SOUTH AUCKLAND

By HENRY E. R. L. WILY.

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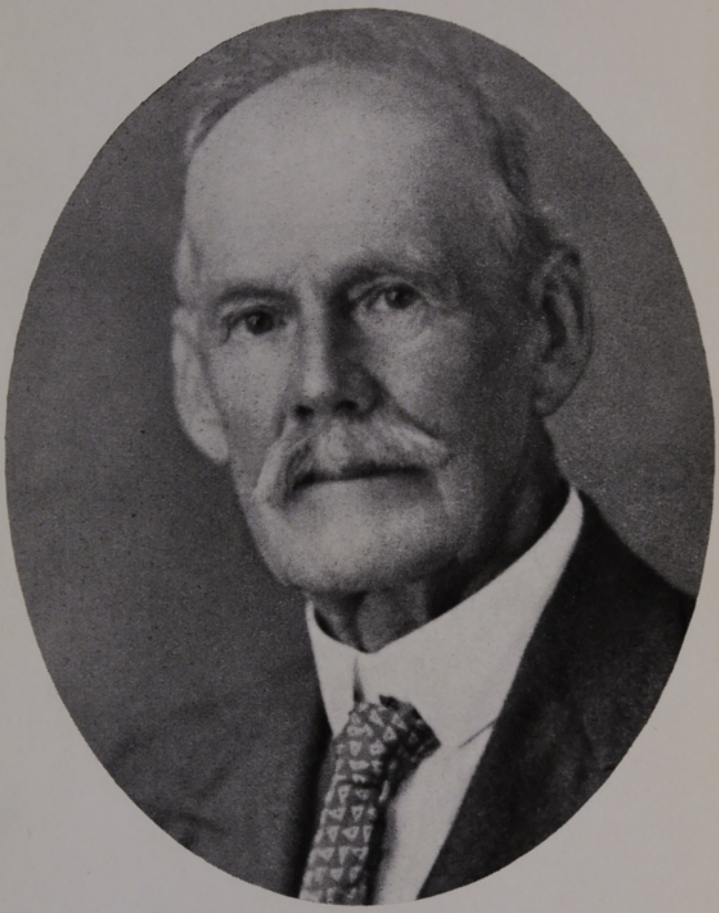

The Author

—Photo by Thorpe Studio, Pukekohe.

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Some sketches of its early settlement and development, with a glance at the conditions under which it was colonised.

By HENRY E. R. L. WILY.

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SOUTH AUCKLAND

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"Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begot us."

—(*Ecclesiasticus*)

To Alan Percival Day, Esquire.

In recognition of the willing co-operation he has given, and in token that he is forgiven for inducing the author to undertake the task of compiling it, this book is in most friendly fashion gratefully dedicated.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.—Continued.

PART III.

FOREWORD

By Mr. J. N. MASSEY, M.P.

ANXIOUS and troubled though the times are, and dangerous and difficult as the present task of our Empire is in its desperate struggle to save some semblance of liberty for the democratic communities of the world, yet, after mature consideration, it has been decided to publish this book, which was written before the war began. To read of the trials and dangers the parents and grandparents of our people went through in the early colonial days may help to reconcile us to our own war trials, and possible dangers.

"South Auckland" was begun with the intention of being merely the story of the early colonisation of Franklin County, but the neighbouring counties, hearing of the project, desired to be included, and the scope of the book was widened to include the five counties immediately south of Auckland, Manukau, Franklin, Raglan, Waikato and Waipa. Though the widening of the field in this way meant a great deal of extra work for the author he undertook it willingly, and without receiving any remuneration for what I know he has found a difficult and arduous task, he has given us a volume which should prove an object lesson to the present and coming generations. Although the author expressly disclaims being one of the pioneers he lived all his childhood and youth in close association with them, and has thus been able to catch the very atmosphere of the period, and place it on record for all time. There is very little doubt that "South Auckland" will become a standard work of reference whenever the daily lives, occupations, and even recreations of our pioneers have to be enquired into.

It is a regret to me that Mr. Wily should have found it necessary to break off his story at a point fifty years ago, and not have told us of the marvellous changes and improvements of the last half century, to do which he has the knowledge and capacity necessary; but, as he justly says, the coming of the separator and the refrigerator ended the old order of things and ushered in the new. I feel certain that this book will be as well received by the public as it deserves to be, and when the author finds out how

successful it is, it will perhaps be possible to persuade him to write a sequel to it, giving us the almost equally interesting events of the last fifty years.

In conclusion I would say that to every man and woman who can appreciate courage, patience, industry, independence and unending perseverance this book will interest and please them in every page from cover to cover; and to our young people I would say—read it, and then try and follow the example of our gallant pioneers.

—J. N. Massey.

PREFACE

IT was not without considerable reluctance that the author of this book undertook to compile it. Advancing years and indifferent health made the work a good deal more of a task than it would have been even a year or two previously, and it was only the knowledge that much of what is here set down would perish with the writer that induced him to undertake the work.

The reader who expects to find anything in the shape of a precise and detailed account of the settlement of the five counties lying immediately to the south of Auckland had better close the volume as soon as he gets to this point, for he will not find anything of the sort between its covers. To get out such a history would require years of patient research among old archives, books of the period, and musty newspaper files, and even then much would remain undiscovered. A few days among the old records convinced me that time would not allow a great deal of information to be gleaned in that way.

An appeal through the press for old letters, journals or other documents relating to the days of our infancy proved absolutely barren of results. It became evident that the contents of the book could come from only two sources: the knowledge I had picked up during more than seventy years of colonial life, and what the memories of some of the oldest inhabitants could give me. In the aggregate this latter supply has been exceedingly scanty, though many of our older people have done their best to help. As I went on with my inquiries the certainty that I was fifteen or twenty years too late was more and more convincingly forced upon me; the original actors in the scenes I desired to depict were all dead, and the second-hand impressions of their descendants were not sufficiently clear-cut and accurate to be of much assistance.

However, to the very many people who showed a strong if sometimes ineffectual wish to help me I desire to express my very best thanks, and to acknowledge my deep sense of indebtedness to those who were able to give me information of value. I should very much like to be able in this preface to name all the people who gave, or attempted to give me assistance, but their

number is so great that such a course would be impossible, and to name only some of them would appear to be invidious, so I must content myself with this general acknowledgment and appreciation.

INTRODUCTION

ANYONE who has lived for a half century or more among our people must have noted a very great change in their outlook upon their past history, a growing desire to know what can be learned about the early days of colonisation, and an increasing respect for our few and far-between "ancient monuments." Up to comparatively lately a story of our pioneering days was received by most people with a chilling indifference; to-day there is in general a refreshing desire to learn all that can be learned of the early days of the colony, and to cherish a growing respect and admiration for the gallant band of men and women who laid so well and so truly the foundation stone of all that we are and have to-day.

That the near approach to the centenary of our becoming a unit in the British Empire has given the historical sense we are developing a definite fillip I am prepared to admit, but that it has been responsible for its genesis and steady growth I must deny. As one who has with sedulous industry always embalmed in print any important or curious fact of our pioneering days that came to my knowledge, I have long noticed with growing satisfaction that more and more interest was being taken in these tales of the past.

I have no intention of posing as a pioneer. I came to New Zealand over seventy years ago at the age of five, and as far as I remember was not even consulted as to whether I desired to settle here or no. But all my early days were spent among the real pioneers, and my admiration for them, great at an early stage of my life, has grown with my maturity. If I can succeed in conveying to my readers even an imperfect view of our past; some slight but correct sketch of all that was best and most heartening in the work and lives of the founders of the nation we hope one day to grow to be; if I can tell with as near a semblance of verity as may be possible of the steadfast and sturdy men and women whose courage and unshaken fortitude in danger, whose tenacity that made them hold on in the face of trials that can hardly be imagined to-day, and who, even when actual disaster came refused to allow themselves to be absolutely cast down, but resolutely set their faces to trample disaster under foot and make a fresh start, I shall feel I have not laboured in vain.

With all his great and good qualities the pioneer was a very disappointing person in one respect. He was usually nearly dumb about the exciting times he had passed through. To get him to talk freely and discursively about his early experiences was about as difficult as to get the Taxation Department to make a refund of over-paid income-tax. The man who *did* things seemed to have little desire to *tell* about them; he wrote few letters; it was the rarest thing for him to keep a journal or any other record. It seems almost paradoxical to say so, but I really cannot help feeling that the episodes he had been an actor in loomed less imposingly in his mind, and subtended a smaller visual angle in his imagination, than they did in the minds and imaginations of the seekers after knowledge.

But I was always possessed of an avid thirst for information, and drank deep at the fountain whenever I could pump it out of the pioneers who were my daily associates. Like the Father of History, old Herodotus, I gleaned my information wherever I could, and if we were both considered in our respective times to be iniquisitive bores we at least obtained results.

Military matters interested me most perhaps. The locality in which I lived was full of old soldiers of the war at the Bay of Islands in 1845 and 1846, and younger men who had not many years before seen service in the Taranaki and Waikato campaigns. Also, most of the able-bodied settlers had been engaged as volunteers in the Waikato War. Among so many it was not difficult to find some who were not too reticent to let their deeds shine before men. A few indeed were over-willing to impart what they knew and a little more, but I soon learned to collate their narratives with those of the more exact and thus to arrive at a pretty fair estimate of the truth.

A little later I formed the habit of sending to some newspaper or other all the interesting incidents that came to my knowledge, knowing this would preserve them from being really lost. I am feeling the benefit of this now, for the writing of them down impressed them on my memory in a way no simple hearing of them would have done. Unfortunately I never acquired the scrap-book habit, and cannot turn up the original accounts to verify my mental impressions. And if, at my age, my memory does not play me occasional tricks it will be surprising; but my aim is not so much to present an actual historical record of early settlement as to give the reader a book from which he may obtain a fairly clear view of the life of our pioneers, their work, their relaxations, the dangers, difficulties and privations they had

to face, and to show how as colonists, soldiers and Empire builders they added one more lustrous page to the history of that beloved land which was to them "Home" to the last day of their lives.

PART 1

THE EARLIEST DAYS

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PART I

CHAPTER I

THE EARLIEST DAYS

TASMAN'S DISCOVERY OF NEW ZEALAND—COOK'S VISITS. INTEREST ROUSED IN ENGLAND BY HIS REPORT—EARLY PLANS TO COLONISE.

WHEN, almost three centuries ago, to be exact on December 15th, 1642, Commodore Abel Tasman, an experienced and capable Dutch explorer, sighted the snow-capped Southern Alps at a point about half-way along the Middle Island, he was the first European, as far as we have any record, to set eyes on New Zealand. Though

there is some inferential evidence that probably both Chinese and Malayan sailors had touched here previously, nothing is definitely known, and Tasman is universally looked upon as the first discoverer.

Apparently he was not enthusiastic about his discovery, for he never even troubled to set foot on it. He sailed north along the towering masses of the great mountain range till he turned the corner of the island and put into Golden Bay. Here he had an unfortunate encounter with the natives, a boat-load of his men, on their way to his consort ship, being attacked by natives in their canoes. They killed three men and mortally wounded a fourth, and then made off, carrying with them the body of one of their victims for a purpose which in later years became only too well understood.

After this unfortunate rencontre Tasman, believing the passage between the islands to be a bay and not a strait, sailed off along the west coast of the North Island. Mt. Egmont he missed altogether owing to thick weather, but he saw Karioi, the massive forest covered mountain that stands guard over Raglan Harbour. Two or three more glimpses he got of the land, and then he sailed away, thinking he had discovered the continent which at that time was believed to reach to South America, but so little interested in it that he was content to leave it unexplored.

The country Tasman thus casually visited was almost forgotten when he once left it. More than a century and a quarter was to pass before another white man saw it again. If any other ships came here before James Cook explored it in 1769 they have left no known record of their call. Yet the southern seas were so full of English, French, Portugese and Spanish explorers that it seems hard to believe that one or more of them did not reach here. The almost total absence of surprise on the part of the Maoris at seeing Cook's ships seems to argue that similar vessels were not wholly unknown to them. It is said that there are piles of records of South Sea voyages in Spain that have never been examined, and there is always the chance that some one or other of them may some day turn up with a record of a visit to these islands. All knowledge of the discovery and settlement of the continent of North America by the Icelanders more than nine centuries ago was forgotten by Europe for many hundreds of

years*, so perhaps it may not be strange that a land so far away as New Zealand should fall into oblivion for a while.

James Cook was a man of great and varied talents of whom we may justly feel proud. Perhaps in no other single individual of our race have the practical mariner, the gifted cartographer and the scientific inquirer been so remarkably blended. During his short visits to this country he acquired a knowledge of its people, its flora and its physical features so accurate that it might almost appear miraculous. Added to this he charted its outline with a degree of accuracy so great that only during the past two or three years has the Admiralty deemed it necessary to go over some of his work.

Naturally Cook's survey only included the coast-line, with a few very short journeys inland. Only in one place did he put foot on a portion of South Auckland, and that was when he rowed some fifteen miles up the Waihou River, and landed and explored a patch of kahikatea timber that grew on the river flat. The height and straightness of the trunks greatly impressed him. Really with Cook this book has very little to do, except that it was the way in which his narratives of his discoveries stirred the imaginations of the Home people to think of New Zealand as a field for colonisation which makes us remember that we owe him a very great debt.

So rapid was the response of some of the English people to Cook's account of New Zealand that as early as 1771 a pamphlet written by A. Dalrymple and B. Franklin was published in London under the title "Scheme of a Voyage to convey the Conveniences of Life, Domestic Animals, Corn, Iron etc. to New Zealand."

Cook took possession of New Zealand for Great Britain at Mercury Bay, where he had called to observe a transit of the planet, on the 13th, 14th, or 15th of November, 1769, (strangely enough the exact date he does not give) but it was not till more than seventy years later that Britain really made good its claim to sovereignty, and then, at any rate so far as the Government was concerned, most reluctantly.

*It is significant that Christopher Columbus paid a visit to Iceland not very long before he set out on the voyage that re-discovered America. It is impossible to definitely say whether he went there to investigate what facts he could find which corroborated the story that about 982 A.D. Eirek the Red discovered Greenland and later established a colony there which shortly grew to a considerable community. Eirek's son Lief a few years later discovered the mainland of America, and a colony was established there, which was, however, not a success. But so far as is known no record exists of any visitor to these shores between Tasman at the end of 1642 and Cook in 1769.

CHAPTER II

WHAT COOK FOUND HERE

NEW ZEALAND'S GREAT ATTRACTIONS—FAUNA AND FLORA—SCANTY SUPPLY OF ANIMALS AND FRUITS.

AND now for a glance at the physical qualities of the land Tasman discovered and Cook explored. In many ways New Zealand is a remarkable country, in fact an unique one. No part of the world of so small an area has so much to offer in the way of variety of scenery, climate, soil and topography. At a very early period it was named the Italy of the South, but that name never properly fitted it. New Zealand is really much more beautiful than Italy because the hard sharp outlines of the landscape of the latter land are here softened by the faint aqueous haze that is rarely absent from our atmosphere. In Italy it is the background of the picture that arrests the eye — in New Zealand it is the middle distance that we grasp, and there is a merciful softening of the background that rests the eyes.

Yet, though Dame Nature freely bestowed upon our country the gift of beauty she dealt in niggardly manner with it in many other ways. Natural food supply it was endowed with was of the most meagre kind. The standard of living we nowadays hear so much about was a pretty low one; in fact to get a living at all one actually had to work, a crude injustice which our politicians have now been able to rectify.

Round the coast-line, which is remarkably long for the area of land it encloses, were fish in plenty, but in the lakes and rivers little edible was to be found but eels and a small crayfish. Except for two or three species of small bats, possibly, but doubtfully, aboriginal, there were no mammals. Flesh food was therefore practically absent from the diet of the inhabitants, for the supply of meat from the dog and small black rat the Maoris imported must naturally have been very trifling. There seems little doubt that it was the desire for flesh and not the belief that by eating your enemy you would acquire his good qualities that was responsible for the revolting practice of cannibalism. Further proof of this is that frequently a slave was killed to provide a feast, and no free Maori would have admitted that a taurekareka

could have any good qualities he could pass on by the simple process of going through the hangi*.

Fruits, with the exception of a few berries, were completely lacking. The one orchard tree the natives had was the karaka, a handsome glossy-leaved tree of the laurel family, bearing great quantities of golden berries about the size and shape of large olives. This was also an importation from the Pacific Islands. The somewhat similar berries of the taraire and tawa, the berries of the tataramoa, a prickly bramble known colloquially as the "bush lawyer", the guava-like berry of the rama-rama, a small tree, and the tiny berries of a few small shrubs, fairly well exhausts the list.

The flower of the kie-kie, a large fleshy lily, is also edible, and although individual flowers differ greatly in palatability many of them are of a luscious and agreeable flavour. The root of the bracken or common fern when laboriously pounded and washed produced a starchy food, and the young frond-tips of the mamaku tree-fern and the base of the frond of the para or king fern were also used for food, but only as a last resort as they were practically flavourless. The kumara, the taro and a gourd or calabash the natives brought with them; and now, with the exception of the birds I think I have enumerated about all the items on the aboriginal menu-card.

The avi-fauna was New Zealand's one saving grace in the domain of animal life. The varieties were far less numerous than Australia or Tasmania could show, and very much less gay and ornamental, but there were quite a number not found elsewhere, and some of them were excellent for food. The gigantic moa, a land-rail that in the course of ages, had, thanks to a plentiful food supply and the absence of natural enemies, grown to a grotesque size that would seem out of place anywhere but in a Christmas pantomime or the pages of the Arabian Nights, was probably extinct before Tasman's visit, certainly was so when Cook came. It grew and grew and grew in size till its wings could not support it, and gradually atrophied and disappeared, but its legs and neck took full advantage of vitamins A and B and

*The hangi, or copper Maori, as it came to be called, was a cooking-pit. A fire was lighted in it and quantities of small stones were heated red-hot therein. Then green fern or other vegetation was laid thereon, water was liberally sprinkled over it, the food to be cooked was then stowed in it, contained in baskets of plaited green flax, more fern was heaped on top, earth was thrown over all and stamped down judiciously, and the viands were left to steam. No epicure would disdain a meal cooked in a hangi by experts.

apparently right through the alphabet, for the instinct of evolution taught it that the higher it could reach the more leaves it could gather. Its brain did not grow with it, and it was probably one of the stupidist of birds, and for that reason was exterminated almost as rapidly as that equally stupid over-grown pigeon, the do-do, of Mauritius. The moa was at one time extremely plentiful, as may be gauged by the number of its imperishable teeth it has left lying about. It may be objected that birds have no teeth, and they do not have natural ones, only the artificial kind; and those here alluded to are the rounded and polished gizzard stones one may pick up after any scrub fire. Sometimes they occur singly where the owner has inadvertantly dropped one, or in clusters of a dozen or more to show where the owner died and frequently they include pebbles picked up hundreds of miles away, showing that moas travelled long distances.

A few small lizards, held in great reverence by the natives because they contained the souls of their ancestors, and a remarkable survivor of primeval times, the tuatara lizard, comprise all we have in the shape of reptiles. The tuatara is said to compete with that strange Queensland fish, the baramunda, for pride of place as the oldest surviving creature. It is now extinct on the mainland, but may be found on some of the coastal islands.*

*Within two or three days of the time the above was written it was reported that tuataras have been discovered at Morgantown, near Te Aroha. If this is correct it is interesting because none have been seen on the mainland for many years except two or three which turned out to have escaped from captivity. It should be noted that the tuataras are completely protected, and it is an offence not merely to kill one but to have it in possession.

CHAPTER III

THE MAORIS

THEIR LONG ISOLATION—SPECULATIONS AS TO WHENCE THEY CAME. ALTRUISTIC SCHEMES TO CIVILISE THEM—GOVERNMENT DISCOURAGES ANY ACTION—THEIR LAWS, CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

WHEN Tasman first saw the Maoris he did not like them:—"Men of very tall stature" he described them to be, "who called out to us in a very loud voice." And after his scrap with them at Massacre Bay he took very good care to keep out of their reach.

On the other hand Captain Cook had, on the whole, pleasant relations with them, though once or twice he was forced to administer a painful lesson. When he got home his report of them aroused great interest, and little wonder, for they were an extraordinary anachronism. Time had stood still with them for two or three thousand years. They were still in the Stone Age,—the Neolithic, not the Paleozoic Age, I concede, for they polished their few kinds of stone implements very nicely, and used them quite deftly considering their limitations. Though a highly intelligent race, quick and eager to learn, lack of contact with other peoples had left them centuries behind. They had no knowledge of the use of metals, could not make even the simplest pottery, and had no conception of the art of recording in any way the events of their lives, except a notch on a stick to denote an ancestor. Even that almost universal weapon, the bow, they had no knowledge of. But they had no conception that they were behind the times till we came here, and probably the very worst thing that ever happened to them was that we *did* come.

They claim to have settled here seven or eight centuries ago, but have not the faintest notion who they are, or where they came from. They have legends of a kind, but they seem to be of little help in establishing their identity. They have no more idea themselves than Uncle Tom's Topsy had, or the late Mr. James Yellowplush, whose origin was "wrop in mystery." And so our white savants felt it necessary to find for them "a local habitation and a name," and they have proceeded to do so with the confident liberality which distinguishes the theorist. Sings Kipling, with his usual cheerful exaggeration,

"There are nine and sixty ways
Of constructing tribal lays,
And every single one of them is right."

If nine and sixty places of origin of the Maoris have not yet been discovered it is only because the subject is still comparatively young. Our indefatigable scientists are keeping at it, and within the last month I have learned of two new places our natives hail from.

We have been told by different students of the question that the cradle of the Maori race was in Japan, in Chile, Malaya, northern India, Egypt, and Palestine, and each and every theorist is happy in the conviction that he alone is right.

The most elaborate and remarkable theory came to me about thirty years ago from an English writer who had never been in New Zealand and probably had not even seen a Maori. He wanted my opinion of his ideas and asked me to send him photos of statues executed by our natives. This ingenious and imaginative person started them off from Egypt about 8000 years before the Christian era began. They sailed out between the pillars of Hercules and colonised the ill-fated continent Atlantis, which presently sank beneath the North Atlantic, leaving only the tips of a few mountain peaks above water. Fortunately the Maoris had by this time moved on to Mexico, and introduced that wonderful civilisation which Hernando Cortes destroyed in about a night and a day. But the Maoris, always fortunate, had already gone on to Peru, and established there a fresh civilisation, changing their blood-thirsty religion by the way, and founding the mildest and most beneficient despotism on record, the rule of the Incas. From Peru this restless people, long before Pizzarro out-did Cortes in the art of destruction, set out across the unknown Pacific, tarrying at Easter Island long enough to hew out of sandstone and transport to their sites those gigantic seated figures which have been the despair of all who have tried to account for their presence on a small lonely island. And then they came on here, and forgot all about everything that had gone before, and on the way lost all their arts and crafts.

A little way back I mentioned two fresh localities from which our natives came. Nearing Hamilton a month or two ago we were asked by a couple of young men for a lift to that town. They turned out to be Mormon missionaries sent here to convert our Maoris to their peculiar religion. They told us that it had been established in the United States that the Maoris were North American Indians. Has the powerful collective mind of the Bishop

Institute, which can settle in a week or two problems that have defied solution for decades, been at work here?

The other solution has perhaps been promulgated in response to the Government's desire that we should use New Zealand products only. It came from a Christchurch clergyman. He is so precise and so sure about his localities and dates that his pronouncement cannot be styled a theory but an established discovery. It appears the Maoris came from Ur of the Chaldees, a town frequented by Abram and his wife Sarai, Lot and other notable people, including the lady who was later turned to a pillar of salt. Perhaps the Maori Jews were no more popular in Ur than the German Jews are in Nazi-land to-day, at any rate they were chased out. After travel and tribulation they arrived at Irihia, which, says the Rev. gentleman, is undoubtedly India. For 400 years they fought with the inhabitants, and were at last again driven forth in the year 65 B.C., and went to Java. But the Malayans did not like them either, and they were chased about the great Archipaelago for 500 years, till, in 450 A.D. they found homes in Fiji, coming on to New Zealand at their leisure at an unmentioned date.

When the Maoris arrived here from Ur, via India, Fiji, etc. they found these islands already inhabited by folk they called Whenua-kite—the people of the land. They are described as being fair of skin and some as having red hair. These people the newcomers assimilated, partly as food, and partly as slaves, and it did not take long for the two races to fuse. But the fairer skin and the red hair still shows up occasionally, especially along the East Coast of the North Island, where the Muri-iwi, as they called themselves, were most numerous.

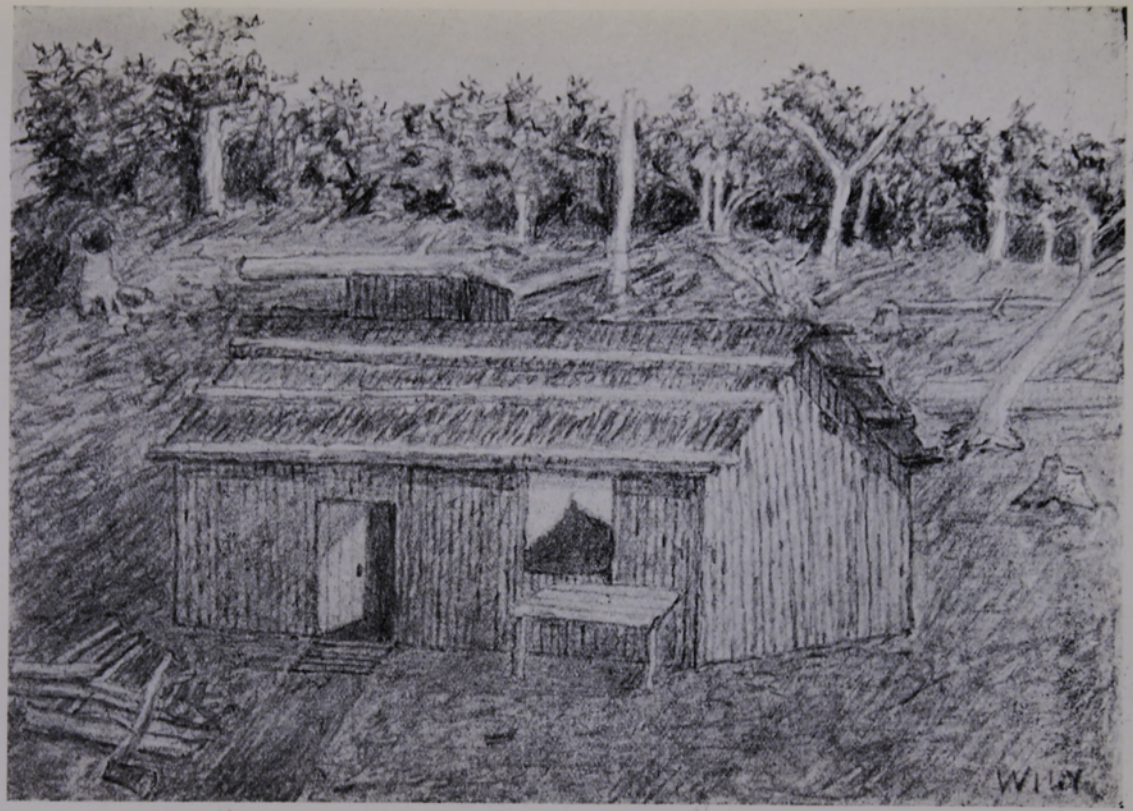
Despite certain defects of character which need not be dwelt on here, the Maori of early colonial days was quite an attractive fellow. He was courteous, extremely cheerful, and with a well developed sense of humour. Remarkably quick in the uptake and with an insatiable desire for knowledge, he learned very rapidly, both academically and technically, up to a certain point. The accounts the English people got of him from voyagers, and the behaviour of the few members of the race who visited England in the early years of last century, attracted great attention in the Homeland, and all kinds of schemes were mooted to promote their welfare by providing them with Bibles, clothes, domestic animals, garden seeds, and even those inestimable blessings of civilisation, muskets and distilled spirits. Some of the projects were carried into effect, wholly or partially, but the British Government, which might so easily have turned failure into success, stood coldly aloof,

Here Before Kupe Came

One of the last of the great totara trees.

Charles Marshall

Settled at Port Waikato in 1830, and remained till his death on August 28th, 1892; aged 84 years.



Early Hut

Of the type commonly in use in early days. Built of ponga (tree-fern) trunks, and thatched with nikau fronds.

Flaxmill on Mauku Falls
Dismantled in 1869.

and turned a deaf ear to all appeals for recognition and help. It had its hands full enough without adding a territory nearly as large as the Motherland to its responsibilities.

We have not shown much wisdom in our dealing with these people, who had intrinsic fine qualities which contact with civilisation has robbed them of. We have petted and spoiled them, and then when such treatment has had its natural result we have blamed them and not ourselves for it. We have alternately cajoled and bullied them, bribed them and fought with them, confiscated their lands and squandered huge sums of public money on them.* all because we failed to understand that beneath the thin veneer of their civilisation they are still Maoris. No education or refinement of environment can prevent the native man or woman "going back to the pa," mentally and psychologically if not in actual person, when they become middle-aged. And that is their rightful place, and if we could keep them there, interfered with as little as possible by our laws and regulations but governed by their own village councils, which still have immense moral sway when they get a chance to function, it would be far better both for them and us.

The Maoris had very little idea of religion. Gods they had, certainly, but they neither revered them nor feared them. The grotesque figures they carved from totara timber usually represented ancestors rather than deities. Sculpture in stone they rarely practised, only two or three ill-executed figures having been found. We hear a good deal about Maori "Arts and Crafts," but it would be difficult to discover any article that could be called artistic without straining that over-worked word to the point of dislocation, and their handicrafts have been of no value since we came except as museum pieces.

Their code of laws was simple, and on the whole their morality was reasonably high. The chiefs, who were an hereditary caste, though there was nothing to prevent any freeman becoming a chief if he sufficiently distinguished himself, had no absolute authority but relied on their moral influence, backed by public opinion. The tohungas, or priests, had great power. They relied

*Less than a week after the above was written, i.e.. at Gisborne, on March 14th, 1939, the Minister of Lands said the then Government had already spent £4,000,000 in native relief, and intended to spend a further £2,000,000 during the coming year. This amount of £2,000,000 comes to nine shillings a week for every man, woman and child of the Maori race, and is calculated to rivet more tightly than ever the fetters of pauperism on a people who are quite able to work and would be happier and better off if they were compelled to earn their own livings.

very little upon religious persuasion but rather on their karakias (incantations) and their power to bring calamity on such as withstood them. The three ultimate deterrents to wrong-doing were the tapu, or sacred ban, utu, under which the transgressor could be robbed of the last stick of his property, and makutu, or the evil eye. This last form of witch-craft was almost always fatal. When a man once comprehended that some enemy had put him under the spell of makutu he wilted away, and almost invariably died.

Demons were malignant and baneful, especially at night. Fortunately, they disliked a noisy noise as greatly as an oyster does, so could be kept at a safe distance by shouting and yelling. Fairies, on the other hand, were a harmless people, but were not friendly and inclined to perform household tasks for the people who treated them nicely, like the leprecauns of Ireland. They were numerous on the Coromandel peninsula and in the neighbourhood of the East Cape. They were frequently seen, but do not seem to have had any intercourse with human beings. Even when Dr. Conan Doyle came to this country they held themselves aloof.

The Maoris were never in any sense of the word a nation. There were some eighteen tribes, each divided into two or more sub-tribes, and these very frequently played the game they best loved, fighting with one another. The conquered captives became the slaves of the victors, and the disgrace of having been enslaved was indelible, even when his own people defeated his masters in war, and so freed him.

The natives were indolent, though they could work well while the job was new and interested them. As a rule most of the heavy and tedious jobs fell to the women, and they also did most of the carrying while on trek. One of the most commendable things about these people was their treatment of their children, to whom they were invariably kind, though they did not spoil them. At an early age the children were named and sprinkled with water. There was no formal marriage ceremony, but the ceremonies paid to those who died were imposing, and intricate, but would take up too much space to be described here.

CHAPTER IV

THE EARLIEST SETTLERS

WHALERS, SEAL-HUNTERS AND TIMBER-GETTERS—FIRST ARRIVALS AT RAGLAN AND PORT WAIKATO—MISSIONARIES SOON FOLLOW—UNFAIR CONDEMNATION OF FIRST ARRIVALS.

To most people the story of the colonisation of New Zealand begins on January 29th, 1840, when H.M.S. Herald, carrying us a Governor in the shape of Captain Hobson, R.N., arrived at the Bay of Islands. He had not by any means a free hand, for he was under the control of New South Wales, by this time a well established colony. Even to-day few people seem to know that Cook had taken possession in the name of Great Britain seventy years before, and few also appear to have grasped the fact that a most interesting experiment in Empire-building had been going on for nearly half a century before Hobson came; an experiment conducted fitfully and spasmodically, equally un-blessed and unhampered by Government assistance or interference, but relying entirely on the courage and enterprise of those who came here and the generous assistance of many who remained behind.

It began with the instinct for trade, as these enterprises usually do. Cook took home with him three of our products which were at once realised to be of great value. In our kauri timber we had the longest and best ships' masts and spars the world could provide; our flax produced a fibre unrivalled for length and strength; our kauri gum made the basis of the best hard varnish known. It was not very long after his visits here that ships began to frequent our coasts in search of these commodities. And then the whaling and sealing trade began, surreptitiously at first, for the great East India Company claimed to have a monopoly over all southern seas, but presently quite openly. It was the whalers and sealers and timber-getters who made our earliest settlements at their shore stations; wild enough camps they were, maybe, but marvellously orderly considering there was no authority, no law, in the land.

Gradually others than traders began to drift in. In 1814, while Waterloo was still a year ahead, three envoys of the Church of England Mission Society established themselves in the far north—not clergy, these men, but teachers, each earning no more

than £20 a year. Followed almost at once the clergy, accompanied by horses, cattle and sheep, and thus our great indispensable industry began to take its first feeble steps. By the time New Zealand was acknowledged as a colony not only did Mission farms dot the country from Keri-Keri to Taupo but many private individuals, isolated, or in tiny communities, had begun farming in a country of which a well known English writer of the period said the climate was so good and the land so fertile it had only to be tickled with a hoe to make it laugh with harvest; and the very first article of that harvest to be exported was a small clip of wool sent from the Bay of Islands to Hobart Town, Tasmania. Little did people then realise that the country was destined to live on its wool for many years to come.

In South Auckland the earliest settler we know of was a Captain Kent, a sailor, who came to Whaingaroa (now Raglan) some year or two prior to 1830, probably 1828, and commenced trading with the natives. I have seen reference to this man as being named Payne, but only of recent years. In my youth I frequently heard of him, but always as Kent. Just a little after Kent's coming a young man named Charles Marshall arrived at Port Waikato, also intent on trading with the natives. He moved up to Pukekawa, but later returned to Port Waikato, and remained there till he died in 1892, at the age of 84. Statements have been made recurringly to the effect that he found a white man already settled at Port Waikato when he came in 1829, but this he always denied, stating he was the sole European there till the Rev. Robert Maunsell started his mission in 1838.

In Manukau County, on the shores of the Hauraki Gulf, one or two white men also settled down at a very early date, but subsequent, there is reason to believe, to Kent and Marshall. More will be told of them presently.

By 1830 the C.M.S. was busy extending its missions to the South Auckland district. Within the next few years stations were established at Mata-mata under Brown (later Archdeacon of Tauranga), at Maraetai on the Hauraki Gulf under Fairburn, at the other Maraetai at the mouth of the Waikato under Maunsell (later Archdeacon of Waikato, and then of Auckland), Awhitu under Hamlin, Taupiri under Ashwell and Te Awamutu under Morgan, while the Wesleyans had stations at Raglan under Wallis, and at the foot of Pirongia under Read, and the Catholics at Rangioawhia. At most of these places the natives were instructed in agriculture so far as means and opportunities permitted, and at Taupiri, Te Awamutu and Kohanga (to which place Maunsell removed) were large and flourishing farms.

By 1833 the white population of New Zealand was between three and four thousand. They were in a peculiar position, for they were entirely outside the pale, had no laws, and no power to punish evil-doers except what they illegally but wisely arrogated to themselves. At last the British Government yielded to their repeated solicitations and in May of 1833 a Mr. James Busby arrived from Sydney with an appointment as British Representative, and New Zealand was proclaimed as a kind of appanage of the colony of New South Wales. This was felt to be a step in the right direction, but as Busby had no law courts to turn to, and no police force to enforce order, things went on very much as they were, except in the far north, where the moral weight of his position was not without its effect.

And here seems a fit place to counter the statements that have been so freely made by various writers even quite recently, representing the New Zealand of the period as a sink of iniquity where all the crimes mentioned in the decalogue were daily committed. On the contrary, considering the conditions, and how every man was able to do just whatever he chose without fear of the law stepping in, the conduct of most of the inhabitants appears to have been admirable. Bad eggs there were, it must be admitted, and regrettable excesses as certain times and places, generally attributable to the crews of foreign whale-ships, but these were confined to the rough element, and even the worst of the colonists appear to have treated the Missionary families and other isolated settlers with consideration and respect. It is quite time these repeated, and sometimes excessively gross, slanders should come to an end.

CHAPTER V.

THE MISSIONARIES

ACTIVITIES IN THE THIRTIES—GOOD RELATIONS BETWEEN ANGLICANS AND WESLEYANS—MORGAN MAKES FARMERS OF THE WAIPA MAORIS—WHEAT GROWN FOR EXPORT—TAUPIRI AND TE KOHANGA FOLLOW SUIT.

With the exception of Captain Kent at Raglan, Mr. Charles Marshall at Port Waikato and one Turner, the master of a wrecked vessel, who travelled inland to Pirongia and settled down among the natives there, I know of no other white inhabitant of South Auckland who could be called a settler before the missionaries came.

By 1830 the Bay of Islands and Hokianga were thoroughly staffed with missionaries, both those of the Church Mission Society and the Wesleyan Church, which had recently made great progress in its attempt to get the natives into the ways of Christianity. About the same time both parties began to turn their attention toward the centre of the island, where the native population was greatest and during the decade before the founding of Auckland quite a number of missions were established there. Many obstacles were met and overcome, especially in the case of stations away from the sea, for the difficulties of transport were very considerable.

By 1835 there were stations at Mangapouri, Mata-mata, Maraetai on the Hauraki Gulf and Awhitu. A year or two later Maunsell, after a short partnership with Hamlin at Orua Bay, just inside the South Head of the Manukau, founded a station for himself at the other Maraetai at the mouth of the Waikato. Being a man of great ability and force of character he rapidly came to the front and before very long seems to have become the accredited head of the group of stations mentioned above. It was at Maraetai that he performed the stupendous task of translating the old Testament into Maori, Williams having some years previously done the same for the New Testament. Maunsell's work was burned with his house, just after he had completed it, but undismayed he turned again to his task, and in a few years had gone all through the work again, and was satisfied that however great a misfortune he had deemed the loss of the first version it was really a blessing in disguise, for he was satisfied his second attempt was far more correct.

At Matamata Brown, later Archdeacon of Tauranga, lived under the protection of Te Waharoa, father of Wi Tamehana, the King-maker, of whom more shall be heard later on. Morgan was at Te Awamutu, and Ashwell, after helping Maunsell for a while at Port Waikato, went on to Taupiri. At Raglan and Pirongia were two Wesleyan Missions, under Wallis and Alexander Read respectively. Complete unity prevailed between the Anglicans and Wesleyans, and a gentleman's agreement subsisted by which they refrained from trespassing on one another's territory, but gave mutual help wherever it was possible. The Roman Catholics, who had for some time been established in the north, were also doing work in South Auckland, though I do not know of any mission station having been at that time established. It was the activities of these three religious bodies that drew a very shrewd and pithy remark from Te Heu Heu, the great Taupo chief who was overwhelmed with about sixty of his people in a great land-slide in 1846. When adjured by Bishop Selwyn to adopt Christianity he said, "I see three different religions pointing out to me three different roads to Heaven. When I am sure which is the right road I will follow it."

Morgan proved a marvellous success at Te Awamutu. He was an ardent farmer as well as preacher and teacher, and very soon inspired the natives with an ardour for the art of agriculture nearly as burning as his own. Not merely the Mission farm but the whole neighbourhood was soon in a high state of cultivation; not only wheat-fields flourished but potatoes, pumpkins, maize and barley were also largely grown, and on the surplus of the crops numbers of pigs were fattened. There is a legend that the wheat all came from a little Morgan took there tied up in one of his wife's old stockings, but other, and more probable accounts indicate that his natives carried from Kawhia, where it had been grown for some years previously, loads of seed wheat. If the area I am dealing with had included Kawhia County my narrative would have gone back fifteen years more, for I understand white settlement there began as early as 1814, the very year it started in the Bay of Islands. It was along the trail Morgan's converts carried the wheat from Kawhia that in the summer of 1864 several hundred men of the 50th Regiment, taken by steamer to Kawhia, travelled to join General Cameron just in time to take part in the military operations that once and for all broke up the prosperous community of Maori farmers at Te Awamutu. Another story which we may suspect as being bon trovato* is that when

* "Bon trovato e non vero" is an Italian saying much in use, meaning that a story is well found, if not true.

