwards, when it was more clearly seen that at one time it had been shaped into form. The bottom of it does not appear to have been made sharp like the present ones, and the width must have been originally six or seven feet, most likely forming one section of a canoe, as the top end has all the appearance of being cut off square and flat. Possibly it was the third part of a canoe or the stern portion. Allowing it to have been twenty-five feet long the whole canoe may have reached the length of seventy-five feet or more; this I take from the existing curve both ways. It had been placed very carefully in position, straight up and down the valley, and may have been left here on account of proving defective, while a new portion took its place.

We looked upon the spot where this old canoe,* now an object connecting the past with the present, had lain for generations. Each minute particular has been given, for it may help, in the course of time, to bear upon some portion of Ancient New Zealand.

I received from Te Aria a scoop or baler that was used in the 'Tainui,' so he informed me, it having been handed down to him as such. This information I received as doubtful. I was quite taken aback to find that it was kauri, telling him that it could not be a baler of that canoe. But he assured me the canoe 'Tainui' was also made of kauri.

On reference to the "Forest Flora of New Zealand," as to the distribution of the genus, I find that the species of kauri are distributed through the Malay Archipelago, Fiji, Eastern Tropical Australia, New Caledonia, and New Zealand.

To show the custom of the natives at the present time, when I went over to see Te Aria I found the settlement deserted. I could see the marks of their horses on the beach as they had gone. This surprised me, as they should have been cutting their grass-seed and getting in other crops. Going as far as their little church, which stood on one of the small hills ascending from the river, I found it a neat structure, with a belfry, and the ground fenced in. At a little distance there are weather-boarded cottages of the natives, with grass paddocks, from which a splendid view of the river, with the settlement and township of Port Albert across the river, is obtained. On my return I saw a native coming along the beach. He told me Te Aria was up in the clearing, but all the other natives had gone over to the Otamatea, where there was a "tangi," or feast, as an old native

* The canoe has been sawn through the middle, cross-ways, and preserved. A small portion of it on being planed, then rubbed with the hand, with a little oil upon it, in a few seconds produced the most beautiful polish, showing the grain distinctly. This speaks for its age.

had just died. Some days would be spent in feasting, a custom that will only die with the last of the race.

There is one fine specimen of the older Maori here, whom I could not help looking upon with admiration. He is the native missionary of the settlement, known by the name of Turton. I visited the settlement on the 14th February, and, to take a short cut, I went up the bank so as to cross the cultivation. When on the top of the rise, I saw a native basking in the sun, which, I must confess, was rather powerful at the time. His spade and work were close by; the grass that he was stretched full length upon, with his face towards the ground, was only a short distance from me. I called out "Tanakoe!"* when he rose up, and returned the salutation. After shaking hands with him we sat down alongside an apple tree, and soon entered into conversation, as we knew each other well in the first days of the Albertland Settlement. This native, Turton, a chief of the Ngapuhi tribe, meaning "plume of the lord of the sea," is tall, with a noble forehead, having good features; his face is also much tattooed; although old he is still erect in form—a worthy last representative of this tribe of the ancient Maori.† He is descended from Hoturoa, the navigator of the canoe 'Tainui.' (All the natives of this settlement are descended from those who came out in this canoe.) He gave me from memory the names of his ancestors, which were repeated in their genealogical order.

The migration of the Maoris to New Zealand in the canoes 'Great Tide,' 'The Shark,' and the 'White Cloud,' are so substantiated by their representatives or tribes that they cannot but arrest the attention of all lovers of Ancient New Zealand. One who has contributed more than any other to the preservation of many of their legends, etc., is Sir George Grey, long a friend of these natives, whom they look upon with reverence. He stands boldly forward as the connecting link between the two races, and combines qualities possessed by few other persons in the world. He is noted as an explorer, governor, statesman, and orator, with great erudition and literary attainments, and a generous spirit that has been seldom equalled.

A more appropriate closing to this sketch cannot be given than in those memorable words uttered by him into the phonograph, and preserved in the Auckland Free Library, February 24th, 1891:—"Citizens of Auckland,—You are amongst the heralds who introduce, and the rulers who must guide and direct a new

* Good day.

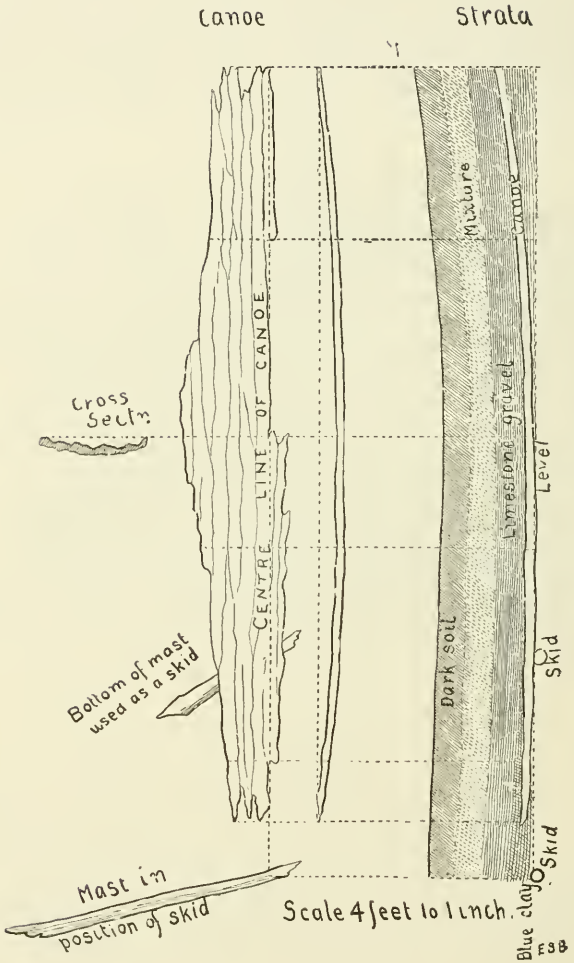
† He knew Hone Heke, and well remembers when the natives used to fight without firearms.

age, and who must establish an as yet unknown nation. Back upon you will have to look a new race and millions of people. The duty devolving on you is a great one. With humility, yet with fortitude, pursue your task. Falter not! March resolutely on, with truth and justice upon either hand of you, with the love of mankind as your guiding star, your duty to your Maker as the staff on which you lean. Then will God bless you, and render you a blessing to the ages yet to come.—GEORGE GREY."

## THE LAST MAORI WARRIOR.

HE stood—a noble object, with his face towards the east—
Upon an ancient pah,* chieftain of many a feast,
Tattooed † with all the art that this savage could employ,
Yet still erect in form, with a descent without alloy.
Behind the palisades he'd fought 'midst rifle shot and shells,
Joining in the warriors' dance with stamps, and sighs, and yells.
All this passed in quick array as he looked upon the sea,
Then pointing to the left he simply uttered "Hawaiki,"‡
As his thoughts had roamed away to his traditional home,
On looking round the land that gave him birth he stood alone;
Where once the virgin forest with the birds so thrilling sweet,
Now flourished another people, victors of his retreat.
Calling for the tohunga § to learn the apparent cause,
Which echo answered back again, 'Tis one of Nature's laws.
With a sigh he looked once more north of the rising sun,‖
Saying, as his eyes glazed, for his race was nearly run,
"Farewell! I can see a brighter and more glorious pah,"
Then his spirit gently fled like the setting evening star.¶

* Fort. † Skin marked. ‡ One of the Sandwich Islands. § Priest. ‖ Direction of Hawaii. ¶ On causes leading to the extinction of the Maori. See T.N.Z.I., vol xiv., p. 459.


Canoe
Strata
Mixture
Canoe
Limestone gravel
Level
Dark soil
Skid
Skid
Blue clay
Cross Sect:
CENTRE LINE OF CANOE
Bottom of mast used as a skid
Mast in position of skid
Scale 4 feet to 1 inch.
F.S.B.

# CHAPTER XII.

## THE ARRIVAL OF THE MAORIS—AN INVESTIGATION.

AFTER all the labour and research into the traditions of the Maoris we are rather apt to be led astray, as in place of facts or certainty we are sometimes confronted with what may be termed a mere myth. Hence, in trying to solve what we wish to ascertain we still get further from the mark. This is all the more apparent when we consult the natives and then refer to any recently written record, showing how futile it is to base anything wholly upon orally delivered statements, on account of their discrepancies. Such, then, being the case, I cannot but think some other course should be pursued so as to form a more definite conception of the past of the natives of New Zealand. I feel fully convinced that, whether this island has been inhabited only for a few hundred or for several thousand years, should be within our means of ascertaining with a degree of certainty. It is also true that this cannot be done without some years of knowledge of one or more localities, and this would prove useless without the ardent zeal of search. Takapau and Whangaroa have been prolific in unfolding the past after a proper course of exploration. At the latter place, on the 23rd of April, 1891, a flint axe was discovered. This to me has been a missing link, for when the large axes were first brought to this island it proved that they had nothing harder than a stone to work with ; but finding the beach here strewn with flint boulders these were used in the place of the softer stone they brought with them. Again, this flint age must have given place to a softer stone at a later date, most likely because of the difficulty of working it into shape. The flint implement found

speaks for itself, and cannot be less than five or six centuries old. An ancient relic* was found near the kitchen midden. This is not the only relic of this place. About another chain westward on the beach there were found two bones of the moa (Dinornis) hardened with age.† These had been exposed by the repeated washing of the high tides on the banks of the river. A long number of years must have elapsed since the fleshy parts were partaken of by the natives. They have been broken as if the bird had been divided for a feast, and one of them is split, showing the marrow had been extracted from it.

On the Opou and adjacent run there has been gathered at intervals a large quantity of well polished stones. These have been collected in a number of places on the surface of the ground in clusters, generally in a small radius, while the surrounding ground for miles is destitute of such stones in any shape or form except along the river frontage, The whole of these stones have been angular at one time, judging by the shape they present now. In respect to these beautiful pebbles, they must have been swallowed by the moa to assist in digesting its food, and would be called crop stones, then deposited about the locality. As some of these stones are nearly two inches in length they must have been swallowed by rather large birds. This portion of the Kaipara, judging from the number of crop-stones, must have been densely crowded with moas, and as it forms a peninsula they may have been driven in here to be easily captured and slaughtered. The moa must have formed one of the chief sources of food supply to the natives when they first arrived in this island.‡

A most beautiful small axe was found by the Ngapuhi chief, Toko, which I obtained from him.§ It was found some little distance up the Kaihea creek, above the old mission station that had been occupied by the Rev. William Gittos in 1862. The axe had been buried under a landslip, and is the most perfect one I have seen. It is black with age, and, to those unacquainted wth the stone, seems as if made only yesterday. It is said by Te Aria to be as old as the 'Tainui,'‖ and as no accurate description can be given of these relics of a bygone age they are worthy of inspection.

It will be possible in the course of time, by the proper grouping of all these ancient stone implements, to ascertain somewhere near

* To be seen in the Auckland Museum.

† To be seen in the Auckland Museum. Mr. Cheeseman's opinion is that they are over six hundred years old.

‡ In three kitchen middens have bones of the moa been found, each showing the birds to be of different sizes. The age of one appears to be not more than a hundred years old.

§ Can be seen in the Auckland Museum.

‖ I take Te Aria to be an authority as he appears to understand these stones, he having worked with the stone axe for many years. It is only from these old natives that you can obtain reliable information of this kind, the rest of the tribe deferring to their opinion.

the date when they were used. The numerous axes that have been found in this district have been examined by me carefully, and as a surveyor I have looked upon the ancient pahs of the Maoris with redoubled interest where these relics were found, and regret that during the progress of the surveys of the colony more attention had not been paid to the placing upon record their fortifications and an outline given, with any information that might then have been obtained. Such would in time have proved invaluable; but now through the forms and principal features having in most cases been demolished, the lack of such information will be an irreparable loss to the colony.

Another most interesting subject in connection with the early Maoris I have found on examining the accumulation of shells at Whangaroa. By this means I have been enabled to gather something of more that common interest; also that Whangaroa must have been older or inhabited earlier than the pah at Takapau, or any place upon the river. The shells that I have found all along the cliffs from one place to another lead me to infer that the whole distance between Whangaroa and Takapau formed one large stockaded pah. The ground falls from the middle to both sides, east and west, with Whangaroa on the north end, and Takapau at the other extremity, on the south. I am not at all surprised at the choice of the natives in selecting this river, as the mouth of it is completely landlocked, making it one of the best and most sheltered of fishing grounds. Between Whangaroa and Takapau along the beach is about half-a-mile in distance, and between these two positions there juts out in a westerly direction into the large bay a reef, over a mile long, of flat rock of shaly nature, of an average width of four or five chains, which goes dry at low water. At its further end there is a fine oyster ground of the mud oyster, and on some of the rocks there are mussels. Then between the reef and Whangaroa, close to the beach there are rocks covered with vast quantities of rock oysters. This, with the large cockle flat opposite to Takapau, shows what the first natives chiefly subsisted upon. Whangaroa is sheltered by a perpendicular bluff of what is called red sandstone, of close upon fifty feet high. This sheltered the village from the prevailing westerly winds. Here was the kitchen midden, and here accumulated through the course of time heaps of shells, of which the layers have recently undergone a careful examination.

The first or lowest layer, which rests on a clay sand foundation for two and a-half feet consists only of pipi shells. The other layers, which comprise about three feet, built upon the

first layer, are, on an average, between three and four inches thick, in defined layers. These show some curious details. For instance, there will be a layer that has had but little weight upon it, as all the shells are more or less perfect. Then another layer will be found almost crushed to powder, so close together, showing that heavy weights must have been laid upon, or trampling taken place over them. Then again, with the lapse of time, the next has been crushed into black soil; and so each represents a long course of time. Right on the top of the last layer has accumulated some three inches of soil, upon which has been planted the puriri, karaka, matipo, and other trees. These must have been planted some eighty years or more, judging by the size of them in 1862. And what is worthy of attention is, that around the roots of these trees have been placed large flint boulders and other stones. These have been placed regularly and in a circle round them. Upon reflection, when I think of the other trees in different parts of the island that I have seen, such as the puriri and karaka, invariably associated together, this points strongly to their having been planted by human labour. The puriri acts as a shelter tree to the karaka. Amongst these layers of shells the most common has been the cockle (Venus Stutchburyi); another the large scallop (Pecten laticostatus), a large shell-fish. As these run through from the second layer it is possible it was found on the river flats close to, but at the present time these can only be obtained on the flats in the Kaipara harbour.

Next comes the Hemimactra Ovata. These would be with the smaller variety (Paphia chemnitzii) obtained close to all along the river, although few are to be seen now. The rock oyster (Ostrea glomeratu) has been freely patronised; also a periwinkle (Amphibola avellana). These seem to have filled up the intervals as a change. But what astonishes me the most is that the natives have been out-and-out epicureans, for the mud oyster (Ostrea edulis) is to be seen in cart loads of shells scattered here and there. They are not large and coarse but of an even size, and the uniform nature of these betoken that they were produced by a watchful care and attention; the time of gathering limited to the proper season, also as to the age, showing without doubt they understood oyster culture, and knew when they were in their prime. The place where these were under culture was at the end of the reef mentioned, and must have formed at one time a splendid bed. At this place I have often enjoyed these bivalves; they equalled any English oyster that I have tasted.

There is certainly amongst these olden shells much yet to be learned, and the vast quantity of the edible portion that must

have been consumed proves that vegetable products were sparingly partaken of. The readers who have waded through these sketches will see there is sufficient to form a base to still further fathom the past of this most interesting aboriginal race. Hence, by a most careful grouping of the surroundings the reader will be able to form his own conception or theory in the matter ; for it does not always follow that the original investigator is invariably right, as so many different views may be taken of the same subject. But certain proofs will be brought forward in support of the theory adduced. I believe there has been a great convulsion or upheaval throughout the North Island, and this within a thousand years. The indications of this are too plain and visible to be overlooked ; and as regards Taranaki, I have already mentioned them. Now I will draw attention to a most remarkable phenomenon. On the face of the cliff, about forty chains east of Whangaroa there can be seen mud that has composed the debris of the beach or shore at one time. This runs in a somewhat irregular or zigzag form on the face of the cliff, ranging from six feet to twenty-five feet high. This layer comprises stones, pipi shells, rock oyster shells, etc. I was deeply interested upon breaking the shells to observe how they apparently corresponded in age to similar shells found in the Makarau river, Taranaki. This cliff, in the memory of the chief I referred to (who was put out in a tent to die at the village of Aho) used to extend some eighty yards further out into the river ; so it is evident before the convulsion water covered this portion.

About one mile back from here, in a southerly direction, there is the highest point of land in Wharehine, called Mount Prospect. It is 447 feet high,* and from this point of vantage a magnificent panorama can be seen. The Pacific Ocean, with the Hen and Chickens Islands and Little Barrier on the east ; Pakiri ranges, Mount Auckland, and the mouth of the Hoteo river and Kaipara on the south ; the Kaipara river, ocean, and mouth of the Wairoa on the west ; to the north the Oruawharo, Otamatea, Paparoa, and country round ; the most delightful scenery that I have witnessed. It is quite evident from this that there is a depression easterly, and I assume that during the upheaval this gap between the two oceans was filled up. I have seen no fossils of shells in this direction, but there are stones about the river resembling petrified wood.

My object is now to fix an approximate date to the arrival of the old canoe at Takapau. The period of this upheaval of the greater portion of the North Island cannot have been far from it,

* By my own calculation.

as the lower shells at Whangaroa seem to have been mixed with an old beach deposit and with cinders or charcoal. Also, on closely examining the layer of limestone gravel over the old canoe, it is mixed with small pieces of charcoal, and appears like burnt wood. These extend right up to where the dark soil commences to form. The only way to account for this is by an eruption or great fire. The latter, I presume, it must have been, so that no forest would be standing for miles around this spot.* The land would become thoroughly pulverized; then, when the heavy rains came on, the water would bring down the limestone gravel mixed with the charcoal, or burnt wood (none of these exceed half-an-inch in diameter) entirely filling up the small creek that existed at Takapau.

From the indications of a number of stumps that I have seen about, in an almost carbonised state, as the tide has encroached and left them bare, I conclude that the lighter portion of the once existing forest had been felled.† Then, in allowing all this the present forest is taken into consideration. At Takapau we have the kauri as the oldest tree remaining, and the diameter of the largest trees range from six to seven feet; but I remember one which is not now to be seen.‡ This was a boundary mark and must have been close upon eight feet in diameter. Then, by calculating, allowing fifteen rings to the inch and one to the year, it gives the total of seven hundred and twenty years. Therefore the canoe must have been placed here close upon seven hundred and fifty years ago, and tapued. It must have been in a decayed state before it was covered over with the limestone, and this during a year or so, as there are no dark streaks left in the gravel. Then taking the large stone axes; the wood of old canoe with the six inches of dark soil upon the top; then the hardened moa bones and the layers of shells in connection with the genealogy of Te Aria and the age of the largest tree at Takapau, all assist in confirming the date arrived at.

It will be found on reading the traditions of the Maoris that the 'Tainui' was left without a priest (or Ariki), as the 'Arawa's' people, by a stratagem, persuaded the priest to go on board that canoe, then sailed off with him. Then the large axe may have become the presiding genius of the 'Tainui.' Another strange

* I cannot altogether ignore the physical features around Mount Prospect. If the road line is examined it forms more than half a circle here. I know the ground well, as I have surveyed all round it. This forms a crater with a radius of five chains, but the side to the eastward has been blown out.

† One of these stumps about a foot long I have preserved.

‡ The first settlers well remember this tree, between Section Nos. 21 and 22, Wharehine. It occupied the centre of the bush, and was burnt down when the road-clearing had been fired.

incident is also given, viz., that they tried to move the 'Tainui' across the portage between the Waitemata and Manukau Harbours, but owing to Marama, the priestess, having consorted with her slave, they could not move the canoe. So there is one version that it had to go round by the North Cape. Another account also relates that, owing to Marama's conduct, when she planted the kumara, it came up as the pohue.* Looking still further into this subject by taking the names of Whangaroa, Takapau, and Wharehine (the last includes the whole district), does it not have some bearing on that portion of tradition relating to Marama? It is a certainty these names have been handed down for generations, having in the first instance been derived from some important events attached to Maori history.

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## THE WILD CONVOLVULUS

*(Convolvulus Sepium).*

Thou pretty tender flower,
Fit to grace some lover's bower,
Now cast aside without that care
Thou once received from year to year.

Thy tendrils cling, with all the love,
To a stronger heart that towers above;
As thou dost nestle in its shade,
Prepared to make a winsome raid.

O, thou lovely pretty flower,
Whose richest tints unfold each hour,
Let me, sweet bell, become enshrined,
And for ever round thy heart entwined.

They have crushed thee down for many years
Ploughed and harrowed thee with sharpened spears,
All for naught, for thou hast won
By budding forth in summer sun.

Although the mighty rata vine
Has the right through course of time,
Still thou shall not be banished now,
Thou hast a claim to Takapau.

The ancient Maoris brought thee here
To glad their sight as food held dear;†
'Tis now an emblem at their close,
Closer bonds to England's wild rose.‡

*A small piece of ground at Takapau that has been ploughed up constantly for twenty years, last season, when under cultivation, came up thick with this plant (pohue) in one portion, showing that it had been cultivated here.

† The pohue, brought out in the 'Tainui.' (See John White's "Ancient History of the Maori," page 11., vol, v.) ‡ Sweet briar.

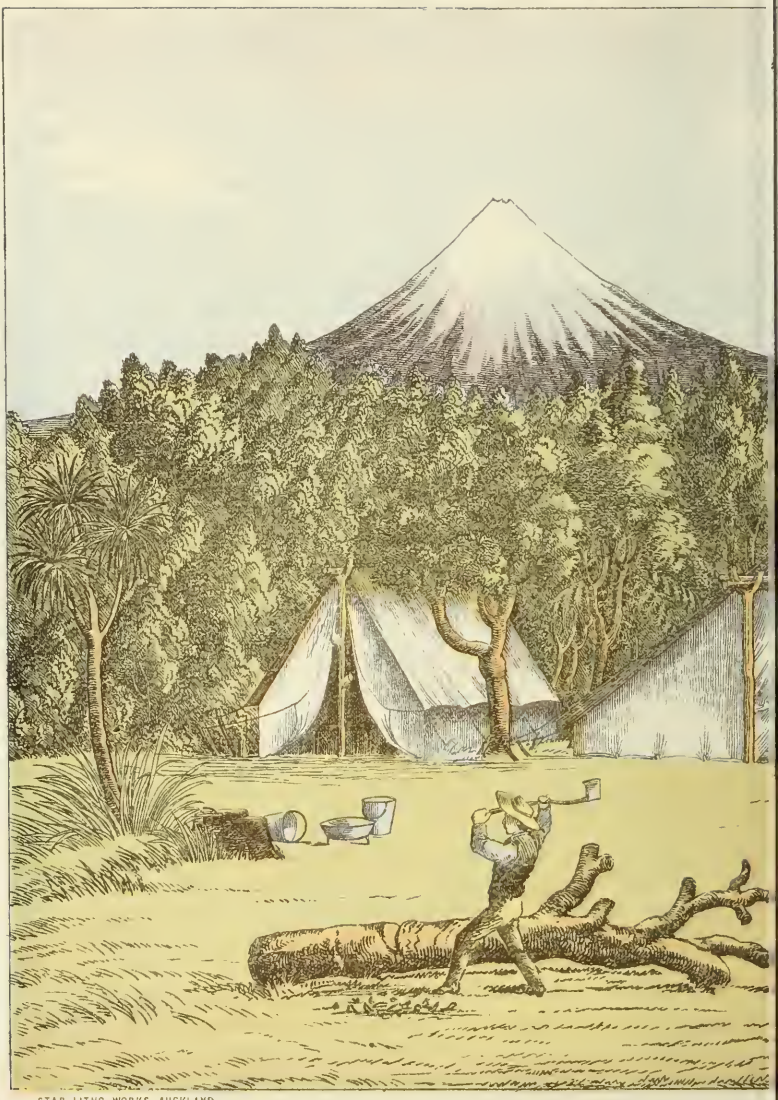
# CHAPTER XIII.

## SURVEY CAMP LIFE.

IN introducing this sketch, chiefly of camp life, a few words will be necessary to the general reader. The colony at this period was in a state of transition, thus accounting for the class of labourers who joined the survey parties. It was in nowise thought derogatory for them to occupy any subordinate position, as they advanced as soon as a vacancy occurred, and it also came to be considered the most independent life that could be led. Therefore it was no uncommon thing to find gents from the different universities, captains, lieutenants, midshipmen, sailors, tradesmen, foreigners, and others comprising these parties, and it gives me pleasure to award the palm to the colonial-born Taranaki boys,* or those who came to the colony when young, who possessed the intelligence and activity required for this class of work.

After completing the survey of Manaia and the township of Otakeho, we removed the camp to a block adjoining. This portion of the survey took in the Manaia road. About one mile from the township of Manaia, on this road, there was quite a small village formed in an old Maori clearing. It was in grass, and close to the edge of the bush. The dwelling-places consisted of slab huts and whares, belonging to firewood-splitters, bullock-punchers, bush-fellers, and a pig-hunter and bacon-curer, the last having a pack of eighteen dogs. The situation was well chosen, making the effect picturesque, the houses nestling in

* These boys—John Newman, Sam Oliver, Gollop, and Ford—had been educated under Mr. Schofield, whom they always spoke highly of. He was one of the Albertlanders who came out in the 'Matilda Wattenbach,' in 1862.



STAR LITHO WORKS, AUCKLAND.

SURVEY CAMP.

IN TARANAKI.

FROM A SKETCH BY E. S. BROOKES.

AIMATE PLAINS.

amongst the karaka trees with their dark green foliage, and the roadway running through the middle of the pretty little clearing.

