

# WAITANGI

## NINETY-FOUR YEARS AFTER



THE RESTORED TREATY HOUSE.

LINDSAY BUICK  
B.A., F.R.HIST.S.

THIS is a full and vivid account of the proceedings at the great Maori demonstration held at Waitangi in February last, in acknowledgment of the gift by Their Excellencies, The Governor-General and Lady Bledisloe, of the Waitangi Estate to the people of the Dominion.

The Maori race expressed its gratitude and admiration of this generous and sympathetic national gift in a picturesque manner fitting to the occasion. This tribute to Their Excellencies has been given a more permanent expression by the publication of Mr. Buick's book, which fittingly commemorates the re-birth of the significance and historic importance of Waitangi in the national life of Maori and *Pakeha* alike. Not only have the ancient songs and dances revived by the Maori for this occasion been recorded in detail, but by special permission the eloquent addresses delivered by His Excellency the Governor-General are included both in English and Maori. The book will be welcomed as a complementary volume to the author's well-known work "The Treaty of Waitangi." It is eminently suitable as a present to send overseas friends.







WAITANGI  
NINETY-FOUR YEARS AFTER

T. LINDSAY BUICK







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WAITANGI  
NINETY-FOUR YEARS AFTER







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Author of

Old Marlborough

Old Manawatu

An Old New Zealander

New Zealand's First War

The Romance of the Gramophone

The French at Akaroa

Wellington

The Mystery of the Moa

The Treaty of Waitangi









THEIR EXCELLENCIES LORD AND LADY BLEDISLOE.  
Donors to the Nation of the Waitangi Estate.



# WAITANGI

NINETY-FOUR YEARS AFTER

BY

T. LINDSAY BUICK

C.M.G., F.R.HIST.S.

*Chairman of the Waitangi Historical and Maori Life  
and Customs Advisory Committee*

NEW PLYMOUTH, N.Z.

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## PREFACE.

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IT was my original intention that this account of the commemorative celebrations held at Waitangi in February last should form part of the Third Edition of *The Treaty of Waitangi*, which is shortly to be issued. As, however, the narrative grew under my hand, and as I came to realize the value of representative illustration, I saw that the story would bulk too largely for the space available in that volume, and that, in the circumstances, it would be more convenient if it stood as a separate publication, and as a volume supplementary to the Second Edition, in which will be found the correspondence and other details relating to the gift to the nation of the Waitangi Estate by Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Bledisloe. It has, therefore, been printed and bound in a manner similar to that book, to which it is hoped it will form an acceptable companion. There was also the consideration that in this form it would be made available at a much lower price to those who are interested than the cost of a standard work, copies of which many prospective purchasers doubtless already have. To achieve this end it has been necessary to reduce the pages to a minimum.

The fact that we have here embalmed the two speeches delivered at Waitangi by His Excellency Lord Bledisloe—classics of their kind—together with able translations into the Maori language made by the Hon. Sir Apirana Ngata, M.P., Minister of Native Affairs, should create an exceptional interest in the account of the celebrations in city, town, and Maori *kainga*. In both these timely orations there is much good counsel with which *Pakeha* and Maori alike should make themselves familiar.

As the writer was not present at the Ti Point camp during the whole of its meteoric existence, and as, in any case, a single pair of eyes could not see everything, nor a single pair of ears hear everything as it transpired in such a busy mill of humanity, I have availed myself freely of the excellent reports of the celebrations published in the *New Zealand Herald* and the *Auckland Star*, and I wish fully and unreservedly to acknowledge my indebtedness to those journals for such material and inspiration as I have drawn from them.

The whole narrative has been carefully checked by the Hon. Sir Apirana Ngata and Mr. H. R. H. Balneavis. To these gentlemen I am also indebted for the text of the songs and chants, and for the understanding they have given me of the significance to the Maori of many of the features for which the celebrations were remarkable. In Mr. James Cowan I have found a wise counsellor and an ever-present help.

The illustrations have been carefully selected with a view to picturing both personages and events representative of the celebrations. For permission to use these pictures I am indebted to the proprietors of the *Auckland Weekly News* and the *Auckland Star*; to Messrs. J. F. Loudon, of Hamilton, and Tudor W. Collins, of Warkworth; to the N.Z. Railways Publicity Department; and to the Government Publicity Department. To these gentlemen and organizations I beg to tender my sincere thanks for their generosity and courtesy.

THE AUTHOR.

5 Boston Terrace,  
Wellington.

25th July, 1934.



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## INTRODUCTION.

We sailed wherever ship could sail,  
We founded many a mighty state.

FOR over one hundred and twenty years after New Zealand had been discovered and deserted by the Dutch explorer, Abel Janszoon Tasman, in 1642, the country lay an unknown geographical quantity, until it was re-discovered by Captain James Cook, of the Royal Navy, in 1769. Cook circumnavigated these islands, charted their coasts, and at different times and places took possession of the country in the name of, and for the use of His Majesty, King George III, who had despatched him on his mission of discovery. New Zealand did not, however, become a British possession by virtue of Cook's proceedings. All that his actions secured for Britain, was the right to colonize New Zealand before other nations. Of this privilege no advantage was taken. Possibly owing to absorption in nearer and, therefore, seemingly larger problems of statecraft, successive British Governments neglected to foster the systematic settlement of British colonists in this portion of the Southern seas. Indeed, not only did they fail to profit by their opportunity, but as years went on they, in various Acts, and in different ways, repudiated any intention of doing so, until at length they definitely and openly acknowledged the Maori people to be an independent nation, to whom they were prepared to extend a measure of protection.

This indifference on the part of British Governments towards the colonization of New Zealand, was not, however, shared by the British people, and as the result of enterprising interests on sea and land, there was, by 1830, a considerable British population sprinkled round our coasts. Circumstances soon demanded that this irregular colonization should not go on uncontrolled, but the most the British Government could, or would do to cope with the situation, was to appoint an officer to be stationed at the Bay of Islands, and commissioned to perform the functions of "His Majesty's British Resident in New Zealand." This appointment was, in 1832, given by Lord Goderich to Mr. James Busby, an Australian colonist, then on a visit to England, who had, by his writings and in other ways, displayed a lively interest in New Zealand affairs.

Upon Mr. Busby receiving notice of his appointment, he made it plain to the British authorities, through Mr. Under-Secretary Hay, that he expected to be provided with a residence befitting the dignity of his office. Accordingly he asked that he be furnished with "a house in frame," by which he meant a house complete in all respects, and ready for erection at its destination. Unfortunately his technical phraseology was not understood in official circles, and the letter written by the Colonial Office to the Governor of New South Wales, Sir Richard Bourke—under whose jurisdiction the British Resident was to act—authorizing compliance with Mr. Busby's request, directed that he should be supplied with "the framework of a house,"



which clearly implied nothing more than a number of studs, joists, and rafters.

Not realizing that there was this wide gap between Mr. Busby's ideals and the official sanction of them, His Excellency requested Mr. Busby to have a plan prepared of the style of house he thought suitable to his purpose. Mr. Busby, in a state of equal innocence, instructed a Sydney architect, Mr. J. Verge, to prepare him a plan of a "cottage" by no means pretentious. A copy of this plan is now to be seen in the Muniment Room of the old Residency, and from it we derive some idea of how modest Mr. Busby's requirements were, for the estimated cost of the building was exactly £592 15s. 4d. When, however, this plan was submitted to Governor Bourke for his approval, he saw at once that Mr. Busby was visualizing one thing and the officials in England appeared to be sensing quite another. He accordingly declined to give his sanction to the scheme, contending that the British authorities had approved the sending to New Zealand of "the frame of a house and nothing more." "If," said Sir Richard, in his downright way, "Mr. Busby wants more, then the onus is on him to supply it at his own cost"; but against expenditure upon anything other than the frame of a house the public purse was inexorably closed.

This uncompromising attitude upon the part of the Governor led to an animated correspondence, during which Mr. Busby developed copious arguments to show that his original request had been misunderstood. He stressed the plea that owing to recent financial



disappointments it was impossible for him to provide, at his own expense, a house in New Zealand adequate for one who was contemplating marriage. Besides, he claimed, the amenities of the situation demanded that the King's\* representative in New Zealand should be given a residence befitting his "rank." Of the dignity of his "station" and the importance of his "office" Mr. Busby appears to have been fully conscious, and neither at this period, nor later, did he ever waver upon that point.

The strength of Mr. Busby's case, for he was able to give a very reasonable account of his negotiations with the British authorities, and the cogency with which he maintained his claim, at length induced the Governor somewhat to modify his previous attitude. As a compromise, by no means readily offered, he now agreed that a house, based on a modification of Mr. Busby's plan, might be provided at the public expense, this modification to be the two front rooms and vestibule designed by Mr. Verge, but altered in some particulars by a Mr. Hallen.† Accordingly the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Alexander McLeay, acting under instructions, wrote to Mr. Busby:

"His Excellency has directed that the frame of a house agreeably to Mr. Hallen's alterations in the plan already referred to, shall be immediately prepared in so complete a manner as to afford you as convenient a temporary dwelling as circumstances will permit, to which, if you think proper, you can make such

\*King William IV was then the reigning Sovereign.

†Mr. Hallen was probably the Colonial Architect.

additions and supply such finishings as you may think necessary, and apply to the Secretary of State to be reimbursed the expense, as you appear to suppose it was intended by the Home Government that your house should be provided wholly at the public charge."

To this Mr. Busby replied by asking His Excellency if it could in reason be contended that a couple of rooms\* were sufficient residence for the accredited representative of the British Government, even in a place such as New Zealand? Whether it was calculated to enable him to show that hospitality to strangers which would be a part of the duties of his office, and whether it was placing him in such circumstances as to command the respect of the natives, where it was of so much importance, both for their own improvement and for the safety and success of the traders, that he should be able to establish over them a moral influence? Nor would a residence humble to the degree of meanness help him in the eyes of British subjects, whether temporary visitors in whale or trading ships, or permanent residents. Of the advantages of keeping up appearances Mr. Busby was thoroughly convinced, especially in a lawless country such as New Zealand, "where," he declared, "I will have to exercise a superintendence of a character perhaps ill-defined and under any circumstances invidious."

So the battle waged, but in the end the Governor won, not because he had the better of the argument, but because he controlled the purse-strings. Though

\*Under Mr. Hallen's alterations both rooms were made 22 feet x 15 feet.



we have no exact information as to when the original rooms, framed in Australian woods, were shipped to the Bay, we do know that Mr. Busby arrived in New Zealand in May, 1833, and that for several months he lived with the missionaries, who assisted him materially with the erection of his house when it did arrive. We also know that by March 20th, 1834, he was settled in his own home, for there, on that day, he entertained the officers of H.M.S. *Alligator* at a "cold collation" after the ceremony had been performed of presenting the first National flag to the chiefs of Northern New Zealand. Of the diminutive building as it then stood, looking across the Bay at distant Kororareka, one of the earliest, if not the earliest, view we have, is a delightful little woodcut published as an illustration in the Rev. J. B. Marsden's "life" of Samuel Marsden. Here we see the "eternal hills" ranged against the sky-line, the National flag flying from its high staff in the middle distance, while in the foreground are two tall trees, obviously intended to represent a brace of our so-called cabbage-tree (*cordyline Australis*) but which under the "improving" touch of an English artist have been converted into South Sea Island palms.

The appointment of a British Resident at New Zealand undoubtedly was effected with some reluctance in England, and since his salary was made an annual charge upon the revenue of the Mother colony it was regarded with distinct disfavour in New South Wales. The payment to him of £500 per annum as remuneration and £200 as an allowance was regularly protested



against by certain members of the Legislative Council, on the ground that it should be a "national" and not a "colonial" charge, and while this opposition prevailed the Governor did not feel disposed to give him any further assistance to discharge the duties that were expected of him. At no stage of his public career was Mr. Busby embarrassed by official generosity, and in his correspondence he does not forget to launch a shaft of satirical comment upon parsimony which he believed "to be almost without precedent in such an appointment as mine." In these circumstances Mr. Busby doubtless found finance difficult during his official years, but growing family responsibilities would make additions to the Residence imperative, and in course of time there grew up on either side of the original rooms a wing built of New Zealand timbers. The northern of these wings, it is said, disappeared as the result of fire, but it has now been rebuilt as part of the scheme of restoration initiated by the Waitangi National Trust Board. This restoration is complete to the degree of reinstating the shingles on the roof and to the flags of Sydney stone with which the verandah was originally paved. It is the intention of the Board to have some of the rooms furnished in the style of the Victorian era, so that visitors to Waitangi may see them as they were in 1840, and recall again the days when, according to an officer of H.M.S. *Alligator*, Mr. Busby, in the course of his difficult administration, "exhibited the feelings and principles, as well as the manners of a gentleman," and when, in addition to the hostility of a section of the natives, he had to meet "the coolness

and jealousy, not to say rudeness, with which he was received by most of the resident traders."

When Mr. Busby settled down at the Bay he took up his abode on a point opposite the Town of Kororareka (now Russell) which was then the largest European settlement in New Zealand. Here, at Waitangi, he erected his house—the historic British Residency—and proceeded to discharge his duties as best he could. The British Government was able to invest him with but little authority and no power, and for many years it has, most unfairly, been customary to deride him with the epithet of the cynic—"a man-of-war without guns." As a matter of fact, Mr. Busby was a man of parts, a man of education and of high integrity, who for seven years filled with marked ability and diplomacy an office that was far from being a sinecure. His position was, however, too anomalous to last under the increased attention New Zealand was receiving from whalers, sealers, merchants and settlers of other types. Sir Richard Bourke, the Governor of New South Wales, under whose jurisdiction Mr. Busby was, warned the British Government that the presence in New Zealand of a British Resident devoid of power was too hollow a pretence to be continued without loss of national dignity, and urged that his position should be strengthened, or that he be withdrawn.

Representations such as these of Sir Richard Bourke began to crowd in upon Lord Melbourne's Government, and by 1839 Ministers were slowly coming to the conclusion that something would have to be done. Just what should be done they did not know. While he



Government Publicity Dept. Photo.

THE RESTORED TREATY HOUSE.





LORD AND LADY BLEDISLOE SURVEY THEIR GIFT.

At the Direction Dial on the summit of Mt. Bledisloe. The indicator seen on the left facet of the pedestal is pointing through the earth directly to London, 7,833 miles distant.

was Secretary of State for the Colonies, Lord Glenelg had recommended the sending out of an officer invested with Consular powers, but after he left the Colonial Office, his recommendation seemed to be forgotten, and no official action was taken.

In the meantime, a private organization, known as the New Zealand Company, promoted for the purpose of carrying out colonization on a large scale, entered into negotiations with the Government, and as a result, believed they were to receive a measure of official encouragement.

At this juncture the Colonial Office, now under Lord Normanby, revived two important reports, one from Captain William Hobson, R.N., who had paid a flying visit to New Zealand in H.M.S. *Rattlesnake*, in 1837, the other from Mr. Busby, who had been resident in the country for several years. Both those officers propounded schemes for the betterment of the British settlers, and the tenor of those reports changed the whole line of Ministerial thought. If Ministers had ever intended to sanction the proceedings of the New Zealand Company, they now decided that the colonization of New Zealand must be the responsibility of the State, and not the business of a private company. The New Zealand Company accepted the challenge, and sent off their pioneer ship, the barque *Tory*, to lay the foundations of their scheme of settlement somewhere in the vicinity of Cooks Strait.

Under the restraint of greater responsibility, the Government had necessarily to proceed more leisurely, but finally they despatched Captain Hobson, R.N., to



the Bay of Islands, invested with Consular powers, and with instructions to enter into negotiations with the native chiefs for the surrender of their sovereignty to the British Crown. Captain Hobson in due course arrived, and at a large meeting of chiefs and others, held in a tent erected in front of Mr. Busby's house at Waitangi, on Wednesday, 5th February, 1840, he submitted to them a treaty\* which proposed three things:

1. That the chiefs of New Zealand should cede their sovereignty to the British Crown.
2. That they should retain the full possession of their lands, estates, forests, fisheries and other possessions, but that they should yield to the Crown the pre-emptive right to purchase their lands.
3. In return for these concessions, they were to receive the full privileges and protection of British subjects.

This compact, which is known as the Treaty of Waitangi, was signed inside the tent on the following day by all the chiefs present, and subsequently by a large majority of chiefs in other parts of the Islands. Thus by the process of cession was New Zealand merged into the British Empire.

Under this arrangement Captain Hobson became Lieutenant-Governor of the country, Mr. Busby being superseded in his office as British Resident. Mr. Busby,

\*Although this Treaty was submitted by Captain Hobson, it was actually drafted by Mr. Busby, Captain Hobson being too indisposed to perform that office. The original copy in Mr. Busby's handwriting, and dated 3rd February, 1840, has recently been discovered among some of his papers now in the possession of his descendants, living at Tokomaru Bay. For the complete history of the Treaty see the author's *The Treaty of Waitangi*.



however, continued to reside at the old Residency, at Waitangi, and having acquired a considerable area of land from the natives, he managed his affairs from his original homestead until his death in England, in 1871.\* The property later passed out of the hands of his family and fell into the possession of others, under whose management it seemed not to prosper.

It was, however, still the scene of New Zealand's birth as a British nation, and as such it was visited early in 1932, by His Excellency the Governor-General, Lord Bledisloe, and Lady Bledisloe, who were at once charmed by the romantic beauty of its situation, and impressed by its historic interest. Their Excellencies there and then conceived the idea of purchasing the property and presenting it as a gift to the nation, to be preserved as a national reserve. Their negotiations for its acquisition were successful, and on 10th May, 1932, His Excellency wrote to the Prime Minister, the Right Hon. G. W. Forbes, formally offering the property—the old British Residency, together with 1,000 acres of the surrounding land—as a gift to the State. On the same day the Prime Minister replied, gratefully accepting the gift.

The estate was at once handed over under a Declaration of Trust, and subsequently the "Waitangi National Trust Board Act, 1932," was enacted unanimously by Parliament. This statute set up the Waitangi National Trust Board, as the governing authority of the estate, and in the following year the

\*He is buried in the Norwood Cemetery, London.

“Waitangi Endowment Act” was passed, providing for the administration and development of a further area of 1,300 acres which Their Excellencies desired to set aside as an endowment in support of their original gift.

Thus, by the munificence of Their Excellencies, the old British Residency, together with the site whereon the Treaty of Waitangi was signed, passed into the possession of the people of New Zealand. There was, however, much to do before the historic house and the surrounding grounds could be brought into a satisfactory condition. This work was immediately put in hand by the Board, and the Government bridged the Waitangi River to improve access to the estate, as part of a general scheme under which it is hoped tourists will be sufficiently interested to visit and view with respectful admiration “the cradle of our nationhood.”

Immediately on hearing of the Vice-Regal gift, the Nga-Puhi people\* resolved further to nationalize the situation by erecting a handsomely carved *Whare Runanga*, or great meeting-house, on the Residency grounds, if permission so to do could be obtained from the National Trust Board. The idea underlying this conception is twofold. It is desired to have two buildings, Maori and *Pakeha*, standing side by side, thereby symbolizing the friendly relations of the two races, and lending an emblematic colour to the historic words of Captain Hobson, as he shook hands with the

\*The Maori people who reside in the northern portion of the Auckland Province, and in whose territory Waitangi is.



chiefs at the signing of the Treaty of Waitangi, "*He iwi tahi tatou*"—"We are now one people."

To the Maori the *Whare Runanga* is to carry the additional significance that it will ultimately represent a building of pure Maori construction, a tangible monument to their native handicraft, in which there will be visible the revived art of all the schools of Maori carving. It is to stand as a classic example of their ancient architecture, and as a testimony vibrant of their restored culture.

Permission to erect such a *Whare Runanga* was granted by the Board in March, 1933, and the Nga-Puhi people then decided that the laying of the foundation stone, and the consecration of the carved *paepae*, or threshold, of this house should synchronize with the restoration of the old Residency, and with the ninety-fourth anniversary of the signing of the Treaty of Waitangi. It was this decision that inspired in the Maori mind the idea of acknowledging through the medium of a great *hui*,\* so organized as to embrace all the tribes in New Zealand, the munificence, the historic significance and the patriotic spirit of Their Excellencies' gift. "Be assured our weaponed ancestors salute you both for your noble gift of sacred Waitangi" are the eloquent words of the Aupouri people, from far Te Reinga, and it is the effort made by the united tribes of New Zealand to translate into action the spirit of this tribute that is described in the following pages.

\**Hui*—A coming together, a great gathering of the tribes.



## CHAPTER I.

---

### A CARNIVAL OF GRATITUDE.

Aotearoa's sons, ye warriors bold, awake! awake!

They come! they come!

Welcome ye strangers! *Naumai! naumai!*

DURING the closing hours of January, and the early days of February of this year, all roads led to Waitangi. The reason for this consensus of direction, and unanimity of movement, was an impelling desire on the part of Maori and *Pakeha* alike to pay tribute to Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Bledisloe, to whose public spirit and generosity we are indebted for the gift to the nation of "our most historic spot," the site whereon the Treaty of Waitangi was signed on 6th February, 1840. To this great carnival of gratitude there came not only thousands of Europeans, but the largest and most united gathering of Maoris known in the history of their race. From north and south, from east and west, and from the centre of the North Island, "the stomach of the fish," they marched in, animated by tribal pride, but restrained by native dignity. The dimensions of the gathering may be assessed from the official record of native attendance, which numbers the tribal contribution at 6,155, and those taking part in the various entertainments at 1,384. Of the Europeans present at the various ceremonies, we unfortunately have no such

authentic census, but at its peak 5,000 is not an excessive estimate.

Of the unity of the gathering we may judge by the fact that no important section of the native race was unrepresented. In organizing this national tribute to Their Excellencies, the objective of the Maori leaders, at whose head stood their representatives in Parliament, was to have each of the 73,000 units of their tribesmen "looking the one way," as they expressed it, and they succeeded to an almost miraculous degree. If their people required the inspiration of leadership they were given it, and that leadership brought together tribes which for years had been estranged, and who have sedulously eschewed visiting each other. For this reason there was much jubilation at the presence of the young Maori king, Koroki Mahuta, at the head of his Waikatos, for he is the first of his line to visit Nga-Puhi territory since King Tawhiao's fruitless pilgrimage to Waiomio, in an effort to induce Maihi Paraone Kawiti and other Northern chiefs to yield to him their allegiance.