Morgan travelled about he made his dog carry a little bag through which grass-seeds trickled out one at a time. Anyone who has had anything to do with grass-seed must know it would be impossible to accomplish this. Any hole that was small enough to prevent the seed running out in a continuous trickle would soon be blocked by an awn stopping athwart it. A well known device on runs on the hill country, used for many years past, is to spread a handful or two of seed on the backs of sheep, and thus get it distributed in inaccessible places, and if Mr. Morgan was anxious to turn the country into pasture no doubt he adopted the more sensible plan of carrying a pocketful of seed, and dropping a pinch here and there.

To deal with the excellent crops of wheat flour-mills were very soon built, and before long there were three near Te Awamutu, and others at Kawhia and Mangatautari. Soon there was quite an export trade to Auckland, via Waiuku, and during the two or three years following 1850 Te Awamutu flour actually went to California, where a large body of miners were at work on the rich alluvial diggings there. Flour commanded a high price at that time, and Te Awamutu was a very prosperous place for a time. Three roads converged on it, the trail from Kawhia, and decent tracks to Mangatautari and Kirikiriroa, as Hamilton East was then called. It was a great pity that the happy conditions were not allowed to continue, but the Kingite movement and the truculence of natives belonging further south drove Mr. Morgan away a year or two before the war began.

At Taupiri the same thing was going on in kind if not in degree. The natives there also grew quantities of food-stuffs, and sent to Auckland what they did not require. In addition Dr. Maunsell, who moved his station from Port Waikato to Te Kohanga in the middle fifties, soon had a large and prosperous farm there, and this was presently adding its quota to the exports.

It must not be imagined though that life for the missionaries was one long bucolic idyll. On the contrary it was one of almost constant anxieties. Not by any means all of the natives in the neighbourhood of the stations were their converts, and though many of the others were quite pleasant and friendly there was quite a number who resented the presence of these strangers, and not infrequently their lives and those of their families were in palpable danger. Te Waharoa could only protect Brown at Matamata on one occasion by sleeping in his doorway, and more than once danger threatened the others. The natives had not then given up their habits of making raids on neighbouring tribes nor their taste for cannibalism, and often returned laden with human flesh,

of which they sometimes sent a basket or two of to the missionaries. It speaks volumes for the devotion and courage of these men and their wives that they stayed on. To run the risk of being killed at any time was bad enough; to know that if you were killed you would almost certainly be eaten, must have been still worse.

CHAPTER VI.

EARLY TIMBER TRADE

SPARS FOR THE NAVY. THE FIRST LOCAL SHIP-BUILDING. PIT-SAWYERS. THEIR INDUSTRY AND PROFICIENCY. ONLY MATURE TIMBER USED IN EARLY COLONIAL HOUSES. RAPID DESTRUCTION OF FORESTS. WHAT WILL FUTURE GENERATIONS BUILD WITH?

THE earliest exports of New Zealand were timber, flax and kauri gum, and a little later whale-oil and seal-skins. Captain Cook gave so glowing an account of the suitability of kauri for use as masts and spars in the navy that interest at Home was greatly excited, and it was not so very long before a constant succession of ships came here for cargoes. From the time of Cook's last visit in 1777, up to 1805 when Nelson destroyed the combined French and Spanish fleets off Cape Trafalgar was the period of Britain's most intense building of fighting ships. In the French dock-yards also building was going on with feverish haste, and the obtaining of trees fit for masts and yards was becoming yearly more and more difficult. Maine, the most northerly of the United States, provided us with many, but the American War of Independence interrupted that trade. Our new colony, Canada, was able to a certain extent to fill our needs, but not for the longest pieces. The lower main-mast of a three-decker had to be from 100 to 104 feet in length, for its foot was stepped into the keelson; and the main-yard was little shorter. In the only alternative sources of supply, the countries bordering the Baltic and the Adriatic only an occasional tree ran up to such a height. Consequently the great problem before the Admiralty was the provision of masts, and Captain Cook's glowing account of our kauri forests, where trees with a hundred feet of clean barrel were not uncommon soon sent the timber-getters to our shores, and before the century closed the trade was thoroughly established. However, I do not think the country south of Auckland sent home any kauri, even from the Manukau, but it sent a load of one of the least durable pines in the world, and that single unfortunate shipment did much to injure the trade, in fact almost killed it for a while.

It has been told how Cook saw and admired the kahikatea groves on the banks of the Waihou, or Thames, river. A ship-master came across them, and delighted to find what he wanted

at the waters verge, filled up his ship and sailed Home. And, naturally, his "kauri" gave the genuine timber a bad name, and it was some time before it recovered.

In quite early days ship-building was going on at Hokianga, barques, brigs and schooners of fair size being turned off the stocks. Within a year or two of the founding of Auckland ship-building began there, first at Waiheke Island but shortly after on both sides of the Waitemata. Kauri made excellent planking, second only to teak, and pohutakawa knees were unrivalled for strength, and procurable of any size or shape required.

But for many years there were no saw-mills. The pit-sawyer provided all the timber for ships and houses, and was perhaps the most skilled and highly paid handicraftsman of his time. It was a period when a workman prided himself on his proficiency, and some of these men reached a degree of almost unimaginable perfection. The timber for the house in which these lines are written, pit-sawn sixty-eight years ago, is cut as true and as unvarying in thickness as the best equipped mill can turn out to-day. The meticulous correctness with which the saws were set and sharpened is shown by the fact that the boards show the saw-marks far less than milled timber; are, in actuality, but a little rougher than the modern planing machine can turn them out.

As probably few of my readers under sixty have seen a pair of sawyers at work a brief description of their operations may not be out of place. When a clump of suitable trees had been selected, the more in the group the better, the saw-pit was erected. I say erected because the saw-pit proper appears to have gone out of fashion about the time I began to take notice. The earlier ones were excavated to the depth of about five feet, and the logs rested on cross-bars laid across the pit. There were plenty of these old pits about when I was a boy, but I never saw one in active service. By the time the seventies were reached "saw-pits" were erections, not excavations, though sometimes a foot or so of soil was taken out to give more head-room.

On each side of the "pit" three substantial posts were put in, standing up about five feet from the ground. On top of these were laid the two transoms, each substantial baulks of sawn timber, mangeao, light and tough, being used in preference when available. From transom to transom four cross-bars were laid, but not made fast, two of them being about half an inch thinner than the others. From the ground to the nearest transom reached two skids, each about twenty feet in length, made of any round straight timber that happened to be at hand. The pit was located

on sloping ground if possible, so that too much up-hill rolling of logs could be avoided.

The felling of the trees and cross-cutting them into lengths was usually, though not always, done by the sawyers themselves. The axe was used almost invariably for felling in early days, for there appeared to be a prejudice against using the cross-cut saw in a horizontal position; and the waste of good timber was almost criminal. Not only would from two to three feet be lost in the kerf (the local term was "scarf") but there was in addition the nearly universal practice of rejecting the lower end of the tree by cutting off what was called the sloven, and which might run from two or three feet to five or six. The general result was that only two thirds of the trunk was used.

The logs were jacked along till they reached the skids, up which they were rolled. But while they were still on the ground they were slightly dressed on two opposing sides with an adze. While they were on the skids each of these flattened sides was lined out so that the logs could be accurately divided down the centre. The marking was done with a piece of fishing line dipped in a mixture of kerosene and powdered charcoal made from supple-jacks. The line was held in position at each end of the log, pulled taut, lifted a couple of inches and let go, and behold! a straight black line from end to end.

Followed the formidable task of breaking down, a heavy job in a big log, involving perhaps for hours the handling of the longest and heaviest saw in the out-fit. When the first cross-bar was reached the log was jacked up an inch or two till its support could be slid nearer the end, and the saw, which had been taken out while this was being done, was inserted again and the work went on. When the cut was nearly finished the log was kept together by two iron "dogs" driven into the end, the dogs much resembling what a printer would term a king-parenthesis. This was done so that the two halves could be manoeuvred into position with the sawn faces down. Then came the work of cutting the half logs into "flitches," ready to be cut up into boards and scantling. So square and true were these flitches cut by men who knew their job that no face-cut was necessary, but a flitch twenty-four inches by nine would cut accurately into from twenty-two to twenty-four three-quarter inch boards, the number depending upon the woolliness or freedom of the grain requiring a wider or narrower set to the saw teeth.

The top-sawyer, stepping backward along his log, and lifting to the level of his eyes the long bright saw-blade, looked a gallant figure, exhibiting the combined strength and grace shown

by the finished oarsman. No cutting was done in the up-stroke, the mere lifting of the saw being labour sufficient, but the teeth bit deeply in during the down stroke. The bottom sawyer on the other hand had a trying job. Facing the way the saw was going, with his back hunched and his head thrown back so that he could see the line, he had to put all his power into each stroke, while showers of damp saw-dust fell on him, and dimmed the goggles he was forced to wear. Nine hours in winter and ten or eleven in summer of such work would seem to be enough to make a man "all out," but if a nice straight grained totara tree could be found handy they would probably return to camp laden with billets to split into shingles by the light of candles supported by supplejacks with pointed ends that could be thrust into the earthern floor of their whare. Sixteen inches in length and four in width was the orthodox size for shingles, and they were put on the roof with four inches of weather, so that there were always four thicknesses between the rain and the home-dweller.

The timber-getter had a conscience then which seems to have been lost. They felled the trees only in the winter months when the sap was down, and they cut only mature trees. Consequently kauri and totara houses built sixty or seventy years ago are hardly yet middle-aged, whereas the modern dwelling, made of what is known as "ordinary building timber" begins to suffer from senile decay in about a quarter of a century

At a very early date, long before Captain Hobson founded Auckland, gangs of sawyers were as work on the shores of the Manukau. On the northern shore was a quantity of kauri of a very high quality; on the Awhitu Peninsula the trees grew thickly but were not so large. South of the lower Waikato and Maungatawhiri rivers kauri only grew in occasional clumps or isolated trees, and its extreme limit was reached at Kawhia on one coast and Kati-Kati on the other. Totara was spread more or less all over the area, especially in the great Hunua forest, which then covered about one half of Manukau and three-fourths of Franklin.

The usual price for pit-sawing was from seven and sixpence to ten shillings per hundred superficial feet. Before the end of the century the sawyer was almost entirely superseded by the small travelling saw-mill, which did the work for about the same price, which in both cases included felling, cross-cutting and hauling or rolling. Judging from the indecent haste with which our forests are being destroyed future generations will probably have to use timber for framing only, and specially treated paper for walls and ceilings, and perhaps for floors also.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FLAX TRADE

ITS EARLY BEGINNINGS. NATIVES ASSIDUOUSLY LABOUR TO PREPARE IT. USE OF THE HACKLE. MECHANICAL AND CHEMICAL ATTEMPTS TO DRESS IT. PROBLEM SOLVED BY THE PRICE STRIPPER. GRADUAL DECLINE OF INDUSTRY AND IMPROBABILITY OF ITS REVIVAL.

WHAT should we do without flax? So many and varied are its uses that no garden should be without a bush or two. The first white man who ever explored New Zealand was very much struck with its valuable qualities. Captain Cook was greatly enthused by the length and tenacity of its fibre, and, a naval officer himself, at once thought it might be used for the rigging of men of war. So he took samples Home to the Admiralty, and tests showed it to be the strongest vegetable fibre obtainable, bar only the Irish flax, which was too valuable for weaving to be used for cordage and rope making. Simultaneously with the timber trade traffic in the hand-dressed fibre prepared by the Maoris sprang up, and many tons of it were twisted into ropes. But experience of its use showed it to have one serious fault not shared to the same extent by Manilla or Russian hemp. It shrank and stretched excessively as it got wetted or dried, and was soon found to be unfitted for standing rigging. But there were enough other uses to which it could be put for all the natives could prepare to find a ready market. After Hongi's raid on Waitemata and the Waikato the natives had an added incentive to scrape flax, for it could readily be exchanged for obsolete Tower muskets and ammunition with unscrupulous traders, and even, regrettable though it may seem, with some of the agents of the missionaries, at a cost of as many pounds as the muskets had cost shillings. A Maori warrior, after his wife and other female relations had spent months in scraping flax, felt to the full the glow of honest industry (by proxy) rewarded when he could go out to fight carrying a musket, which at any rate made a loud and cheering noise, and made the enemy jump even if it did not make a hole in him, which it rarely did, for the Maori, fortunately for us, was a deplorable marksman.

The Maori had for generations scraped flax for his own purposes, chiefly to make clothing and mats for bedding, and also fishing lines and nets. It was prepared in the following manner.

A bundle of leaves having been obtained (the Tiore, a yellowish, glossy-skinned variety with a thin blade being esteemed the best) the blade was laboriously scraped with a shell, or, better still a thin sharp flake of the obsidian (volcanic glass) obtainable in the Bay of Plenty district only, till the "gum" (or chlorophyll, or parenchyma, if you like a choice of terms) was removed. It was a slow process, but it produced a fibre of far better quality than could be produced in later years by the use of machinery. It was to collect this fibre that the first vessel we have any knowledge of crossed the Waikato bar in 1826 and sent her boats up as far as Pukekawa.

With the coming of the white people the age of the flax-hackle came in. This was a solid block of wood thickly studded with sharp pointed steel spines, set as closely as quills upon the fretful porcupine, and resembling in length and thickness the said quills. A handful of blades of flax was threshed down on this and drawn sharply towards the operator till the fibres were separated. It was then dried and bleached and the particles of gum (I will not inflict the other two words on you again) beaten out of it, and was then ready for market. Few homes in the country districts were without their hackles, which gave occupation on wet days, and brought in a little ready cash, then a very scarce commodity, for there was no wizard of finance in charge of the Treasury in those dark days, but a pound was a pound, and not a few shillings.

Then came the machine, which at first took varied forms. In the fifties a mill was set up at the mouth of the Waitangi, near Waiuku, by Captain Nimis who had really come out here with the intention of smelting the copper ore at Kawau Island, and who had found it a failure. The machine he used was of grooved iron plates rising in the fashion of the stampers of a gold mine battery, and falling forcefully upon a revolving wheel so constructed that the circumference presented the end grain of hard-wood. The leaves were made to pass between the wheel and the pounders, and so got stripped of their gum, a stream of water pouring over them as they passed through to wash away the loosened particles. But this process, though it produced good fibre, was so slow that it was no more remunerative than the copper had been.

Another method was boiling the blades in a strong solution of lye. They were then twisted into a thick rope, and passed and repassed between fluted wooden rollers till the fibre was laid bare in a state of reasonable purity. But this also proved a slow and expensive process. Various other chemical processes were tried but some failed to give satisfactory results and in other cases

the high cost was fatal and all of them seriously weakened the fibre.

It was not till the sixties were well advanced that any machine was evolved that seemed to fit the situation. With the advent of the Price stripper flax-mills were rapidly brought into existence all over the country. The machine was simple, consisting of a metal drum about two feet in diameter, with twenty-six bars raised on its outer circumference, sloped alternately at a slight angle to the direction of its turning. This drum revolved at a very rapid rate, and the leaves, fed to it one by one, were tightly gripped by slowly revolving rollers which allowed them to receive a large number of strokes from the bars for every inch of their length. Though not quiet perfect, for the violent beating broke or bruised a good many of the fibres, causing quite a large percentage to become a second quality material known as tow, the invention was an immense advance on any previous one, and has held its ground ever since.

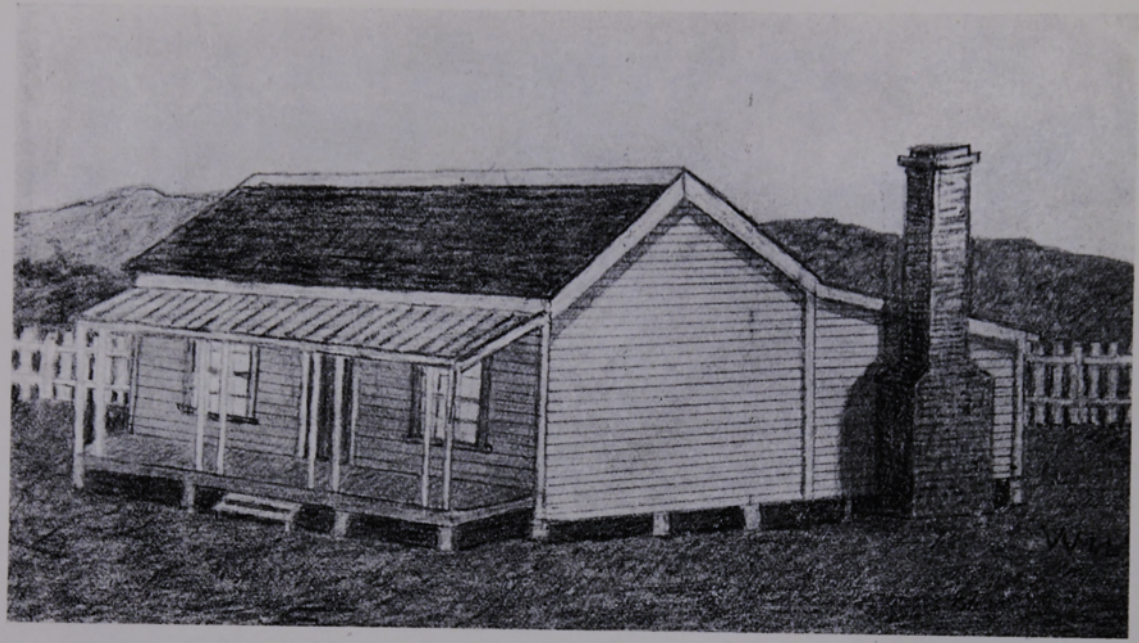
Flaxmills went up all over the country, almost every stream that could turn a water-wheel being harnessed. At the hey-day of the trade there were certainly no fewer than forty, perhaps fifty, in Franklin alone. Most of them were primitive structures, and some of the streams had so small a flow that careful damming up of the water only gave enough for a few hours running a week. The water-wheels ranged from twelve to as much as twenty-four feet in diameter, and were known as over-shot, breast-shot or under-shot according to the position to which the height of the fall permitted the water to be delivered, and the power they developed diminished in the order in which they are here put, the number of cusecs, or cubic feet of water per second playing of course an important part. The power was transmitted to the main driving shaft by segment and pinion, i.e. toothed segments of iron forming a complete circle from eight to twelve feet in diameter, bolted to the arms of the water-wheel and turning a toothed wheel of very much smaller size.

Many of these establishments were distinctly of the one-horse variety and run in conjunction with farming operations. When no essential farm work had to be done all hands turned out and cut flax, tied it into bundles of about a hundred-weight, and took it to the mill. Usually it was not necessary to go very far afield, for not only was every stream and swamp lined out by flax, but bushes often covered large patches of dry land.

Then the dam was tripped, and the weird melancholy note of the drum was heard. Alternate groans and shrieks filled the air, accompanied by the clank and rattle of the primitive gears and

Waiuku in 1858

The First Store in Waiuku
Built about 1844. Photo taken in 1858.



Usual Type of Early Cottage

This one was built at Maioro in 1854, and was later completely ovrwhelmed by drift-sand.

Old Flour-mill at Mouth of Waitangi

Built in mid-fifties by Captain James Ninnis as a flaxmill. Later used as a flour-mill, and later still as a saw-mill.

pulleys. Sometimes an extra stout leaf would almost pull everything up but go slowly through while sounds that could be imagined to come from some pre-historic monster in its death agony filled the welkin. Do you know exactly where the welkin is?—if so, I wish you would tell me.

Under the machine an unfortunate boy, sitting all day long in a thick shower of damp gum from the machine, caught each blade as it came through and laid it across his knees till a thick hank was formed. It was a job that did not permit his attention to wander, for there was very serious trouble if he allowed many blades to pass him. The hank was then well washed and spread on the grass to bleach. When that was over it was dressed by what was called a "scutcher," horizontal wooden bars on a large revolving drum striking it while it was held in the operator's hands. This removed any particles of gum still adhering and the broken fibres which constituted the tow, and gave the remaining flax a glossy appearance. Finally it was neatly packed into a frame, pressed down by a powerful screw, and tied into bales of about two hundred-weight.

Before we came here, harakeke, as the natives called flax, was by far their most useful possession. From it were made his plates and dishes and kits, plaited from the green blade. Dressed, it clothed him, made his sleeping mats, his fishing lines and ropes, and his fishing nets, some of which were of enormous length and depth, equipped with sinkers of stone and floats of Whau wood, almost lighter than cork.

Clothing and mats they could dye black with the bark of the hinau tree, red with that of the tanekaha, or blue with the juice of its own root. After they had learned to write they often used the glossy upper surface of the leaf to scratch their communications on, and when three or four leaves of a way-side bush were seen knotted together to attract attention, untying them would reveal a message.

As a source of revenue to the manufacturer flax has usually been a disappointment. In fact, no industry in the Colony, not even sheep-farming, has had so many or such drastic ups and downs. One year the value of the product might reach £25 or even £30 per ton, but by the following year it was quite likely to have fallen to half, and the miller's year closed with a heavy debit balance. There is now little chance of its revival. Wages and labour conditions in this country have ended all hope that it can ever compete with Manilla or seisal. Flax has been planted on a large scale, but never economically successfully, so far as I know, and the losses by fires over large areas have been disastrous.

It will no doubt interest quite a number of people to find out that little St. Helena, the lonely Atlantic Island, where Napoleon was interned and died, has done better with New Zealand flax than ever we succeeded in doing.*

THE NATIVE FLAX INDUSTRY

An article in the "New Zealander" of February 5th, 1851, written by an early Mauku settler, gives an interesting account of the then condition of the flax-dressing industry, and makes a strong plea for fostering it to the fullest extent, as providing the only article for export for which there would be "a permanent and ever-lasting demand." The writer deplores "the efforts that the colonists are making to grow more pasturage, and more wheat than can be consumed in the country." Dairying, he says, is already overdone, for the Australian colonists will soon be making enough butter for their own uses, and the present Californian market for butter and flour is not likely to be a permanent one. (The gold-mining rush to California set in in 1849, and as the railway across the American continent was not yet built nor the Panama Canal dug, the long voyage round Cape Horn from the Eastern States was a deterrent to supplies being sent from the Eastern States, so the diggers had perforce to turn to the Australian colonies).

Though the writer admits there is likely to be a steady market for wool he says the North Island is not suitable for sheep (Hawkes Bay was just beginning to prove that there was no better sheep country in the world). But the New Zealand flax he says grows everywhere, a bountiful crop presented to us by Nature, with nothing left for us to do except prepare it for market. He therefore urges that the colonists should most earnestly turn their attention to the dressing of flax, following the native methods which produced the finest fibre. He does

*Flaxmills, with their huge water-wheels were, sixty, or even fifty years ago, a pleasing adjunct to the landscape, yet all enquiries for a photograph or drawing of one failed to produce any result. Fortunately in the autumn of 1869 a gifted English landscape painter, Mr. Albyn Martin, painted one which stood at the head of the Mauku falls. The picture was sent to England more than seventy years ago, and was returned to this country after an absence of sixty-five years. The soft and delicate tones of the painting would not lend themselves to direct reproduction, so our illustration had to be *drawn* from it. The mill was dismantled a month or two after Mr. Albyn Martin painted it. There were no fewer than five of these mills on the lower few miles of the course of the Mauku, and three others on nearby tributaries.

not mention any mechanical modes of flax-dressing, so it is presumable that no machinery for the purpose was then in successful use.

If the writer could be alive to-day, and compare the wool and butter exports with those of flax, he would have to acknowledge that it is never safe to prophesy a "permanent and everlasting" demand for any product.

One indication of the great interest taken by England in this country in early days may be found in the statement that used to be made that nearly as many copies of the "New Zealander" were sold in the Old Country as in Auckland, although the single small sheet cost sixpence per copy.

HONGI'S RAIDS

The murderous raids of the Ngapuhi chief, Hongi Ika, during the early twenties of last century, devastated practically the whole of the South Auckland district. Armed with muskets obtained by the sale of the valuable gifts given him by George IV, when Hongi visited England, no real stand could be made against him by warriors armed with only the native weapons. According to the French navigator D'Urville, Hongi gathered an army of 3,000 men, and made a descent upon the Waitemata natives, killing a couple of thousands of them. Later he crossed the mouth of the Manukau Harbour and killed or put to flight the Awhitu people. About two miles below the old Tuakau landing is an island called Te Awa Marahi. It was turned into a particularly strong pah by being palisaded all round (the stumps of the palisades could still be seen a few years ago). On the southern bank, not far away was another strong supporting fortification, and these two fortresses, held by the Ngatipou tribe, dominated the passage of the Waikato like Gibraltar does the Mediterranean. Hongi attacked them simultaneously. From the island it is said that only one escaped, a woman who swam ashore, but from the pah on the mainland a number of fugitives managed to get into the bush behind. When darkness came they found themselves in an old crater, and, not daring to light a fire, ate what food they had. Since then the place has been known at Kaipo—to eat in the dark, the story goes.

Hongi was too good a general to allow forts and garrisons to remain intact and threaten his line of retreat, so he reduced all the pahs as he came to them till he got to the great Ngatiamaniapoto stronghold at Pirongia, Mataketai. It is said he killed 3,000 people here, in addition to 2,000 in the various down-river

pahs. This was not by any means the last of his raids, and it is satisfactory to know that ultimately he was lured on and on by the Waikatos, who then turned on him with the weapons they now had, inflicting great slaughter and a heavy defeat on the northern invaders.

When Hongi was finally disposed of the South Auckland natives found themselves with plenty of muskets but no foreigners to use them on. That, of course, was sheer waste of good implements, so they indulged in almost continual little tribal fights. When, in the middle thirties the missionaries arrived they found the natives heartily tired of this game, and quite in the mood to listen to their exhortations to live in peace with one another. A few more scraps there were, but they were spasmodic rather than continuous, and the very last of them took place in March, 1846.

In 1843 what looked as if it would develop into an extensive war, involving several tribes on each side, was stopped by the intervention of Mr. Ashwell. The dispute was between the Ngatipoa and Ngatimahuta tribes over the possession of an eel-weir.* Each side enlisted its friends as allies, and for six months the grievance simmered, with Mr. Ashwell working continually for peace. Agreement came at last in the shape of a stale-mate, both sides agreeing not to fight, but neither admitting the other's claim.

*See the illustration of an eel-weir, p. 221.

CHAPTER VIII.

KAURI GUM

CAPTAIN COOK'S AMUSING ERROR. VALUE OF GUM FOR VARNISH-MAKING. ITS WIDE DISTRIBUTION WHERE FORMER FOREST STOOD. LONDON AND NEW YORK THE CHIEF MARKETS.

WHEN Captain Cook landed at Mercury Bay to observe the transit of the innermost planet of the solar system across the disc of the sun he was the first European to see kauri gum. And he fell into the very strange error of supposing it to be a product of the humble mangrove which so frequently covers marine mud flats, instead of the forest giant which gives it birth. Oozing from the branches of trees over-hanging the Whitianga river it had fallen in and drifted down in a plastic state to be arrested by the stems and branches of the closely growing mangroves, hardening into the brittle resin as which it is most commonly seen.

A very large area of that part of New Zealand lying north of lattitude 37°30′ was at one time covered by kauri forest. The action of fire and the drowning by inundations accounted for the destruction of some of it, but a great deal disappeared from wholly unknown causes, and it is an unsolved mystery why the land never became re-afforested. It left behind much timber buried in swamps, a good deal of which has been cut and used, and over far greater areas buried gum in nuggets weighing up to a hundred-weight, or even more. It was not very long before it was recognised that hard varnish of the very best quality could be manufactured from it, and quite early in the history of our colonisation the search for it began. It was possible to discover it at almost any depth from a few inches on the poor clay hills to twenty feet down in the swamps, and naturally the more easily won gum was the first to be dug. It was a hard and laborious occupation, often entailing living under difficult conditions, but the gambling element with which its winning was so largely connected no doubt helped to make it popular.

The usual mode of finding it was by patient prodding with a steel spear, very little experience teaching the fossicker to detect the feel and sound of contact with the gum. The spade then came into action, and not infrequently quite a large deposit was

brought to light where a big tree had formerly stood. In the swamps the gum was often brought to the surface by a hook on the end of a long steel rod, an operation requiring both patience and experience. In some cases where the swamp was rich in gum it was dug over in a face to the depth of several feet.

Gum-digging was often looked upon as a somewhat disreputable occupation, though why it should be, any more than digging potatoes, it is hard to conceive. It is true that a percentage of the riff-raff of the towns drifted on to the gum-fields, and some of the magistrates had the objectionable habit of telling minor criminals to go to the gum-fields, holding their sentences in abeyance meanwhile. But this influx of wastrels was far more than off-set by the many respectable and industrious men who sought a living in this way, especially at periods when work on the farms was slack. Many young men, after a few years spent in digging gum had saved enough to buy farms, and owed their start to spear and spade.

Though the North Auckland district contained the greater part of the gum-bearing country, there were many patches south of Ann's Bridge*. Strangely enough the most productive of them all probably was at the extreme southern limit of the kauri trees' range. At Te Rapa, on the bank of the Waikato, between Ngaruawahia and Hamilton, was situated two or three thousand acres of land extremely rich in gum. Many thousands of tons were obtained there, and huge sums in royalties must have been reaped by the fortunate owner, who bought the block for twelve shillings and sixpence per acre. The first great crop is exhausted, never to be renewed, but the once desolate flat is now some of the richest dairying land in the Waikato basin.

Between Papakura and Clevedon was a flat which produced not merely much gum but a huge quantity of buried timber. One tree, which was split into railway sleepers, is confidently stated to have been twenty-four feet in diameter—by far the largest ever handled. In Franklin, all over the Karaka, Waiau and Kahawai districts it was found in scattered patches on the up-lands and in most of the swamps, and between Puni and Mauku

*Very commonly called St. Ann's bridge, but that is a misnomer. According to Sir Henry Brett's interesting if incomplete catalogue of the ships which came here in the early days, the Ann, a fine barque of 801 tons arrived at Auckland on May 16th, 1848, carrying the Fencibles who settled in Otahuhu. To get to their holdings the newcomers had to build a temporary bridge, which they named after the good ship that brought them here. The name has remained through successive replacements, though when canonization into saint-ship occurred is not known.

there were about a hundred acres of gum-bearing swamp, interesting for the fact that no fewer than three kauri forests had grown one above the other, and each in its turn had perished. On the Awhitu Peninsula were thousands of acres of gum-bearing land. At Miranda and Pokeno fair-sized fields were worked, and in Raglan County lesser fields were worked at Pukekawa and Onewhero. And if ever the swamps south of Mercer are pumped dry gum will certainly be found in patches.

After the gum had been found it was roughly scraped by the digger on wet days and at night, and then sold to the buyers who periodically visited the fields. When it ultimately reached the exporters' hand it was re-scraped, classified, and packed in cases to go to London or New York, the principal purchasers. We have, perhaps, been foolish in allowing most of our gum in more recent years to be dug by aliens, who have sent much of the money they gained over-seas. A crop like that, which can never be grown again, should have been kept for our own people to turn to in times of slump and unemployment.

CHAPTER IX.

THE NEW ZEALAND BUSH

LIMITED USE AND UNLIMITED ABUSE OF IT. ITS DISTRIBUTION IN SOUTH AUCKLAND. THE GREAT HUNUA FOREST. BUILDING TIMBERS AND HARDWOODS.

In the year 996 A.D. a young Icelander, Kiartan, heir to Herdholt, the finest and richest farmstead in western Iceland, left home in a well-equipped ship, manned by his own retainers, to make a three years cruise round the waters of north-western Europe. He had become betrothed to Gudrun, the most beautiful young woman in all Iceland, but the parents on both sides thought he ought to open his mind by travel before settling down. So away he sailed, promising to come back and wed his sweetheart in three years' time.

Kiartan was a youth to whom the gods had given at his birth all the manly virtues, and no one in Iceland was so universally loved and admired. With Hector, son of Priam, Young Geraldine, of "The English Traveller" and Colonel Tom Newcome of Thackeray's most human novel he competes for first place as the finest and most sweetly reasonable gentleman in the whole range of literature, and like them he was the sport of evil fortune. His travels took him to Ireland, England and Norway, at which latter place he met Ingebiorg, the wise and charming sister of King Olaf Trygvason, who fell in love with him, and practically offered herself in marriage, with the blessing of the King, her brother. But Kiartan told her, gently but firmly, that he must keep his pledge to his Icelandic girl, and finally, the King gave reluctant permission for his departure. But the delays imposed upon him hindered him so that the three years had been exceeded by two or three months before he reached home. And then he learned that Gudrun, piqued at his failure to return, and madly jealous because of the rumours that had reached her about his supposed penchant for the Norwegian princess, had married his cousin, and greatly loved friend, Bodli.

Outwardly Kiartan took the news quietly, but both he and Gudrun were inwardly seething with unhappiness. Yet all went well till Kiartan's family worried him into marrying. Then Gudrun's jealously broke down her self-control. Ceaselessly she

urged her husband to waylay and murder Kiartan, and at length Bodli gave way. With a band of men he ambushed Kiartan, and they all, except Bodli, attacked him. Kiartan defended himself so manfully that he killed several of his assailants, but at length, wearied out and over-matched, he called on Bodli to come in on one side or the other. Bodli attacked Kiartan, who, cut to the heart, threw down his sword and received his death-wound from Bodli. A little later Bodli himself was slain in revenge by Kiartan's friends.

Gudrun married again; in fact she had four husbands in all. In her old age, widowed for the last time, and blind, she embraced Christianity, which had recently come to Iceland. One day her son Bodli came to see her, and asked which of all the men who had loved her she herself had loved the most. She fenced with the question, enumerating the virtues of her four husbands in turn. Bodli was not to be put off, but pressed his question. Then Gudrun, turning towards Herdholt, gazing with her sightless eyes in the direction of Kiartan's old home, and stretching out her arms, says to her son, "I did the worst to him I loved the best."

* * * *

Do you see the connection between this sad little story of nearly a thousand years ago and the sad story of our New Zealand bush? From the very first the bush has been the most admired and best loved of all the many charms we may justly claim our country to possess. The magnificence of the range of snowy Alps, the wonderful spell cast over those who for the first time view it by Mount Egmont with its almost perfect cone, unrivalled except for three or four other mountains in distant parts of the globe that, like Egmont, rise from sea-level, and so show off their beauty to the full; the marvels of the thermal regions—all these we write about, and praise and admire. But when we get down to the level of every day's most quiet need, there is nothing that so twines itself about the very heart-strings of visitor and dweller in the land alike as our beautiful bush. And, alas, to-day we can sadly echo the words of the remorse-torn Gudrun—"We did the worst to that we loved the best."

One of the greatest crimes of civilization has been the way we have dealt with our forests. For the sake of a few, sadly few, years of more or less indifferent grazing we have denuded our steep hillsides of the cloak of beauty that clothed them, and

now that the roots are decaying the land is slipping off the hill faces, leaving an unsightly bare ruin, of no value to man or beast, and destined all too soon to become a wilderness of noxious weeds. We have cut out in the most wasteful manner possible our great stands of timber, using perhaps one fourth of it, and allowing the rest to burn or rot. And by doing mischief in this wholesale manner we have choked up our river-valleys, flooded our rich alluvial flats, and dried up the springs that mean so much to the pastoralist. And now, having vented at least a portion of my spleen I can come down again to the work in hand.

* * * *

The five counties we are dealing with had perhaps one-third of their area covered with native bush. The heaviest patch was the great Hunua forest, which stretched unbroken save for small native cultivation clearings from the West Coast to the Firth of Thames, over almost the whole of the eastern and half of the western side of Franklin and ran from end to end of the Awhitu Peninsula, from the Waikato River to the Manukau Heads. Raglan county had more than two-thirds of its area in bush, most of it of a lighter character than that in Franklin, but still with some very fine patches of timber in it. Manukau had the Hunua forest for most of its eastern area, but the other counties were mostly open scrub and swamp. Waikato had very little bush indeed, and what there was had little useful timber in it, and Waipa had stretches of kahikahtea along the flats bordering the river which gives the county its name, but that has almost all gone now.

Puriri, our most valuable hard-wood, is especialy partial to strong volcanic land, and in the basaltic formations from Bombay to Maioro grew the finest puriri forest in New Zealand, and consequently in the world. For, though we have to share our kauri with Queensland and Fiji, the puriri is indigenous in no other land. It is scattered over the rest of the North Island as far as the East Cape on one side and Taranaki on the other, but nowhere did it so completely domiate the bush as in the western half of Franklin, though the Bay of Islands has a very respectable amount of it, and it grows there with a vigorous leafy luxuriance and beauty unknown in these colder latitudes.

Of the kauri, one of the finest building pines in the world, there was no great stock in South Auckland. The only place it grew in real profusion was the northern half of the Awhitu Peninsula, and there the timber, though standing thickly, was not

very large; also it was practically cut out fifty years ago, its accessibility by water having sealed its doom. To the east kauri occurs in patches, some of it growing to a large size. In the Hunua district one tree attained a diameter of seventeen feet. Some of the kauri is still standing, perhaps because so far it has been inaccessible.

Totara, more durable than either puriri or kauri, and only inferior to the latter as a building timber because more brittle, grew in patches throughout the forest areas of Manukau and Franklin, and was of a quality and fineness of grain shared only by that in the North Auckland Peninsula. It was of the thick-barked variety, and greatly superior as a timber to the thin-barked totara common further south. The bark of the former variety was frequently used in early days for roofing whares, and has been known to last for forty years. The timber itself, on account of its durability and the freedom with which it splits was almost invariably used for making shingles.

Throughout the Hunua forest rimu grew plentifully, though never gregariously like kahikahtea, and was of good quality and fair size. Matai was found in patches here and there, and was sometimes the dominating tree over quite considerable areas. It had a preference for country where the soil was thin and poor. On the eastern side a limited quantity of tanekaha grew, and puketea and hinau were generously bestowed everywhere. Giant ratas also grew everywhere, but are now nearly extinct except where large areas of bush have been preserved. They grow high above the surrounding forest, and succumb to exposure to the wind where most of the land has been stripped of its timber.

The early land-hunter was largely guided in making his selection by the timber that grew on the land. Plenty of puriri, kohekohe, taraire and puketea was an indication of a good strong soil. Where there was much rewa-rewa and a great deal of tawa the land was not considered to be so good. Much nikau, especially the thick-stemmed variety with nearly upright fronds, told of a stiff, retentive subsoil, though the palm-like variety with slender fronds bending gracefully over, was not much objected to. A preponderance of turakina, the smallest of our tree-ferns, known to botanists as Dicksonia squarosa, indicated a light soil with an over-porous subsoil. The Mamuka, or black tree fern, on the contrary, liked to get its roots into deep rich soil. On the open country the presence of plenty of flax and tu-tu or taupaki, a scrub very dangerous to hungry cattle at a certain stage of its growth, was an almost certain sign of good

land, just as the presence of tawhine, the so-called heather, was an indication of poverty.

Lying almost on the border-line between the subtropical and the sub-Antarctic forest regions, the Hunua forest had perhaps the greatest variety of trees, shrubs and plants of any area of its size in New Zealand. With the exception of the so-called birches, which are really beeches, and the handsime ngaios* of the southern part of the island, practically every tree and shrub in the North Island could at one time be found in Manukau and Franklin, and two or three are said by botanists to be peculiar to this locality. And it is also the habitat of most of the rarest ferns in the country, among these being the pteriscoma and the Lindsayi viridis. The para, or king fern, used to be extremely plentiful, though the avidity with which cattle and pigs devour it has now made it comparatively rare, but the graceful and elegant todea superba is absent, though its less ornamental but still beautiful cousin is not uncommon.

In some of the lower and swamp areas were extensive belts of kahikahtea, but these have been mostly cut out to supply the demand for butter-boxes, but the groves where the young trees have been left are recuperating more rapidly than stands of any other kinds of timber. A pleasing feature in many places is the second growth of young totara and rimu trees, both of which, and especially the latter, appear to thrive best when the cover of the dense forest is removed and plenty of light is available.

Through the greater part of the early settled lands of Franklin the pioneers took care to preserve a patch or two of bush on nearly every farm of any size, in contrast to many later occupied localities, where practically the whole forest covering has been removed. This gives the district a delightful mingling of the wild and the tame, unequalled in any other part of New Zealand, and adding greatly to the picturesque effect of the landscape. In some places valiant efforts have been made to replace the bush by planting exotics, but no effort, not even by the most competent landscape gardener, can make an artificial plantation compare even passably with the natural growth.

With the exception of the small reserves mentioned above, in which few of the original big trees remain, the western two-thirds of the Hunua forest was felled many years ago. The level or gently undulating surface and the fertility of the soil made it exceptionally fitted for close settlement, and the whole country-

*Since the above was written a trip to the southern half of Raglan has convinced me that the ngaio grows there at any rate.

side is now in a highly improved condition, only here and there an occasional puriri stump remaining to show the original covering.