It was like a romance one summer's day, as I lay stretched upon the grass, under a lovely grove of these trees, with an old chief reclining against one of them,* recounting some of the past history of these plains, until one of the party who, with the aid of a fire of dry sticks, had been getting underweigh the billy of tea, suddenly called out "Lunch ready," when romance turned into reality.

About twenty chains from this village mentioned we camped on the edge of another clearing near a small stream called the Waiokura. My survey party on this occasion consisted of a French count as cook, the son of the chief draughtsman, the best runner in Taranaki, he being also our chief cattle and pig-hunter, one Dane,† and a German—these were the working party—all well educated and comparatively young fellows.

There are many different opinions among surveyors as to the propriety of freely mixing with the men. I tried isolation from the party, placing my tent some chains distant. This was some years previous to what I am about to relate. I found they kept unearthly hours, no comfort, and the conversation not very refined. So in the camp life on the plains it was my plan to pitch a large tent opposite my own, then throw over between the two a large-sized sheet, called a fire-fly, so that the space between the two tents was by this contrivance kept dry in wet weather. The cook had a separate place, a distance off, for stores, etc. After dinner, which we usually had at six in the evening, the men would, as a rule, enter into conversation, often ending in one of them giving his past experience on different subjects, while, at the same time, I was diving into logs., sines, tangents, etc., etc., in connection with the plan, or inking in the day's work in the field book, and then laying out the work for the following day. The camp rule was—No strong drink, no swearing, and no grumbling. It is also pleasing for me to record that during a number of years the most habituated swearer would do his best to refrain in my presence.

After the first night in camp in our new quarters I arose by sunrise, going out on to the Manaia road, to take a view of that township which had then begun to progress. The framework of

* This was the chief Komini.

† This Dane, whose name was Adolph Olsen, became my assistant, continuing with me for eight years. He was enabled during the time to improve the land taken up on deferred payment on the Moa Block. Whilst the war between Denmark and Germany continued he became a corporal in the former service, giving us many interesting anecdotes of it. After a very close observance of the nationalities as colonists I consider the Danish element would blend with the English race better than any other.

buildings could just be seen in the sunlight, and at the back the bright blue water of Cook's Strait ; this smartness speaking well for the energy of the first settlers. I returned again to camp when, after a good breakfast, principally of wild beef that had been brought down by the rifle the day previous, we started out with all the necessary tools, axes, slash-hooks, theodolite, tape, etc., and traversed the boundary line through many little patches of old clearings, with an excellent sward of cocksfoot grass, showing at once what grand pasture land it would be when these plains were brought under proper cultivation. (The natives must have made a considerable sum from the seed collected in these clearings.) Towards evening we closed our work, which was the signal for all to make a bee-line to the camp. This means taking the shortest cut or direction, there being no track to guide you. Some of the colonials are very good at this. No matter how zigzag the course that may have been taken throughout the day in the forest they can find their way back again to the camp seemingly with the greatest ease ; this, too, almost in a straight line.

It became a rule with me to carry a small compass attached to my watch guard—one that had the needle pivoted between the two faces of glass, by which improvement there is no chance of the point of the needle touching the edge of the glass ; so should it be dark it was easy to strike a match, and by placing the light underneath, to obtain the direction I wished to go. A good compass, with the addition of knowing your bearings, will often save a night out in the cold.

We all arrived in camp, dropping in one after the other, with the keenest appetites. The French cook made his appearance, saying he would like one of the men to assist him in with the pudding, one of them readily obeying. We all naturally thought a treat had been provided for us, when in they came, bringing the largest duff I have seen. All faces at the time looked beaming, thinking of the happy feed. For myself, usually, a small portion was enough ; but in this case that was too much, as it proved to be like lead. Even the look of that duff was enough to give anyone the nightmare for a fortnight : it lasted some days, showing that some of them had stomachs like ostriches to digest it at all.

After all, there are times in a camp life when a feeling of loneliness creeps over you, more so when you are in the forest, and miles away from any human being except the survey party. It has also a novelty that is not without its charms and fascinations to many of the men. Freedom from all restraint in

conversation appears to be thrown off in a frontier life, and more can be learnt of a district or town by this means than perhaps by a life's residence in the same. As a rule, all try to be as happy as possible, and many a bit of fun takes place to be remembered by all in after years.

There are several ways to account for this change of manners; as in the ever busy life of a town, or where the work goes on with the regularity of a clock, it becomes in the end next to slavery. Men have no time to admire nature in all its varying aspects, there being no break in the hum-drum of city life. This great difference is at once perceptible to those on the survey parties. Nature, slowly but surely, unlocks their hearts to the natural beauties around them; for the least educated see the gradually unfolding intricacies that they have never dreamt of before, as they gaze upon the graceful development of the frond of the tree-fern from the first ornamental curves of its young shoots to its lengthened, drooping arch; or the giant trunk of a king of the forest, or bold cliff. Then when a wet day comes there is a break, causing them to converse upon what had been specially noticed, or what may be foremost in their minds, so as to while away their time.

Others, again, especially those of a restless spirit, enjoy the constant change of scene, and surveyors, like gipsies, are always on the move, carrying their house with them from one place to another. If it were not for this, and the expectation that every move will be for the better, few, I think, would be induced to keep on the survey parties for any length of time.

Surveying has its dark as well as its bright side. There is one ever-warning signal of danger attendant upon its life. The sudden crack of a tree close to the tents in the middle of the night will make every man uncomfortable until morning. As it is always a life full of excitement to the advanced surveyor, so it has caused an amount of caution to be exercised; for it is evident the officer in command must invariably be on the alert to keep those under him out of danger. To give an instance: Two first-class bushmen were felling a large rimu pine. They had put the dip into the tree, and were then backing it. Whenever there was anything doubtful I would ask the men to take a careful look at the tree so as to make sure which way it was going to fall. One of the party was working on the line underneath the overhanging branches at the time, and they laughed at me for thinking there was any need to be so particular, saying it would not fall near the line. Having a good eye, I had my doubts about it. Standing at a little distance from the tree I heard it

slightly crack, upon which I called the man away from the line. The men were intently felling or backing the tree, when it backed upon them with a noise like a cannon. They just barely escaped with their lives, and the tree fell in the place where the man had a few seconds before been working. This taught them a lesson which I could judge by their countenances they would never forget, not knowing that the man had been called away. Still, with all the care a surveyor may use, there are cases where he has no control over the unforeseen, but against this it may be said accidents rarely happen.

One evening we had a good-sized log on the fire; it was blazing brightly; the tents were lit up by candles; these were inserted in the ends of supplejacks. These candlesticks were made in a very ingenious manner. They were about two feet long, one end pointed, the other split down six inches in quarters. The inside of these were shaved off; then bending them about two inches from the end, and putting these ends one under the other, which answered as a spring, they held the candle as it was inserted in the middle. The opposite or sharp end was then stuck in the ground, making a capital candlestick. The party were now practising parts of "Pinafore," the Frenchman being a good singer. After a few rehearsals a conversation cropped up about pig-hunting. It seems that the count was a gymnast, and had been a teacher of gymnastics in town; so in his spare moments he had been getting his hand in with the spear at a tree near the camp, imagining this to be a wild pig. I overheard him telling them in the tent what a splendid pig-hunter he was, and that it was mere play to him. Scarcely had he spoken the word when all at once a loud grunt was heard close to the tent. He dashed out of the tent, taking the spear with him, which was leaning against a tree, and was soon lost to view in the dark. We were not long before we heard a dismal cry of "Help! help!" As I thought he possibly might have hurt himself, or tumbled in the dark, I asked one of the men to go and see what was amiss with him, it being nothing unusual to send them out when our packers were delayed at night. Thinking that none of them heard me, I asked them a second time. Then I could tell as no one moved that they did not feel inclined to go after him, for his having boasted of what he could do. At last, with a little persuasion, they started off with a candle, taking an axe and slash-hook with them, thinking, no doubt, by his voice, he had been engaged in a fierce encounter with a wild boar, as we again heard the cry, "I'm killed!" uttered very dismally.

After searching for some time, looking all about on the

ground, making sure he must be seriously wounded, by chance they looked upward, and saw him up a tree, almost frightened to death, darting the spear at imaginary pigs. This spear with its handle was eight feet long. His pig-hunting was ever afterwards a source of much amusement to the party.

Of all the exciting sports during the surveys, that of wild cattle-hunting was thought to be the best. Having been in close proximity to one of these lords of the forest, all of us were startled one afternoon, when we were cutting the line between some whitewood and fuchsia trees, by the crackling of the scrub, followed by a loud roar and the tramp of the beasts. It was every-one for himself, cover being taken behind the nearest trees, when the bull dashed past, followed by several others, making the ground fairly tremble. These cattle, no doubt, were the increase of those belonging to the settlers previous to or during the war in Taranaki, the natives having driven them off the homesteads of the settlers into the forest.

When the camp ran short of meat it was usual to send out Harry, the hunter, and two more men to assist in carrying back the best portion of the beast when killed. Harry had a splendid mastiff named Spot. This dog well knew what the sport was going to be when he saw the rifle, and would show his joy accordingly. The hunter, when leaving on one of these expeditions, would push on through the forest, followed closely by Spot and the rest, dodging under the supplejacks (a very strong, tough vine, seldom exceeding half-an-inch in diameter; it forms in places almost an impassable network), then between fern-trees, on by ratas, puketeas, rimus, and other trees, until they arrived at the hunting ground, which was then about two miles back in the bush.

Now the real sport commenced. First, they would look carefully on the ground, and try to find the most recent tracks left by the cattle; then, when they came upon the marks, it was the signal to be off at full speed on the trail, looking closely at the broken branches to see if they had been recently broken, or for any other signs that would lead the hunters to suppose that they were close to cattle. Then they would steal gently on towards them, keeping Spot well in the rear until the crackling of branches could be distinctly heard, showing the cattle were busily feeding. Now came the task to get yet closer to them, which only the practised hunter could be sure of. He would gradually creep round, if the wind was towards the cattle, that the scent should not be carried towards them. In this manner he would approach within a short distance; then to make

choice of the best beast was the work of a second, firing in a kneeling position from behind a tree, the echo resounding through the forest. For an instant the cattle would be stupefied ; then a stampede would take place, and before many paces had been taken Spot would be on the wounded beast. If the shot had not been fatal, the beast dashed wildly forward, making the supplejacks fly to one side, nothing stopping it in its course. In the instance I am alluding to the track was easily followed by the blood dropping from the wound, and the hunter came up with the wild bull at the Kaupokonui river,* arriving on the bank just in time to see him turn round, make a plunge out of the water with his fore-quarters high up in the air, and between the two widespread horns the flashing eyes still bidding defiance. The hunter took a sure aim, dropping the noble beast with a bullet between the eyes.†

Spot had all the time been hanging on to the bull's throat. He now let go his hold, and lay down in the shallow water on the pebbles to wind. The rest came up, when their knives were soon out of their sheaths to skin the animal, which operation they were not long in performing. They then cut it up, making the meat into three equal loads. These they strapped upon their backs, swagging it through the forest to the camp.

My attention had been drawn to a particular performance. Harry's first care was the feeding of his dog, always doing this before he touched anything himself. Closely followed by Spot, he would go down to a tree, from which was hanging a portion of meat ; he would then cut off narrow strips from it, the dog watching eagerly every movement until the word was given, when he would open his mouth, the meat disappearing immediately with a snap to the utmost satisfaction of both parties. This dumb show meant more than words can express ; and no matter how we coaxed Spot to take a tit-bit from our hands, he would always refuse to take it except from the hands of his master.

There is nothing so sweet as a good sleep at night in this kind of surveying life ; the very nature of the work induces it ; the fresh air encourages it ; and the simple diet of a frontier life tends to make it very refreshing and healthy The bed is often only the bare ground, there being no luxury of feather bed or

* The Kaupokonui river is associated with the traditions of the Maoris, the interpretation being "the head of Turi." Turi was the navigator of the 'White Cloud' canoe (or Aotea), and from what can be gathered from ancient mythology, he emigrated to these islands, after the return of Kupe from New Zealand to Hawaiki, in the canoe 'Face of the two Plumes' (or Matahourua).

† These horns were the largest obtained, the beast shot making the last of a total of sixty-eight.

spring mattress, but in place of it common fern with the leaves or fronds of the tree-fern are mostly used,

I have often watched the packers who would carry a load of seventy-five pounds on their backs, through a rough survey line for six or seven miles. On arriving in camp they would have a meal, when almost directly after they would fall asleep in the part of the tent allotted to them, waking only when the sun broke forth in the morning ; the rest of the men would be laughing, talking, and singing in the first part of the evening. A night of sweet rest would be followed in the morning by refreshing ablutions, the whole party taking their towels, and washing in a sparkling stream running close by the camp. It is a question whether in the whole of New Zealand such beautiful streams and so numerous can be found as those coursing their way down from Mount Egmont through these rich lands.

Dreams also in this kind of life are often very unaccountable. A most singular thing occurred to me in connection with them. I found that many of them take their shape and are formed by different noises that may be taking place at the instant within the hearing of the sleeper ; as for instance, a loud wind or rustling leaves, the barking of a dog, and other sounds. I do not mean to say they are similar to the sounds that are occurring at the time, but they are induced by them, and they assume a shape suggested by the most prominent thoughts that may have last occupied the mind or subject that may have been under discussion before falling asleep.

To illustrate an instance of this kind I will endeavour to give it just as it took place. The last smouldering embers of the camp fire were dying out and a profound stillness pervaded the camp while the small hours of the night were passing by. This stillness was by degrees dispelled, as I commenced dreaming the Maoris had come down upon us, and were dancing the war dance, brandishing their guns and spears, then shouting and yelling with the most horrible gestures, accompanied with movements of their tomahawks. All this had the reality of doing business, after which they became still more frantic and louder in their fiendish shouts. This last became too much for my nerves to stand, and I awoke with a start. I sat up on my fern bed in the tent half dazed, and covered with perspiration, when I could hear the rumbling noise every second increasing, caused by some two hundred and fifty pigs squeaking and grunting. There must have been over twenty dogs barking in full chase after them. There was not a moment to lose. All hands were at once roused up, so as to protect the camp from becoming wrecked. Fortu-

nately, the mob passed a little to one side. Three of the party, each with a blanket tied round his waist, started off in chase, taking an axe and the spear with them. In about an hour they returned, bringing in a fine barrow pig, having killed several others before they could get one to suit them, One of the dogs got killed by the pigs, and the cause of the stampede was owing to the pig-hunter and bacon-curer's dogs having got loose during the night. They had rounded up the pigs in a mob, and then chased them. These sounds assisted in producing the dream. We had a number of tusks in the camp measuring from six to eight inches across from tip to tip, or if straightened out they would be from nine to twelve inches long.

An incident occurred while we were located here that might have terminated fatally. Strange to say it arose over a lady. Now, most people would think that the mystic feeling of love would never enter into this kind of life, but I assure them to the contrary. Each has his pretty darling to think about, and all the arguments in the world would not convince him that he has not the most handsome sweetheart of the party. This very ideal that each one holds enables the men to overcome many hardships. Many are the confidential conversations in regard to it—so much so that every action or movement is weighed and commented upon, an ordeal that each one is subjected to, and I have often been surprised as well as indignant at the very searching criticism each had to undergo. But the only way was to take all in good part, as it was useless for anyone to be annoyed at the jokes of the rest of the party.

It happened that the count had been in love with a fair lady in town ; whether there were any slight return of affection or not it would be impossible to say. At the time being busy with my plan, I had just seated myself by the fire, it being a cold night, the blaze of it as usual lighting up everything around, making the camp look both comfortable and cheerful. Before sitting down I gave a look into the tent opposite. The curtains were drawn on one side so as to admit the warmth from the fire. All were sitting on the fern intently looking at the count. Harry, the hunter, occupied the middle of the group, his eyes lit up with fun. It could be plainly seen that something tickled him.

Now, it seemed another party appeared in the same predicament as the count, also with the same lady, and had determined to defend the lady in question, saying, he knew for certain that Rosina never cared for the count. Harry was now in his element, and, perceiving the other wished to say something, said, "That's

it ; out with it, count ; never mind what he says. I think you have the best of it so far,"

This drew my attention from the plan which had been spread out upon a table at the far end of my tent, and becoming greatly amused with what was going on, I took up a book and affected to be deeply engrossed with its contents.

The count now said : "Harry, how can we decide which she likes best?" at the same time drawing something from his breast pocket.

"Ah! That's it," exclaimed Harry, with another twinkle in his eyes. "Hand it here."

The count passed him the young lady's photo, which Harry carefully looked at, never thinking that the likeness would be forthcoming. Now, as the lady was not unknown to him, judging by the expression that passed over his face, perhaps he also had been captivated with her sweet looks and charming ways. The others, seeing the interest he took in the likeness, said it would be only right that it should be handed round, that they might be able to assist in the decision. So it was then passed round, each in turn making some complimentary remarks upon it. At last they brought it over to me.

The opinions of all were that Rosina was a very pretty girl. This delicate little compliment that came from these frontiersmen would have been appreciated by many a town belle. The likeness was now given back to the count, who carefully put it away in his pocket-book, remarking that the lady gave it to him.

This roused the ire of the other party, who turned white with rage, retorting that she never did anything of the kind ; whereupon Harry said to the count : "You certainly have the best of it, count ; now demand satisfaction, and for all concerned it will be as well to carry it out in French style—that will be by a duel." So after a consultation it was decided to do as proposed.

Then Harry suggested, as there was only a horse pistol (then out of date, about eighteen inches long, made previous to the Battle of Waterloo) and a rifle, they must draw lots which was to have the first choice. This being gone through with all the attendant formalities and excitement, the count lost, so he had to take the old pistol.

Here I turned round, thinking it was still all in fun, until I observed them loading the weapons with ball. Even now I seemed to doubt whether they were really in earnest, until the one who had the rifle called out to the count : "Come on, and we will have it out at the back of the tents," at the same moment snatching up the rifle. There being not a moment to lose, I

sprang out of my tent, barring the way, telling them that I would not allow anything of the kind to take place in the camp.

After a while they cooled down, and I hope the jealousy was as soon forgotten. The lady being very young most likely had none of the mystic feeling towards either of them, for she became soon afterwards the happy wife of one of our M.H.R's.

During the camp life on the plains the town of Manaia was going ahead fast; it could be called a magic town. The Armed Constabulary camp, under Captain Gudgeon, was getting into good order, looking gay in the distance, with its flagstaff with bunting flying in the middle of a green lawn. The first thing in the morning I could hear the bugle sound the reveille with a sweet ring echoing over the plains. I paid the township a visit. The Manaia hotel was then completed, the proprietor and lady having arrived from Hawera in a buggy to inspect the new premises. The store was also occupied, and a number of other buildings were drawing towards completion,

I had a chat with Manaia the chief (his settlement is not far off), and his brother Patou, who was a resident in the township, having had a reserve made for him on the edge of the Waiokura stream. This Maori had travelled nearly all over the world, having been a man-of-war's man on one of Her Majesty's ships. He would often mount his horse and get his spear, when he would take the dogs and my party with him to hunt pigs for the supply of the camp. The pigs were so plentiful that when we were cutting the survey lines they would start up out of the fern, when we would give the young ones chase, having great fun over it; but only a few of them proved any good for cooking. I have known the natives to be hunting for the greater part of the day before they could get a pig to suit them.

When the Waimate plains were in a wild state, with the exception of the survey lines, I used to cross over the stream Waiokura to have a chat with Patou, who had a whare opposite our camp in the township. He could speak English well, and through being on board an English vessel, had imbibed many of our ways; so when the cook made anything extra I would take him over some of it in the evening.

Most likely it was through this kindness that he first proffered to come and hunt for me. I knew the party would be glad of his services as the ground was well known to him. So according to agreement, on a Saturday afternoon, we all assembled on a slight rise to the left, between the Waiokura and Kapuni, for one of the best pig-hunts that has taken place on the Waimate plains.

There were six of us on foot, Patou on horseback. The run, which we could see before us, was a good one for the horse, the only obstacles being here and there clumps of fern, getting much lighter as we came to the cliffs of Cook's Straits; a slight slope the whole way; the distance close upon one and a-half miles. We were all in the highest spirits, doffing all loose superfluous clothing except trousers and shirt.

The dogs were now urged on ahead, when a good start was made by the chief cantering off after them, mounted on his white horse, with a spear, the end of which was shod with iron, we all following with a loud shout. Soon a score of pigs were off in front of the dogs, and we in full chase. The pigs were fast increasing, black ones being in the majority. Now the race became merry; the very fun of it made me nearly split my sides with laughing to see the earnestness that the men put into it, flying along like wild Irishmen, yelling, whooping, and making the biggest row possible, fairly electrifying the pigs, which kept springing up out of the fern, bolting like mad in all directions. A good mob was now before the dogs, which made the race full of excitement, each man bowling along in his best style, sometimes having a trip head-over-heels over a bunch of fern, then picking himself up and off again as if nothing had occurred; then putting on an extra spurt, bringing him closer to the squealing and grunting pigs. Patou rounded them up in good order, the horse obeying the rider's slightest wish, showing it to be well trained.

We were all beginning to blow, the perspiration trickling down our faces, as we came in sight of about one hundred pigs ahead of us. Patou was just making a dash in amongst them with his spear poised when, with a terrific plunge he laid one over on the ground. It was soon dispatched by the first man up, and left until we had got as many more as we wanted.

Off we all started again, some with their trousers' legs partly torn off with the tumbles, each vying with the other who could make the greatest noise and the best running, appearing to any onlooker a most ludicrous crowd, besmeared with black burnt fern that we were now running through. When we came to another slope we all gave a hurrah. Patou now made a charge like one of the Light Brigade at a monster boar which was punishing two of the dogs, The excitement rose to the fullest height as he galloped in amongst the squealing horde at the risk of having his legs torn off, or his horse maimed, and in gallant form and with unerring aim drove the spear through the back of the shoulder of the powerful boar, bringing him down. He quickly

rose again for fight, showing his large tusks, but the hunter, who had followed close caught him by the hind leg, turning him over beautifully, and in an instant the sheath-knife was out and buried in his heart. It was one of the largest boars killed upon these plains. The head was taken to the camp, and boiled to extricate the tusks which were kept as ornaments.

It now became an easy matter, as the leader had been dispatched and the rest of the pigs were pretty well tired out, to go in amongst them, and make choice of a good pig, which we soon accomplished. This was killed, and the inside being taken out, Patou took the carcase upon his horse to the camp. The others were cut up and carried by the rest.

This run had been the most enjoyable one that I have witnessed upon these plains. I am not surprised that young colonials are fond of a good pig hunt; but before many years have passed over pig-hunting (of what is termed the Captain Cook breed) will be one of the past sports of New Zealand, to be recounted only by the evening fireside.

### Death of Spot.—An Episode of Camp Life.

At our last camping ground on the plains near the Ahipaipa, or Tempsky road, the hunter went out to obtain some pork, as we had run short of meat. He took with him his dearest friend, Spot. This dog had now become the pet of the survey party, each having something to say in his favour. His visage, certainly, to a stranger was repellent, and he was a terror to the Maoris, none daring to approach him, his very looks making them tremble. The same feeling was often experienced by other strangers, yet in camp he was gentle as a lamb.

It is no very hard matter to realise the affection existing between a hunter and his dog, when they share danger alike together. The dog knew his work well: he would hold on with the grip of a vice, until the death-blow had been given. These two, the hunter and his dog, had been in at many a glorious finish. Spot knew perfectly well what they were going to hunt this day when he saw the spear, so he wagged his tail with delight. A pig hunt to him was more of play than work, as he had his freedom. The reality of this scene, as I watched them depart for their last hunt together, remains as if portrayed on canvas.

The camp this day looked also a picture of cleanliness; the level ground around the tents had been swept by the cook, giving it a most homely appearance, the cat sitting by the fire on this clean carpet, further adding to the picture. It was always my

first object to make the surroundings a reflection of our own homes, so as to attract these frontiersmen to their new quarters in the evening. The choice of camping ground invariably rested with myself. If camped in the forest I chose a spot where the tall trees had a lean away from the tents, so that there should be no dead branches above us—that in the case of a high wind there would be no danger of their falling across the tents. The nature of the ground, with other considerations, helped to add to the comforts of a survey camp.

I was leaning against the pole that supported the fire-fly, admiring the forest scenery. It was close on the edge of the open ground. There were some tall tawas in front with a rata leaning away from the camp, by which the survey line ran up a slight incline on to the open land. Then down this line in the distance I could see Harry returning with something over his shoulder. As he approached nearer one could see at a glance that something serious had happened, for the glistening tears stood in the hunter's eyes as he came and laid poor dead Spot down under the fire-fly. The intrepid hunter sank down in a punga seat, with an expression of deep grief on his countenance, and buried his face in his hands.

That night a gloom seemed cast over the party; each one had been in some way affected by the occurrence; the usual meal was barely tasted; and the gaiety which ushered in other evenings had fled. As the moon descended below the tops of the high trees it gave a greater darkness to the forest beneath, where the party could be now and again discerned as they filed down the narrow track, with a candle flickering in front, and bearing something along in a funeral train. They laid the faithful old dog gently in the ground at the foot of a rata tree, and covered him over with earth amidst many exclamations of "Poor dog, Spot."*

Very few words were spoken after returning, when it was not long before the curtains of the tents were drawn together, the lights extinguished, and the last spark of fire had gone out; there seemed to be a weird stillness over all, and during that night more than one tear was shed for our old camp friend.

A few days after this melancholy occurrence I noticed a sad smile on Harry's face. I remarked I was glad to see him a little more cheerful. He put his hand into his pocket, and drew out two large tusks, saying "You know, boss, I could never have been happy knowing that pig to be alive." This, then, was the

* Truth is often stranger than fiction. These sketches are taken from the reality, without any attempt at art; and there are few who have not lost at one time or another a pet bird, or favourite animal; hence it is to be hoped I have induced a kindly feeling towards our brave hunter.

reason of his being out of camp any spare time he could. He had taken the trouble to hunt that boar amongst many until at last he had obtained his tusks, thinking this would be some sort of satisfaction for the loss of his friend. One of these tusks had entered the breast of the dog, piercing its heart. It had been done so cleanly that the place was hardly distinguishable.