Hoani Te Heuheu, the youthful leader of Ngati-Tuwharetoa, came down from his high plateau at Taupo to mingle with men of the plain, and Arawas from the boiling waters of Rotorua fraternized with the Taranaki tribes whose *kaingas* lie under the shadow of snowy Egmont. The call to the tribes—the inhabitants of the canoe areas—brought the men and women of *Matatua*, *Horouta* and *Takitimu*,\* i.e., the Ngati-

\*Names of the three canoes.

Awa, Tuhoe and Whakatohea of the Bay of Plenty, with their neighbours the Ngati-Porou and Ngati-Kahungunu from the Land of the Rising Sun. Whanganui, the New Zealand Rhine, sent its quota, descendants of the men who served the Great White Queen under Major Kemp (Te Keepa Te Rangihwinui) while the presence of Ngati-Raukawa and other tribes inhabiting Manawatu recalled the stirring deeds of the fierce Te Rauparaha.

Though few in numbers, the southern Ngai-Tahu came from far Murihiku, "the last joint of the tail," to salute Northerners from whom they had been separated by wide spaces, and by bitter animosities for hundreds of years.

A portion of an old-time *powhiri* or *haka* of welcome, which was performed by the women of the North and also by the women of Ngati-Porou, one of whose number had taught it to the former, may aptly be quoted here:

*Solo:*           Taku powhiri e rere atu ra  
                  Ki te hiku o te ika,  
                  Te puku o te whenua,  
                  Te pane o te motu ki  
                  Te whakawhititanga i Raukawa  
                  Ki te Waipounamu, e . . .

*Chorus:*       E i aha tera e!  
                  Haramai koe i te powhiritanga  
                  A taku manu!  
                  Haramai koe i te powhiritanga  
                  A taku manu!

*Solo:*           He tiwaiwaka 'hau na Maui!

*Chorus:*       Tiori rau e he ha!

*Solo:*           He tiwaiwaka 'hau na Maui!

*Chorus:*       Tiori rau e he ha!





Auckland Weekly News Photo.

LAUNCHES ARRIVING AT TI POINT WHARF.



Government Publicity Dept. Photo.

PORTION OF THE TI POINT CAMP.

The Treaty House is seen among the trees in the middle distance.



*Solo:* My call has gone forth  
To the tail of the fish,  
To the belly of the land,  
To the head of the island  
Thence by the crossing at Raukawa  
To the land whose streams  
Abound in greenstone!

*Chorus:* The call has gone forth!  
So come ye at the welcome  
Given by my bird!  
Respond ye to the cry  
Of my bird's welcome.

*Solo:* I am the fan-tail of Maui,

*Chorus:* Chirping restlessly to and fro.

*Solo:* I am the fan-tail of Maui,

*Chorus:* Gaily singing, darting here and there!

And yet another strain of Polynesian blood blended in Maori cousinship, for here were all the *Arikis* of Rarotonga, attended by a happy group of entertainers from across the sunny ocean, come to offer salutations to a people who, in the olden time, had sprung with them from a common ancestry. Thus the traditional Nga-Puhi *marae*,\* or courtyard, at Ti Point became for the moment the hallowed ground of tribal reunion, a ground where new affections were forged and new foundations were laid for future co-operation. There old feuds were forgotten, and ancient grudges obliterated in the desire to express to Their Excellencies, with united voices, gratitude for a gift that had called into being such an amazing union of hearts.

Not alone has Their Excellencies' gift accomplished a magnificent piece of missionary work, by stilling dark passions and spreading the spirit of friendship, but in

\*Open space, or courtyard in the centre of a Maori village, where all ceremonials are held.



another way it has brought home to the Maori how much the Treaty of Waitangi is his Magna Carta, how much it has been his shield against foreign aggression, and his protection against race suicide. Tersely was this latter virtue put by that grand old man of the Arawa, Mita Taupopoki, in one of his speeches: "But for the Treaty, Nga-Puhi would still be eating me," and again by Tau Henare, of Nga-Puhi, who declared that the Treaty alone stood between them and annihilation, for "Without it the people of the North, including myself, would be slumbering in our graves."

To the *Pakeha* the gift has likewise brought home its lessons. It has revived a deep consciousness of responsibility that was becoming blurred, and it has reopened windows that were becoming darkened, to a light that has revealed anew the responsibility we owe to the Maori race. The gathering held at Waitangi in February last thus not merely afforded an opportunity to express a nation's gratitude to Their Excellencies. It did more than that. It presented an unique occasion for a national stock-taking. Under the Treaty signed on the 6th February, 1840, political promises were made, national faith was pledged, on the strength of which the heritage of the Maori was surrendered to the *Pakeha*, and it was now well to ascertain how far the trust reposed by the one had been regarded by the other.

The most convincing answer to that question is the gathering itself. The amount of organization necessary to bring it into being was a task the herculean nature of which is known only to those engaged in it. Nothing but a whole-hearted devotion to its purpose could have

surmounted difficulties that at one stage of the negotiations seemed blankly insurmountable. Yet, undaunted, the organizers went on to overcome, and did overcome, their most stubborn obstacles. To the proposal that a great *hui* be held to commemorate the occasion there came at last a unanimous "*Ae, ae,*" and in due season the green hills across the Bay saw a town of tents spring up with amazing rapidity and completeness on Ti Point's sandy flat.

There were large tents, small tents, round tents, square tents, and tents of varied colours, but everything was systematic and orderly. This canvas city was divided into tribal areas, each being distinguished by a flag emblazoned with some emblem of tribal significance. For each community there was provided a full share of domestic comfort, not forgetting a sprinkling of calico shops of mushroom origin, where there might be purchased both necessities and delicacies. For mass provisioning there was a large dining-room, presided over by uniformed waitresses. In the distance could be heard the strident tones of a gaily-painted merry-go-round, on which light-hearted *tamariki*\* passed happy hours at threepence a time. In the centre of the "city" there stood a large circular marquee, wherein during the daytime the elders debated weighty political questions, but which, by way of contrast, was at night given over to the joys of song and dance.

Indeed, the camp was full of these contrasts, for slim young girls paraded in beach pyjamas, while close

\**Tamariki*, Maori children.



by there sat well-developed women of an older day, chin tattooed with those few lines once so prized, "just to keep the wrinkles away." There were maidens smoking cigarettes, while elderly deep-bosomed matrons contentedly puffed at pipes, bearing marks of long consecration to the service of My Lady Nicotine. Some greetings were exchanged in the ancient and honoured manner of rubbing noses, some by the modern method of shaking hands. Strings of crystal beads glittered on the smooth brown necks in friendly rivalry with the jade *hei-tiki* of the Stone-age, and flax garments, woven long ago by tender hands, jostled with the latest product of the modern loom. Still the old and the new seemed to blend with an ease and grace that left everyone happy.

At night brilliant electric lights were everywhere, and the dance-room was all agog. So were the Maori policemen appointed to ensure a due observance of the civic code. The methods of these officers were not always orthodox, but they were invariably effective, and woe betide any delinquent who ventured to defy their apparently unlimited authority. Everything was supervised, from the locking of a water-tap to the direction of miles of road traffic. Drunkenness was non-existent, and disorders were unknown.

As an act of foresight, fields of *kumara* had been planted months in advance, tons of food were accumulated, flocks of sheep and herds of cattle were driven in to satisfy the needs of hungry men.

When the camp was fully populated, the average daily consumption of potatoes was two tons, and of



meat seven head of cattle, and yet there was neither shortage of supplies nor a lack in variety of diet. Of this, the steam from native ovens, and the smoke from well-equipped kitchens was testimony, eloquent indeed. Spacious stands were erected from which spectators might view the native dances, and loud-speakers were installed, by the aid of which the distant might hear as well as those more fortunately situated.

All this was done, at a sandy spit known as Ti Point, famous in Nga-Puhi history as a tribal meeting-ground, one edge of which is washed by the waters of the Waitangi River, the other is laved by the wavelets of the historic Tokerau, or Bay of Islands, as, since the days of Captain Cook, it has been called.

It was here that in olden times the chiefs of Nga-Puhi held many fateful *koreros*.\* An historic mound situated behind the large circular marquee which was such an imposing feature of the camp, is known as *Tou-rangatira*,† and it was upon this classic spot that these conferences were invariably held. Here it was that Nga-Puhi camped when Captain Hobson called them to Waitangi, and it was while sitting upon *Tou-rangatira* and other smaller mounds near it that the leaders of that day deliberated upon the significance of his visit and of his overtures. Here, too, it was that in 1881, the tribe determined to commemorate the Treaty by erecting a monument upon which the terms of the compact are engraven, "so that eyes may look thereon from year to year," and here also is situated one of their most important

\*Discussions. †The seat of the chiefs.

meeting-houses, about which there once lingered visions of a Maori Parliament sitting to make laws for the Maori people. To this Point travellers by land might come by car, or any other form of vehicular carriage, ancient or modern, while the railway brought its crowds of passengers to the terminus at Opua, whence they came by launch to a temporary wharf breasting out into the Bay. But whether the visitor came by land or sea, no one could enter the camp without passing under a massive archway, across which there ran in huge letters the words, "HAERE MAI," the Maori equivalent for "Welcome," and *haere mai* was in the hearts as well as on the lips of Nga-Puhi, the *tangata whenua*,\* upon whom, under the leadership of Mr. Tau Henare, M.P., devolved the onerous duty of acting as hosts.

Here then is the summation of our stocktaking, for what must have most impressed the observer who took the trouble to think about it, would be the fact that the expenditure of time, labour and money† involved in these initial preparations, was surely not the contribution of an ill-used, disgruntled, or rebellious people. It is impossible to read into their seemingly magic achievement, anything but a whole-hearted desire to express the fulness of their gratitude to Their Excellencies, and a monumental testimonial of Maori adhesion to the Treaty which brought them under the protection and shelter of the British Crown. Well might the sea glint its approval, and the sun

\*The men of the land.

†The monetary expenditure by the Maoris was generously subsidized by the New Zealand Government.



shine down its benediction upon labour so cheerfully given in so meritorious a cause.

The spirit of the Waitangi celebrations could not be better expressed than in the words of the song of welcome, which, led by the maidens of the North-land was taken up by the assembled throng as Their Excellencies walked into their midst at Ti Point:

Karangatia ra! Karangatia ra!  
Powhiritia ra nga iwi nei,  
Nga mano tini, haere mai!  
He hui aroha mou, e Kawana,  
E ngau nei te aroha  
Me te mamae!

Nau, e Kawana! Nau ra, e Whae!  
I wero ki taku uma,  
Titi rawa i te manawa;  
Oho ana te mauri, Aue au!  
Nga ohaki a nga tupuna,  
E ngau nei te aroha,  
Me te mamae.

The English version fails somewhat to convey the sentiment of the Maori race, which welled up from full hearts on the historic day and found voice in the Gregorian chant, which reverberated across the waters of the Bay of Many Islands, but inadequate though it be, here is its carol of welcome:

We bid you welcome! We bid you welcome!  
We greet you tribesmen, and all ye peoples.  
Come in your thousands, we greet you all!  
We meet to tender to thee, our father,  
A gift of love from our swelling hearts.

'Twas thou, O Governor! And thou kind Lady,  
Whose pointed shaft did bite so deeply  
Into our hearts, so long benumbed!  
Where are the relics of our forefathers,  
The things they prized and loved of old?



## CHAPTER II.

---

### HAERE MAI!

Softly and gently and chanting most sweetly  
Uplift they their welcome, *Haere mai! haere mai!*

THOUGH we may sometimes suspect a touch of melancholy in the Maori countenance, there can be, when occasion calls for it, much joy in the Maori heart, and few people take their pleasures less sadly than they. Mirth sparkles, laughter bubbles forth, action springs to life, animation takes command, and in a moment the *kainga* is ringing with the strains of a *waiata*, or the sound of a dance that matches the rhythmic movement of a score or more of lithe and kilted bodies. It was in this spirit of native gaiety that the entertainment side of the Waitangi celebrations was conceived. There were to be Maori songs and chants, dances—war and ceremonial—peaceful welcomes and armed displays. At this point, however, in the North a curious discovery was made, a discovery as surprising to the Maori people themselves, as it would have been to their white neighbours had they known of it. It was found that in the intervening years, the patriarchs of the race had passed away, and carried with them much of the ancient culture that had given the Maori a distinguished place among the Polynesian peoples. The craze for apeing the *Pakeha* had resulted in the neglect of their own folk-lore and traditional knowledge. The Northern



New Zealand Railways Publicity Photo.

THE NGA-PUHI HAKA OF WELCOME.



Auckland Star Photo.

SOME MEMBERS OF THE MAORI ARISTOCRACY.

From left to right: Princess Piu Piu, Princess Te Puea Herangi, Hoani Te Heuheu, King Koroki Mahuta, Pei Te Hurinui, Haunui Tawhiao, Kahu.



generation of to-day, therefore, knew little of the old-time songs that charmed the early traveller, or of the vigorous *hakas*, the fury of which terrified the ancient stranger. This was a weakness not lightly to be regarded; but not everything was lost. Under the stimulating guidance of Sir Apirana Ngata, the dynamic personality in Maori life to-day, the Ngati-Porou people of the East Coast still retained a love of the ancient lore, and had kept their minds and bodies in tune with the arts and accomplishments of their forefathers. This vein of learning was at once drawn upon to supply the deficiency, instructors were sent out to the backward *hapus*, and soon the Northern villages were ahum with chants, new though old, and instinct with dances strange to the modern youth, though familiar enough in the days of yore.\*

Nor was this all. The poetry of the song, the rhythm of the dance, demanded new and appropriate garments for the occasion, and in an incredibly short time a busy army of flax scrapers, weavers and dyers was called into being to fabricate the native finery, with decorative patterns for the dainty *poi* dancers,

\*Other districts which retained a knowledge of these songs and dances, and used the same on ceremonial occasions were the Whanganui River, Taupo, Rotorua and the Bay of Plenty. It was in North Auckland that they had been lost, partly because they had been discouraged in the early days by the missionaries, and partly because successive generations of Northerners had become isolated from their southern neighbours. The East Coast instructors were sent North at the invitation of Mr. Tau Henare, who, on his visit to the East Coast during April, 1933, had been impressed with the revival among the youth of the Ngati-Porou of these old-time concomitants of ceremonial welcomes.

and plainer *piupius* for the more lusty warriors. Old weapons had to be looked out, and in some cases new ones made, for a *haka* or *peruperu* (war-dance) without the flash of a *mere* or the flourish of a *taiaha* would be a *haka* or *peruperu* tame indeed.

Thus there was brought about a tremendous revival of Maori culture, a renaissance of Maori domestic and social art, which one ventures to hope will not be spasmodic, but that it will be nurtured into an abiding influence in modern Maori life. Wide in its variations and in its appeal, exacting in its demands, stimulating in its colourful effects physically and intellectually, ancient Maori culture in some of its aspects is too good a thing lightly to be lost.

The proficiency of the instructors, and the efficiency of the pupils were at once apparent when the programme of entertainment was opened at Waitangi. There were many rehearsals as the preparatory days went by, each arriving contingent of tribesmen having their own welcome, after crowded trains had brought them to Opuā, and launches loaded to their licensed capacity had fussed through the sea to bring them to Ti Point. The first of these tribal receptions took place on Thursday, 1st February, when a section of the Ngāti-Porou of the East Coast reached Ti Point camp. The East Coasters had pushed on to assist their Northern pupils in the preliminary ceremonials of welcome to other tribes, and were much gratified with their progress. To the Nga-Puhi the plaudits of their renowned visitors were most encouraging and repaid many months of laborious and strenuous practice.



On Saturday, 3rd February, the most important of the tribal receptions took place, when the representatives of the three greatest tribes from the centre of the North Island—the Waikatos and Maniapotos from Te Kuiti, Waahi, and Ngaruawahia; the Arawas from Rotorua; and the Ngati-Tuwharetoa from Taupo—to the number of 750, reached the camp. There had been delays inseparable from complicated transport problems, and their coming was late. To while away the time the Nga-Puhi and Ngati-Porou contingents, who had been among the first arrivals, brought their male and female *haka* parties into the spacious *marae*, and in the presence of hundreds of interested *Pakeha* onlookers, lightened the burden of waiting with trial performances of the various items they were to contribute to the main programme. Thus the hours went merrily by, until a drenching rain storm blew up from the east, and drove performers and spectators to the shelter of the tents and grandstand. This was but a temporary discomfort, for soon the sun shone out again, and the ceremony of welcome, which began at 2.30 p.m., well rewarded the patient crowd for their long wait, and lack of lunch.

The Northern and East Coast *haka* parties formed up in bright sunshine, over 300 strong, with some 100 warriors in front armed with spears, ready to begin the Nga-Puhi war-dance. Reminiscent of olden times, many of the men had their faces decorated with patterned lines in imitation of the once honourable *moko*, but others, less meticulous, were content with a simple dab of homely shoe polish on each cheek.



The recipients of the welcome marched on to the field through a wide lane of natives, headed by a war party of Taupo men, some 70 strong, stripped to the waist, and wearing *piupius*, a kilt-like dress made from narrow strips of flax which, under suitable treatment, curl into a reed-like form. In this case, these *piupius* were dyed black, lending a curiously fearsome aspect to the advancing column, each member of which was armed with a *tewhatewha*, or wooden weapon, with a head shaped like a battle-axe. Some yards in front of the main body were two leaders who created no small amusement as they pirouetted along, grimacing weirdly at the heavens above and at the earth beneath, violently swinging their *taiahas* the while. The Taupo men, adepts in the ceremonials of the *marae*, having been challenged by a Nga-Puhi runner, took up the gauge and advanced with clubs uplifted, chanting in chorus a measure preliminary to breaking into the *peruperu*, or war-dance. It was a critical moment. If the advancing host, which went to ground in order to leap into the air at the fugleman's shout, had not been checked in time, it would have taken command of the *marae* and so disgraced the crouching Nga-Puhi, whose privilege it was to give the first performance on their own ground. As the ranks of the Ngati-Tuwharetoa sank to earth, the home party, waiting in two divisions, broke into their dance, all leaping into the air as one, waving spears and uttering wild shouts, accompanied by violent facial contortions. Not the least remarkable feature of this aspect of the dance was the display of elongated

tongues, which in olden days would have been thrust out in the face of the enemy as the culmination of defiance.

The men of the North had of old struck terror into the hearts of many a besieged garrison, when in the witching hour of night, the brief space before dawn, they advanced to the attack with the shrill cry, "*Ia a a! Ia a a! Ia a a!*" followed by the blood-curdling shouts, which anticipated gloatingly the triumphant onslaught, the slaughter and the cannibal feast!:

A ka eke i te wiwi,  
Ka eke i te wawa,  
Ka eke i te paparahua  
I rangi tumu huia!  
E ka eke! Ka eke!

Resistless we shall storm the palisades,  
Swarming from all sides,  
Taking terrace after terrace,  
Ascending to the platforms,  
Where we shall gloat over the grim feast,  
Even unto the summit, reaching proudly to the sky!  
Ah! we shall reach it,  
We shall reach it!

The shouting triumphant chorus, punctuated with the united stamp of the many hundred feet of trained warriors could not be reproduced in the mimic warfare enacted at Ti Point, but the modern display was striking and vivid enough to impress the imagination with what might have happened a century earlier.

Immediately the dance of the hosts had ended, the Taupo party broke into action, and returned the compliment, this being by ancient custom a sign of



peaceful intent. Theirs was a dance executed with no less seeming ferocity and with a magnificent precision coming naturally from a tribe which, by virtue of its isolation has, perhaps more than any other, preserved unaltered the spirit and movements of the traditional war-dance. It was the well-known

Uhi mai te waero!

O, ko roto ko taku puta.

He puta aha te puta?

He puta tohu te puta,

E rua nei ko te puta,

Hue!

which their fathers and some indeed of those who took part in the Ti Point performances, had danced before Their Majesties at Rotorua in 1901, before the Prince of Wales in 1920, and before the Duke and Duchess of York in 1927. A very free rendering into English is as follows:

Gird yourself in the dogskin-cloak

And leap into the fray!

The battle, what of it?

Warrior meets warrior, man to man,

Ha! The battle is joined!

Its conclusion was the signal for an outburst of enthusiastic applause, in the midst of which, by a skilful evolution, the performers divided into two extended columns. Between these living lines, the chiefs of the visiting delegations walked down in stately procession. In the centre of the front rank marched the young Maori king, Koroki Mahuta—shy and nervous—supported on his right by that genial Nga-Puhi, Mr. Tau Henare, M.P., representing the



hosts, and on his left by the Apollo-like Hoani Te Heuheu, the worthy inheritor of a great and ancient name. In the second rank there were other lights in the Maori aristocracy, and at the end of their walk these *rangatiras* were shown to seats, preparatory to witnessing the amusements provided for their afternoon's diversion.

Flanking the "Royal" gallery were two historic Union Jacks belonging to the Arawa people, one being a treasured flag presented by Queen Victoria, through the Duke of Edinburgh, in 1870, to Te Pokiha Taranui, better known to Europeans as Major Pokiha, the hero of several hard-fought campaigns against the fanatical Hauhaus.

The entertainment of welcome began with songs by a large and picturesque party of Nga-Puhi women, whose dresses of red symbolized the brilliant colouring of the Pohutukawa blossom. Some of their songs were old, but adapted to modern conditions, and they were accompanied by graceful movements of the body and rhythmical swaying of the arms. The Northern men followed with *hakas* of a ceremonial character; then came the women from the East Coast, dressed in black, with a further *repertoire* of songs, and still more *hakas*, performed with much ardour and skill by the Ngati-Porou men. These two tribes occupied the rôles of pupil and teacher in regard to the ceremonial *haka taparahi*, which followed the opening war-dances. The women chanted the *powhiri*, the text of which has been given in the first chapter of this story, while

the men performed the age-old dance of *Ruaumoko*, the Earthquake god.