On the eastern side of both Manukau and Franklin the conditions are wholly different. The country is broken, and the sides of the hills steep, while the soil is thin, except in the small alluvial valleys. The bush is very different from that growing on the basaltic plateau of the west, containing more tawa and pines and fewer veronicas and laurels. Mostly unfitted for close settlement, and partly also because large reserves of timbered country remain untouched, this area probably contains three-fourths of the bush country still standing in the five counties under review. Yet thousands of acres of hill country that should have been left untouched for ever for climatic and scenic reasons have been felled, and the result is pitiable. As the roots of the trees rotted the soil slipped off the hill-sides, and much of it is now a wilderness of hideous scars, a nursery for noxious weeds, while bringing in little or no return to the owners.

CHAPTER X.

THE NATIVE BUSH (CONTINUED)

RAGLAN'S GREAT FOREST AREA. ILL EFFECTS OF ITS INDISCRIMINATE DESTRUCTION. PAUCITY OF FOREST IN WAIKATO AND WAIPA COUNTIES. FENCING TIMBER FROM PINES BURIED CENTURIES AGO.

RAGLAN County had originally the greatest proportion of its area under bush of any of the five counties. On the east perhaps one-fifth of the total surface of the county was composed of swamp or open scrub country—practically the whole of the rest was covered by bush, some of it almost as dense as the heaviest parts of the Hunua forest, though containing far less valuable timber. Kauri was found in a few patches in the northern part, and near Waikaretu, twelve or fifteen miles south of Port Waikato, and not far from the coast, grew the most southerly grove of that timber in existence, some of the trees being of large size. I am informed that one particular tree had a girth of sixty-six feet, which unless the formula which was accepted when I was young of a relationship between circumference and diameter of three and one-seventh to one has been altered by Einstein or Eddington, meant a trunk twenty-one feet through, making it one of the largest in the country. I must admit that when I visited the place nearly fifty years ago I neither saw nor heard of this giant, but then trees, like rumour, have a habit of growing.

Although the earliest settlers of South Auckland came to Whaingaroa Harbour, where Raglan town now stands, and Port Waikato, the greater part of the county was the last part of the district I am dealing with to be developed. On the West Coast a large Maori leasehold, known as the Te Akau run, was partially brought in in the sixties and seventies, but it was not until this land was acquired by the Crown and sold for settlement, and until the Onewhero district and Wairama-rama and Waingaro were opened up that any serious inroads were made on the primeval forest. But, once begun, it developed into a slaughter that has turned much of the country into a wilderness. In many parts one may travel mile after mile and scarcely see a tree left. On the limestone land, of which there is a good deal in the western half of the county, the effects have not been so disastrous, but on the steeper country, where the soil is thin and indifferent in quality, mischief has been done that neither the efforts

of man nor the lapse of time can remedy. The lapse of time, indeed, can only accentuate the deplorable slipping of the hills, many of them over a thousand feet high, into the narrow gullies that divide them.

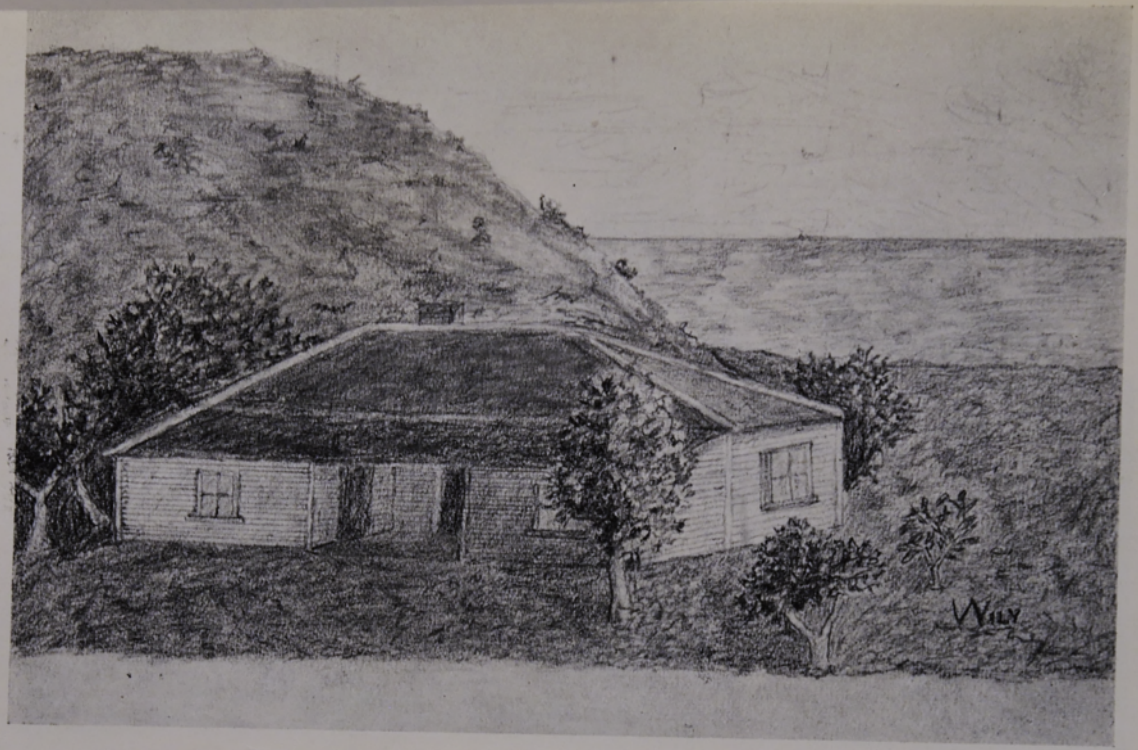
The effect of this denudation upon the water-courses is equally deplorable. Streams like the Opuatia, which fifty years ago were quite respectable little rivers, have now dwindled till the summer flow is perhaps one-fourth of its original quantity, though the winter and spring floods have enormously intensified. The forests, which tended to hold excessive rainfalls, and let it out gradually, have gone, and undoubtedly a large proportion of the water now sinks deep into the ground. There seems little reason to doubt that the artesian water, which rises to the surface so freely in the Aka Aka district, across the Waikato River, comes from this source, since there is no suitable country on that side to provide a sufficiently elevated reservoir to hold it.

There is still a fairly large block of bush standing between Raglan town and the Waipa River, and it is to be hoped that this, as well as the fine forest which clothes the massive mountain, Karioi, which guards the entrance to Whaingaroa Harbour, will be preserved. Out of the 936 square miles of which Raglan consists these two blocks might surely be kept inviolate.

Most of Raglan was handled in fair-sized blocks, and the haste of the owners to get all their holdings grassed seems to have obscured both their sense of beauty and their zest for utility. Only a very small percentage of the millable timber was used, though good rimu was plentiful nearly everywhere. Of late years however the improved roads and the motor-hauler have resulted in the salvage of a remnant. Totara and puriri were sparsely distributed, and the run-holder who had sufficient of these timbers to fence his land could deem himself fortunate. How the fences are to be renewed by the next generation is a problem that must be left for that generation to solve.

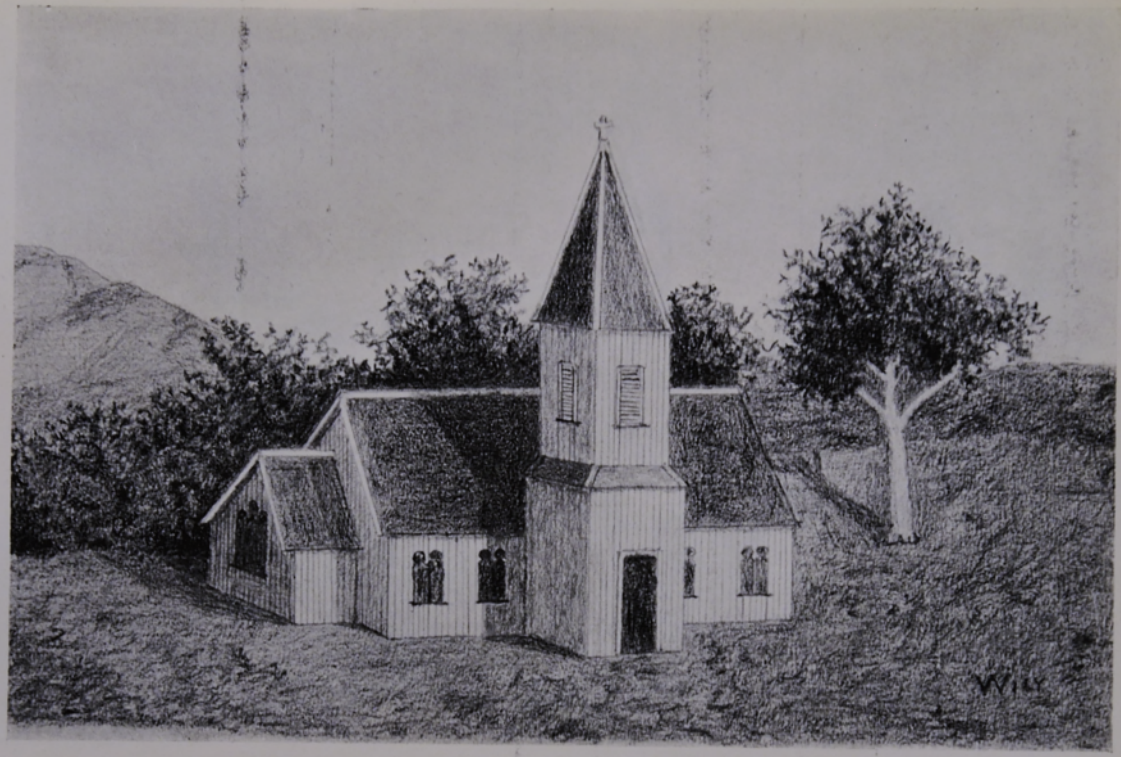
Waikato and Waipa counties are singularly devoid of forests. Probably they formed the largest compact block of open country in the North Island. But they were not always so. Reference has been made in a former chapter to the great kauri forest which originaly covered Te Rapa, and submerged timber in many other places, even the bed of the Waikato River itself, shows that at one time there was quite a quantity of forest-clad country. In other places great quantities of manoa, a small but very durable timber-tree said to be identical with the silver pine of Westland, are found as the swamps are drained and settle down, and now supply large numbers of fencing posts. This tree was for long

believed to be extinct in the North Island, but a grove is now stated to exist in the Kaipara district. It is rather a mystery how these forests disappeared, since the tendency is for forest land to gradually renew itself when catastrophe either from fire or flood overtakes it, and New Zealand, having no browsing animals presented an especially favourable field for natural re-afforestation. But nearly all the open country seems to have been at one time under forest, for where no buried timber exists the mounds of earth dragged up by up-rooted trees are greatly in evidence. But one of the handicaps of the pioneers of these two counties was the provision of suitable fencing posts.



Built by Dr. Maunsell, 1854.

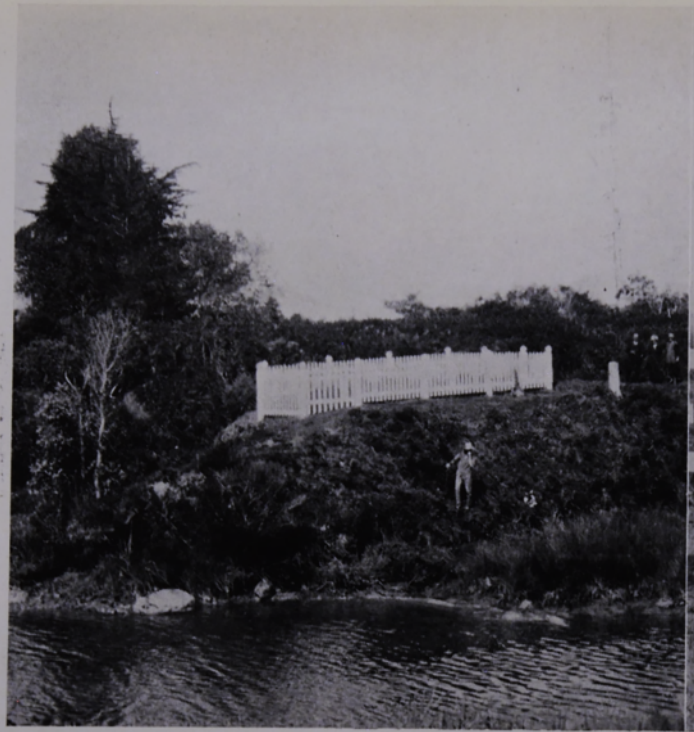
Maraetai Mission, Port Waikato
From a sketch made in 1892. The building is now quite gone, only the lower half of the chimney remaining.



Maori Mission Church at Te Kohanga

Built by Dr. Maunsell in 1854-5. From a sketch in 1886. The building blew down in 1891, and the remains were burned by a scrub fire.

Papakura's First Presbyterian Church
Built in 1859. As it was 45 years ago.



Early Cemetery at Mauku

Memorial Stone
erected by the Government and relatives
and friends of those buried there.

CHAPTER XI

AUCKLAND FOUNDED

SETTLEMENT IN ITS ENVIRONS. THE JANE GIFFORD AND THE DUCHESS OF ARGYLE ARRIVE. THE FENCIBLES. GENEROUS AID OF ENGLISH PEOPLE AND THEIR GOVERNMENT.

THE selection of a site on the Waitemata for the new capital of New Zealand, and the formal hoisting of the flag there by the Governor on September 18th, 1840, gave a decided fillip to the settlement of the adjacent country. Naturally Manukau County was the first to receive the over-flow from the young town. Otahuhu, Papatoetoe, Mangere and Howick soon began to attract settlers, and a fine and sturdy stamp of men most of them were. The Great South Road gradually ran out to Papakura and Drury. It did not get metalled till the soldiers took that work in hand towards the end of the 'fifties, but it was made to serve. Some settlement also took place at different points of the shores of the Manukau, but very little for some time to come.

In 1842 came two ships carrying the first really large contingent of settlers to arrive at Auckland. The Duchess of Argyle and the Jane Gifford left the Clyde with an interval of ten days between them, but by a singular coincidence arrived at Auckland simultaneously without having sighted one another on the voyage. Between them they carried 552 settlers, nearly all farmers of a good type; and though perforce most of them had to remain in the vicinity of Auckland for a while, a great many of them spread out into Manukau and Franklin a little later. Two or three years later Captain Ninnis arrived with his own ship and a large number of Cornish miners, 300 in all with the women and children. Their design was to work the copper deposits at Kawau Island, but the ore proved refractory, and after a lot of work had been done and a considerable sum of money wasted the attempt was abandoned, and the miners had to go on the land. Many of them ultimately found their way to Manukau and Franklin and some to the northern part of Raglan, and became efficient and successful farmers.

Almost simultaneously with the foundation of Auckland came the settlement of Wellington, the New Zealand Land Company, with the two Wakefields as its driving force, having practically defied the Home Government and got to work much sooner than it was intended it should. Even at that early date there was a

strong, even a bitter feeling of rivalry between the two places. The jeer was frequently made that the Wellington pioneers were all picked people, whereas the northern town had been settled in a completely haphazard fashion. It is true that the Wellington draft had great advantages in being under the wing of the powerful and well-managed land company, but it is probable that after all there was not much difference in the quality of the two sets of colonists. As a rule only the salt of the earth ventured to face the discomforts of a voyage to the antipodes, with the certain knowledge that when they got there they would have to face unknown difficulties and dangers.

The first decade was, for both ends of the island, a time of difficulties and privations, and was not without its dangers. Halfway through it the war in the Bay of Islands gave a severe setback to the whole of the north, and the town of Auckland did not escape without several demonstrations on the part of the Maoris which might have had serious consequences had matters not been handled with tact and determination. In fact at one time only the dropped ports and the grim muzzles of the guns on a corvette in the harbour held off a dangerous attack. To defend Auckland an excellent plan was adopted. A corps was enrolled in England in 1847 entitled the Royal New Zealand Fencibles. It consisted of time expired soldiers ready to take their discharge after serving the then term of twenty-one years. Especial attention was paid to selecting men of good character and approved physical fitness. These men received a full soldier's pay without the deductions that were made while they were still serving, and were given a cottage and an acre of land apiece, on condition that they attended a certain number of parades annually, and held themselves in readiness for active service if required. Four settlements for them were made along the southern frontier of the town, at Howick, Panmure, Otahuhu and Onehunga. Their presence gave a comfortable sense of security to Auckland, and when sixteen years later, the Waikato War broke out, quite a number of them joined the various volunteer rifle companies, and their discipline and knowledge of drill did much to stiffen and hearten these raw levies.

During these troublous times not only the English people but their Government behaved with meticulous generosity. Though long reluctant to take on the responsibilities of another colony, the Government had no sooner given in than it did all it could to foster us. Within a year or two it severed our connection with New South Wales, and gave us a full charter as a Crown Colony. And although we were supposed to pay the cost of military pro-

tection during the Maori wars, it was calculated that during the thirty years that elapsed before it was felt that the colonial forces were fully competent to defend the country, the British taxpayer paid almost two-thirds of the cost of the military and naval aid we were given. Little did either they or we then think that in a couple of generations we should be repaying these services in kind as freely and ungrudgingly as they were erstwhile given to us. And, in this connection I feel I cannot resist the temptation of quoting what I always looked upon as the finest of the war poems which broke loose in a flood upon us in the later months of 1914 and the earlier part of the following year. They were written by a boy who had only just left school, and though he has freely given his consent to my using them, his modesty will not allow me to append his name, though I suspect some of my readers will be able to place them.

DAUGHTERS OF MINE.

When I founded your homes with my treasure,
When I christened your soil with my blood,
I gave you my best, in full measure,
My overseas brood.

Not in vain were my travail and labour,
Not fruitless my care, night and day,
For now, with your rifle and sabre
The debt you repay.

Said my foemen "Her hopes but deceive her,
They'll abandon her, now they are grown;
In the hour of her fate they will leave her
To face it alone."

But swift to my side sprang my scions;
Swift they followed their instincts divine,
In their bosoms the courage of lions,
Their nerves firm as mine.

So they lied; but the slander is ended;
Who can measure your Grey Mother's pride
As, stern and tenacious and splendid
You stand by her side?

Falter not, take these words as an omen,
Ye shall quaff with me victory's wine,
With your feet on the necks of the foemen
Brave Daughters of Mine.

And at length, when the epilogue's spoken,
When we gather the fruit with the flowers,
And the pride of the tyrant is broken,
Not MINE be the glory, but OURS.

CHAPTER XII

MORE SETTLERS COME

DISCOMFORTS OF THE VOYAGE. "BUILDING A NATION." LAND GRANTS TO COLONISTS. SOUTH AUCKLAND PREFERRED BY SETTLERS. REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT GRANTED.

THOUGH the Jane Gifford and the Duchess of Argyle were the first two ships to bring selected immigrants to Auckland, they were followed by many others. Some of them carried only cabin passengers who had paid their own fares, but most of them had on board both cabin passengers and emigrants whose fares were partially or sometimes wholly paid by the Government. Even for cabin passengers the long voyage was a trying and uncomfortable experience, but for the steerage passengers, herded together like folded sheep, and with only a very limited deck space on which to take exercise the trip must often have been the very acme of misery. From 500 to 800 tons was the usual size of the vessels that carried them; some were fast sailers, and others were notorious slugs, so that a voyage might take anything from three to six months. And even with the swifter boats the duration of the voyage was of course to a great extent a question of favourable or unfavourable winds.

It seems wonderful that people could be got to face the discomforts of the voyage, the danger inseparable from long journeys at sea, the certainty of privations and struggles when they landed, and the ever-feared danger from the aboriginal inhabitants, who were suspected of not having completely given up their penchant for human flesh. But the courage and spirit of adventure of our race not only sent them forth but sustained them through everything. They possessed in full degree the dauntless colonising spirit which, a thousand years ago took the flower of the people of Norway to settle the recently discovered Iceland; which carried the sturdy Englishmen of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries across the stormy Atlantic to conquer the virgin fields of the great new western continent, and which later drove their descendants on their long treks into the interior of the land, contesting every step with hostile Indians, till the great prairies of the middle west were filled and the march of colonisation was only stayed by the shores of the Pacific. And fully fit to rank with these illustrious predecessors were the men and women who so

courageously braved twelve thousand miles of sea-travel to found a new Britain in the almost exact antipodes of the old one. "Let us build a nation" is the platitudinous slogan often heard to-day. Nay, let us rather take the most heedful care that by sloth and softness, and by leaning too heavily upon what we are pleased to call "The State," which really means the few who still do their best to keep this land of our adoption solvent, we do not destroy the very foundations of the nation our self-reliant pioneers laid so well during the last century.

The colonists who paid their own cabin-fares were entitled to receive an area of land as a free grant, and a smaller area for each member of their families, often amounting in the aggregate to from two hundred to three hundred acres. As a rule the land the Government gave away lay north of Auckland; that situated in the south they preferred to sell. But the north was not generally looked upon as a desirable place to settle in, and the consequence was that many of the new-comers preferred to buy farms in the south, and in this way most of the western portion of Manukau and Franklin was taken up between 1850 and 1860 by the "Franklins" the thesis-writer I will mention presently believed gave the name to that county. I have an interesting old map of the centre of Franklin, from the Manukau to the Waikato, with the sections marked with the names of the original purchasers, and except for the native villages and a few scattered sections of Crown Lands all seems to have been sold to private owners, in blocks ranging from a couple of hundred acres up to nearly three thousand. Up to this time, though a good many "community" settlements had been made north of Auckland none had been established in the south. These were to come in plenty later on, on native lands confiscated after the war, and their story will be told in due course.

In the meantime Auckland was growing, and, due in great measure to its geographical position, had far out-stripped in population and importance its rival, Wellington, in spite of the far better start the latter place had had under the auspices of the great New Zealand Land Company. But the rivalry between the two chief centres remained unabated, and when on June 30th, 1852 the Imperial Parliament passed the New Zealand Constitution Act, giving this country a Parliament of its own an agitation began almost at once to have the seat of Government removed to Wellington. Naturally this was strongly opposed in the north, but the central situation of Wellington gave it claims that could not be gainsaid, and in a few years' time it became the capital of the Colony.

The Constitution Act also divided the country into six Provinces, later to be made into eight by the taking of Hawke's Bay from Wellington, and Marlborough from Nelson. These managed to get into their stride before Parliament did, for it took quite a time to divide the country into electorates and elect the members. Apparently the Provincial Councils were simply glorified County Councils, and so poor that the yearly revenue of one of our Counties to-day would seem untold wealth to them. But they had the gift of making a little money go a long way, and the back-block settlers at last got help in making their roads. They appear to have functioned well on the whole, and when the time came for their abolition many people considered it to be a retrograde step.

New Zealand for a few years made great progress. Its population rapidly increased, and most of the new settlers were men determined to own land of their own, but by the end of the decade we are dealing with Taranaki was involved in a life and death struggle with the natives and the turn of South Auckland to fight for its existence was not very far away.

CHAPTER XIII

ACQUIRING LAND FOR SETTLEMENT

THE PURCHASE OF LAND FROM NATIVES—EARLY LAND-BUYING SCANDALS—COMMISSION OF INQUIRY—ACREAGE TAX ON PRIVATE PURCHASES—DIFFICULT WORK OF EARLY SURVEYORS—THEIR SERVICES AS NATURALISTS.

BEFORE land could be made available for settlement, it had to be purchased from the natives. As they held it under a communal system this frequently proved a lengthy process. In many cases the larger purchasers made their own arrangements. The first land transfer was made at Keri-Keri, Bay of Islands on November 4th, 1819 and was from the chief Hone Heke to the Church Mission Society of 13,000 acres for the consideration of forty-eight axes. The spelling of the Maori tongue had not then been stabilised, and in the deed the place is called Ta Keddie Keddie and the vendor Shunghee Hieka, otherwise Hone Heke. There were many other cases in which land was obtained for almost as low a price. In fact the 3000 acres purchased by Governor Hobson in 1840 as a site for his new capital, Auckland, was bought for £50 in cash, 20 tomahawks, 50 blankets &c., &c.—about £100's worth in all. Some time after, finding that the vendors were unhappy about their bargain they were given an additional £6.

Many of the missionaries bought large areas, but quite a number set their faces very strongly against the practice, and the ultimate result was a commission set up by the Government to enquire into the circumstances of each sale, and to decide how much the purchaser should be allowed to retain. The maximum allowance to each individual was 2,560 acres, but that was reduced if the price originally given was shown to have been grossly inadequate. Many cases were settled by scrip being given to the new owners for use at Crown Lands sales, and some claimants of huge areas dared not venture before the Commission at all to claim title. All this took time, and it was many years before the business was settled and done with.

After the very early days were over, and there was a settled Government, the native as a rule got a fair, and sometimes an exhorbitant price for his land. That this was so may be gauged from the fact that thirty or forty years later it was possible to buy much of this land for less than was originally paid for it. By

1850 the greater part of Manukau and Franklin had been acquired. This does not mean that the natives were left landless. Large blocks, very often the pick of the country, remained in their possession, and the Crown generously set aside considerable blocks they had bought and paid for as Native Reserves, which were supposed to be inalienable for ever, though ways were sometimes found to dispose of them to Europeans. During Captain Hobson's time private purchasers of native lands had to pay ten shillings per acre to the Crown, and this, with the profit derived from the sale of Crown Lands constituted the greater part of the revenue of the infant Colony. But when Captain Fitzroy succeeded Hobson at the end of 1843 he reduced the tax to the merely nominal one of one penny per acre. He took upon himself also to over-ride the findings of the Lands Commission, and in one way and another caused more trouble during his short term of office than all the rest of our Governors put together.

However, I am getting a bit beyond the scope of this book, which is supposed to be strictly local. After the land had been purchased came the surveyor to cut it into settlement holdings. There was so much of this kind of work to be done that it was not always easy to find men qualified to do it, and a good many young fellows went into the field after passing a merely perfunctory examination. The consequence was that there was a good deal of slipshod work done, causing much trouble and expense later on. They were not by any means so well equipped for their work as the modern surveyor, for all measurements were made with the old Gunter chain, consisting of one hundred links joined by short ones, and this was liable to stretch by use, sometimes by two or three inches, so accurate work was impossible. Also at that time no trigometrical survey had been made, and it was difficult, and often impossible to connect up with previous surveys. Perhaps, after all, the wonder is not that there were so many mistakes, but that there were not a great many more.

The lay-out of the roads by early surveyors has often in recent times come in for severe condemnation, but there were special difficulties then existing which go far to excuse them. To lay out a road with reasonable grades through standing bush is a most difficult task, as those who have tried it even in a small way on their own farms will admit. For another reason surveyors were not infrequently sent to cut up a block with roads and boundaries already plotted out for them on paper, and were expected to conform fairly closely to this. Taking everything into consideration it is not surprising that numerous deviations have had to be made to fit these roads for traffic.

The life of a survey party in early days was a hard one. Generally many miles from civilisation, supplies had to be carried in on foot. Work then went on winter and summer, for coming into the office to spend the wet months had not then become a fashion. What with swollen streams to cross and miles of dripping bush to traverse they were often wet through for days at a time, for there were usually few facilities for drying clothes unless they had a good cook-house. If they had a good cook-house and a satisfactory "doctor,' 'as the cook, in imitation of the cooks on coasting vessels, was called, they were fairly comfortable, but too often they had to shift camp too frequently to go in for permanent buildings.

Taking the surveyor of the period generally he was a fine fellow. His choice of the profession showed him to be an open-air man, and his education had perforce to be a fairly good one. In many cases he was a great nature-lover, and the nature of his life made him observant. He did yeoman's service in compiling the natural history of this country by recording what he saw, and his notes as a field naturalist provided many of the most interesting articles in the early "Proceedings" of the various scientific institutes. So, if he made a few technical blunders we may wisely close our eyes on them and instead contemplate the prodigious services he rendered us.

NOTE.—One of the most interesting and arresting contributions to the natural history of the country was made by a surveyor who later rose to the top of his profession. He was camped on the lower slopes of Mt. Egmont, and at dusk one evening the cook went to the little stream nearby for a bucket of water, and saw a very large eel swimming about. He chanced to have a bill-hook in his hand, and with this he chopped the eel in two. He managed to secure the tail end, but the upper half swam away. The body was severed an inch or two above the vent, and with the small piece of intestine it contained he baited a night line. In the morning the other half of the eel was found securely hooked. The surveyor really believed in this remarkable occurrence, and never suspected that the cook was engaged in a game thousands of young soldiers in the camps are to-day busily playing—the leg-pulling of their seniors.

CHAPTER XIV

SETTLEMENT FURTHER AFIELD

WHEAT-GROWING BEGINS—VALUE OF WATER-WAYS—SETTLEMENTS ON SHORES OF HAURAKI GULF AND THE MANUKAU—FLOUR-MILLS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

THE coming of the 'fifties witnessed a wider reaching out into the South Auckland territory. By this time a great deal of Franklin and Manukau and parts of northern Raglan had been sold by the natives either to private individuals or to the Crown, though there still remained in the hands of the Maoris most of the really choice areas, and far more than was necessary to maintain them. There seems to be a general impression that the owners were "taken down" in these land deals, but that was by no means the case, as is proved by the fact that forty or fifty years later it was possible to buy from the Crown sections at a lower price than they had originally cost. The most unfortunate thing about the transactions is that the natives were allowed to squander the money they got instead of having it put away for them. Too often, as soon as the money was gone there was a clamour to have the land given back, and this twisted trait in the native character persists even now.

Auckland, dependent at first upon Australia for its supply of flour, began to grow its own, and even to export it to the new Californian goldfields. Mangere and Papatoetoe were found to grow excellent grain, and the rich volcanic soils of the isthmus produced wonderful crops of potatoes. Further afield the native Mission farms of the Waikato were sending in a constant supply of food stuffs—pork, wheat, maize and potatoes came down the Waikato by canoe to near its mouth, and then up the Awaroa Creek, whence a short portage led to Waiuku, and the produce travelled on to Onehunga by cutter and schooner. Waiuku, situated at the point where all traffic had perforce to pause became a trading-post of considerable importance, though farming had then scarcely begun in the district. Drury, on the Great South Road, was the most southerly place at which a pound of tea or a parcel of sugar could be bought. China tea only, for Ceylon and Assam had not yet begun to grow it; and the sugar, I believe, came from the West Indies, via England, though a few years later we were getting the squat "mats" of sugar from Java.

Roads anywhere further than a few miles from Auckland were practically non-existent. Tracks, nearly always made by the settlers themselves, were primitive and did not admit of the use of wheeled vehicles. One pioneer, who claimed to have been the first settler in Tuakau, told me the most difficult article he ever packed on horseback was a set of tyne harrows, which took him two days to get from Auckland.

It is little wonder therefore that the first places at all far afield that attracted settlers were those which had water access. The Manukau, with its deep indentations, provided highways which were early made use of, and on the east there was direct sea-communication, and consequently very early but widely scattered settlement as far round as Miranda, though that name was not then in use. Papakura, level, and with an easily worked soil, and with road as well as water carriage, early attracted pioneers, and was extremely fortunate in the excellent class of settlers who made their homes there. The first land sales took place in 1842, and quite early it grew into a neat little village, distinguished even then, as it still is, for its general air of tidiness and prosperity. A few miles to the east Wairoa South, now Clevedon, also came early into existence. Its fertile alluvial flats produced both butter and cheese of a quality that made them greatly sought after, and they invariably commanded a high price in the market. That district also was fortunate in having a number of capable and intelligent pioneers, some of whom were expert breeders, and it soon became famous for its horses and cattle.

So far as I am aware the first sale of Crown Lands in Franklin did not take place till 1851, though certain small areas had previously been purchased by private individuals. On this occasion a semi-circular strip of country skirting the east and north of the Aka Aka swamp, and running from Rangipokia on the Waikato River to a point immediately south of Waiuku, was offered and found buyers at once. The last of these died only a few years ago on the eve of his hundredth year.* The self-reliant settlers had to set to work and make a road to their properties, which, with the exception of the portage road from Waiuku to the head of the Awaroa Creek, was the first road in Franklin capable of carrying wheels. It ran from the head of the Tahiki estuary into which the Mauku River falls, to a point within about three miles of the Waikato River. There it divided, one branch of it running west along the edge of the swamp and the other south to Rangipokia. This shortened the route to the

*The late Mr. W. C. Gearon.

valley of the Waikato by a good many miles for passengers who were not afraid of a dozen miles' walk, but heavy goods had still to go via Waiuku. Within two or three years some of these enterprising settlers were growing wheat and sending it to Auckland. At this time also the natives at Patumahoe, where a large and prosperous hapu then existed, grew wheat on quite a large scale, and the circular track made by the horses that worked their threshing machine can still be discerned. One of the ploughs they used in their tillage is still in existence, though it has long retired from active service.

About this time flour mills began to be built about the district. The earliest were at the Mission stations. There were two windmills in Auckland, but the country ones were driven by water power. In some cases quite large sums, as it seemed then, (though in these spacious days when the sky is the limit we would consider them negligible trifles) were expended by the natives in building them.*

*The first flour-mill in New Zealand was erected at Waimate North in the early thirties. It was driven by the Waiare Stream, a tributary of the Waitangi, and some of the totara timbers of its foundations are still in position and quite sound. A few years later the mill was removed to a site a mile or so further down the stream, to secure a higher fall, and the old building is still standing, though somewhat dilapidated. The locality of the original site is interesting, for within a few chains stand the oldest oak tree in the country and an old barn which was used in 1845 as a hospital for wounded soldiers after the mad frontal attack made by Colonel Despard on the Ohaewai Pa, three or four miles away. The old shed is in pretty bad condition now, but many of its timbers are still sound.

The flour-mill of which an illustration is shown on page 61, was originally built as a flax-mill by Captain J. Ninnis in the 50's, but the process of manufacture not proving satisfactory it was later fitted with an upper storey, and turned into a flour-mill, to which the farmers for many miles round used to take their wheat.

CHAPTER XV

EARLY ROADS

ONLY NATIVE TRAILS AT FIRST—THE GREAT SOUTH ROAD—THE FIRST COUNTRY ROADS—ROAD BOARDS COME INTO EXISTENCE—EASY CONDITIONS IN WAIKATO BASIN—RAGLAN'S DIFFICULT PROBLEMS—THE MISSION TRACK FROM PORT WAIKATO TO TAUPIRI.

ANYONE who knows only the New Zealand of the present century can have very little conception of the difficulties of travelling and transport during the early days. At first there were merely the narrow Maori tracks, and if the animals had had nothing but these to get to Noah's Ark on, they would have had to travel one by one instead of two by two. Gradually, as settlement progressed, these gave way to what were called roads, which simply meant that scrub or timber was cleared away for a few feet in width, with no attempt at grading or forming. The bridges were not infrequently mere rough platforms chained in place so that they might rise to a flood and not float away, leaving a reversion to the old style of wading as the only alternative. In winter, especially in the bush country, these tracks were little better than morasses. In open land it was easy to clear a fresh track when the old one became too muddy.

Up to the time Auckland was founded there were no roads at all. The missionaries and the few others who lived south of that point got to their homes by water only. Probably the earliest road south of Otahuhu was the mile and a half of portage from Waiuku to the head of the Awaroa Creek, as by that route lay the only access to the three Mission stations on the Waikato and Waipa.* Not so very long after, when the mission farms began to send their produce to Auckland this became a much used route, and remained so up to the time of the Waikato War. The story is told that one man, disdaining the use of a humble sledge, put a bullock dray into service, but one night, when winter began to

*There was an alternative route occasionally used, especially by the earliest missionaries on their visits to the Waikato from the Bay of Islands. This was from Whakatiwai on the Hauraki Gulf across the scrub-covered hills to navigable water on the Maramarua River, but this entailed a walk of about eighteen miles instead of less than two, so it was not very popular.

make the track bad, it lost its wheels, and they were not found again until the following summer.

But long before the war the Great South Road ran as far as Drury, and about 1860 the soldiers metalled this and extended it as far as Pokeno, it being determined that the Mangatawhiri River should be the line of demarcation between the white man and the Kingite natives, who had already begun to show a threatening demeanour. But for long this remained the only macadamised road south of Otahuhu. From it cart tracks ran in various directions to link up the outlying communities. From Papakura one ran to Wairoa South (Clevedon), from Drury branches went to Hunua, East Pukekohe and Tuakau, Waiuku and Mauku, and from Pokeno to the Tuakau settlement. These were usually maintained (in a fashion) by the users, there being then no local authorities, and the General and Provincial Governments never having any cash to spare.

In 1851 the new settlers in South Mauku, now called Puni, made a road from the head of the Tahiki branch of the Manukau Harbour to Rangipokia on the Waikato River. Three or four years later the land in central and lower Mauku was sold, and deviations had to be made where the road traversed private property, but this was done very gradually. Some interesting correspondence still exists relative to a portion of this road, which it was desired to retain. The Provincial Council agreed to pay the owner £100 compensation, and erect a four-railed fence on either side, but this was never done, and after some rather acrimonious letters from both parties the owner finally closed it by removing a bridge, after giving long notice of his intention of so doing, and thus enabling an alternative route to be laid off. The stationery of the Council was as good as its promises were bad, for the paper is as sound and the ink as black as if only a year old instead of seventy-five. And stationery and ink were not the only durable things made then, for recently a hand-forged seven-inch spike was pulled out of the timber of the above-mentioned bridge, as sound as if driven in one year ago instead of eighty-eight.

Another road ran from some point on the Great South Road to the Waikato River between Mercer and Havelock, but no one seems to know now whether it joined the main road between Pokeno and Razorback, or kept to the west through East Pukekohe to the neighbourhood of Drury. After the troops passed up the Waikato at the end of 1863 a coach ran between Auckland and Havelock, going one way each day and changing horses at Drury. From Havelock the passengers went up the river by a

small steamer. At first there was a considerable element of risk in using this route, but risk was all in the day's work in those days.

During the sixties Road Boards were set up wherever there was a population to warrant the step. For half a century these Boards did yeoman's work in opening up the country. Gradually they were superseded by the County Councils, but not before they had done the spade work in most districts. They are forgotten now, but they should not be, for they gave a vast amount of time, and in many cases their own physical labour to the general cause, and got a surprising amount of work done for very little money. Many of the districts were as large as an ordinary county riding, and to run them properly meant almost full-time work for the chairman, who, as far as my experience goes, was not reimbursed even for out-of-pocket expenses. To eke out the rates it was sometimes possible to wring scanty grants from a poverty-stricken General Government or a pauperised Provincial Council, but there was then nothing in the way of a general subsidy.

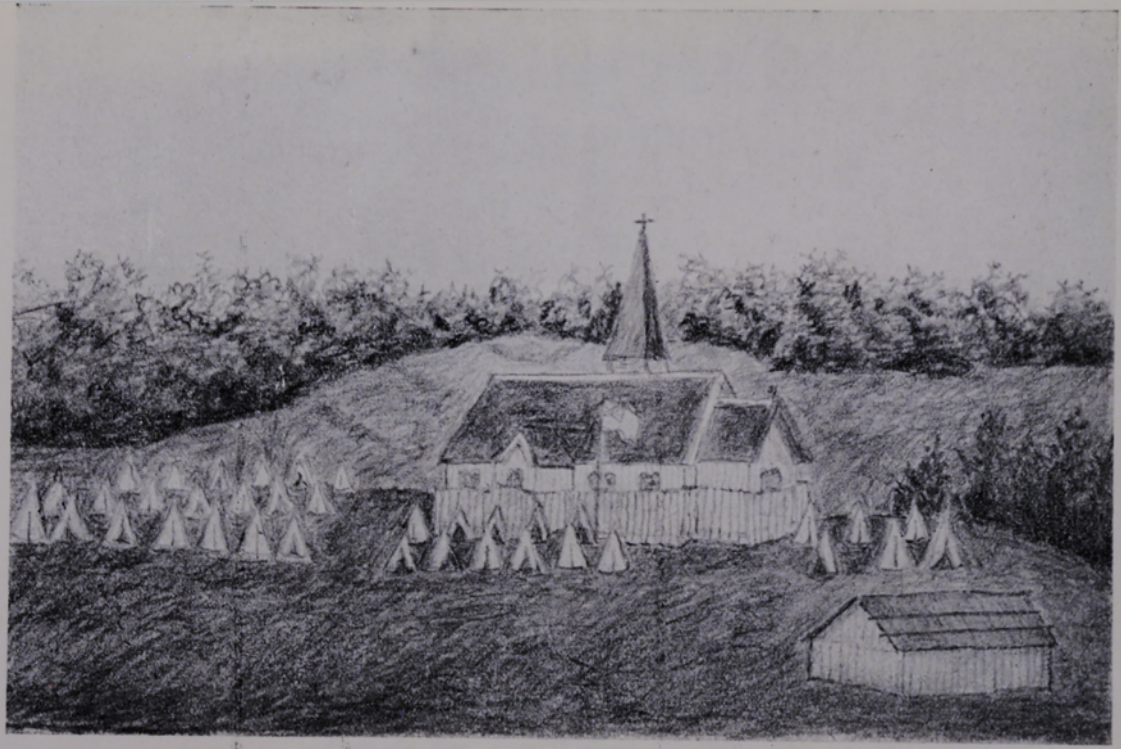
Naturally it was long before the roads were metalled. Gradually the townships had a strip of macadam laid through them, and here and there the fascines in a swampy patch were covered by metal, but that was about as far as it went up to the time the pioneering days came to an end. Even up to the present there are many back-block settlers who have no proper access to their farms. The authorities have been too busy spending millions for the motorist to think of them.