The gloom that this affair cast over our brave hunter always reminds me of that tender feeling that occasionally comes over some of these colonists, no matter how wayward or care-for-nothing they are to all outward appearance. There are times when strong emotions suddenly burst forth, redeeming, to a great extent, the many weaknesses or failings they may have. The more I have studied these men the more I am convinced they cannot put on the worldly cloak of concealment which so many become wrapped up in; and as far as our hunter was concerned he was the type of the true colonial, tall, compact, handsome in form, interesting in features, with a gentlemanly manner of speaking, at once winning his way to the hearts of the fair ones, also carrying off many trophies, the winnings of many a well-contested race, while for staying powers he had few equals.

. . . . . .

On the 26th day of April, 1886, a ceremony took place on these plains—a fitting close to that long, fierce struggle between the colonist and the native. This was the unveiling of the monument erected at Manaia to the memory of those who fell on the West Coast during the war. The ceremony was performed by Colonel Roberts. The monument is of stone, standing in the centre of the octagon, or the middle of the town.

The site of this great battle-field is now devoted to pastoral and agricultural purposes. Has it never flashed across the reader's mind that there is another warrior of more than the ordinary stamp? I take it Englishmen will be just and generous as time rolls on, even to the Maori, who, in his savage state, surrounded by those whose passions were let loose, and who were flushed with victory, had the courage to say, "Let us rest now." The excesses committed afterwards could not be restrained, yet allowing for all this, these few words form a moral monument to Titokowaru, the last great Maori warrior of the Waimate plains.

# CHAPTER XIV.

## A NATIVE TRAGEDY AND SEARCH FOR GOLD.

THE Rev. Chas. Clarke, one of the greatest lecturers we have had in the colonies, when lecturing at New Plymouth upon Charles Dickens, opened with these words: "I am at a loss to know what to bring forward."

Many persons would think this very strange, especially from one who had delivered the lecture on numerous other occasions, but it is no more than the truth. To a person accustomed to various audiences—town and country, English and colonial—it will not appear quite so strange. A good point will often be received with applause at one town, when it will fall comparatively flat at another.

The same principle may be applied to writing, which is much more difficult to the uninitiated. The only excuse I can offer for introducing the following awful native tragedy is the desire to show the practices adopted in past ages as contrasted with those of the present time.*

It fell to my lot to survey Block VI., Huiroa. This portion of land we considered at that time almost out of the world, and we used to speak of it as not likely to be occupied by settlers for many years to come. The further part of it approached the broken land near the Waitara River. The means of access to this block of land was by a rope stretched across the Manganui River from bank to bank. To this rope had been rigged a boatswain's chair. Sitting upon this chair or cross piece of wood underneath the rope, then hauling hand over hand on the rope above, we pulled ourselves over while the torrent rushed at a terrific rate underneath. To take a spell in the middle, swinging at a great height, then looking up the stream, was as grand a sight as

* These natives were born before 1800, and isolated as they were, had not lost that inherited savage instinct.

an artist could wish to see of a mountain torrent and forest scenery. Previous to this arrangement trees had to be felled across the river, in most cases large rimus, but in every instance after a heavy fresh they were carried away. In crossing over these temporary bridges a number of the party had narrow escapes of losing their lives.

Our camp we now erected in the midst of a clump of tawa trees. As these trees make good firewood, and are easy to split, we could keep up a large fire. The country seemed rather inclined to be swampy.

The first Sunday here three of us started for a stroll in the afternoon, taking the native track. A new country is always of interest to a surveyor's party ; very little escapes their eyes. Any new flower, fern, or tree is overhauled with delight. Sometimes it would be suggested that we should take out a miner's right, for constantly pockets full of stones found their way into camp. There was hardly a stream's bed that had not been examined with the most scrupulous care, so that a speck of gold would certainly have been detected if there had been any. Should a strange bird fly across our path, curiosity was at once aroused to find out all relating to the species it belonged to ; and so it was with anything new. But our first surprise came at an opening in the forest, as we thought most likely an old Maori clearing, which we must go and see. This turned out to be the Huiroa swamp, which, being entirely free of standing bush, will become of great value when properly drained.

Retracing our steps we picked up the track again, proceeding on for some distance over slight hills until we came to a clearing, part of which was under cultivation. Here we found growing—potatoes, cabbages, tobacco, onions, with other things. Naturally the first thought of the men was to take some spuds and cabbages for the cook, but on second thought it was deemed best to leave them until they came back again, as the Maoris might be close. We continued on the track a short distance, when suddenly we sighted some poultry. One of the party called out : "Here's something more for the cook !" It was with difficulty I could prevent them from being bagged. It is a singular thing that surveying parties are great foragers, but it is the case ; and a surveyor would need to be more than an ordinary man not to be taken in some time.

We still followed the track, finding unmistakeable signs of someone being near at hand, as in crossing the small stream we could discern footprints in the soft mud. So pushing on through a small piece of bush we came upon some Maori whares, with two

FRONTIER LIF

STAR LITHO WORKS, AUCKLAND.

NATIVE VILI

IN TARANAKI.

FROM A SKETCH BY E. S. BROOKES.

GE. TARIKI.

natives sunning themselves in front of one of them, as it was a lovely afternoon. These whares faced another clearing, with a small stream running through the middle. Scattered here and there were fruit trees. Part of the clearing was then in grass; the far corner also in cultivation. The ground sloped to the stream both ways, the whole enclosed by forest.

We tried to bring the two natives into conversation, but they were very reticent. With the aid of a little tobacco we ascertained the name of the one to be Kopere, but there was no drawing a word or sound out of the other. On a close inspection we could see that a number of natives had been living here at one time. Probably it had been from these little patches that supplies came in to the rebellious natives during the war in the way of food, as in one of these whares a short time after I found two Auckland newspapers, the "Southern Cross," 1864, also a Maori Testament, which I have at the present time, containing the words, written in, probably by the Rev. Mr. Whitley, "Na Akaripa, Hurai 13th, 1858," (printed 1852).

The whares were well built in every respect, and the small village called Tariki. There had been a small reserve laid off for the natives here, but as the lines had been magnetic I wished to put them true north and south, to which Kopere consented some few days afterwards.

We were nearing the clearing with the road traverse, so we went up to see the natives, taking some bread, also some clothes with us, which latter we rigged out Kopere with. He appeared exceedingly pleased with this mark of kindness, and became more communicative.

One of the party, going by the day after, noticed only Kopere at the settlement; the whare in which he used to live was also closed. This circumstance he reported to me. When I thought it over, as it looked very suspicious, I could not help looking into the matter; so as one of them had to pass the whare I asked him to open the little sliding door to see if all looked right inside. He found the whare entirely empty, and could see nothing unusual, but remarked to me afterwards it seemed strange that Kopere should now be living by himself in the cook-house. Altogether, it was very singular. A feeling that something was not right impelled me to take the party up to the village, so as to elicit further information. I questioned Kopere closely about the native, asking him what had become of his companion. He laughed, and seemed not in the least inclined to answer any of the questions put to him.

I now went straight up to the whare which was shut up, and

opened the little door, when I perceived the ground or floor in one part of the whare had been recently removed or disturbed, then levelled again; it had evidently taken some trouble to smooth it over. All this time Kopere's eyes were fixed upon me with an anxious look, so going back again I pointed to the whare, by this conveying to Kopere that his secret was known. I then gave the party my opinion concerning it, and informed the chief surveyor of the same.

A few days after, passing the settlement one dark night about eleven o'clock, with a candle in my hand to light me through the bush to the camp, I turned round and called out "Good night!" to Kopere, whom I could just see through the upright stakes of the cook-house as he was stooping over the fire. He commenced to howl like a dog, at which, for the moment, I must confess I felt frightened, but upon my calling out my name he became quiet, after which he burst out laughing. There is no doubt that when he saw the light he imagined it to be taipo or the evil spirit coming.

The sudden disappearance of the native remained a mystery until two weeks afterwards. When putting in some opposite angle pegs along the road in the afternoon, nearly three-quarters of a mile beyond the settlement, I could, now and again, distinctly hear some natives crying, upon which I exclaimed to the men present: "That is a tangi, or the Maoris mourning for the dead." All listened intently while the gentle wind wafted up the valley the mournful wail, which sounded most heart rending. It could not be listened to without a feeling of sympathy. Not wishing to interfere with them in their trouble, I did not go down to the village, knowing I should learn all soon enough. I remained in camp the following day, as the men had some pegs to brand and take on the road line. I knew in the event of the natives coming I should be on the spot to receive them. It turned out as I expected, for in the afternoon they made their appearance.

I shook hands with them all round, and then offered them some tea, but this they refused, as they were still full of grief. They then seated themselves in a half circle except the chief, who remained standing, and began to tell me how Kopere had horribly murdered the other native. That a quarrel arose between them, when a long struggle ensued. Kopere being the most powerful, dragged the other native down the hill into the stream below, but as it was not deep enough to drown him, he cut his companion's throat by beating it between two stones. After this he went and dug a hole in the whare. Then with some trouble he got the body up the hill, burying it in the hole he had made in the

whare. The chief said he had come to see me more particularly because Kopere had told him we had been very kind to him ; so he wished all the potatoes, poultry, pigs, etc., to be given into my charge for the use of the party. He then said they were going to take Kopere with them to Parihaka for Te Whiti to judge him.

The natives then left us, going back to the clearing where they had burnt down the whare and raised a mound over the spot where the native was buried. They had placed a slab of wood at the head with his name written upon it with a piece of charcoal, and had fenced it in with a wattle fence. They left the same afternoon for Parihaka.

The report that led several parties to go out in the direction of the Makino River to search for gold will be better told as it had been related to me by a member of one of the exploring parties. During the commencement of the Maori war in Taranaki one of the soldiers belonging to the Imperial Army, then encamped near the Waitara River, by some means lost the track, and strayed beyond the encampment. After crossing numerous steep gullies he came upon a hill, the face of which appeared to him to be glittering with gold. This hill he accurately described as tapering like a cone, the top slightly flattened ; and so that all doubt about this hill might be removed, a full description was given of a singular waterfall with a cave underneath. This was hidden from view by the spray and falling water, but the cave would be found at the foot of the hill. This is at any rate the substance of the old story that has given such sleepless nights to so many who were eager to find this El Dorado of Taranaki.

While marking off the southern boundary of the Huiroa block, Mr. Fookes, the founder of the Midhurst special settlement, called at my camp with his prospecting or search party. They stumbled upon us by chance in the wilderness, as the native guide had lost the track which had not been travelled over for some years, and as a natural consequence it had grown over with supplejacks, and become obliterated in places. They came upon one of the survey lines, which they followed, leading them to my camp. The party were well supplied with provisions, and the necessary appliances for gold prospecting. The bags, as they became empty of provisions, were to be used for carrying specimens. The prospectors, after much hardship, managed to arrive on the banks of the Makino, but the country proved rough and began to be so broken as they advanced that the natives left the party. After another fortnight of rough work, without seeming to draw any nearer to the golden hill of their ambition, the last man returned.

Gold has always been a source of attraction with the mass ; so it was not long before they propounded a question to this solitary individual who had lingered after the others, whether he had found any traces of gold ? He replied, with a wink, "Not the slightest." Then he had a good laugh, and was heartily joined by the rest. As the pay had been going on while the expedition lasted it was great fun until all the provisions were consumed, when, becoming starved out, he had to beat a rapid retreat, it being the last expedition in this direction.

From the top of one of the hills in the block we obtained a splendid view down the Makino to the Waitara river, and one of the search party pointed out the hill to me. It answered the description well, being also alongside the Makino. As far as I could judge it would be about eight miles off from where we were. I asked the natives afterwards whether they knew the hill, or if they had seen any signs of the bright-coloured metal. They also laughed, becoming greatly amused about it ; but when I mentioned the cave with the waterfall underneath, they became serious, and explained that was true, but all they knew about it was, that in one of their fights with the Waikatos, near the Waitara river, numbers of the defeated ones hid themselves about the Makino in the cave to escape being eaten up at the cannibal feast held after the fight at Pukerangiora, in 1831.

At one time Von Rotter, Chief Postmaster of New Plymouth, became smitten with the gold fever, spending his holidays in fossicking after the precious metal, fully convinced in his own mind that there must be gold in the district ! but I fancy his last expedition dispelled, to a great extent, the illusion, as I was informed he nearly lost his life by it. After all, we must not lose sight of the fact, that it is by the energetic action of many of these adventurers that almost untold wealth is brought to light, and often, when going into town, I would take with me samples of sand, rotten quartz, and many times various stones of all descriptions, to show to those who took an interest in the minerals of the locality ; but from some previous knowledge I had but little faith in it turning out a gold-bearing province, either alluvial or quartz reef, there being no resemblance to California in any way. Some years ago I visited Coloma where gold had been first found, and I spent some weeks about Cold Springs, not far from Placerville, where I came across an old digger who had made his fortune three separate times, and lost it again. I visited his shanty one evening, and saw him take out of his pocket his prospect for the day, which were several small pieces of gold, of an oval shape but flattened surface. From him I received a graphic account

of the diggings when in full blast—in the palmy days; and close to this spot water-courses or beds were now turned over in all directions. At the time of my visit, in 1873, the place had been left to the Chinamen to clean up. I was somewhat struck with the old Californian digger as he wrote an address in my pocket-book in a most beautiful hand. It brought out those realistic pictures drawn with such accuracy by Mark Twain and Bret Harte.

I also visited the Thames goldfields, New Zealand, at the height of their prosperity,* making myself still further familiar with quartz mining. This, to a great extent, proved to me that on comparison the gold romance of Taranaki was purely one of the imagination, which need not be regretted, for the settlers are amply compensated for the absence of gold by possessing the richest land that I have seen in all my travels.

Science in its most beautiful form was now first introduced into this block or sectional work by the Chief Surveyor, namely, the practice of field surveyors correcting their bearings by observing circumpolar stars at their greatest elongation. This went by the name of "star work," and usually occupied two or three hours in the evening, in the open air. Some of the stars selected would occasionally be clouded over, when there would be nothing to do but to wait for the next one showing up. Although it is cold work for the hands and feet on a winter's night, yet it is the most satisfactory work for a surveyor, as any error by this means may be rectified to a certainty. It must be understood this is only adopted when trig stations are far distant, also in level forest country. Five stations were fixed in the block, the places marked by iron pipes driven into the ground at both ends of the line. At one end of the line the theodolite had been placed, at the other the light had been fixed, so that the angle between the star and light had been taken from the meridian of the survey, and compared with the calculated angle or azimuth from the nautical almanac.

To the general reader this will be a dry subject, so it is cut short; but as nearly all the people of New Zealand are, or should be, possessed of some land, town or rural, some idea is given how the true direction of lines or boundaries may be accurately determined when hidden from any other object but the stars above us.

* I have a ring made out of Thames gold two years after the field was first opened. It is rather a heavy ring, which was worn more as a charm than anything else. When travelling in America by the Central Pacific Railway on my return from New York to California in search of my brother, I took a journey as far as Cold Springs, and again on to Sacramento. Here I ran short of funds, so I went to a jeweller's shop, and asked him for a loan on the ring, he being undecided, until I mentioned it was Thames gold, upon which he advanced me four dollars. This enabled me take the cars as far as San Francisco, returning by the steamboat up the Sacramento river to redeem the ring. This ring played also a conspicuous part in camp during the gold fever, as it slipped off my finger accidentally into the stream, and was found by one of the men, who electrified the party by declaring positively he had found gold in the creek.

# CHAPTER XV.

## THE WHITE CLIFFS.

WE received the word of command to leave the plains for the White Cliffs, and soon all was hurry-scurry, as all hands were busily employed in taking down tents and in packing up camp ovens, billies, axes, and the various paraphernalia of a survey camp. Some of the party had collected at intervals a quantity of honey out of the bush, on the edge of the plains, and had filled several buckets and two calabashes, to take into town, as we should have to pass through on our journey to the Cliffs. The usual way they obtained the honey was by felling the trees; then as they lay upon the ground they would make a fire close to the opening, where the bees entered, so that the smoke would drive them away or stupify them, when, should the entrance not be large enough, it would be cut larger with the axe, and their hands inserted to bring out the comb. Here on the plains it being much simpler, there was no cutting down of trees. These trees had been specially visited by the natives periodically, as they had stages erected so that the honey could be obtained without any trouble. In many cases ladders had been made of poles, the staves lashed on with the vines or small creepers growing in the forest, making it easy to ascend up to the nest, and, therefore, scarcely any trouble for my party during the time they had at their disposal to gather as much as they required, as in some instances the comb could be seen hanging from the trees only six feet from the ground. Nearly the whole of these trees appeared to be ratas, although in other places the pukatea is occasionally made choice of for bees' nests. It is generally dry round the roots on the surface, and this dry nature

extending through the tree on the outside and inside the hollow portions, may in a measure account for the bees having a preference for it. The natives must have been enabled to obtain a large supply of this sweet liquid from this extensive forest.

The dray arrived at the camp, and was soon loaded. All the things were then carted to Normanby railway station close to the town of that name, consisting of two hotels, the same number of stores, with a public hall, and a number of other buildings, but all so new as to show the town had only been founded recently.

The honey in two calabashes had been taken into the railway carriage. It happened that while the train was passing Te Roti one of the passengers accidentally kicked one of the calabashes and broke it ; the honey quickly spread all over the floor, causing a deluge ; the passengers rushed out into the next van ; and many would be the imprecations of the carriage cleaner in the morning when he came to clean the compartment out.

In travelling rapidly along the line, as I looked through the window well-known scenes passed before me ; it was a pleasure to behold buildings in course of erection, and others completed, bush already felled and waiting to be burnt off. This had not only the look of progress, but it was safe to say that it would be a most prosperous settlement. As we passed through Eltham and Ngaire how different instead of the standing heavy forest to see the school buildings, with tasteful houses, and the mountain road metalled. I had travelled hundreds of times along that road up to the girths of the horse in mud : this, too, when it had been only a track, with no bridges over the streams.

I had once a narrow escape of my life near the Ngatoro river. It was late at night, and what might be called pitch dark, with the track only to be found here and there. I had to get off my horse, knowing it to be a dangerous place, taking the bridle in my hand, creeping on my hands and knees, feeling for the track near the edge of the cliff, close to where the present railway cutting runs through. The next time I passed the spot in daylight, I was almost horrified at the narrow escape I had of falling over the edge of the cliff into the river below.

The three Ngatoro rivers crossing the mountain road always revive in me a lively experience. It had been my first work to traverse these streams with the compass and chain, after finishing the Kurapete stream that runs through Inglewood to the northern boundary of the Moa block, then traversing the boundary until arriving at the Ngatoro-nui or large Ngatoro. The distance then became so great to convey stores that when the man arrived with

the last swag, I decided to push through the work up to the mountain road. Although now midwinter the traverse had to be done in the river bed. It was certainly the coldest job I ever undertook, chaining often up to the waist in snowy cold water, fresh from Mount Egmont. My feet and legs for the first two hours were so numb that there was no feeling in them. Then to put a finish to it all our stores had become exhausted. It came on to rain, so that what was left dry with the water below the rain descended upon and drenched from above. With frequent tumbles over boulders of which these streams are full we came at last to the road to the delight of all, when part were sent down the stream for the swags that had been already made up with the tents, and the rest cleared the ground, making all the necessary arrangements for a fresh camp.

This road, through the application of engineering skill, has been wonderfully improved, and all the bogs filled in. The traveller used to ford over large boulders in the streams with a risk of being carried down by a fresh, and not knowing whether he would be able to get safe to the other end of his journey. It reminds one of the state of things in the first days of survey and settlement. I have seen several persons pitched off their horses, and gone over myself into the mud ; but this was mere play compared to riding one day on the edge of one of the cuttings along the road, when, to escape a bad place, the horse trod too near the edge, and its outside legs suddenly slipped down the bank. The horse seemed to know its position, and rested quietly on the top of the bank until I lifted one leg up, balancing myself on the other, letting the horse roll down into the cutting below. The person who was with me at the time, being an old traveller, made the remark it was the narrowest shave of a person's life that he had seen. Strange to say the horse appeared none the worse, having landed in the soft mud.

How changed everything seemed from the earlier days as we passed Stratford with its good station buildings, the town dotted here and there with other substantial structures. Still to the front were the true colonials and pioneers, our old and respected storekeepers, Curtis Bros.

I passed through a stretch of level country with numbers of homesteads adjacent to the railway road, most having their adjoining gardens and clearings fenced. Every now and again the train stopped to pick up passengers at each village and roadside station, as Midhurst, Waipuku, Tariki Road, Norfolk Road, until arriving at Inglewood. This last place might be called a town, as there were numbers of buildings, hotels, churches,

schools, etc., with a public park in which, from the top of the hill, may be viewed the whole town. I do not forget the time when only two buildings could be seen on the flat below. It was then covered with one mass of black stumps. This place is really one of those transformation scenes that are given with such realistic effect on the stage of our best theatres.

From here we descended at a quicker rate the incline on towards Sentry Hill, emerging out of the forest district as the long whistle gave them warning at the station of our approach, and shortly afterwards came to a standstill at the Sentry Hill platform. We had now a few minutes to look round the railway workshops before the arrival of the Waitara train, after which our engine was attached to the opposite end of the train for New Plymouth, which journey was varied by level fields and frequent farmsteads. Passing through Bell Block it was not long before the train went rolling over the Waiwaikiho bridge, reaching the township of Fitzroy with its number of picturesque and tasteful buildings, nearly always the harbinger of approaching the centre of population. Then after passing a number of streets, with a shriek of the whistle we crossed Devon Street, drawing up at the New Plymouth station platform.

After a short stay here we left for Waitara. There was an express waggon ready waiting to take the luggage forward, and we engaged seats in the bus which then ran to the Armed Constabulary station at the Cliffs, about two miles on the road passing close to the large meeting house, built by Sir George Grey (then Premier) for the chief Rewi to occupy during his visit to the great native meeting at Waitara in 1878.

In going through Urenui the express got stuck in the mud, so help had to be sent to extricate it. These road cuttings were then only partially completed. Crossing the Mimi river we entered Mr. Bayley's run, where, between the road and the beach, was the ground the natives had recently ploughed up—when they had the ploughing mania. This they thought would give them possession of the lands once more. For this offence they were arrested by the Armed Constabulary force and taken into custody.

The land just alluded to is of first-class quality, bounded on one side by the ocean ; and almost continuously from Waitara the coast line is covered with pahs that have been constructed at one time or another by the natives. After a gale of wind many bones lie exposed, showing that this portion of the cliffs was once densely populated by the Maoris.

Towards evening we could see the tall flagstaff of the Armed

Constabulary station, Pukearuhe, and, urging on the horses, it was not long before we entered, We were met by Sergeant-Major Campbell, who was then in charge. He kindly arranged for a cottage for myself and party, the men of the force inviting us to their mess, which kindness we accepted. Afterwards they entertained us in the library throughout the evening.

A singular conversation then ensued, which was to this effect, Whether the English would occupy Egypt or not? They called upon me to give my opinion. I did so in this way, saying, that the English would most certainly keep possession of the Canal in any event. This met with the approbation of the majority. Now, what most astonished me was the interest taken in this affair, for I saw at once that the works upon Napoleon Buonaparte had been much read. One of the men argued that General Buonaparte found it difficult to occupy Egypt, and that the Egyptians were too brave a people to allow us to take possession. This conversation took place before any troops or ships had been despatched or sent there by England. In his prognostications this evening, as after events showed, Buonaparte's admirer came wide of the mark. He would come over to my place sometimes in the evening to discuss the events of the war in Egypt as they took place. This man was one of those that took part in the fight of Te Ngutu O Te Manu, and I often questioned him upon that engagement.

They had a capital library here, with many standard works, and also one of the best editions of Stanley's "Dark Continent," which I read with all the minute interest that a frontiersman would naturally feel in such a subject.

This station of the White Cliffs, commanded by Captain Messenger, was perhaps, the prettiest camp in New Zealand, and owing to its strategic position the northern or Mokau natives were held in check during the war. This spot must have been an old pah at one time, the plateau of which would be one hundred and eighty feet above the sea level.

In one part of the block-house stood the tall flagstaff; facing this the green lawn or parade ground; upon the cliff side the hospital and the captain's residence; on the other side were the office, library, and mess-room. The block-house and guardroom were surrounded by a high parapet, so that the sentinel could walk round having a view of the whole place. Where the boldest part of the fort stood there opened a narrow defile leading down a steep declivity to the beach, this being the only road at that time northwards. There was also a small stream running almost parallel with the cliffs and beach, forming the camp into a peninsula.

Standing on a fine day in the parade ground, looking at the bold white cliffs about a mile and a half distant, the grandeur of the view appeared something sublime, with a white face rising seven hundred feet in a perpendicular height, while at high tide the Pacific ocean rolled up to the foot. These cliffs, during a peculiar state of the atmosphere, have the appearance of being only a few chains distant. On looking to the eastward you can trace from Paranihinihi, the highest point of the white cliffs, a series of high mountainous ranges ; and within fifty chains of the camp rises Mount O'Carroll, named after the doctor to the force. From this position the natives could see all that took place at the fort while the troublous times continued.