*Solo:* Ko Ruaumoko e ngunguru nei!

*Chorus:* Au! Au! Au e ha!

*Solo:* Ko Ruaumoko e ngunguru nei!

*Chorus:* Au! Au! Au e ha!

*Solo:* A ha! ha!

*Chorus:* E ko te rakau a Tungawerewere

A ha! ha!

He rakau tapu na Tutaua ki a Uenuku,  
I patukia ki te tipua ki Orangitopeka,  
Pakaru te upoko o Rangitopeka,  
Patua ki waenganui o te tau ki Hikurangi,  
Te toka whakairo e tu ake nei,

He atua! he tangata!

He atua! he tangata! Ho!

*Solo:* He atua, he atua, tau Paretaitoko  
Kia kitea e Paretaitoko te whare haunga.

*Chorus:* A ha! ha!

Ka whakatete mai o rei he kuri! Au!

*Solo:* A ha! ha!

Na wai parehua taku hope ki

*Chorus:* -A whakaka te rangi ki a tare au! Ha!

*Solo:* He roha te kawau!

*Chorus:* Ha!

*Solo:* Kei te poutara

*Chorus:* Tu ka tete, ka tete!  
Tau ha!

*Solo:* Hark to the rumble of the Earthquake god!

*Chorus:* Au! Au! Au e ha!

*Solo:* 'Tis Ruaumoko that quakes and stirs!

*Chorus:* Au! Au! Au e ha!

*Solo:* A ha! ha!



New Zealand Railways Publicity Photo.

A SONG OF WELCOME BY THE NGA-PUHI WOMEN.





Auckland Star Photo.

HON. SIR APIRANA NGATA SPEAKS TO THE TRIBES.

*Chorus:* It is the rod of Tungawerewere,  
The sacred stick given by Tutaua to Uenuku,  
It struck the monster Rangitopeka  
And smashed the head of Rangitopeka  
Cleaving the twin peaks of Hikurangi  
Where the carved rock emerges,  
A gift of the gods! The wonder of men!  
A miracle of Heaven! The lure of Mankind!

*Solo:* 'Tis divine! 'Tis divine!  
Behold Paretaitoko  
Searches and finds the hidden places!

*Chorus:* A ha! ha! Where the dogs gnash their teeth  
In frenzy! Au!

*Solo:* A ha! ha!

*Chorus:* They have gnawed and bitten deep  
Until in pain I see the heavens blaze,  
Ere I faint! Ha!

*Solo:* Like the shag with outspread wings!

*Chorus:* Ha!

*Solo:* In the throes!

*Chorus:* With its last expiring breath, Ha!

The speech-making was commendably brief. Sir Apirana Ngata, stripped to the waist, and carrying a *mere*, appeared between the kneeling ranks of his tribesmen, in the capacity of spokesman. He gallantly congratulated the young women of Nga-Puhi upon their creditable display, seeing that until quite recently they had so little opportunity to become proficient in the old-time songs and dances. He greeted all the visiting tribes by name, and in welcoming King Koroki, humorously chided the king's great uncle, Haunui Tawhiao, for not yet having taken advantage of an invitation to visit the ever hospitable East Coast.



Sir Apirana's welcome was endorsed by Mr. Tau Henare, on behalf of Nga-Puhi. All speakers on both sides, including Haunui Tawhiao, of Waikato; Hoani Te Heuheu, of Ngati-Tuwharetoa; and Mita Taupopoki, of Arawa, embellished their remarks with words in praise of the Treaty of Waitangi. Then with more songs and more dances there closed a reception that was indeed typical of others that had preceded it, and of some that followed it, but which was unique in that the central figure was the young Maori king.

A reception following with unexpected rapidity was that extended to the Rarotongans. Just as the sun was setting, and dame Dusk was spreading her sombre mantle over bay and hill, the Island contingent arrived, leaving no time for elaborate ceremonial. In a brief but cordial speech Sir Apirana Ngata welcomed the new-comers, emphasizing the bond between them and the natives of New Zealand, a bond that was, he said, especially strong on the occasion of these Waitangi celebrations.

An appropriate reply was briefly offered by the Rarotongan leader, Makea Ariki Nui Tinirau, and with as little delay as might be, all energies were bent to seeing these buoyant-spirited Islanders comfortably quartered for the night. They had landed at Wellington on the 8th January and since then had visited Waitara, near New Plymouth, Putiki (Whanganui), Kohupatiki (Hawkes Bay), Wairoa, Gisborne, Tokomaru Bay and other East Coast *maraes*, also the Bay of Plenty and Rotorua. To a people who inhabit an island encircled by a level road only twenty miles in length the great



distances and rough contours of Aotearoa were not a little trying.

Next morning they had much to intrigue them in the novel sights of the camp, and in mingling with their Maori cousins. Not the least spectacular of these novelties was the arrival of the last of the Maori contingents to enter the camp, the chosen forces of Taranaki, Whanganui, and Manawatu, whose coming was the more welcome since it made complete the circle of tribal representation.

The seal was set upon the kind reception given to the Rarotongans when at lunch time they brought into the large dining marquee a number of Island-made baskets of bark, containing golden-hued bananas, a tempting addition to the already varied and toothsome fare. So pleased were the Maoris with the gift that a *haka* was given on the instant, an outstanding figure in this spontaneous demonstration being Mr. Taite Te Tomo, M.P. for the Western Maori District.

## CHAPTER III.

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### WHITHER THE TRIBES GO UP.

Rows of warriors, dusky, warlike,  
Line the earth and make it bristle.

SUNDAY was remarkable for the arrival of thousands of European visitors, who came by deeply-laden launches, and in cars of every age and description. It was a day of brilliant sunshine, tempting all those who had finery to wear, to give it an airing. In the morning there was a great reception to the Whanganui and Taranaki peoples, who were entertained by the Taupo warriors in the black *piupius*, and the Waikato dancing girls, from Ngaruawahia, in their beautifully patterned bodices. Near by a quieter note might have been heard. From a large circular tent came the sound of chanting, indicating that there a mission priest was celebrating mass.\* The afternoon was made memorable by the Anglican service, conducted on the open *marae* by His Grace Archbishop Averill, and Bishop Bennett, the Maori Prelate of Aotearoa,† supported by twenty surpliced clergy of the Maori Church, when thanksgiving to God was offered up for the blessings emanating from the Treaty of Waitangi. To his compatriots an address was delivered by the

\*The services of the Roman Catholic Church which were held in the camp were conducted by the Mill Hill Fathers who are missionaries to the Maori. Services of the Methodist Church were also conducted in the camp by the Rev. Tahupotiki Haddon.

†The native name for New Zealand.

Bishop of Aotearoa in Maori, of which the following is a translation:

“Greetings to all the tribes assembled here, gathered as we are to pay our tribute of praise and do honour to all those of your forebears who signed the great deed in the year 1840. From that year to the present, we, their descendants, have experienced the benefit which has come to the Maori people on account of their foresight. They planted the seed, but we, their descendants of the century after them, have seen the remarkable growth of the tree and the abundant fruit it is still producing.

“It is now nearly 100 years since they signed the Treaty. It is a remarkable thing that it has been left to our present Governor-General and Her Excellency to estimate the true value of this Treaty. When they realized the value of this transaction it touched a chord of admiration and affection for the ancestors of both races. They determined that the block of land upon which Waitangi stands should not be used for bartering purposes, but should be dedicated for ever as a memorial to the signing of the Treaty of Waitangi. As soon as they had the titles completed, they made a present of the whole block of land to the people of New Zealand, *Pakeha* and Maori.

“We are gathered together here to-day first of all to express to Their Excellencies our very deep appreciation for this great gift to the people of this country, and secondly to be reminded once again of the spirit which underlies the Treaty—namely, unity and peace between the *Pakeha* and Maori for all time.

“I have no hesitation in saying that God must have inspired Their Excellencies in making this generous gift. We all know that our Governor-General is a God-fearing man. We have many evidences of



this in his addresses where he often mentions the name of God. The gift is so tremendous that nothing short of an inspiration from God could have led him to make the gift.

“The land has now been donated by them to *Pakeha* and Maori alike. The Trustees are appointed from both races, a symbol of the unity between the two. Let us therefore grip the hand of the *Pakeha*, let us work together, each bearing his proper share, so that we and all our country may enjoy the blessings of God in the days ahead of us.

“Let us not forget the spiritual side of the Treaty of Waitangi. It was the Christian Faith which gave birth to this deed. The original deed was written in the handwriting of the Rev. Richard Taylor. The principal interpreter of the deed was the Rev. Henry Williams. Many of those who witnessed the signatures to the Treaty were missionaries. This is the reason why I say to you, do not forget the spiritual side of the Treaty. Had it not been for the Church of God, probably there would never have been a Treaty of Waitangi.

“In all our thoughts about this deed, and in all our rejoicings on this day, let us not forget the great part undertaken by the spiritual leaders who had so much to do with the origin of the Treaty.

“Let us also rejoice to-day that this wonderful gift made to us by Their Excellencies has been made by servants of God, who are ever conscious of the spiritual values underlying all their work.

“Let our thanksgiving to God be expressed in the words of the prayer: ‘We beseech Thee give us that due sense of all Thy mercies, that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful, and that we show forth Thy praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives; by

giving up ourselves to Thy service, and by walking before thee in holiness and righteousness all our days.' ”

The singing of the familiar hymns in the Maori tongue, and by Maori voices, was a pleasant innovation to the crowded congregation of reverent worshippers, to whom the eloquent Archbishop preached from the passage in the 122nd Psalm: “ Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord,” emphasizing during the course of his address the influence of Divine grace in bringing together the two races, Maori and *Pakeha*, under the Treaty of Waitangi. The one link which bound together and made the people great was the love which that day he brought from the church of the missionaries, the message of the love of the *Pakeha* people for their Maori brethern.

Later there followed a joint entertainment by the slender fair-skinned Rarotongans, and the more swarthy Maoris from Taranaki and Whanganui, the tribes from Taranaki supplying a bevy of *poi* girls and a *haka* party, those from Whanganui a women's *haka* followed by a vigorous *haka* danced by a party of bronzed men.

The theme of both of the men's *hakas* was the same, the event which drew all Maoridom to Waitangi, to acknowledge and do honour to the Vice-Regal gift. The text of the Whanganui *haka* is given below :

Haere ra nga morehu o te motu nei

Ki runga o Nga-Puhi

Kia kite kohiwi, kei rongo korero,

Kia kite kohiwi, kei rongo korero.



Te wahi tena i hainatia ai te Tiriti o Waitangi  
 Te mananga o te iwi Maori ki raro ki a Kuini.  
 Ka tuhi, ka rapa, ka uira katoa te Maahu.  
 Ki okioki e, toia te waka!  
 Ki okioki e, toia te waka  
 Ki runga o Nga-Puhi.  
 Ka whakatakotoria te koha a te Kawana  
 Ki nga iwi e rua, Maori, Pakeha  
 E noho nei i Nui Tireni  
 Whiti! Whano! Haramai te toki,  
 Haumi, e! Hui, e! Taiki, e!

The remnants of the Maori tribes are  
 assembling in the territory of Nga-Puhi,  
 to see with their own eyes, and not be  
 content with hearsay. Here is the spot  
 where was signed the Treaty of Waitangi,  
 by which the Maori people acquired rights as  
 subjects of the Queen.  
 It glows, it flashes, it lights up the firmament!  
 Have you rested? Then draw the canoe!  
 Have you rested? Then draw the canoe,  
 Drag it into the midst of Nga-Puhi,  
 There to witness the displaying of the Governor's gift  
 To the two races, which inhabit New Zealand,  
 Maori and *Pakeha*.  
 Up and act! Down with the axe,  
 Join the pieces together firmly that they may endure!

The musical numbers of the Rarotongans were a  
 very special feature, their songs being marked by an  
 altogether more sprightly tempo than those of the  
 Maori. One which they had to repeat several times  
 took the form of a greeting to the New Zealand tribes,  
 and still another told of the beautiful Rarotongan  
 legend which relates that the moon rises in Hawaiki  
 and sets in Aotearoa. An action song of great ethno-  
 logical interest and equally elegant in its execution  
 represented the voyage of the first canoe from Hawaiki  
 to Rarotonga, the girls being seated in a row with





New Zealand Railways Publicity Photo.

THE WHANGANUI WOMEN ENTERTAIN.



Auckland Weekly News Photo.

THE RAROTONGAN DANCERS.

the men standing behind and going through the motions of bailing and paddling. Another differed from any traditional Maori dance in that men and women alternated in the ranks, facing this way and that.

Between these two bands of performers, Maori and Rarotongan, there was at once observable an interesting contrast in colour and style. An expert observer remarked that the Rarotongan dancer almost instinctively raised his heels and danced on the balls of his feet or on his toes, which facilitated the hip action, so characteristic of the Island dancing. His Maori cousin, on the other hand, stood solidly on one foot, while with the other he stamped with varying vigour to the accompaniment of slapping hands and strident, raucous voice. The Rarotongan dance was grace personified, the Maori ferocity itself.

Some of the Rarotongan songs may be given here:

GREETINGS TO THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

Oro mai ra e te Kavana e  
Ki runga i Waitangi;  
Teia te ui Ariki o Rarotonga  
Te ariki atu nei i a koe.  
Akatau to mata ki te vakanui o Aotearoa,  
Oro mai ra e te Kavana e,  
Oro mai, oro mai ra!

Welcome to you, oh Governor,  
Welcome to Waitangi!  
We who are the Ariki of Rarotonga  
All sing your praises to-day.  
Look with affection on our kin of Aotearoa,  
Greetings to you, oh Governor!  
Welcome once more, to you!

The second text is adapted from an old Rarotongan chant, which refers to the canoe, Te Au-ki-tonga, in



which the celebrated Samoan chief, Karika, landed at Avarua and compelled Tangiia to share the beautiful Island of Rarotonga with him.

Tauira i te Po.  
 Tauira i te Ao!  
 E anga nga Tua ki te Po,  
 E anga a Makea Nui ki te Ao;  
 E Ariki manamana no nga tini,  
 Te papa e neke mai.  
 Kare au e neke atu,  
 Tumu au no te enua mei Po mai.  
 Te Tumu, e neke mai!  
 Kare au e neke atu!

*Chorus:* Tumu au no te enua mei taito mai,  
 Avaiki e, Avaiki e!  
 Tokerau te matangi i ana mai ei au,  
 Mei Avaiki mai.  
 Ko Te Au-ki-tonga, ko Te Au-ki-tonga  
 Taku vaka, mei Po mai.  
 Ko Makea te Ariki, e ume  
 I te marokura e.

The lightning flashes in the day,  
 It cleaves the sky at night.  
 Turn your backs towards the Dark,  
 Makea Nui faces the Light,  
 An Ariki wielding power over thousands,  
 Let the Earth move towards him.  
 I shall not move towards it,  
 I am the foundation of the world,  
 Even from the primeval Darkness.  
 Shall the foundation move?  
 No! it shall not move.

*Chorus:* Root of the Earth from ancient days,  
 From Avaiki, ah, from Avaiki!  
 The North wind has wafted me hither  
 From Avaiki, ah, from Avaiki!  
 Te Au-ki-tonga was my canoe  
 Famed in the days of old;  
 And Makea was the Lord,  
 The wearer of the sacred red girdle.

The Government motor-vessel *Matai*, with the Vice-Regal party on board, had arrived at Russell on Saturday night, and in the bright sunshine which favoured Waitangi on Sunday, His Excellency and a party from the vessel made the trip to the mainland and motored to Mount Bledisloe, the highest point on the Waitangi estate. Here a vista of scenic beauty and historic association meets the eye wherever it turns, for no part of New Zealand is so rich in both as the blue waters and the green hills of the Bay of Islands.

Monday, the first of the great days of anticipation, dawned with a blue sky, and soon developed a tropical heat. At daybreak two units of New Zealand's naval force, H.M.S. *Dunedin* and H.M.S. *Diomedé*, crept into the Bay, and anchoring off old Kororareka, lay with their light-grey hulls silhouetted against the dark hills, their masts being hung with a cloud of bright bunting.

From an early hour the camp was astir with preparations for the initial stage of the official entertainment—a welcome to the visiting members of Parliament. These dignitaries and their wives, who had travelled by night from Auckland,\* arrived by launch from Opuā, and when the Prime Minister, the

\*The transport and comfort of the Parliamentary Party was supervised by the Department of Internal Affairs, under the guidance of its Minister, the Hon. J. A. Young, M.P. Distinguished, though unofficial, visitors in this party were Sir John Sandeman Allen, Member of the House of Commons for Liverpool, West Derby Division, and Lady Allen, and Sir Walter and Lady Windham.



Right Hon. G. W. Forbes; the Leader of the Opposition, Mr. M. J. Savage; the Minister of Finance, the Right Hon. J. G. Coates, accompanied by the Australian representatives, the Hons. F. H. Stewart, and R. W. D. Weaver, took their seats in the already crowded grandstand, they looked upon a spectacle not paralleled in New Zealand for many years. Thousands of people, white and brown, thronged the *marae* an hour before the appointed time of the welcome—11 o'clock. Meanwhile moving-picture operators, amateur and press photographers, were looking for points of vantage, and sometimes fighting their way to attain them. Fringed by deep ranks of spectators, the centre of the wide courtyard was at last cleared of its wandering humanity and here in squad after squad the performers were drawn up in readiness for a programme which was designed in a spirit of lightness and humour which would not be so apparent on subsequent occasions.

Promptly at the appointed hour, a band of several hundred Nga-Puhi warriors, carrying feather-tufted spears, burst in upon the scene and hung like hounds upon the leash, waiting the word of command. Sir Apirana Ngata, garbed in the warrior costume of his ancestors, and brandishing his greenstone *mere*, held them at bay for a moment, while he announced to the distinguished guests that there would be no Maori speeches during the welcome:

“As there are Parliamentarians present, and they are used to speeches, there will be none by the home people at this particular ceremony. It is sufficient for the visitors to know that there is a great crowd



of Maoris present. That is a speech in itself. This is the spirit of Waitangi. It may be misunderstood, but the Maoris of New Zealand would like to retain some of their ancient culture, and it is well that the Parliamentarians should realize that. The people of New Zealand would regret it if they lost the Maori and the best of his culture."

Then, turning and pointing with his shining *mere* to the Maori cohorts behind him, he said smilingly and significantly, "Here is the speech. We welcome you."

The voice of Maoridom instantly became articulate in a mighty shout, as Tau Henare and his fearsome men brandished their spears with well-feigned ferocity. Stripped to the waist, and with faces liberally figured in *moko* designs, Nga-Puhi made an impressive picture, as their tawny bodies glistened in the sun. Then came their *peruperu*, or war-dance, one transmitted to them by their ancestors, who used it in olden times when attacking a *pa*. During its performance the *tohungas* looked for omens.\* If the omens proved favourable they would go on to the attack, if unfavourable they would suspend operations and wait for another day. On this occasion the omens must have been propitious, for Nga-Puhi went right on to storm and conquer the hearts of the visitors with their awesome display. The text of this war-dance has already been given on page 29.

\*The following *haka* sung by Nga-Puhi, under Hongi Hika, before the battle of Te Ika-a-ranga-nui, in 1825, when attacking the Ngati-Whatua, of Kaipara, may be taken as an example of a *haka* in which the omens were sought. Ngati-Whatua

Something in a milder note followed, a women's welcome, and Nga-Puhi women can be gracious and winning, so much so, no one suspected that in this item they were giving for the first time in public a fragment of long-lost, but recently-recovered Maori culture.

Here Nga-Puhi made their retiring bow, and with machine-like precision a great party of Arawas filled the stage, the women garbed in woven bodices and lustrous *piupius*, the men in flaxen mats. These were ceremonial garments of great beauty, a testimony to the skill of Arawas' weaving experts. The wearers of this "fine raiment" gave a posture dance with melodious part-singing, the theme of the song and dance referring to the traditional High Priest of the Arawa canoe, Ngatoro-i-Rangi, who led his people in the migration of "the fleet" of A.D. 1350.

The items which followed were vastly different in character. The Maori has always regarded the *haka* as a legitimate channel through which he can express his mind, and ventilate his feelings. On this occasion

were defeated, owing to Nga-Puhi's muskets, and most of them were destroyed:

Ka mate koa Kaipara, nei?	Will Kaipara be destroyed?
Ae!	Yes!
Ka mate koa Kaipara, nei?	Will Kaipara be destroyed?
Ae!	Yes!
Ka mate koa Kaipara,	Kaipara shall be destroyed,
Ka tu te wehiwehi,	They stand in fear,
Ka tu te wanawana,	They stand trembling,
Ka tutu te puehu,	The dust shall fly
Ki runga ki te rangi,	To the Heavens above,
A ko te puke i Aotea	And the hill of Aotea
Ka piki, ka kake,	We climb, we ascend,
Hi! ha!	Hi! ha!
Ka taupatupatu te riri.	Destructive shall be the battle.



some of them seized the opportunity to represent their views on things governmental, and the relations between the Maori and Europeans. To the natives the references were easily understandable, and not a few of the *Pakehas* gained some idea of the import of the chants. The first of these topical compositions came from Ngati-Kahungunu, of Hawkes Bay. They addressed their song to the official visitors, the theme being the interest taken in the Maoris by Lord Bledisloe. The essence of the chant was in these eloquent words:

If we gain no object, at least we give our greeting to the Governor, because we love him. All our arts, crafts, songs and poetry were nearly lost, but at least there will be some good out of this meeting should it inspire us to retain our ancient accomplishments.

The interesting feature of the Ngati-Kahungunu performance was that it was purely a modern composition in melody and action. It more nearly resembled the Rarotongan dances than the other Maori performances heard at Waitangi.

Then followed the speeches of the chief Parliamentary representatives, in acknowledgment of the welcome. The theme of the Prime Minister's address was the assurance that they were all at one with the Maori in his effort to attain a higher status in life. Mr. Forbes declared:

"I wish to say on behalf of the Government and Parliament that you have our utmost goodwill, and that all we can do to help the Maori to develop and become a prosperous citizen, you can rely on us to do."