The roading problems of Waikato and Waipa did not begin till much later than those of Manukau and Franklin, for settlement in those two counties did not really start till 1864, after the close of the Waikato War. For many years they were in a much better case than the last two mentioned places, for instead of heavy bush country and a retentive soil they had level land covered only with light scrub, and a sandy soil. Their roads dried almost as soon as rain ceased falling on them, and with very little attention remained good even in the season when the roads further north were veritable quagmires, impassable for months every year to wheeled vehicles. It was later, when it came to the question of metalling that the balance was turned the other way, for Franklin and Manukau had shingle rivers in the east and excellent basaltic lava and scoria in the west, whereas stone of any kind was almost absent from the central Waikato basin, and covering for the roads had to be brought long distances.

As for Raglan its road-making epoch came later still, so late that the only excuse for dealing with it here is that that county

Miranda Redoubt

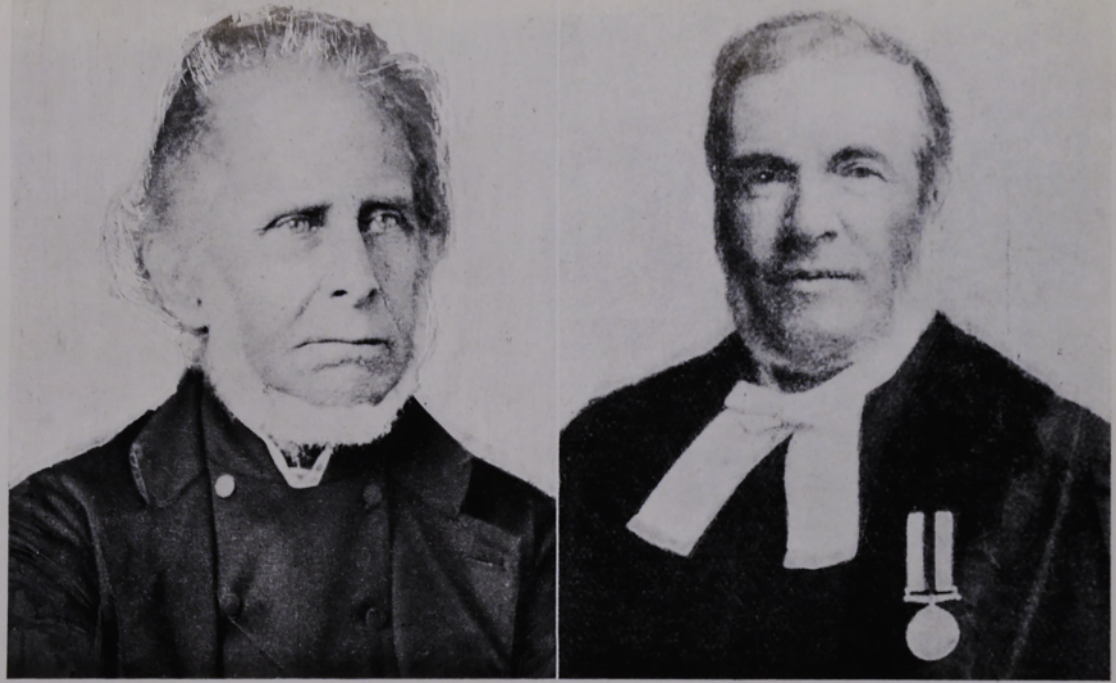
Built on hill overlooking the Firth of Thames. —From a drawing made Sept., 1939.



St. Bride's Church, Mauku, in 1863.
Re-drawn from a faded sketch by Captain Norbury, 70th Regt.

Putataka Bay, Port Waikato, in 1863

The square cottage with a karaka tree at the corner is Armitage's court-house. The other buildings were hutments for soldiers and the artisans putting together the river gun boats.



Comrades in Arms

VEN. ARCHDEACON MAUNSELL. REV. THOMAS NORRIE.

Anglican and Presbyterian Chaplains to the forces in the Waikato campaign, 1863-64.

was going through most of its pioneering stage after the rest of the territory had entered the modern epoch. And when it did have to face the task of road-making the broken contours of its surface gave it the most difficult job of any. That it received more aid from Government grants, and was enabled to borrow money on easy terms no doubt gave it an advantage the other places did not receive, but with all that thrown in it speaks volumes for the engineering staff, and the members of the council that such difficult country should have been so well roaded.

One very interesting old road in Raglan deserves special mention, and that is the old Mission track that was made in the early forties to connect the Church Mission Station at Port Waikato with the one at Taupiri. Following the high ridges from Port Waikato it descended to a lower level at Kohanga, then rose again to pass behind Onewhero; it crossed the Opuatia, and skirted the swamps, finally reaching the Waikato River a little to the south of Waahi Lake. Though most of its course is now obliterated its traces are still strongly marked in many places. During the later stages of the war when the Waikato River was quite unsafe for hostile canoes several raiding parties used this old track to get to Pukekawa, and crossed the river by night.

CHAPTER XVI

CLEARING THE FOREST

THE EXPERT AXEMAN'S ADVANTAGES—NECESSITY FOR CAREFUL UNDER-SCRUBBING—"THE JIGGER-BOARD"—DANGEROUS SECOND BURNS—"DOG-LEG" FENCES—SUMMER WORK.

As many of the pioneers were settled on land covered chiefly, or even wholly, by standing forest, the able-bodied man who could swing an axe all day had a great advantage over his neighbour who could not. As the quickest and cheapest way of obtaining grass was by felling and burning the bush, and sowing the seed in the ashes, this course was almost invariably followed. Even when part of the holding was open land the new settler was not at first usually provided with horses to work it; and this scrub land was for the most part more or less sour, and needed both time and plenty of tillage to make it productive, so to the bill-hook and axe he turned as his best auxiliaries. Bush-felling was essentially a winter and early spring occupation, and the man of the spacious days of yore did not allow the weather to keep him from his work, the only concession he made to the power of Jupiter Pluvius being to select fine weather for the under-scrubbing, so that he had not to endure a perpetual shower-bath from the smitten undergrowth as well as the drip from the trees. He frequently chopped all day in steady rain, wet to the skin all the time, and walking about for ten minutes while he ate his luncheon at mid-day, because sitting down would have chilled him and stiffened his muscles.

If one wished to have a good burn, which was a most desirable thing, careful and thorough under-scrubbing was a prime necessity. The amount of work this entailed differed greatly in different localities. In some places the forest was so open one could ride about in it, in others there was a dense mass of undergrowth. Here and there one might come across acres of kie-kie, a climbing lily bearing edible flowers called tawheras, as large as a saucer, the best of our aboriginal fruits, if a flower can with propriety be called a fruit. Kie-kie grows on the ground to a height of six or seven feet, and climbs the trees for sixty or seventy. On the ground it roots in every few feet like a creeping bent, and it is difficult to be sure it has all been cut. The short-handled bill-hook was usually used, but it was deadly tiring for the right shoulder and wrist, though the few who were ambi-dextrous found it all

right. It had the advantage of leaving one hand free to hold aside intervening branches which might interfere with a clear stroke, and one could bend down young saplings so that the tool would bite twice as deeply into the tightened fibres. Dense brakes of supple-jacks were also unpopular, for they had to be cut aloft and alow, as a hanging supple-jack might easily deflect the blow of an axe on to the wielder's toes.

Then came the tree-felling, much more interesting work, where the head came into play as well as the thews and sinews, for the good bushman took care that all the ground was covered by the fallen trees so that the fire might be as even as possible over the whole area. Many of the trees had to be cleared of a jacket from an inch to a foot in thickness composed of kie-kie and other creepers, especially the vines of rata—aka-aka, the natives call them. Sometimes this involved as much work as felling the tree. Then the axe got to work in the fashion that most people have learned to admire at the axemen's contests at the Agricultural Shows. And indeed an expert bushman is worth watching, for he is a marvel of combined precision and energy, with a good deal of unstudied grace thrown in.

Some trees, notably the puketea and the kahikahtea and sometimes the kohekohe grow with trunks largely swollen near the ground. To fell them standing on the ground would involve thrice the labour that attacking them higher up would entail. To meet these cases what is known as a "jigger" was used. This was a piece of timber six inches by one and a half, or, if you desired to keep your poor perishable carcase doubly safe, nine inches wide, and five or six feet long. To one end of this was nailed a horse-shoe, with the toe-clip uppermost. A small kerf* was then cut into the tree at the desired height, and the end of the board inserted, the toe-clip holding it in place, and on this giddy eminence the axeman stood and put the tree down. It felt a ticklish business till one got used to it, but it saved a good deal of work.

The usual rule in early days was to fell every tree that had a green branch, but this rule gradually relaxed till it became customary to leave standing all trees three feet and in some places two feet six inches in diameter. This, while making the work lighter and the cost less, added two dangers. In three or four years the branches of the lofty rimus and ratas began to fall whenever a gale blew, causing considerable losses among stock. The other danger was when the inevitable second fire took place. A few years after felling the sap-wood of the timber trees, and the whole

*This word very commonly was called "scarf."

of the soft woods had become like touch-wood or punk. When this got alight in a dry season the fire would spread over large areas even when all the timber was lying prone. Fences, crops of unreaped cocksfoot seed, haystacks and not infrequently houses were destroyed, and nothing would stop a fire of this character but heavy rain, or the fact that it had burned everything that would burn.

But when the country was studded with lofty dead trees, all highly inflammable, the danger was greatly intensified. Under the influence of a stiff breeze a flake of ignited touchwood might travel twenty chains and start up another fire which would repeat the performance, and so on, ad infinitum, or at any rate till the supply of timber was exhausted. This type of fire sometimes travelled with such rapidity that it was impossible to shift the stock, and sometimes even human beings were overcome and fell victims. But it was merciful in that it was always preceded by so dense a volume of smoke that its prey was suffocated, not burned to death.

Yet the general effect of these fires was more beneficial than otherwise. They cleared the ground of a large amount of useless timber, the fences they destroyed were usually of a temporary character, and they left good beds of ashes to be re-sown with grass.

These temporary fences were known as "dog-legs" from the proverbial crookedness of the dog's hind leg. They were made of any useless soft-wood saplings that lay beside the line after the first burn. Two crossed stakes were driven in, and in the notch of the X they made the end of a long sapling was laid with one end on the ground. A few feet down this another X crossed it to be crowned with another sapling, and so on. The life of such a fence was only about five years, but it was stock proof, and inexpensive to erect.

And now I seem to have hurried ahead of my subject. The bush felled in winter was burned in January or February, the exact time being dictated by the dryness of the weather and the direction and velocity of the wind. Sometimes there was an excellent burn which left but little timber on the ground,—sometimes the fire merely burned the lighter material, leaving an entanglement stock could hardly get through, and involving much work in logging up and re-lighting.

After the first good rain had washed the potash out of the ashes the grass seed was sown. Inexperienced people, sowing too soon, found that much or even all of the seed had been killed by the potash, and had to go to the trouble and expense of re-sowing.

If a crop of wheat was desired it was sown with the grass, the industrious farmer chipping it in with a hoe, and the tired one leaving it to chance; and his chance of a crop was quite good, for the native birds were not grain-eaters, and we had few of the imported sinners except pheasants and Australian quail. The Californian scamp did not come till later. Thirty-five bushels of wheat per acre were sometimes grown in this primitive manner.

There was plenty of summer work for the bushman to do. Flax cutting for the mills at contract prices yielded a good man good wages; in addition there were posts and rails to be split and fences erected where the land was ready for permanent enclosure. The morticing of the posts and the pointing of the rails for the three and four rail fences then in vogue entailed a good deal of work, and the erection of them was a much slower and more expensive process than putting up a modern wire fence.

CHAPTER XVII

THE HOMES OF THE SETTLERS

PRIMITIVE DWELLINGS—MORE COMFORTABLE THAN THEY LOOKED—GOOD FIRES BUT POOR LIGHTS—CAMP-OVEN COOKING—LITTLE MEAT, BUT PLENTY OF GAME—HOW TO IMPROVE A BISHOP'S PREACHING.

"I WANT to see a Whare," said an English lady we were taking for a motor drive round the Auckland suburbs, pronouncing the word as if it were a single syllable; natural enough in one who had only seen it as printed. Seeing she was not understood she explained she thought we New Zealanders all lived in "whares." There is no need for me to tell my native-born readers that the native name for a dwelling rhymes as nearly as possible with soiree.

When Hamlet pithily remarked "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will," he may or may not have been thinking of the New Zealand pioneers, but what he said certainly fitted their case to a nicety. It needed a vivid imagination and a serene and cheerful mind to see in the first "houses" erected by back-blockers the castles all good Englishmen's homes are well known to be. They were amazingly primitive, with their walls made of the trunks of pongas (tree-ferns) and thatched with nikau fronds or the blades of raupo (bull-rush). An earthen floor, partitions made of sacks opened out and stitched together, a chimney eight or nine feet wide and five or six feet deep, with seats on the inside, and a pole across it above with two or three chains hanging from it from which pots and kettles could be suspended over the fire; and into places like this went hundreds of women, many of them used to every comfort and their own staffs of servants. It was hard on the men, no doubt, but what must it have meant for the women, whose vocations kept them within doors. Yet to find a complainer or repiner among them was a very rare thing, and I can pay no higher tribute to them than just to say that.

Naturally these shanties were not looked upon as permanent homes, but not infrequently some years passed before they were replaced by erections of split slabs and shingled roofs, which often were built also as a temporary expedient before the sawn timber cottage, or in the case of a well-to-do settler, commodious villa, could be attained.

People nowadays often comment upon the unsuitability of the sites of the early homesteads, and point out half-a-dozen better places that could have been used. The explanation is that a site was often determined by arbitrary reasons the owner could not control. Settlers in bush country very often found that there was not a square yard of open land on the holding, but the more fortunate came across old native cultivation clearings where the growth was of titree and fern or young bush, the easiness of clearing which settled the question of where the homestead should stand.

Even in the way-backs, to-day it would be difficult to find replicas of these primitive dwellings, and I have not been able to get even a decent photo of one to adorn these pages. The Maori whares do not give a fair representation of them, for the style of architecture was very different. But these old shacks were by no means so uncomfortable as might be imagined. The thick thatch kept them cool in summer and warm in winter, and on cold winter nights nothing could be more cosy than to sit inside the chimney, with its clear smokeless fire of tawa wood, always a popular fuel because it was easy to chop, and burned nearly as well green as seasoned.

One great drawback, felt particularly on the long winter evenings, was the poor lighting facilities. In the earliest days people had to depend on home-made tallow candles, either "dips" or "moulds." The first were made by dipping cotton wicks into melted fat, hanging them up to harden, and repeating the operation till the desired thickness was obtained. For moulds a case was used containing from six to twelve cylinders the size of a candle. A wick being threaded through each melted fat was poured in, and the case put aside till the candles hardened. The moulds were preferable to the dips, but both of them gave only feeble yellow light, the wicks demanded continual snuffing, and they disseminated a most unpleasant smell, which turned to an absolute stink when it went out. During my childhood kerosene began to come into use. It gave a much better light, was very cheap (from seven to eight shillings per case of eight and one third Imperial gallons, with two useful and durable tins thrown in) but it had an unpleasant smell also, and made the small rooms unpleasantly hot in summer, while the daily work of filling and trimming the lamps was always a distasteful task.

There were no butchers or bakers, and in most cases shops were miles away. Consequently commissariat supplies were often a source of worry, and it was by no means an uncommon experience to have to go without tea or sugar or even flour for days. One great stand-by was large square ship's biscuits, put up in

cases of one cwt. or tins of one-half cwt. Bread of course had to be home-baked, usually cooked in a camp-oven, for most places at first did not attain the dignity of a "colonial oven" with fire above and below, and few indeed boasted of a kitchen range. The camp-oven when in action stood in a bed of live cinders, and had a shovel-ful of them on its lid. The contents of a properly handled camp-oven, whether bread or meat, are delicious, and nothing cooked in a range or electric oven can come up to them. And while I am on the subject of camp-ovens I would like to tell the story of one that was raised to a position of worshipful eminence. Two city people went to South Africa for a trip, and when they came back a camp-oven, black-leaded to perfection, adorned a prominent place in their drawing-room. And with pride they told me how, far up in the country, they had come across it in a Kaffir hut, and, believing it to be of native workmanship had bought it for three times its value. I was not unkind enough to tell them that Birmingham still turns them out by the hundred thousand, and that any ironmonger in the town could have let them have one for a few shillings; so they still believe they have an unique specimen of native handicraftmanship.

Though household supplies were at times difficult to get no one need run away with the idea that the pioneer had to go hungry. Wild duck and pigeons were numerous, and no close season was kept. After 1860 pheasants were so plentiful that they became a nuisance in gardens and cultivation patches. Food for them was so plentiful that they attained a size and fatness unknown to-day, for a fully grown bird would sometimes weigh five pounds. Turkeys, geese and common fowls were bred in large numbers, and often went wild and could be had for the shooting. Peafowl also were wild in some places, and the young bird was not at all bad to eat. And the streams swarmed with eels, which most people then esteemed to be a luxury. Flesh meat other than pork, was not so easy to get, though every now and then someone would kill a sheep and send what he could spare to his neighbours, or three or four families would join together and slaughter a two-year-old steer, eating what they could while fresh, and salting down the rest. People anywhere near the sea could get flounder, schnapper and mullet in unlimited quantities, and oysters could be gathered by the wagon-loan wherever the shores were rocky.

One little story, showing how brains could compensate for the shortage of supplies, is worth preserving. In the middle fifties Bishop Selwyn, his chaplain, and a third man arrived unexpectedly one Saturday afternoon at a Mauku farm-house to stay the night.

The hostess was in despair, for she had nothing to give them but one small fowl. Taking thought, she cooked a large potful of rice, and cutting up the fowl, curried it so ardently that, while everyone sent back for another helping of rice no one would venture on more currie. And so the honour of the house was saved, and the old lady used to chuckle over it delightedly more than forty years later. "The good Bishop," she would say, "had never before been able to preach hell fire so fervently and convincingly as he could after tasting my currie."

NOTE.—One seasonal luxury, which I find I have omitted to mention, was white-bait, which was obtainable in the Waikato in unlimited quantities, and was highly appreciated. A bag net of mosquito netting, or even common scrim, fastened by safety-pins round the looped end of a sapling, and if there was a good run on a kerosene-tin full could be caught in half an hour. There is talk of having close seasons for this delicacy, but its scarcity is not due to the quantity that is caught but to the destruction of its breeding grounds. The eggs are laid on the tidal marshes near the mouth of the river, and as these are mostly accessible to stock when the tide is out the destruction of eggs is enormous. Under these conditions there is no hope of white-bait becoming as plentiful as of yore.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PAPAKURA AND WAIROA SOUTH

TWO OF OUR EARLIEST SETTLEMENTS—STURDY AND INTELLIGENT FARMERS —KIRI-KIRI REDOUBT—GUM-FIELDS A STAND-BY—EARLY DAYS IN WAIROA— REV. T. NORRIE—EARLY COASTAL SETTLERS.

Two very flourishing settlements in early times were Papakura and Wairoa South, now Clevedon. At some time during the eighties the confusion caused by the number of places called Wairoa (long water) made a change of name advisable, and that of the old Somerset town being suggested it was adopted, and now most people have forgotten the picturesque little place ever had another name.

The earliest land purchase in Papakura was in 1842, when the late Mr. Duncan McLennan took up a block still owned by his son.* He did not however actually come into residence there till 1848, by which time several other families had settled in the neighbourhood. There was, even at that later date, no road to Auckland, and the bullock drays that then afforded the only means of transport frequently took two whole days to make the trip. In the early fifties an enterprising settler, Mr. R. Willis, started a general store, at first in a raupo shack, which in time was replaced by a large two-storied building. There were a number of Maoris in the vicinity in those days, at Kiri-kiri and on the shores of the Papakura Channel, and they provided the bulk of the store's business. About the same time the first school was opened in a little building used also as a Methodist Church, and this served for several years till the Presbyterian Church was put up in 1859. This old building still stands in a state of excellent preservation beside the fine new brick edifice. During the Maori war it was got ready for a redoubt by having sand packed between the outer wall and the lining to make it bullet-proof, but the necessity to actually use it did not come, the big

* Since the above was written this land has been forcibly acquired by the Crown as a site for a military camp. It is not by any means an ideal spot for the purpose, being reclaimed swamp, where it is difficult to get proper foundations for buildings. It would have been wiser to cross the bridge into Karaka, where a better and healthier site could easily have been found.

military camp at Drury and Captain Ring's redoubt at Kiri-Kiri affording all the protection necessary.

But it must not be imagined that Papakura's young men did not do their full share of the fighting. A young Papakura farmer, William Jackson, raised the first company of Forest Rangers, and his first recruit was John McIntosh Roberts, who joined with the rank of sergeant, and rose to be Colonel J. M. Roberts, N.Z.C., perhaps the most distinguished of all our colonial-trained soldiers. Roberts lived with his uncle, Major Clare, up in the Hunua hills, and his first job, on coming to N.Z. at the age of eighteen was to help pit-saw the timber for the old Presbyterian Church just mentioned.* And, in addition quite a number of Papakura lads took service with the Rangers. Four or five months later a Pole named Gustave Von Tempsky was given permission to raise a second company of Rangers, and young Roberts joined him as Ensign, or as we should now call it, 2nd Lieutenant.

Ring's redoubt, as it was called from its commander, Captain Ring, of the 18th Regiment, lay a couple of miles east of Papakura. It was a strong earth-work with wide ditches and high banks, with flanking bastions at the S.W. and N.E. corners. A house now stands in the middle of it and a garden occupies most of its area. The nearest engagement to Auckland of the campaign was fought by a party of Militia and a company of the 18th at and in the edge of the bush just above Papakura. The little force was outnumbered and surrounded, and their position was causing their officers some anxiety when they were relieved by a re-inforcement of the 65th from Drury. Many years after, Major Edward Withers, a 65th man, but then in command of Auckland District Volunteers, told me that like all regular soldiers he had felt a contempt for amateurs, but what he saw of the behaviour of Major Clare's hastily levied little force that day had completely changed his views. Captain Ring was later killed near Te Awamutu, greatly to the grief of his men, by whom he was much loved.

* This old building has a special interest for me as it was my first school, in the far away days when the Rev. Joseph Bates was vicar of Papakura, and teacher of the little school. When I saw it again the day the fine new Presbyterian Church was opened, my first thought was how it had shrunk, but then we all shrink with old age. My second thought was to look up at the ceiling to see the pens we used to shoot up with a piece of paper in the split end of the handle to speady their flight, but some profane hand had removed them all. The old cottage on the other side of the new Church was the then vicarage, and though it was unoccupied I was able to peep through the window at my old bed-room, which had also shrunk amazingly.

Papakura, with much level and easily worked land around it, and fortunately settled by the right stamp of men, soon recovered from the set-back of the war, and since then has never looked back. Quite a lot of wheat was grown in the neighbourhood, and at an early date a flour-mill was installed. During the bad years that followed the end of the war gum-digging was also a great stand-by for the little town, and a huge quantity was won on the Papakura Flat, as it was then called.

Clevedon, as we must now call Wairoa South, was also an early and prosperous settlement. It had an easy direct communication with Auckland by water, and except for the natural set-back the war gave it its history has been one of steady progress and prosperity. Its early pioneers were men of the finest stamp, and with their wives faced cheerfully and courageously the hardships inevitable under the conditions. The war hit them, and hit them hard, and several of them were murdered in cold blood at the outset, but they armed and combined for their defence, and the Wairoa South Company of Rifle Volunteers was for many years after known as one of the crack corps of the district. The walls of the redoubt they flung up and occupied may still be seen on the hill close to the little Anglican Church, and their old armoury and magazine is still doing duty as a parish hall at the rear of the Presbyterian Church.

And mention of the Presbyterian Church naturally brings to mind that devoted and energetic minister, the Rev. Thomas Norrie, who for a full half century attended to the spiritual, and very often the physical needs of Clevedon and Papakura. His original parish really comprised the whole of the South Auckland territory this book treats of, except Raglan, for, from Wairoa South to Cambridge, and from the Piako to Awhitu he rode back and forth and took services everywhere. When the war began he joined Cameron's forces as chaplain, and had many close escapes in his rides, solitary, or accompanied by Dr. Maunsell, about the country. Bit by bit his parish diminished as the small places grew large enough to have ministers of their own. But to Papakura, where he lived, and Wairoa, he remained faithful from 1855 to 1905, when he died at the age of seventy-nine. And during his long incumbency he witnessed the erection of no fewer than nineteen churches in his parish. That at Wairoa was built at the early date of 1858, and though the old building has long been replaced, there are still many left who attended service there. Before the church was put up the Rev. David Bruce paid irregular visits to Papakura and held services in one or other of the houses; and it is on record that Mrs. Duncan McNicol, the wife of one

of the earliest Wairoa settlers, carried her child all the way from Papakura and back to have it christened. That child is still alive, and is said to be the only surviving resident who was at the opening of the first church in 1858.

The Wairoa Volunteers were commanded by Captain W. C. Lyon, a veteran of the Crimea, who returned from the campaign unwounded, and was then unfortunate enough to lose his left arm by a bursting gun when rabbit-shooting in Ireland. One story about himself he used to tell with great gusto. A certain dignitary of the Church invited him to dinner, and the children were carefully warned by their mother not to make any reference to his empty sleeve. The youngest, Johnnie, gazed at the guest with fixed interest for awhile, and then blurted out—"Mother, when we go to Heaven and see John the Baptist without his head, mustn't we say anything about it?" "Johnnie" is still alive, and a dignitary of the Church himself, and if he happens to read this will no doubt chuckle over it as appreciatively as the old Colonel used to.

Under Lyon's leadership the volunteers had several small brushes with parties of natives they encountered while combing the bush. Sometimes they were accompanied by detachments of the Forest Rangers, who usually camped for the night before at the "Travellers' Rest," a little inn on the north side of the Papakura-Wairoa track, a couple of miles from the former place. The old inn was pulled down nearly fifty years ago, and its license transferred to Frankton, for at that time there seemed to be no limit to the distance a permit to sell liquor could be taken.

Though the first Wairoa settlers came there in 1853 there were already a few dotted along the coastline. Maxwell, who had married a Maori woman with much land, was there in the early thirties, and a Gifford or Giffard was also in the neighbourhood when Mr. Fairburn opened his Mission station at Maraetai in 1836. And at that time kauri timber, both sawn and as spars was being sent away from Waiheke Island in large quantities. So the legend that Dr. Logan Campbell and his partner Brown were the only white men in the vicinity when Auckland was founded is without foundation. After the foundation of Auckland quite a number of vessels were built at Waiheke, where kauri and pohutakawa were plentiful and accessible.

Both north and south of Wairoa there was much excellent kauri timber, but no record of any of it having been sent overseas seems to exist. Occasional trees on this coast grew to great size, and at Hunua one tree was credited with a diameter of

seventeen feet. A great deal of the settlement itself consisted of heavy groves of manuka and cabbage trees, and there are still some ornamental patches of these left, greatly enhancing the appearance of the countryside.

NOTE.—Mention has been made elsewhere in this book of a coach service between Auckland and the Waikato River early in the sixties. But that was not the first of the South Auckland coaching lines. At the end of 1857, when the Great South Road had been metalled by the troops as far as Drury, an enterprising man named Young, who was, I believe, hotel keeper at Drury, installed a daily coach service each way between Drury and Auckland.

Part II.

THE WAIKATO WAR

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CHAPTER I.

THE FIVE COUNTIES

CONTROVERSY AS TO HOW FRANKLIN CAME TO BE NAMED—SOME OF THE PHYSICAL FEATURES—COAL MEASURES—ABSENCE OF METALS—ROAD-MAKING MATERIALS.

It is now fully time to leave New Zealand as a whole to look after itself, and settle down quietly on the territory with which this book is concerned. A brief description of the main features of the five counties immediately south of the Auckland Isthmus, and some account of our native inhabitants appears necessary before we get to the main theme, the coming of the pioneers.

As early as 1842 the County of Eden was proclaimed. It took in a very wide area indeed, and for many years its boundaries were unaltered, and included the whole of Manukau and Franklin. The holders of early Crown Grants in these latter counties will find their lands described as situate in the County of Eden. Just when Franklin began to have a separate existence I am unable to state, but if we put the date at 1860 we shall be within a year or two. For a number of years afterwards Franklin was a

portion of Manukau, separating from it some time in the eighties,* though as a Parliamentary electorate Franklin had existed since 1860.

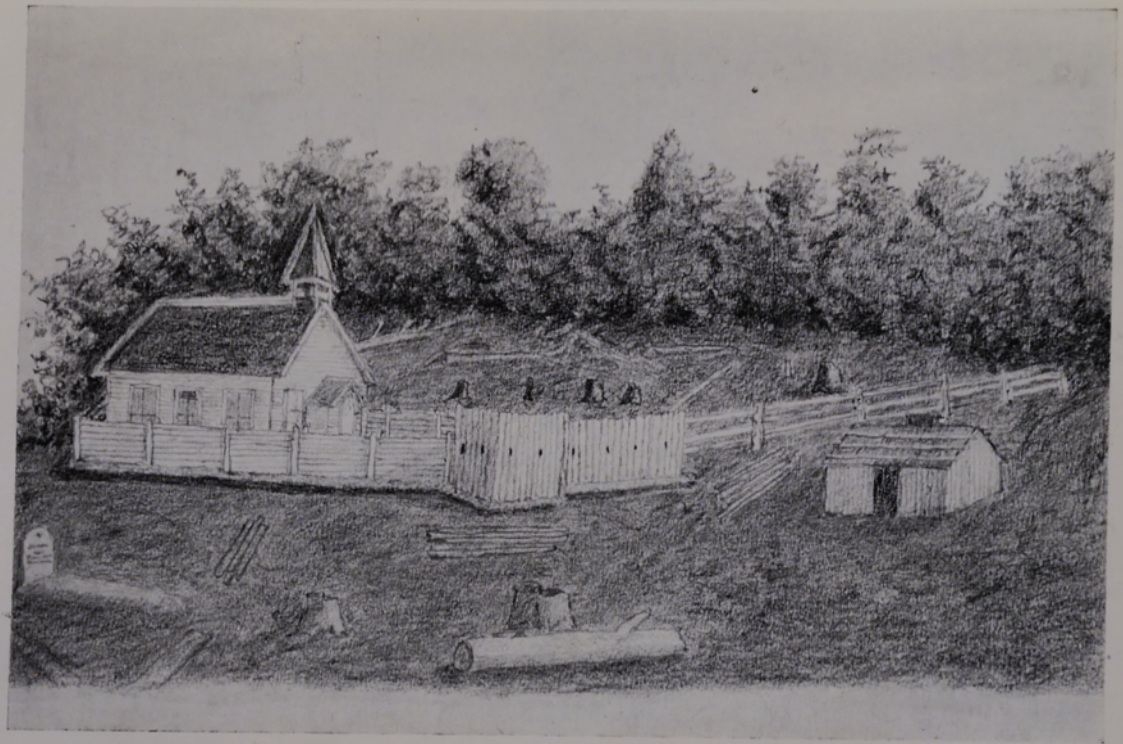
Manukau is of course named after the large harbour which laves its western edge. The name should properly be Manuka, for the natives named it so because its shores were fringed with a heavy growth of big white titree, but spelling of Maori names was a go-as-you-please business a century ago, and the early missionaries put in an intrusive u which has stuck.

Franklin was named after the great Arctic explorer, the uncertainty of whose fate aroused so much interest and speculation in the fifties. I am aware that there is a controversy about the origin of the name, but it is a matter I am inclined to be dogmatic about. Recently I was given a very learned and lengthy thesis upon the subject, in which the writer vigorously combats the idea. He argues that Sir John Franklin, who was Governor of Tasmania, had a difference of opinion and a quarrel with our first Governor, Captain Hobson, over a land-settlement scheme, and that the carry-over of a squabble in 1842 was so great that no official could have been found bold enough to give honour to Sir John in 1860. Then he proceeds to try and make out a case to establish his belief that the district was called Franklin because so many of its early settlers were men in that class.

A Franklin was a free-holder whose title to his land was so absolute that he was free of all feudal service, but the term was obsolete by the time the Stuarts came in, and it is scarcely likely to have been revived in these far-off lands.

If this question had been raised half a century ago it would have been easy to find a score of people who could definitely tell us exactly after whom Franklin was named, and when. The writer of the treatise above referred to admits that the descendants of the early settlers say it was named after Sir John. Exactly. I have known that ever since I was old enough to care anything about the place I lived in. Not evidence, perhaps; but then I know that I was born on a certain day in a certain year on no

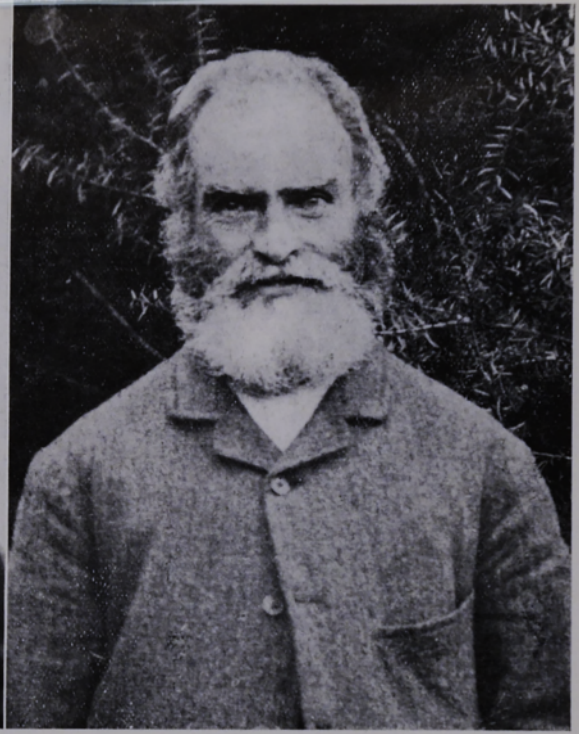
* It is interesting to note that in the earliest Auckland newspapers there are frequent references to the "Hundred of Auckland," to denote the young town and the district immediately surrounding it. The term Hundred (which originally meant a locality containing one hundred families) has long been obsolete and the word riding has superseded it. It survives only in the Chiltern Hundreds, a district in Buckinghamshire, the stewardship of which is still a gift of the Crown. The office of steward is temporarily given to members of Cabinet who desire to resign, in order to keep up the old tradition that a Minister cannot give up being a servant of the Sovereign.



Pukekohe East Church

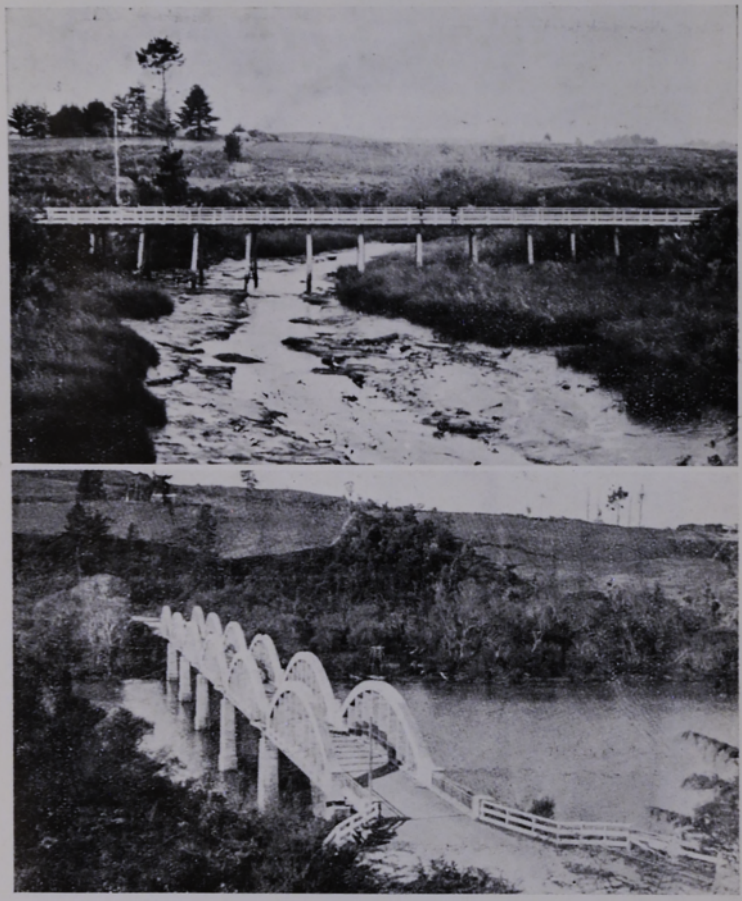
As it was when attacked on September 14th, 1863. Drawn by memory from an old sketch by W. Butter.

Captain Joseph Scott



James Easton

Who held the doorless gateway at Pukekohe East Church on September 14th, 1863, for two hours. Captain Scott is still living, in his 102nd year.



Ancient and Modern

Above: The first large bridge built in South Auckland; erected in 1865.
Below: The handsome new bridge over the Waikato at Tuakau.

Pukekohe in 1880

—From a photo by Thorpe Studio.

better evidence, and that would be accepted in any court unless there were excellent reasons for believing it to be incorrect. I think no one need have any doubt as to how Franklin got its name. And there are a score at least of examples of counties and towns being named after military and naval commanders, and the next County we have to deal with was named after Lord Raglan, the cavalry leader who became so well known during the Crimean War. He died in 1855, and it would seem that shortly after then the isolated little town on the West Coast had its name changed from Whaingaroa to Raglan, perhaps because it used to be confused with Whangaroa in the north, just as Turanga was changed to Gisborne because it was too like Tauranga.

The Waikato and Waipa Counties were of course named after the two rivers which effect a junction at Ngaruawahia. Up to the time of the war the name Waikato was only applied to that part of the river below the confluence, and the rest of it was kown as the Haurotiu, a name still preserved in the freezing-works on its banks.

I had prepared quite a lengthy and extremely learned geological survey of the five counties, scraps of whose stories this book purports to tell, but on due consideration I have decided to jettison it, considerations of space being one reason, and the doubt expressed by the Critic on the Hearth whether many of my readers would be interested, being another. So I have to forego the pleasure of carelessly throwing about millions and tens of millions of years, serenely assured that while I might be contradicted no one could prove I was wrong. Let it suffice to say that while the eastern halves of Manukau and Franklin are of quite respectable antiquity their western halves are painfully young. That a long strip of lime-stone country runs down through Raglan, and that you may collect fossil-shells on the summits of hills a thousand feet high looking as fresh as those on the sea-beach; that the greater part of Waikato and Waipa are a plain over-laid with a deposit of pumice sand, and that in all the area there are only three elevations entitled to rank as mountains, Mangatautari, Pirongia and Karioi, though volcanic cones of various age are scattered about fairly frequently, though not by any means so numerous as they are on the Auckland Isthmus. Some of these are of considerable size, such as Pukekohe, Pukekawa, Pukewhau (Bombay) and Puke-o-Tahinga.

The district is singularly devoid of metals. As regards other valuable minerals coal is found in the neighbourhood of Huntly, and apparently underlies a great part of Raglan and Kawhia

counties. It is also to be found at several places in the Hunua range, and at one time used to be mined in the hinterland of Drury, and as late as 1870 the tramway that carried the little trucks of it to the Papakura Channel was still in existence. But the Drury coal was never popular, as it was full of impurities. smelt unpleasant while burning, and left far more ash than other coals. Strangely enough it contained lumps of fossil gum, sometimes as large as a man's head, the product of a tree first cousin to our kauri, but extinct ages ago.

If a line were to be drawn from Drury to Waiuku it would be found most of the land lying between it and the Manukau had a layer of lignite, varying from a few inches to three feet in depth, underlying it. In it the characteristic grain of the kauri timber may be detected, and even minute particles of kauri gum. It is millions of years too young to have turned into coal, and in any case would be compressed into a seam an inch or two thick, so no one need think he has a fortune lying under his land for the use of his remote descendants. Both Manukau and Franklin have shingle rivers in the east, and plenty of basaltic lava in the west, while Manukau has in addition good supplies of scoria cinders. Raglan has both lime-stone and basalt, and at Pukekawa a great bed of rhyolithie lava, so road-making materials in those three counties are plentiful enough. But supplies for macadamising roads are scarce over the greater part of Waikato and Waipa.

Along the west coast in both Raglan and Franklin runs a range of bare iron-sand dunes, not continuous, but very nearly so. On the northern bank of the Waikato quite an extensive area has been covered by drift sands, a number of what used to be excellent farms having completely disappeared. According to the late Charles Marshall, the first settler near, this land was covered by light bush which was destroyed by wild cattle at a very early date.