On each side of the road entering Pukearuhe were little thatched cottages, with neat gardens in front. These rose one above another on the hill side in three terraces. The dwellings were inhabited by the men of the force, making a scene at once so English that it was remarked by all strangers. This station, twenty-two miles from Waitara, was visited by a large number of people, chiefly on account of it having been the scene of the murder of the Rev. John Whiteley, who was shot in a narrow pathway leading to the right of the roadway going to the parade ground. Lieutenant Gascoyne and family and two others were surprised and killed by the Mokau natives near here on the 13th of February, 1869,

I was spending an evening with Captain Messenger when a nephew of Mr. Whiteley came in accompanied by Mr. Shore, a native interpreter, of Mokau. The rumour that went round the camp was to the effect that he came to obtain evidence against Te Wetere, but it is more probable he came to make a last visit to the spot where the good minister was so foully murdered.

The object of my coming down here to the cliffs had been to cut the confiscation boundary line. So when the tide had gone well out, the camp equipments were packed upon horseback to the tunnel. This was a few chains beyond the White Cliffs. The route lay along the beach, the first portion being composed of hard smooth sand. Not far from the Armed Constabulary station we saw a black object in the water close to the shore. It proved to be a portion of the wreck of the colonial steam transport 'Alexandria,' which sprung a leak by striking on a rock when she was beached here, becoming a total wreck during the war, August, 1865. One of the men of my party who had been a lieutenant in the navy happened to be serving at the cliffs in the Imperial troops. He gave me some particulars of the wreck. The natives came from the Mokau, and in the face

of the fort that commanded this position of the beach, from which the wreck was not half a mile distant, would steal the ropes and all the moveable things of value they could obtain from the vessel. A number of them were shot in the act of taking these things away. While in the district a workman came up, camping close to the wreck in one of the gullies between the cliffs; he was constantly working at low water to remove from the wreck anything of value that was left. So it is a question whether much will be visible of it at the present time.

After a scramble over stones we came to the Waipinga, a small stream having its source at the foot of Mount Messenger, some three miles inland. The entrance to this gully is very bleak as the wind blows in from the sea with great force. In making a traverse along the beach, and leaving my theodolite standing firm as I thought, when turning round to give the man some instructions, then on looking at the instrument again it lay flat upon the ground, having been blown over by the violent force of the wind. From here, scrambling over large boulders in front of the perpendicular White Cliffs, a sensation creeps over you as you look up at this bold face as of some impending danger. It might suddenly collapse and fall, so that it is next to impossible to view this gigantic mass except with feelings of awe.* About thirty chains from the Waipinga gully brought us to the tunnel. This tunnel had been commenced under the Provincial Government, but had never been completed on account of an error in overlapping in the middle, the operation having been conducted from both ends, the mouth on the seaward side being filled up to within a foot of the top, but on the landward side it remained about as it had been left. The object of it was to avoid going round a point of land that the tide scarcely ever leaves, and consequently to a stranger most dangerous. I have witnessed the rolling in of the heavy seas here, the waves breaking on the cliff, which is perpendicular, one hundred and fifty feet high, the water and spray dashing against it with terrific force, sending the foam many feet up the face of the cliff. A few weeks after I arrived at the Armed Constabulary station, Mr. Rigby, one of the Armed Constabulary, was drowned in taking some horses round

* Paranihinihi means the sliding cliff. It frequently happens that large masses detach themselves, falling in a confused heap on the beach, so that there is at times some little danger in giving it a close inspection. On the top there is a native track; this, a portion of the way, runs close to the edge of the cliff, the natives often taking their horses round by it when they find the beach impracticable. When I camped at the Waipinga I witnessed them coming through. The horses would slide down the steep ridge for long distances upon their haunches. In a steep portion on the tunnel side, as I noticed when walking over the top, there had been a slip close to the track; it went sheer down for 500 feet. I edged in to keep from going over, when my watch guard caught in a twig of the bush, and over went my watch, which I never recovered.

this point for Joshua Jones, of Mokau. Having known Mr. Rigby personally, a man of obliging and gentlemanly manners, I could comprehend the cloud that hung over the station for some days after the accident.

I started the confiscation boundary line exactly over the tunnel, the height being about one hundred and sixty feet where the theodolite stood. We put in a large peg marking the spot. To get up here seemed a dangerous feat to a novice at climbing. One part was almost upright. Should a false step or slip be made it would mean death or broken limbs, so I fixed up a guide rope to avoid any accidents, making it less risky for travellers. This we called the long ladder, and formed the only foot road to Mokau. Shortly afterwards the Survey Department graded a zigzag track up the side to the top, fixing in punga steps, so that horses could climb up. It created a novel sensation to the observer below to see a horse, sometimes with the rider on its back, climbing up the steps on the face of the cliff, while every minute one expected to see both come tumbling over on to the beach below ; but I have found out by experience in frequently ascending and descending the danger after a time does not appear so great as it did at first. The boundary line we only cut in one mile owing to the broken and expensive nature of the country. My party had then to return to Pukearuhe, where they were engaged in other work.

One of the chief incidents that made it a pleasure to witness was the entry of the Hon. John Bryce into Pukearuhe after his daring exploit through the King Country. He came by way of Mokau. The parade ground too was in one of its gayest moods, the ladies turning out in full force. Captain Messenger had received instructions that there should be no display, and although the Armed Constabulary went about their usual duties, still the rest of the inhabitants of the camp were not going to let this event pass by without some recognition. A surveyor knows that such a journey at that time could not be accomplished without considerable hardship. Of those who composed the party the most noticeable were Mr. C. W. Hursthouse and Te Wetere.

It was now for the first time I saw this chief Te Wetere—this close to the spot where the Rev. Mr. Whiteley had been murdered. He formed a striking picture as he sat upon his steed with a military cap upon his head ; in it was placed a long pheasant's feather. The very gracefulness and ease of Te Wetere's carriage marked him a good horseman. This Maori chief as I saw him that day, with small regular features, slightly tatooed, appeared as artistic a model of a handsome native as one could wish to see. No doubt many will disagree with my description, but I give the

impressions and the effect it produced on me at this particular time.

As the cavalcade left the parade ground three ringing cheers were given, thus acknowledging the abilities of the hero of the day, the Hon. Mr. Bryce. This act of the Native Minister in passing through the King Country was sufficient to show the natives that for the future both roads and railways must proceed as necessity required ; this, too, through a large tract of country that had been virtually closed to all progress for many years. Here we have one phase of the native difficulty by this means swept away. Taranaki rose to the occasion, and banqueted the Hon. John Bryce on his arrival in New Plymouth.

In exploring the Mimi valley the first time I was accompanied by Captain Messenger and Sergeant Gilbert, the former having proffered to take me by a native track to the stream. All requisite preparations were made, and we secured an early start. Some little difficulty took place at first, as the track had not been used for some years ; it had grown over, but with the help of the sergeant it was not long before it was made discernible ; then when once upon it, off we went in good style, for the captain was a thorough bushman, until we came to the summit of the highest dividing range. My prismatic compass was soon at work in taking bearings to the chief points inland. Next came into requisition the aneroid to ascertain the height of this spot or ridge from the sea level.

The most important point I wished to know being as to any break in the White Cliffs range inland, so that a road might be made in this direction to avoid the cliffs, we found this at the foot of Mount Messenger, on the eastward side of which the bearing had been booked with a sketch of the locality. Here afterwards, upon the top of Mount Messenger, I made a trig station; the Mount is close upon one thousand feet high, and the distance from the Paranihinihi trig station, White Cliff, close upon three miles. The track now became very steep until reaching the valley below, where we came upon the Mimi river, about fifteen feet wide. We now sat down on the banks of the stream, having quite a little picnic to ourselves, the lunch being quickly despatched, as our appetites had been sharpened by the rough journey.

We then returned by a more direct route, and upon reaching the range above, and looking into the valley below, it had a very rugged and broken aspect, with steep spurs running from the ranges. At last, after some hard fighting with supplejacks, toi grass, and kiekie, we got to the top of Mount O'Carroll, from

where we had a splendid view of the camp. The captain pointed out a spot close to us where he surprised a party of natives in the war time. Even the top of this hill had been a pah. The trench round it was still in a good state.

Near this hill was pointed out to me, close to where we were standing, the paraatawhiti (Marattia salinica). At the first glance it much resembles a stunted nikau (Areca sapida), but on a close examination the fronds or leaves are much more delicate, and altogether prettier in shape. This plant is supposed to have been brought to New Zealand by the natives in the canoe 'Aotea;' at least it is mentioned in the history of these natives. It appears, from what I saw, to grow from a bulb or several of these together, in the ground. We chopped off a portion of one; it was as hard as a knot of wood, but the natives would first boil it and then pound it with a pestle in the same manner that they made the fern root ready for the palate. As this is the only place where I have seen it growing, I have every reason to believe that this place has been long inhabited by the natives. Its value as a strategic position would be well known to the Maoris who had found Pukearuhe one of the most impregnable strongholds of all those in Taranaki which they availed themselves of some hundreds of years ago. It is really one of the most magnificent ancient strongholds that I have seen, and it is a tribute to the martial abilities of the Maoris that it had been chosen as the northern outpost of the British force in Taranaki in 1865.

To say the country round here is broken would be to many far from what this word is intended to convey. The view from the top of Mount Messenger, in the direction of the Mokau northwards, shows that at some time long past, this portion must have been actually boiling with volcanoes, or some powerful volcanic action, as within the range of a few square miles there may be counted close upon sixty cone-shaped mountains, ranging from five hundred to one thousand feet above the level of the sea. Inland the ranges run more regularly, but with the same steepness, a feature that seems to extend itself right through to the Tuhua country.

Hearing that Mr. Carkeek, one of the explorers of the Stratford central route of railway was supposed to be lost, I immediately formed a party to go in search of him. We started from the tunnel, working our way inland by the upper landing of the Tongaporutu, then on towards the Waitara river, as he was supposed to be somewhere in that direction. It happened the day after we started Carkeek came out from the forest between Urenui and Waitara. So it then devolved upon the Department

to send some one to bring us back, or to forward us word. The only one who could be induced to do this was E. Donkin, C.E., who happened to be then staying at the Armed Constabulary station. Owing to his missing our track near to the upper landing of the Tongaporutu it was nine days before we got out again. In that time we reached the banks of the Waitara river. A sketch plan had been obtained with bearings to Mount Messenger, also the topography of the country travelled over.

Our food consisted principally of pigeons, which happened to be in fine condition. Here and there along the ridges, as we went along, were hinau trees (Elœocarpus Dentatus). These were the rendezvous for the pigeons, as the berries were now ripe. Sergeant Gilbert being a good shot we did not go short of these birds. I also had very fair shooting, and when they tumbled out of the tree they came straight down with a thud, showing the birds were in splendid condition.

This trip, although a rough one, gave me a good insight into the country hereabouts. To me it appeared useless for settlement purposes, at any rate until the more level land is all surveyed. The first portion near the Tongaporutu grows the black birch (Fagus Solandri).

The day turned out magnificent, with one of our New Zealand skies of azure blue, the sun shining in all his splendour, and the white ripples of the Pacific gently coursing one after another to the cliffs. A numerous party could be seen sitting and lolling on the green sward attached to a native cultivation, a little beyond the tunnel, the interesting conversation at length being broken by a number of natives who were arranging their swags, ready to enter the bush by the same track we had taken in our search for the lost explorer. Here he started for a second time to a country that he had been so graphically describing to myself and another surveyor. His party was already on the move, so we wished him good-bye and good luck. So departed Carkeek into one of the roughest countries he had ever explored.

Any road or railway running to the central route through this country must naturally be costly, the land also comparatively useless as a paying quantity. There are in the Tangarakau valley coal beds that may be of some consequence in years to come, but this district will not approach the Mokau for facilities in respect to the conveyance of coal throughout the island.

# CHAPTER XVI.

## ARMED CONSTABULARY CAMP LIFE, PUKEARUHE.

IN no part of my survey campaign did time pass more pleasantly than at the Armed Constabulary station, Pukearuhe, White Cliffs. I spent some months here laying out the base line for the trigonometrical survey, and fixing the first few trig stations, with the privilege of carrying on this work farther; but owing to the rough nature of the country I found my strength would not permit it. But it was carried forward by a young and promising surveyor, Harry May Skeet.

We commenced the grading for road works, and the earthwork and forming, after the bush had been felled one chain wide, were undertaken by the Armed Constabulary force. A good bridle track was also made on towards the Mimi, which they carried round at the back of the White Cliffs. While here I gained a good insight into the life of a military camp, and quite a kindly feeling was displayed towards visitors by Captain Messenger and the men who composed this force. The surveyors were always well entertained, and no captain of a station could be more popular than Captain Messenger. In the evening, when the labours of the day were over there used to be an invitation ready waiting to join a lawn tennis party at Sergeant-Major Campbell's, made up of some fair players, including ladies. With this recreation, and the manly game of cricket, on one of the finest grounds imaginable, we made these summer evenings pass in a most pleasant and sociable manner.

We received now and again an invitation to a ball, and a stranger would be puzzled to find out where the ladies came from. It must be remembered this was the married men's station, with

their families growing up around them. These with the addition of visitors gave a preponderance of the fair sex.

The ball was one of the most important events at the cliffs, many coming some miles to see the pretty little camp, and to finish up with a delightful dance. The library and mess-room were thrown into one large space, the walls of which were decorated with nikau and fern leaves, amongst which devices of flowers were designed with much taste, their swords and rifles making up one of the most beautiful and artistic effects. This, combined with the neat uniform of the Armed Constabulary, and the pretty dresses of the ladies, from Miss Messenger downwards, always reminds me of one of the most charming scenes that I have witnessed, more especially when the pianiste struck up a mazurka. Then the pretty changes of position and the gay display of colours formed a picture of enjoyment that will remain a pleasant memory to all who shared camp life at Pukearuhe.

The barrack room, now turned into a little theatre with stage and scenery, and a band of minstrels would enliven the evening before the dancing commenced with nigger songs and sketches. None of the visitors will forget Charlie in his song, "I'm up a tree," he being the life of the camp. Many a time his comic ways have induced hearty laughter. Although a wild sort of a fellow he could be the gentleman, and there is no doubt this trait gave him much popularity.

The men of this station were the best drilled of any that I had seen in New Zealand ; the smartness of command, in look and movement, was at once observable. The usual slovenliness, so distinguishable in bygone times, was absent here, and that discipline, so necessary in a colonial force, may be said to have been carried out fully.

It may be thought presumptuous for me to pass this opinion upon our force, as it is possible I may be a little proud of belonging to the crack corps in England from its first formation to within a short time of leaving for New Zealand. I am now alluding to the Robin Hood Rifles (see Appendix H), which were awarded the palm in their march past in that first Grand Review of Volunteers in Hyde Park, London, 1859.

An event like this may only occur once in a lifetime, but the competition where eighteen thousand volunteers marched by the Queen and Prince Albert, fully equipped, with only a few months' notice and no expense to the country, proved to the world that Old England's sons could defend their country and that Great Britain was in every sense a military nation.

Although a slight digression, I will give what I saw and heard

at that important review; it may interest our colonial volunteers. Fourteen thousand men had already passed the Queen, who was there surrounded with her brilliant staff of officers. Near her carriage were the ambassadors, and at the back the elite of England on a long gallery erected for the better view of the proceedings. The cheers of those assembled could be heard when any particular achievement had been attained by the different corps. Now came the command for the Robin Hoods to wheel in column. This movement was done so well as to call forth the applause of the thousands of spectators on the edge of this particular spot, who were kept back by a company of the Queen's Life Guards. We formed a battalion of ten companies of seven hundred and fifty men, our uniform being a Lincoln green faced with black, a plume of a darker shade, and equipments; the officers had their facings of silver. The cheering continued as we marched along to the music of the Grenadier Guards' splendid band amidst the shouts of "Bravo, Robin Hoods!" which could be heard above the noise, making each man feel one inch taller for the contest. This cheering never ceased until we had passed the grand stand. During the wheel in column one of the officers of the Life Guards came up to the officer of the company I was in (No. 3 Forest* Company) and asked Captain Baker the name of the battalion, saying that it was the best corps that had gone by, at the same time clapping the scabbard of his sword. Colonel Crawford, who was in command, and also late Lieutenant-Colonel of the 60th Rifles, was called up before the Queen and complimented on the efficiency of the battalion. The patriotic spirit that became the moving cause of one hundred and fifty thousand volunteers coming forward at no expense to the country had been evoked by the threatened danger of an invasion by France; and it is worth while to ponder over the amount of money required to equip and organise this vast number of men, amounting to nearly two million pounds.

When witnessing our colonial reviews this scene has often recurred to my mind. Taking these reviews altogether they act as a healthful exercise, and cause a gradual attainment of proficiency, forming one of our most pleasing holiday recreations.

My snug little thatched cottage at Pukearuhe, with its garden fenced in by a ditch and bank, and sheltered by ngaio trees, with a view of the sea and camp, was almost like a sea-side resort. The billows in a heavy gale came in with a force that when they broke on the devoted cliff, made a loud report almost resembling the firing of cannon. It was some little time before I became

* There are several of this and other companies of the Robin Hoods in Auckland at the present time.

used to the noise. One evening Charlie, being a good violinist, came in with a budget of news, and knowing that I was fond of music, he said they had been thinking of giving me an entertainment, the programme to consist of music, singing, and a clog dance, all by members of the force, but he would like to know whether I had any objection to their bringing a bottle of rum with them, as the others might require something during the evening. The comical manner in which he broached the subject made me laugh, but I had to tell him that being an abstainer I had a most decided objection to it, so much so that the entertainment would have to be given up.

The programme was, a few days later, more fully carried out in the canteen, a detached wooden building, where drink could be obtained at stated times. The version of the proceedings that came to me ran thus: As the place was small and crowded, they had to make a temporary stage of two beer barrels, placing two short boards on the top, after which they improvised a gallery of one long plank considerably elevated. Among the performers were—Jerry (with his banjo), Charlie (chief singer), Rodger Rhu (the fiddler), and others. Then when the singing commenced the chorus was taken up by the whole crowd with all their might, which noise could be heard all over the camp, followed by applause. Then succeeded a noise like kicks at doors, hammering and stamping with a vengeance, until they got perfectly dry, when they expected one of the visitors to "shout" all round. Some of these convivial ones could not get another chalk put on the board. When their throats became lubricated or their thirst quenched with long beers, they again resumed the entertainment, Charlie singing one of his funny songs with a rattling chorus, fairly bringing down the house. Then another "shout" had to be made for all the company. This went on until the clog dancing commenced, by which time they could fully appreciate all before them, their spirits rising to the highest pitch. The clog dancer was now getting into the steps nicely, old Rodger Rhu playing the sailors' hornpipe on the fiddle in a most excited manner, his eyes moving from one side to the other, the crowd accompanying the movements of the dancer with their heads and feet. All in a moment by some means the boards parted on the casks, and the performer suddenly disappeared, causing a roar of laughter. At the height of this merriment some evil-disposed person kicked away the support of the gallery, bringing it down with a crash, pitching the old fiddler on the top of a heap of humanity who lay sprawling on the floor. Still the fiddler kept at work, the bow going at express speed, as Rodger Rhu now fiddled with all his

might, when something rose underneath him, pitching him out of the door. All this time there could be heard a voice which sounded from the regions below, and could be recognised as Charlie's, calling out for an encore.

The canteen keeper had to invoke the assistance of the guard to clear the place. Some of them wished to sleep where they had fallen, but these were most unceremoniously rolled outside like beer casks, and those who were not so overcome by the quantity imbibed were seen assisting the others to their homes. When some of my party were brought over in this state I could hear them fumbling at the wrong side of the door for the latch, and not finding what they wanted they called out to Charlie, who had brought them over, to give them a hand to take the "blooming" door down. It may be said the monetary accounts of these men were very much reduced by that convivial evening's entertainment.

# CHAPTER XVII.

## EXPLORING.

WE were now encamped about five miles beyond the Armed Constabulary station, over the dividing ridges, on the same range as the White Cliffs, running inland. As this portion embraces some of the roughest work of a surveyor's experience, it can be contrasted favourably with the other extreme.

There were no lack of adventures, often of almost daily occurrence, narrow escapes, trees falling, rivers overflowing, land slips, exposure to the elements, cliffs to traverse, canoes sinking, and provisions running short. All these are at first startling to new comers of the party, more so to those unaccustomed to the wild bush. Numbers have been so deceived as to the real nature of the work of an advance survey party, that, after a short experience, nothing would induce them to join one of these expeditions again.

The hardships experienced on two occasions come vividly to my mind. The first that of exploring the Mimi and Tongaporutu valley for a road northwards. Close to the foot of Mount Messenger we found the lowest saddle of the range. This had been ascertained by the barometer. From this point, not having any instructions to go farther, as the confiscation boundary line would have to be crossed, I saw at once how useless the road would be unless it could be explored right through to the coast. So to test it I determined to push on and see whether it appeared at all practicable for a road. For this purpose stores had to be hurried up to last the journey through. Each of us were now loaded with heavy pekoes or swags on our backs, and slash-hooks in hand. We started first by sliding down the cliff, then cutting our way as we proceeded, having often grand scenery before us resembling

the canyons of the Sierra Nevada mountains of America. Keeping to a watercourse we got down the last steep fall by lowering a long stem of a tree with notches cut in it, so that we might step down it while one held the top All let their swags down with a long supplejack attached to them. After some hours of toil we were enabled to camp in the valley at dusk alongside the stream Ruapekepeke.

On the following day we followed the course of the stream, cutting our way through supplejacks and underscrub until we came to the junction of the Ruapekepeke with the Tongaporutu, called the first landing. The river is tidal here, and about one chain wide. Close to this fork we pitched our tent. The bush being wet, as it drizzled with rain the whole time, we were glad to get under cover, but found it difficult to get a fire. After some good, warm tea and a biscuit or two we turned into our blankets.

I know of no harder lines for a surveyor than to be constantly exploring. It is not only the continuous hard work, but hard living and heavy weights to carry make it an arduous task for all the party. At daybreak we got breakfast underweigh, blankets and other things were packed up, when, with our swags again on our backs, we started off, taking the bank of the river down toward the mouth. Before leaving we set a rata on fire at the fork, so that a bearing could be taken to it from the saddle when we got back again. All these rivers are generally tidal for some miles from the mouth and sheltered by the bush, making them grand for canoeing upon. A fair sized boat can proceed up this river for eight miles to what is called the second landing. Rivers form a great attraction to survey parties, as loads, instead of being carried upon the backs of the men, are easily taken up or down in a canoe. The enjoyment of paddling, with good fishing and a bathe now and again, add to the pleasure of camping alongside one of these tidal estuaries.

With redoubled efforts we now pushed on, cutting in turns as we advanced, there being no track open as it had become closed up, and the day also fast declining it seemed very doubtful whether we should reach the native whares near the mouth of the river, so the swags were left behind to enable us to push on faster and get through before the sun set. The latter part of the journey proved very rough, but we managed to arrive at the whares in time to send the canoe which we found on the beach here for the things we had left behind, while two of the men were busy cutting fern and clearing out one of the native whares for our quarters for the night.

This evening came as another picture of New Zealand's charming closing of the day. The mullet were jumping up out of the water; the Tongaporutu looked as calm as a mill pond. Opposite the whares it is about twenty chains across the river. Everything appeared so still that we could hear the paddles of those in the canoe a long distance off, and before it reached the shore the men who were left behind were enjoying one of those delightful swims so refreshing to the lovers of salt water.

On the morrow our course lay by the old native track near the beach, passing over the tunnel, then on to Pukearuhe, from which place we returned with stores next day to the saddle at the foot of Mount Messenger. In grading both sides of this saddle I noticed the effect it had upon the men. Some who, when the work commenced, were stout grew thin. Some left the party; the hardships were too great for them, but fear preyed upon the majority. The traverse often went in places where we had to hold on to the grass on the face of the cliff, so as to carry over with the survey line.

One night a heavy storm came on; it continued raining for over two days. We were tent bound on this saddle when, during the latter part of the second day, we witnessed about one acre of the ridge suddenly glide down into the valley below, taking with it large trees and all the face of the cliff, making a noise like thunder. This took place within three chains of the camp. All through the night we were kept awake by loud reports similar to the firing of cannon, showing that large slips were taking place all round us, and it appeared likely that the camp might disappear next.*

When the rain cleared up on the third day my first object was to see the damage that had been done, so I went up to the top of Mount Messenger. From here there was a splendid view, which it would be difficult to surpass, as Tongariro, Ruapehu, and Mount Egmont could be seen. Looking all round there were white patches close to the top of the ranges, showing where the slips had taken place during the night. The valleys were flooded for some days after.

This heavy rain had stopped our store supply, reducing us to burnt crumbs for coffee. Our tea and coffee had run out, so we had to undergo a course of meals, in which bare bones with a little salt were constantly set before us. It was glad tidings when one of the party came running in saying that he could hear the

* The country about here is principally composed of papa rock, which, when wet, is very slippery.

sound of our packers * coming. They began to shout in the bush some distance off so as to let us know they were on the way. Then when they came into camp a cheer was sent up by the rest, but the men were so exhausted that they dropped down, as they were loaded with about eighty pounds each on their backs. They had been out all night, taking refuge under a tree, this being a rough country to travel in with nothing but a rough exploring line to pack upon.

However, the cook was soon in his glory, and the greatest activity displayed—chopping wood, fetching water, cutting up steaks and slicing onions. The frizzling meat in the frying pan produced the most melodious sound and delightful smell to our hungry and all but starving frontiersmen.

To pass over without giving an opinion of the West Coast route of railway after all that has been said upon this subject would be an omission, perhaps, that might be thought strange. Under this saddle is the only portion where any engineering difficulty would be met with between Waitara and Mokau. A tunnel of between ten or twelve chains would be found ample for this part. There would be a slight incline both ways up to it; the rest of the distance may be said to be comparatively level country. The shortest possible line could be constructed between Waitara and Te Awamutu, tapping the large coal beds of the Mokau and Awakino, and at the same time most direct between these two places. The requirements of this portion would, in a great measure, have made up any deficiency in the working of the line; but, taking all into consideration, if this line had been constructed in the first instance it would now have been a paying concern. Surveyors would take sides upon this question, the majority being in favour of the West Coast route.