In approbation of this declaration of friendship, Te Rauparaha's jubilant song, *Ka mate, Ka mate, Ka ora, Ka ora*, was delivered in *haka* form by the assembled tribes, led by Te Taite Te Tomo, with great vigour, eliciting equally vigorous applause from the onlookers:

Ka mate! Ka mate!

Ka ora! Ka ora!

Ka mate! Ka mate!

Ka ora! Ka ora!

Tenei te tangata puhuruhuru

Nana i tiki mai whakawhiti te ra.

Upane! Upane!

Upane! Kaupane!

Whiti te ra!

Death, Death.

Life, Life.

Death, Death.

Life, Life.

This is the man, the hairy man

Who has caused the sun to shine.

Up and up,

Up and up,

The sun to shine.

The Right Hon. J. G. Coates spoke in historic and reminiscent strain, recalling a similar gathering "which these hills and these slopes of Waitangi saw 94 years ago." He then proceeded to discuss eloquently and sympathetically the Maori claims, and their desire to retain their own culture:

"We have tried to make the Maori a *Pakeha* and we have failed; however, there is no reason why the two races should not march forward together, in perfect harmony."



THE WAIKATO SONGSTERS.

J. F. Loudon Photo.





Government Publicity Dept. Photo.

THE ARAWA POI GIRLS.

Mr. Coates said the symbols adopted for New Zealand currency were indicative of the combined national outlook, and his announcement that the new crown coin would depict the actual signing of the Treaty was received enthusiastically. "This," he said, "will show the outside world that to New Zealand the Treaty means everything."

Mr. M. J. Savage, Leader of the Opposition, took his stand upon the spirit of Waitangi:

"If we who are assembled here to-day will pledge ourselves to our Maori brethren, to give effect to the spirit, as well as to the letter of the Treaty, all will be well."

The Hon. F. H. Stewart, Minister of Commerce in the Federal Government of Australia, saw something fitting in his own presence, for he was the representative in the Federal Parliament of Parramatta, the old home of Samuel Marsden, who 120 years ago came to bring to the people of New Zealand that message of good will that had been ringing down through twenty centuries of time. Like his fellow townsman, he too brought a message of good will, a message of encouragement and of congratulation.

The Hon. R. W. D. Weaver, Minister of Health and Works in the New South Wales Government, recalled the early historic association of his State with New Zealand, and eulogized their mutual services in the realm of sport.

All this had occupied a full morning, and after rounds of ringing cheers, an adjournment was made



at 1 o'clock to such sources of nourishment as each could command, for there was even a larger programme to occupy the afternoon, when Their Excellencies were to be the guests of honour. To those responsible for the marshalling of the performing parties the morning ceremony just ended was in the nature of a rehearsal for that which followed in the afternoon. The pleasure it gave to the distinguished company on the stand and to the thousands who surged round the *marae* bore witness to its success and was a happy augury for the more auspicious performance soon to follow.

## CHAPTER IV.

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### POWHIRI AND POI.

But now behold the nymphs subside,  
The rythmic motion ceased, and lo  
The ranks give way, the van flies off  
Unfolding warriors to our view.

A WINDLESS afternoon and a sweltering sun, were the atmospheric conditions that made possible a gathering of the Maori and European peoples unrivalled since the historic visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall thirty-three years ago. The glories of cloudland were not entirely absent, for a great bank of billowy white mountains lay like a frescoe along the horizon, but no fleecy vapours floated into the blue dome above to give respite from this sudden burst of solar energy. It was a day of days, and one meet for such an occasion as the great national welcome tendered to Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Bledisloe. Though necessarily playing a more or less passive part in the ceremonies, the *Pakeha* portion of the assembly was none the less in warm sympathy with the movement, for they too have long since learned to admire the versatility of His Excellency, the graciousness of his Lady, and the generosity of both. To the Maori it provided a double satisfaction. For him it crowned the crusade which had been actively prosecuted in the *kaingas* for some time—to bring about a renaissance of his native culture—and it elated him to feel that



he was able to employ his recovered possession in the cause of sincerity and gratitude. These were the incentives underlying the native ceremonies about to take place, for Their Excellencies' kindly interest in the race, their gift of the historic Treaty House to the nation, and its reflex action upon the Treaty itself have appealed to the Maori with a force to which nothing less than a gigantic *hui* such as this, could give adequate expression.

This was the culmination of the preparations, which during many months had stirred Maoridom from north to south and from east to west, the great event which had drawn representatives "from the four winds" to signify in appropriate ceremonial with the old-time concomitants of song and dance the nation's sense of gratitude to the Governor-General and his good Lady. A subsidiary, yet potent attraction, was the trophy given by Lady Bledisloe for the tribal representatives who should score the highest aggregate points in the Native dances, songs and folk-lore. The prize had been appropriately named "Te Rehia Trophy," a name inspired by the Maori expression, "*Nga mahi a te rehia, a te harakoa*," the equivalent in English being "the arts of pleasure and of joy." Promised nearly eight months before and announced at a gathering at Ohinemutu, Rotorua, the trophy was handed by Her Excellency during the reception at Ti Point to Mr. Tau Henare, M.P., to hold until the winner should be ascertained. The Native Minister had already made it known to the tribes that the Waitangi celebrations would be the occasion for the initial competition. This

added zest to the spirit of rivalry already existing and inseparable from the meeting of so many different tribes.\*

Precisely at 2.30 p.m. the Vice-Regal party left the Government steamer *Matai*, a salvo of gunfire from the warships anchored out in the Bay coinciding with Their Excellencies' arrival at the wharf. Cheers from the assembled multitude numbering 10,000 greeted Lord and Lady Bledisloe, as, escorted by Mr. Kepa Ehau and three A.D.C.s, they made their way to the official grandstand. Here a number of prominent chiefs, including King Koroki Mahuta, the Rarotongan *Arikis*, and all the distinguished European guests, including His Excellency Sir Murchison Fletcher, Governor of Fiji, were already seated.

Between the grandstand and the large circular marquee two hundred yards away, near which the performers were marshalled before entering the arena, stretched a broad lane over the sandy field. The observer on the stand saw on his left a dense mass of humanity, mostly *Pakeha*, for there the field was widest and the performers presented the best view. On the flanks Maori and *Pakeha* intermingled, sitting or standing many deep. In front of the stand representatives of missionary families and of the early northern settlers were seated on the ground, watching with keen and friendly interest the advance of the

\*This trophy was awarded by the judges to the Arawa contingents, Ngati-Porou and Ngati-Tuwharetoa being bracketed second, with Nga-Puhi third. The occasion of the next contest will be determined by the Native Minister.



Northern *haka* parties to their privileged position as hosts to be first to welcome the guests of honour. With 370 men in the war-dance party and 150 maidens and women dancers the Northern tribes mustered nearly one-third of the total number of the ceremonial entertainers, and they occupied the whole width of the field. Behind them were drawn up, ready to take their part in the carnival of *haka* and *poi*, the Southern representatives in the following order: The men and women of Taupo, the Ngati-Tuwharetoa, with two ranks of Princess Te Puea's *poi* dancers from Waikato; the men and women of the Arawa tribe from Rotorua; the men and women of the *Matatua* canoe from the Whakatane and Opotiki districts; a small party of men and women of the Ngati-Kahungunu tribe from Hawkes Bay; parties of men and women from the Whanganui and Taranaki tribes; and in the rear, to hold the interest of the spectators at that end of the long lane until they should be ready to advance to give the final Maori performance of the afternoon, the men and women of the Ngati-Porou tribe from the East Coast. In all there were nearly 1,400 performers, the largest number that has graced any *marae* in receptions of this character since Their Majesties, as the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, visited Rotorua in June, 1901.

Immediately Their Excellencies and staff were seated on the stand the men of Nga-Puhi and allied Northern tribes with their representative, Tau Henare, at the front, leapt to their feet at the command of the fuglemen, Mutu Kapa and Turei Heke. "*Ia a a!*



*Ia a a! Ia a a!*" burst from over three hundred voices in a shrill, hair-raising chorus, and then the ranks of stalwart, athletic men with outstretched arms grasping their *koikoi*, or spears, broke into the fierce measure of the *peruperu*, "*Ka eke i te wiwi! Ka eke i te wawa!*" They danced as novices no longer, but with the confidence of veterans, who had faced the most critical eyes of Maoridom four times already on this field and with the consciousness, that before them were the representatives of His Majesty the King and of the Government and Parliament, the *Pakehas* of New Zealand and the flower of the Maori tribes, while behind them, ready to enter the lists in the friendly rivalry of dance and song, were trained experts of other tribes. The thunder of the full-throated Nga-Puhi rent the air, while the ground shook with the thud of some seven hundred feet. The performance, however, lacked finish and decisiveness, the perfect co-ordination of voice, tempo and action which had been exhibited two days earlier by the men of Taupo; the widespread ranks, which included a large number of eager striplings, had not been welded sufficiently into a compact unit. But, nevertheless, it was an impressive spectacle. It was martial, it was warlike.

As the Northern war-dancers came to rest after their strenuous *peruperu*, their women-folk advanced along their left flank, featuring in their garments the emblematic red of the Pohutukawa—the Christmas flower. They repeated the dance of welcome with which they had received the visiting tribal representatives the previous week, followed by a graceful

action song, during which a tiny girl, conducted by Fanny Hare Tana, presented to Her Excellency a floral bouquet. As Her Excellency graciously stooped to kiss the little dark-eyed child, there came from the dancers a musical tribute which seemed sweetly to blend with the spirit of the flowers. In song they extended to Their Excellencies a most cordial welcome to historic Waitangi. With elegant gestures they waved from the *marae* this message of peace and good will for both races as thus they sang:

We, the people of the North, extend to your Excellencies a most cordial welcome to Waitangi, the most historic spot in New Zealand. You bring hither peace and good will for both races to treasure now and hereafter. Such treasures shall always be stored in our memory as something of great value. We, the masses of the people, hereby extend to you a most cordial welcome.

The Northern hosts and hostesses having acquitted themselves well, merged into the ranks of the onlookers and so cleared the arena for Hoani Te Heuheu and his Ngati-Tuwharetoa. Without waiting for the customary *wero* or challenge, an omission which did not escape the keen eyes of the judges, this party advanced at the double, sank as one man to the earth, then leapt high with *tewhatewhas* raised, keeping their suspended feet parallel with the ground. They delighted the spectators with a remarkable demonstration of the war-dance, a fine example of suiting words to action, and action to words. They then retired behind a screen of *poi*-dancers, Princess Te Puea's Waikato girls, who were supported by two long rows of Taupo women.





New Zealand Railways Publicity Photo.

THE NGATI-TUWHARETOA WAR-DANCE.



Auckland Weekly News Photo.

NGATI-TUWHARETOA WOMEN IN AN OLD-TIME ACTION SONG.



The gracefulness of the *pois* by the Waikato party cleverly illustrated the gliding passage of the fan-tail, *te piwaiwaka a Maui*, and the flight of the white heron, *te kotuku rerenga tahi*.

*Haere mai! e te kotuku rerenga tahi,  
Te manuhiri tuarangi!*

Welcome! thou rare white heron of one flight,  
Great stranger from beyond the sky.

This was the sentiment of their song and of their dance and a more graceful compliment could not well have been laid at the feet of Their Excellencies than this of these "nymphs and naiads" of Waikato. With nimble hands and supple bodies the girls, in quicker movements, intermingled double and single *pois* in a manner quite bewildering. They made a striking picture in the display of multi-coloured flaxen robes, choice *taniko* designs in head-dress and bodices, with rare richness of *piupius*.

The Waikato screen withdrawn, the Taupo women advanced to perform an old-time action song, "*Ka tuwhera, ka tuwhera a Pihanga*," the low throbbing voices emitting sounds like that of the *roria* or Jew's harp. This was an item adapted from the amusements of the *whare karioi*, where the youth of both sexes formerly indulged in song and dance. Out in the open on the wider arena of Ti Point it lacked the verve and sprightliness of the *poi* dance. A *haka taparahi* occasioned the second appearance of the Taupo men, who danced the famous *Puhikura*, *puhikura*, *puhikaka* of the Ngati-Raukawa chiefs Wairangi, Upoko-iti, and Pipito, the story of which is related by Dr. Peter Buck

(Te Rangi Hiroa) in the *Journal of the Polynesian Society*.\*

Ko te Aea-o-ia-rangi,  
Ko te Aea-o-ia-rangi,  
Hui ake!  
Ko te Aea-o-ia-rangi,  
'O-ia-rangi.

Ka whakakopura Ruarangihape,  
Teina o Tupateka  
O Tupateka e—  
O Tupateka, huakina!  
Huakina! Huakina!

Puhikura, puhikura, puhikaka!  
Ka whakatautapa ki Kawhia  
Huakina!  
Huakina! Huakina!

Tahi kariri, toru, ka wha!  
O matamata hopukia,  
Homai ra to whiri kaha, toro kaha,  
Kia wetewetea, hei!  
Wetewetea, hei!  
A te, a ta, a tau!

It is Te Aea-o-ia-rangi  
It is Te Aea-o-ia-rangi,  
Come together!  
It is Te Aea-o-ia-rangi  
'O-ia-rangi!

Ruarangihape grows old,  
He the younger brother of Tupateka,  
Of Tupateka, eh!  
Of Tupateka, of Tupateka!

Open, yes open!  
The red top-knot, the *kaka* plume!  
Chant your challenge towards Kawhia!  
Open, yes, thrust asunder!

\*Vol. 19, p. 201, of the Society's *Journal*.



For it is war once more,  
Seize your weapons!  
Put forth your utmost strength  
And sever the cords that bind you—  
Thus, and thus and thus!

The telling of the story takes longer than the action it recalls, but the performance of the Ngati-Tuwharetoa deserves more than a passing reference. The New-Zealander who saw it realized the value of the asset his native land possesses in such survivals of the ancient Maori culture.

Hoani Te Heuheu and his people now joined the ranks of the spectators, but left on the field the veteran Paora Tahau, to whom had been assigned the task of challenging the expectant Arawa war-dancers. This he did right well with *taiaha* pointed forward and much gesticulating, accompanied by contemptuous grimaces, and out-thrust tongue, defying the crouching *toas*. The mimic challenge ended with throwing a pointed stick at the feet of the Arawa leader, who picked it up, and gave chase, followed on the run by his party, all armed with *taiahas*. The Arawa in their advance thus complied with custom and scored a point over their Taupo cousins. But in the succeeding war-dance, of which the words and actions repeated the "*Uhi mai te waero*" already given by the Taupo men, they fell a trifle short in height and uniformity of leap and in the fierceness of their gestures. The expert observer would give them precedence over the Nga-Puhi, but place them after the men of Taupounui-a-Tia. This was due to the large proportion of youths in their ranks, who were taking part for

the first time in an out-of-door grand ceremonial performance.

While the Arawa men rested before dancing a *haka taparahi* a hundred young women of the same tribe gave two items, which to the *Pakeha* mind were perhaps the most attractive offering of the afternoon. The first was an action song, which demonstrated the voyage of the Arawa canoe from the now-forgotten Hawaiki, bearing the ancestors of both Te Arawa and Ngati-Tuwharetoa, the canoe commander Tama-tekapua, and the famous priest Ngatoro-i-rangi. It was adapted from an East Coast composition, which told of the ancestor Paikea and his adventure across the seas on the back of a sea-monster. The Arawa version runs thus:

Uia mai koia, whakahuatia ake

Ko wai te waka nei, e?

Te Arawa

Ko wai te tohunga o runga?

Ko Ngatoro-i-rangi! Ko Ngatoro-i-rangi!

Whakakau Tainui, hei!

Whakakau Matatua, hei!

Whakakau Tokomaru, hei!

Ka u Te Arawa ki Maketu,

Pakia!

Ko Tama-tekapua te tangata o runga,

Me awahi o ringa ki te ruahine

A Ngatoro-i-rangi,

Nana i noho te kei o te waka;

Aue! Aue! ka raru koe Toro e.

Ask me and I shall declare

What is the name of the canoe?

It is Te Arawa!

Who is the high priest aboard her?

Ngatoro-i-rangi; 'Tis Ngatoro-i-rangi!

The canoe Tainui glides along, hei!



The canoe Matatua glides along, hei!  
The canoe Tokomaru glides along, hei!  
And Te Arawa lands at Maketu,  
Applaud!

Tama-te-kapua is her commander  
He it was who embraced the wife of Ngatoro-i-rangi,  
While the poor priest sat astern.  
Alas! alas; How Toro was deceived!

The arrangement was modern, but the art was of the highest and revealed the careful preparation which the women and girls of the Hot Lakes district had undergone. The action song ended, the singers re-formed in five ranks, and then presented five distinctive *pois* simultaneously. With beautifully made *piupius* suspended from artistic *taniko* waist bands that merged into bodices of woven flax-fibre, and with richly-hued head-dresses of the same material, they made a splendid setting to the flashing *poi* balls. The hearty applause which greeted the conclusion of their item testified to the popular judgment. But the experts pondered over the fact that these were modern adaptations, and that until time proved their classic forerunners could not be revived, they must be graded in the class of innovations.

The afternoon wore on. Three tribes had completed their part of the programme, and there remained five, and at the end the Rarotongans.

The men of the *Matatua* canoe, which tradition had linked with the Nga-Puhi of the North, followed Te Arawa. Ngati-Awa of Whakatane, Tuhoe of Ruatoki and Waimana, with Te Whakatohea of Opotiki joined in a *puha*, or war cry, the text of which,

slightly modified for the occasion, has come down the generations:

Ko te Puru! Ko te Puru koa!  
Whakatangatanga ki runga,  
Whakatangatanga ki raro!  
E kore te ora e tae mai ki konei  
I te ture a te mate,  
Ka pukawautia koa  
A-a-a te riri!

It is the Defender, the Defender!  
Rally to guard the upper portals,  
Hurry to defend the lower!  
Alas, we shall wait in vain for succour  
And fate is inexorable,  
Ay, relentless as death in the battle.

Compared with the parties which preceded them the Bay of Plenty warriors suffered by their smaller number. But they demonstrated in their fine physique, strident voices and forceful action the mettle which justified the ancient boast, "*He iti na Tuhoe, e kata te po!*" "A small war-party of Tuhoe, and Hades shall laugh!" Hades would laugh and gloat over the numerous slain, which such a war-party would despatch to the nether regions. In a famous lament for the chief Te Maitaranui, whose descendants were among the *Matatua* representatives at Waitangi, there occur these lines:

Te uri o Tuhoe moumou kai,  
Moumou taonga, moumou tangata ki te po!

A descendant of Tuhoe, waster of food,  
Waster of property, destroyer of men!

Their women-folk sang the song of one who saw afar the camp fires of the dread Nga-Puhi, which obscured the view of the site where the famous Treaty



had been signed. Would it ward off the menace of rates? Would it save the land?

Ka pau te whenua, kore kore ana!

Ka pau te whenua, kore kore ana!

The land would be completely devoured!

The land would be completely devoured!

Forty years earlier on the route of what is now the main highway from Rotorua to Waikaremoana and Wairoa the women of Tuhoe had stopped a survey and taken his instruments from the surveyor. And they had seen their tribal lands absorbed by the Government land-purchasers.

Smaller troupes followed in quick succession. More than two-thirds of the performers had now joined the throng of spectators, leaving in the arena the Ngati-Kahungunu of Hawkes Bay, the Whanganui and Taranaki dancers, and in the rear, patiently awaiting their turn, the Ngati-Porou. The Hawkes Bay items were marred by the fact that the performers wore flannels! Those who saw the magnificent dances performed by the Ngati-Kahungunu warriors before Their Majesties in 1901, and before the Prince of Wales in 1920, must have deplored the sorry spectacle of 1934!

Whanganui and Taranaki repeated the items which they had given the previous afternoon. The paddle dance of the former was a fine sight. It recalled the days when the river men shot the numerous rapids of the Wainui-a-Rua\* in their canoes on their way

\*The local name of the Whanganui river.

to the coast or poled laboriously along the steep banks on the way up-river to Tuhua.

E 'oe ana ki tai,  
E toko ana ki Tu'ua!

Paddling to the sea,  
Poling to Tuhua.

The *poi* dance of the Taranaki women was one of the features of the day. It was the only *poi* which was danced to a purely Maori measure, sung alternately by two leaders. These were of the clan of Te Whiti and of Tohu, the famous Taranaki priests, who, like Te Kooti of Gisborne, had founded religious cults among their people. These *poi* songs are still sung in the Taranaki villages on the eighteenth of every month in the year, and the *poi* is danced to their lilting measure without the aid of European musical instruments. The judges placed the Taranaki *poi* dance in a class of its own in that it was closer to old-time standards than any other seen on the field.

And now the rear-most party, the East Coasters, rose to give the final Maori dances of the strenuous day. Led down the whole length of the field by Sir Apirana Ngata, the men in front and the women following, they chanted vociferously the *ngeri*, the ceremonial song of a *haka* party advancing to its position on the *marae*:

E uhi tai uhi tai! e  
E uhi tai uhi tai! e  
E uhi tai ana koa  
Nga haemanga kei Waitangi ra,  
Kei tutuki to waewae  
I te poro o te paewai,  
E uhi tai uhi tai!





A SONG OF WELCOME BY THE NGATI-POROU WOMEN.

Auckland Weekly News Photo.



HOANI TE HEUHEU, CHIEF OF NGATI-TUWHARETOA.



The tide is running strong and high! Ha  
The tide is running strong and high! Ha  
Swift as the rip on Waitangi's shore.  
'Ware, beware your feet may strike  
The drifting logs that pass along,  
For the tide is running strong and high.

The song was repeated three times before the party reached position facing the stand and sank on their knees to await the ringing call of the fugleman. This was Te Kotuku, a son of Materoa Ngarimu, who was to figure the following day as the only lady speaker at the Residency grounds. He led the East Coast men in the famous *haka taparahi*, "*Ruaumoko*"—"the Earthquake god," the *piece de resistance* in the receptions to Royalty at Rotorua and one which tested to the utmost the proficiency of Maori dancers in this class of ceremonial dance. Then the Ngati-Porou women advanced to the front and danced the women's *powhiri*, the text of which appears in Chapter I.