The settlement of Manukau and Franklin began at least twenty years before it did in Waikato and Waipa, and forty years before Raglan County, except along the bank of the river, and in the little town on the West Coast and its neighbourhood. This accounts for the two first-named counties almost monopolising these early chapters, but the others will get their fair share of attention later on, when the Waikato War has been briefly dealt with. After that distressing business was over settlement throughout South Auckland went on at a very rapid rate, and the progress of the two counties in the Waikato basin was almost phenomenal, a record, in fact, as far as New Zealand is concerned.

CHAPTER II.

THE WAIKATO RIVER

A CHEQUERED CAREER—TWO INTERRUPTED TASKS—FILLING THE THAMES & MANUKAU HARBOURS—ITS LATER VICISSITUDES—THE WAIUKU PORTAGE.

UNDOUBTEDLY the most interesting physical feature of South Auckland is the Waikato, the largest river in New Zealand, which flows through the greater part of the territory here described, and waters four out of the five counties with which we are concerned. The fascinating romance of its life-history will some day no doubt be fully told, but can be merely glanced at here.

Unique in the quantity of free sand it carries annually to the sea, and remarkable for having its estuary some miles inside its mouth, the river during its long career has passed through more vicissitudes than any river should be called upon to endure. To most of us a comfortable bed in a very desirable thing indeed, but to a river it is the one thing in life worth striving for, and to acquiring it it devotes the whole of its energies, except perhaps in flood-time, when it kicks over the traces and runs riot for awhile, as even the most sedate and decorous of us feel an occasional desire to do, even if we may not yield to the temptation. But when the Waikato, after ages of industry, fashioned for itself a bed which no doubt it felt was to be its own for the remainder of Time, some convulsion of Nature always evicted it, and sent it to start work all over again.

Anyone who has studied the country between Lake Taupo and Hawkes Bay can have little doubt that the main river which unwatered the great central plateau of the North Island ran to the south-east, though whether it reached the sea by the route the Mohaka now takes or chose a more southerly course and helped to build up that great shingle bed which makes the Heretaunga flat the most fertile patch in the country, it is difficult to be certain about. Sure it is, however, that the river did not run that way after the great eruption, or eruptions, beside which the Tarawera blow-out of our own time, formidable as it was, was as the explosion of a Chinese cracker to that of a twelve inch gun, for those laid the country round the enormous crater which is now Lake Taupo under a deep bed of ashes, some of which the river must have carried down had it continued to run in that course.

At what precise period Taupo vomited forth these enormous deposits geologists are unable to inform us, though some of them appear quite prepared to state exactly how many millions of years ago anything happened. The unfortunate thing for these date fixers is that unknown quantities interfere with their calculations. No one really knows at what rate huge alterations of the globe's surface took place while the earth was still more or less plastic and super-heated, when the rainfall was many times greater than it is now, and when there was a much more plentiful supply of the acids that disintegrate rocks than there is to-day. Unmeasurable trifles like these upset the profoundest theories.

The land, tipping in another direction, turned the river into the Bay of Plenty, and for a while it ran more or less contentedly through entirely new country. But it had hardly begun to feel it had "settled in" than something else happened and it took a fresh course, to the northward this time, turning the central Waikato basin into a lake for a while, which it filled in, and then set to work on the much greater task of turning into a morass that great inlet of the sea the remaining portion of which we call the Firth of Thames. This morass has now been drained and what we used to call the Piako Swamp is now the Hauraki Plains. But the river ought to have had another million or two years at its job to make a success of it.

The river's work in this direction was suddenly interrupted when less than half done. Some great seismic convulsion broke a wide path for it through what is now called the Taupiri Gorge, and the Waikato sought the sea by way of the Waiuku Channel and the Manukau Harbour, filling up the twenty thousand acre depression of Otaua and Aka Aka on its way and silting up half the great bed of the Manukau to half-tide level. It was for long believed that the Waikato itself had never taken this course but only the Waipa, while the former stream was still running into the Hauraki Gulf; but a score of years ago the discovery of large deposits of true pumice sand in its old bed near Waiuku showed beyond doubt that that opinion was untenable, for the Waipa does not carry pumice.

Once again the vagrant stream, vagrant because it had no settled place of abode, changed its course, managing in some way to break through the low hills of drift formation and empty itself direct into the Tasman Sea. Even then it had not finally settled down, because one day several hundreds of acres of land slid into it, damming it up, and turning the Aka Aka and Otaua into a shallow lake, and, incidentally, drowning out the heavy kahikahtea forest that then covered half of it. The uniform four or five

feet above ground level at which the trees rotted and broke off show the height to which the waters rose. When the great wash-out at Arapuni occurred the same phenomenon was disclosed, only here the water, dammed by a slip from the hills, rose nearly forty feet, and washing away of the sand disclosed a forest of trunks broken off at that height.

Gradually the river fretted its way out, not through the hard material of the slip, but through the softer northern bank, and reached the sea a mile or so north of its previous mouth, leaving a wide sandy flat between the past and present beds. The natives affect to remember, traditionally of course, when the slip came down, but if so they must have been here long before the time popularly assigned for Kupe's landing for there is little doubt the blocking of the river's mouth occurred in B.C., not in A.D.

So far the river had only the forces of Nature to contend with; then man, vain man, clothed in a little brief authority, felt he must put his finger into the pie, and add to its difficulties. Its control was handed over to a Board which in spite of evidence that should have convinced any reasonable set of men, made up its mind to do the impossible and establish a fall where no fall existed, and built groynes and retaining walls the effect of which was only to hinder navigation, make land-drainage more difficult and lodge millions of cubic yards of extra sand in the lower reaches. But this belongs to a period later than the one I am dealing with, so I had better say no more.

One interesting little fact came to light during my investigations in the Miranda district. Undoubtedly the Waikato, when it flowed through the level terrain of the Piako Swamp formed a delta with several channels. One of these flowed along the wide curve of the high land in that neighbourhood, and to-day, when the settlers want good clean sand for concrete making, they remove the two or three feet of marine deposit which now covers it and find a bed of pure river sand underneath. And strangely enough, well down in this deposit were found the stones used to heat a hangi, or cooking place. How does this fit in with the theory that the country has only been inhabited for a few hundred years?

In the earliest days of settlement the chief route to the Waikato country was by way of Waiuku, the Awaroa creek, and the river. This route held its ground for a long time. Pura-pura, at the head of navigation of the Awaroa was quite an important place, though deserted now. Here stood what was perhaps the earliest hotel south of Otahuhu, the Rising Sun, a two-storied building later removed to Waiuku, standing in its old age for many years propped up by long saplings. Many distinguished people had

stayed in that quaint old building on their way to the Waikato, Sir George Grey, Bishop Selwyn, Governor Hobson, Lady Franklin, Dr. Von Hochstetter, Governor Gore-Brown and numerous others.

And, until the war put an end to it, the mail between Auckland and Taranaki travelled down the lower part of the Waikato, and from Port Waikato was carried to New Plymouth by a sturdy native postman. The first day the mail reached Mauku, the second it was at Port Waikato by noon and was on its way down the coast. Letters cost sixpence for half an ounce the same as to England. Newspapers and parcels had to wait the sailing of some ship or steamer. The return trip took about three weeks.

NOTE.—There was quite a number of these wayside inns dotted about, and very useful they were to travellers. Besides those that have been already mentioned there was one on the East Coast, not very far north of Miranda, another at Razorback, and one at the old Tuakau Settlement. At Port Waikato was another, and one at the head of the Tahiki creek, at Lower Mauku, on the Drury-Waiuku road. They were real places of entertainment, where rider and steed could break the journey, rest, and eat, and the traveller was always made to feel he was being made welcome to the best the place could furnish. Now-a-days, at a great many country inns, he is looked on with a frigid dislike if he wants anything except liquors.

CHAPTER III.

THE KING MOVEMENT

TE WAHAROA AND HIS GIFTED SON—SETTING UP A MAORI KING—ARROGANCE AND TURBULENCE OF WAIKATO NATIVES—FAILURE OF "BREAD AND CIRCUSES" POLICY—MILITARY AT LAST TAKES CHARGE AND PREPARES DEFENCES.

SOMEWHERE about a century and a half ago the Maoris who lived north of where Matamata now stands were unfortunate enough to incur the enmity of the Arawa tribe, which lived at Rotorua. In the opinion of the latter only the wiping out of the Matamata people could mollify their wounded feelings, and they set to work to carry it out. With a large force they approached the pa in which their enemies lived, and, in accordance with their usual custom, rushed it at day dawn. Their design being unknown and their approach un-heralded, no watch was being kept, and the assailants had little trouble in effecting an entrance and slaughtering numbers of the sleep-sodden inmates of the pa, though many escaped by flight.

When this sanguinary business was concluded, in the gateway of the pa a baby was found, yelling industriously. The usual practice would have been to dispatch the noisy brat by a blow on the head with a mere, but for some reason or other his life was spared. His captors took him home with them, and brought him up as one of themselves, naming him Te Waharoa, which means a gate-way, thus recording the circumstances of his finding.

There is no allegation that the foundling was unkindly treated, but he never felt as if he were an Arawa. As he grew up the call of his own tribe became stronger and more insistent, and at last he ran away and rejoined his own people who had by this time become numerous and prosperous once more. And when Te Waharoa made them understand that he desired to avenge the injury of a generation before he had little difficulty in persuading the fighting men of the tribe to put themselves under his leadership, and an attack was made on the Arawas which ended in a signal victory for Te Waharoa.

Though all Te Waharoa's attempts to find out who his parents were failed, his high character and great achievements brought him to the front, and he was soon recognised as the most powerful chief in the locality. When the missionaries came he early

adopted Christianity, and became a strong advocate of amity and co-operation between the two races.

That is one of the stories the natives tell about Te Waharoa, but they also give another version of his life history, far less romantic, but perhaps more probable. Briefly it is this:—Taiporutu was chief of the Ngatihaua tribe, in the neighbourhood of Matamata. While still a comparatively young man he went on a fighting expedition to the Mokau river, and there he was killed. Carrying the body to their pa his enemies spread-eagled it in the gate-way (Te Waharoa). Taiporutu's wife was expecting a child. When it arrived it turned out to be a son, and in memory of its father's fate she named it Te Waharoa. When the boy was two years old the Rotorua natives assaulted the Matamata pa, and carried away as captives the widow and her infant son. Rango, an Arawa chief, was credited with this abduction. Tamehana was the second son of Te Waharoa according to this story, and, far from being an unknown foundling, his father was hereditary chief of his tribe. The reader can make his choice of these two versions, but must bear in mind that if events so recent can be so garbled one can expect little historical accuracy from the earlier traditions.

Wiremu Tamehana followed in his father's footsteps so far as being a firm friend of the pakeha was concerned. But he had misgivings as to the future of his own race, and felt strongly drawn to do what he could to secure their rights. In furtherance of this purpose he conceived the idea of welding the whole of the Maori tribes into a single nation, with a King and Government of its own. Whatever may have been thought of his scheme by the pakeha of the time, and however much the Government of the day may have feared he was sowing the seeds of incipient rebellion, posterity has absolved Tamehana of any subversive design. He envisaged the two races as marching along peaceably together, each under its own laws and administration. It was a beautitful dream, but of course doomed to be a practical failure. Shakespeare tells us that when two people ride on the same horse one has to sit behind, and it soon became apparent that in the minds of all but a few of the leaders of the new regime that Queen Victoria was to be the lassie to sit on the pilion, a role she had never been in the habit of adopting. However, for a while, all went well, and after a great deal of negotiation a number of the tribes in the centre of the island gave their adhesion to the new movement. The selection of a sovereign, whose office was to become hereditary, was one of the main difficulties, but ultimately this was got over, though not without some heart burnings among

the chiefs whose claims to the distinction had been passed by. The chief factor in finally settling this question was an aftermath of Hongi's murderous raid of thirty-five years before. The motive of self-preservation had driven the sub-tribes of the lower Waikato and the coastal regions into the interior, and they were now thickly clustered in Taupiri and the fertile lands east of the Waipa, as far as Te Awamutu. It was estimated at the time that the Waikatos could muster twelve hundred fighting men, which denoted a population of probably seven thousand. Nowhere else could so much influence be brought to bear, and after five or six years of gatherings and conferences the choice finally fell on Potatau Te Wherowhero, an aged chief of the Waikatos. This was in 1858, but the old man did not live long to enjoy his exalted rank, but died two years later and was succeeded by his son Tawhiao.

It would be ungenerous and unfair to doubt that Tamehana was genuinely well-affected toward the white people, but even if he had not been so the idea that it would be possible to drive the English out of the country, as was advocated by many of the chiefs, would have been set aside by his intelligence, for he understood too well their power and resources, and was fully cognisant of the value of the arts of civilization, which could only come to the Maori through us. Consequently when first Potatau and then Tawhiao fell more and more under the influence of the ill-disposed, and notably of Rewi Maniapoto, Tamehana stood for long as an advocate of peace between the two races. But to ensure peace was beyond even his powers. It was a wonderful achievement to have gathered under one leader a number of tribes that till then had been either at warfare with one another, or at best in a state of armed neutrality, fostering memories of constant tribal quarrels, coupled with the unforgiveable insult of having eaten one another's ancestors; but, like many another revolutionist the King-maker found he had created forces he was wholly unable to control. The sense of power the federation felt it possessed had a bad effect upon them because they had never been used to it. To handle either great power or great wealth with moderation and discretion appears possible only to those brought up from childhood to expect to inherit them; and bad as the effect of unaccustomed power was on the chiefs it seems to have been even worse on the more humble of their followers, who suffered badly from an overgrown sense of their own importance.

The starting of the King movement gave the real Government cause for a good deal of uneasiness, and it took perhaps the very best course to counter the danger without openly forbidding it.

Even in these early days there was nothing that so delighted the native mind as a law-suit, particularly one of the nature which permitted half the tribe to appear as witnesses and the other half to come and hang about the courthouse through the happy days during which it dragged its slow course along. And nothing seemed to give a Maori a more comfortable sense of his own importance that to be one of the chief actors in an action, and, being by nature a gentleman and a sport, it was the game itself he was principally concerned with, not victory or defeat. It was a wise inspiration that led to exploiting to the full this attribute of the native mind.

For this purpose several young men of capacity were settled down in the Waikato basin, in some cases ostensibly as farmers, in others as native magistrates and medical officers. In the case of the magistrates men who had married Maori women of rank were favoured on account of their influence with the natives and their knowledge of the language. Their general instructions were to placate the natives as far as possible and endeavour to detect any disaffection to British rule. Among them were two young men at Pukekawa, Mr. F. D. Fenton, who later attained considerable distinction as chief judge of the Native Lands Court, and James Armitage, whose brutal murder in 1863 deprived the King natives of a good deal of the sympathy which a certain section of the white people had up to then felt for them. Later, a new arrival from England, a Mr. John Gorst, who had a brilliant career at his university, was sent up to Te Awamutu, where he occupied a more onerous and responsible position than any of them. His return to New Zealand more than fifty years later, after a distinguished public career, will be remembered by many. As medical officer and magistrate Dr. Walter Harsant occupied the isolated outpost at Whaingaroa (Raglan) from the early fifties, and Dr. A. G. Purchas, of Onehunga, who was also an ordained clergyman, became medical officer for the Waikato. Mr. Fenton was a musician of considerable capacity, and Dr. Purchas was also a lover of the art, and the singing lessons they so freely gave the natives endeared them to that music loving people.

In the meantime the Governor, Sir George Grey, and Bishop Selwyn were each working for peace in his own way, with the very best intentions, but with what the better-informed people of the country believed would be disastrous results, as indeed they turned out to be. The Governor built comfortable villas for the chiefs, which they soon deserted for their old whares, and gave them sinecure positions for which they drew pay the country

could ill afford to find the money for. And the rank and file of the people were given blankets, and sugar and tobacco. The Churchman, for his part, trusted to the influence of Christianity, which many of the Kingites professed to hold to, and thought at a later stage that the Biblical injunction to turn the other cheek would avert actual hostilities long after the violence of the natives had made it absolutely certain that a clash of arms was inevitable.

The Government, to propagate its own views, had established a printing press at Te Awamutu, and a newspaper in the Maori language was published under the editorship of Mr. John Gorst. It aroused intense interest among the natives, but its views stirred the resentment of the most disaffected of the chiefs. They reacted to it quickly, and before more than half a dozen issues of the paper had been made, Rewi, chief of the Ngati-Maniapoto tribe, located in the neighbourhood of Te Kuiti, made a descent upon the printing-office with a strong war-party, and effectually put it out of action by carting the printing-press away, and scattering the type broadcast, though it is stated much of it was reserved to be used as slug-shot later. From that moment it was believed that war had become a certainty of the near future. Like all savage people, among whom we must include the Germans, the natives could not believe that forbearance was not a sign of fear but a manifestation of a desire for peace, and acting on this belief they became more and more arrogant and defiant, threatening and demanding as a right concessions and favours that had been granted out of magnanimity. The long-handled tomahawk was brandished aloft, and at any moment the blow might fall.

In the meantime the orgulous threats of invasion of the white settlements and even the town of Auckland had had their effect. It was deemed wise to meet danger at the frontier rather than allow the enemy to gain a footing in white territory. The military had extended the Great South Road from Drury to Pokeno, and established a strong military post at the latter place, the Queen's Redoubt. On either side of this from the Hauraki Gulf to the Lower Waikato a chain of stockades were later built, on the east the Esk and the Miranda, named after two of the small war-ships stationed here, and Surrey Hill, garrisoned by a detachment of the 70th, or Surrey Regiment, and on the other side Havelock, below Mercer, named after the General whose name had become a household word during the Indian mutiny five or six years before, and the Alexandra Redoubt, named after the Prince of Wales' popular bride, overlooking the Waikato at Tuakau, and garrisoned by three companies of the 65th Regiment.

It may interest many people to know that the earthworks of this redoubt are in better condition than those of any military station in use during the Waikato War, but have been allowed to become overgrown with blackberry and scrub owing to the gross neglect of the authority in which it is vested. Miranda is also in excellent condition*.

THE PRINCIPAL CHIEFS

The principal chiefs in South Auckland at the time of the kingite movement seem to have been Ihaka, of Papakura, Puhirawaka, of Tuakau, Ahipene Kaihau, of Awhitu, Waata Kukutai, at Te Kohanga, Uira, of Lake Whangape, Te Whero-whero, of Taupiri, Mokorau, of Whata-whata, Pungarihu, of Rangiaowhia, Puata, of Te Awamutu. There were scores of sub-chiefs in addition, and hundreds entitled to rank as rangitiras. Rewi and Wi Tamehana were outside the district, the first at Te Kuiti and the other at Matamata. Tamehana had given the missionaries a promise he would not take part in any fighting, and kept his pledge till the soldiers crossed the Maungatawhiri and attacked the natives at Koheroa. Then he said the war had become a war of defence and he was now absolved from his promise. In 1865 he expressed his regret for his action, and was formally forgiven.

Neither King Potatau nor his successor Tawhiao ever exercised much real influence or authority. They danced when the chiefs pulled the strings, and that was all. When the crisis came Tawhiao, though genuinely anxious to avoid fighting, was completely overawed by the truculent Rewi, who by the end of 1862 was virtually Commander-in-Chief of the fighting forces of the federated tribes. His fiery exhortations excited his followers, and they became daily more overbearing and provocative, molesting outlying settlers, and even forcibly entering their houses, their chief object being to obtain arms and ammunition. By this time their craving for muskets had abated, and the possession of a "tupara," or double-barrelled gun was the summit of their ambition, and this could often be looted from an out-settler's home.

And unfortunately at this time there was serious friction between the officer in command of the military, General Cameron, and the Governor. The former wanted to take adequate measures for the protection of the out-settlers, the latter was averse to any action that might appear to the natives to be provocative. This friction, which was destined to grow greater and greater, finally

ended in the soldier taking matters into his own hands, as he should have done months sooner, and bringing to an end a campaign which might have dragged on for months longer but for his decisive action.

TE HEU HEU'S DEATH

In a somewhat rare pamphlet, issued for private circulation only, the Rev. Benjamin Ashwell gives the following account of the overwhelming of Te Heu-heu's village.

"In the month of June, 1845, Captains Nugent and Wilmot reached Te Rapa (Heu-heu's pa) on Lake Taupo, situated at the foot of hills 2,000 feet high, abounding with hot springs. It had been raining heavily for days, and the officers were urged to remain until it abated. They refused. The invitation was repeated and most earnestly pressed, but they still refused, and left the pah in pouring rain, and slept at a small village a few miles distant. The rain continued in torrents; the hot springs at the back of Te Rapa were so swollen that in the night of the very day they left a deluge of boiling mud descended like an avalanche, and buried Te Heu-heu and forty natives. The two officers called at Taupiri, and told me of their providential escape. Many of the natives looked upon it as a judgment for the obstinate adherence of Te Heu-heu and his people to heathenism."

CHAPTER IV.

THE PIONEER AT PLAY

CRICKET COMES FIRST OF COURSE—SHOOTING FOR THE TABLE AS WELL AS SPORT—THE SPORT OF KINGS—FILLING UP THE EVENINGS

It was promised somewhere in the early part of this book that the relaxations and amusements of the pioneers would be told of, but up to the present we have been so busy with the hard work they did that there has seemed to be no opportunity to introduce the subject. But I will wedge it in here, before we embark on the even more serious story of the Waikato War.

The pioneer was not by any means the dull dog that most young people now-a-days seem to imagine him to have been. That he worked hard the results he left behind him show, but he could also enjoy a bit of sport and relaxation as well, and perhaps a good deal better, than people do to-day. And the reason was that he made his own amusements, while we require ours to be made for us. In this respect he exercised both mind and body to an extent almost unknown now, and consequently won a satisfaction both mentally and physically that it would do us all good to experience.

Let us begin with the great national game of England. Cricket was played quite early in the old colonial days, and if it did not get quite the grip over us as it did over the Australians, it was a popular pastime long before football was ever heard of. Quite how early it was started in the Auckland suburbs I am unable to say, but I do know that by the middle fifties it was going at Clevedon and Papakura, at Waiuku and Mauku. The first Mauku cricket ground dates from then, and was an old Maori cultivation plot exactly where the Mauku railway station stands. Before very long matches were being played between the various places named. One may suspect the early grounds of having been a bit hummocky, but perhaps that added to the fun of the game.

Shooting was of course not merely a pastime but an occupation. Every settler possessed a firearm of some sort or other, and some brought out with them almost an arsenal of weapons, some of high quality, and it was by no means uncommon to see a piece by that prince of makers, Joe Manton. Percussion caps had come in, but the flint-lock was still used by many. People

commonly moulded their own bullets and ran their own shot. The former were of all shapes and sizes from the quarter ounce pea-rifle bullet to the heavy round projectile that fitted a 12 bore fowling piece.

There was plenty to shoot at, which was the main consideration. Wild cattle and pigs roamed the bush; pigeons, duck, and after 1860, pheasants were numerous. No larder need go unreplenished so far as meat and game was concerned.

English people like eels, though colonials do not seem to. Fried or stewed eel was a favourite breakfast dish. And catching eels, either with hook or bob, was a favourite pastime for lasses and lads in the summer gloamings. In bob fishing a ball of bait was sewn through and through with worsted or strong thread, and the slimy prey's teeth becoming entangled in this he was thrown up over the fisher's head with a strong jerk. Eels grew to a large size sometimes. There is a well authenticated case of a party of the 70th catching a 68 pounder in the Mauku stream, and a few years before the Patumahoe natives had secured an even heavier one. Even in these degenerate days a 30 pounder was taken out of the same stream only three years ago.

At quite an early date the sport of kings was indulged in. Nearly every village had its own racecourse, often rather a primitive one, alas, and its own little band of enthusiasts who spent days before the meeting in getting it in order. As near as possible to Christmas Day was the favourite time, and for ten days or so one could attend a race-meeting within riding distance on nearly every week day—and many did. Sometimes a Racing Club would die out for a year or two, but it was never allowed to stay dead for very long.

Australia had at an early date bred horses of very high quality, and many of these were brought over to New Zealand long before the days of the great Pacific or Musket. The pedigrees of many of them were unknown but their quality was undoubted. The prizes were of course small, but that did not seem to matter then, and the races were as keenly contested as if thousands had depended on being first past the post; and the confidence of the public in the genuineness of the jockey's efforts was very rarely shaken.

The totalisator had not then been invented, and the bookmaker did not come to the early country meetings, and any gambling done was in straight out wagers, of which there was very little, or in sweeps got up by parties of friends, the fairest and most innocent type of gambling possible. A country meeting

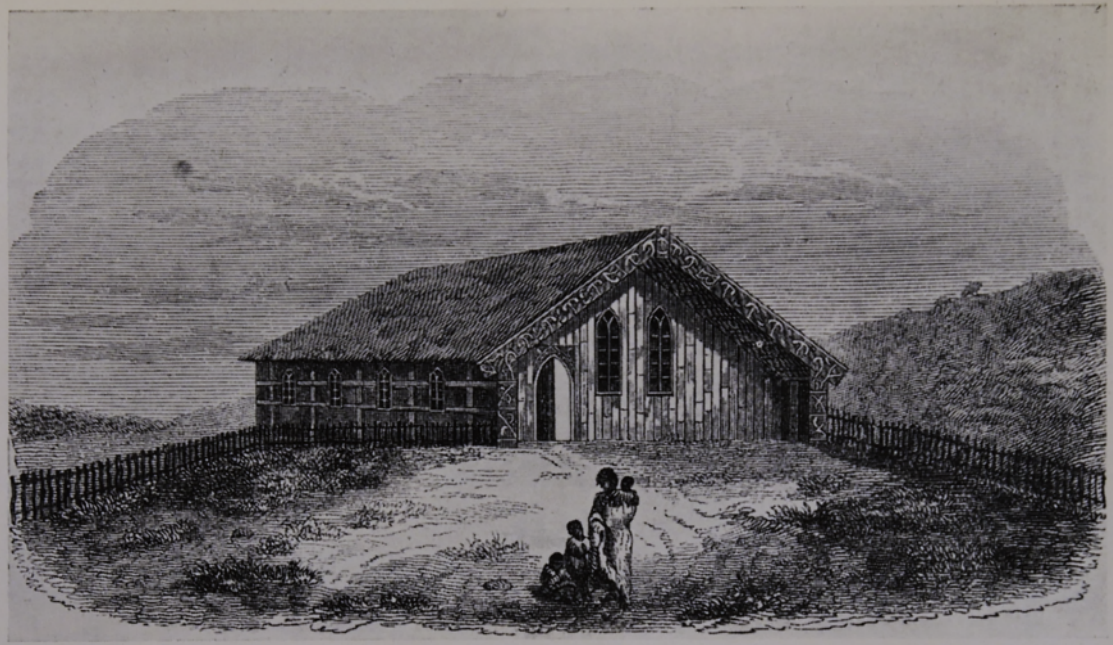
in those days was just a pleasant picnic, a gathering of friends, with the sight of beautiful horses, each doing its best to win, thrown in.

Riding parties and picnics, both daylight and moonlight, seem to have been popular also in the summer season. In the winter evenings gatherings at one another's houses appear to have been greatly in vogue. An occasional house had a piano, and in that case dancing was a popular pastime, but even the humble concertina or accordion was pressed into service at times, and I have even heard of merry dances where the music was supplied by a comb covered with tissue paper. That these gatherings often meant long treks over muddy bush tracks by the light of a colonial lantern*, did not by any means damp the enthusiasm of our forbears.

But all these social evenings were not devoted to the arts of Terpsichore. The young people got up charades, and the brainier among them wrote plays which were acted with vim, and often, one was told, with considerable ability. And the older people played whist, and many of them were ardent chess-players. And the good old-fashioned games of hunt the slipper, spin the trencher, general post and even blindman's buff had their devotees, and not only among the very youthful. If my memory is not playing up with me Horace has quite a lot to say about how much elderly people enjoy an occasional frivolity. And why not, indeed?

So if any of you young people who may happen to read this book—if young people ever do read books of this kind—has the idea that the pioneer was a dull, plodding creature, slow-minded and heavy-witted, you can dismiss the notion from your minds. The pioneer, as I learned to know him, had plenty of set purpose, or we should not be here now; but with it he had a quick understanding, a mind ready to learn from its own mistakes and failures, and a body ready to undergo fatigue and privation, but equally ready to reach out for the simple joys of life that were within his grasp. And wherever I have written a he you can add a she.

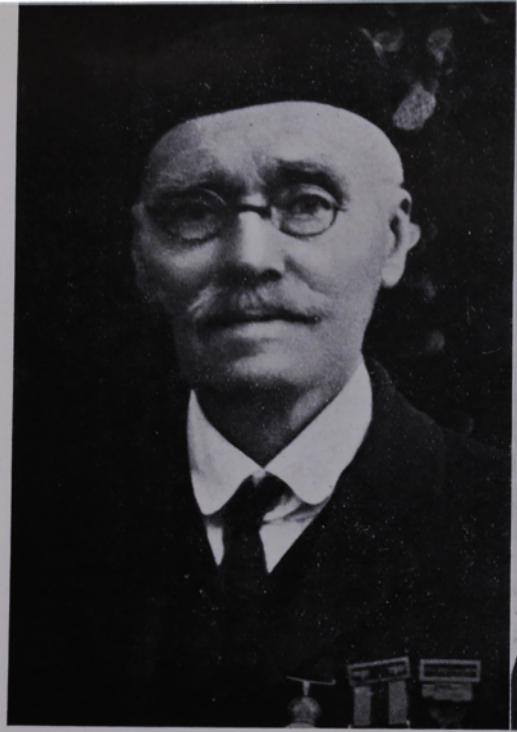
*A clear glass bottle with the bottom removed, and half a candle stuck in the neck.



First Church at Taupiri
Built by the natives in 1846.

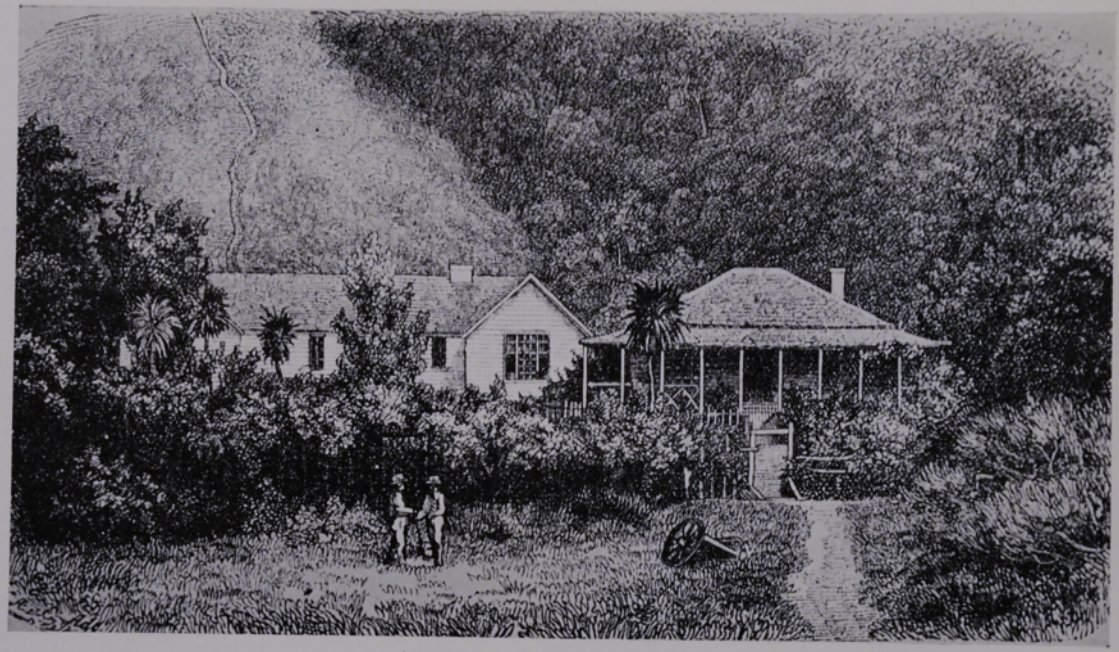
Kakepuku Mountain

With the Rev. Alex. Reed's Wesleyan Mission Station, on the bank of the Waipa. From an old wood-cut.



Major Fred. W. Gascoigne
Successively in command at Pirongia.

Col. Wm. Lyon.
Colonel Lyon was later in command of the Auckland Military District.



Mission-house at Taupiri

Home for many years of the Rev. B. Y. Ashwell. —From an old wood-cut.

NOTE

HORSE RACES AND OTHER SPORTS

Some of the earliest programmes of race and sports meetings which have been preserved will give an idea of how the early settlers managed to secure a full day's sport by the expenditure of a very moderate amount of money in prizes. It was apparently at first the custom to mix horse and foot races, but a little later the two forms of racing were held on different days.

On Monday, January 26th, 1869, a meeting was held at Wellwood Farm, Mauku, apparently in aid of the funds of the band of the Forest Rifle Volunteers, at which, after opening with a shooting match at 400 and 500 yards with service rifles (which then meant the long, muzzle-loading Enfield Rifle), three horse races, one of them being over six flights of 3 foot 6 inch hurdles, six foot races on the flat, a three-legged hurdle race, a wheel-barrow race, catching the greasy pig, and climbing a soaped pole were gone through, and then, to give the spectators full value for their entrance money, a happy day ended with a cricket match. There is no indication as to the teams competing, but it was probably arranged in the good old fashion of selecting two captains, who tossed for the first pick, and then alternately chose men from the crowd till the requisite number were enlisted. One of the features of the day was drawing a lottery, with tickets at a shilling each, and five prizes, in the following order: A pig, a calf, a goose, a turkey, a pair of rabbits. For the other events the prizes ranged from £3 downward, with the competitors' entrance fees added. The great length of the programme illustrates the fact that there were no large herds of cows in those happy days.

Three years later, with the exception of one flat race for men and one for boys, the rest of the eight events were for horses. The number had thus doubled in three years, and the prize money tripled in amount.

By 1880 the Racing Club appears to have been a highly organised institution, with a Patron (Major Harris, M.H.R.), a President (Major D. H. Lusk), six Stewards, and the usual handicappers, clerks of the scales and the course, judge, and starter, the latter offices being filled by the Patron and the president respectively. Of all those whose names appear, only one survives, the Clerk of the Scales, Mr. S. H. Crawford, who is still an active figure in public life, being Chairman of the Tuakau Town Board. Prizes that year ran from £8 to £25 for the seven events run, substantial second prizes being given.

One more programme, from Te Awamutu this time, and the date a bit later, 1886. It has been selected because the notorious Te Kooti, the murderer of so many peaceful inhabitants of Poverty Bay in 1868, to catch or kill whom the Government had spent a quarter of a million of money and many lives, was actually the owner of one of the horses competing, and was present to see it run. The chief events were the Hurdles of £15, the Maiden Race of £10, the Steeplechase of £15, and the Kihikihi Cup of £25. Te Kooti's horse, a grey named Paniura, took part in the Hurdles and the Cup. Four other races, post entries, for prizes of unspecified amounts, were also run. The original owner of the programme from which the above was taken evidently had an unlucky day, for at the end he has written a poem which bears all the signs of being original, in which he sighs for a home in the wooded wilds of a mountain land—well, that was not hard to obtain in New Zealand fifty-three years ago, but it is fairly safe to assume that he got over his craving for solitude by the time the next meeting was held.

Some couple of years ago the Patumahoe people celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the Sports Meeting, but it would appear that it is a good many years older than its modesty will allow it to own up to, for the "Patumahoe Annual Sports" were held on December 27th, 1870, and there seems to be little doubt from internal evidence that even then it was several years old. The programme announces that the band of the Forest Rifle Volunteers had kindly consented to be present, no doubt with the new instruments purchased with the proceeds of the previous year's meeting. A little delving into back history might possibly justify the Association celebrating its seventy-fifth anniversary next year.

CHAPTER V.

THE EVE OF WAR

HOW THE SETTLERS WERE DISTRIBUTED—AN UNTOWARD INCIDENT—VISIT OF WAIKATOS TO PATUMAHOE—RUMOURED INTENDED INVASION OF AUCKLAND—SETTLERS PRACTICE RIFLE-SHOOTING.

Now that the story of South Auckland has reached the eve of that disastrous encounter which was to ruin its native population, and put back the progress of the Europeans for years, it seems a fitting place for a brief review of how matters stood at the end of 1862, and where settlement had been established.

Naturally the places which could be reached by water were first settled, but, by the year mentioned inland settlements had begun to come into existence, especially along or near the line of the Great South Road. At Whitford a few farmers were trying to break in the cold clay lands of that district, rather a disheartening task under the then conditions, and the absence of artificial fertilisers, though a limited amount of bonedust, and that expensive but most effective manure, Peruvian guano, were obtainable. At Wairoa South (now Clevedon) the rich alluvial lands were responding to the operations of a number of capable farmers, and there was already quite a village down by the waterside and pioneers were dotted here and there along the coast as far as the great Piako Swamp. Between Wairoa and Papakura were occasional homesteads, and in one or two places incipient hamlets were developing. Papakura and Drury had become busy little townships, and to the latter place the settlers beyond looked for supplies. On the Opaheke flats, and the hills above them stood the homesteads of a number of settlers, some of them living as far in as Hunua.

On the Manukau were two well established settlements, at Mauku and Waiuku, the latter place having been a trading centre for at least twenty years, and farming had been going on at both for about ten. At this time Waiuku was much the most important business centre outside Auckland, a position it retained till the railway came and left it in a back-wash. At Awhitu there were settlements on the Manukau Beach and on the other side of the Peninsula, overlooking the Tasman Sea. Stretching out from Waiuku as far as Maioro on the northern bank of the Waikato

where it meets the sea, were occasional houses, and a few farmers had settled round the fringe of the Aka Aka Swamp, then commonly said to be undrainable, but now the most fertile meadow land. The road from Waiuku and Mauku had been greatly shortened by a ferry across the Papakura Channel at Karaka Point.

The inland settlements were smaller, and younger except in the north of Raglan County, where a number of families had settled at a very early date. Dr. Maunsell had years before this shifted his Mission Station from Port Waikato to Te Kohanga, ten miles up the river, and here nearly twenty whites were engaged teaching at the large school and working the flourishing farm.

Some settlement had also taken place at Tuakau, near the river bank, and a mile from where the present town stands. At what is now called Harrisville there were a few settlers, and also at Jericho and the slopes north of Pokeno. At East Pukekohe quite a number of pioneers had settled in a compact community and had already made good progress in breaking in their farms, and were destined very shortly, like Henry V's soldiers at the assault on Harfleur to "show the mettle of their pastures" by the gallant stand they made against overwhelming odds. At Ramarama, at Shipherd's Bush, at Martin's Clearing, Tuimata and Paerata isolated families had taken up land, and there were a few settlers at Karaka and Waiau.

Pukekohe though now the largest centre of population between Auckland and Hamilton, had then barely begun to exist. Two or three families lived at what was long called "The Paddock" at the foot of the now famous hill, where the cemetery now is, and that was all.

In Waikato and Waipa, except for the missionaries and their staffs, and a few traders and Pakeha Maoris there were no whites, though perhaps exception may be made in favour of an old negro living near Mercer who used proudly to claim he was the first *white* settler in Waikato. Communication with the Waikato basin was gradually improving, and the route shortening. Some time in the early sixties an enterprising person established a coach service twice a week from Auckland, the vehicle running up to a point on the Waikato near the Havelock Redoubt one day and returning the next. From that point passengers went up the river by boat. There was at that time no bridge over the Maungatawhiri.

The Maori population, which had dwindled sadly during the past quarter of a century, was scattered here and there, in small

hapus for the most part, though there were still some fairly populous villages. At Mangere Mountain, Ihuimata, Wairoa, Papakura, Patumahoe and Tuakau were fairly prosperous communities, and there were a considerable number on the Awhitu Peninsula, but these were greatly scattered.

Up to within two or three years of the outbreak of war the natives had lived on most friendly terms with the whites, but the feeling of racial distrust had gradually spread from Waikato northwards, and relations grew much less cordial. In 1861 a very disagreeable incident occurred which, though matters were patched up momentarily, evidenced the way events were trending. A young Patumahoe native was found dead from a gunshot wound in the chest. The natives, quite honestly it may be believed, thought it was the work of a white man. A native woman told Major Speedy that it was the intention of her people to murder all the white settlers in Mauku in their beds. He was both the Magistrate for the district and the military commandant, and at once took measures to safeguard the settlement. The men garrisoned the newly built Church, and the women and children were put on a schooner and sent down the creek, where they spent three uncomfortable nights.

Dr. Maunsell heard the news and at once came over from Te Kohanga. He was persona grata with the Patumahoe natives, and managed to pacify them for the moment. Then, a day or two after, news came that a large committee from Waikato was coming down to investigate. Dr. Maunsel and Bishop Selwyn, with several of the local settlers, met these people at Rangipokia, in South Mauku (now Puni). Maunsell, who had a greater mana among them than any white man living, harangued them with fire and fluency for an hour, and as he was a master of their tongue he managed to convince them it was better to go home and let the law deal with the murderer if there was one. So the design not to let Patumahoe and Waikato meet lest they inflame one another still more thoroughly was successful. In the meantime Major Speedy and Mr. McLean (afterwards Sir Donald) had spent the day at Patumahoe, and persuaded the Maoris there to wait for the conviction and execution of the murderer, whether white man or brown.