* One of the packers (Tom Griffin) went to Pukearuhe for stores, and during the following afternoon (Sunday) he had a sunstroke, dying during the night. He was considered one of the strongest of the party, but his strength had been very much reduced by the rough work.

# CHAPTER XVIII.

## A TERRIBLE CHRISTMAS EVE.

WE had been working for a considerable time amongst the White Cliffs ranges. These extend some distance back into the interior, presenting in places perpendicular heights, forming one of the most broken portions of country it could be possible to conceive. Spring now dissolved into that most delightful summer season that surveyors know so well how to appreciate in a forest country. Although there is not much to engross the attention of the stranger beyond a few wild pigeons for his gun, yet every little change makes a wonderful difference to one who is constantly at work beneath the heavy foliage of the forest. While we were in the valley even the toiling bees came in for a share of notice as they hummed about from flower to flower in the tops of the mahoe trees, the trunk of which tree is generally one mass of knots twisted about in all directions, with a pretty green bushy top seldom exceeding twenty-five feet in height. Many of these trees around Mount Egmont that I have cut down have reached four and five feet diameter, but hollow in the middle. They had usually to be cut all round before they would fall. The chips were of a yellow cast, although the wood generally went by the name of white wood. This tree (Melicytus ramiflorus), and the fuchsia (Fuchsia excorticata) were chief amongst the smaller trees of this forest—the latter most distinguishable by its bark of a reddish-brown hue.

The songsters would commence to sing in the early morning, making the woods resound with melody where there had been a dull silence. All these changes tell upon a party who have been for a long time confined to the heavy work of axe and slash-hook; this, too continuously through the wet winter, and without

shelter from the penetrating showers of the first spring months. Often a number were laid up with complaints that might have been avoided with the proper care necessary on arriving at the camp after the work of the day. The most usual and decisive remedy, in which all had the most faith, was Perry Davis' Pain-killer, applied both inwardly and outwardly. One man, who writhed with rheumatic pains for three days in the tent, applied two bottles of the medicine, taking it mixed with water, inwardly, and having it rubbed on him outwardly at intervals. I had little hope of his recovery, but astonishing as it may seem, he was soon at work again as usual. I have frequently used it for toothache in damp country, and found it invaluable.

It will not be surprising, then, that a longing is created for a cessation of work. The countenances of some of the men seem sickly white in place of the healthy brown colour the face presents when exposed to the sun. Christmas is approaching, so the chief talk in camp is how the holidays are going to be kept. Then, as the time draws near, their spirits rise, so that the daily work is got through without the slightest friction, each working with a will at times astonishing. The final breaking up of the camp takes place amidst the most jubilant demonstrations. To say that I did not share in this feeling would be wrong, for where are those who have enjoyed when young the Christmas of the old country who could refrain from being interested? It is not in one's nature to forget the fairy dance, the tables replenished with cakes, apples, nuts, etc., with all those dear little games of blind man's buff, charades, the gallant little by-plays, with the sweetest of fairies only known to each one privately, ending with snap-dragon, when the fun would reach its height. Who can forget the raisins set on fire, emitting a blue flame as the spirits that had been poured over them were touched with a lighted taper, each making a dash at the blazing mass, and taking care that his little sweetheart secured a share? To the elders old Father Christmas is still endeared, and they have a secret liking for the time-honoured custom though time may have laid a heavy hand upon them, till with their grey hairs they resemble Father Christmas himself.

I often think when we cease to join in to amuse the youngsters we forget that this season of the year was once our delight, and happy gatherings are often recounted here in a land where the very season seems turned upside down. So much is this the case that it takes some little time before we can get used to it. In old England we were compelled to shut ourselves up in small rooms, while the snow would be falling fast and the frost biting

outside. Here in New Zealand we have our picnic parties to secluded nooks, often under our noble Christmas tree, the pohutukawa, with its graceful foliage and pretty scarlet blossoms.

I do not think that, as a whole, we are behind any country in the world for making the most of our holidays. Take Auckland, for instance, the city of the artist, with its beautiful bays, its varied scenery, and delightful harbour resorts. The numerous excursions by railway and steamboat are so extensively patronised as to prove how intensely the people delight in the beauties of nature, and we arrive at the conclusion, that there are but few left who do not take part in one form or another in these rounds of enjoyment. One of the most striking illustrations of this was furnished at the recent celebration of the Jubilee of the colony, under the patronage of His Excellency Earl Onslow, on the 29th January, 1890, when many thousands of Auckland citizens assembled on pure pleasure bent. What may be said of this town, is applicable to the whole colony.

Visitors were flitting about from one part to another; every kind of vehicle being in requisition, and crowded with well-dressed persons; preparations for amusement were being carried out on the most extensive scale. These were exercising the patience of the mistresses of the household, who were bustling about to have all in readiness—from roast beef and plum pudding to perambulators and lunch baskets. The homesteads had been for some time besieged by dressmakers, who, we all know, could not be dispensed with, as the fair ones must shine in their sphere. All their energies and tastes were taxed to produce pretty costumes, designed to lend an additional charm to the holiday season. These dresses were no doubt prepared specially to grace many a drawing-room and party, and to captivate those whom the fair wearers might have a desire to enchain by the exercise of their graceful feminine arts.

I arrived at my pretty villa residence, and was welcomed with a chorus of charming little voices, repeating, "I am so glad you have come home, papa." There was a happy smile from all, making up for many a hard-fought battle with supplejacks and bush-lawyers combined, myself often coming off fearfully scratched in some of these engagements. But here were the smiling, happy faces, knowing Christmas was near, with his ever plentiful supply of good things, which were so catching that I had to give each a kiss all round before they were convinced that I could be really interested with the approaching good times that they were eagerly looking forward to.

The sly glances of the little ones told me that they expected something extra from me in the shape of Christmas presents.

Soon merry laughter resounded through the house, telling me also more than the usual liberty would be expected. How sweet are some of these times when the cares of business are laid aside, and for a time one gives oneself up to unrestrained enjoyment with all the "abandon" of boyhood, while every one seems brimming over with fun and joy. A feeling drawing near to boisterousness takes the place of care, so that a good romp round with the children comes as natural as though it were the most pleasant thing possible. Then, when tired out, paterfamilias drops down into the easy chair, reflecting, perhaps for the first time in his life, why all that care connected with business should enter into the home life, closing up that best of all avenues, the way to make others happy.

After a short rest, during which the gentle breeze had been wafting in through the open bay window, and every now and again peals of laughter could be heard, coming from the children as they were playing on the lawn, I rose up, and walking to the sideboard, took out of a small case a cigarette, then donning a smoking-cap and slippers, passed through the wide hall on to the verandah, where I lit my cigarette. After a brief interval I stepped on to the terrace, walking up and down, occasionally smoking. I came to a pause alongside one of the large vases standing on each side of a broad flight of steps, in which was growing musk, emitting a rich scent I could not but appreciate. The locality was one of those which, with the aid of art, had been made into a charming suburban retreat. The villa, with its modern architectural appearance, was rendered still more effective by the grounds, which had trees planted with excellent judgment, and walks laid out for recreation purposes. It might fairly be called one of the most lovely spots of this island. From the terrace I looked at the large oval-shaped lawn at the foot of a grassy slope, upon which the girls were in the heat of an uphill game of croquet. Beyond extended a green field to the edge of the Waiwaikiho, one of the largest rivers running from Mount Egmont, with water clear, sparkling, and of remarkable purity. This view was now in front of me, with the extensive flat and hill of Mangowne beyond. I turned round, facing the south, which, as I walked up the terrace, appeared still more attractive. It seemed impossible to get away from Mount Egmont; there it stood in all its splendour before me, with a small cap of snow upon the summit, fringed all along the foot with forest. Then the eye followed down towards the terrace,

from which at some little distance, ran the main road to the Waitara, crossing the river near to a bridge, whose large arch rising from the platform presented a most striking object. Further up, the railway bridge also spanned this river. Being lost in contemplation of the beautiful scenery around, I had stepped on to the flower bed that went round the terrace, and when retreating a voice called out, "Papa, do come and have a game with us." So, throwing the end of the cigarette away, I went down the steps, taking a path that went round to the left on to the lawn, where we soon formed sides, each of us playing with so much zest that the balls went anywhere but where they ought to go—that was through the hoops. Croquet, as a game for a lawn party for the youthful or elder ones, was always a favourite game with me, as it could be soon learned, and required no extra exertion. The evening had brought with it a cool breeze from the mountain, so we soon left the lawn and joined the visitors inside, who had been watching the play from the bay window. After a little music and discussion of the usual conversational topics, preparations were made to retire to rest.

As there were several visitors, I found it had been arranged for me to occupy a sofa in the sitting-room. It did not much matter, anything for a change from the camp bed, where I had all the trouble of fixing the fern leaves, which gave one a sensation as of lying on the back of a porcupine. How refreshing the change to clean sheets from the blankets, often damp and uncomfortable, that constituted our camp bedding. To say that I sunk down into a heap of soft feathers, with a chair or two to keep me in, would be saying little. It was one of the most delicious night's rest that I have ever experienced. Almost immediately on lying down I went off to sleep, never moving, as I judged, in the slightest until rising again in the morning. There was something so delightful in this night's sleep that made it unreal, and it could not be produced by any natural cause, for when I awoke the very sensation caused me to lie for some time without moving, a feeling I did not want to dispel; and as far as one could recall the dreams, they were of extreme pleasure. The room was large and airy, each article undergoing a careful examination as I lay with the sunlight streaming in at the window, bringing into relief the large pictures upon the wall; also one over the chimney-piece, which was a work of my own (a waterfall in the Pakiri bush, Auckland). The deep cornice of the room, with the fleur de lis centrepiece of the ceiling, from which was hanging a chandelier, all assisted in pleasing the imagination. This, with the wall paper of one tint,

and the massive polished chimney-piece of inlaid New Zealand woods and carved brackets, made up something to attract the eye of the artist. On the table lay in confusion the music used the preceding evening, the piano still open. One other striking object was a little stand in the bay window, with a vase upon it containing a choice plant, at the back of which fell in graceful folds the white lace and cretonne curtains. The other small accessories, ornaments, and furniture added still further to the effect, There was another window, and from its French pole the draperies fell at my feet. Certainly these surroundings helped to heighten the impression that was enchanting me, assisted, too, by the delicate odour that scented the room from the vase containing the flower mentioned. This night had so charmed me that all through the day I kept wishing for night to come again, so as to fall once more under the spell of that luxurious sleep.

Preparations were now going on with a vengeance for Christmas Day. The baker, the butcher, and others had their hands full, as the roast beef and plum pudding had to be punctual to the time. Spirits rose in proportion as the great event came nearer. We managed to form a little croquet party towards the evening, when, with a mallet each and a good-sized ball to match, we went on to the lawn. Sides were soon arranged ; then amidst continual pleasantry the game was not long before it became interesting, some of the balls getting so punished as to call forth regretful exclamations, such as "Oh! that's too bad ;" but the cheery way the girls ran after them and sent them to the hoops, had so much fun as to cause still more laughter. A group of croquet players, with their suitable costumes, in broad-brimmed straw hats and flowing ribbons, have a homely look of happiness, and should meet with every encouragement from the lover of lawn games. Lawn tennis is not to be objected to, but to me the exertion appears too great for the game to become popular with everyone. I retired early to a lawn seat on the side path that went round the large oval lawn, on the edge of which were planted a variety of heathers, roses, and other choice shrubs and flowers. Opposite to where I sat there was a large silver tree in a corner shrubbery ; it stood out in marked contrast to all the other trees, and was close upon fourteen feet high. Its leaves were of a large almond shape, and of silk-like appearance. It is also a native of the Cape. These trees, when planted in good soil, grow with astonishing rapidity. Also where I sat there spread an awning over the seat, with another seat about a chain further on, and it was not long before I had been joined by one of the

ladies, who had also retired for a rest. We soon began discussing the beauties of a white rose that grew near, after which a conversation ensued on the beautiful scenery visible from the place where we were seated.

We rose and wended our way along a shady pathway known as the Lover's Walk, my fair companion complimenting me on the beauty of the place and the skill that had been displayed in laying out the grounds. At the end of the walk we met the rest of the party, who had just concluded their game. All then returned to the house and passed another delightful evening, enlivened by cheerful conversation, and varied with a little music and singing. As the evening wore on I found myself longing for another delicious sleep similar to that I had enjoyed the previous night. Upon retiring to rest I realised the charm had worn off with the novelty of the experience, for although I slept soundly there was not on awakening any remembrance of pleasant dreams so soothing and calming to the mind as on the former occasion.

As I lay awake in the morning I thought how disappointing this night had been compared to the preceding one. On looking at myself in the glass when getting up to dress, my face wore a white, rather careworn look. I tried hard to brush the strange sensation away that would come stealing over me, especially as the day began to wear on. The gaieties which others were enjoying, I now actually began to shun ; this, perhaps, caused me to be asked if I felt well, to which I tried to respond lightly by saying I was all right. That craving for night to come again possessed me so much that not until I had once more retired to rest had it been appeased. A peculiar feeling came over me while asleep, accompanied with an aching pain, while shadowy forms seemed to flit before the mind's eye. This continued at intervals through the night, producing alternate sensations of pleasure and pain.

I awoke with a gasp in the morning, frightened, but thankful that daylight had come. I tried to recall the scenes of the night, but this brought a shuddering sensation as I did so. I arose and dressed, trembling with nervous excitement, and on looking at myself in the mirror my face wore a haggard expression that made me afraid of myself. As a rule not easily daunted my object now was to find out the cause of what has already been described. A thought arose in my mind that the unpleasant sensation might be due to some deleterious influence in the room. Could it be the flower in the vase? To test this I took the vase out of the room, then thoroughly ransacked the apartment, cheffonier, carpet, and every hole and corner underwent a search,

but nothing unusual could be detected. How I dreaded night coming on again! And would be repeatedly asked if I was not ill, as I went wandering about lifelessly from the room to the verandah. While passing through the hall I fancied that I could detect some noisome smell, but this only for an instant. The search that I had been making in the room and outside only produced a smile of incredulity from those in the house, even the children would ask me what I could be looking for, or whether I had lost anything. I really felt that another night would make me ill. To speak the truth I began to feel wretched, and in this frame of mind I started off in a mechanical sort of way to make some purchases for the children and the others. As Christmas comes but once a year, all must be remembered. Walking into town I entered the large toy shop of Mr. Chew Chong, a Chinaman. Many a child had he made happy with his Christmas novelties. In a dazed sort of way I walked up the steps into the show-room, looking at the wonderful collection of toys from all parts of the world.

The Chinaman came up, saying: "What me do for you? What you likee?"

"Oh, I want some toys for the children," I replied.

"Ah, me know, me know, got de finest collection in de town. Diss please de little folks" (at the same time pushing up and down a monkey on a stick, then for a change blowing the whistle in connection with it at the other end, to the great amusement of the children in the store).

"That will do for one," I said, "put it on one side, Mr. Chew Chong. Now what else have you got?"

"Me got everyting, all new." He fetched out of a box some long things, upon one of which he blew with all his might, actually scraping his mouth crossways with the instrument, bringing out music that the youngsters around were delighted with. "Dat berry good, all de same as de church organ."

I immediately said, picking up another, "Will you put this on one side with the monkey?"

"Yes, sir; yes, sir; anything else you likee?"

"Here's a ball and a brass trumpet you can put with the other things."

"Yes, sir; dere am plenty more tings."

I told him I wanted something new.

"Oh, yes! Oh, yes!" He looked round and suddenly dived into another box that was under the counter; he then turned to me smiling with a most beautiful doll in his hand in the most approved fashion, showing that he was already an adept in the art of holding live ones, as he was not only a respected citizen,

but also a family man. "Dis am lubly preddy doll—de liddle girl likee dis, dere am not anoder like it in de town."

After a little reflection I said "All right, Mr. Chew Chong, put it in with the rest." Then what with puzzles, swords, etc., I was completely loaded with brown paper parcels of all sizes. These were hanging down my back, sticking out of my pockets, and one under each arm. In this way I walked up the principal street of the town, many of the boys and others perhaps thinking I had been engaged to carry out the Christmas parcels, a ready conclusion to those who did not know me. In this state I arrived at my villa residence, both tired and worn out, having had to dodge the children by going behind the trees, at last getting in unseen by the front entrance, amidst the smiles of the visitors. The burden they soon relieved me of, the treasures were put into safe hands, so that Santa Claus should dispense his own gifts on the following morning.

Christmas Eve is always associated with anticipations of pleasure to the little ones. I often think they must divine during the night the treat in store for them, for when they awake they at once go and see what Santa Claus has brought them, having hung their little stockings at the foot of the bed before going to sleep. The night now drawing on they asked me to join in the games, but a dread of something impending, or the sensations of the previous night returning, haunted me, so that no inducement could make me partake in the merry-go-round of amusements that were now taking place. The worry of the last few days had made me thin and nervous, yet with all these admonitions I seemed like the fly that was by slow degrees attracted to the candle, until at last it met with a sudden death. The opinion of those who had noticed me, and the change that had taken place, was that I must be suffering from some slight indisposition, never dreaming that it could be caused by anything unusual. During the evening I kept wishing that the time had come to retire to rest. And what a weary feeling I had that memorable Christmas Eve, when all others were so happy. I felt drawn as if by a loadstone into another world, and that I seemed out of place amongst such rejoicings. Then when the night came I wondered whether I had not better say good-bye, such a deep presentiment had pervaded me of impending danger. I entered the room as if in a nightmare, and sank down once more on that soft bed that had been made still more comfortable, out of pity for me. May be some kindly hand had felt that the rough toil of a frontier life needed a kind sympathy when the holidays appeared to be destroyed by a stroke of sickness. Before I extinguished the

candle the room had a ghastly look, and in a feeble state I turned my face towards the wall, where, after a few seconds, sleep overcame me. To describe this sleep accurately would be an impossibility: though more horrible than what I had already experienced, without any relieving pleasure; the pain of it also extreme; no agony in a natural state could equal it. That terrible Christmas Eve words have no power to convey; the horrible creeping sensation, a pain so acute, with a strain upon the brain as if reason were giving way; it was far worse than a living death. I started up. Was I delirious? Could I be without reason? No, I felt thankful for this, though I quivered in every limb, my hair feeling as if it stood bolt upright. Oh! for morning once more, for daylight; then I would not rest until the mystery was solved. But so weak had I become under its potent influence, that against my will I went off to sleep once more, to be placed again on the rack, when I seemed carried away by whirlwinds I know not whither, enduring most excruciating torture, with a brain next to bursting.

In a highly feverish state I awoke. Every feature must have been distorted, but oh what a relief that daylight had now come. It took some little time before I could recall what had taken place. This was enough. One more such night I felt would make me raving mad. What must I do came before me with such force that I felt staggered at the hopelessness of any good results. These reflections passed rapidly through my mind, my chief object being to keep awake. I was still trembling like an aspen leaf when I heard soft strains of music as if some unseen hand had touched an Æolian harp. Now the rich sweet notes began to swell full of harmony. What could it be that sounded so heavenly? Listening intently for a minute or so the sweet sounds were rudely dispelled by the blowing of a whistle, the bray of a trumpet, and the Chinamen's church organ, all in full blast. Then I knew Santa Claus had done his work. What a blessing there could be no more sleep! As the light grew stronger the music got louder and more pleasing—at any other time it would have meant torture. This was the means of reviving me, as the noise dispelled a host of evil spirits. Then, swaying like a drunken man, I rose up in a very feeble state, years older in looks and wasted away almost to a skeleton. One most important particular I had noticed, that after arising, even in a very short time, I began gradually to get stronger. This I noticed to be the case from the first. On the last occasion the effect lasted much longer and the deadly sensation became more permanently fixed. Fortunately I had not much time to think

over it, as the children came trooping into the room in high glee, blowing trumpets and whistles, and carrying the doll in state. They crowded round to wish me a Merry Christmas. I sat down on a chair at the words, wondering whether they were really intending to torment me, or did they unknown, like angels, bring me good tidings of great joy. I must say that of this I was rather sceptical, yet I hoped it might come true. My spirits now began to rise, as my determination had been fixed, but how I should proceed to investigate the mystery was to me a difficulty. I remembered a motto full of meaning, "Hope on, hope ever."* This hope gave me encouragement to persevere and endeavour to unravel the hidden secret. At the breakfast table all noticed my looks, thinking me seriously ill. I then informed them that there must be a cause for it, which I felt more than ever firm in resolving to find out, fully convinced there must be some sort of decaying matter of a subtle poisonous nature vitiating the air. They all smiled incredulously, thinking that I was still further unhinged. I told them that everything in the room would have to be removed. They advised me to leave it for another day; Christmas Day, of all others, was not one for throwing things into disorder, especially after they had so nicely decorated the rooms with rata blossoms and flowers. All arguments were unavailing; off went my coat, and another thorough search was instituted into every hole and corner of the room, even the skirting and floor undergoing the most careful inspection. In this I must have spent an hour without discovering the slightest trace of anything obnoxious in the room. All the things were then put into their places in the order that I had found them. Although it seemed now utterly hopeless to find anything, yet still sure that the opinion I had formed would be correct, I could now, after the search, say the baneful influence was not produced from anything in the room. This may be taken for a romance, but I ask medical readers to carefully follow me in every step. I am aware they will say that from the knowledge obtained so far it must have been caused by a poisoned atmosphere, a gas (sulphurated hydrogen), that could produce such symptoms would be only too evident. The question then comes, how could this be introduced into the building, as it was quite new; not the slightest indication of which noxious air could be traced. To me it seems that many of those seemingly mysterious circumstances that have appeared so inexplicable,

* This was affixed to a drawing, designed and given to me on leaving England by my cousin, Henry Merrin. He was then a gold medallist at the School of Arts, Nottingham, also assistant teacher.

would, if properly investigated, be traced to some simple cause, and so fatal results might be averted, as in sewers and drains.

I left the room with a heavy heart, thinking of the one more night—how fatal the ending would be, and how little all the ingenuity that could be brought into play would avail so long as I could not get upon the trail. I knew intuitively that some rule must be followed or applied for the working of it out. Then certain indications or quantities were requisite. So in this case the foundation required to build or work upon, which so far could not be obtained, made it all the more disheartening. With this feeling I went out, and just as I was passing through the hall, the same sickly atmosphere again arrested me ; it had come upon me so gently that I could not determine even the direction of it, but I stood transfixed to the spot for fear of losing the trace of it. Although standing like a statue trying to obtain the clue, it was all in vain, even worse than a will-o'-the-wisp, that you might follow, but here I became completely baffled. I followed each point of the compass from the spot, so as to see if any trace of it could be ascertained, but in this effort all proved miserable failures. Becoming not only tired out, but much dispirited, as I did not like to be beaten, I went and sat down in an easy chair on the verandah, where I was soon lost in thinking of what to do next, as over two hours had now elapsed in this, so far fruitless, search.

I felt inclined to continue the search, but the solution of the problem seemed further off than ever. It was only outside the room where I had got any indication of what I wanted, of some poisonous matter being in existence, and the question arose how this could affect me, as I had slept seven yards away at the end of another room with the door closed. The building was of rusticated boarding on the outside and painted, all lined on the inside, and doubly papered and scrimmed, with the large hall moulded and varnished. It really seemed I only got further from the mark as I proceeded. The time had slipped away, when they called me in for the Christmas dinner. All excepting myself were in health, the children blooming like roses, the excitement of the festive season had put extra colour in their cheeks, and they looked perfect pictures as they sat round the table. The looks that passed between the older ones I could read without their knowing it, more so when they asked me if I had been successful. We were now following the good old English custom ; the roast beef had been disposed off, and the plum pudding was then brought on to the table amidst hurrahs and the pleased looks of the children. There was also the accustomed bit of holly sticking

on the top of the pudding which I knew must be from a choice plant I had growing, and which I had just before been congratulating myself no one had discovered. From the titters of the youngsters it was evident they had found my hidden treasure, and it made the plum pudding disappear with greater relish.

After dinner we had a short rest on the verandah, and then the search proceeded with undiminished ardour. When coming from the spot where I had last perceived the vitiated air, and in the act of stepping on to the verandah, this being on a level with the hall floor, a waft came that almost made me faint. I became rooted to the spot, for I was certain that a step had been gained towards clearing up the mystery. I looked round with a sharp eye, but could see nothing unusual, and still kept the same position, hoping to trace it further before it had gone. Then, leaving the place, I examined underneath the verandah, but saw nothing to give me any clue. I gave it up almost in despair, and sat down to rest again for a time to endeavour to decide what course of action I should now pursue. While leaning back in the chair meditating, another stronger current came, bringing it to a climax. Jumping off the verandah and looking up at the smoke issuing from the kitchen chimney to see the quarter from which the wind blew, I then took the same direction from where I had been sitting. It led to the far corner of the house at the back. Going round to this spot and looking about there was nothing to be seen. I then glanced underneath the house towards the verandah, and there, hidden by some bricks, I discovered our poor house-dog lying dead. This putrid matter was unbearable, causing the subtle poisonous gas. I went away quicker than I came and engaged a person to remove it. From the children I learned they had missed the dog for over a week. It had been supposed that one of the market gardeners near by had laid poison for stray dogs, as he was continually having his young trees scratched up. The dog was taken and buried near one of the macrocarpa trees.

This would have ended the investigation with many, but I could not let it rest here, although the whole mystery was as good as solved, knowing the draughts throughout the house so well with the prevailing winds. From where I had been sleeping on the couch to where the dog lay was about fourteen feet, but I well knew that when the wind came in a given direction the poisoned atmosphere entered in close above the wall plate where the dog lay ; then it was carried along the rusticated boarding inside until it came to the corner stud, where it became confined, bulging out the wall-paper slightly. This was well known to

me before entering the room to inspect it. I determined to know how it could have entered the room. So going up to the corner where the low-backed couch stood, I examined the wall-paper and found a hole in it about the size of a small pea where the paper had been knocked off the scrim, most likely by some of the furniture. Placing my hand to it I found quite a force of wind to be coming through it at the time, although just now a comparative calm prevailed. This must have had the same effect as a blow-pipe, and vastly increased with the wind, so that when I turned towards the wall close to the aperture, which lay in a line with my face, it caused me to inhale the deadly poison in vast quantities by the force of the confined air. The foul air had not been strong enough to attract the attention of persons in a large room, the ceiling of which was twelve feet high. This pressure of poisoned air had caused all those frightful sensations, which, if they had continued, would have ended so terribly.