This dance of welcome and *Ruaumoko* had been selected from an extensive *repertoire* for the instruction of Nga-Puhi in the six months preceding the Waitangi gathering. The Nga-Puhi now saw with intense appreciation the finished work of experts, who interpreted the significance of the ancient texts in the co-ordinated movements of body and limbs, in the flash of the eyes and in the turn of the plumed heads. Once more the men advanced, but this time through the ranks of the retiring women, as these sang:

Ka haere, ka haere taku powhiri

Ki te tai whakarunga!

Hoki mai, hoki mai ki Waitangi.

Ka haere, ka haere taku powhiri  
Ki te tai whakarakaro!  
Hoki mai, hoki mai ki Waitangi.

My welcome is sent speeding along  
To the seas that wash the southern lands—  
It returns, it returns to Waitangi.  
My message is sent speeding away  
To the seas that surround the northern lands,  
And returns once more to Waitangi.

The final item given by Ngati-Porou was led by Sir Apirana. Like *Ruaumoko* and other dances given during this great carnival the text had been transmitted orally through many generations, and each generation had adapted it to the topics of its day. The generation represented at Waitangi voiced the misgivings of a section of the Maori people, that its attempts to follow the advice of the well-meaning *Pakeha* in regard to many aspects of economic and social adjustments might not always be understood and appreciated.

The happy relations existing between the people of Rarotonga and the Government and people of New Zealand were well demonstrated, not only by the presence of the Rarotongan delegation, but also by two short ceremonies performed on behalf of the Islanders at this stage of the Vice-Regal welcome.

The first speech of the afternoon was made by Makea Ariki Nui Tinirau, who, through an interpreter, offered greetings to Their Excellencies, Ministers of the Crown, Parliamentarians and the people of Aotearoa, both Maori and *Pakeha*. He expressed sincere thanks for the invitation to his people to be represented and their pleasure at being present.



Makea recalled that Rarotonga had been part of the British Empire since the days of Queen Victoria, and that it had become so in 1901 at the request made to the Crown by the *Arikis* and *rangitiras*. These latter, whom the delegation represented, were proud to live under the British flag to-day.

The Rarotongan leader then presented Lord Bledisloe with an ancient battle-axe.

Two young girls, escorted by two youths, next advanced from among the dancers in the arena and made further gifts of a *taro* pounder and a large wooden fish-hook.

Lord Bledisloe in a short speech thanked Makea for his greeting and for the handsome gifts.

"I wish to say on behalf of Lady Bledisloe and myself and the Government and people of New Zealand how delighted we are to see you here on this historic occasion. We have the happiest recollections of the delightful welcome you accorded us when we visited your beautiful islands of Rarotonga last year. We thank you very much."

His Excellency then proceeded to invest Makea with the Cross of an Officer of the Civil Division of the Order of the British Empire, conferred upon him by His Majesty the King last June. He congratulated him, and expressed the hope that he might be blessed with long life, health and happiness to enjoy the honour.

Makea, who spoke in his native tongue, acknowledged in terms at once fluent and gracious the honour conferred upon him by his Sovereign. His remarks

were carried through the medium of the loud-speaker to the vast throng of listening Maoris, who, judging by their approving responses were able to follow with a remarkable degree of understanding the loyal sentiments of their cousin from across the sea of Kiwa.

The final item on the afternoon's official programme was one by the Rarotongan visitors. To them the honour was given of closing the day's entertainment. They were a band of beautiful people, altogether milder in feature, complexion and demeanour than the New Zealand Maori, a people less rugged because nurtured under a softer climate and less rigorous upbringing in their tropic home. These differences were at once observable in their performances, for, to the accompaniment of an instrument that might have once been an accordion, the Islanders danced and sang without a semblance of the Maori ardour. In their songs they were led by the Princess Tere, and these songs were melodious even if somewhat plaintive. Their dances were not war-like, but suggested rather an Eastern languor, except in the marvellous movements of the hips, indicative of a muscular control which the Maori has almost forgotten, or, under civilizing influences, has discontinued to use. A curious feature of the Islanders' dress was that both sexes wore skirts of white fibre strands dyed in horizontal bands of pink and cream. The girls were arrayed in bodices of light blue and all wore head-bands in which tufted quills were stuck. Dressed in these striking costumes the Rarotongans were a pleasant company to contemplate, the refinement of their culture again



being in marked contrast to the more vigorous displays of their New Zealand cousins. These contrasts interested no one so much as the participants themselves, both Maori and Rarotongan being curious to observe the differences which centuries of separation had induced. A charming addition to one Rarotongan dance was a little girl in a blue dress and fibre kilt who smilingly went through, with perfect grace and self-possession, the same motions as her elders, as they sang again this welcome to Their Excellencies:

Welcome to you, oh Governor,

Welcome to Waitangi!

We who are the Ariki of Rarotonga

All sing your praises to-day.

Look with affection on our kin of Aotearoa,

Greetings to you, oh Governor!

Welcome once more, to you!

A prominent figure on the *marae* all day had been Mr. Taite Te Tomo, M.P. for the Western Maori Electorate. Disdaining Maori costume, he filled the rôle of Master of Ceremonies in his shirt sleeves, and he did it with all the finish of an experienced showman and the merriment of a born humorist. Many of his directions to the performers were the essence of piquant criticism, and many of his sallies on passing events proved a mine of good fun to hundreds within range of his sonorous voice. Taite seemed to be enjoying himself, and everyone enjoyed Taite.

The afternoon was now well advanced, and in a cooler atmosphere and a softer light the Prime Minister, the Right Hon. G. W. Forbes, rose to officially convey to Their Excellencies the abiding gratitude

of both the Maori and *Pakeha* peoples for their gift of the Waitangi Estate. In warmest terms he complimented the assembled tribes upon their remarkable demonstration in appreciation of an act of generosity that would keep in daily remembrance the signing of the Treaty of Waitangi.

"But," he said, "we cannot leave it at that, and I wish now to say on behalf of the European section of our population how much we appreciate the kindly deed of Their Excellencies in establishing at Waitangi a memorial which will commemorate for ever the signing of that historic Treaty."

As a representative of the residents of the Northern Peninsula, the Minister of Finance, the Right Hon. J. G. Coates, desired to identify himself with the felicitous words of the Prime Minister, which, he said, faithfully reflected the sentiments of all the people of New Zealand, whether white or brown.

Amidst the plaudits of the listening multitude, His Excellency advanced to the front of the grandstand, and with evident signs of emotion delivered to the vast assemblage the following eloquent speech, which was prefaced by the Maori salutation, "*E te Iwi tena ra koutou*"—"O People, greetings to you all":

"I am deeply impressed and much touched by the loyal and enthusiastically cordial welcome (expressed in speech and gesture, song and dance) which this great assemblage of Natives and Europeans has extended to us both here to-day on the banks of the Waitangi River, whose waters witnessed 94 years ago the welding of the two races into one nation under the British Crown.



“That the Maori Race should have signalized our modest gift to the people of New Zealand of the adjoining estate—the cradle of the nation—by these commemorative celebrations is characteristic of their unswerving loyalty to the British Crown and is a gratifying testimony on their part to the sincerity of British honour and integrity. This gathering is convincing evidence that the doubts and fears which were prevalent in another bi-racial convention, which took place in 1840 a few hundred yards from here, have been effectively dispelled, and that to-day the Maori is walking confidently in step beside the *Pakeha* and that the *Pakeha* is walking in friendship and comradeship beside the Maori. Moreover, in bringing together Maoris of different tribes and sub-tribes from all over this Dominion—from Te Reinga to Murihiku (from the North Cape to the Bluff)—this meeting is a proof that the Treaty of Waitangi has served to unify the Maori people. It has quenched inter-tribal feuds, softened ancient grudges, and, above all, it has for ever abolished internecine wars and thus averted race suicide. On the part of those of us who belong to the British Race this gathering affords an opportunity of renewing our obligations to the Maori people—obligations which have become all the greater since, during the intervening years, our Race has become the dominant partner in the possession and enjoyment of this country, the sovereignty of which we still hold as a sacred and inviolable trust. Let Waitangi be to us all a “*Tatau Pounamu*”—a happy and precious closing of the door for ever upon all war and strife between races and tribes in this country—the place where all erstwhile antagonists have clasped hands of eternal friendship.

“It is well to remember on the present occasion that one hundred years ago British statesmen were

confronted by problems originating on the shores of this very Bay, problems which in their solution called for the pledge of a nation's faith to the Maori people. That pledge was given by Britain's then responsible ministers through the Treaty of Waitangi. Towards the beginning of the last century irregular British settlement was taking place in New Zealand. Its wild injustice called aloud for reform, and its sporadic character for regulation. The only remedy for this chaotic condition was the intervention of the British Crown. But the hands of the Crown were more than full with similar responsibilities elsewhere. India, Canada, Australia, South Africa, with their several problems and perplexities were then sources of considerable anxiety. Only the most far-sighted statesmen saw any wisdom in maintaining outposts of Empire at the risk of international jealousies and national impoverishment. Fewer still could appreciate the wisdom of adding New Zealand to these colonial problems. But the dictates of humanity and the clamant need for ordered government in this country became so insistent that they could no longer be ignored. Moreover, the possibility of some other European nation assuming control, to the detriment of British interests, was naturally not without its influence. The formidable difficulty facing Queen Victoria's ministers was the fact that New Zealand was a foreign country and outside their jurisdiction. The alternatives open to them were conquest or negotiation. As conquest with all its horrors was repugnant to the British mind and conscience, Captain William Hobson, of the Royal Navy, New Zealand's first Governor, was invested with consular powers and authorised to negotiate a treaty with the native chiefs for the cession, upon equitable terms, of their sovereignty to the British Queen. The honourable intentions of the British Government in this matter





LORD NORMANBY.



CAPTAIN WILLIAM HOBSON, R.N.



are fully and eloquently demonstrated in the instructions furnished to Captain Hobson by the Colonial Secretary, Lord Normanby, before leaving England. Eminently just in spirit, broadly humanitarian in principle, they form a document which any nation might be proud to have enshrined within its archives. How, within sight of this very spot, Captain Hobson carried out his instructions is well known. He was scrupulously careful and transparently honest in all his dealings with the Maori people. His one desire was that they should clearly understand both the pledges given to them by the British Government and their own responsibilities in accepting those pledges. In the three brief clauses of the Treaty the British Government undertook that in return for the surrender of the country's sovereignty it would ensure to the respective tribes their landed possessions, their forests and their fisheries, and that it would ever thereafter cast the protecting mantle of British citizenship over them and their descendants. These terms were accepted, and thus the Treaty of Waitangi became the basis of British settlement in New Zealand.

“Inevitably and admittedly the assumption of British authority, with the advent of different ideals and an entirely different code of ethics and of law, involved some misunderstandings and some heart-burnings, but an impartial survey of the situation as it exists after 94 years of actual experience discloses the fact that the Maori people still believe that the Treaty has a *mana* of its own, and still regard it as the Magna Carta of their political rights, while the European population are resolved to fulfil faithfully their obligations to the Maori people. There is indeed, on the part of each, a determination that the Treaty shall continue to be what has been well described\*

\*By Mr. Lindsay Buick in his *Treaty of Waitangi*.

as 'a pledge of security to the enterprising colonist, and a protecting garment to the unprotected Maori.' How different are the sentiments of harmony and mutual trust which animate us all to-day and those conflicting emotions which stirred the hearts of our predecessors near this very spot on the 5th and 6th February, 94 years ago! The Maori people were grievously puzzled and much agitated as to what course they should pursue. Should they yield up the sovereignty of their country and come under the protecting wing of the Great White Queen? Would it, on balance, be to their advantage or would it not? That was the issue which they had to decide, and in the face of conflicting opinions and conflicting advice, no one could blame them if they approached it with doubt and fear, with mistrust and misgiving. Fortunately there was among the Maori chiefs one man who thought with the mind of a sage, who saw with the eye of a seer, and who spoke with the voice of a prophet. That man was Tamati Waaka Nēnē, who, after reasoning with his own people that it was now too late to turn the *Pakeha* away, and pleading with Captain Hobson to remain as 'a Governor and a father' to them, delivered himself of the following eloquent declaration of his confidence in British honour: 'I am walking beside the *Pakeha*: I'll sign the *pukapuka*,' a spontaneous expression of trust which carried to the minds of his colleagues the assurance of our good faith and our integrity.

"Among the European negotiators two men stand out as champions of British sovereignty—the Reverend Henry Williams and Mr. James Busby, the British Resident. What this country owes to the sterling patriotism of these two men, coupled with the intimate acquaintance of the former with the language and the aspirations of the Maori Race, is scarcely yet fully



appreciated. Taking their courage in both hands they faced the opponents of the Treaty, answering argument with argument, and eventually carrying conviction not only by virtue of the strength of their case but because of their transparent integrity and the confidence which the natives reposed in their personal veracity. With the aid of such stalwart champions of righteousness, such far-sighted pioneers of civilization and ordered progress, the advantages to both races of British sovereignty were demonstrated, and the Treaty was signed. Slowly the mists of uncertainty, the clouds of doubt, which confused the issue in 1840 have been dispelled, so that to-day we look at the Treaty with no doubting or mistrustful eyes. Far from this being the case, our minds are calm and our hearts are happy, because we know that time, the balm that heals so many sores, has softened the asperities of the past, it has clarified our vision, sweetened our memories and established an abiding feeling of trust and confidence between the two races such as can assuredly never be impaired in the days which lie before us.

“The most abiding impression which this meeting is calculated to convey is the almost magical effect which the Treaty has had in unifying and pacifying the Maori people. From time immemorial they have been an aggregation of mutually hostile tribes each with its own honoured ancestors, its own territory, and its own traditions. There inevitably grew up among them causes of quarrel and strife which brought about an almost incessant state of internecine war. With the introduction of firearms, and just before systematic British colonization took place, the Maori Race seemed to be advancing towards self-extinction. The last inter-tribal battle was fought at Waikanae (Kuititanga) on the 16th October, 1839. Then came the Treaty of Waitangi, bringing with it British sovereignty, and

the majesty of British law, together with the *Pakeha* system of adjusting disputes, and from that day to this no tribal wars have taken place.

“Who can estimate what immense benefit this respite from incessant strife has conferred upon the Maori Race or what the resulting sense of security has meant to a people who are essentially cultivators of the soil. Formerly the sower never knew who the reaper would be. To-day all can sow their land in the sure and certain knowledge that to-morrow they will reap what is theirs under the protection of the Treaty and that no one will dispute their title. So, too, has their horizon been widened, for they have moved about with greater freedom, as gradually the barriers between the tribes have been broken down, until to-day we see mingling together with courtly dignity men and women who a century ago might have been engaged in deadly warfare. Indeed, less than a century ago nothing short of a miracle could have brought together tribesmen from as far asunder as the North Cape and the Bluff, but that miracle has happened to-day.

“I am glad to welcome here on this occasion His Excellency, the Governor of Fiji, who has come to represent the people of his Colony, and also the representatives of the Federal Government of Australia and of the Government of New South Wales, of which for a short time this country was a dependency. Very especially do I greet the distinguished band of visitors from the delectable island of Rarotonga, children of the same traditional ancestors, Rangi and Papa, who are here to extend the hand of fellowship to their cousins across the ocean waves, and to demonstrate that “Queen Victoria’s youngest child” (as the Cook Islanders like to call themselves) has never regretted the decision, which she took in 1901, to become part of New Zealand and of the British Empire.



“To the beneficent teaching of the Christian missionaries we largely owe this softening of ancient animosities, this radiation of trustful friendship, this reign of peace, which are the outcome of the Treaty of Waitangi. It is but meet, therefore, that we should offer up our grateful thanks to Almighty God in that He has afforded the British Nation the privilege of being the humble instrument in His hands of bringing about so marvellous a change in the lives of His Maori people.

“If there is one conclusion more than another that I draw from this gathering to-day, it is that nothing has occurred in the years which have intervened since 1840 to relieve the *Pakeha* population of the responsibilities then solemnly undertaken. On the contrary, these responsibilities have increased rather than diminished, for in the working of that inexorable law—the survival of the fittest—the pendulum has swung to the opposite pole, and made us the dominant power in the land, and, therefore, the senior partner in the compact entered into near this spot 94 years ago. Upon us, therefore, devolves, in a larger sense, the obligation of seeing that we observe the terms of a Treaty which not only places the Maori on a footing of political equality with the *Pakeha*, but enables him to march forward side by side with us in social life, in education, in industry and in sport. Upon us devolves the responsibility of seeing that our Maori brethren are given the chance of living their lives with some reasonable prospect of success. Whatever capacity they have for assimilating the benefits of western civilization should not be starved, but should be warmly encouraged. The surest way to make the Maori a good citizen and a real asset to this heaven-blessed country which you share in common with him is to train him how to use his own land to the best economic advantage rather than allow him wholly to

divest himself of it. In this connection my Native Minister, Sir Apirana Ngata, has inaugurated developments of incalculable benefit to his race which will earn him the gratitude of posterity. Let us then encourage the Maori to cultivate his own land, to grow his own food, to preserve the purity of his language, the poetry of his race, the romantic beauty of his folklore—to cultivate, in fact, not only the soil but also a love for the Polynesian arts of his ancestors. It would surely be a dull day for New Zealand if the charm of Maori music, handicraft and dancing were to vanish into the limbo of things forgotten or become merely the hobby of the antiquarian and ethnologist. Let us, moreover, encourage our Maori compatriots, in consonance with the advice of their late eminent *rangatira*, Sir Maui Pomare, to develop in their settlements all those wholesome conditions which contribute to good health and long life, and thus we shall have played a worthy part in assisting them to perpetuate their ancient distinctive nationality, which is in no way inconsistent with their status as free citizens of our great British Empire, proudly anxious with us to maintain its greatness. My distinguished predecessor, Sir George Grey, insistently urged that the most certain way to ensure full justice to our Maori people and their heart-whole co-operation in the forward progress of this country was to develop a wider knowledge among their European fellow-countrymen of their language, their traditions and their outlook upon life and its problems. His sage and far-sighted counsel merits nowadays the earnest consideration of all true patriots.

“It is not unusual in modern times to commit the weaker peoples of the world to the tutelage of stronger nations under an international mandate, as a means of preserving their nationality and their nationhood. Our obligations, however, to the Maori people lie



deeper than any which even a mandate from the League of Nations could impose. We came to the Maoris with our hands extended in friendship, and we ourselves persuaded them to entrust their future to us. Our duty then is to see that the trust which they reposed in our honour in 1840 will never be betrayed so long as our Empire endures.

“Let me in conclusion express the fervent hope that a nationalized Waitangi may be instrumental in developing throughout the whole community of this Dominion a greater sense of solidarity, a deeper spirit of nationhood, based upon pride in its not unworthy beginnings, and of a past history of which it has no reason to be ashamed. The initial sources of civilization, culture and economic development in New Zealand were two-fold and at first mutually unsympathetic—namely, in these northern latitudes the missionaries and further south the separate organized groups of British settlers under the ingenious plan of Edward Gibbon Wakefield, the far-sighted founder of prudent Empire colonization. In consequence there has inevitably been in the past a segregation of those separate benign and salutary influences which alike have made for moral and material progress. These, while on the one hand stimulating local pride and local patriotism and fostering ever the same affectionate regard for the Mother Country, have, through their separatism, checked complete national solidarity and that healthy national sentiment which is so valuable an inspiration to all self-governing communities. Waitangi, the birth-place of this nation, now belongs to all alike, *Pakeha* and Maori, North and South Islanders, and the descendants and champions of both sections of its courageous pioneers. All are represented on its Administrative Board. Shall not this fact conduce appreciably to the spirit and consciousness of nationhood?

“On a spot clearly visible from the Waitangi Estate, Samuel Marsden, our pioneer of Christianity in New Zealand, preached his famous Christmas sermon 119 years ago to a fascinated native congregation, bringing the cheerful message of peace and good will to a people sunk in heathen darkness. It is the earnest hope of my wife and myself that peace and good will between both races and all classes based upon national unity and steadfast faith in God may ever flourish and abound in this Dominion, and that Waitangi may not be without its influence in perpetuating them in days to come.

“*Ka nui taku aroha kia koutou*—(Maori people, you have our affectionate regards)—*Kia ora, Kia ora.*”

Both races joined enthusiastically in cheering His Excellency's address, and when the applause had subsided, the Vice-Regal party left the grandstand, and entered a small space in the crowd where Sir Apirana Ngata and the East Coast people met them with two *hakas*, concluding with “*Ka mate, ka mate, ka ora, ka ora,*” the strains of the National Anthem, played by the Maori band, blending into the final note of the Maori voices.

Their Excellencies then returned to the stand, and shook hands with the Maori king, his cousin, Princess Te Puea Herangi, and other notable people, embarking immediately to return to the Government steamer, *Matai*.

Animated by one common purpose, the vast assemblage who had witnessed the spectacle, began to move away from the *marae*, which had been the centre of attraction all day, and it was in itself an interesting and entertaining sight to watch 10,000 units of humanity disappear without confusion, in search of that delectable thing—the evening meal.





New Zealand Railways Publicity Photo.

ARRIVAL OF THE VICE-REGAL PARTY AT WAITANGI.

Their Excellencies are being escorted by Mr. Tau Henare, M.P.



New Zealand Railways Publicity Photo.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

The National Anthem is being Played by the Naval Bands.



## CHAPTER V.

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### THE CRADLE OF THE NATION.

"This treaty has been rained upon by the rain, it has been exposed to the blast of the storm, but the words are still clear, they cannot be obliterated."

'Tis the hour of dedication,  
Te Kawanga, solemn consecration,  
When our *whare* in its beauty,  
Tukutuku pukana, e korirari!  
Duly to the gods in heaven  
With our war-dance must be given.