This incident has been greatly magnified by some of the writers who have dealt with it. The 150 men who came grew (like Falstaff's knaves in buckram) to 1600 armed men who were on their way to attack Auckland, and would have done so only Bishop Selwyn plunged into the Waikato River, swam across, and turned them back. But these men were not armed, and the mere

fact that the prudent and moderate Tamehana was the highest chief among them proved they had certainly no immediate hostile design. Also it was Maunsell who influenced them, not Selwyn.

A little later that year a surveyor named Fulloon, a half-caste, told the Government he had learned of a plot to attack Auckland. The natives were to mass in the Hunua forest, and when night came they were to divide into two bodies, one to cross the Manukau in canoes and attack Auckland at dawn from the west, and the others to go by land and assault the town from the south. It is possible such a plan may have been mooted, but it would have been extremely difficult of execution, and was never attempted. But many of the townspeople believed in its feasibility, and were alarmed. Auckland, far better defended than any of the country places, was far more jumpy. Indeed, one of the difficulties the authorities had to face when war actually began was to make the outlying settler abandon his home and his stock and get into the shelter of the stockades. The pioneers did not seem able to get what is in modern parlance inelegantly termed "the jitters."

One disturbing element was the knowledge that the Waikatos were accumulating large stocks of weapons and ammunition, accumulated from unscrupulous white traders. The settlers in outlying places armed in self-defence, and in some districts weekly target practice was held. It was well understood that everything was in readiness to enable them to enrol as rifle volunteers when the need came, and a certain amount of proficiency with the long Enfield would, it was felt, certainly be no drawback to start active service with. And the Defence Department began quietly distributing commissions among the men they thought would make suitable officers, thus giving them time to learn something about the duties they would have to perform. And gradually regular troops were brought from wherever they could be spared and quartered in Auckland.

And so 1862 drew rather miserably to a close, both the white people and the natives who had lived so long as their neighbours dreading a war which must end in one or the other of them being driven off their lands. The Manukau and Franklin natives were torn between the loud and insistent call of the blood to rally to the help of their own people, and their love of the homes they had so long dwelled in. Their position was certainly a difficult one, and it irritated them, and made them hard to get on with. But looking at things calmly, after this lapse of time it is impossible to blame them for cleaving to their own people.

MIRANDA AND ALEXANDRA REDOUBTS

Of all the earthworks thrown up by the combatants of either race during the Waikato War, only two, the redoubts at Miranda (Pukorokoro, so called from the little stream running into the Firth of Thames, the long tidal estuary of which winds through the flats to the north-east of the fort, the Esk, a few miles to the west, and Alexandra, at Tuakau, remain in a state of even tolerable repair. Miranda has only suffered slightly from stock climbing up and down the parapets in a few places; Alexandra has its earthworks almost perfect, and only suffers from the neglect of the board in which it is vested allowing it to become over-grown with noxious weeds.

The first mentioned redoubt was named from the little corvette Miranda, carrying fifteen guns. She sailed down the Firth of Thames carrying a detachment of soldiers who were to construct and garrison the fort. The natives somehow got wind of this project and dug a large number of rifle-pits at the landing place, which was close to where the shell-lime factory stands to-day. Fortunately the intelligence department of the military was also pre-warned, and a detachment of men was landed about three miles to the north to march over-land and take the enemy in the rear. When time had been given for this operation the Miranda's boats, carrying the remainder of the soldiers, pulled towards the land, but at this critical moment the natives, seeing themselves caught between two hostile forces, lost nerve, and, after firing one ineffectual volley at the boats, fled into the swamp, where it would have been useless to attempt to follow them.

With infinite labour a couple of guns were dragged up to the top of the hill and mounted. From the round-shot which is one of the war-relics of the farm on which the redoubt stands these guns were the smooth-bore forty-pounder Armstrongs, then in great use in the navy. Another relic is a trenching tool, mattock at one end and pick at the other. It lay out exposed to the weather and scrub fires for sixty years before it was found, but so excellent is the material that rust has not harmed it, nor has the action of fire injured its temper.

About 350 yards to the south-east of the redoubt rises a knoll about 80 feet higher than the main earthworks, and here a small ditch and bank enclosed what was known as the picket post, whence a good look-out could be obtained over a very large extent of country. Between these two posts, as evidenced by the remains of sod-chimneys, the cooking for the garrison was done. All round the redoubt, about twenty yards from it runs a shallow trench and low bank, evidently intended as a first line

of defence should an attack be made, retirement within the redoubt being easy should it become necessary.

Nestling in a hollow below the redoubt are signs of an ancient homestead. Here, in the sixties, lived a telegraph operator in charge of a section of the telegraph line that ran across the Piako swamp to the Thames. To be able to get communication in this way with the outside world was one of the few amenities of the few early settlers, who had no road out, and were dependent upon an infrequent sea-service. The wife of the operator, a Mrs. Hunter, is said to have had the distinction of being the first woman in New Zealand to learn the Morse signal code. Hunter planted several fig trees round his house, which are still bearing excellent fruit, in spite of the seventy odd years of their age.

Fort Alexandra, which stands on a hill south-west of Tuakau, was flung up by the 65th Regiment, which held it till the troops made their general advance up the valley of the Waikato. The ditch surrounding it is wider and deeper and the parapet higher than at Miranda. Right round the inside runs a beautifully pitched stone causeway, in perfect condition, but partly covered by soil, and wholly covered by scrub. The main entrance to the redoubt was on the south side and from it a stairway led down the steep bank to the river-side, but that has long disappeared, and after the soldiers left another entrance had been made in the north-east corner. It seems strange that the people of Tuakau allow it to remain in its present condition, for a very little work and care would enable them to show visitors an ancient monument they should be proud of, the most perfectly preserved of all the redoubts and pahs.

NOTE.—Since the above was written the author has paid another visit to the Alexandra Redoubt, with a view of having a photograph taken, or, if that was impossible, of making a sketch for one of the illustrations for this book. He found that it presented a scene of desolation. Some scrub had been cut and fired without any care being taken to prevent the flames spreading, with the consequence that not only had the young native bush on the side of the hill been greatly damaged, but over a large area grave fences and wooden head-boards had been burned. It is high time that a proper board should be set up in which the Raglan and Franklin bounties are represented, as well as the Returned Soldiers and the Tuakau Town Board

CHAPTER VI

THE WAR BEGINS

MAORI TURBULENCE INCREASES—REV. MORGAN HAS TO LEAVE MISSION—ARMING OF SETTLERS—MANUKAU AND FRANKLIN NATIVES LEAVE—MONTHS OF BUSH FIGHTING—SKIRMISH AT MAUKU.

After Rewi and his Ngati Maniapotos had looted the newspaper office at Te Awamutu they did not return to Te Kuiti, but took up their station at Kihikihi, and were soon re-inforced by many more of their tribe. So insolent and threatening did they become that the local missionary, Mr. Morgan, who had for more than twenty years not only preached to and taught the natives but had instructed them in farming, considered it was no longer safe to remain there, and with his wife and family left for Auckland, never to return. He was anxious to get back two years later, after the war was over, but even then it was not thought safe, and his death in 1865 finally put an end to all hope of reviving the old school and farm.

Rewi's high handed action was undoubtedly an overt act of war, so the Waikato campaign, which really came to an end with the fall of Orakau Pa, two years later, may be said to have begun and ended at Te Awamutu. But open hostilities did not begin for a while, for it was still hoped by Sir George Grey that calmer councils might prevail. But this did not prevent all possible steps being taken to be ready should war actually come. By this time Potatau Te Whero-whero was dead, and Tawhiao, his son, reigned in his place, but was a mere puppet in the hands of the war party, and the great influence for peace that Tamehana had possessed had waned into comparative impotence.

Potatau, to do him justice, was not a "rebel." He had never signed the Treaty of Waitangi or declared his allegiance to Queen Victoria. It is true his name appears on that historic document, but there is proof that he did not put it there himself, but that a minor chief of the Waikatos took it upon himself to sign Te Whero-whero's name. Dr. Maunsell, whose unexcelled knowledge of the native tongue and remarkable gift of oratory had given him great influence, was deputed by the Government to obtain the adherence of the Waikato chiefs to the treaty. Te Whero-whero was a friend of his, and a not infrequent visitor at his Mission station at Te Kohanga, but Maunsell admits he failed

to persuade him to sign, though he wrote he had hopes of inducing him to do so later. Consequently Potatau had not compromised his freedom, nor that of his people, by owning Queen Victoria as his sovereign.

During the summer and autumn of 1863 the insolence of the natives steadily increased. Almost daily some settler's house was looted, and himself and his family reviled and insulted. By mid-winter even the Governor's patience had given way, and in June 400 of the Auckland militia were called up as auxiliaries to the regulars then in camp at Otahuhu. In the country districts volunteer rifle companies were enrolled and served out with arms. At Wairoa South, at Papakura, Mauku and Waiuku companies were enlisted, practically all the able-bodied men joining them. These consisted of some 60 to 70 men apiece. Even at the new little settlement of East Pukekohe seventeen men garrisoned the little church they had built, determined to defend their homes, a determination which was soon to be put to a test. At Otahuhu Colonel Nixon got together nearly two hundred cavalrymen from the young farmers in the neighbourhood, and Lieutenant William Jackson, a young Papakura farmer, enrolled a corps which was soon to make a famous name for itself, the Forest Rangers. And four regiments known as the Waikato Militia were got together, a majority of them being Australians.

As the Rifle Volunteers were intended chiefly for home defence, each company of them built a redoubt in its own district, or turned an existing building into a stockade by enclosing it in bullet-proof upright palisades. The Wairoa men built a redoubt, at Papakura the old Presbyterian Church became a stockade, and the same was done with St. Bride's Church at Mauku, and a second stockade was built at Lower Mauku, while at Waiuku a strong block-house was erected on the hill where the court-house now stands. At Pukekohe East the church was surrounded only by a shallow ditch and a low parapet of horizontal logs, but Colonel Mould, R.E., upon making an inspection directed the men to erect upright palisading, a work only partly done when the place was attacked. A little later a few private houses were garrisoned by small bodies of soldiers.

At Shipherd's Bush, Ramarama, at Martin's farm at the foot of the northern slope of Pukevhau Hill (Bombay), and at Razorback, redoubts were also constructed, garrisoned by detachments of soldiers. Lying along the only road to the front these were necessary to keep the line of communication open.

At length the Government decided to end the intolerable situation. Toward the end of June, 1863, at the height of the

wettest and coldest winter on record, all Maoris living north of the Mangatawhiri River were ordered to take the oath of allegiance to the Queen or to get to the south of that stream. Some hesitated for a while, but finally all decided to leave their homes and cast in their lot with their own people. And, extraordinary to state, they were allowed to carry with them their firearms. Some little time before this, Sophia, a relative of King Tawhiao's, had come to Mangere on the pretence of exhuming the bones of her people, and taking them up to sacred Taupiri. With a strong escort of Maoris she crossed the Manukau to Waiuku, and transported to the Waikato several large cases, which from their great weight were believed to contain arms and ammunition, but it was no one's business to hold them up, so nothing was done.

The evicted Maoris did not cross into their friends' territory, but took to the bush, and then began a series of wanton murders of outlying settlers. In the meantime the first engagement of the campaign took place at Koheroa, across the swamp east of Mercer, where the bayonets of the 14th and 70th put the Maoris out of their rifle-pits and entrenchments, and inflicted considerable loss on them.

Then followed some months of bush fighting, under conditions largely in favour of the natives. The troops, heavily equipped, were unable to cope with their lightly armed and extremely mobile foes in the dense undergrowth of the forest of that day. The volunteers were more used to negotiating the thickets of kie-kie and supple-jacks, but even so they had great difficulty in getting into touch with the elusive enemy, and there was always the danger of falling into an ambush. The Great South Road, along which all supplies for the troops on the front line had to come, was the scene of several ambushes in which the convoys sometimes suffered severely. But occasionally the enemy altered the usual programme and attacked the redoubts, notably at Wairoa South and East Pukekohe, in each case fruitlessly.

At Mauku, on September 8th, an indecisive skirmish took place at what was known at the Big Clearing, where 250 acres of bush had been felled and burned. Jackson's Forest Rangers, and Lusk's Forest Rifles were operating together for the one and only time. The natives had been shooting cattle here, and a force of about 50 men went out to look for them. About a quarter of a mile on the Mauku side of where the Carlton Hall now stands they came into touch with them. Volleys were fired by both parties, the fire of the natives doing no harm beyond making holes in the clothing of a couple of the volunteers; whether any of the enemy were hit was not known, as they were on the edge of the

bush, and retired into it immediately. On the same day, a few miles further south, a small but sanguinary engagement was taking place, and less than a week later soldier settlers had a chance to show of what metal they were made, but the ambush at Cameron Town and the defence of East Pukekohe Church are worthy of a chapter to themselves.

NOTE.—At the engagement at what was known as the Big Clearing an instance occurred showing both the daring and slackness of discipline of some of the farmer soldiers. When Lieutenant Lusk halted his men at a fence near the bush into which the natives had run, Sergeant Jeremiah Kelcher, of the Forest Rifles, for many years after a well-known resident of Mauku and Waiuku said—"I'll stir them out," and jumped over the fence. He was peremptorily ordered back, but he merely waved his hand cheerfully and ran on to the edge of the forest. Then he was seen to throw up his rifle and fire, being answered by at least a dozen shots from the hidden enemy. He raced back to the fence and got under it, and as he rose to his feet said—"Whoever would have thought I could run so quick: and I scaddled under that fence like a duck."

CHAPTER VII

CAMERON TOWN AND EAST PUKEKOHE

MURDER OF ARMITAGE AND TWO OTHERS—CAPTAIN SWIFT'S LITTLE FORCE AMBUSHED—GALLANTRY REWARDED—EAST PUKEKOHE CHURCH ATTACKED —TWO HOURS OF DEADLY PERIL—REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE—THE EPISODE OF THE WOOD PIGEON.

THE story of the Cameron Town Ambush is perhaps the most interesting episode of the whole war because of the peculiar circumstances in which it was fought, and the unprecedented number of awards for merit under fire which were distributed among the few actors in it. It was a very small affair in itself, but most illuminating as showing how resourceful and steady the British soldier can be when suddenly deprived of his leaders.

As General Cameron was anxious when the spring came to make his advance from Pokeno into the Waikato proper, it became necessary for him to be certain that supplies for his troops would follow him without delay. A tramway had been laid off through the Mauku district from deep water on the Tahiki Creek to what was then named Cameron Town, on the river, a mile above Rangipokia, where the road came down. But it was impossible to wait till the rails were laid, and to relieve the congestion on the Great South Road, stores were sent from Onehunga to Port Waikato. Waata (Walter) Kukutai, head of the Ngati-tipas at Kohunga, a firm friend of the whites, undertook to convey them up the river to the store-house recently built at Cameron Town, and to occupy with his men the redoubt as a guard. James Armitage, the magistrate of Lower Waikato, was appointed to give a general supervision to this arrangement.

On the morning of September 7th a large party of Ngati-Maniapoto natives crossed the river, looted the stores, and set fire to the buildings, while the friendly natives, largely outnumbered, looked helplessly on. At this juncture Armitage, ignorant of the state of affairs, came down the river in his canoe and paddled towards the landing. He was immediately fired on, and a bullet went through his body. Two white men, Shand, a carpenter, and McKeowen, a blacksmith, who had been left to finish some work, thought they saw a chance of escape and jumped into the river and swam to Armitage's canoe, sheltering behind it from the bullets that followed them. A canoe soon followed them, and

they were tomahawked in the water, and the mortally wounded Armitage was finished off in the same manner.

News reached Fort Alexandra, and early the next morning, the 8th, fifty men of the 65th started on their arduous march to Cameron Town, it not being safe to go by river as too many opportunities for ambushes were presented by the thickly wooded banks. The route lay round the Tuakau swamp, along the foot of Pukekohe Hill, then through a long slope of fern and titree till they reached a track that branched off the Mauku road. This led them through a tangled forest along the edge of a swamp, and they had just begun to mount the slope which led to Cameron Town when they were met by a heavy volley from the front and both flanks. Both their officers fell, Captain Swift mortally wounded, and Lieutenant Butler seriously so. The command devolved upon Sergeant McKenna who immediately ordered a charge, but the enemy was elusive and not to be found.

It was then deemed prudent to retire, carrying their dead and wounded with them, but the enemy then re-appeared as if by magic, keeping up a galling fire. From then till the edge of the forest was reached a notable rear-guard action was fought, the men retiring short stages by sections, each party covering the other by its fire. But it was not deemed prudent to emerge into the open, and having found a great rata prostrate they sheltered the wounded behind it. Captain Swift died before daylight, to the great grief of his men, but Lieutenant Butler ultimately recovered and rejoined his regiment.

Uneasy at the non-return of his men during the night Major Murray, the officer in command at Fort Alexandra, set out before daylight with 150 men, and as the remains of the little expeditionary force came out of the forest they saw in the distance this welcome reinforcement. The new-comers at once went on to Cameron Town, but the marauders had disappeared. One man of the first section, who had been separated from his comrades and chased, had jumped into the river and swam to an island, where he remained until he saw the welcome sight of Murray's detachment. One officer and four men were killed and one officer and seven men were wounded. In addition, one man was missing, and it was fifty years later before his buttons and the metal parts of his accoutrements were discovered a mile and a half away from the scene of the conflict. It is almost certain that, badly wounded and cut off from his comrades, he had struggled along till his strength failed.

For his part in the affair McKenna received the Victoria Cross, and was given an ensign's commission. Corporal Ryan also

got the coveted Cross, and four privates were awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal. But there was a strong feeling in the regiment that Sergeant Bracegirdle, who was omitted from any award, had been the real hero of the fight, and by his skill, courage and resource had saved the party from annihilation. Even fifty years after old soldiers of the corps got quite hot under the collar when referring to the gross injustice with which they averred Bracegirdle was treated.

At East Pukekohe Church, on September 14th, occurred a small fight which has always captured the imagination and excited the admiration of the public because of the gallant fight a handful of untrained men, behind inadequate defences, put up against a dozen times their number.

Mention has already been made of the instructions of the Engineer officer to the garrison at the church to put up upright palisades in place of the low horizontal logs they had already in position. They had set about this work in a somewhat leisurely fashion, for the Flying Column, picked men from the regiments in the camp, Jackson's Forest Rangers and Luck's Forest Rifles had been combing the forest sedulously for weeks, and by the middle of September it was thought there was not a Maori north of the Maungatawhiri.

September the 14th was a Sunday. The men, unarmed, were lounging about inside and outside of the stockade, the cooks of each mess getting ready the dinner in the cook-house, when the alarm came. Horses in the field adjoining were the first to give them notice of the enemy's approach by their nervous, excited manner. The bush came within thirty yards of the stockade, and from it came a single shot. Instantly every man rushed to get his arms, and two resolute men who got their rifles first, Joseph Scott and James Easton, took up their position at the doorway, which lacked a door. A single rush by the enemy at the beginning would have ended everything in about two minutes, but the rush was never made.

Sergeant Lancelot Perry, the only trained man among them, seems to have kept his head under most trying circumstances, for a perfect hail of bullets followed the first shot, and the yells of the nearly three hundred natives present were blood-curdling. Perry ordered the men to fix bayonets, and exhorted them never to fire a volley, but always to have some of the rifles loaded.

Logs and stumps came right up to the stockade, and under cover of these the natives advanced within a few yards, and it was believed that only the sight of the bayonets protruding from between or over the top of the logs of the stockade prevented a

rush which must have been fatal almost at once. One discomforting thing was that several Maoris were up in the branches of a large puriri tree, and several more on the roof of Easton's house, firing right down on the defenders.

The garrison knew that it was doomed unless help arrived fairly soon, for the stock of ammunition was getting very low. About two hours after the attack began a shout was heard from the bush to the north-east, and a moment later thirty-two of the 70th raced across the open and got in at the gateway.

Things moved fairly briskly now. An enemy could not expose even an inch or two of brown skin beyond his cover without a bullet searching him out. Several of them were killed and dragged away by their comrades by means of long supplejacks tied to their ankles. A couple of the men in the puriri tree were killed, and the fire of the others silenced for they had to crouch concealed among the great tussocks of whara-whara lodged in the forks.

Further relief was soon given the garrison, for a party of the Waikato Militia, escorting ammunition carts, joined in, and later on a large force of the 18th and 65th appeared. The position was now quite untenable for the natives, who fled down the long valley west of the church, closely pursued through the bush by the troops.

A romantic story is told of a native pigeon that perched on the ridge of the church during the heat of the engagement, and sat unmoved while the bullets ripped off the shingles just below it. For the very reason that the story is romantic doubt has been cast upon it, but there seems to be little reason to question its veracity. Though not seen by the members of the garrison, who were not likely to glance in that direction when their attention was so closely engaged in front of them, it was seen and vouched for by many of the relieving force. Ralph T. Young, for many years a farmer in Pukekohe, where he died at the age of 84 in 1928, said his attention was drawn to the bird by the man on his right while they stood in the edge of the bush waiting for the order to advance. "Look," he said, "there is a better soldier than any of us. See how steady he is under fire." In the years following the war annual re-unions of the defenders of the church were held, and the story of the pigeon was always retold without contradiction; and I have in my possession a poem which was recited at the first gathering, in which the pigeon episode is treated prominently.

CHAPTER VIII

CLEARING THE FOREST

FARM-HOUSE AT PAERATA ATTACKED—FOREST RIFLES MEET REVERSE AT TITI—CAMERON NOW READY TO ADVANCE.

THE clearing of the bush of natives was a long and difficult process. Time after time it was reported to be finished, only for it to be discovered that much remained to be done. At the time of the attack on the East Pukekohe Church it was not believed that there were a dozen natives north of the Queen's Redoubt. Six weeks later when a large force of hostile natives at Mauku was reported to the commanding officer at Drury, he scoffed at the idea and refused to take any measures to attack them, though Nixon's Cavalry was ready to ride at a moment's notice and could have cut off their retreat.

In the meantime the troops, especially the escorts of the commissariat carts, had a difficult and dangerous task. At any moment they were liable to be fired on from dense cover by an elusive foe, and for heavily armed soldiers to attempt to come up with their nimble foes in these thickets was hopeless.

Their success in killing two or three soldiers here and two or three there, and murdering a number of civilians, heartened and emboldened the natives greatly, and they pushed their raiding parties further into the banned territory. The Ngati-maniapotos who had killed Armitage at Cameron Town, after threatening Te Kohanga for a few days, crossed the river again, and attacked a house at Paerata—Burt's. They killed one unfortunate boy, and would have made a clean sweep of the inmates but for the skilful and courageous tactics of two farm-hands, who from the cover of the bush nearby kept up so rapid a fire, shifting their positions with each shot, that the attackers believed a body of troops was there, and retired. This was the same day that Pukekohe Church was attacked. In Cowan's "New Zealand Wars" it is stated that three members of the Church Garrison were absent during the attack, J. Comrie, J. B. Roose and T. Hawke. He accounts for the whereabouts of the two first, but not for the latter. As a matter of fact Hawke in some way or other became cognisant of the attack on Burt's house, and, falling in with a small scouting party of the Mauku Forest Rifles, tried to guide them through the bush

to the scene of conflict, but they got hopelessly tangled up in a dense thicket of kie-kie and supple-jack, and by the time they had succeeded in extricating themselves soldiers from Drury were already on the spot.

But the Forest Rifles were shortly to have their turn, and a rather disastrous experience it proved to be. It has already been told how they garrisoned St. Bride's Church, and a very strong little stockade they had made of it. And within a couple of miles, at Lower Mauku, a half company of the 1st Waikatos held another redoubt.

On the morning of October 23rd, Lieutenant Lusk, senior officer for the district, left the lower stockade to visit the church. Crossing the high lands on the Falls Farm he heard heavy shooting to the south-west and the church's garrison was standing outside the stockade watching. Sending his orderly back with orders to Lieutenant Percival to leave the redoubt in charge of a sergeant, and to join him at the church with all the men that could be spared, he then hastened on. On arrival at the church he found that Private John Wheeler had just returned from a hazardous scouting expedition. He reported that a very large number of natives were shooting the cattle on his (Wheeler's) farm, the Ti-ti. In face of Wheeler's report as to the number of the enemy, Lusk did not deem it wise to attack. But the impetuosity of Percival forced his hand. When the small body of militiamen reached the high land and heard the firing they came to the conclusion that Lusk was already engaged, and made off straight across country to join him, and presently to the dismay of those at the church they saw Percival closely engaged. There was only one thing to do, and that was to join him and try to extricate him from his dangerous position.

When the Rifles effected a junction with Percival they found him in a clearnig, with the standing bush on three sides lined with natives who kept up a heavy fire, which the militia, sheltering behind logs and stumps, returned with some effect. Percival, when he saw this welcome succour, wanted to charge into the woods, but was restrained, and the volunteers and Waikatos retreated to a tongue of bush, where they took up a position, which however proved untenable as the natives attacked in overpowering numbers. Percival, and his second in command, Lieutenant Norman, were both killed, together with seven or eight men, and a number were wounded. Under the circumstances it was thought advisable to make back to the stockade, abandoning their dead, and one or two of the wounded, who, however, sheltered in the bush all night and came in the following day. It was a distinct reverse for the

British, although the natives suffered much more heavily in killed and wounded. When a relieving force from Drury reached the place next day they followed the trail of the natives to Rangipokia, and there found about forty litters on which they had carried their dead and wounded. The raiding party were Ngati-maniapotos, with a few Bay of Plenty men, and it is believed that two nephews of Rewi were among the killed.*

This engagement was the last of the bush fighting. The troops were now nearly ready to advance, and from then on the fighting was nearly all done by the regular soldier, and his work usually consisted in storming strongly fortified positions. The settler riflemen were left to defend their own districts, and as soon as possible the regular troops, the Waikatos, and the Forest Rangers pushed on up the river. The first and most harassing, though not by any means the most costly in lives, phase of the war, the bush-fighting was over, and the advance into hostile territory was about to begin.

Two interesting facts which have to do with the invasion of the Mauku district by the Ngatimaniapotos, have, so far as I am aware, not hitherto been published.

The first is that Ahipene Kaihau, chief of the Awhitu district, only consented to join the Kingites if King Tawhiao would pledge himself that Ahipene's white friends at Waiuku and on the Peninsula should not be molested. As an inducement he gave Tawhiao a piece of land at Awhitu. The pledge was kept, and in his old age Tawhiao frequently spent weeks on his Awhitu property.

The second is that Waata Kukutai of Kohanga, learning of the intention to raid Mauku, sent a messenger at a very early hour in the morning of October 23rd, 1863, to inform Captain Lloyd, who was in command of the Waiuku Volunteers. Captain Lloyd marched his men out for several miles on the Waiuku-Drury road, and then turned back. He reached a spot just opposite where the fighting was going on, and about four miles away. Some of the men used to say they could hear the rifle-firing, but possibly their imaginations were working *after* the event.

A rough cart track led through the bush to May's farm at the Bald Hill, and a bridle-track went over the hill to Ti-Ti. Had Captain Lloyd taken this route he would have taken the enemy in the rear, and turned defeat into victory. Possibly he may have thought the bush track was too risky, as the Maoris were adept at laying ambushes. Shortly after Captain Lloyd was transferred to Port Waikato, and Captain Lynch took command. Lloyd was killed in action at Taranaki a couple of years later.

NOTE.—A few years ago the owner of the Titi Farm, while splitting up a tarairi tree growing on the spot where the Forest Rifles made their last stand, came across several old Enfield bullets, relics of the fight of seventy years before. A couple of those are in the Old Colonists Museum, in Auckland.

CHAPTER IX

NAVAL OPERATIONS

GATHERING IN CANOES ON THE MANUKAU—IRON-CLADS ON THE WAIKATO—A RUM STORY—RANGIRIRI PA SURRENDERED—TROOPS REACH NGARUAWAHIA—FINAL SPLIT BETWEEN GOVERNOR AND GENERAL.

THE part played by the navy in the Waikato War was by no means negligible, and it is almost amusing to think that quite a little fleet of war vessels traversed the quiet waters of the Waikato —when they were not stuck on the sand-banks. Yet, so it was, though the units of the squadron were a rather motley lot, hastily knocked together for the occasion.

But prior events first. The earliest naval activity was on the Manukau. When the local natives went away they could not take their canoes with them, and it was not exactly known what had become of them. Then a Karaka settler reported he had found a large number hidden in the scrub. They had been stowed away by the owners for safety, no doubt with the idea of retrieving them later, but the cry in Auckland was, as usual, "invasion."

There was a little steamer on the Manukau called the Avon. One morning with a mixed contingent of naval ratings and Auckland Coast-guards she left Onehunga and proceeded to the locality in which the canoes were, taking them in tow, and depositing them in the Onehunga Basin. Among them was the magnificent war canoe Toki-a-Tapiri now in the Auckland Museum. Two or three days spent in searching the Manukau inlets brought the number captured up to about thirty.*

In the meantime great preparations were going on at Port Waikato to get ready a naval flotilla for use on the Waikato. The place was thronged with soldiers and artisans, and was nearly as noisy as a naval dockyard in the Old Country. The little Avon was brought round from the Manukau, after having her bulwarks plated with iron thick enough to turn a bullet, and her deck-house similarly protected. She was the first steamer to enter the Waikato—and an iron-clad at that. Some small barges were also partially armoured, and fitted to carry one light gun apiece.

The Pioneer was a much more pretentious unit, the battle cruiser of the Waikato Fleet in fact. Built in Sydney, she was of

*See note at end of chapter.

very light draught, as indeed was necessary for river work. On her deck stood two large turrets, looped for rifle fire. When she ultimately sank near Havelock, these turrets were salvaged, one being taken up to Mercer, and the other, years after, to Ngaruawahia, at which places they may still be seen. Two small gun-boats were also brought over from Sydney in sections, and put together at Port Waikato. They were named the Koheroa and the Rangiriri, after the first two important encounters in the campaign.

The day after the Avon's arrival she was taken up to Havelock, under the command of Captain Mayne of the Eclipse, and piloted by Chandler,* the mill-wright, who had an excellent acquaintance with the intricacies of the river's channels. She remained a very busy boat till the end of the war, and was by far the most useful unit of the flotilla.

It would be useless to claim that these gun-boats were of much value as fighting ships. An occasional shot or shell from their light pieces, usually quite harmless so far as could be ascertained, was the limit of their prowess. But for the conveyance of men and stores they were invaluable; and one of them provided a cheering joke for the men on service, which is also always invaluable. A middy was sent in charge of a cask of rum for the use of the troops up-river, and as the last puncheon had been broached en route, and nasty things said to the man in charge of it, he was determined that nothing of the sort should happen to *him*. So as soon as it was placed on the deck he took his seat on it, and did not move till his destination was reached. And then, alas, it was discovered that an auger-hole had been bored up from below, and several bucketsful drawn off.

By November 20th, General Cameron with a considerable force of infantry and blue-jackets was in front of the strong new pa the natives had built at Rangiriri. The Great South Road now runs right through the pa, but, as if that was not desecration enough, the walls on the eastern side have been used to provide filling for the road; yet enough remains to show how strong a position it was seventy-six years ago. I am not going to attempt a detailed description of this terribly costly attack, which has so

*Chandler, who had built most, if not all of the Waikato flour-mills, for natives and missionaries alike, had acquired a first-rate knowledge of the Waikato and Waipa. The natives, who looked upon him as their friend, bitterly resented his opening the secrets of the channels, and enabling *their* enemies to make a highway of *their* rivers. Even after the war was over their demeanour toward him for what they considered his treachery was so hostile that the Government, believing his life in danger, gave him an island near Kawau, where he lived for a number of years.

often been told, but it will be enough to say that the General, thoroughly enraged at the failure of his infantry to carry the defences, due to their not having any ladders long enough to reach the top of the parapet, sent his hundred blue-jackets to do it, and when they retired foiled, and with heavy losses, actually sent a handful of Royal Artillery men, thirty-six all told, and armed only with sword and revolver, to attempt the impossible task. They made a good attempt, and two or three actually clawed their way up the almost perpendicular bank only to fall back badly wounded. Their leader, Captain Mercer, was among the killed, and Point Russell, on the bank of the river where it makes its right-angled turn to the west, was re-named Mercer after him. Night mercifully brought this useless waste of lives to an end.

Early the next morning, the natives,—many of whom had escaped during the night, surrendered to the number of nearly two hundred, their losses in dead and wounded being very large. The losses among the troops were also very severe, forty-seven being killed and eighty-two wounded. Friend and foe alike lie in the well-kept little cemetery nearby, where the red titree blooms with a brilliance unequalled elsewhere.

The way was open now to Ngaruawahia, and thither head-quarters were moved for the time. Here was situated the Maori king's capital, but this and the revered Taupiri had perforce to be abandoned and the natives retreated up the Waipa. They built an immensely strong pa at Paterangi, the garrison of which was said to number 3000. For a while there was a pause in the proceedings. Cameron's men lay quietly at Ngaruawahia till Christmas was well over, while the Commissariat Department, now augmented by friendly natives under Major Waata Kukutai and Major Te Wheoro — who must not be confounded with Te Whero-whero—brought large supplies of stores up the river, both very proud of their new uniforms and their rank as field-officers. Well they deserved it; good fellows, both of them.

Governor Grey was much annoyed at what he considered unnecessary delay, and desired Cameron to assault Paterangi Pa, but the General refused. His experience at Rangiriri had taught him a wholesome lesson as to the cost of frontal attacks against high and strongly-held earth-works, and he had something better in his mind to do when he was ready. The Governor became more

urgent, and finally peremptorily ordered him to make the assault, and Cameron, over-goaded, bluntly told him to go to hell.*

*According to auditors who were present the words were actually used. At a time when most people believed, or affected to believe, in a place of eternal punishment, they were of much more offensive import than they would be now. It is little wonder that the breach between Governor and General could never be mended.

NOTE

TOKI A TAPIRI AND TE WINIKA

The Hon. George Garland, whose memory of the events of early days remains excellent, has supplied me with a vivid account of the destruction of these canoes, and how the great war-canoe now in the Auckland Museum came to be saved. As the Avon, he said, brought in her string of canoes every evening, they were handed over to Mr. C. Brewer, the Collector of Customs at Onhunga, and were by him moored in the shallow waters of the Basin. Here they remained for about three months.

Then the news got round they were to be destroyed by being blown up by gunpowder. Young George was at that time attending a private school in Onehunga, and he, with two other boys, Sandy Wall and Sandy Bremner, played truant in order to witness the destruction of the canoes. Mr. Garland says that although it is seventy-six years ago the memory of what they saw is as vivid as though it had only occurred yesterday. One by one the canoes were towed out into the channel by men in a row-boat, which presently dropped them and pulled quickly away. Then came a puff of smoke and the sound of an explosion, and the air was filled with fragments of the best heart of kauri or totara.

But one of the canoes was saved from destruction, Mr. Garland says, by the intervention of Mr. Brewer. He held it back from destruction that day, and, enlisting Bishop Selwyn's aid, went with him to see General Cameron, and put in a plea for the preservation of the great canoe. This was granted, and it was taken to pieces and taken round to the Customs House yard in Princes Street, Onehunga. There it lay for many years, and at last found its way to the old Museum in Princes Street, Auckland.

Lydia, an old Maori woman of high rank, related to the Kukutai family, told Mr. Garland when he was a boy, that the canoe was made in the upper Waikato, and was presented to the paramount chief of the Awhitu natives, Ahipene Kaihau, who had

it dragged over the Waiuku-Awaroa portage. It was housed in a long shed, known as mai-mai, and was only set afloat on very special occasions. The site of this dry dock was on the left-hand bank of the Rangiriri Creek, about a mile north of where the Waiuku and Mauku creeks, after junctioning, flow into the open Manukau. Lydia was manifestly wrong as to where Toki a Tapiri, unique perhaps among the great canoes in having been hewn from a single trunk instead of having a bow and stern piece added, came from. The records seem pretty definite that it came originally from the Wairoa district in Hawkes Bay.

TE WINIKA

Perhaps this is as good a place as any to give a brief account of the life story of another fine old canoe, Te Winika. This name is simply the native version of The Vinegar, and does not seem a brilliant inspiration on the part of its god-parents. But, no doubt, the Maoris, who had never had any sauces or condiments, thought that vinegar, which they obtained from early missionaries and traders, was an inspiration in itself.

About a hundred years ago the Hauraki natives built a fine new totara canoe. While it was still quite new it became the property of the Ngati-Tipa, of the Lower Waikato, but whether by purchase or as a gift it seems now impossible to find out. But in 1846 it was dragged first over the Tamaki portage, and then, after crossing the Manukau, over the Waiuku-Awaroa portage and floated in the fresh water of the Waikato. Here, for a number of years it was a much-prized possession of the chief Waata Kukutai and his people. In 1852, the Governor, Sir George Grey, went to Port Waikato to visit the mission station of Dr. Maunsell, and when he left, the Vinegar, decked with bunches of kaka and pukekho feathers, took him up the river to Taupiri with all the style and magnificence of a state barge on the Thames in Queen Elizabeth's time.

But the Vinegar was doomed to suffer an eclipse. It was hauled up on the shore at Okahu, three or four miles up the river, its carved stem and stern removed, and the great central portion of the hull left out in wind and sun for a quarter of a century. Then it was put into the water once again and taken down to near the south head, and hauled by horses high up into the hills. Here it lay till 1938, when at the age of over ninety years it was put into commission for active service once again. It was taken up to Ngaruawahia, its head and tail were restored to

it, and it was turned into the State Barge of the Governor-General of the Dominion, as, eighty-six years before, it had acted in the same capacity for the Governor of the Crown Colony. Lord Galway, in March, 1938, embarked in it at Ngaruawahia, to go down to the opening of King Koroki's fine new house, Turonga, at Taupiri. But the old craft was not what it used to be, and leaked so badly that it nearly foundered, and a hasty exchange into another canoe had to be made.

There is a legend, often repeated, that Major Von Tempsky destroyed this canoe in 1863, but it is a pure myth. In the first place it is extremely doubtful if Von Tempsky's many activities ever led him into the lower Waikato. In the second place the canoe was the property of our most faithful allies, the people of Te Kohanga, and in the third place the canoe was not destroyed, but merely dismantled. And, so strong is the love of myth and legend, this plain statement will probably not destroy, but only temporarily dismantle, the tale that Von Tempsky destroyed Te Winika.

CHAPTER X

AN INTERLUDE

THE TROOPS MOVE AT LAST—THE MARCH PAST PATERANGI—CAPTURE OF RANGIAOWHIA, AND THE FOOD-SUPPLIES OF THE NATIVES—THE FALL OF ORAKAU, AND VIRTUAL END OF WAR—RESCUE OF DR. MAUNSELL FROM TE KOHANGA.

In spite of Governor Grey, Cameron lay quietly at Ngaruawahia till he had everything ready for the move,—a move he hoped was going to end the war. Actually February 20th had arrived before he felt himself in readiness to carry out the strategic march past the Maori stronghold at Paterangi and leave it, as it were, hanging in the air.

It was not very long before midnight on that day that upwards of a thousand men set out on their long night march, silently as it was possible for so large a body of men to move. All night they steadily pursued their way, reaching Otowhao, as Te Awamutu was then called, at day-break. But they did not halt even then, pushing on to Rangiaowhia. This was a Maori village the land around which was very highly cultivated, producing great crops of all kinds of food-stuffs and with a flour-mill of its own at which its heavy yields of wheat were ground. The Maoris, surprised at this sudden invasion, yet put up some sort of a defence by firing from the church and their houses, but the skirmish was soon over, and they fled, leaving the plantations of which they were so justly proud in the hands of their enemies. The doom of the great Paterangi Pa was sealed. On the Rangiaowhia plantations they depended for supplies, and now that these were cut off their position was quite untenable. They quietly evacuated the place, and got away into what was soon to be called "The King Country."

One great loss the British Force sustained that morning. The gallant Colonel Nixon, who had raised the Cavalry Corps, always known as Nixon's Horse, was shot through the lungs from the doorway of one of the huts, and died shortly afterwards.* A fine monument to his memory stands beside the Great South Road

*Colonel Nixon was the first member who sat in Parliament for the Franklin Seat, his term beginning in 1860 and lasting till his death at Rangiaowhia in February, 1864. Franklin at that time comprised both Manukau and Franklin.

at the southern entrance to Otahuhu, showing the esteem in which he was held.

Cameron's masterly move practically ended the war. There was some skirmishing in the neighbourhood of Te Awamutu for a few weeks, and some of the die-hards among the natives entrenched themselves at Orakau and awaited events. At Hairini a considerable body of natives behind earthworks were charged by the 50th Regiment with the customary dash of the "Fighting Half Hundred," which a few years before had performed one of the greatest feats of arms in the history of the British Army, when they stormed and carried the Sikh trenches at Sobroaan. The natives fled in dismay at the sight of the levelled bayonets. Unfortunately for them there was a squadron of cavalry handy, which rode them down as they ran, sabreing many.