My spirits now rose, the fear I had been under entirely left me, and that night I slept in the same room, with the sofa on the same spot, rising in the morning refreshed. Then, with the good cheer going, those games on the lawn and other amusements, why, I was so much improved in a few days as to feel quite like another man, and the first to wish all the rest a Happy New Year.

# CHAPTER XIX.

## MOKAU.

A SURVEYOR in time becomes accustomed to frequent changes from one place to another; and it should also be borne in mind that, when the survey is finished, he sends the plan of a block to the office in a complete form, with all its sheets of tabular calculations, including the report upon the same as regards the quality and value of the land—if level or broken country, open or forest land. Should there have been no facilities to connect the survey with the triangulation system, a number of positions are fixed by observations of one or more stars at their greatest elongation; the hour angle of these is worked out from the Nautical Almanac. Then these lines are permanently fixed by placing at both ends an iron pipe.

It will be readily seen that as both night and day work are required, although the former may be but occasional, there is often a great strain upon the best of our field surveyors. No one envies less the salary obtained by a survey pioneer than myself, for if there is a branch in the whole Civil Service that earns its pay by both brain and manual labour, it is that of the advanced field surveyor. There is no carpet work in his profession, so it follows that the men who obtain the positions of Chief Surveyor or Surveyor-General in this colony may be congratulated on having fully earned their promotions.

The 'Hannah Mokau,' a staunch little steamer built at the North Shore, Auckland, by Mr. Holmes, had been chartered by the Survey Department to take three survey parties to the Mokau, with stores to last for some months. Prior to the war a previous Government purchased a large block of land at the Mokau,

and through the Hon. John Bryce's native policy ; this he now intended taking possession of, after a lapse of over twenty years.

All were now busy at Waitara collecting stores, and taking camp equipments and baggage on board the little steamer. We mustered after the whistle sounded, some seventeen persons, including myself and another younger surveyor, Mr. F. Duthie. Leaving the harbour in the middle of the night, we glided down the Waitara River and went over the bar almost without any perceptible difference, as the water was calm, there being no wind. The captain now made a straight course for the White Cliffs Armed Constabulary station, where we arrived, laying off at seven in the morning.

Captain Messenger had been on the look-out for the little vessel, and kindly sent off my party, with their baggage, in the whaleboat belonging to the station. Six of the Armed Constabulary manned the boat. There being a slight swell rolling in, but no wind, the embarkation soon took place, when, with a hearty good-bye to the coxswain and crew, the little steamer headed for the Mokau. A slight breeze now sprung up ; it kept veering round until it finally settled in the north-west, denoting something about to happen. The captain appeared rather anxious, every now and again consulting his barometer. By the time we arrived off the entrance to the Mokau River the wind had increased to a perfect hurricane ; we could not take the bar, as there was not sufficient water upon it, so we had to lay off for a time.

A little before high water the captain seemed undecided whether to take the bar or run for Kawhia Harbour, but as it was doubtful about the little steamer weathering Albatross Point against such a wind, he determined to run the gauntlet. I fully coincided with him on this course, as taking into consideration the facing of the hurricane, we stood the best chance in taking the bar as soon as he thought it practicable, every minute making it much more difficult to enter the harbour. The wind still increased, with a nasty sea running, the breakers beginning to show plainly in the distance ; it now became difficult to stand on deck, as the vessel would dart down in the trough of the sea, pitching and tossing fearfully. It was wonderful how the little engine could keep going, and when the propeller came out of water the vibrations were frightful, as it churned the air with a fury that made it appear to a stranger that a regular smash up would ensue. The engineer was hard at work raising more steam, when, amidst the noise of the wind and sea, the captain gave the order to batten down the hatchways so as to make all secure.

Most went below into the small cabin, which in a short time became stifling. The vessel's head was now put straight for the entrance, when she sped along under full steam with the wind aft at a tremendous rate, actually a tight race between the rollers and the little craft; she rode it out like a gull upon the crested waves. All this time Te Wetere and Willie Skinner, one of the staff surveyors, stood upon the cliff to the right of the mouth of the river, having unfurled a large red flag on a small flagstaff signalling to take the bar. The vessel made a peculiar dive, and then a most laborious effort at rising, as if some kind of suction meant to engulf her. After a repetition or two of this movement we entered the mouth of the Mokau River in calm water, and came to an anchor close upon half-a-mile from the entrance, in what is called the Mokau Harbour, opposite the native settlement. The 'Hannah Mokau' had to stay here for eight days on account of the heavy gale.

There is very great difficulty in distinguishing the entrance to this river out at sea, as it is so land-locked, and in width only a few chains across. The tide leaves it at low water, when there will be found only the fresh water of the river running out. To the right of the entrance are cliffs, and on the opposite side a sandspit, upon which lay stranded the little steamer 'Irishman.'

A busy scene now presented itself at the settlement in unloading all the stores, etc., and getting them ashore. Te Wetere had provided a whare for the men; the surveyors had a room in his own house prepared for them. We all sat round the fire the first evening in his large meeting room, a weatherboarded place. Te Wetere was there, and his brother Rangi,* who was higher in rank of the two, and, from all I could see, Rangi was more respected by the natives. The difference between the two seemed to be that Te Wetere was a born orator. The rest of the group consisted of O'Connell (the reporter), A. Gilmore (visitor), W. Skinner and F. Duthie (surveyors), and a number of natives standing round. Te Wetere told us an anecdote or two in English, and made us all laugh at his comical expressions. This chief is a study in himself; he has rather large, restless eyes, his whole bearing marking him out as a distinct type amongst the Maoris. You can see in him at a glance the original savage, and at the same time traces of civilisation. It cannot be forgotten that he was the leader of the party that committed the White Cliffs atrocities. I was told, on reliable authority, these were committed without his consent. The man who gave me this

* This chief died about 1889. "My Rata Tree," a piece of poetry composed upon him by Mr. Wilkinson, describes the affection in which this chief was held by his tribe.

information was named Cockburn, a pakeha Maori, supposed to be a deserter from our forces during the war, and at the time of my conversation with him, married to one of the native women of Mokau. Philips, the half-caste, who was connected with the murder, was at the settlement at this time, and also married. He did not appear to have so open a countenance as the rest; the caste may be the reason for this, causing more ferocity. Although Te Wetere cannot be fully acquitted of these crimes, I think we may take into account the times, also the isolation of these natives, with their very excitable nature. They gave ample warning beforehand, which raises this question—should not those then in power have acted upon it, and have been prepared in case of emergency?

Things have been much changed since the advance upon Parihaka. This chief actually built a weatherboarded house in which to receive the Native Minister. He informed me of this whilst it was in course of erection, and displayed a considerable amount of taste in its construction. He said he intended to have a garden in front, with a pathway up the centre. It was most pleasing to me to see him evince such a desire to follow out European ideas, so I at once forwarded an order to New Plymouth for some pinus insignis, the roots to be well balled up, and sent as a present to him. He took particular pains in planting these trees, making a fence around each. Although he fully expected the Native Minister to visit him, for some reason he was prevented. I cannot omit to mention the kindness of Te Wetere towards myself while at Mokau. On one occasion he took me into his new house, saying, "here is my writing table;" then opening a drawer, "here you will find paper and envelopes;" and then, pointing to a pile of new blankets that were kept specially for European visitors, he added, "any time you wish you may sleep here. Then, should you require anything else, just let my wife know, as I am going on business to Auckland." This chief had two of the most singular cats in his possession that I have seen, their fur being of a violet colour; and from what I could gather, the animals were natives of the Upper Mokau. Nothing would induce him to part with them, but he said should there be any kittens I should have one.

I noticed, while here, that the chief food of these natives, and upon which they mostly subsisted, was the kukuo (mussel), there being an inexhaustible supply of these shell-fish upon the rocks on the cliff side of the entrance to the river. These beds were covered at high water, and were of a very good sort. I have often enjoyed a feed of mussels with the natives. There was

but little cultivation attempted, as they procured their supplies of produce from the Upper Mokau district.

An incident that took place while in the district gave me a good impression of Te Wetere. Two natives who belonged to my party had commenced to loaf (this was in the absence of Taniora), so I told them that if they continued to do so their services would be dispensed with. Of course they did not like this, and brought down the whole tribe to my camp, with Te Wetere, to compel me to keep them on. Seeing the question must be decided, I asked Te Wetere to come into my tent and talk it over with me, and told him the true state of affairs, also that it would be useless to listen to the others. He at once saw I was right, and went out and informed the natives present of it. This ended the korero,* but I noticed that these natives were very much displeased with his decision.

All round this district may prove to be a vast coalfield, for both up the Mokau and Awakino rivers the coal crops out on the banks. There is also limestone in abundance, and both may be found upon Government land. I met Te Wetere in Auckland a few years ago, and after a friendly shake of the hand, I asked what brought him up to town. I could not help smiling at his commercial abilities, as he replied, "My coal business."

Wahanui, a great chief, was staying on the opposite side of the river in a whare. While we were weather-bound at Mokau I went over to see him. He was a stout native of the usual type, having with him the biggest native, and I should say, in all probability, the most powerful in New Zealand. This Maori broke the chains that bound Mr. Hursthouse, the engineer, at Te Uira,† for going through the King Country, just previous to the Hon. John Bryce's daring exploit. I met this chief Wahanui, at the wharf, Onehunga, some three years after. He invited me to get into the break with them, as they were bound for Auckland, accompanied by Mr. Wilkinson, the native interpreter.

Te Wetere would have nothing to do with Wahanui, saying he had no business to come interfering with his land. This native chief showed his hospitality by offering me a bottle of rum to take a drink, but when I told him that I did not take strong drink he laughed, and passed it on to one of my party who had accompanied me. It surprised me much to see him put the bottle to his mouth and take a good long pull at it, the temptation of a free drink having got the better of him.

* Talk.

† In the marae of the settlement of Te Uira, rendered memorable as the spot where the fanatic Mahuki arrested Mr. Hursthouse, the surveyor, and chained him in a whare naked and hungry for forty-eight hours.

It may appear out of the ordinary course not to refer more to the survey parties, but owing to the briefness of this work many particulars have had to be omitted. But here at Mokau it happened for the first time that many of the survey parties were camped together during my campaign. The reason why this had not been the case more often was owing to the fact that each surveyor is generally appointed to a block of land containing ten square miles, but at Mokau it exceeded that area, Mr. Skinner taking Mokau, myself Awakino, and Mr. Duthie, Manganui. It was mere accident, or I might say being weather-bound, that placed us in this position so long. During a break in the weather Mr. Skinner asked me if I would have a stroll down to see the anchor stone of the Tainui—this being between the settlement and the beach on the north side of the river. We arrived at the spot, but could not find the stone, as it was most probably covered with water.* On another occasion, with some of the party, we wended our way eastward up by the side of the river, when we came upon the old mill. The shell of the place was then standing ; the millstones, too, were there. Te Wetere said these stones were made at the Thames, Auckland. I had noticed quartz being amongst the cement. There was the race to lead the water from a reservoir from above, and as far as one could judge, the mill had never been properly completed. This mill is an object worthy of a visit, and a work that had, from the breaking out of the war, been relinquished—at the same time striking me by its forest and secluded surroundings as worth placing upon canvas. In another ramble we visited the old mission station ground. The only traces of it having once had any care and attention paid to it were the sweet briars and the orchard of cherry trees, to which I paid a visit some time after when the trees were loaded with ripe cherries. These two, the mill and orchard, had to me all the appearance of being tapu.

As there now occurred a break in the weather, our object was to proceed to our appointed block. We engaged a native with his bullock-dray, and when it had been loaded, we moved out of the settlement on to the beach. After a journey of three miles north we came to the Awakino River. When the bullocks were crossing the mouth of the river the wheel of the dray on one side sank into a hole worn deep by the heavy fresh running out. In a moment despair was depicted on each face as the dray trembled on the balance ; we wondered whether our things would tumble out into the stream and then be carried into the Pacific Ocean. A number

*A picture of this scene is given in page 48, Vol. III., "Ancient History of the Maori," by J. White, with particulars where the stone is to be found.

of hands went rushing into the water to keep the dray in an upright position until it passed safely over. Our course now lay along the beach for a little distance, after which we struck inland over the sand-hills until coming to a native whare on the top of a hill which overlooked the Awakino, and from which we obtained a splendid view of the ocean. Our things were soon unloaded, and with plenty of fern cut close at hand, we made ourselves comfortable for the night.

# CHAPTER XX.

## AWAKINO, AUCKLAND.

THERE is something about our forests, especially the outer edge, that makes them very charming. Nature has provided a more hardy class of trees and shrubs on the outskirts to act as a protection to the more delicate ones within. It may be noticed readily by any one who attempts to preserve small portions of the standing bush, that after a time the edges begin to dwindle, and will in the course of a few years become blasted by the wind or other atmospheric influence. Take for example the kauri (Dammara Australis), which is found only in the Auckland province; rata (Metrosideros robusta), rimu (Dacrydium cupressinum), black maire (Olea Cunninghamii), kahikatea (P. Dacrydioides), matai (Podocarpus spicata), miro (P. ferruginea), totara (P. totara), and pukatea (Laurelia Novœ Zealandiæ). Most of these, comprising our giant trees, unless they have plenty of shelter, soon become withered, or lose their vigour, and in time are destroyed. This may be accounted for in a great measure by the fact that our forests are evergreen, keeping the same appearance almost without any change, both winter and summer, making it a pleasure at all times to ramble beneath their leafy shades, admiring the graceful tree ferns with their spreading fronds, and to trace the connecting link between the tropics and a more temperate zone, by the nikau palm. How beautiful a picture can be made to look with a few of these trees, mixed amongst the foliage of the larger monarchs of our forest, bringing out in the foreground the cabbage tree (Cordyline Australis), flax (Phormium tenax), toitoi (Syperæcal), and common ferns. All these trees and ferns form one of the most fascinating studies to the lover of nature.

I wish to notice more particularly the ornamental trees on the outskirts of our forest scenery—what we call the light bush. The tree that takes precedence of all others is the puriri (Vitex littoralis), resembling to a great extent the English oak in toughness and durability, also in growth of trunk. It is more stunted in height than the oak, and is often very rugged and knotty in outward appearance. Many of these puriris are hollow inside. They have a bushy foliage; the leaf is about five inches long of a crinkled oval shape. When this tree is viewed from a distance it has a dark green and velvety appearance, standing out in striking contrast to any other tree on the edge of the forest except the karaka. The puriri is called the New Zealand oak, and is the only large tree that will stand exposed to all weathers, so that in this respect it is utilized by the pioneer settler to beautify his homestead in an artistic manner. There is also another tree with a leaf very much similar to it; this is known by the common appellation of bastard puriri, is lighter in colour, growing much more erect in the trunk, but I have not seen any of these of a large size. The trees comprising the lighter bushes, often seen in small clumps, are the ngaio (Myopoium lœtum), red birch (Myrsure Uroillei), white birch (Carpodetus serratus), honeysuckle (Knightia excelso), and karaka (Corynocarpus lœvigata), mixed with other trees with a variety of ferns and vine creepers. As a rule it will be found the ground will be bare of shrubs and covered with leaves under the karaka, tawa (Laurus tawa), and fern trees; the nature of the fallen leaves may cause this. There are many of the smaller shrubs that the cattle feed well upon; often the largest beast of a mob will rear itself upright against some of these, breaking them down for the rest to feed upon. The karaka is the chief tree that they have a relish for, the mahoe (Melicytus ramiflorus) coming next.

Our forest is not without some beautiful flowering trees and vine creepers, such as the rata and pohutukawa (Metrosideros tomentosa), the latter, with its red flower, being called the New Zealand rose. The kowhai (Sophora tetraptera), with yellow flowers, is called the laburnum. The ake-ake (Dodonœa viseosa), lilac; with numerous others. Quite a break from these is the cabbage tree (Cordyline Australis); the flower hangs drooping from the bottom of a bunch of broad, long leaves, generally above all other shrubs, throwing out a rich and powerful scent. The ti-tree (Leptospermum scoparium) is the most common of any of the trees, often covering many hundreds of acres, having a very pretty flower. Amongst the vine creepers the star clematis takes first rank; it droops gracefully from the tops of the bush

shrubs upon which it has climbed, displaying a mass of snowy-white flowerets. The bush-lawyer is another vine creeper; it is often a torment to the surveyor, as its leaves have on the under side hooks with the points turned towards the bottom of the stem, growing along the centre the whole length of the leaf. As they grow in clusters, when once within their embrace it is difficult to get released again. The ribbon-wood tree is one of the singular trees of the forest, at the same time one of the most beautiful flowering ones. I have seen my party, when short of flax (phormium tenax), tie up their swags by cutting a length of bark off from this tree, which they then stripped into thin layers, forming a beautiful lace or network, making it the most unique of all the barks of the forest trees. On first seeing it, I could not help looking at the beautiful pattern, which would be worthy the inspection of a Nottingham lace designer. But the most wonderful tree that I ever came across in the forest is the stinging tree (I do not see this in the "New Zealand Forest Flora") or nettle tree, as it much resembles that plant. We only saw a few specimens, numbering six; the largest amongst them was about thirteen feet high, with a diameter at the base of the stem of about five inches. The branches were rather straggling, commencing a foot or so from the ground, and not having a heavy foliage. The leaves in their shape resemble the English common nettle, but are much smaller and lighter, similar to our lightwood leaf. The stinging properties of this leaf are most acute, the slightest touch producing a pricking sensation; the fine points enter the flesh, leaving a somewhat painful feeling for about two days. In the place of raising blisters like the common nettle, it acts in much the same way as the prickly pear, with this difference—that the latter may be easily extracted, but the former are so fine as to defy the same process. I have several times given this tree, or shrub, as it may be called, a close inspection, as I had cause by its punishing qualities. The only places where I have come across it are in the Manganui Valley, north of the Mokau, and the Patea Valley. It is just possible for this small tree to be the tu-mata-kurei (Discaria toumatou), which is described as a prickly shrub in Mr. White's work, "The Ancient History of the Maori."

It was beneath a small grove or bush comprising the common varieties mentioned that we had now pitched our camp, which we called the Awakino camp. A snugger little spot could not be found; it was well sheltered from the westerly wind, which is the most prevalent one, blowing from that quarter nearly nine months in the year. The almost ceaseless roll of the breakers made it

somewhat pleasant when there came a lull, while for several days in succession the ocean would be as smooth as a mill-pond. At sunrise on these calm mornings the clear ring of the tui (Prosthemadera Novœ Zealandiæ), or parson bird, could be heard, its notes so rich and musical that I have often listened to this sweet warbler in breathless silence, as if spellbound. It would commence with a high, flute-like note, two of which are given in quick succession, then dropping almost an octave, resting the same length of time as the two first were given in, finishing with a note midway—the two last notes being blended one into the other. When there are several of these birds singing at the same time it has a most pleasing effect, and many a delightful concert the pretty songsters have serenaded me with, above my tent, just after the break of day. This bird is a little smaller than a pigeon, black in colour, with a white ring round its neck and a black tuft on the top of its head. It is a very lively bird, and lives chiefly upon berries obtained from the forest trees.

The bell-bird is another also rich in music. Its notes have more of the bell ring in them. Many persons have noted and spoken of its sweet music ringing through the forest on a still day. It resembles a pigeon, but is a trifle plumper, with feathers of a sombre hue. In a few years more these two birds will be only known to those living in retired country places, for where they used to be once so numerous they are now scarcely ever seen, showing that as the pioneer settler advances these sweet songsters retire.

The paroquet is a prettily-plumaged bird, about the size of a kingfisher, of a pretty green colour, with a little red. While camped on the Manaia road the bushfallers happened to cut down a tree with a nest of these birds in it, so I managed to obtain two of them, and had a cage made expressly for them. They would whistle beautifully as they hung up under the verandah, also repeat short sentences with great distinctness. They are birds that are rarely seen, being quick in their movements, but their cry is heard perhaps more than that of any other bird.

From the Awakino camp I commenced the survey by obtaining the topographical features of the block (larger than the usual size, about 9,000 acres), after which we commenced in earnest to explore for roads. We had a rough time over it, as the country might be said to be somewhat mountainous, if it can be allowed that one thousand feet from the sea level in an average of one and a-half miles distant is any criterion. Many of the highest mountains would not rise so abruptly as some of these spurs did. From these explorations we would come back pretty

well tired out, often minus some portion of our clothing. I could not help smiling during our last outing on the highest range. As we started back to the camp the sun was just sinking below the horizon, and we had yet a good distance to cover before the camp could be reached. The best man generally took the lead; the rate of speed he put on might be called a run, jumping over stumps and logs, and dodging under branches. Our clothing would catch the twigs every now and again, tearing it into shreds, so that on entering camp our own cook could scarcely recognise us, we arrived such a ragged-looking lot of men. From experience this racing on a rough bush track is the most dangerous that I know of. Many accidents result from it. The roots of trees and supplejacks crossing the tracks cause many a trip and fall, and the sharp stumps many a flesh wound; but in our case it was either a night in the forest or to run for it.

There were two natives in my party, one of them called Taniora.* This native made me a present of a canoe; he told me it had been made the year before the war broke out, which had then been concluded over twenty years. Despite its age the canoe was still sound, except a little at one end, which was slightly decayed. After carefully examining it, I decided to turn it into an outrigger, knowing it would prove useful where we had so much water frontage, in enabling us to go about more expeditiously. We hauled up the canoe into the camp, where it was put on the stocks. I then sent for some tools by the packer, such as a hammer, nails, adze, chisel, etc., and a good supply of paint, which made the camp look like a boat-building establishment. For some weeks all the time that could be spared, without delaying the survey, we spent in moulding the canoe into shape. First of all a drawing had been made to scale, showing the outriggers, etc. It was astonishing the different things that were brought into requisition—old boxes about the camp, limbs of ngaio that had the crook or angle wanted, etc. As we worked one piece after another into shape, it caused the camp to be visited by the natives to examine the work. The bottom of the canoe had been beautifully trimmed up with the adze by one of the party; another spoke-shaved it smooth. Taniora shaped the outriggers, and so it went on until it drew near completion, with locker and rounded stern, rudder, seats, and outriggers. The oars were made out of tawa by Taniora, as it was the lightest wood. Now came the finishing strokes; it was painted white inside and out, with a band of bright blue round the outer edge, a still narrower band above and below of bright red; the other parts were also picked

* Daniel.

out in the same colours to match in an ornamental style. Altogether, with the false keel, it had the shape and look of a pretty boat, capable of carrying three persons at a pinch.

As it had been a source of interest to the natives from first to last, I fixed upon a day to have it christened, and invited the Maoris from all round, when a general holiday was proclaimed. Milk,* jams, biscuits, etc., were provided for the lunch. The day broke out in sunny splendour, the placid waters of the Awakino reflecting the scenery around ; every now and again gentle zephyrs brought along over the golden sandhills the refreshing sea air, and added a charm to the opening of a new era for this land-locked bay. Close to where the river takes a sweep to the eastward, stood in all its romantic associations, an old fighting pah, the top of which was now covered with a dark-green foliage. This grim cliff rising perpendicularly from the waters' edge made a most distinctive feature in the landscape, the true representation of all that was ancient of New Zealand ; it actually seemed frowning at the innovation that was about to take place in this pretty bend of the Awakino River.

There was now no longer any restraint as the gaily-painted outrigger was carried along by four stalwart men and two natives, amidst the shouts of the native children as they ran along in high glee to the beach, where they placed the boat ready for launching. The ceremony of christening now took place, Taniora's daughter, a pretty girl of about fifteen years, breaking a bottle over the bow, and naming the little canoe 'Gertie,' after which it glided into the water, three hearty cheers being given for its success. It floated with all the grace of a swan, the flag opening out to the breeze and displaying the broad arrow—the surveyor's distinguishing brand.†

After lunch came the trial. I stepped into the canoe, which turned out to be splendidly-balanced. On taking the oars the spectators were astonished at the way in which she came to be handled. She would fly through the water, then turn in nearly her own length with a rapidity that at once caused the older natives to betray astonishment. They did not expect anything of the kind from myself, as I had not told them that I could use the sculls.

It has many times been a pleasure to me to find that any marked skill would be fully appreciated by these half-educated beings, and I cannot help thinking that it chanced in this way that I have nearly always taken rank amongst them. In the

* A bucket-full I had ordered off Taniora, as he had a cow in milk on the Awakino block.

† This flag I still keep as a reminder of those days when it floated so proudly over the waters of the Awakino.

first days of the Albertland Settlement the natives addressed me as rangitira or chief. This I could only account for by the fact of possessing a double-barrelled gun and an Enfield rifle, with a uniform, equipments, and plenty of ball cartridges.

While at the Awakino camp Te Wetere's daughter used to farm the kiekie (Freycinetia banksii), along the banks of the river, or it will be better understood by saying she had the sole rights of gathering it. This most luscious fruit, when properly attended to, becomes even superior to the banana in all but its keeping qualities, and when in flower the natives would gather up the long grass leaves that hang below the fruit, tying this up in a bunch above, entirely covering the fruit from the sun. When it is fully ripe the grass is untied, unfolding the fruit in a rich white state, and far more in bulk than a large banana. Often the Princess of Mokau, as Te Wetere's daughter was styled, would leave at my camp a bunch of these delicious wild fruits, which I enjoyed far more than any tropical fruit that I have tasted, or the most delicate English fruits.