THE second great gathering of the celebrations was staged on the opposite side of the Waitangi River, on the grassy uplands that overlook the Bay. By a happy arrangement, the date, 6th February, coincided with the 94th anniversary of the signing, on that historic spot, of the Treaty of Waitangi. Except that age had enriched and mellowed it, the scene was much the same as on that memorable day, for again the Bay, ringed by green hills, lay calmly in the foreground, and again the former British Residency, once the home of James Busby, stood near at hand. This charming old house, built just one hundred years ago, has witnessed many changes, and experienced some vicissitudes, but never did it look so attractive as it did on this afternoon, as, fresh from the hands of the renovators, it stood the centre of a field of scintillating colour. Under the influence of time, the surrounding bareness of ninety-four years ago had vanished, not

the least notable feature in this connection being the rich growth of a Pohutukawa tree, to which is ascribed a varied history, but which, in spite of it all, has grown into a magnificent specimen of its kind. Near by are Norfolk Island pines, the seed of which was sent to Waitangi by Mr. Busby's brother, a surgeon at the convict settlement on the island. There are oaks, too, and other English trees whose gnarled trunks and wide-spreading branches bespeak a healthy age. Beneath their leafy shade, no mean proportion of the 8,000 people present on this, Tuesday, afternoon was tempted to seek relief from the heat of a humid day. Sheltered by a large elm, a dais had been erected, upon which sat Their Excellencies and the official party, and here it was that, with *hakas* proudly chanted and songs joyously sung, the representatives of all the principal Maori tribes in New Zealand again presented themselves before His Excellency and, in speeches marked by deep sincerity, re-affirmed their adhesion to the Treaty of Waitangi, and their continued allegiance to the Crown. The *hakas* and war-dances were not, however, on this occasion, so fiercely interpreted as they had been on Ti Point *marae*, the intention being to convey a different and more reverential meaning. The setting of yesterday was that of a *marae* devoted to the reception of distinguished visitors, in which the main theme was welcome and hospitality. The setting at the Residency was that of a *marae* which had settled down to the business of the gathering, when, the visitors having been duly made at home, the addresses of representatives could range over a



wide field of subjects, and be punctuated in the customary manner with songs and chants and even action songs.

To-day the programme was to be of a threefold nature:

1. The breaking-out of the flag.
2. The reception of the tribes.
3. The laying of the foundation stone of the *Whare Runanga*, projected by the Maori tribes of New Zealand to commemorate the signing of the Treaty of Waitangi.

In front of the former Residency, now to be known as the Treaty House, there stands a noble flagstaff, 90 feet high, marking, as near as may be, the spot whereon the Treaty was signed. This is new, but it fills the place of one doing duty in Mr. Busby's day, and from which, much to his relief, Captain Hobson saw the Union Jack flying, as H.M.S. *Herald* brought him into the Bay, on his Treaty mission. To-day this staff was to receive its baptism.

Preceded by the bands of H.M.S. *Dunedin* and H.M.S. *Diomedé* playing a stirring tune and leading a company of sailors marching with fixed bayonets, Their Excellencies arrived at the appointed hour. Lord Bledisloe immediately proceeded to the flagstaff, where the naval guard, now drawn up in parade order, presented arms, and the band played the time-honoured National Anthem. A brisk inspection of the guard followed, after which His Excellency walked to the base of the staff and, deftly handling the halliards,

released the Union Jack at the masthead. As its coloured folds fluttered out on the fresh breeze blowing in from the heads, His Excellency said:

“It affords me great joy to unfurl this Union Jack which marks the exact spot where was signed the Treaty of Waitangi, whereby New Zealand became part of the British Empire. May this flag, the symbol of British Sovereignty, ever betoken justice, equality and peace between the two races which inhabit this Dominion. God save the King.”

All sounds had been hushed while His Excellency was speaking, but immediately his voice ceased, *Pakeha* jubilation found expression in the fervent singing of our National Anthem, and Maori enthusiasm burst out in their famous *haka*, “*Ka mate! ka mate! Ka ora! ka ora!*”

Lord Bledisloe then walked to the dais erected between the Residency and the site of the proposed Maori meeting-house and sat in a magnificently carved chair recently presented by the South Island Maoris. Also on the dais were Lady Bledisloe; the Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. G. W. Forbes, and Mrs. Forbes; the Minister of Finance, the Rt. Hon. J. G. Coates, and Mrs. Coates; the Hon. F. H. Stewart, representing the Australian Federal Government, and Mrs. Stewart; the Hon. R. W. D. Weaver, representing the New South Wales Government; the Hon. J. A. Young, Minister of Internal Affairs; and Sir Apirana Ngata, the Native Minister, who was playing an important part in the organization. Seated on either side of the stand were the *Arikis* of Rarotonga, and many members of Parliament.



The Maori ceremonial began when Mr. E. T. Tirikatene, M.P. for the Southern Maori District, who was in native costume and carried a *taiaha*, addressed a welcome to Their Excellencies on behalf of the South Island natives. He said there were thousands of natives who loved Their Excellencies and who wished that they could remain for a longer term in the Dominion. "In conclusion," said Mr. Tirikatene, "I hope there will not be one word expurgated from the original document of the Treaty of Waitangi."

Mr. Taite Te Tomo, M.P. for the Western Maori District, who spoke through an interpreter, began his address in these expressive words:

"Fear the Lord and honour the King. I am representing the people of the western part of the North Island, who endorse what their elders did here ninety-four years ago."

Mr. Taite Te Tomo, who did not affect Maori costume, delivered a definitely patriotic welcome to Their Excellencies, but before he concluded, he succumbed to his propensity for humour, and asked the Governor-General to recommend the Finance Minister to give the Native Minister as much money as he required, in order that the Maoris might have plenty.

The first tribal group to appear before the Vice-Regal party were the Ngati-Hau, from Whanganui. An elder stepped nimbly from the ranks, and in a strong voice bid welcome to Their Excellencies, reminding them that many in his party were descendants of those who had signed the Treaty. Ngati-Hau then danced

a vigorous *haka*, and gracefully retired, but not before they had delivered to His Excellency a number of finest flax mats woven by the most skilled women of the tribe, and ornamented with various patterns, all of them being of some recognized traditional type. The gift was made in keeping with an ancient Polynesian custom which recognizes that friendship means more than mere lip service. Not the least pleasing feature of the presentation was the discovery made some time later, that to one of the mats there was pinned a cheque for £70, a most welcome addition to the Trust Board funds. With a modesty only too rare, the donors had made no mention of it.

A combination of five tribes from Taranaki was led by the Rev. Tahupotiki Haddon, the celebration's tallest man, who presented to His Excellency a handsomely framed painting by his son, depicting the signing of the Treaty of Waitangi. Then addressing His Excellency in excellent English, Mr. Haddon explained that his people had not been given the opportunity of signing the Treaty, but none the less they endorsed it. He considered it a great honour to be present on that historic courtyard, and expressed the hope that His Majesty the King would be so gracious as to permit Lord Bledisloe to remain in New Zealand for another term.

In accepting the gift of the picture, His Excellency stated that he would hand it to the Waitangi National Trust Board, as he had done with other gifts, and no doubt a fitting place would be found for it in the Treaty House.



*Poi* dances and *hakas* by the Taranaki people were followed by a combined troupe of Bay of Plenty, and Tuhoe people, the "children of the mist" from the hill country of Urewera. From their leader there came expressions of unshaken loyalty, and from their dancers a lively display. Hori Aterea, of Ruatoki, spoke on behalf of the Bay of Plenty folk. His effort was a masterpiece of Maori oratory, not so much in the matter, as in the manner of it. The song which followed was interrupted by the advent of a picturesque party headed by Hoani Te Heuheu and Ngati-Tuwharetoa stripped for the *haka*, escorting the Waikato and Ngati-Maniapoto representatives with the young Maori king, Koroki Mahuta and his kinsfolk, Tumate and Tonga Mahuta, Te Puea Herangi and Haunui Tawhiao. To the Maoris, and to some of the *Pakehas* present who understood the situation, King Koroki's entrance to the historic grounds, where the Maori people had ceded their sovereignty to Queen Victoria and her descendants, was one of the most significant events of this notable gathering.

The next figure to appear before Their Excellencies was that picturesque personality, old Mita Taupopoki, of Arawa, whose famous feathered head-dress is known the world over through the medium of the picture post-card. Robed in a fine feather cloak, and carrying a carved staff, he stood out and spoke proudly for Arawa, on whose behalf he extended salutations to Their Excellencies. He described the Treaty of Waitangi as the Maori Magna Carta, and through it he pledged the fealty of the Arawa people. The *hakas*

and songs of Arawa were, he said, convincing evidence of their steadfastness and loyalty to the British.

Though younger, a not less striking figure was Hoani Te Heuheu, leader of Ngati-Tuwharetoa, from Taupo. Beautifully modelled, his dress free from the disfigurement of *Pakeha* trappings, he stood out like a chief of old, and in a voice and manner unflurried by excitement, he vouched for the allegiance of his tribe. "My ancestor did not sign the Treaty," he said, "because he would never agree that a woman should guide his destiny." Since then their feelings had changed. To prove his loyalty his grandfather had given to the Government the mountain lands that were the nucleus of what is now known as the Tongariro National Park. He had also made gifts of land for the settlement of soldiers. "Let the Treaty which was signed ninety-four years ago on this spot, be renewed and accepted in its entirety" was his parting word.

Addressing Their Excellencies on behalf of the Waikato and the King Country peoples, Te Hurinui Pei paid them the compliment of saying:

"You have revived the memory of the Treaty of Waitangi, and it has brought back the manhood of the Maori race. It is our earnest wish that you will have many years before you in New Zealand."

This gallant speech was followed by one of the most sensational items of the festival, when there appeared a group of fifteen dancing girls who formed part of King Koroki's Waikato suite. Clad in fibre skirts\* reaching almost to the ankle, and with a vivid

\*Made from the inner bark of the Whauwhi tree—*Hoheria populnea*.





New Zealand Railways Publicity Photo.

THEIR EXCELLENCIES LISTENING TO SPEECHES OF LOVE AND LOYALTY.

His Excellency is seated in the "Coronation" Chair presented by the South Island Natives.



Auckland Weekly News Photo.

THE TARANAKI TRIBES PRESENT A PICTURE.



under-garment showing through, their hair adorned with swaying peacock feathers, the girls went through a series of sinuous movements charming to look at. The onlooker could not, however, quite get rid of the feeling that here was a channel through which Maori culture was in danger of being debased by the love of foreign innovations.

Coincidentally the next speaker, who was herself something of an innovation, inasmuch as she was the only woman to address Their Excellencies, was nevertheless firmly opposed to the indiscriminate introduction of innovations among the Maoris. Materoa Ngarimu, of Ngati-Porou, spoke for her tribe, and she did so in a manner quiet but convincing. After some graceful compliments to Their Excellencies, gracefully expressed, she said the Maoris had sold land to the *Pakeha* of their own free will, but the day had come when this could no longer be done. Circumstances led them sometimes to think that the Maoris should strive to attain to European methods of life, but it was not advisable that they should altogether discontinue their old customs. The Maoris cannot become *Pakehas*, and it would be a sad day if they lost their ancient accomplishments. Then turning to His Excellency she said in impressive tones: "This I do ask of you: Assist us in keeping our customs and usages alive."

Materoa then advanced to the Vice-Regal dais, and shook hands with Their Excellencies, Lord Bledisloe congratulating the chieftainess on her wise suggestions, and humorously remarking, "You ought to be in Parliament."

Addressing those near him, His Excellency said that although in many respects it was advisable for the Maori race to copy the *Pakeha*, it would be inadvisable to discontinue the native traditions and customs. He hoped the Maoris would not allow themselves to be Anglicized, and still less Americanized, in the matter of their accomplishments, folk-lore, and crafts.

Bishop Bennett, although an Arawa, by request of the Ngati-Kahungunu of Hawkes Bay and Wairarapa, spoke for these Eastern tribes. In that beautiful diction for which he is remarkable the Bishop emphasized the deep sense of gratitude aroused, not only in the hearts of Ngati-Kahungunu, but throughout the Dominion, by Their Excellencies' gift to the people, of the Waitangi estate.

These being the whole of the speeches of welcome, a brief religious service was conducted by the Bishop of Aotearoa, two prayers composed for the occasion by His Excellency Lord Bledisloe, and authorized to be used by Archbishop Averill, being read by him. The first, a prayer for the faithful observance of the Treaty of Waitangi is as follows:

“O God, who in Thy beneficent wisdom ninety-four years ago ordained that strife and bloodshed between races and tribes in this territory should cease, and that the inhabitants of these islands should thenceforward be knit together as one people under the British Crown, grant that the sacred compact then made in these waters may be faithfully and honourably kept for all time to come, to the glory of Thy Holy Name and



the peace, contentment, and ordered progress of a united nation, for the sake of Him Who brought peace and goodwill upon earth, Jesus Christ our Lord.”\*

The second, a prayer for the continuance of Christianity as the bond of union between the two races:

“O Almighty God, Controller of the destinies of nations, seeing that it was faith in our Divine Redeemer and the mighty influence of His Gospel in promoting peace and equity among men and in pointing the way to everlasting life which brought together the two races of this Dominion and enabled them to become one nation under British sovereignty, do Thou strengthen exceedingly the faith of Thy people in Thy governance, Thy constant presence and Thy ever-ready help, that by righteousness, unity, and concord this nation may ever be exalted, and that amid all the changes and chances, the controversies and distractions of this mortal life, our hearts may surely there be fixed where alone true joy and peace are to be found, through Jesus Christ our Lord.”

The reading of these prayers was reverently listened to, and the responses heartily given. The Bishop then led the vast congregation in the singing of the Doxology from the Maori Hymn Book,† based upon the blessed assurance given to believers in Philippians IV, 7, “And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.”‡

\*For Maori translation see Appendix.

†Number 171 in the Maori Hymn Book.

‡Ma te marie a te Atua, e kore nei e taea te whakaaro, e tiaki o koutou ngakau, o koutou hinengaro i roto i a Karaiti Ihu. Piripai IV, 7.

Ma te marie a te Atua  
Tatou katoa e tiaki;  
Mana ano e whakau  
O tatou ngakau ki te pai.

Ma te Atua Tamaiti ra  
Ma te Wairua Tapu hoki,  
Ratou, Atua kotahi nei  
Tatou katoa e whakapai.

As the great choir of thousands of Maori voices, singing in perfect harmony, took up the sacred strain, it became an impressive act of devotion—perhaps the most impressive of the whole ceremonial.

His Excellency was then invited by Mr. Tau Henare, M.P., as head of the Nga-Puhi tribe, to lay the foundation stone of the great *Whare Runanga*, which, by a combined tribal effort, it is proposed to build as a Treaty memorial, slightly to the north-east of the renovated Treaty House, and which it is hoped will become a rallying point and meeting place for representatives of all the tribes, when the Maori nation takes counsel among its wisest men. Before proceeding to place the stone in position—a ceremony not strictly in accordance with Maori custom, but a concession to *Pakeha* institutions—His Excellency said he desired to express the gratitude of Lady Bledisloe and himself for the appreciation shown regarding their gift of the Waitangi Estate. The speeches given by the tribal representatives, he said, were eloquent and full of loyalty to the King. Some had reaffirmed their belief in the Treaty, while others had said that their representatives in the past did not have the opportunity, or for various reasons were disinclined, to affix their



signatures, but support for it was now loyally, frankly, and publicly declared by them all.

Lord Bledisloe hoped that those Maoris who still had valuable heirlooms would not be too hasty in yielding them. Too many valuable Maori relics had gone overseas. As a result of the appeal by himself to the trustees of the British Museum some old relics would be coming back to New Zealand in mutually advantageous exchange, and replicas would be made of others of exceptional interest or beauty which could not be released.

Speaking on behalf of the Waitangi National Trust Board, he said:

“Before responding to the friendly greetings of the Maori tribes here assembled and to the invitation which has been extended to me in such felicitous terms by Mr. Tau Henare, M.P., in the name of the Nga-Puhi tribe, to perform the ceremony of laying the foundation stone, I desire, on behalf of the Waitangi National Trust Board, to express our deep gratitude for the many valuable contributions which have been made by generous patriotic friends towards the restoration and equipment of this historic property. But for the money contributions of a little group of generous donors, conspicuous among whom was the late Sir Alfred Bankart, the old British Residency, or Treaty House, which was in a sadly dilapidated condition up to a year ago, could not have been restored to the condition in which you see it to-day—a condition resembling as near as possible what it was 100 years ago. To the abounding generosity of the Nga-Puhi tribe we owe not merely the project of the fine *Whare Runanga*, about to be erected on this site, but also the *puriri* fencing which

for four miles forms the boundary of the Trust Estate, and other lesser gifts: the Maoris of the South Island have contributed this handsome carved *totara* "Coronation" Chair in which I am sitting and a beautiful block of *tangiwai* greenstone to rest beneath it, and those of Taranaki have sent a painting depicting the signing of the Treaty. Other valuable and historic pictures have been received from Lady Pomare and the Royal Society of Tasmania. For other gifts, too numerous to specify, we are grateful to their kind donors. Invaluable services have moreover been willingly and gratuitously rendered by our various Honorary Advisory Committees. We are specially indebted to our Honorary Architects, Messrs. W. H. Gummer and W. M. Page, who have devoted an immense amount of time and trouble to the difficult task of restoring the old Residency and improving its surroundings, and to Mr. Lindsay Buick, C.M.G., the eminent historian of the Treaty, both for organizing the pictorial adornment of the museum and for his ever-ready expert advice. Mr. C. F. Goldie's generous gift to me of his recently painted picture of Tamati Waaka Nēnē has enabled the Treaty House to possess a striking portrait of that most valiant Maori warrior and champion of the Treaty and at the same time one of the finest works of art ever executed by that talented artist.

"Finally, I should like to express our warm appreciation of the valuable assistance afforded by the Government in many directions, but especially in providing easy access to this estate from the south by bridging over the Waitangi River and by undertaking to construct over four miles of motor roads on the property, so as to enable all its more important features to be visited, including the hills in its rear which command such magnificent views over the Bay of Islands, with its numerous points of historic interest.



“The loyal and eloquent addresses of the leading chiefs of all the more important Maori tribes in this Dominion, accompanied by appropriate and symbolical songs and dances, which have constituted the deeply impressive and picturesque programme of this afternoon (following the unfurling of the Union Jack over the site of the signing of the Treaty of Waitangi), have filled me with wonder and unspeakable delight. One tribe after another has, through its chiefly orator, testified with emphatic sincerity to the value to its members of the historic Treaty which was signed on this day and in this place ninety-four years ago. Many tribes have to-day re-affirmed their steadfast adherence to the compact with the British Crown, into which their chiefly forefathers entered in 1840, and other tribes which then stood aloof have to-day for the first time testified publicly by their loyal and outspoken endorsement of its provisions to its justification and its prescient wisdom. This must have delighted the hearts of all those assembled in their thousands here to-day who join with me in regarding the co-operation and unanimous fealty of the Maori people to the British Crown and the British connection as a basic condition of national welfare and progress in this Dominion. The fervent but much too laudatory expressions of appreciation of our gift to the nation of this estate and of friendliness and affection for ourselves we shall treasure as a most happy memory throughout our lives. All that I can say in reply—and I say from my heart—is that the longer that we reside in your midst the more deeply attached do we become to the staunch warm-hearted people belonging to both races in this Dominion.

“I am pleased now to accede to your request to initiate the construction of your Commemorative *Whare Runanga* in accordance with the ancient and

traditional ritual of our Maori people. To the Maori of yore the erection of a house, great or small, was an undertaking of high importance and special significance, for according to Maori tradition the art of building was brought down from heaven by his demi-god ancestors. Let its importance continue to be recognized and due ceremonial at its initiation be observed. The Maori Race need never be ashamed of their architecture and mural decoration if they conform to the old traditions. We, who have our roots in British soil, may have brought to this fair land, so abundantly beautified by nature, the blessings of civilization and of the Christian faith, but who can truthfully say that our taste in buildings has exceeded that of the Native Race or that our structures have blended with the beauties of your mountains, your lakes and your incomparable native bush more fittingly than those of our dark-skinned compatriots? Let the Maori people learn more of the structural skill and the symbolical handicraft which distinguished their forefathers, and let us Europeans, too, as apt fellow-students, profit by such research and instruction as are now available for our guidance and enlightenment. In this connection let us, while deploring the passing from our midst of that eminent ethnologist, Mr. Elsdon Best, recognize with deep gratitude his monumental labours in the field of Maori mythology and Maori art.

“The building of such a house of tribal assembly as is here contemplated would naturally in days of old be an enterprise of special importance, for it would become sacred as the repository of the knowledge of things spiritual and of the wisdom of the sages, which, through the devoted labours of the *tohungas*, were handed down from one generation to another without interpolation, omission or deterioration. Here





Government Publicity Dept. Photo  
MITA TAUPOPOKI, AN ELDER OF THE ARAWA TRIBE.



Tudor Collins Photo.

HIS EXCELLENCY LAYS THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE WHARE RUNANGA.



also would be discussed by the elders in sequence the true import of passing events, and here would be reached decisions which would find their modern equivalent in the policies of parliamentarians. Perhaps the subject of debate would be the problem of building a great canoe, a marriage alliance, or even the alternatives of peace or war; but whatever its purport, it was invariably a matter of fateful import to the tribe. No trivialities would be introduced within the hallowed walls of an old-world *Whare Runanga*. It was deemed essential to begin such a building with precise accuracy, and to finish it promptly. It was considered unlucky, I am told, to commence the erection of a building on one site and thereafter to transfer it to another. This was regarded as an unwarranted interference with *Papa*, the Earth Mother, and would in due course carry with it inevitable misfortune. It was equally imperative to success that the builders should work at their task industriously and consistently, being careful not to divide their attention between their building activities and other occupations. These two ancient rules I would now heartily commend to our Waitangi builders, for in all human enterprises it is always advisable to make a good beginning, to concentrate on an allotted task, and never to grow weary in well doing.