The story of the last stand at Orakau has been told so often that I do not intend to give details here. It will suffice to say that after a three-days' investment they were summoned to surrender, and the vain-glorious reply was made that they would fight on for ever and ever and ever. But they knew they could not do that, for they were out of water, and suffering badly from thirst. When the white soldiers stormed the front of the pa the defenders rushed out at the back, making for the nearby swamp, which most of them reached, though some of them were shot down on the way, and some overtaken and cut down by the cavalry.

And so ended the fighting in the Waikato. There was a little still to do in the Bay of Plenty, but that is not in this story. Cameron had accomplished, at the cost of very few lives, all that could have been done if he had yielded to Grey's wishes and expended two to three hundred men in the capture of Paterangi.

The territory gained had to be held. For many months there were never less than two thousand soldiers in the vicinity of Te Awamutu, but gradually the number was reduced until the Waikato Militia and Jackson's Rangers alone remained. In the meantime the Government was hurrying on arrangements for settling the territory they had captured. Nearly two hundred thousand acres of land was confiscated, ostensibly to pay the cost of the war. Some of it was given back, perhaps 20,000 acres, but the Waikato natives thought they had been far too harshly treated, and quite a number of the white people agreed with them. But there was not unnaturally a bitter and unforgiving feeling among the whites on account of the insolence of the natives during the last few preceding years, and most of them felt very little sympathy for the fugitives who had been hunted across the Puniu

Stream, and ordered to remain on their own side or run the risk of being shot down at sight.

The Missions naturally had to be abandoned. Mr. Morgan, as has been told, left his two years before the war actually began. A while later the Rev. B. Y. Ashwell had to abandon Taupiri. Dr. Maunsell, on the contrary, hung on to his Te Kohanga Mission, keeping his wife and young family with him, in spite of the efforts of his Bishop and the Government to get him to remove to safety. He trusted to the local chief—Kukutai, and his adherents to protect him, but after murdering Armitage the Ngati-maniapotos came across to Te Kohanga, and Maunsell and his family had to go into hiding lower down the river. They were finally rescued and brought across the river by Major Greaves, who came down in the Pioneer for that purpose. Unfortunately they could only be taken to Te Auanga, and had to tramp the eight miles to Mauku, mostly in the dark. They spent the night in the church there, guarded by the Forest Rifles, and were sent on to Auckland the following day.

Most of the missionaries were strongly pro-Maori, and considered the war had been forced upon a harmless people. Dr. Maunsell, however, had no such illusion. He understood the native character far better than any of his colleagues, and dearly as he loved his flock he was by no means blind to their shortcomings, and had for some time been aware that they had reached a stage at which they would never be satisfied without a trial of strength. Almost immediately after leaving his station he joined General Cameron's little army as chaplain, and remained with it till after the fall of Orakau. Very soon after joining he had the melancholy duty to perform of reading the burial service over more than a hundred soldiers and Maoris who fell at Rangiriri. The Presbyterian chaplain with the forces was almost as remarkable for his courage and energy as Dr. Maunsell. This was the Rev. Thomas Norrie, whose district at first included all the settled country south of Auckland, and later extended as far as Cambridge. He used to cover the whole of his vast parish on horseback, and it was by no means an uncommon experience for him to doss down beside his horse when night came on, and sleep rolled up in his over-coat. I understand the story of the Presbyterian Church in New Zealand is at present being written, and if Thomas Norrie does not occupy a very prominent place in it I shall feel his memory has been unjustly treated.

One day, long ago, the two old friends, Maunsell and Norrie, met at our house. I knew they had been through the war together, and boy-like I avidly hoped to hear them talk about their

adventures. But I was disappointed, for most of their time was spent in a warm and almost acrimonious discussion as to the respective merits of the waist-high leather leggings each of them wore.

And this brings to an end my very sketchy story of the Waikato War. I would have loved to tell it more fully, but the exigencies of space forbade, and, after all, this book is written more to tell of the fight of the pioneers with the forces of Nature than their combats with a human foe. Yet I cannot help feeling that there were many interesting episodes that have had to be left out, especially those where the soldier settlers were engaged, either alone or in company with the regular troops. The attack on the Wairoa Redoubt, and the excursions into the forest of the Wairoa Volunteers, for instance, have had to go unmentioned. But, if it is possible, a brief account of them shall be put among the appendices.

NOTE.—An episode in the life of Joachim Arouge, usually known as "Old Jokum" is not without interest. He was a South American Indian with a slight tincture of Portuguese blood, and was "shanghied" by an American whaler and brought to the Bay of Islands, where he managed to escape. Finding his way to Auckland he obtained employment with the late Mr Joseph Crispe at Epsom. When Mr Crispe took up land at Mauku, Jokum came with him, and remained in his service till he died at a ripe old age.

On the morning of October 23rd, 1863, he was in the neighbourhood of the Ti-ti farm, looking for a lost cow, and fell into the hands of the natives who were making a raid there. His complexion saved his life, but they tied him to a tree in close proximity to where the fighting took place a few hours after, and when they retired took him as a prisoner of war to Te Kuiti, where they kept him for five months, treating him with great kindness. He was very difficult to understand, and I could never quite make out whether he was allowed to go, or whether he escaped, but he managed to return to Mauku about the same time as the women and children returned.

END OF PART II.

Part III.

STARTING ANEW

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CHAPTER I

UNHAPPY HOME-COMING

PLIGHT OF THE ABANDONED FARMS—BEGINNNING ALL OVER AGAIN—GOVERNMENT BUSY SETTLING CONFISCATED LANDS.

When General Cameron's little army went into bivouac for a while at Ngaruawahia there was a general feeling that little was now to be feared north of the Maungatawhiri from the Maoris. With the natives on the left bank of the Waikato friendly towards us, and the river and its eastern bank held by the troops, no marauding party, however sedulous to travel by night, could have expected to get back alive from a raid. By February, 1864, the settlers,—the men at any rate—began to drift back to their farms. It was a sad and discouraging home-coming for many of them. Nine months of absentee-ism would have wrought havoc in their holdings even if there had been no enemy action; the two combined had made many of the homesteads almost unrecognisable. The stock had gone wild and taken to the bush, and, though many of them were retrieved, the cows, in particular, were never the

same again. Yet it is an ill-wind that blows no one any good, and one of the standing jokes (though not without an underlying stratum of indignation) in one district concerned the man who got home a week or so before anyone else, and found he had been made a pet of fortune by all his cows having twin calves, while the cows of others had none. Most sad of all was the fate of many of the horses, the only animal except the dog who gives his services to man out of a sense of fellowship and good-will, and not by coercion,—but then glorious war has always taken a heavy toll of the horse. A great many of the farm horses, left wholly untended, had wandered into the bush and got tangled up among the supple-jacks to die a lingering death of thirst and hunger.*

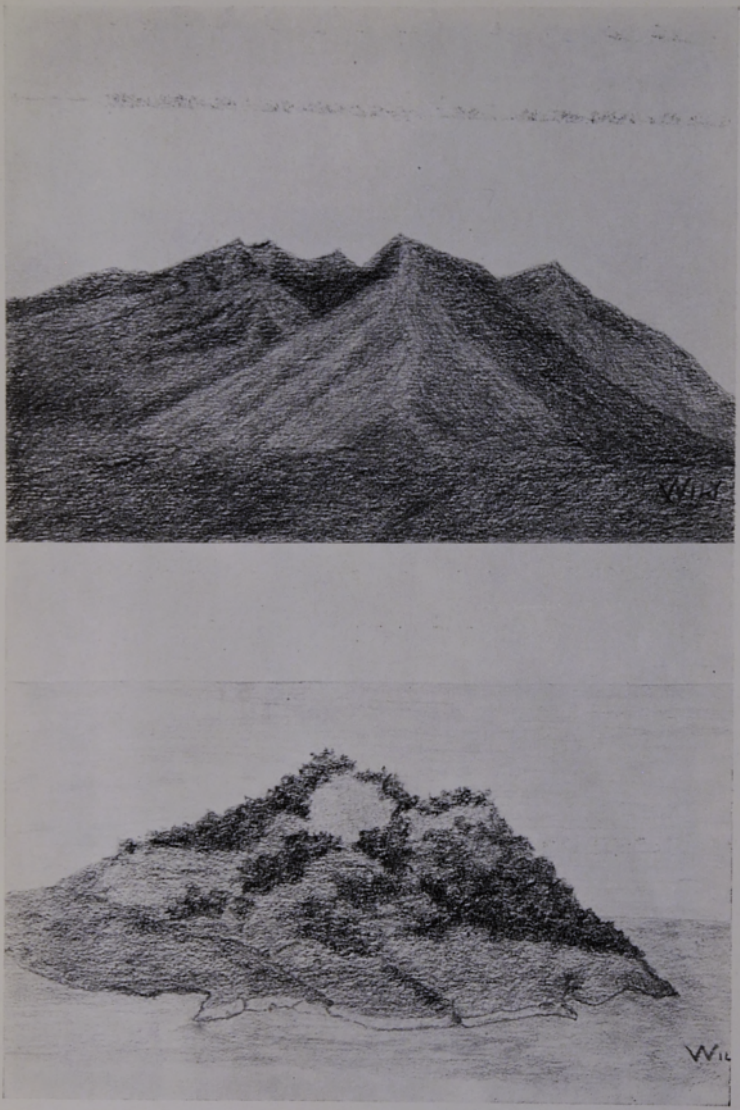
I do not remember ever having heard anything of the loss of sheep, but I do not imagine many were then kept. And no doubt not only the Maoris but soldiers and volunteers alike enjoyed a bit of mutton as an alternative to the interminable pork they were fed on. But the pigs took to the bush cheerfully, and were never got in. There had been long snouted, high-shouldered, narrow-backed wild pigs, descendants of those left here by Captain Cook, in evidence from the first, but the new genus of wild pig seemed to chase them out, and in my youth one had to go to the wooded ranges to see a Captain Cooker,—and after all that trouble it was not a pleasant sight.

The new wild pig appeared to be of the Berkshire breed only, though some people claimed it to be a cross between the Berkshire and what they termed Chinese pigs. They became very numerous, which turned out to be a blessing very shortly afterwards, and, though they did a good deal of mischief they paid for it in full. For the most part they lived on fern-root, but in the winter and spring they feasted on the fallen taraire berries, which hardened up the flesh and greatly improved it. Young wild pigs in good condition were considered more palatable than their stye-fed relations. And, as everyone almost had a firearm of some kind or another, wild-pork, roasted, or salted and boiled, was a very usual dish on most country tables.

*A little later many of the farmers were able to replace their horses with very fine animals. The South Island and New South Wales had been combed for the best class of medium draughts for the Commissariat Transport Corps, which had to cart all the supplies of the troops more than forty miles, over a very hilly road. At the end of the war hundreds of these were sold, and the horse with CTC (Commissariat Transport Corps) branded on his near shoulder was almost always a good one. Some of them were still at work twenty-five years after the war was over.

The Queen of the Waikato When Two Years Old. *Hamilton in* 1865.
The only building here shown still remaining is the old Wesleyan Church in the top right-hand corner.

St. Paul's Church, Rangiaowhia
Built in 1854.



Above: *Pirongia dominating the Waipa Plain.*
Below: *Karioi, at Southern Head of Raglan Harbour.*

St. John's Church, Te Awamutu

Built in 1856. Believed to be the oldest building in South Auckland.

Long before the war there had been wild cattle in plenty—in so much plenty, in fact, that they had to be shot, and it was a common pastime to go and thin them out. It is somewhat remarkable that during the short time white people had been here that wild cattle should have increased so greatly, but of course at that time people were not sufficiently highly civilised to initiate a "bobby calf" trade. Quite recently I read in a book on the earliest missionary efforts that only six years after Marsden had brought the first cattle to the country desperate but futile efforts were made to muster those that had gone wild in the hills behind Paihia. Even if wild cows do not always have twin calves they evidently breed well, for it was not only north of the Waikato that wild cattle were prevalent, but right down the West Coast as far as the Mokau River. They were now re-inforced by war-time stock, mostly Herefords and a dun-coloured breed of cattle, as large as Holsteins, and with long, wide-spread horns. These cattle, which had no name so far as I could ever hear, were said to have been evolved in and brought from Australia, and in my youth were common enough and looked upon as good for both the dairy and the beef market. The Herefords, as I remember them, were of a small, weedy type, with the white face characteristic of their tribe, but of a reddish yellow colour instead of a dark red. Neither cattle nor sheep breeding had advanced very far at that time, at any rate in Auckland Province, though a few enterprising farmers in Auckland suburbs had begun to import pedigree stock which were soon to have their effect.

With fences broken down, with gardens gone wild, with young orchards ravaged by cattle, and in some cases with their houses burned, it needed a good deal of courage on the part of the settlers to pick up the threads, and begin all over again. To their credit, however, most of them faced the situation with sturdy courage and self-reliance, though a few, probably men who had failed to make good before, abandoned their holdings, and sought other occupations.

It was not only the farmers who suffered. The missionaries suffered from heart-break to an equal or even greater extent. For more than a quarter of a century they had laboured at their stations, and their minds were completely wrapped up in them; but, at a stroke, all their work was undone by the war. Morgan, as we have seen, desired to return to Te Awamutu, but was dissuaded, and did not live very long thereafter. Ashwell did not return to Taupiri,—it was useless he considered, to try and build up again. Maunsell alone made another attempt to re-organise his district. With his wife and family he went back to Te Kohanga, and hung

on there for some months, but to get things back to their old state was impossible, and after a while he left for Auckland and settled down as a vicar of St. Mary's, Parnell, and Archdeacon of South Auckland.

And not very long after, settlement of the confiscated lands was undertaken by the Government in a wholesale manner. The Waikato lands were chiefly handed over to military settlers, while the native lands north of the Mangatawhiri were held for a very different type of settler, but also a very useful one, though the unimaginative official mind appears to have had very little consideration for him. A good deal will be heard of him a little later on, but we must get the beginnings of the Waikato and Waipa settlements off the waiting list first.

CHAPTER II

SETTLING THE WAIKATO

SOLDIERS TURN FARMERS—"THE FATHER OF ALL THE PAKEHAS"—OUTPOST GARRISONS ESTABLISHED — COMMUNICATION WITH AUCKLAND IMPROVED.

AFTER the fall of Orakau Pa the war was practically over except for some further fighting at Tauranga. As has been mentioned before practically all the land between the Waikato and Waipa rivers and on the east of the Waikato was confiscated, and the Government was determined to retain possession, and to fill it up with a type of settler able to hold it in case of attack. To keep a standing army indefinitely on the frontier was as far beyond the country's means as it was foreign to the self-reliant spirit then dominant. And very little time was lost in making a beginning.

In the first place there were the four regiments of the Waikato Militia, to which men had been attracted by the promise of a free grant of land when the war was over. In addition there were among the regular soldiers many who had served the full twenty-one years they had enlisted for, and wished to take their discharges and settle here. So there was no lack of first-class defenders of the territory, even if many of them had but little idea how to set about farming it successfully. Fighting had scarcely ceased before the surveyors were busy laying off townships and small farms, and it was only a very short time before a large number of these were occupied.

The Gate Pa at Tauranga was only taken on April 30th, 1864, and before the end of the following month three hundred military settlers arrived to settle the district round the little town. These were mostly members of the 1st Waikato Militia, but a few regulars were among them. Things turned out quite well with them, I understand, but as they were out of our district I need not follow up their fortunes. But there is one story connected with the period so good that it deserves to be re-told, even if some people recognise it as a "chestnut."

The Tauranga natives had behaved so badly that after the war was over they were for a long time forbidden to come into the town. At length the ban was lifted and on the appointed day they flocked in. A mile or two outside the town lived a retired military officer who had a monkey which was commonly tethered by a

long chain near the garden gate. One elderly Maori, seeing it for the first time, was completely fascinated, and sat down all day watching it. After his return a white man who knew him said—"Well, Hone, and what did you see when you went to Tauranga?" "Oh," said Hone, "I saw a very, very old Pakeha; the father of all the Pakehas."

In the Waikato basin, especially at its southern end, settlement was also pushed on as rapidly as could be managed. All the eligible men of the 4th Waikatos were settled in at Kiri-kiriroa, now East Hamilton, and at Hamilton proper, on the west side of the Waikato. There used to be controversy as to whether the town got its name from Colonel Hamilton, or from Captain Hamilton, the gallant commander of the corvette Esk, who lost his life at Gate Pa, but it is now generally admitted that it was the military man who was connected with the place, and not the naval hero who had never seen it, whose name is commemorated in the Queen City of the Waikato.

At Alexandra, a place that long ago changed its name to Pirongia, was the resting-place of the 2nd Waikatos, while the 3rd were sent to Cambridge. But there were still many soldiers and volunteers willing to go on the land, and small settlements were formed at Kihikihi and Harapepe.

The Government was liberal enough in the way of land grants to the new settlers. Each private was given fifty acres of farm land and a town section, and officers had larger grants, according to their rank. No actual military service was imposed upon the men, but it was an understood thing that they would be expected to turn out and defend their homes should need arise; and indeed with men of their stamp it was a foregone certainty that they would.

But even with all these trained men at hand, and ready to muster in response to any emergency call, it was not thought safe to withdraw the troops till permanent garrisons had been established at what were considered the chief danger points. Jackson's Forest Rangers, and the second company of the same corps, which Von Tempsky had commanded, had been in the thick of everything since the first shot of the war was fired, and chiefly from their ranks the Defence Force was at first recruited. Its original name did not live very long, but was changed to Armed Constabulary, under which cognomen they for a generation did yeoman service on outpost work in many parts of the North Island. Half police, and half soldiers, they were in the forefront wherever there

was trouble with the natives, and when things were quiet they performed the useful task of making roads.*

At Pirongia, on the western end of the southern boundary of the white man's territory, and at Karapiro, the eastern extremity of the line, garrisons of these men were stationed. The name of Karapiro was changed to Cambridge, from some imagined likeness of the Waikato there to the river Cam, and a redoubt was built there, of which, I am told, no vestiges remain. At Pirongia, on the other hand, the earthworks of the redoubt are still plainly showing, and the English Church occupies their very centre.

But not by any means all of the Forest Rangers desired to remain on garrison duty. A good many of them determined to try life on the land, among them their commander, Major William Jackson, who had been farming at Papakura before the war began. He accepted a grant of land in the vicinity of Te Awamutu, and many men of his own first company were dotted around him at Rangioawhia, Te Rahau and their neighbourhoods, while the men of the second company went out to Harapepe, close under Pirongia Mountain. Major Jackson remained on his farm for many years, and did a good deal in pushing forward the district, but was unfortunately lost at sea while voyaging to visit America.

Naturally enough, no doubt, the new settlements were the pets of the Government, and much was done for them that the people of other settlements had to do for themselves. It was of vital importance that they should be contented and prosperous since so much depended on their welfare and stability. Consequently road-making and bridge-building were actively pushed along, and every effort was made to improve the conditions of transport between the Waikato and Auckland. By the middle of July, 1864, a steamer service was inaugurated between Onehunga

* The story used to be told that when the Tauranga contingent of the Armed Constabulary was making the road from that place to Taupo in the middle seventies, one of the men found that the life in camp and the steady work did not appeal to him so much as the comfortable barracks at Tauranga. Accordingly, when the young surgeon to the force, who happened to be my brother-in-law, made his usual inspection of the camp, Private Casey paraded "sick." "Well, Casey," said the doctor, "what is the matter with you?" "That is for you to say, sorr, not me," was Casey's somewhat shrewd retort. "Well," said the doctor, biting his lip to repress a smile at the way he had been countered, "what are your symptoms? Is your appetite all right?" "Yes, sorr." "And do you sleep well?" "Yes, sorr." "Well, tell me if you can what your symptoms are." "Well, doctor," was Casey's reply, "I eats well, and I drinks well, and I sleeps well; but when I sees a job of work in front of me I gets all of a tremble."

and the Waikato, and a little craft, named if my memory is not at fault, the Blue Nose, regularly braved the Manukau and Waikato bars. An old sea-faring man I knew in my youth was for a while a member of her crew, and used to tell me that the most uncomfortable times he had experienced in a life at sea was to frequently have to lie outside the Manukau bar till the weather moderated sufficiently to permit them to attempt the passage. The recent terrible wreck of the warship Orpheus would no doubt be very present in their recollections at such times.

Very soon a regular coach service was running daily to Te Awamutu and back, owned by one Quick, an excellent name for the proprietor of such a service. Fares were high, and the journey was a tedious one, but it was a great advance on the original run to Havelock and then on by boat. The Waikato district was rapidly coming in to the foreground, and settlers from the South Island, attracted by what they heard of the climate and the easily worked land began to turn their eyes in its direction. But in the meantime we will turn our eyes in the direction of Manukau and Franklin again, and see what was going on there.

CHAPTER III.

THE OLDER DISTRICTS

THE GREAT IMMIGRATION RUSH—PITY IT COULD NOT HAVE BEEN KEPT UP — SMALL-EYED OFFICIALS — TRIALS OF IMMIGRANTS — IRREGULAR ARRIVALS—THE "CAPE PIGEONS"—FUNGUS AS AN AID TO INCOME.

AND now we had better turn back to the old settled districts, where the authorities were as busy filling up the empty spaces as they were in Waikato. The Government of the day was perfectly aware of one great principle of colonisation which later Governments never appear to have been able to grasp—that the best way to hold your country against enemies is to fill it up with your own people. Had that policy been carried on as it was in the fifteen years between 1865 and 1880 we would have had a population of from eight to ten millions, and have been in a position to assist the Empire in time of need instead of being a responsibility and actually a source of danger to the Motherland. And there would have been no need to injure, and perhaps destroy, our one great essential industry to establish manufactures, for these would have come in natural sequence to the increase of population as consumers grew numerous enough to support them.

In the Home-land the Government had agents selecting and engaging families willing to come here and settle. In some cases free passages were granted, in others greatly reduced rates were charged. I have used the word selecting in regard to these people, but there seems little doubt that the only qualifications that were necessary were comparative youth and sound physical condition. But whatever the necessary qualifications were the colony had no need to be ashamed of her new settlers. There were very few of them who did not possess enough energy, industry and quiet courage to pull them through years of trial such as the people of to-day can scarcely conceive.

One of these trials might easily have been obviated had the official mind had a little more imagination, and the official methods a little more elasticity. In a country where there was plenty of good land available wretched areas of from five to ten acres, sometimes coupled with a quarter or half-acre town section, was considered to be enough to settle these people on. At the time, even on the finest quality of land, a livelihood could not be obtained from so small a plot, and a certain amount of stagnation

was inevitable even when it did not amount to absolute privation, as in many cases it did. The older settlers, with much larger holdings, were very good in the way they tried to help by giving employment, but by this time the means of many of them were exhausted, partly by expenditure upon their own farms which had not yet begun to make a return, but in great measure by the ravages of the war which had just been ended. Still, they found what work they could for the newcomers, and this work, often completely unremunerative to the employers, without question saved many of the communities of small holders from extinction. The Provincial Government, always only just able to keep off the rocks financially, did what it could to help by setting the men to work at road-making and bridge-building*, and the General Government gave a limited amount of direct assistance to those in actual need; but these devices were only temporary alleviations, not a permanent cure. It was not till gold was discovered at Hauraki (Thames) in the late sixties, and there was employment at good wages for every man who chose to go there, that the clouds of depression really began to lift.

From the end of 1864 ship after ship arrived, crowded with men, women and children who dared to attempt to seek fortune, or at any rate a subsistence, in a new land. Round the half-moon inlet at the foot of Parnell, then known as Mechanic's Bay, but now reclaimed, scores of raupo shelters were erected, and here the new arrivals had to stay till they could be sent up-country to their intended homes. Very often there was a delay which led to over-crowding and discomfort, and it was customary loudly to accuse the authorities of mis-management. But the difficulties that had to be faced were manifold, not the least of them being the irregularity with which the ships arrived. One vessel might leave two or more months later than its predecessor and yet reach Auckland first. Three months was considered a quick voyage, but periods of five, six and even seven months at sea were by no means unknown. Consequently those in charge never knew when to expect immigrants, and frequently two or three lots

* The old wooden bridge in the illustration "Ancient—and Modern" was built by the Patumahoe settlers in 1865. When they were sent up the Tahiki creek their sections were not ready for them to go on to, so they remained at the head of the creek in tents and the old blockhouse and a couple of shacks at the Lower Mauku Redoubt close by. There were three competent carpenters among them, and the unskilled did the labourers' work. Puriri piles were cut in the bush on the hills to the south-west, and the kauri used is said to have come from the Huia. Of such fine quality were both timbers that many of them are still doing service after almost seventy-five years.

might arrive almost simultaneously, and congestion become inevitable.

Descendants of these people will remember the once familiar names of the ships that brought them—the Ganges, the Dauntless, the Viola—one could spin out the list until it was as long as Homer's famous "Catalogue of the Ships," which took the Greeks across the Ægean Sea to besiege Troy—the Motoaka, the Bombay, the Ida Zeigler, swift and beautiful as Atalanta, but none too comfortable, the Armstrong, the Ganges, the Louisa; all these, and many more, brought their complement to Manukau and Franklin.

And thus the country-side gradually filled up. The Viola brought passengers who were settled down at Clevedon and at Keri-Keri, where Captain Ring and his company of the 18th, the Royal Irish, had so long stayed to keep an eye to the safety of Wairoa South and Papakura. The Bombay gave its name to the settlement at the foot of Pukewhau, on the Great South Road, where the settlers not only had the benefit of excellent land and a good road, but, they used facetiously to say, a lovely view to look at when they had nothing to eat. To Ararimu, high up in the hills, and far back in the bush, went another band, and faced it out courageously to ultimate success.

At Tuakau, Pukekohe, Puni, Patumahoe and more than half-a-dozen places on the Awhitu Peninsula community settlements were formed, with greater or less success. In the west of Franklin at Maioro, Wiriwiri, Waipipi, Kohe-Kohe and Pollok further settlements were formed. In most of these latter places they had the benefit of having quite a number of fairly well-to-do large landholders, who could give them a certain amount of employment.

At Pollok an interesting experiment was tried. The settlers there were passengers by the Ganges in 1864, and were all Presbyterian Scots. They formed themselves into an association, and determined that none other than Presbyterians should inhabit the land. No one was to be allowed to sell his land to a heretic, but only to one able to subscribe to the religious principles of the Kirk. Naturally so close a co-operation could not long exist, especially as there were still Crown lands for sale in the district, and the unco guid very soon had to rub shoulders with dissipated Methodists and unenlightened members of the Anglican Church.

It was not only Great Britain and Ireland which provided us with this welcome addition to our population. At the Cape of Good Hope were many English and Scots who had come there a few years previously, and failed to make good. These people were anxious to get away and have another gamble with Fate in a

land they believed would offer them better opportunities. The British Government sent several hundred of them to Auckland, and the Cape Pigeons, as they were called after the tame and friendly little sea-birds of the name, otherwise known as Mother Carey's Chickens, were soon installed in their New Zealand homes. Among them were a sprinkling of South Germans, Hanovarians and Saxons, who had left the Fatherland, before the mass of the population had been Prussianised and turned into the objectionable people they now are. These Germans made excellent settlers, industrious and frugal, and many of their descendants are with us still. The Cape Pigeons were given land at Pukekohe, where the Cape Settlement, a mile or two north of the present town, serves by its name to remind us of them. At Puni, Patumahoe, Kariotahi and Waipipi others settled down. It is pleasant to be able to record that very few of them failed to make good in their second attempt at colony-building.

And what about the women, who must really have felt the discomfort and privations more even than the men? After the long and tiresome confinement in the steerage of a ship they were herded into almost equally crowded raupo whares when they got to land, sometimes for months before they reached their ultimate destinations. There they went into similar shacks as a rule, but sometimes even worse. For the framework of these whares was made of saplings cut in the bush, and in some settlements there was no bush. In one or two districts they burrowed into a hill and put some kind of a front on their cave. Elsewhere they built houses of sods. Too often the first step in promotion, into a slab shed, was years away, and the much-hoped-for weather-boarded cottage seemed as if it would never come. Another advantage the women in the wooded areas had was that they could earn a little money by collecting the edible fungus so dear to the Chinese. This grew on some of the soft woods about two years after felling, the mahoe, or white wood, being its most prolific habitat, and the tawa coming next. One bright old dame who had brought up a family of eight most respectably told me she had bought practically all their clothes from the proceeds of fungus, and much later another woman bought herself a treadle sewing-machine as the result of one winter's fungus gathering.

CHAPTER IV.

SETTLING DOWN TO WORK

POVERTY OF THE NEW ARRIVALS—HOW TO LOSE A FEE, AND WHAT TO BOIL A PUDDING IN—GOLD DISCOVERY AT THAMES—REVIVAL OF VOLUNTEERS—VOGEL'S PUBLIC WORKS POLICY—THE COCKSFOOT HARVEST.

As the war-period got left further and further behind matters generally began to settle down, and farmers and workers to get gradually into their stride again. But the north was still far from prosperous. Fortune seemed to smile on the South Island alone, where, not only was there no native problem, but alluvial gold-fields where any unemployed man could earn a good living, had been open for years. Yet, even when the economic balance swung apparently permanently towards the south, the climate of the Auckland district began to attract settlers with money across Cook's Strait, while not a few from the north who had their fortunes still to seek sought them on the southern gold-fields.

In the bush districts, Manukau and Franklin, much work was being done. Permanent post and rail fences replaced the old "dog legs" where danger of wholesale destruction by fire was over; large areas of virgin forest were felled and grassed; the flax industry turned from a hand process to a machinery one, the export of timber to Australia and elsewhere was largely increased. But in spite of all this there was quite a lot of poverty among the more recent arrivals. In fact, had it not been for the native game and pheasants, and the wild pigs and turkeys, which seemed to multiply faster than they could be consumed, some of the settlements must have been starved out of existence.

Arising out of this state of things were two anecdotes in each of which the same person was the chief actor. In one settlement, where the inhabitants are said to have come to such straits as actually to dig up the potato sets they had planted, to stave off present hunger, the Government was distributing meagre relief. A minister was in the habit of visiting the place periodically, and the people who entertained him made some special effort, killed a fowl, or perhaps a turkey, and maybe Mother even took off one of her stockings to boil a roly-poly in, an experience said to have actually befallen a clergyman of another denomination. Anyway, the visitor

reported to the authorities that the standard of living was high, and relief ceased till explanations were made.

And now for number two, a much more satisfactory story. A year or two later the same minister came back to read the marriage service over the daughter of a German settler. At its close Hans strutted up with one hand thrust in his trouser's pocket, and asked "Vot's to pay?" Instead of answering "Vot you please," the minister said, "It is optional"; and Hans, blushing deeply, turned away. It transpired later that he understood the minister to say "It is objectionable"; "And so," as the delightful clown in Twelfth Night says, "the whirligig of Time brings in its revenges."

But the darkest hour is just before the dawn. In the early spring of 1867 the Thames gold-field was opened, and both work and money became plentiful almost at once. Good wages were available for any able-bodied man who chose to accept them, or if he had the gambling spirit he could become a digger and try his fortune, as many did, with very verying degrees of success. And half the population bought and sold shares, and wallowed in fabulous wealth one day and abject poverty the next. But some made fortunes easily and spent them just as easily, so the times rapidly got better for all. Quite a number of the immigrants never returned to their holdings, but others did, some with money enough to buy up abandoned sections and become farmers instead of allotment holders. It was said, and probably not without truth, that every sovereign's worth of gold that came from the Thames cost twenty-five to thirty shillings to get, yet in the aggregate a huge amount of money was distributed, and that was all to the general good.

Shortly after the war was over the numerous companies of rifle volunteers had been disbanded, but the attitude of the King Country natives began to infect the public mind with uneasiness, and there was a general demand for their re-establishment. Manukau and Franklin were grouped together to form a military district, and at Wairoa South, Drury, Pukekohe, Tuakau, Mauku, Waiuku and Waipipi, rifle companies were enlisted, and at Waiuku a troop of cavalry was formed, the whole district being put under the command of Major D. H. Lusk, a Mauku farmer who, as commanding officer of the Forest Rifles, had acquired a good deal of experience during the war. Stiffened as they were by many discharged soldiers, they rapidly became quite competent amateur soldiers. In the Waikato three troops of yeomanry cavalry were formed, consisting of the young farmers of the district, and, well mounted as they were, the Hamilton,

Cambridge and Te Awamutu troops formed a squadron that looked quite imposing, and would probably have given an excellent account of itself had the opportunity arisen.

And indeed it looked very much as if their services would be required, for on the 10th November, 1868, Te Kooti and his band, who had escaped from the Chatham Islands the previous July, committed the terrible massacre at Poverty Bay in which thirty-two Europeans lost their lives. The King Country natives were greatly excited, and it looked as if war might break out again, but they managed to control themselves, and for two years the Armed Constabulary, the East Coast volunteers and bands of friendly natives chased Te Kooti from one stronghold to another without being able to get him to stand at bay. Ultimately he was formally forgiven. In may interest those who do not already know, that Te Kooti (the court) was only a nickname given to him because he was the first person tried in the new courthouse at Turanga (Gisborne). His real name was Rikirangi.

With the close of the sixties came Mr. Julius Vogel's scheme for borrowing a few millions for the construction of railways and other public works. He held meetings to discuss the subject at the chief towns, and was in all places strongly opposed, but he persevered, and ultimately got his way. Shortly after 1870 the first section of the Waikato railway was put in hand, and a contract was let for the twenty-two miles to Drury for £70,000, a sum enough to pay for the odd two miles to-day. When, four or five years later, it ultimately reached Mercer it had only cost £165,000. The battle of the route raged hotly, for a large number of people thought the Orakei side should be taken to avoid the big climb of over two hundred feet in the first three miles, but the existence of the tunnel which had been made for the projected Onehunga railway was the factor which carried the day. The construction of the railway meant a good deal for Pukekohe and its neighbourhood, for a demand set in for puriri sleepers, and, a little later, for puriri logs to be sawn into timber for the construction of bridges, carriages and trucks.

About this time a new rural industry was born in Franklin. It was found that the bush clearings for the first few years after sowing yielded excellent crops of cocksfoot seed, and the first half of January became a very busy time indeed. Men, women and children turned out to gather in as much as possible during its short season, and worked from dawn till dark under a blazing mid-summer sun. A little later came the threshing, even more arduous toil, and the man who swung a flail for twelve hours on end had not much superfluous energy left when evening

came. But the sale of the seed made a very welcome addition to the straitened income of the small farmer of the period. And thus the seventies set in with a much brighter outlook than the sixties.

CHAPTER V.

RAGLAN COUNTY AWAKES

SOUTH AUCKLAND'S EARLIEST SETTLEMENT—THE "TUPARA"—SHIP-WRECKS AND A MURDER—TE RAUPARAHA'S BAIT—RAGLAN'S FIRST MAGISTRATE AND DOCTOR—MRS. SPEEDY'S VISIT IN 1857.

AND now it is quite time to have a look at events in Raglan County. That part of the world, though the first settlement south of Auckland took place there, from its position across a big river suffered from arrested development, and its real progress, though rapid when once commenced, was delayed till the opening up of the other counties was well in hand.

The earliest settler I can find any trace of was Captain Kent, who in the year 1828 had his vessel wrecked at Kawhia, and went up to Whaingaroa Harbour and commenced trading with the natives. By 1832 there appear to have been four more white men trading at Raglan, and these were joined by a fifth whose only name appears to have been Paddy. Paddy seems to have been an atrocious scamp, for not only did he rob the other pakehas, but stole the goods of a native who had befriended him. Fearing the consequences he fled to Port Waikato, and there fell in with a raiding party of Ngapuhis from the far north, who killed him and cooked him and would have eaten him, only he proved to be too *salt* for their palates.

I am indebted for the above information to a few scrappy reminiscences of a man who settled at Port Waikato in 1830. I knew him quite intimately in his old age, and have heard him relate many of the stories he seems to have written in the sixties, but some of his narratives did not quite coincide with the earlier tales—however, that appears inseparable from old age. He used always to say he came to Port Waikato in 1829, and always maintained he was the first white man there, but in his written notes he speaks of a Captain Payne* having been there when he came. He specially demands that his own name shall not be published and his wish must be respected, though no doubt a good many people will have a fairly good idea as to his identity. Many of the

* He mentions no real names in his recollections. Payne was perhaps Kent. Though he speaks of him as having been at Port Waikato when he came he may have been there only temporarily.

scraps he gives us are of so much interest that it is to be regretted he did not leave behind him a clear and succinct story of his first dozen years in the country.

To show the hardihood of the early pioneers and how little they spared themselves fatigue and discomfort, one little anecdote he tells is worth repeating. In 1832 he had a white man as a visitor who had a double-barrelled gun, which greatly impressed the natives, who were familiar with the Tower muskets only. A sub-chief borrowed this to show his people, and the next thing they heard was that he had gone to Hauraki to visit a chief there, taking the gun with him. Knowing his generosity, and feeling sure he would make a present of the "tupara" to his friend, they set out in pursuit. They went up the Awaroa stream to Waiuku, thence across to the Manukau at Karaka, where some Maoris who were fishing in canoes took them across the water to Pukaki. Thence they followed the trail down the bank of the Tamaki, and got taken across to Hauraki in a canoe. There they found their friend and were fortunate enough to retrieve the gun. After a couple of days' rest the natives offered to take them across to Whakatiwai, but so strong a wind arose they had to be landed somewhere between the mouths of the Waihou and Piako. They tramped on hoping to reach the house of a Mr. Jones, who was a resident trader for Jones and Walker of Sydney, but got lost in the darkness and finally gave it up and lay down till daylight. When dawn arrived they found themselves close to Mr. Jones' comfortable home. Here they were treated with every kindness and remained several days to recuperate. Then they walked across to the Mangatawhiri, obtained a canoe, and twelve hours paddling took them to Port Waikato. Jones' house appears to have been in the vicinity of what is now known as Miranda.

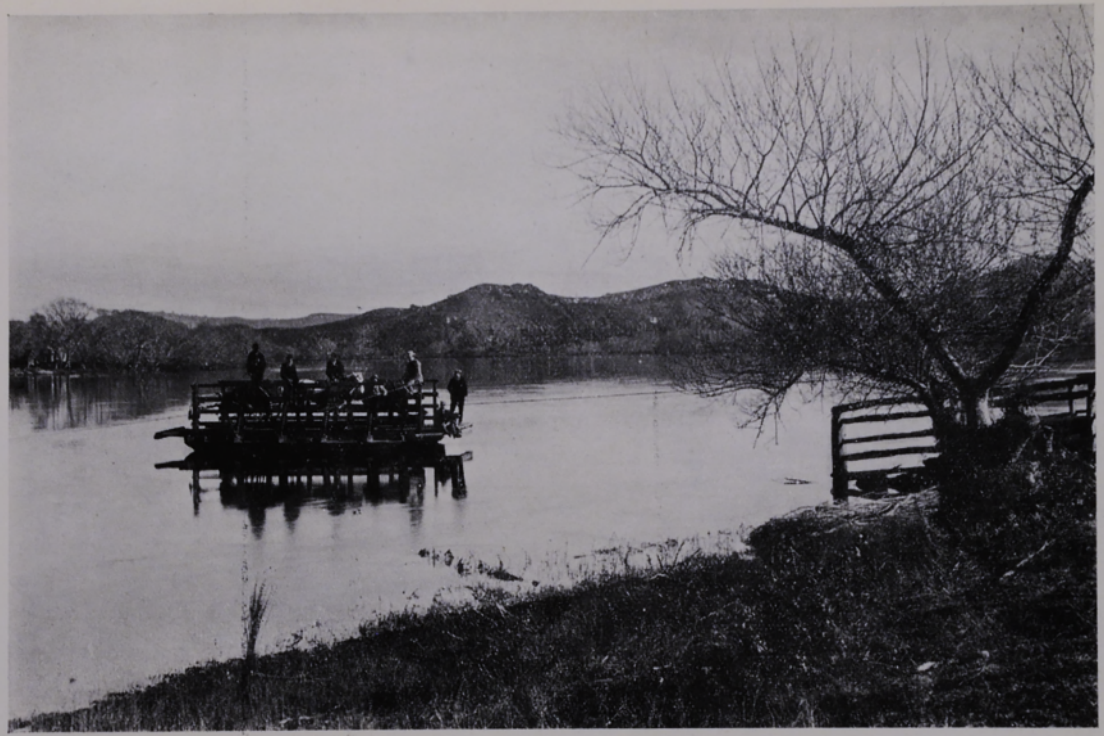
Vessels in those days seem to have called quite frequently at Kawhia, Whaingaroa and Port Waikato to collect the flax the natives so diligently scraped. Two brigs of about 90 tons each went ashore on the north head of the Waikato and became total wrecks, and another was stranded there, but was lightened of her cargo and got off a few days later on the peak of an extra high tide. At Whaingaroa a schooner was plundered and then burned by the natives.