On one occasion a whole host of these dusky natives visited my camp on their way from gathering this fruit; seats were improvised all round, for which purpose short lengths of punga were placed edgeways, then two long lengths placed side by side before the tents, making a comfortable seat. Some unusual spirit moved me; it might have been the dark languishing eyes of the native maidens that I saw around me, for some of these dusky daughters of the forest would have rivalled many of their fairer sisters in grace of form and animated expression of countenance. I knew a number of them were devoted to music, so I went into the tent and returned with a concertina. That this suited them in every way could be seen by the smiles of satisfaction upon their faces. I told them that from the song that I was going to sing, accompanied with music, they would see that the words alluded to an Englishman falling in love with a Maori girl. The effect became at once marked by a general giggle and by the smiles that played round their features, showing they could appreciate anything in this line as well as their European sisters.

### MAORI BRIDE.*

Love made me paddle my white canoe
Against the silvery tide,
And swiftly like a bird she flew
To my dark sweet Maori bride.

* Music by D. W. Cartwright, words by E. S. Brookes, N.Z. Entered Stationer's Hall London, England, 1863.

I steered her course by the pale moonlight
To a vale of the richest green,
And there I gazed to my heart's delight,
On the fairest eye had seen.

We strayed along the shady grove
Of peaches in their bloom;
My heart was full, I told my love
And waited for my doom.

In the sweetest voice she told me true
That I had won her heart.
That tone it seemed to thrill me through,
Like music did impart.

We met at last in that sacred spot,
Close by the altar side;
It was there with me she cast her lot,
My dark sweet Maori bride.

Each verse was received with evident delight, and I could tell by their hearty laughter that most of them understood sufficient English to appreciate it. If it were not for the breaks that are constantly taking place in a frontier camp life, making up in some form for the loss of town or civilised society, the monotonous routine of field work would become unbearable.

## The Maori Bride.—A Brief Episode.

In one of the inlets of the Kaipara there used to be a pretty little native settlement called Puatahi. On a gentle rise in the centre of this village stood a weatherboarded cottage belonging to one of the old missionaries.* From this spot could be seen the Hoteo river. At the foot of the village this river was sweeping along as the tide went out, chiefly fed by the fresh water from the Pakiri ranges, the silvery ripples of which glistened whilst I stood upon its banks. Looking beyond, several other tidal rivers could also be descried winding onwards in their course until they disappeared in the distance.

With a little effort and careful searching the southernmost portion of the Albertland settlement could be distinguished, named Te Wheau, where the first settlers were now busy erecting their dwellings. Two days previously the missionary happened to be over amongst us, and in order to avoid a long walk back again, he asked three of us to form a boat's crew to take him

* William White, one of the early colonists, called by the settlers missionary. On this occasion (November 11th, 1862) he gave me a Maori New Testament, printed at Rananai, 1842.

back to Puatahi. We had not much acquaintance with nautical life, but the love of adventure caused us to embark, so as to return with the boat again.

It was roughing it even in those days, for we got stuck upon a mud flat and had to stay there the night, and camp under the boat sail, whilst we made ourselves happy upon a supper of kumaras that the missionary had brought with him. It was only after a long search that he could find water, so that we could quench our thirst. After a most uncomfortable night spent in trying to sleep, break of day came at last, when we took the tide as soon as the boat floated, and arrived at the settlement after a good three hours' pull, where we took up our abode at the missionary's house.

While here for two days there appeared—only now and again, as she appeared very shy—the idol of the natives, known as Harriet of Puatahi, a most beautiful half-caste girl. The two youths who were with me became smitten with her, and I am not surprised at it, for it was like the snowdrop budding forth at the latter end of an English winter to find here enclosed in this sheltered forest nook so pretty a flower. There could be no mistaking those glances of admiration. It was with difficulty I could get my boat's crew to make a start, but when we did the anxious glances cast in our direction so sympathetically reciprocated as the boat moved away, formed the inspiration of those few lines, "The Maori Bride." These three only within a short time of this romantic adventure, were dwelling in a still more beautiful land than this. The missionary had also disappeared from this pretty little settlement for ever.

The first days of settlement appear like a romance. In this view I am not alone, for many can recount incidents that now in these days of railways and roads, would be taken either as impossible or impracticable. The missionary had become in a manner very friendly towards me, and would often converse on different things when he would be reticent with others; then, as he used to pass through on his journeys, he would nearly always walk with a Maori kit on his back, and stay on some of these occasions at my little cabin for the night. He would then recount some of the battles of the natives, and give some account of his past commercial undertakings as a trader in timber and spars, he having owned a barque which was lost at the Kaipara Heads when loaded with kauri—a life so exciting as few in New Zealand have experienced. To show his influence with the natives, while at Puatahi the tapu had been broken by one of the youths fetching some firewood from the burying ground. Though

it might have been termed accidental trespass, the natives became greatly excited, and came up to the house of the missionary in anger. This made him vexed with them, and he spoke in rather a high tone, after which they calmed down ; but he told the boys to be sure not to fetch any more wood from that quarter. At the present time the tapu is all but abolished, so with it will end those good old times of the pakeha Maori.

My cook took me in very nicely at the Awakino camp. One could not help laughing afterwards about it. I have remarked before the propensity that a survey party has for foraging, and the great difficulty is how to prevent it. The natives would frequently miss, so they told me, fowls, geese, turkeys, pigs, etc., and the mystery was, nothing could be found out as to what became of them ; but the gipsy life was fully carried out by my cook, and he alone knew how the good things came into the pot.

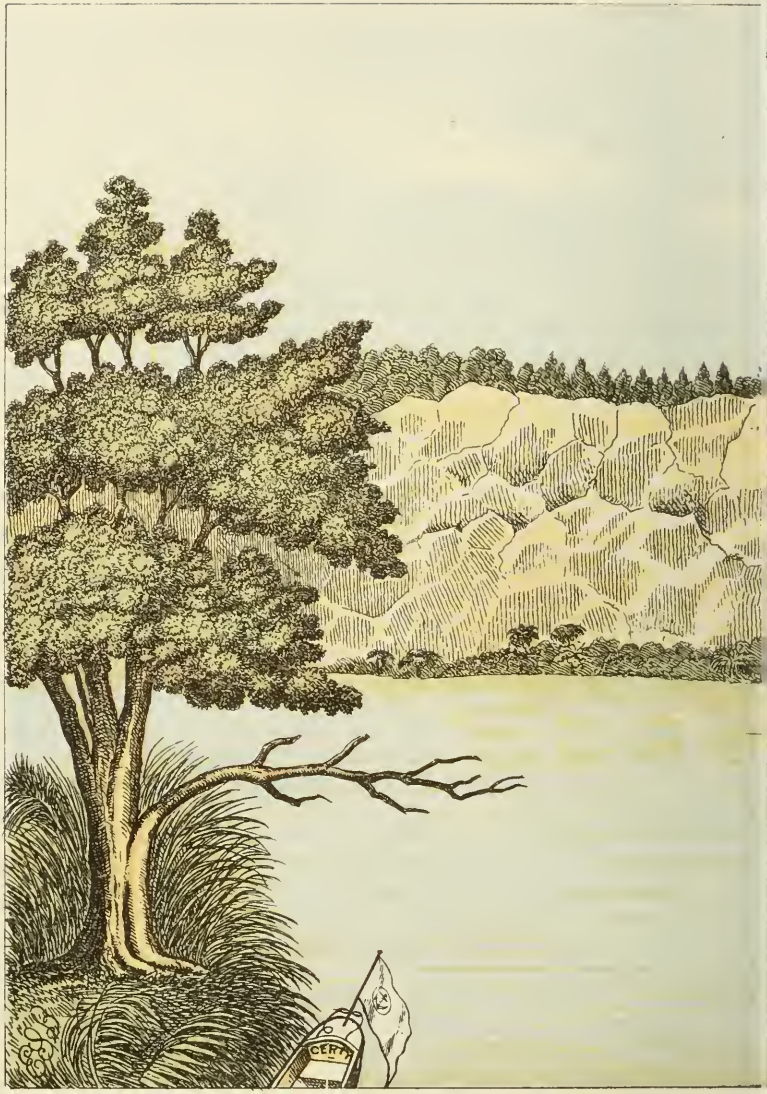
To us this seemed incomprehensible—the men who were accustomed to that sort of thing. I have witnessed their eyes distend when any rich delicacy has been put before them, though not a word would be uttered. The cook would gravely ask me, without a smile, as he saw me enjoying a piece of the breast or other part, how I liked the wild duck, pigeon, or wild pork, whichever might have suited his purpose at the time, as he knew the larder was allowed to be furnished with these. Finding that I had been properly sold, it was useless for me to reply.* I may state that there are many charges laid to survey parties that have not the slightest foundation.

When our M.H.R.'s have a gold medal given them by the colony to travel free over the railways,—while our Ministers can have special trains placed at their service,—surely such a generous public will not grudge a field surveyor taking an excursion at his own expense.

I had the tiller ropes in my hand, while one of the party took the oars as the little 'Gertie' went gliding like a bird up the beautiful Awakino river. This is perhaps one of the most striking pieces of tidal river scenery to be found in New Zealand, to me an artists' Paradise. We had already started some ducks ahead, which continued flying further up the river ; however, I hoped that I should come up with them at the next bend. Just then I saw a wood pigeon fly across and settle in a tawa tree near the bank. I ran the canoe in, then stepped out with the gun and soon brought it down. It was in good condition, as

* The cook had the option of purchasing what he thought necessary for the camp, so no notice would be taken of it. But Taniora coming to me one day complaining, I informed the cook it must not occur again.

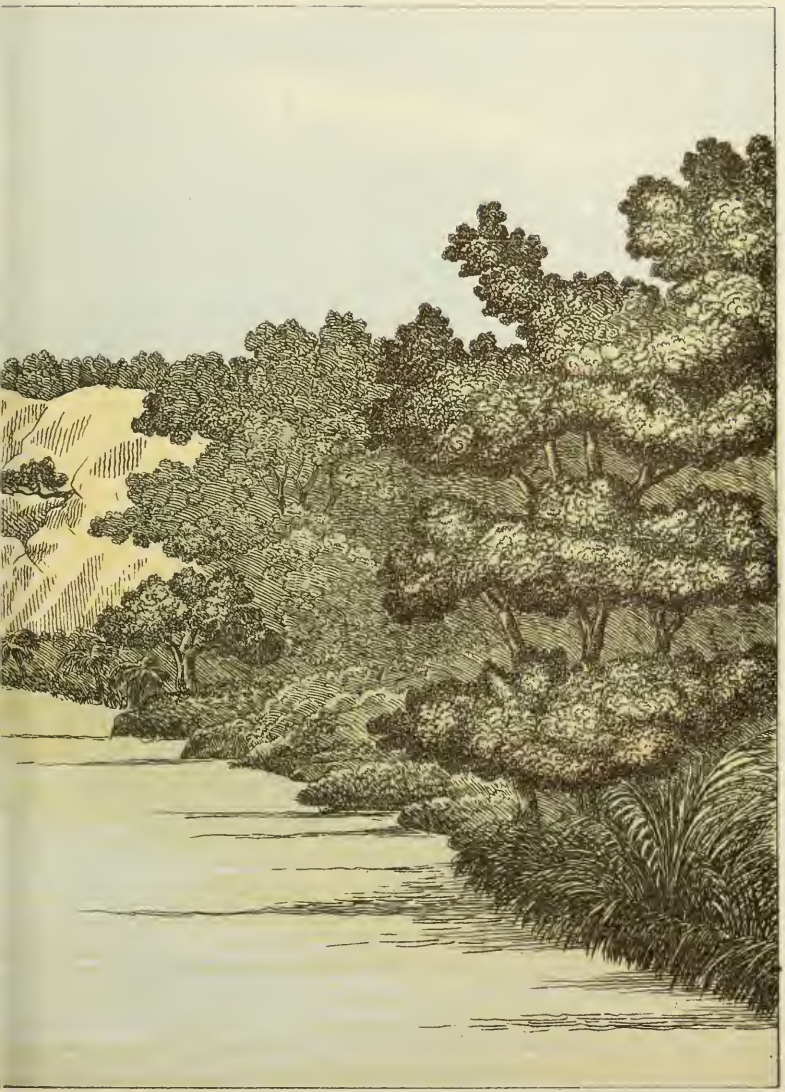
FRONTIER LI



STAR LITHO WORKS, AUCKLAND.

PARIOTONGARE

IN TARANAKI.



FROM A SKETCH BY E. S. BROOKES.

AWAKINO RIVER.

the tawa and miro berries were abundant at that season. After placing it in the locker for the cook, and reloading the gun, we were soon speeding over the silvery river. Gradually rounding the low point of land, we came in sight of Shag's Bend, consisting of trees, overhanging the water, filled with the nests of this bird.

The native informed me that his people climb the trees, taking the young birds out of the nests to eat, as they are considered a native delicacy. We now ran along at the base of a cliff where there ran deep, green water, with tall trees branching above on both sides. The river here does not exceed two chains in width. The contrast seemed great as we shot along ; it appeared so gloomy and chill as to make one feel cool after coming out of the resplendent sunshine. Soon a few more strokes brought us to an opening of a deep gorge to the left, through which narrow space we could see rising up to a pinnacle, in all its ruggedness, the Devil's Crag, a mass of rock of great height, having a weird look about it.

Again the canoe forged ahead round the bend. The gun being already in position, duck number one was shot, the others taking flight further up the river. A most noticeable feature was the river broadening out again, the banks on each side growing that coarse grass kiekie in tufts that produce the luscious fruit referred to. At the back of this was the tall bush. Now there opened out a good long stretch of water, so the oarsmen lay to with a will, the tiller obeying to a nicety, while the flag was floating in the breeze.

Right in front of us was Pariotongarei. This bold cliff of perpendicular, yellow sandstone, close upon one hundred feet high, extending round the bend, at once so striking an object that this alone is worth coming miles to see, and well adapted for the brush of the artist. The top is covered with bush. Here in olden times the natives used to have a battue. They made at certain times of the year fires upon the tops of the cliff towards evening, to which the birds were attracted, flying round in a circle, when the natives would knock them down with short sticks, obtaining some hundreds in this manner.

The little canoe swept onwards past the point into deep water by the cliff. To the left a stretch of forest country now came in view, a long avenue of trees on both sides of the calm water. We passed on the left a small native clearing with a few fruit trees in it. Then after a fine run we came to the fork of the Manganui and Awakino rivers, where a little flat and open land was visible. The tide reached about a mile beyond here up both

rivers. In bringing the canoe round, some ducks started out of the low land, and I shot another one for the cook.

The tide now began to turn, so the 'Gertie's' head was with reluctance brought round to return, when, after a smart run down, with a miss at some ducks flying overhead, we arrived at the old landing-place. Here was Taniora,* sitting on the bank, gazing in sadness at the flag waving so proudly in the stern of the canoe. His thoughts, perhaps, would run something like this: "That flag denotes that the Maori supremacy has departed from the Awakino for ever."

When all the work about this locality was complete, the breaking up of camp again took place. We had another large canoe in readiness, with the two natives to man it. This we now loaded with the camp equipments, blankets, etc., the instruments going in the 'Gertie.' Bidding good-bye to this lovely spot, we were soon rowing and paddling up the beautiful river so rich in scenery until, leaving the Awakino behind, we followed up the Manganui. This river is very narrow, the tree tops from both sides meeting in the middle above our heads. We paddled along underneath them, but after a number of tedious turnings were compelled to run the canoe into the bank, as the stream began to run out very fast—we had reached the end of the tidal portion of it. We made choice of the driest ground upon which to pitch our tents, but saw it was low ground, and perhaps liable to flooding.

This stream was a favourite resort of the Maoris for eel fishing, so while here the cook was supplied with them. As we were exploring the upper valley the natives came across a kiwi's nest (Mantilli), and obtained two eggs from it.† It is most astonishing that such a small bird lays so large an egg. These were close upon six inches long, by about three and a-half diameter. As we were cutting the Manganui Valley road-line we managed to capture two of these wingless birds. The chase made quite a stir, as the whole party were running amongst the low scrub with the dog ahead. We managed to secure the first kiwi under the roots of a large tree. The bird, a female, was about the size of a rooster. These birds live in low, swampy ground, and are furnished with long, narrow beaks, which they force into the ground some four or five inches after worms. The whistle of the kiwi is also peculiar, and is mostly heard in the night time. When once heard it is not forgotten, as it is such a shrill cry.

* This native, although not classed as a chief, ran his stock over these lands, and he was intelligent enough to see that these rights would soon vanish. At the same time, in influence Taniora appeared to come next to Te Wetere.

† Mr. Skinner purchased one of these from Taniora.

We tried to tame them in the camp, but found they were too old, for should any of us go too near to them they would growl like a dog and show fight.

A few days only had elapsed when the rain began to descend in torrents, keeping on until the following night. I carried the kiwi into my tent, the only one now left, so that it might have shelter from the rain, then turned in myself. I awoke in the middle of the night; the rain was still pattering on the outside of the tent. Feeling a dampness under me, I put my hand outside and found the floor of the tent covered with water. I lighted a candle, and there lay the poor kiwi, drowned.* I called the party up to try and keep out the water from underneath the firefly, but found it impossible; it had rushed in between the tents, putting out the fire. We all had to perch on the top of some pungas, looking like a lot of cormorants waiting until the waters should subside. The flood on the following day went down almost as quickly as it had risen.

The upper portion of the valley was very broken, often rising from the stream on the sides eight hundred feet in about forty chains. About four miles from the camp there were many fossils in this river-bed, principally pipi shells. They were a slate colour stone—they came from the dividing range, and belonged to the carboniferous system. When I ascended the ranges to complete the measurement of the traverse near the trig station, my attention was drawn, while I stood under a tree taking shelter from the light rain, to a number of kakas (Nestor productus) or parrots, which were about overhead near the tops of the trees. I remarked to Taniora, who was close to me, that we would probably soon have plenty of rain, as I had frequently noticed that these birds commenced screeching a short time before a storm ;† even while I was speaking the sky had already a leaden look.

Another of the party remarked how easy it would be to shoot these birds, as they were closely congregated together. Taniora then told me how the natives usually shot with ease a number of these birds. This was effected by imitating the cry of a wounded bird. As I was rather sceptical about it, I asked him to show me the method. The native, perceiving me to be incredulous,

* My boy who was in camp at the time and took a great delight in the kiwis, took the skin and bill, which he gave to the museum attached to the High School, New Plymouth. The bird was a rare one.

† Another bird of the same species as this, a precursor of the approach of rain, is the more pork (or owl). It utters the words "more pork" so distinctly, and in such a loud tone, mostly in the night-time, that you are inclined to call out, "Where?" A concert of these birds is worth listening to, as often in a valley on a still night you will hear them replying to one another by hundreds, carrying on a kind of conversation the whole night through, when rain is almost sure to follow in the morning.

consented. He then ran off to about one chain from me, and soon hid himself under a leaning tree, by drawing the kiekie (Freycinetia banksii) that was growing up the outside of it, closely around him. Then he imitated the screech of the bird in so perfect a manner that for a time I was deceived, looking for the kaka itself; then he uttered a more agonising cry, bringing around him scores of these creatures, actually darting towards where he was hid with a deafening noise. The effect of this native's power was magical, and it pleased me much. I am sure one hundred birds might have been shot with the greatest ease. The fierce darts of these parrots to protect their wounded comrade caused their very eyes to gleam with passion, showing that they would have been dangerous if of a larger size. Whether this is their way of showing their affection or not I could not tell. The native suddenly burst from his hiding place. The birds, on seeing him, flew to the tops of the trees again, and I had to admit to Taniora that he had astonished me with his imitative powers. In order to produce these noises he had to screw his mouth into an awful shape, the very sight of which made me laugh.

I was thrown more into this native's company than any of the others. He had qualities that won my regard, being at once a good native sportsman, hunter, fisher, etc., and also stored with much information respecting the past of these lands. He had a well-built and powerful frame, with a well-formed intellectual head. If I may interpret signs, I think that I won his regard after we had passed a few months on this block. I saw one day that he had something of importance to say to me, but he hardly knew how to begin. After a while he asked me to accept an ear-drop; it was not costly, but it was made by himself. I thanked him for the present, which I thought far more of as it was a spontaneous gift on his part. I told him that it would be kept in remembrance of him. It is a drop about three inches long, inlaid with beautiful pawa shell (Haliotis) in a design. These pawa shells are found along the sea beach or rocks three miles beyond or further north of the Awakino River. The point of land is named Pawa by the natives. These shells are the most beautifully-coloured pearl of all tints that I have seen in New Zealand. They are from four to six inches long by about three to four wide.

When I was surveying the first portion of the Moa block in Taranaki, a native named Awaka took a rough greenstone out of his ear and gave it to me out of kindness. These two drops I keep as mementoes of the first and last surveys completed while

in the service of the Government, and these two were the last cultivators of these large blocks of land. Strictly speaking, the north of the Mokau is in the Auckland province, but the New Plymouth staff surveyed this portion of land. In concluding this sketch there are two branches of surveying that should be referred to. The first is in respect to measurement.

This block was the first one measured wholly by the steel wire.* (See Appendix I.) The odd measurements were taken off afterwards by the narrow steel band. And it is always a source of pride to me, on account of the repeated closes or checks I had upon the work, that it proved an accuracy almost approaching level country. Three and five chain lengths of wire were used. As the second (although there were trig stations in the block) was forest, it would have been most expensive to check the bearing by sights from these stations, as the slopes made it impracticable. Therefore, I adopted star work at stations nearly every two miles on the road traverse. Although this gives extra work at night to the surveyor, it was by far the least expensive to obtain the correct bearing of the line.

This work embraced twenty-three sheets of the traverses; the results put into tabular form, resting also upon the vertical angles of elevation and depression. Attached to these were several forms of observed azimuths of circumpolar stars. The whole of the chainage and instrumental work was done by myself and assistant on the ground. This, with the plan, will enable the reader to form some idea of only a small portion of work that is really undertaken by the field survey staff of our colony.

I must again refer to our southern sky. Many times have I stood enraptured on a starlight evening looking at the bright constellation of the Southern Cross. Alpha Crucis, the lower or most brilliant star, used to be my favourite one, with Alpha and Beta Centauris, the two pointers to the upper star of the cross, coming next. When the position of these stars is once known, there is not the slightest difficulty in tracing out in the southern sky any of the other brighter orbs, from the fact that the upper and lower stars of the Cross point to the South Pole.

I have tried to penetrate with the telescope the hidden secrets of these stars, but there is no power great enough to reveal the mystery that surrounds them. Amongst these beautiful worlds does there exist one with a more delightful clime than ours, with skies of azure blue—with scenery so enchanting—where the natives roll themselves up in blankets, lying upon the bare ground, and basking in its glorious sunshine? California may

* Steel annealed wire, No. 21, Birmingham gauge.

possibly come next to New Zealand. It cannot be first with its absence of rain during six months of the year, and the temperature above 100° ; the ants and snakes are almost sufficient to deter anyone from attempting the pleasure of camping out, so healthful in its effects. The Sierra Nevada and Rocky Mountains have vastness, but no defined beauty. No ! There is no country in the world where the artist can revel in all that is requisite to make a beautiful picture like our own New Zealand.

# OUR FLAG.

## SYNOPSIS JUBILEE SONG, 1890.

ON Taranaki's most northern fort
There was waving in the breeze
A flag of blue with four red stars, *
The pride of our A.C.'s. †
Standard of New Zealand.

This emblem of our youthful cause,
Brilliant as the Southern Cross;
Uniting the Maoris with our laws,
Accomplished without human loss.
Advance upon Parihaka.

Front of the flag rose the bold white cliffs
Lashed by the Pacific's waves,
Behind in tiers the pretty camp ranged,
Worthy of all the stranger's praise.
Pukearuhe White Cliffs.

Here time past our flag was laid low,
On the spot the vilest deeds done—
Wife, children, soldier, and minister,
The natives murdered each one.
The White Cliff Massacre.

How changed! the flag now waving so gay,
As through the King Country he came,
The camp turning out en masse to pay
Honour to one winning such fame.
The Hon. John Bryce.

The veteran old, with his eyes upraised,
Looking at the flag while warm dropt the tears, ‡
He was fighting the battles of other days,
While the hero left midst three ringing cheers.
The Native Minister.

Hurrah for the flag floating so proudly on high,
The Alpha Crucis of our Southern sky,
With these natives as brothers, a right loyal band,
Like a rock they'll stand by us should foes be at hand.
Zealandia.

Unfurled is the banner, a power in motion, §
Union of colonies commanding the ocean.
In the Cross of the South || what glories are seen—
Defence of our islands, still loving our Queen.
Colonial Federation.

* The Union Jack forms the upper quarter. The stars represent the Southern Cross on the two end quarters. † Armed Constabulary.
‡ Emblematical (the slain in past struggles).
§ Sir Henry Parkes' famous despatch.
|| Australia, Tasmania, Fiji, and New Zealand.

# APPENDIX A.

## RAILWAY EXTENSION NORTH.

(From the "Kaipara Times" of Wednesday, July 24, 1889.)

This railway extension is without doubt the most important question the House will have to deal with in regard to the north of Auckland, whether as a whole or in part; and, therefore, it is of vital importance, where so much money has to be expended, to determine upon the route which is most likely to be the best paying one, in conjunction with the least cost of construction. It is admitted by experts that when a line has been completed, it is not the through traffic that pays, but that between one station and another: therefore it is upon this fact that we shall base our route. (Those who would follow us more clearly would be greatly assisted by using one of the coloured sketch maps of Explorations for North Island Main Trunk Railway North of Auckland.)