“It was, I am informed, one of the ancient building rules that no woman was permitted to enter, or even to wander near, an edifice in course of construction. Such an indiscreet intrusion would, it is said, result in a falling off in energy, in a growing listlessness on the part of the workmen, and if persisted in might even result in the house never being completed. Needless to say in the present case, such a termination to our high hopes would be disastrous, and if such beliefs still prevail, I would beg the ladies of Nga-Puhi to

refrain from distracting by their charms the builders of this Meeting House while their task is still in progress. Ladies of all nations are credited, rightly or wrongly, with inquisitiveness, or the possession of an enquiring mind of special alertness. But, in view of this fateful tradition I would venture to suggest that the centre post be reared, the ridge-pole be raised, the carved pillars be placed in position, the panels be woven, and the purifying ceremonies be performed ere the ladies of this locality venture to pass the portals of the *Whare Runanga*, into which no doubt later on they will be most warmly welcomed when the prescribed rites have been performed.

“ There was also in olden times, I am told, a curious reluctance to repair any part of an existing building, especially its roof, and that a new house would often be built in preference to repairing an old one. A man is said to have excused himself from the task of repair by saying that it was impossible to mend a hole in the roof of his house when it was raining, and that there was no need to do so when the weather was fine. I trust, however, that no such dilatoriness will ever characterize the leaders of Nga-Puhi in the erection of this stately edifice. Much as we may revere the past, with its quaint traditions and prejudices, experience teaches us that procrastination is the thief of time and that undue delay is not true economy. It is, moreover, sincerely to be hoped that those responsible for the upkeep of this building, when it is erected, will have outlived that spirit of neglect and indifference which so frequently allows noble and classic structures of this description to fall into disrepair and premature decay. Nothing so loudly proclaims the decadence or deterioration of any community as the shabby and neglected condition of its buildings. If they are national buildings—such as this will be—so much



more significant is the tale that they tell. As this is to be a *Whare Runanga* in a sense typical of the finest Maori traditions, let the Maori people make it their corporate responsibility, when it has passed out of the builders' hands, that those in whose custody it is placed do not allow decay to obtain the mastery through subsequent neglect. Let them take vigilant care lest that which will without doubt be the pride of its public-spirited donors, its designers and its craftsmen, and which should be the admiration of visitors from all parts of the world, become ultimately derelict or dilapidated. I sincerely hope that the public sentiment and generous enthusiasm which have called this project into being will be sufficiently strong to maintain the house when finished in a state of beauty and efficiency, and that it will for many years to come remain a centre of peace, unity and concord to a warm-hearted sympathetic people who in the past have suffered materially through lack of harmony and mutual co-operation.

“This is destined to be an historic structure. Let those whose brilliant conception it is endeavour to typify in it the nobility of the Maori Race, enshrining within its walls all that is best and loftiest in their ideals and thus provide a fitting rendezvous to which their people can resort on occasions of national rejoicing or national mourning. It will, let us hope, provide a common meeting ground where old feuds will be forgotten and new friendships will be forged, where national issues can be debated, and where national problems can be approached from the Maori standpoint and explored in such a way as to assist the *Pakeha* in fully understanding and appreciating the Maori mind. Above all, let it be a centre where pride of race will be fostered and expanded, where Maori culture will be developed, where the Maori

language in all its soft and melodious beauty will be perpetuated, and where a definite impetus will be given to characteristic Maori arts and crafts. In fine, let it be a building worthy of its great purpose, a noble structure, essentially and exclusively Maori, faithfully wrought, carefully preserved and nationally honoured as a fitting and dignified memorial to the Treaty of Waitangi—the Treaty which still stands inviolate as the Magna Carta of Maori rights, the historic compact which saved to the Maori people their much-prized freedom, and preserved for them their no less cherished national prestige.

“Henceforward there will stand in close proximity, looking out over this lovely bay the old British Residency, restored by the skill of our Honorary Architects to its pristine condition and appearance, this Meeting House with its carved facade, exemplifying modern Maori art and symbolizing the fraternal reunion of the Maori people in this territory, and yonder flagstaff carrying at its summit the honoured emblem of British sovereignty. May not this triple association of significant structures on this hallowed spot be deemed, at this crisis in the history of the world, to typify the determination of our two Races, whose joint heritage is this highly favoured Dominion, to cultivate harmony and mutual understanding both among themselves and with each other, and as trustful comrades to march forward together with confidence and hope, with the standard of imperial freedom floating overhead, to an assured future of unbroken prosperity, contentment and peace, such as our predecessors who met on this *marae* ninety-four years ago could not in their wildest dreams have foreseen. At least, such is my fervent hope and prayer, as I proceed now to carry out the task which you have invited me to undertake, and formally to declare the foundations



of this Meeting House to be well and truly laid, and to express the hope that peace, harmony and righteousness may always reign within its walls."

At the close of his address, the eloquence and erudition of which made a marked impression, and were warmly applauded, Lord Bledisloe proceeded to the site of the *Whare Runanga*, and there ceremoniously laid the foundation stone, which makes the carved *paepae*, or threshold, *tapu*, so that it becomes the "sacred threshold" which must not be crossed until the official opening ceremony is performed, six years hence, when the Dominion celebrates its centenary.

The stone, which is of polished Coromandel granite, bears the following inscription engraven upon it:

KO  
TE PAEPAE TAPU  
O  
TE TIRITI O WAITANGI.

---

NA TE KAWANA-TIANARA  
NA LORD BLEDISLOE  
I WHAKATAKOTO  
I TE 6 O PEPUERE 1934.\*

Immediately upon the declaration by His Excellency that the stone was "well and truly laid," the Nga-Puhi warriors broke into a wild dance of joy, and

\*THE  
SACRED THRESHOLD  
OF  
"TE TIRITI O WAITANGI."

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LAI'D BY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL  
LORD BLEDISLOE  
ON THE 6TH FEBRUARY, 1934.

the thanks of the tribe were conveyed to His Excellency by Mr. Tau Henare, M.P., and the Rev. Keina Poata.

Nga-Puhi maidens sang a *waiata* as the Vice-Regal party retraced their steps, and the Governor-General inspected the guard of honour, comprising sixty Maori returned soldiers.

Their Excellencies then proceeded to inspect the restored Treaty House, their departure being the signal for a united singing of the National Anthem by the Europeans, and a rousing "*Ka mate! Ka mate!*" by the Maoris.

Their Excellencies expressed the greatest pleasure at the manner in which the restoration of the Treaty House had been carried out by the Honorary Architects, Messrs. W. H. Gummer, F.R.I.B.A., of Auckland, and E. M. Page, F.R.I.B.A., of Wellington, and also with the gallery of historical pictures relating to the Treaty, which had been arranged in the Muniment room by the Waitangi Historical and Maori Life and Customs Committee.

With this simple function over, there was a surge of people back to Ti Point. The hillsides leading to the bridge spanning the Waitangi River in a few minutes became a mass of moving humanity. Nga-Puhi girls clad in red and white chanted a song of pleasure, *poi* dancers preserved the rhythm of their movements over rough ground and smooth, while the broad-chested warriors of yesterday strode back to



camp, to lay down their arms on the now deserted *marae*. So the great historic *hui*, organized nationally as a personal tribute to Their Excellencies, to acknowledge their noble gift, and to commemorate the signing of the Treaty of Waitangi, ninety-four years gone by, saw its happy termination at the end of a summer's day, as the shadows began to lengthen across the rapid course of the setting sun.

## APPENDIX I.

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These translations into the Maori language of His Excellency Lord Bledisloe's two addresses, delivered in connection with the Waitangi celebrations on 5th and 6th February last, have been made by the Hon. Sir Apirana Ngata, M.A., LL.B., M.P., Minister of Native Affairs.

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### WAITANGI TONA AHUA KI TE IWI NUI O NUI TIRENI

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HE WHAI-KORERO  
NA TE KAWANA-TIANARA, NA RORE PERARO, I TE TI, WAHI O  
WAITANGI, I TE 5 O NGA RA O PEPUERE, 1934, HE MIHI  
NANA KI NGA MANAAKI I REIRA.

E te iwi! Tena koutou!

He nui noa atu toku mihi ki nga manaaki, i homai nei ki a maua ko toku hoa wahine i tenei ra e nga iwi katoa i huihui mai nei, i whakaputaina mai nei i roto i nga powhiri, i nga waiata, i nga haka, i nga whai-korero hoki. Ina tatou kei nga parenga o Waitangi, kei te wahi i whakakotahitia ai nga iwi e rua, te Maori raua ko te Pakeha, i raro i te mana o te Karauna o Ingarangi.

Ko tenei whakanui a te iwi Maori i ta maua tuku o te whenua i tawahi ake nei e waitohu ana i to ratou piripono o tua iho ki te Karauna o Ingarangi, e whakapuaki ana hoki i to ratou whakapono ki te ngakau pai o te iwi Pakeha. E whakaatu ana tenei whakaminenga, kua memeha te wehi, kua kore te ngakau manawapa i kitea ra i roto i nga whiriwhiri a te hunga nana i whakakaupapa nga ritenga i te tau 1840, a kei te haere tahi te Maori raua ko te Pakeha, he hoa taka tapui i roto i enei ra. Kei tenei hui hoki ka kitea te whakakotahitanga a te Tiriti o Waitangi i nga hapu, i nga iwi Maori o nga wahi katoa, i kumea mai nei i te Rerenga-wairua tae noa atu ki Murihiku kia emi mai ki te marae kotahi. Na taua Tiriti i tinei nga kino a tetahi iwi ki tetahi; i whakangawari



nga take mauahara; i whakamutu hoki nga pakanga, nana ra i huna te tangata ki te po. Kua homai hoki i te ra nei ki a matou, ki te iwi Pakeha, he wahi kia whakahoutia nga kupu taurima i whakaaria i mua ra, kia hohonu ke atu ia, i te mea i roto i nga tau maha i muri nei kua tupu ko matou hei iwi kaha i roto i to tatou huihui, ma matou e pupuri te mana me te rangatiratanga hei mea tapu, hei mea pono. Na reira me waiho a Waitangi hei tatau pounamu, e toia ana hei tauarai atu mo te kino raua ko te pakanga i waenganui i nga iwi, hei marae houanga rongo mo te rongo taketake.

He mea pai kia whakamaharatia i tenei ra ko te wahi ano tenei i takea ai nga raruraru i te timatanga o te rau tau e whakahemohemo nei, i hua ai te whakaaro i nga tangata nunui o Ingarangi kia hanga he tikanga hei whakamarie, ka homai e ratou a ratou kupu taumau ki te iwi Maori, na roto i te Tiriti o Waitangi. Kua tu ke te tapuae o te Pakeha ki Aotearoa nei, otira e tu ana kaore he ture, e mahia ana nga mahi kikino katoa. Kotahi tonu te tikanga e pai ai, me uhi ki te mana o te Karauna o Ingarangi. Otira kaore i whaiti mai ki enei moutere tera ahua, engari i horapa ki era atu wahi o te ao, ki Inia, ki Kanata, ki Ahitereria, ki Awherika-i-te-tonga, hei mea whakapororaru i nga mahara o te hunga whakahaere tikanga, kia puritia ranei te mana o Ingarangi i era wahi, ahakoa tupu mai te ngakau tuahae i etahi atu iwi, ahakoa ranei waiho hei whakamoti i te kaha o te iwi o Ingarangi, kia tukua whakareretia atu ranei. Ko wai hoki e manako ki nga moutere tawhiti nei, kia rarau rawa mai ki enei te ringa pupuri ai? Otira kaore i taea kia tukuna noatia, kia kore e uhia mai te ture, apiti hoki ko te wehi kei riro i tetahi iwi Pakeha ke, ka taupatupatu ki o Ingarangi whakaaro.

Ina nana i whakapakeke rawa, ko enei moutere i tera wa kaore ano i tau ki raro i te mana o Ingarangi, kaore he mana whakahaere o nga Minita o tona Kawanatanga. Me raupatu ranei, me whakariterite ranei he tikanga e tau ai taua mana? Kaore i pai ki to Ingarangi whakaaro te hapai patu, na reira ka tukuna mai a Kapene Wiremu Hopihona, hei Kawana tuatahi mo Nui Tireni, ka whakamanaia ia ki te whakariterite tikanga ki nga Rangatira Maori, kia tapaea atu e ratou te mana me te rangatiratanga ki te Kuini o Ingarangi. Kei roto i nga kupu tohutohu ki a Kapene Hopihona te ngakau o te Kawanatanga o Ingarangi, he ngakau rangatira, he ngakau pai, he whakaaro whanui; ko te pukapuka i tuhia ai aua kupu tohutohu e tika ana kia tohungia hei taonga whakapehapeha ma te iwi. Na,

ka kitea atu i a tatau nei te wahi i tae mai ai a Kapene Hopihona ki te whakatutuki i aua tohutohu. A kei te mohio tatou ki te mahi pono a tera tangata, ki te kaha o tona tupato kei pa tetahi he, ki tona whai kia tino marama rawa ki te iwi Maori nga tikanga i haere mai ai ia ki a ratou, kia marama ai ratou ki nga kupu taumau a te Kawanatanga o Ingarangi, kia kore ai hoki e pohehe ki nga tikanga e whai mai i raro i aua kupu taumau. Koia nga rarangi e toru o te Tiriti o Waitangi, nana i tuku atu te mana me te rangatiratanga o te iwi Maori, ka taumautia mai hei whakaatu, ka whakapumautia ki te iwi Maori o ratou take ki o ratou whenua, ki a ratou ngaherehere, ki a ratau mahinga ika, a ka uhia ki runga ki a ratou tae atu ki a ratou uri te ture e tiaki nei i nga iwi Pakeha i raro i te maru o Ingarangi. I te whakaaetanga ai o aua rarangi e toru ka meinga te Tiriti o Waitangi hei kaupapa mo te ture Pakeha ki Nui Tireni.

I te papatanga ai o te ture Pakeha ki te tikanga Maori i era ra, he nui nga raruraru i puta ake; otira ki te tirohia atu te paenga tau e 94 kua huri nei ki muri, kei te mau tonu te whakapono o te iwi Maori ki te mana o te Tiriti o Waitangi, koia tera te matapuna o o ratou take e noho nei i raro i te ture, a kei te kaha hoki te ngakau o te iwi Pakeha kia tutuki nga mea i taumautia e ratou ki te iwi Maori. Ka waiho te Tiriti i waenganui i nga iwi e rua hei whakamaunga atu mo tetahi i runga i te whenua hou, hei maru mo tetahi i raro i nga ture hou.

Ka tu atu tatou i konei titiro whakamuri atu ai ki to ratou ahua i te wa i hangaia ai te Tiriti, ano nga iwi e rua kei runga i te taumata o te whakaaro kotahi e titiro atu ana ki nga pokaikahatanga o nga ngakau o o ratou tupuna i aua ra e rua, i te 5, i te 6 o Pepuere, 1840! E ronaia ana nga whakaaro o nga Rangatira Maori kia tuku atu ranei ratou i te mana, i te rangatiratanga ki te Kuini o te Pakeha, kaore ranei? Ka whiwhi ranei i te painga, kaore ranei? Ko wai ka hua, ko wai ka tohu! Ma wai ratou e whakawa atu i te mahara e piki ana, e heke ana?

Tera ia nga tangata matakite nana i whakaoti. Ko Tamati Waka Nēnē tetahi, te tangata nana te kupu ki a Kawana Hopihona "E noho hei Kawana, hei matua mo matou! Ka haere au i te taha o te Pakeha! Ka haina au i te pukapuka!" I te taha Pakeha tokorua nga tangata maku e whakatairanga ake ki runga, ko Rev. Henry Williams, ara ko Te Wiremu Karuwaha raua ko Mr. James Busby, ara ko Te Puhipi. Na



to raua manawanui, na to raua marama ki te ahua o te tangata Maori, na te whakapono o te Maori he tangata ngakau pono raua, na reira i whakaae ai ki te haina i te Tiriti o Waitangi.

Kua titiro whakamuri atu tatou i naiane i te paenga roa o nga tau, kua mahea te kohu i tatao ra i runga i o tatou tupuna, kei te noho tenei i te taumata o te rangimarie, o te ngakau tatu. Na te wa i rongoa te ngakau maru, i whakamahu te kiri kai-a-kiko o nga riri taraawhare a nga iwi e rua, ka tupu nei ko te whakahoahoa, ko te whakaaro kotahi.

Ka tae mai ki te ra e hui nei tatou, ina te mea whakamiharo rawa ko te whakamarietanga a te Tiriti o Waitangi, ko te whakarapopotohanga kia kotahi te iwi Maori. Nga iwi e ngana ra ki te pakanga i namata, tae mai ki te wa o te rakau Pakeha, o te pu, nana nei te tangata i huna ki te po, kua hui mai i runga i te rangimarie, i te rongoa ka mau. No te whawhai ki te Kuititanga i Waikanae, i te 16 o nga ra o Oketopa, 1839, ka wehea atu nga kakari a te Maori ki te Maori, ka tau mai ko te Tiriti o Waitangi, nana i hipoki te mana me te wehi o te ture Pakeha, i homai te ture Pakeha hei whakawa i nga raruraru, ka tino mutu te mau rakau a tetahi iwi Maori ki tetahi.

Ma wai e korero nga painga i puta ki te iwi Maori i tena ahua, i te pokonga o te umu kai-tangata? He iwi ahu whenua te Maori, ka tau te mauri i waenga i a ratou maara, ka hauhake te tangata i te ngahuru o tana i whakato ai i raro i te maru o te Tiriti. Ka haereere noa atu hoki te tangata i te mata o te whenua, kua tau nei ki raro nga mea nana i tauarai, ka huihui ki te wahi kotahi penei i a ratou e takataka nei i te marae nei i tenei ra, te taea i nga ra kikino o namata. Ko wai i mea i reira tera e penei ratou? Kaore ra pea. He merekara tenei.

Kei te mihi au ki te Kawana o Whiti kua tae mai nei ki te whakanui i tenei ra, ki te Minita hoki o te Kawanatanga Topu o Ahitereria, a ki te Minita o te Kawanatanga o Nu Haute Weera. Me wehe hoki e au he mihi motuhake ki te manuhiri tuarangi mai o Rarotonga, i whakawhiti mai nei i te moana kia kite i o ratou whanaunga Maori, hei whakapono i ta ratou pepeha ko ratou te potiki a Kuini Wikitoria, a kaore o ratou whakaaro i te whakahoki mai i ta ratou tukunga i a ratou i te tau 1901 ki raro i te mana o Nui Tireni, o te Emepaea hoki.

He hua katoa enei mea no te rongopai i kauwhautia ra e nga mihinare, na ratou i whakangawari nga kino, i homai ko te whakaaro pai, i whakatinanatia ra ki te Tiriti o Waitangi. Na reira e tika ana kia whakawhetai tatou ki te Atua nui rawa mona i mea ma te Iwi Pakeha o Ingarangi e hora tana pai ki runga ki te iwi Maori.

Ka huri ake taku titiro i te ra nei ki a matou ki te iwi Pakeha, kaore rawa au i te kite i tetahi mea i tupono i roto i nga tau mai o te tau 1840 hei tango atu, hei papare ake ranei i nga mea i taumautia ki te iwi Maori e te Pakeha i te ra i hainatia ai te Tiriti. Otira kua hira rawa ake te pikaunga ma matou ma te Pakeha, i te mea ko matou iti nei i te tau 1840 kua piki ake hei mea kaha rawa i roto i enei tau e 94! Ka tika kia kaha rawa ake ta matou manaaki i te Tiriti, nana ra i whakakotahi te Pakeha raua ko te Maori, kia haere tahi ai i raro i te ture, kia whakaakona tahitia ai i roto i nga kura, kia mahi tahi ai, kia takaro tahi ai, kia noho tahi ai. Ma matou e tiaki nga tikanga e ahei ai te iwi Maori te noho ora i te ao nei. Mehemea kei te taha Pakeha he huarahi mo ratou ki te ora, kua e kaiponuhia tera, engari me awhina kaha e matou. Ko te mea tika rawa ia e tu tika ai te Maori i roto i te ao Pakeha nei, e whiwhi tahi ai i nga taonga papai i homai e te kaihanganga ki enei moutere, me whakaako ia ki te ahu i tona ake whenua, me arahi i te huarahi e pono ai tera mahi, a kua e tukua kia ruke noa atu i te whenua. Na mo tenei taha kua timataia e taku Minita Maori, e Ta Apirana Ngata, etahi kaupapa mahi whenua hei painga mo tona iwi, hei whakamaunga mahara ki a ia i roto i nga whakatupuranga. Me awhina ra e matou te Maori kia ahu i tona whenua, kia whakatupu kai mana, kia pupuri i te reo tuturu o te Maori, kia mau ki ana waiata, ki nga korero a ona tupuna—ara kia mau ki te whenua, kia mau hoki ki nga hanga papai a ona tupuna Maori. Ka ngaro pea te ngahau i Nui Tireni ki te ngaro te roreka o te waiata Maori, o te haka, ki te kore nga mahi Maori, ka waiho era mea hei tupapaku i roto i nga rua koiwi. Me apiti ki era te noho pai a te iwi Maori i roto i o ratou pa, pera me ta to ratou tangata nui, me ta Ta Maui Pomare i tohutohu ai i a ia e ora ana, kia tupu ai te ora tinana, te ora roa i te ao nei. Ahakoa pea poka ke to ratou ahua i to tatou i to te Pakeha, e pai ana kia mau to ratou maoritanga, hei hoa mo to tatou pakehatanga ki runga i te whenua kotahi hapai ai i to tatou Emepaea kotahi. He pera te whakaaro a Ta Hori Kerei i mea ai i mua ra, ko te huarahi e pono ai te mahi ki te iwi Maori, e



kotahi mai ai to ratou hinengaro ki to tatou ki te kawē i nga mahi o enei moutere, me whai te iwi Pakeha kia mohio ki te reo Maori, a ki nga kauwhau Maori, a kia titiro ki nga mea o te ao nei ma roto i te kanohi Maori. E tika ana kia whakaarohia nuitia era tohutohu i tenei wa.