In the first place we take the present terminus at Kaukapakapa, then make choice of the next most populous, and as a natural sequence, paying centre northwards, which is Port Albert. In this case it would stand Helensville and Port Albert, these two places being of the most consequence, both possessing good harbours. Port Albert (as Helensville is at present) would become a feeder to the line when constructed. The most direct, as well as the most natural route, is by the Makarau, Puatahi, Chalmerston, Tauhoa, and South Albertland to Port Albert, passing through good land, this, too, without any competition with the East Coast. There is land on this route that might be thrown open for lease or otherwise.

It is probably known only to the few that the present survey of the northern line ends near a large gumfield two miles to the eastward of Wellsford. The opinion of a former surveyor was that a line along the Hoteo River banks would prove too costly to be carried out. Having some knowledge of this route we should consider it too expensive, not only for the present, but the

future also. The great aim should be a line as direct as possible with the paying capabilities of the same, when any deviation from this should be most carefully weighed. The sooner the westerly route is surveyed, then compared with the easterly one as to cost, etc., the better for the North.

The choice next falls upon the Maungaturoto district as a paying centre northwards. The question here presents itself whether the Oruawharo should be named (the map appears to us incorrect, as the width opposite Port Albert represents about a mile, when it should be only about twenty chains), or to avoid an expensive bridge, there is a level line along the side of the Wharehine River, then forward to Wellsford, passing the head of the Oruawharo on to Kaiwaka, then to Wairau.

A more direct course from Port Albert could be made by bridging the Oruawharo opposite the Topuni River, and then taking its banks on towards Kaiwaka ; although the bridge might not be so costly, it would save some five or six miles. There is here a large extent of fair land that might also be easily settled. Carefully studying the position of Maungaturoto, some alteration in the route must be made here, for it is quite evident that three lines of railway parallel, on an average only fifteen miles apart, cannot pay. Hence the central will have to be abandoned, when a branch line will have to be made eventually, passing through Paparoa, Mareretu, Matakohe, Omaru, Okahu, and Maungatawhiri, connecting with the Kaihu Valley railway at Dargaville.

For our next station of importance there is no choice left but to take Whangarei ; for this reason, we cannot throw over the line already constructed—the Kamo Valley Railway. The course of the extension here will probably be through the districts of Waipu, Ruarangi, Maungatapere, on to Whangarei.

There will be this advantage in the connection with Whangarei—coal will be distributed along the line at a cheap rate.

Taking the next most populous centre, we have Kawakawa, Bay of Islands. There is not the slightest doubt this portion will pay, as between these two centres there is abundance of coal and timber ; it will also be able to compete with the water carriage. From Kawakawa the line could be carried on further north as soon as the district became self-supporting as an easterly line, and the Kaihu Valley Railway could also be extended to Hokianga as a westerly one. It is only reasonable to expect that the majority shall have a voice as to what route shall be determined upon, as both the Kamo and the Kaihu have been completed, so it is only fair that they should be extended. We can do no other than wish them every success, hoping at the

same time it will not be long before they are connected with the North Auckland Trunk Railway. Should another loan be raised it is to be hoped that all the Auckland members will be united to see a fair share devoted to the Trunk Line north of Auckland.

We have not the slightest hesitation in saying that our settlers are fully awake to the fact that a fair share of public expenditure has not taken place in this direction, so every action of the House will be keenly watched by the Northern men.

DISTANCES APPROXIMATE.

| | Miles. |
|---|---|
| Between Kaukapakapa and Port Albert | 25 |
| Port Albert, Wellsford, and Maungaturoto | 21 |
| Maungaturoto and Whangarei | 30 |
| Kamo and Kawakawa | 28 |
| | 104 |
| Branch Line Maungaturoto and Dargaville | 35 |
| Total | 139 |

## APPENDIX B.

Inspector of Surveys Office,
Auckland, April 23, 1874.

DEAR SIR,

The protractor which you were kind enough to show me is beyond comparison the best, in fact the only instrument I have ever seen for accurately and easily laying off traverse and offsets. It may be made of very moderate size and weight, and by its means, without any other instrument, lines on any bearing and of any moderate length, with offsets from them, may on any part of a map as large as the table used, with a degree of ease and accuracy wholly unattainable by the ordinary method of parallel rules and protractor, whether metal or card.

I am, Dear Sir,
Yours very obediently,
THEOPHILUS HEALE,
Inspector of Surveys.

Mr. Edwin S. Brookes,
Auckland.

## APPENDIX C.

Taranaki Hospital and Charitable Aid Board,
New Plymouth, 18th July, 1890.

SIR,

I have only been in charge of this Hospital since 1885. I have done my best so far to give you the particulars you desire. I am very busy at present, but in a few days I will search again, and should I find a book containing the desired information, I will forward it to you at once.

Yours faithfully,
ANNIE BLACKLY,
Matron Hospital.

## APPENDIX D.

THE following portion of extract is taken from the "History of Taranaki," and will need a little explanation, as it is rather confusing:—

On the 21st of August, a force left Waihi to attack the stronghold of Te Ngutu O Te Manu. They approached within a short distance of it without alarming the natives, who were engaged in singing at the time.

Finding an opening at the back of the pah, the force rushed in with a terrific yell, the bugles at the same time sounding the charge. Volley after volley was poured into the village, and the natives, after firing, fled, leaving nine dead behind them. After destroying what they could, Colonel McDonnell ordered the retreat.

Thirteen men were amongst the killed and wounded in this engagement, and it is headed, "Capture of Te Ngutu O Te Manu," and finishes, "The brothers Garey were shot in the retreat by the hovering rebels."

At this engagement the Rev. Father Rolland was present, and administered the consolations of religion to the dying under fire.

. . . . . .

Now follows the repulse at Ruaruru, or more correctly, the repulse at Te Ngutu O Te Manu. There must be some mistake, as Ruaruru composed a few whares in a small clearing to the south, almost joining Te Ngutu O Te Manu, and would imply

that the force to the south of the pah were beaten first. Von Tempsky occupied the forest north of the pah.

I have every reason to believe Katene, in his description, told the truth, as there was no cause for him to say anything to the contrary; and moreover, he had also a critical audience before him.

At the north-west corner of the clearing of Te Ngutu O Te Manu Von Tempsky fell. Here the disorder first arose, as the Maori sharpshooters were here posted in a cluster of trees when a retreat took place across the open in front of the palisades to the eastward of the pah. It was here in the retreat across the clearing that Captain Palmer was shot (here Katene was prompted by the interpreter as to whether it was not Captain Buck; he said he thought it was, as so many years had passed he could not be certain), the place being pointed out by Katene, and with him fell a number of men, as they must have had the full brunt of the fire from those within the stronghold. The number of dead collected he stated to be between thirty and forty. I informed him the report stated only sixteen or seventeen. This did not in any way shake what he had said, as it was given distinctly in Maori by him.

I will now give the extract in full of the second engagement at Te Ngutu O Te Manu, or as it is called in the "History of Taranaki," the repulse at Ruaruru:—

"On the 7th of September, 1868, at 3 a.m., a force consisting of 250 Europeans and 100 Wanganui natives, left Waihi for the purpose of attacking Ruaruru, the stronghold of the chief Titokowaru. It was divided into three divisions, No. 1 being under the command of Major Von Tempsky, with Sub-Inspectors Cummings, Brown, and Roberts, Captain Palmer, Lieutenants Hastings and Hunter, Ensign Hirtzel, and about 140 men. No. 2 was commanded by Major Hunter, with Sub-Inspectors Newland and Goring, Captains Buck and O'Halloran, Lieutenant Rowan and 108 men. No. 3 was composed of Wanganui natives about 100 strong, and was under the command of Captain W. McDonnell, Kawana, Hunia, Kempi, and other chiefs; the whole force was commanded by Colonel McDonnell. Dr. Walker accompanied No. 1, and Acting-Assistant Surgeon Best No. 2 division.

"After the force had crossed the Waingongoro and entered the bush, the main track to Te Ngutu O Te Manu was followed for some distance. The column then, under the guidance of the Kupapas, entered the bush on the right, and after a tedious march arrived in the rear of Ruaruru at 2 p.m. A few bark

huts were seen and a tent. Here the natives killed a child by dashing out its brains, and took a little boy prisoner.

"The force then proceeded, and under heavy fire, took up a position in a narrow valley, through which ran a stream of water. At this place the force remained about ten minutes, exposed to a heavy fire from the pah in front, and from the bush on both sides. Trooper Hogan was here shot in the thigh, and Lieutenant Rowan through the face, the ball breaking both his jaws.

"It was now discovered that the enemy had sharpshooters posted in some large rata trees, which commanded the pah. Volley after volley was poured into these trees without effect. The men now began to drop fast, and the force got uneasy. Seeing this, Major Von Tempsky asked permission to assault the pah with his division, and soon afterwards Major Hunter made a similar request. Colonel McDonnell, however, would not consent, fearing that the position was too strong for a successful attack, and that it was commanded by the natives posted in the trees. The wounded were then collected and placed under a strong escort of some eighty or a hundred men, which was commanded by Colonel McDonnell, with Major Hunter and Sub-Inspectors Newland and Cumming. Von Tempsky was now left with his force to cover the retreat, exposed to a heavy fire. He walked up and down in front of his men, endeavouring to persuade them to take cover, while they, partially disorganised, kept exposing themselves in parties of twenty or thirty. Von Tempsky then fell, but accounts differ as to the precise mode of his death. Immediately he fell Captain Buck ran forward to recover the body, and he, too, fell to rise no more. Lieutenant Hunter then ran forward, and his gallantry cost him his life. About the same time Captain Palmer fell mortally wounded. There were now no officers left with that portion of the force which was nearest to the enemy, the confusion of the men under fire increased, and they felt that they must escape as best they could. The repulse was complete, and the rebels closely pursued the retreating men. The dead and wounded who could not walk were left behind, and some of the wounded were dragged to the pah and burnt to death. The force under Colonel McDonnell kept well together, and by the aid of the Kupapas, reached the camp at 10 p.m., with all the wounded it had started with, Von Tempsky's division having received the brunt of the fury of the rebels.

"The casualties on this occasion were—

"Killed: Major Von Tempsky, Captain Buck, Captain Palmer, Lieutenant Hastings, Lieutenant Hunter, Corporal

Russel, Constable Elkin, Privates Finnessey, Hart, Gilgour, Israel, Davis, E. G. Farron, Hughes, Lumsden, Grant, Deeks and Wells.

"Wounded: Lieutenant Rowan, Dr. Best, Constable Houston, O'Brien, O'Connor, Bourke, Hogan, Walton, Fulton, Harris, Caldwell, McManus, Walden, Griffiths, Locker, Quinsey, Meloir, Hamblyn, Holloway, Hyland, Flynn, Dire.

"Missing: Darlington and Downs.

"This terrible defeat acted so injuriously upon the force which had been hastily collected, that it became partially disorganised, and Von Tempsky's men, having lost their leader, took their blankets and left the district."

## APPENDIX E.

[Letter under reply July 18th.]

New Zealand Survey Department,
New Plymouth, 22nd July, 1890.

As requested by your letter quoted above, I beg to forward herewith a tracing of Section 40, Block XVI., Kaupokonui, showing the traverse from the Ahipaipa Road to the spot where Major Von Tempsky fell. The portion within the pencil line has been fenced in and the forest preserved, but the rest of the section has been leased, and has been cleared except where shown in the tracing as forest.

SIDNEY WEETMAN, C.S.

P.S.—Plan at page 54 enlarged from it.

EDWIN S. BROOKES, ESQ.,
Wharehine, Auckland.

## APPENDIX F.

### MAJOR VON TEMPSKY.

GUSTAVUS FERDINAND VON TEMPSKY was the second son of Lieutenant-Colonel Von Tempsky, of the Prussian service, and was educated at the Military College at Berlin, and eventually obtained his commission in the 3rd Regiment of Fusiliers in 1844; but, being of a roving disposition, with an intense abhorrence of routine and red tape, and also strongly imbued with a love of

adventure, he made up his mind to give up his profession, and accordingly started with some of his countrymen for the Mosquito shore, on the eastern coast of Central America, intending to found a new colony. The British Government at that time had established a sort of protectorate there, and had appointed R. Walker, Esq., as Consul-General and Diplomatic Agent to represent British interests on that coast. The emigration scheme turned out a failure, but Von Tempsky was made captain to form an irregular force of Mosquito Indians, who did good service against the Spaniards, and in leading and guiding the British officers and crews of H.M.S. 'Alarm,' s.s. 'Vixen,' and brig 'Daring,' against the Spanish stockades of Castille, Viojo Sarapequi, and San Carlo, which were taken.

Here the Consul-General met with a fearful death, having slipped overboard from one of the boats and been immediately devoured by alligators before assistance could be rendered. Von Tempsky having lost his most intimate friend in this horrible way, now seems to have become partially disgusted with his post, and gold being discovered in California about this time, he essayed to try his fortune there.

After remaining some little time in California he started backward, and landing at Matzatlan, on the west coast of Mexico, in the Sierra Nevada and Rocky Mountains, he, with a friend, determined to pass through Central America, which he did till he arrived at Blewfield, on the Mosquito Shore. This journey forms the subject of an excellent work called "Mitla; or, Travels in Mexico and Central America," of which the gallant major was the author. After staying at Blewfield for a short time, he married the daughter of the commandant of the station, and then set sail for England with his wife and father-in-law.

Once again he left Europe, this time bound for Victoria, where Mrs. Von Tempsky had a married sister. At first he turned his attention to agricultural pursuits, but some time after, the Government having planned an expedition to explore the interior, candidates to take command of the party were enquired for. Von Tempsky came forward for the appointment, but Burke was the successful man. A feeling of national pride that the interior should be explored by a Briton was probably the bar to Von Tempsky's success in this matter. He was, however, offered the sub-command, but refused it. About this time rumours of the discovery of gold at Coromandel, New Zealand, reached Victoria, and as great depression existed at that time in Australia, Von Tempsky at once sailed for New Zealand, and proceeded to Coromandel, where his knowledge as a practical miner aided the

Government considerably in developing the resources of that goldfield.

On the Waikato War breaking out in July, 1863, he offered his services to the Government, and was appointed an ensign in the Forest Rangers in August, 1863. From this time to November of that year he was attached to the Flying Column, which was engaged in scouring the Hunua Ranges, in whose fastnesses the rebels had congregated. He next was engaged at the Mauku, where the natives had entrenched themselves behind some logs in a bush clearing, and fired a volley at the Rangers at a distance of twenty yards, but fortunately missed them.

After this, in company with Captain Thomas McDonnell, then a Sub-Inspector of the Defence Force, he stole at night to Paparata, where the rebels were assembled in great force, and hiding in the flax, continued during the whole of the next day to observe the movements of the enemy.

Reaching the camp at Whangamarino the next night, he with Sub-Inspector McDonnell, received the thanks of General Cameron for his gallantry and for the information conveyed. This was one of the most hazardous services rendered during the war, there being at least 500 natives in the vicinity of the spot these officers visited. For this service both were promoted to the rank of captain.

Von Tempsky's next action took place on the 11th February, 1864, at Mangapiko, on the Waipa, where, in the quaint words of his despatch to the Lieutenant-General, he says: "My men, with promptitude, surrounded the thicket, and entering the same revolver in hand extracted, in a short time, seven natives." For this duty he was mentioned by General Cameron in his despatches to the Governor.

On the 22nd and 23rd of February he was in action at Rangiawhia, which lasted two days After this fight the return of the Forest Rangers was thus described by an eye-witness: "They were loaded with pigs, potatoes, spears, tomahawks, cooking utensils, and all kinds of Maori goods."

On the 2nd of April, 1864, he took part in the siege of Orakau, behaving with his usual courage, and for which he was promoted to the rank of Major. After this action Waikato was subdued, and Von Tempsky's sword rested till the breaking out of the war in 1865. When the Government determined to chastise the rebels at Wanganui, Von Tempsky's Company of Forest Rangers were asked to volunteer for service in that quarter. The officers and half the men acquiesced in the request. When at Wanganui they were asked to go with Major Brassey's expedition to Opotiki,

for the purpose of chastising the murderers of the Rev. Carl Sylvus Volkner and others. This was in the absence of Von Tempsky, who was away at the time on leave. Von Tempsky proceeded to the East Coast, expecting to meet his men there, and in their absence joined Major Brassey's force as a volunteer. After this he returned to Wanganui with the object of inducing his men to volunteer for the East Coast. Having gained the consent of his men to proceed, he marched with them to Wellington, where he received orders to put himself under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Fraser. This so vexed Von Tempsky that he refused to proceed, and resigned his commission.

In November he recalled his resignation, and took command of a company of Forest Rangers, composed of men from the European and Maori Militia of Wanganui, under orders for service at Patea. He then went to Auckland, but on the renewal of the disturbance at Patea was sent to Waihi. He was present at the assault of Te Ngutu O Te Manu, and fell, nobly doing his duty, before Ruaruru.

He was one of the bravest of men, and scarcely received from the Government the consideration which his high qualities entitled him to. His commission as Major in the First Regiment of Waikato Militia bears date 4th of April, 1864.

Shortly after the defeat at Ruaruru, Colonel McDonnell gave up the command, and was succeeded by Colonel Whitmore.

We have here a brief biography of a brave officer, whose name became as familiar as a household word during the troubled times of New Zealand.

## APPENDIX G.

On the 27th January, 1866, at 10 a.m., General Chute, at the head of his force, marched into New Plymouth on his return southward by the coast. Here a substantial dinner was set before the men, and beneath a triumphal arch erected over the Huatoki Bridge, the General was met by the Superintendent of Taranaki, and the leading men of New Plymouth, and presented with the following address :—

"To Major-General Trevor Chute, Commanding Her Majesty's Forces in New Zealand—

"Sir,—I have been deputed by the inhabitants of this settlement to express to you their sense of the benefit you have conferred on them, and in the colony, by the operations just now successfully concluded between

Wanganui and Waitara. Without entering on any invidious questions it is allowable for us to state the fact that the recent march through the bush inland of Mount Egmont is the first in which a large body of regular troops have been led for several days together through the difficult forests of New Zealand.

"Having from the beginning of the present troubles maintained that the war could not be ended beyond the chance of rekindling until our forces should habitually penetrate the bush in pursuit of the enemy, it is peculiarly gratifying to us to see the happy issue of these first bold movements, and we are bound to acknowledge the practical sagacity which dictated, and the courage which undertook and executed the operations.

"But we have not merely to admire the plan and conduct of operations, we have to thank you warmly for the vigorous course you have adopted, as closely affecting our present interests—at this particular moment the matter is of special importance to us. The war which has languished on for six years has taxed the treasure and patience of the empire beyond endurance without effecting its object—the establishment of law and order. And whilst the empire is weary, the colony seems to be on the eve of financial and political convulsions, mainly from the same cause. The extinction of the struggle this summer may yet arrest the threatened evils, or at least place the settlement of the North Island in a condition of strength and security which will render constitutional changes less utterly destructive of prosperity and hope than they would be at present. The capture of Okotuku, Putahi, Otapawa, and Ketemarae, and the march in the rear of Mount Egmont, will contribute greatly to this result.

"These operations have shown that against British forces, regular and irregular, New Zealand has no impregnable fortresses; they have shown that British courage and British arms can penetrate wherever man can hide, and there is no security for rebellion, and that the only course open to the hostile natives is frank submission to the first and equal law which the empire and the colony hold out for their acceptance.

"In the name of the settlers of Taranaki I beg to thank you for the wise and courageous course you have taken, and the officers and men under your command, who have so gallantly and successfully carried out your plans.

"H. R. RICHMOND,

"Superintendent of Taranaki.

"New Plymouth, January 27th, 1866."

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## APPENDIX H.

An extract from the Nottingham "Daily Express," July 7th, 1890, briefly shows what can be accomplished by a well-drilled Volunteer battalion. On July 5th, 1890, after the review of upwards of 1,600 members of the St. John's Ambulance Association, an event of more than local importance took place in Woolaton Park, Nottingham, England. "Then, under the

command of Colonel Seeley, 750 of the Robin Hoods advanced in line and saluted, and forming quarter column, were addressed by the Adjutant-General, Lord Wolseley. He heartily congratulated the whole of the officers and men upon the appearance of the regiment, which was one of the finest battalions he had ever seen in the Volunteer service, or in any service, he might say. He was glad to say that opinion was shared by his friend, Brigadier-General Wilmot. The way they had marched past and moved had gratified him exceedingly, and he only wished that they had twenty thousand such men in the army. He was glad to hear the very best reports of them from camp last year. He studied and read with the greatest possible attention Sir Henry Wilmot's report of the camp, and saw how very satisfactory everything was. He was very much struck by the fact that Sir Henry Wilmot mentioned in his report that the regiment did everything for itself, that the men cooked for themselves, and did not require people to help them. That was most creditable of them, or of any body. He trusted that the regiment would maintain its high standard, and that before long they would be fully equipped. But they must remember that they did not require the same equipment as the soldiers of the regular army, because they would not have to go out of England or far from their homes, for if ever the country was invaded the whole matter would be decided in a fortnight, and for that fortnight only would they have to equip. He would be very sorry to see great packs upon their backs. He wished to impress upon the officers and non-commissioned officers in particular, that although it was a grand thing to be able to march past and execute movements well, there was another thing of far greater importance. They had come to the time when it was absolutely necessary that they should have a higher standard. They might march past like a stone wall, but all the same they might be a very bad battalion. What could they do upon the ranges ? was the question. Could they bring down their men at 500 yards ? because they must remember that the object and aim of war was to kill their enemies. The great thing of the present day was not to teach so much the old-fashioned drill, although drill was everything—not the drill that pleased the housemaids and the people of the town—but to fit them to come out of the struggle creditably to themselves and to their country. Lord Wolseley concluded by expressing the pleasure he felt at being there that day, and by again congratulating the officers and men belonging to so fine a corps."

## APPENDIX I.

When I entered the Government service, the chainage was performed by using a heavy iron surveyors' chain of 66 feet in length. This we shortly afterwards discarded, and in its place used the light steel chain; attached to this was a spring balance, that would free the drop arrow at a given strain. Then came into general use upon the staff the steel band of one chain in length, half inch wide; when quickly followed steel wire of three, five, and ten chain lengths, these to be used as occasion required. My opinion of the wire is that it will be difficult to beat or supersede it, for these reasons: It is light in weight, no flat surface to be caught by the wind, easily spliced, and inexpensive; so that its use for long distances and in broken country makes one of the most rapid, yet reliable, measures that can be used.

In reference to the same, the Surveyor-General desired to be informed when the wire for measuring purposes was first used in Taranaki, and who it was that introduced it, as it had been mentioned in the annual report for 1879. (This question had already been asked outside the Department by a letter to the Chief Surveyor, Taranaki.) The reply was as follows:—

New Plymouth, June 19th, 1883.

The Surveyor-General, Wellington.

Re steel wire for measurement, Mr. E. S. Brookes first used it on the meridian line in 1877. I believe it was his own idea. After that it came into use by the surveyors here for sectional work. I can give fuller information in about a week, if needed.

Thos. Humphries, C.S.

## APPENDIX J.

"The Hon. John Bryce is a native of Glasgow, and arrived in Wellington when a child in 1840, his parents having been among the first settlers brought out by the New Zealand Company. After spending some years in Wellington, the family removed to Wanganui, where they devoted themselves to farming and stock raising. Mr. Bryce saw service in the war of 1869, when Titokowaru made his raid down the West Coast to within a few miles of the township of Wanganui, and he organised the well-known Kai Iwi Cavalry Troop for the defence of the settlers in the

district. His experience thus gained in native matters served him in good stead in after years, when, as Native Minister, he had to deal with Te Whiti and many native difficulties. He commenced his political life in Wanganui, and was a member of Parliament for about twenty years previous to his defeat at the last general election by Mr. G. Hutchinson. Shortly before the beginning of the session of 1890 he was elected unopposed for the Waikato seat, rendered vacant by the death of Major Jackson."—From the "Auckland Weekly News."

## APPENDIX K.

The Rev. William Gittos arrived in New Zealand in the early part of 1841, at which date his ministration commenced. He went to the Kaipara in 1856, where the first Wesleyan mission station was established at Oruawharo, Auckland, New Zealand, on the Raikau, opposite the township of Port Albert. From there he removed to the Waingohi, a branch of the Oruawharo, a few miles distant from the first station which he occupied in 1862. Upon the arrival of the Albertland Special Settlers, he rendered them the greatest service in their trading transactions with the natives, as at this time we had almost wholly to depend upon them for our vegetable supply, without whose aid we should have been poorly off. Much credit is also due to him in watching over our district, and the interest he has taken in it, both spiritual and temporal. After about eight years he removed to the Otamatea, so as to be central between the native tribes. From this station he was taken to Auckland so as to be centrally situated between the Waikato and Kaipara natives, and these two large districts he superintends at the present time.

# WORKS PERUSED.


1770—Cook's Voyages—By A. Kipp, D.D., F.R.S., and others.
1835—New Zealand—Rev. Yates.
1860—New Zealand and its Colonisation—Swainson.
1887—Western Pacific—Romilly.
1832—South Seas—Stewart, A.M.
1849—New Zealand—McKillop.
1860—Rough Notes, Australia and New Zealand—Scott.
1878—History of Taranaki—Wells.
1852—New Zealand Maori Dictionary—Williams.
1859—New Zealand—Thompson.
1861—Britain of the South—Hursthouse.
1863—Old New Zealand—Manning.
1889—Forest Flora—T. Kirk, F.R.S.
1862—War in Taranaki—Grayling.
1873—Australia and New Zealand—Trollope.
1886—Oceana—Froude.
1880—Trip Round the World—Exley.
1864—New Zealand and its Resources—Stone.
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1887—Ancient History of the Maori, I., II., III.—J. White.
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1891 ,, ,, ,, ,, VI. ,,
1885—Polynesian Mythology and Maori Legends—G. Grey.
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1883—Malay Archipelago—Alfred Russel Wallace.
Guide to Taranaki—The Jubilee Committee.
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Maori King—Gorst.
Morning Rays—W.F.B.
Transactions of the New Zealand Institute.