E rongō ake ana tatou ki nga tikanga i mahia i mua tata ake nei, i whacina ai etahi o nga iwi ngoikore ki raro i te mana o nga iwi pakari, hei tiaki i to ratou ahua Maori. Otira kei te hohonu iho i tena te wero a te iwi Maori ki o tatou ngakau. I haere mai tatou ki te iwi Maori me te ringa toro kia whakahoahoa, a na tatou i tohe kia tukua mai ratou ma tatou e taurima. Kaati ra kaua tatou e wareware ki tera, engari kia mau tonu ki nga kupu oati o te Tiriti, a taea noatia te mutunga o te Emepaea.

Hei kupu mutunga maku, ko taku tumanako nui kia waiho a Waitangi, te Waitangi kua meinga nei hei pae mo nga iwi e rua a hei putahi mo to raua kotahitanga, kia waiho hei mauri mo enei moutere, hei kura pepeha ma nga uri whakatupu. I whakatokia ki konei te kakano o te whakaaro kotahi, ka tupu a ka mahora ki nga topito o nga moutere nei. Tera nga wahi i taupatupatu ai i te rereke o nga kaupapa i whakanonohia ai nga motu e rua nei ki te tangata, i oke noa atu ai tena ropu tena ropu ki te kawē i tona ahua, i tona ahua, a he wa ka piko tonu iho ki nga mea i tona aroaro, ka kore e kite i nga mea i tua ake, i ko atu ranei. He pai tonu kia pepeha he ropu i runga i tona marae, i tona marae, i te hanga e ahu katoa atu ana te aroha ki te whenua kotahi, ki Ingarangi, i tupu mai ai ratou. Hira rawa ake ia te pai o te tu i te marae kotahi, i runga i te whakaaro tahi. Koia a Waitangi, te wahi i whanau ai te kotahitanga o te iwi, kua whakamaui nei ki nga iwi e rua, ki te Pakeha, ki te Maori, nga moutere e rua, a Aotearoa me te Waipounamu.

Kei Waitangi ka kitea atu te wahi i kauwhau ai a Te Matenga i te ra Kirihimete, ka 119 tau te pahuretanga ki muri, ko te whakaaturanga tuatahitanga tera ki te iwi Maori i te whakapono Karaitiana, i te rongapai, i te maungarongo. Ko ta maua tumanako tenei ko taku hoa wahine, kia tau te rangimarie ki nga iwi e rua, te whakaaro pai ki nga tangata katoa i runga i te kotahitanga, kia pumau hoki te whakapono ki te Atua. Tera pea ka whai wahi a Waitangi ki te pupuri i enei mea i nga ra maha e tu mai nei.

Ka nui taku aroha ki a koutou.

E te iwi Maori, ana to maua aroha. Kia ora! Kia ora!

## HE WHAI-KORERO.

NA TE KAWANA-TIANARA, NA RORE PERARO, HE WHAKAHOKI NANA I Nga mihi a nga iwi Maori, i ta ratou tonohoki mana e whakatakoto te Kohatu o te Paepae o te Whare Runanga Whakamahara i Waitangi, i te 6 o Pepuere, 1934.

I mua ake o taku whakautunga i nga mihi a nga iwi Maori kua hui mai nei, i te tonohangatira hoki a Tau Henare ratou ko nga iwi o te Tai-Tokerau kia whakatakotoria e au te kohatu o te paepae, kei te hiahia au ki te whakapuaki i te mihi a Te Poari Kaitiaki o Waitangi mo nga awhina nunui, kua tukua mai nei e nga tangata whai whakaaro, hei whakaora i te whare me te marae i waihangatia ai te Tiriti. Na nga moni awhina a tetahi ropu iti, i taea ai te whakaora te whare, kia rite ki tona ahua i hangaia iho ai. O taua ropu iti e tika ana au kia whakahua i a Sir Alfred Bankart, i mate ake nei. He aroha nui ta Nga-Puhi, na ratau nei i tapae mai nga pou puriri o te taiapa rohe o te whenua nei, e wha maero te roa, me era atu koha, a ka waitohutia i tenei ra te tinana o te Whare Runanga Whakairo. Na nga Maori o te Waipounamu te tuuru whakairo, e noho nei au i runga, me te papa pounamu tangiwai hei takoto i raro; na nga iwi o Taranaki ko te whakaahua o te hainatanga ai o te Tiriti. Na Reri Pomare, na te Royal Society o Tahimania etahi whakaahua. Tera ano etahi taonga a etahi atu tangata, e kore e taea te tatau.

Me mihi hoki au ki nga Komiti Tohutohu i te Poari, ki nga tohunga nana i whakahaere te mahi whakaora i te whare o Te Tiriti, ki a Lindsay Buick hoki mo ana mahi maha. Na C. F. Goldie i homai ki au te whakaahua o Tamati Waka Nene, i whiwhi ai te Whare nei i te ahua o tera tangata nui o te iwi Maori.

He mihi mutunga maku ki te Kawanatanga mo ana awhina maha noa atu, engari rawa ia mo te piriti, i ngawari ai te whakawhiti mai i te tuawhenua ki Waitangi nei, mo te rori hoki i hangaia ki runga i te whenua nei, kia mama ai te haereere i runga, eke noa ki ona hiwi, e marama ai te matakitaki ki nga wahi whakamiharo o te moana o Tokerau.

Kaati ena. Kei te nui toku hari ki nga whai korero a nga rangatira Maori o nga iwi katoa i hui mai nei, tae noa ki nga waiata, ki nga haka hoki, e whakaatu ana i to ratou



whakaaro nui ki te Tiriti o Waitangi, i to ratou piri pono ki te Karauna o Ingarangi, a i ta ratau whakapumautanga i tenei ra i nga tikanga o taua Tiriti. Ka koa katoa ra nga tangata i rongo i aua korero, e whakapono nei ratau, ko te noho pai o nga iwi e rua i runga i te whakaaro kotahi hei kaupapa mo to tatau Tominiona.

Ko nga kupu mihi ki a maua ko taku hoa mo ta maua koha, ka waiho e maua hei taonga nui whakaharahara, a mate noa maua. Ka roa atu maua e noho ana i roto i a koutou, ka kaha rawa to maua aroha ki nga iwi e rua nona nga moutere nei, he nui no a ratou manaaki.

Tenei ra ka whakahei au i ta koutou tonu, maku e timata te hanga o to koutou Whare Whakairo, hei whakatutuki i te tikanga Maori. He taonga nui na te Maori inamata te Whare, ahakoa whare nui, ahakoa whare iti, he taonga tuku iho i ona tupuna atua. Na reira kia mau ki tenei tikanga tapu a o koutou tupuna, ehara i te mea e whakama ai koutou, ina mau ki te taura o nehera. He tika naku na te Pakeha i mau mai te whakapono, me nga tikanga a te Pakeha; engari ko wai hei ki, papai ake o te Pakeha whare i o koutou, tau ake ranei hei hoa mo nga maunga nei, mo nga ngahere nei, mo nga moana nei ranei? Kia kaha koutou, te iwi Maori, ki te ako i nga mahi tohunga a o koutou tupuna, matou hoki nga Pakeha ki te hura haere i nga mea tawhito a te iwi Maori. E mihi nei toku hinengaro ki tera kaumatua, ki a Te Peehi (Elsdon Best), mo tona kaha ki te whakarapopoto i nga korero, i nga mahi a te iwi Maori.

I nga ra onamata ka taute katoa te iwi nona te whare penei ki nga mahi o to ratou whare, ka waihangatia hoki hei whare wananga mo nga korero atua, mo nga korero tupuna hoki i tuku iho i nga tohunga o ia whakatupuranga. Ki reira hoki nga kaumatua whakatakoto kupu ai mo nga mea e tupono mai i o ratou na ra, he mahi waka pea, he moutouranga ranei, he pakanga ranei, he hohou rongo ranei, nga mea nunui e pa ana ki te iwi.

Ki te timataia te mahi o te whare me kawe kia tutuki pai. He aitua ki te nukunuhia te papa o te whare. Kaua hoki nga tohunga e kawhakiwhakina e etahi atu mahi, engari me u tonu ki to ratau whare, a oti noa. Koia nei nga tikanga onamata, e tika ana kia mau i a koutou, ka hanga nei i te whare nei. Ka pai te timatanga, kaua hoki e hoha, a kia oti ra ano.

Tera ano tetahi ritenga tapu onamata i korerotia mai ki au, mo te wāhine, kaore rawa e tukua kia tomo ki te whare penei, kia whakatata mai ranei ki te taha i te mea e hanga ana, kei iwi kore nga tohunga, a ka kore e oti te whare. He aitua tena e kore ai e tutuki a tatou tumanako, a mehemea kei te mau tonu te mana o taua tapu, kaati me whakatahi atu nga wahine o Nga-Puhi, kei raru nga tohunga. Kei te kiia hoki tenei iwi te wahine he pakiki, he tohetoe. Kaati ra, waiho kia tu te pou tokomanawa, kia rewa te tahuhu, kia ara nga poupou, kia oti te whatu o nga tukutuku, a kia taia te kawa, ka tomo ai ratou. Ka koa katoa ra pea te iwi ki te powhiri i a ratou kia tomo ki te whare kua oti.

I rongo korero au ki tetahi tikanga onamata mo te whare pakaru, he whakatuturi te Maori ki te whakaora i te wahi pakaru, a tino kore mehemea kei runga o te whare. Pai ake ki a ia te hanga whare hou. Penei te korero a tetahi, kaore e taea e ia te tapitapi a runga o te whare i te mea e ua ana, a kaore he take i mahia ai i te rangi ataahua. Ko taku tumanako kia kaua a Nga-Puhi e pera. Kaua ratou e whakaroa i te mahi o te whare nei, a ina oti kaua e whakarerea e ratou kia paruparu, kia pakaru. He tohu tera no te whakaheke o te tupu o te iwi, te whare mahue. A mehemea he whare no te iwi nui tonu, penei i te Whare ka timataia nei, ka waiho tona ahua a nga tau e heke iho nei, hei tohu mo te tu o te iwi Maori. Ina hoki pea ka waiho te Whare Runanga nei hei whakarapopototanga mo nga tikanga whakapaipai a te iwi Maori. Na reira ina oti, e tika ana kia mau te iwi Maori katoa, kia manaaki hei taonga ma ratou. Kia rite tonu te ngakau nui, penei i te ahua e ngakau nui nei te iwi nana i hua te whakaaro, nga tohunga nana i hanga te kaupapa, nga tohunga hoki nana i whakairo. Tera hoki e waiho hei mea whakamiharo ma nga manuhiri haere mai o nga wahi katoa a te ao, ki te kore ano ia e tukua e koutou kia mate. Ko taku tumanako tenei, kia whakapau koutou i to koutou kaha, i to koutou aroha, ki te tiaki i tenei whare ina oti, kia noho ora, kia noho ataahua, hei kohanga mo te rangimarie me te kotahitanga.

Ka tu tenei whare hei pou whakamaharatanga i roto i nga tau. Ma te hunga nana nei i hua te whakaaro e mea hei tinana tenei whare mo te ahua rangatira o te iwi Maori, kia whaohia ki roto ana taonga ataahua katoa, hei mihi ma te iwi, ina hui ki roto i nga wa o te harakoa, o te pouri ranei; hei whare huinga mo te iwi e whakarerea atu ai nga pakanga o



mua, e whakakotahitia ai nga whakaaro, e whiriwhiria ai nga tikanga mo te iwi Maori, kia marama ai ki te iwi Pakeha to te Maori hinengaro; hei whare wananga hoki mo nga tikanga Maori, e puritia ai te reo tika, te reo reka o te Maori, e korerotia ai nga mea Maori, nga waiata, nga karakia, nga aha. Koia ra, meinga hei mea Maori tuturu, motuhake, hei whakamaharatanga ki te Tiriti o Waitangi, nana nei i whakapumau te Maoritanga o te Iwi Maori.

Apopo, ina oti te Whare Runanga nei, ka tu tahi ratou ko te Whare o te Tiriti, me te Pou o te Kara e tu mai ra i te marae. Ko te Whare o te Tiriti kua whakaorangia kia rite ki tona ahua i hangaia ai i tera rau tau, ka taha ra; ko te whare Maori nei, hei tohu mo te kotahitanga o te iwi Maori; a ko te Pou e tu mai ra, hei iringa mo te Kara, mo te tohu o te Kingitanga o Ingarangi. Ka tu ratou hei tohu mo to tatou kotahitanga, mo to tatou whakaaro kia haere tahi i roto i nga tau katoa, e tu mai nei, i runga i te rangimarie. Ko taku inoi kaha tera.

Koia au ka whakarite i ta koutou tonono, a ka whakatapu nei i te paepae o tenei Whare Runanga, i runga i te tumanako kia waiho a roto hei kainga mo te rongo mau, mo te whakaaro pai, mo te pono.

## APPENDIX II.

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Translation by the Right Rev. F. A. Bennett, Bishop of Aotearoa.

### HUI KI WAITANGI.

(Whakamarama: Ko te karakia nui o te marae i tukuna ai nga inoi whakawhetai ki te Atua mo nga manaakitanga i puta mai i te Tiriti o Waitangi, he mea whakahaere i te karakia o te 11 a.m. i te Ratapu te 4 o nga ra o Pepuere. I te Atipihopa te kauwhau Pakeha, te Pihopa o Aotearoa te kauwhau Maori. Ko tetahi wahi tenei o te kauwhau a te Pihopa o Aotearoa.)

Tena koutou e nga Iwi katoa o te Motu e pae nei, i huihui mai nei i tenei ra ki te whakanui, ki te whakahonore, i te taonga a o koutou matua i hanga ai i te tau 1840. Mai i tera wa ki tenei tau, tenei tatou o ratou uri kei te kite i nga hua papai kua puta ki te Iwi Maori nui tonu, i runga i to ratou whakaaro nui. Na ratou te kakano i tiri, engari ko tatou ko nga uri o roto o te rau tau i muri i a ratou, kua kite i te pai o te tipu o ta ratou rakau, me te ataahua hoki o nga hua.

Ka tata ki te rau-tau te hainatanga o ta ratou Tiriti. He mea whakamiharo te waihotanga ma tenei o o tatou Kawana-tianara me tona hoa e kite te nui o tenei taonga. To raua kitenga i te nui, ka pupu ake te aroha i roto i a raua ki tenei taonga a nga tipuna o nga taha e rua. Ka whakaaro raua ko tenei whenua ko Waitangi kaore i tika kia waiho hei whenua hokohoko ma te tangata, engari me whakatapu hei whakamaunga mahara ki te hainatanga o te Tiriti o Waitangi mo ake tonu atu. Ka hokona mai e raua tata ki te 2,000 nga eka hei whenua mo raua ake. Te rironga mai o nga taitara i a raua, ka whakawhitingia e raua te whenua katoa nei hei aroha ma raua ki nga tangata katoa o Niu Tireni, Pakeha, Maori.

Koinei ra te tino putake o to tatou huihuinga i tenei ra, tuatahi: he whakawhetai na tatou ki to tatou Kawana-tianara mo tenei taonga nui whakaharahara ka tapaea e raua hei aroha ki te Motu, tuarua: kia whakamaharatia ano e tatou te wairua o te Tiriti hei paihere i te aroha me te rangimarie i waenganui i te Pakeha i te Maori e noho nei i Niu Tireni.



Kaore ahau e hopohopo ki te ki penei, na te Atua i homai tenei whakaaro aroha ki roto ki to tatou Kawana-tianara me tona hoa. Kei te kite marama tatou katoa i te ahua o to tatou Kawana-tianara he tangata wehi ki te Atua. A i roto i ana whai-korero kaore e wareware ana i a ia te ingoa o te Atua. No reira ahau ka mea, ko tenei taonga ka tapaea nei he mea whakato na te Wairua o te Atua i roto i tona ngakau.

Ko te whenua nei kua tukuna ki nga Pakeha ki nga Maori. Ko nga Kai-tiaki he Pakeha he Maori, hei tohu mo te kotahitanga o nga Iwi e rua. No reira puripuri o tatou ringaringa ko o tatou hoa Pakeha, mahi tahi tatou i te wahi ma tena ma tena, kia whiwhitahi ai tatou me te Motu katoa ki nga manaakitanga a te Atua a nga ra e heke iho nei.

Kaua hoki tatou e wareware ki te taha wairua o te Tiriti o Waitangi. I whanau mai tenei Tiriti i roto i nga mahi o te Whakapono Karaitiana. Ko te ringaringa nana i tuhituhi te Tiriti ko te ringaringa o Rev. Richard Taylor. Ko te tino Kai-whakamaori ko Rev. Henare Wiremu, a ko te hunga nana i titiro te hainatanga he tokomaha o ratou he minita. No reira ahau ka ki kei wareware ki te taha wairua o te Tiriti. Mehemea kaore te Hahi a te Atua kaore pea e rangona te Tiriti o Waitangi.

No reira i roto i a tatou mihi mo tenei taonga me te hari nui mo tenei ra, kaua rawa tatou hei wareware ki te taha wairua, te putake mai o tenei Tiriti i hanga ai. Me hari hoki tatou i tenei ra i te mea ko to tatou Kawana-tianara me tona hoa, te hunga nana tenei taonga i tapae mai ki te Motu, he hunga mahara ki te taha whaka-te-Atua o a raua mahi katoa.

Ko ta tatou whakawhetai nui me tuku ki te Atua i runga i nga kupu o te inoi e ki nei: "Tukuna mai ki a matou he ngakau e mahara ana ki au atawhainga katoa, kia tino whakawhetai ai matou, kia whakaputaia atu ai tou pai, aua e o matou ngutu anake, engari e a matou hanga, i a matou ka anga nui atu ki au mahi, ka haere i tou aroaro i runga i te tapu, i te tika, i nga ra katoa e ora ai matou."

## APPENDIX III.

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Prayers composed by Governor-General translated into Maori and used at the Thanksgiving Service on the *marae*:

HE INOI NA TE KAWANA-TIANARA O NIU TIRENI I  
TUHITUHI. HE MEA WHAKAMANA E TE ATIPIHOPA  
O NIU TIRENI.

1. (He inoi mo te mana o te whakapono Karaitiana kia tipu hei kaupapa whakakotahi i nga iwi e rua e noho nei i runga i te motu.)

Ete Atua Kaha Rawa, ko Koe nei te Kai-pupuri i te haa o nga iwi o te ao, na tau Tama nei na Ihu Karaiti me te mana kaha o tana Rongopai ki te whakatipu i te rangimarie me te tika i waenganui i te tangata, i meinga kia tutaki nga iwi e rua o tenei Tominiana, i karanga i a raua kia hui hei kotahi i raro i te Kiingitanga o Ingarangi; he inoi tenei na matou kia whakakahangia rawatia te whakapono o Tou iwi ki Tou Mana whakaaro awhina, me Tau manaaki pumau.

He inoi ano tenei na matou ki a Koe kia whakakahangia enei iwi e rua ki te whai i tau e pai ai i runga i te tika, i te whakaaro kotahi i roto i nga tini putanga ketanga, i nga tini paheketanga, i nga tohetohe, i nga raruraru o tenei ao mate-mate; kia u pu ai te ngakau ki te waahi e kitea ai te hari pono me ta rangimarie, ko Ihu Karaiti hooki to matou Ariki.

AMINE.

2. (He inoi kia whakahonoretia te kaupapa o te Tiriti o Waitangi.)

E te Atua, na tou maramatanga me Tou aroha nui i meinga kia mutu te pakanga me te whakaheke toto i waenganui i te iwi Maori me te iwi Pakeha, me nga hapu katoa o tenei whenua a kia hui ratou hei iwi kotahi i raro i te Karauna o Ingarangi i te tau 1840; he inoi tenei na matou ki a Koe kia whakakahangia nga iwi e rua ki te pupuri i nga kupu o te Kawenata tapu i hainatia i waenganui i a raua i runga i enei moana, kia puritia i runga i te whakapono me te honore i nga tau maha kei mua i o matou aroaro, hei whakakororia i Tou Ingoa Tapu, hei kaupapa mo te rangimarie, mo te whakaaro pai, me te haere tika, o te iwi kotahi, he whakaaro hoki ki a Ia nana nei i homai te rangimarie me te whakaaro pai ki runga ke te whenua, ki a Ihu Karaiti ki to matou Ariki.

AMINE.



# APPENDIX IV.

## TABULATED STATEMENT.

The following table shows the names of the tribes present and their numerical strength:

DISTRICT	TRIBES REPRESENTED	STRENGTH
North Auckland	Aupouri, Rarawa, Ngati Kehu, Nga-Puhi, Ngati Whatua	4,000
Waikato ..	Waikato, Ngati Haua	150
Thames and Tauranga	Ngati Maru, Ngaiterangi	60
King Country	Ngati Maniapoto	50
Taupo	Ngati Tuwharetoa	150
Hot Lakes	Te Arawa	300
Bay of Plenty ..	Ngati Awa, Tuhoe (Ure- wera), Te Whakatohea, Ngaitai	270
East Coast (Gisborne)	Whanau-a-Apanui, Ngati Porou, Te Aitanga-a- Mohaki, Rongowhakaata	410
Wairoa	Ngati Kahungunu	250
Hawkes Bay		
Wairarapa		
Taranaki	Atiawa, Taranaki, Ngati Ruanui, Ngati Rauru	105
Whanganui	Whanganui, Ngati Hau, Ngati Haua	110
Manawatu	Ngati Apa, Muaupoko, Rangitane, Ngati Toa, Ngati Raukawa	100
South Island		20
Rarotongans		30
Miscellaneous		150
		<u>6,155</u>

Tribes taking part in the dances:

North Auckland (combined in one party), men, 350;	
women, 180 ..	530
Waikato (Princess Te Puea's poi party) ..	24
Taupo, men, 90; women, 50 ..	140
Hot Lakes, men, 110; women, 70; singers, 40	220
Bay of Plenty, men, 60; women, 40	100
East Coast (Gisborne), men, 100; women, 70	170
Wairoa, Hawkes Bay and Wairarapa (combined)	60
Taranaki (combined) ..	60
Whanganui	65
Rarotongans	15
	<u>1,384</u>

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