At Onewhero at this time lived a mysterious person known only as Mr. W.——, who had with him a man named Cooper* and

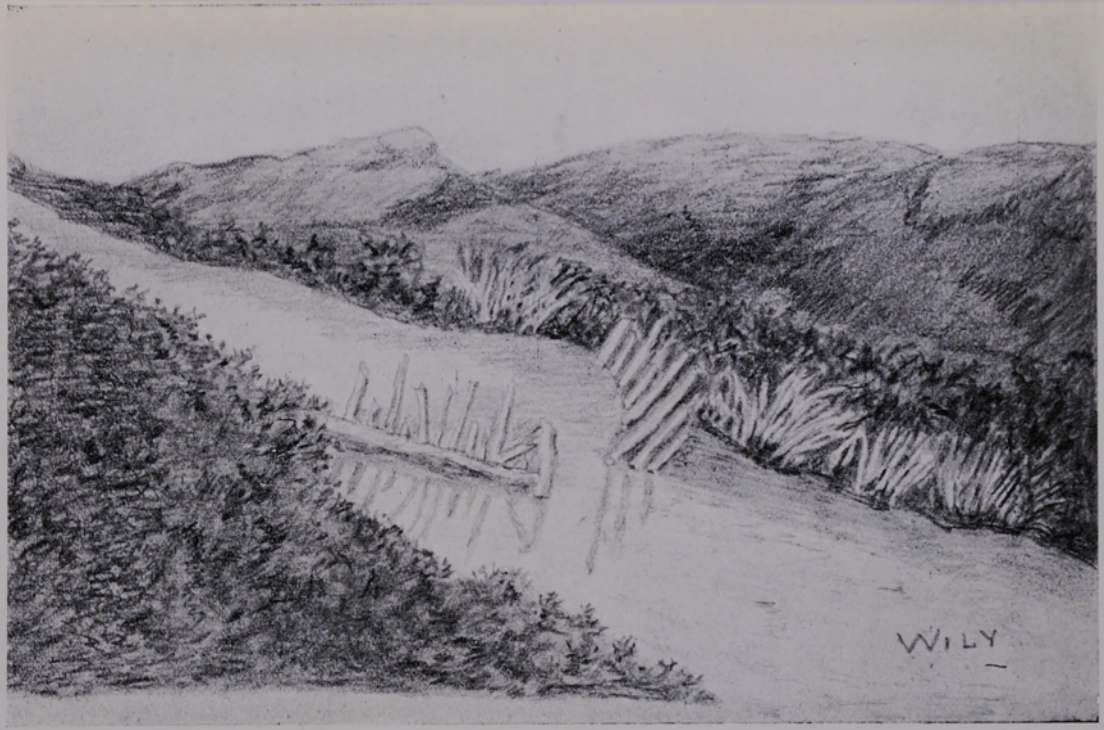
* Cooper, the narrative explains, was not his name but merely that of his trade.

The Old Mission House at Te Awamutu

Pulled down by the Borough Council to the great annoyance of the early settlers. The window-frames were ingeniously made of hoops from rum-casks.



Ferry Punt, for Carrying Stock Across Rivers
This one of the few remaining, is still in use at Mercer.



An Eel-Weir
Numerous on the smaller streams sixty years ago.

Major James Speedy, South Auckland's First Magistrate, With Some of His Native Neighbours at Patumahoe.
He settled at Mauku in 1854, and died there in 1868.

a half-caste Australian lad named Billy. A raiding party of Ngapuhis made a descent on Onewhero and captured them. Apparently Mr. W.—— was not killed, for a few years after we learn of his return to Waikato.

The murder of one white man by another at Raglan is also narrated. Two men, Charlie —— and George Clure lived together at Whaingaroa, and one day Clure, without provocation the natives declared, shot Charlie with a pistol, and then dispatched him by jumping on him. For a while he escaped with impunity, there being no law in the country, but later, having owned up was taken to Sydney in the brig "Lord Byron" and tried for murder upon his own confession. He then changed his tune, and swore he had not killed his mate, but had said so to get a passage to Sydney, and, there being no further evidence, he had to be liberated, but was drowned at sea very soon afterwards.

Up to about 1840 the Waikato natives appear to have indulged in continual inter-tribal fights. When they were not repelling raids by the Ngapuhis, of which it appears there were three major and several minor ones, they were fighting among themselves. The arrival of the missionaries from 1835 onwards appears to have to a great extent improved matters, though the disturbances by no means entirely ceased. The impressionable Maoris were greatly taken with the new religion and the avenues of learning open to them. The progress of the missionaries on the lower part of the river has been so fully treated in the recently published life of Robert Maunsell, that there is no need to go into it again here, though there will be a little later occasion to say something about the missions on the upper Waipa and at Raglan, both those of the English and Wesleyan Churches.

The little town of Raglan grew steadily, if slowly. Apparently right up the West Coast from there and up the left bank of the Waikato to Taupiri the natives were on excellent terms with their few white neighbours, both traders and missionaries, and this feeling continued, with a few exceptions, right through the war period. Most of the chiefs signed the Treaty of Waitangi though a few of them refused to do so. The white population between Lake Whangape and Port Waikato grew until by the mid-sixties it must have amounted to a hundred souls, but, owing to the absence of a bridge over the river, they were greatly isolated.

Story has it that at some time in the late twenties or the early thirties of last century that blood-thirsty scoundrel, Te Rauparaha, made a sudden descent on Raglan and stormed the

Maori pa just across the south-west arm of Whaingaroa Harbour, and killed a great number of the inhabitants. The next day he got up a fishing party, taking with him five enemy babies for bait, which he cut from them while they were still alive. His wife, who was present, took a fancy to one of them and hid it under her mat, and later on was allowed to bring the child up. He lived to be a very old man.

The natives round Raglan Harbour, not merely at the pa attacked by Rauparaha, which was afterwards re-occupied by what were left of the owners, but at Te Akau on the northern side of the Harbour, were as a rule friendly to the whites, and most of them came under the influence of the missionaries, whose work first began there as early as 1835.

The little cemetery at Raglan, bleakly situated on a ridge swept by the south-west wind that blows across an inlet of the harbour, is a disappointment, as too many of our early cemeteries are. "God's acre" our Anglo-Saxon ancestors called them, but we seem to have lost the reverence for the departed which inspired so charming a name. The older graves are unmarked by headstones, the earliest tomb-stone bearing the date 1868. Here lies young Wallis, the son of the first local missionary, and also, no doubt, many of the earliest settlers, but no one seems to know very much about them.

In 1852 Dr. Walter Harsant, a recent arrival, was, in pursuance of the Government's policy, sent to Raglan as magistrate and medico to the natives. He and his young family travelled up the rivers to Te Awamutu, and then set out on the old Maori trail through the bush to Raglan, about fifteen natives from Mr. Morgan's mission acting as carriers. Here Dr. Harsant lived for some thirty years, and after his retirement he lived in Onehunga till his death at a ripe old age, and used to tell remarkably interesting stories of his Raglan days, which I wish I could remember well enough to repeat.

Forty-eight years lapsed between my first and second visit to Raglan. I first rode down from Port Waikato with Mr. Matthias, the manager of the cattle run which then stretched from river to harbour, and a heavy day's ride it was. Most of the hills were steep as houseroofs, and one, in particular was steep as a church roof. It is not a little singular that in this country in our architecture we abandoned the angle at which snow would not lie as being the proper pitch for our houses, but retained it in our churches.

On my second visit to Raglan a few months ago, I was delighted not only with the looks of the place, but with the

general friendliness of the people. If there is any seaside resort in the island to equal it I can only think of Mercury Bay. Only one of the buildings now remaining, a chemist's shop, was standing when I first went there.

Mrs. Sarah Speedy, wife of Major Speedy, Franklin's first magistrate, in her journal, which I published a few years ago, gives an interesting account of a visit made to Raglan in 1857 to visit her eldest daughter, wife of a well known early resident, Captain Johnstone, taking her second daughter with her. At that time a journey to Raglan was quite an expedition even for a man—for a couple of unescorted women it was of the nature of a perilous adventure. Riding to Port Waikato their horses were swum across the river. They spent three nights in Maori whares each way, Wiremu Tamehana (not the King-maker) a Te Akau chief, taking care they were made as comfortable as possible. A few weeks later he and a dozen retainers paid a return visit to Major Speedy, staying several days. When he departed Wiremu was still friendly, but had a grievance—Major and Mrs. Speedy had not vacated their bedroom for him to sleep in. "I turned out of my whare," he told Speedy, "for your women to sleep in. Why did you not do the same?"

CHAPTER VI.

RAGLAN MAKES UP FOR LOST TIME

LARGE AREAS FELLED AND GRASSED—SHEEP THE FAVOURED STOCK—ONEWHERO SPECIAL SETTLEMENT—THE ROMANCE OF THE FOREST—HOME OF COUNTLESS BIRDS.

RAGLAN County only began to develop in earnest about the time I propose to leave the other four counties because their pioneering days were over, but its awakening, though belated, was not one whit less interesting than theirs, so some at least of the story shall be told. I pass over the days of the war, only mentioning that the women and children were sent up to Auckland for safety, and the men of Raglan town fortified the court-house and held on. They felt pretty safe with the local chief, Wiremu Awatiroa and the Te Akau chief Tamehana, on their side. The former died on April 27th, 1866, and a fine monument stands in the town commemorating his services to the white men.

In the eighties development began seriously. The forest land was taken up in fair-sized blocks, and the bush began to fall in great swathes, even in the almost perpendicular country where it should never have been touched. Every February the prevailing south-west wind brought palls of smoke day by day across the country that had done its share of that sort of thing decades before, and whose people consequently could not understand why other folk should be allowed to make themselves unpleasant. In a very few years half the bush of Raglan had gone. The big Te Akau run also, the term of its lease expired, had been mostly bought up by Government, and closer settlement was running right out to the sea-shore. And then it was not very long, somewhere about 1900, I think, before a bridge spanned the Waikato at Tuakau, doing away with the cumbrous ferry-punt. Raglan was rapidly getting into the picture.

Raglan is essentially a sheep country. There are, I suppose, more sheep there than in the other four counties combined. Exactly when they first were introduced it is difficult to say for certain, but it is probable that Dr. Robert Maunsell was the first flock-owner. There were cattle and horses at Whaingaroa in the thirties, and also at Port Waikato, and of course pigs, but the earliest sheep I know of were taken to Maraetai by Maunsell in the early forties. Canon Stack, who spent his youthful days with

Maunsell, says they lost all their wool in the scrub. Maunsell, on the other hand, in a report to the C.M.S. says he has shorn five cwt. of wool, and wants spinning-wheels so that the Maori girls can be taught to make yarn. It does not appear though as if this ambition was ever realised.

In the mid-eighties an interesting experiment in fostering small settlement was carried out in northern Raglan. Between Pukekawa and the remarkable old crater known as Kaipo (to eat in the dark*) was a fine block of excellent volcanic land, covered with heavy bush, in which large kohe-kohes predominated (a sign of good land) which was cut up and ballotted for in 1886 under the Ballance Homestead Act, probably the best and most liberal piece of land settlement legislation we have ever had. There were twenty-six one hundred acre farms in the first ballot, and nine more in the second. The terms were liberal, the price £1 per acre, and one-third of the annual payment of £10 per farm was spent on the roads. In most cases the successful applicants were young men from the Franklin side of the river, almost all of them with their industry and energy as their sole capital. Their progress was watched with interest. They worked hard on their sections during the winter months, sought employment elsewhere in summer-time, and gradually brought the wilderness into the high state of cultivation it is in now. So far as I can remember there was not a single failure to make good. And this was carried out under conditions nearly as arduous if not as dangerous as the Manukau and Franklin pioneers went through thirty or forty years before. The real Onewhero is an old volcanic cone miles to the west, but the name got tacked on to the new settlement in some fashion, and is likely to remain.

The pioneers of Raglan County were spared one great labour their forerunners in Manukau and Franklin had to undertake. Only on the few oldest homesteads were post and rail fences to be found. Fencing wire had become an article of common use by the time Raglan was broken in. Then came barbed wire, and both plain and barbed, were galvanised, which was a big forward step. A little implement was invented for clipping barbs on to the old black wire, but it was a tedious task, and though most farmers seem to have tried it few persevered very long with it.

One has only to look at a lithographed map of Raglan County to note at once one of its chief difficulties. The number of angles shown on the roads denotes plainly how difficult it has been to find reasonable grades for them. Probably twice the length of

*See p. 65.

roadway has been necessary as compared with equal areas in more level country, and this naturally has entailed heavy costs in road-making. That so many miles of good road have been made and kept in repair speaks well for the local authority.

From Huntly to the sea, and down the coast southerly, seams of brown coal, satisfactory enough for household use, but not too good as a steam coal, seem to underlie a great deal of the country. Their extent has not been satisfactorily proved even to-day, but that they cover a very large area is certain.

During the decade 1880-90 the Raglan forest held an irresistable attraction for me, which I indulged when possible. There was plenty of bush in west Franklin even then, but no one could travel in it for an hour without coming across somebody's clearing. But a day's journey into the Raglan bush left you with the knowledge that you had only got into the fringe of it, and could go on to the Mokau River and find it the same all the way. I had a bachelor friend living near Te Kohanga whose taste coincided with mine, and every autumn, when the mosquitos had gone, we made one or more excursions. A day's tramp in a general southerly direction, a night under a big leaning rata tree, and back on a different route was the usual programme. A long-barrelled, small-bore, Canadian rifle, a light bill-hook, two small billies and some of my friend's delightful scones—"bakstons" they were then called, cooked on a thick iron plate known as a "girdle" —and we set off at day-break in light marching order. We used to shoot a few pigeons about 2 p.m. for our evening meal, giving them time to get cool, and tramp on till dark, and then light a fire and stew our pigeons.

From the back of the old volcano Patumahoe, running about due south was a long line where the bush had been felled many years before, a couple of chains wide, and six or eight miles long, but it had never been burned, and was a tangled jungle of second growth. This was to mark an old tribal boundary we were told. In some places the bush was quite open and could have been ridden through; other parts were thickets we kept clear of. Here and there were old native cultivation clearings of varying age, some covered with only fern and manuka, in others reafforestation was going on at varying stages. Fern and manuka are real pioneers; the spores of the fern will travel on the wings of the wind, but manuka seed will not, and it is difficult to imagine birds eating it, and therefore hard to understand how it manages to take almost immediate possession of abandoned clearings.

Here and there were old trails, almost always following the ridges. On these, in places, were small circular pits; kiwi traps

we were told. The bush was then full of kiwis, for although we rarely saw one their lugubrious calls could be heard all round at night. One of the features of the bush in that locality was the fine rata trees, in some patches the dominant tree. Under them could be found that remarkable combination of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, the aweto, or hotete. The spore of a parasitical fungus manages to plant itself on the back of the head of a large variety of caterpillar, and when the host buries itself in the ground with the sure belief that it will emerge as a handsome moth the fungus begins to grow, fills all the unlucky caterpillar's body with woody fibre, and sends up a stalk very much like a rat's tail which has had its end dipped in treacle and then had dust sprinkled on it—the fungus spores.

One evening we camped near the mouth of a small limestone cave, and found it was full of glow-worms emitting a *green* light. These limestone rocks are full of fossil shells and fern fronds, and recently, high above sea-level I picked out two shells in perfect condition. I showed them to a friend who is as familiar with the different varieties of fossils as I am with the breeds of cattle and sheep, and he named them unhesitatingly—Crystellaria Haasti Stache and Epitorium Lyratum. I mention these simple names so that you will know what to call them if you happen to meet them.

The bush was full of wild cattle, which we heard, but seldom saw, for they evidently heard us or winded us first. There were pigs in plenty also, and nearer the coast wild goats, very shy and difficult to get a shot at. But the real glory of the woods was the birds, which were then to be numbered by the thousand. There were still plenty of birds in Franklin, though forty years of bush clearing and shooting had sadly diminished them, according to the tales of the pioneers, and to see them as they once used to be one had to cross the river. And the native birds are so delightful a topic to write about or read about that they deserve a chapter to themselves.

CHAPTER VII.

THE NATIVE BIRDS

THE IMPRESSIONS THEY MADE ON EARLY VOYAGERS—FOOD VALUE FOR NATIVES AND EARLY SETTLERS—HOW THE MAORIS CAPTURED THEM—A CLEVER THIEF—ACQUATIC BIRDS STILL NUMEROUS.

ONE of the things that most surprised and delighted Captain Cook and his crews when they came here was the morning chorus of our singing birds. Banks, the naturalist accompanying the second expedition, writes of them with rapture. He mentions that their number was certainly very great, and adds: "They seemed to strain their throats with emulation, and made, perhaps, the most melodious wild music I have ever heard, almost imitating small bells, but with the most tunable silver sound imaginable." He says they began about one or two in the morning, and kept up the concert till sunrise, after which they were silent all day. But they seem to have got out of these very early habits, because, as I remember them, their most thrilling songs were given about nine or ten in the morning, and toward sunset.

Possibly it will be as well to take the birds most used for food first into account, though I imagine no feathered thing came amiss to the natives. Duck, two kinds, were extremely plentiful nearly everywhere, and two kinds of teal, the black and the grey, could be heard mysteriously whispering after dark in all the small water-courses. Then came the beautiful white-breasted pigeon, with its bluish-greenish back glistening with metallic lustre, its charm still further enhanced by its red feet and legs. These birds were extremely numerous, and as there was then no close season for native game were actively pursued all the year round, though most decent people respected the nesting-time.

They are voracious feeders, and were more easy to come across at meal times, because of the whizzing noise their wings made as they flew from branch to branch. When they were completely gorged they liked to sit high up in the sun, meditating, and from time to time regurgitating and dropping the stones of the larger berries, and the practice then was to wait for the sound of the falling kernel and thus locate them. In April they lived on the Kahikatea fruit, in May the plump red berries of the miro were ripe, and later on they had the tarari and tawa and hinan. They were supposed to be best and fattest when feeding on the

miro, and it was then the native found them easiest to obtain. For the miro fruit appears to have given them acute thirst, and the crafty hunter used to place long shallow troughs of water at the foot of the trees, and, hiding in a rough shelter, pick them off with a sixteen foot spear, or noose them.

Another bird the natives got in large numbers were the gay red-breasted parrots, the ka-kas, the liveliest and noisiest, and I imagine, the happiest of all our feathered friends. They generally seemed too full of the joy of life to be able to control themselves even when on the wing. They also fed on berries, with an occasional sip of honey, but the meal they most loved they found under the bark of dead trees. Hanging on with one foot they would rip great sheets of bark off with their powerful bills and the unoccupied foot, and feast with gusto on the insects sheltering there, occasionally, by way of a change, digging a two inch cream-coloured hu-hu grub out of the rotten wood. A favourite native way of catching them was to have a captive one tied up, who would allure dozens of his tribe within range of the long spear by his raucous shrieks.

Another bird, then plentiful enough, but now extremely rare, was the kokako, or New Zealand crow, the northern variety, with slate-coloured plumage and two lappets of purple morocco under his chin. He preferred hopping about to flying, and displayed an astounding agility either on the ground or among the branches. The rich contralto notes of the kokako earned him the name of organ-bird, and in my opinion no tui could equal him in quality of tone, though the tui's songs were of far greater variety. And the tui, often called the parson-bird because of a couple of white feathers on his neck, was always in evidence then, sometimes in countless thousands when large beds of flax-flowers were at their best, or there was in any place a good crop of kahikahtea fruit.

I have never seen or heard a kiwi in Franklin, though I have been told I was only a few years too late. The wild pigs were probably the most active instruments of their extinction by eating their enormous eggs, but dogs no doubt also did their little bit. But there was another flightless bird, the weka, or wood-hen, which was plentiful enough, but disappeared with startling suddenness about forty years ago. The black teal became an absentee at the same time, and at least one very competent observer, Mr. Fitzgerald of Tirau, attributes their disappearance at the same time to their mutual interdependence, and apparently makes out a pretty strong case for his theory.

The weka was a most interesting bird as a subject of study. Absolutely immoral, and born without even the rudiments of a conscience, he was one of the most persistent and adroit thieves in existence, and was a strange mixture of caution and boldness, cunning and apparent honest simplicity, avid acquisitiveness and miserly hoarding habits. Any metallic object, in fact anything glittering, was an irresistible bait for him, and if he could get hold of it he would carry it off to his secret store in some hollow tree. I have heard of one who stole the spectacles from the nose of a sleeping man, and though in dragging them off he awakened the sleeper he got away with the plunder quicker than the rightful owner could follow. This is not my story, but another man's, so you can please yourself about accepting it. But this I do know, that I had a man working for me whose knives and spoons and forks, and even a Waterbury watch, kept disappearing though he kept his door locked. He blamed a perfectly respectable neighbour, and ultimately took himself off despite my assurances. And a few months after I found the missing articles in a hollow tree not twenty yards away. There was a small hole burned in the wooden chimney large enough to admit the feathered thief.

Of the owl family we had only one, the ru-ru, or more-pork. Some people affect to find the derivation of the name in mop-hawk, from a fancied resemblance the bird has to a feather duster when in flight; but he clearly asks for more pork as plainly as poor Oliver Twist did for more porridge. And of the parrot family, except that jolly bird the ka-ka—a fine talker, by the way—we only had the little green paroquet. Both these birds had the faculty of finding very safe nesting places. They sought a hollow tree, usualy the hinau, which had an opening near the top, and made their nests right down at the foot of the trunk. It was only when bush-felling, and then very rarely, that I ever discovered the nest of either. The little parroqueet was very popular as a cage bird, and would learn to talk, but not nearly so well as the ka-ka. The natives used to capture them in considerable numbers and offer them for sale at fifteen shillings or a pound, and a great many of the early settlers' homes had one or two of them. The ka-ka soon became domesticated and was allowed to roam loose, but was a mischievous pet, fond of ripping things to pieces with his strong beak, and quarrelling with the cats and dogs.

In the swamps one could find great coveys of pukekhos, resplendent in their red, white and blue uniforms. Not popular birds among the early settlers, for they did great damage to grain when in stook, and were the only New Zealand bird that I

know of which was a scratcher. And the bitterns, usually in pairs, boomed dismally, and every here and there a rail got up and flew off slowly and awkwardly—it would not have needed any great stretch of the imagination to call him a mop-hawk if one felt one *must* use the name. And in the reeds, though seldom showing himself, was a little brown bird with a cheerful little tune, which he always seemed to sing in an absent-minded way, as if his thoughts were intent on something else.

Some of the most interesting birds were rare. The sweet-voiced little bell-bird was never common, so far as my experience goes, in either Franklin or Raglan, though I am open to correction from anyone who knows better. And I do not think the huia, the saddle-back or the stitch-bird were ever seen here by white men. But the friendly fantails and grey warblers were very numerous, and in the darkest gullies one would meet the most friendly and confiding of them all, the black and white robin, known as "the bushman's friend." And of course the kingfisher, with his gaudy plumage and formidable bill was to be seen everywhere.

And now I would like to say something of our aquatic birds, both marine and fresh-water, but I do not know enough about them to do them justice. But this I do know that they alone among our feathered inhabitants have hearkened to the Biblical injunction to increase and multiply and replenish the face of the earth. Some day perhaps Mr. E. T. Frost will find the spirit move him to write a book and tell us what he has himself noted concerning the habits and life-history of our birds, and I trust it will be very soon because I want to read it before I go. And I hope he will say clearly and explicitly what he thinks of our so-called sportsmen who try so hard to exterminate our shags, essentialy eel-eaters, lest they should pick up an occasional trout: Quite apart from the wanton wickedness and cruelty is the idiocy of interfering with the balance of nature. We all know that disaster follows the destruction of the balance of trade by embargoes and prohibitions, yet that may possibly in time be put right again, but interference with the balance of nature is unfortunately only too often irreparable for ever.

CHAPTER VIII.

AWHITU PENINSULA

A GREAT PURIRI FOREST—CUT DOWN BEFORE THERE WAS A MARKET FOR THE TIMBER—SUPPLYING THE BEEF MARKET—SOIL EXHAUSTION—GETTING THE LAND IN HEART AGAIN.

BEFORE getting back to the Waikato basin and saying something of its further development there is one district that deserves a page or two to itself. This is the Awhitu Peninsula, running along the whole west of Franklin, and playing in its time a very important part in the development of Auckland.

Along most of the coast line runs a range of high bare sand-dunes, the restless material of which they are composed shifting continually under the influence of the winds. At the southern end they have buried many old homesteads and covered hundreds of acres of what was excellent farm-land seventy years ago, but further along their invasion has not been so serious.* Just within the dunes, and sheltered by them from the prevailing winds ran a strip of the finest puriri forest in the world, ranging from half a mile to a mile in width. Here the puriri got all its heart could desire, a mild climate, excellent soil for its roots, a good rainfall, shelter from storms, and the salt sea-air which it seems to love. So it flourished exceedingly, the trunks grew tall and massive, the grain was straight and free to split, and the timber black and durable. A wise, far-seeing Government would have seen in it millions of money in another generation and have carefully preserved it, but when did we ever have a wise Government where our forests were concerned. Even to-day, though our politicians talk a lot of clap-trap about preserving the bush, half of them are itching to turn our few remaining kauri trees into money to squander. And so, some of the earliest lands taken up in Franklin were in this strip. At Maioro, Kariotahi, Taurangaruru—right on to Awhitu there was a wealth of timber destroyed that would to-day bring thrice the value of the improved homesteads.

It was all to the good of young Auckland. The good land and the mild climate, the salt air and the untapped mineral con-

*During the past few years reclamation of these sand-dunes has been undertaken on a fairly large scale, and so far the results appear most promising.

tents of the soil suited cattle as well as it did puriri trees, and it was from this district that Auckland got nearly all its beef for a third of a century, till the Waikato began to get busy. Weekly drafts of fine fat bullocks would be driven down; and even in winter, when stock in other places were going back in condition, the dry soil and the frostless air, together with the excellent shelter of the coast hills enabled the Peninsula to still send out excellent beef.

That the sand should have been allowed to intrude was entirely due to a want of fore-thought. The stock were allowed to range freely across the verge of the vegetation, and completely ate it out where the sand was thickest and the herbage thinnest. The proper way of handling it would have been to fence stock completely off all the bare sand, and gradually extend the limits of the pastures by planting sand-binders. Then, every few years the fences could have been moved back a bit, increasing the grazing area that has been allowed to gradually decrease.

Steadily soil exhaustion told its tale, stock did not fatten so freely, and on many farms it was difficult to put the finishing touches on which make beeves really prime. Rabbits got in, were neglected, and ate the country out. The aristocratic style of pastoralism, which simply meant buying store-bullocks and sending them out as beef, was beginning to become extinguished. And then the best remedy was applied. Most of the larger places were cut up, the new-comers manured and renewed their pastures, and the cow took the place of the steer, while an energetic rabbit board almost exterminated the pernicious cony. Many of the small farms are to-day pictures of productivity, and even on what used to be considered the most barren gum-lands nearer the Manukau, top-dressing has had a most surprising effect.

The kauri forests of the northern half of the Awhitu Peninsula, which had been nibbled at by pit-sawyers from about 1835 onwards, were seriously attacked in the late sixties. At first the logs were dragged down to the sea-shore by bullock-teams, made into rafts, and towed to the mills at Onehunga; and it was no uncommon sight when crossing the Manukau to see the sturdy little paddle-wheeler, the Oregon, towing a huge raft at the rate of about three miles an hour, and churning up the water with desperate energy.

Then a long tramway was put in on which the trucks, dragged up empty by horses, used to make the return trip by gravitation. To sit astride the top logs and make the trip, knowing one's life was in the hands of the brakesman, was an exciting and exhilarating experience. Later a mill was put in, the original builder being

still alive and in full possession of his faculties, though well past ninety, and it was only a question of a decade or so till the lands' first and most valuable crop was finally exhausted. A few pieces, of rusty machinery still remain to mark the old mill-site, but the site of the kauri forest is now a waste of fern and ti-tree.

NOTE.—Quite recently a most interesting little history of the settlement of the northern half of the Awhitu Peninsula from 1864 onwards, written by Mr Ben. Westhead, of Kohe-Kohe, has been published in serial form in the "Waiuku News." Mr Westhead is a descendant of one of the settlers who came there in 1864, and has evidently been at no little pains to get up his subject thoroughly. He should now have his valuable contribution to the early history of the neighbourhood reprinted in pamphlet form, and it would no doubt command a ready local sale.

CHAPTER IX.

WAIKATO SETTLERS

NOT MANY FAILURES—TRANSPORT FACILITIES—THE RAILWAY—OUTSIDE FARMERS COME IN—BREEDING STOCK, AND GROWING GRAIN—TREE PLANTING.

THE military settlers in the Waikato were for the most part sons of farmers, and a sturdy, hard-working set, but of course there were a certain number of mis-fits who were not suitable for farmers, and soon found the life did not appeal to them. A Lieut.-Colonel St. John, who had been through the campaign, re-visited the district a few years later, and bewails the vacant sections that had been abandoned by their soldier-owners after so much trouble and money had been expended on putting them there. But it was inevitable that a certain proportion of them could not make good, and the percentage who failed was certainly not greater than the percentage of our soldier-farmers after the Great War, though the conditions under which the latter were working were so much easier than those of the Waikato pioneers.

One of the initial difficulties was that of transport, and every effort was made to improve that. A little steamer made regular trips—weather permitting—between Onehunga and Hamilton, and passengers were very soon catered for by a coach which ran daily each way between Te Awamutu and Auckland. It was a long and tiring day's journey, chiefly because the grades either way between Ramarama and Pokeno were very severe.

The railway from Auckland was in course of construction within a few years. By 1873 it had reached Pukekohe and another couple of years took it to Mercer. Its arrival at a point where it touched the river wonderfully simplified the question of heavy transport, for the little river steamers could pick up their freight direct from the railway truck and deliver it as far as Cambridge on one river and Pirongia on the other. Both rivers were better for navigation then than they are now, partly because the alder and weeping-willow had not then taken charge, and because the intrusion of sand was only a moiety of what it became when cultivation and drainage and road-making had loosened up the sand which had been kept in place by vegetation.

But it must not be imagined that the settlers were able to give their whole time uninterruptedly to their farms. On the contrary

there were frequent "Alarums and Excursions" as the stage-directions of the Elizabethan plays describe the announcement of danger and the marching of troops. On quite a number of occasions the soldier settlers had to "fall in" when danger threatened.

Two years after Kirikiriroa (as Hamilton East was then called) was founded there was a sudden alarm of a projected attack one Sunday morning, and all hands turned out to throw up a redoubt in what is now called Galloway Street. Ditches and embankments were hastily made, and the tops of the banks were surmounted by a low breastwork of logs, the top ones being left loose so that they might be rolled down on the enemy should an attack by storming be made. On the Hamilton side of the river the settlers made the same preparations where the English Church now stands. Fortunately neither of the defences were put to the test, but the mere fact that they existed may have prevented an attack being made.

Twice during the very early seventies the volunteers had to "stand to arms," and remain mobilised for some days. Attacks on surveyors were the cause in each case; and so threatening did the situation become that even a far-away corps like the Mauku Forest Rifles was called on for aid. On one occasion it was marched up as far as Mercer, and remained there for several days till the matters in dispute had been settled by negotiation, the natives giving way. The second time it reached Tuakau and camped for the night, but in the morning had orders to march home, the trouble having been averted.

But these were only the first of the disturbances. Te Awamutu and Pirongia were justly looked upon as the spear-point of the defences, and later in the decade the native trouble was very much in evidence there, but that can be dealt with when we reach that district.

North of the junction of the rivers very little settlement took place at first. But at Ngaruawahia, which had been the headquarters of King Potatau until he died in 1862, and of his son and successor, Tawhiao, until the near approach of General Cameron made its evacuation necessary, there was a considerable area of cultivated land, and settlement prospered accordingly. From the very flag-staff from which the Maori King's queer-looking flag had flown the Union Jack now streamed out, and at the river crossing quite a little township rapidly came into existence. Newcastle the place was then called, probably because the existence of coal near by brought thoughts of the great Northumbrian coal port into people's minds, as it did under

similar conditions in Australia, but perhaps because Nigery-wigery was the nearest approach to the native name some of the English officers could achieve.* Even a seasoned colonist like Mr. R. J. Seddon could not get much nearer to the proper pronunciation, and Pokey-hokey was the best he ever learned to do for Pukekohe. For a time it was believed that Ngaruawahia was the destined chief town of the Waikato, but Hamilton soon began to draw ahead, and, when it once gained supremacy, advanced at an accelerated pace.

When the railway reached Mercer the easily-cleared, and easily-tilled Waikato land began to attract settlers from all over the Colony, many coming from the South Island, where they disliked the rigorous climate. Quite a number of these were experienced and capable farmers, in possession of a fair amount of capital, and some of them were expert breeders of pedigree stock. The names of a score of these men, the real builders-up of the Waikato, will recur to the older among my readers. For the most part they were also public-spirited men, and did a great deal for the general advancement of the district instead of confining their activities to their own occupation.

Up to this point the Waikato farmers had been purely pastoralists, but it was soon found out that the area between the two rivers could grow other things than grass—indeed, the missionaries had established that many years before. The swede turnip flourished to perfection, and not only provided an unequalled way of feeding stock in winter, but the grazing of them off by cattle consolidated the lighter lands, and put them into a condition to grow excellent cereal crops. The population of Auckland was rapidly growing, and afforded a good market for beef and mutton, oats and chaff. So, as the supply of meat from Franklin began to ebb for causes set out a few pages back, Waikato began to take up the running. The virgin land grew exceptionally heavy crops of cow-grass or red clover for the first few years, which made excellent hay, and this, combined with the swedes, enabled fattening of bullocks to go on unchecked through the winter months. And so, on many large farms, mixed farming, with an orthodox rotation of crops, was the order of the day, and most of the farmers were prosperous and contented.

And, very soon, the district began to get a name for the quality of its stock. Its Shorthorns and Herefords, its Lincoln and Leicester sheep, and, especially in the neighbourhood of

* The Duke of Newcastle was at the time Chief Secretary of State at Home, so we must not leave him out as a possible god-father.

Cambridge, its horses, acquired a deserved colonial-wide reputation, and buyers of these came from all parts of New Zealand.

Though the sparsity of timber in the locality was a drawback in many ways, it had one good effect. It induced people to plant hedges and trees, for the three-fold inducement of obtaining shelter for stock, of adding to the beauty of the farms, and the ultimate objective of obtaining timber. And so they planted the white thorn for shelter, oaks and elms and poplars for beauty, and eucalypti of various kinds for fencing timber. And that is what makes parts of the Waikato, notably the stretch between Hamilton and Cambridge, more reminiscent of the lovely south of England than any part of the North Island, even Hawkes Bay, though that place runs a good second. If we had nothing else for which to be thankful to the pioneers, their tree-planting alone should earn them a lasting place in our memories.

In the autumn of 1872 a report that a rich gold-field had been discovered in the Rangitoto hills, lying between Te Kuiti and Lake Taupo, sent the Waikato district, and even the town of Auckland into a welter of excitement. Though white men were debarred from entering the King Country a few gold prospectors were admitted by the natives, who had dreams of sudden enrichment. Fabulous reports were circulated as to the richness of the find, the locality of which was kept a secret. It was understood, however, to be either on the upper waters of the Wanganui, which runs easterly into Taupo, or on the banks of the Taringamutu, a tributary of the Ongarue, which joins the Wanganui a fair way down its course. The unlikelihood of finding gold at all in this volcanic country did not seem to occur to people, and the most marvellous tales about it were eagerly swallowed. Then the locality was shifted to the banks of the Mokau, and just as willingly believed in. Gradually, as nothing tangible came to light, the sensation died down, and no second Hauraki gold-field came to light, as had been fondly expected. It was just as well, for a rich find would almost certainly have led to another war.

NOTE

THE DISCHARGED SOLDIER

"When war is looming, and the foe is nigh,
'God, and the soldier' is the peoples' cry.
When war is over, and the wrong is righted,
God is forgotten, and the soldier slighted."

These lines, which I have several times seen attributed to Kipling, were, shortly after the end of the war, written by a

discharged soldier on the walls of the lock-up at Ngaruawahia. Who the poet was, or what his offence may have been, is not known, but his single stanza tells with pathetic dignity of the neglect of our old soldiers and sailors which has been the lasting reproach of our nation.

As might be expected quite a number of the men who suddenly found themselves forced to look after themselves after perhaps thirty-three years during which they had pursued only routine duty, found it difficult to assimilate the new conditions. It was always possible for them to obtain land, but not by any means all of them were adapted to a farmer's life. Some had learned a trade while in the Army, but too often it was a trade for which there were few openings in the young colony. There were not then powerful institutions to protect their rights like the survivors of the Great War and even the Boer war have, and Governments then were much as they are to-day; they would heed the wrongs of combined forces while remaining deaf to those on individuals.

It is little wonder then that some of these old soldiers became drifters, tramping the country in search of work (praying, some said, that they might not find it) and that after a while the wandering habit became chronic with them. They would stay two or three months on a job and then go off again restlessly. But they were, nearly without exception, honest and law-abiding men, and most of them made it a point of honour to do all they could for any hospitality given to them. The soldier-tramp who was given a meal and a shakedown, followed by a breakfast in the morning, and probably some luncheon put up to carry him in his way, would be out at the woodpile at daylight, and would not leave till he had chopped enough firewood to serve for days.

We are now engaged in another great war, and are all appealing to "God and the soldier"; let us hope that at the end we shall remember the everlasting debt we owe to the man who risks his life for us, and that no one of them will ever have cause to feel that he is "the soldier slighted."

CHAPTER X.

GENERAL PROGRESS

ROAD BOARDS AND THEIR WORK—THEIR EASY TASK IN WAIKATO—SWAMP DRAINAGE — RESULTS LONG DELAYED — LOSSES AND DISAPPOINTMENTS—ULTIMATE REWARDS.

DURING the sixties quite a number of road districts came into existence in Manukau and Franklin. Wherever the population seemed to warrant it a road board was set up, and in some districts where the occupied farms were very few indeed they still had a local body to attend to the roading. In these places the great bulk of the rates had to be collected from absentee owners, and the individual amounts were in many cases very small indeed, so some of the local bodies of that period had to face a problem as difficult as the question of native rates presents to certain County Councils to-day.

The road districts were often very extensive, and to be a member (especially the chairman) of one of the larger ones, was an occupation in itself. But the settlers took their turns at the job of supervision, and not infrequently took off their coats and did quite a lot of the manual labour.

Naturally the Waikato and Waipa were a good deal later in this respect, but when they once got going they moved a great deal faster than the settlements in the bush lands. The level country, the few bridges and cuttings they had to make, and, in particular, the sandy nature of the soil all played into their hands. Many miles of road were made and formed during the seventies. Macadamising, except perhaps for a few chains through the towns, had yet to come, and then there was a different tale to tell, but as it came later than the period I am dealing with I will not say anything more.

It was only natural that the large areas of swamp land in the Waikato should quite early arouse interest and attention. Many people believed that the whole future of the district lay under these water-logged expanses, and it was not very long before attempts to reclaim them were being made. But most of them were not by any means easy propositions to handle, and the work of preparing proper drainage schemes fell too often into the hands of men of most limited engineering capacity. Many purses were emptied, and many hearts broken, in the attempts to bring in the

deep, sour peat, of which most of them were composed. And the pioneer lost every time, as it seems to be his fate to do. The second and third generations reaped the benefit of his labour and expense—where there was any benefit to be reaped. If a true account could be presented of the amount actually spent in land drainage in the Waikato it would probably be found to be more than the reclaimed land, good though much of it is, could be sold for to-day. This condition of affairs does not apply to the Waikato only, but seems to have been fairly general in dealing with our swamp lands. Schemes were undertaken, sometimes on insufficient data, sometimes on erroneous data, and in many cases the results have been most unfortunate. And there has also been a lamentable amount of lack of co-ordination in some of the schemes, the work in one district injuring, or perhaps destroying, the work in another. If the story of land-drainage in New Zealand is ever gathered together into one book the Lamentations of Jeremiah will seem cheerful reading after it, and old Habakkuk another Wodehouse.

That much labour, and much capital, which is, after all, only stored-up labour, was expended in vain over the swamps did not prevent those who fell heirs to them reaping a benefit, and now large areas I remember as reedy wastes are adding their quota to the Waikato's exports. I have no figures to guide me, but I think I should be fairly safe in claiming that few, if any, areas of equal size have sent away so great a value in primary products as Waikato has. And the most amazing thing to-day is the huge number of store stock and sheep it is able to absorb every year. That alone conveys some idea of the wonderful stock-carrying capacity of the district.

CHAPTER XI.

"THE OLD FRONTIER"

EELS HEADS NOT APPRECIATED—THE EARLIEST MISSION—THE WATCHMEN OF THE PLAIN—THE CATHOLIC MISSION.

"THE OLD FRONTIER!!!" Anyone who has read this delightful book of Mr. James Cowan's on Te Awamutu and its neighbourhood will understand the diffidence with which I, an outsider, approach a subject he has touched with the loving hand of a man who was brought up amid its surroundings, and who has evidently put his whole heart as well as his intimate knowledge of the locality into his work. But I have to face it, for the story of the early days of South Auckland without some slight sketch of what must be admitted to be the Garden of Romance of the Waikato Basin, would be like Hamlet with the Prince of Denmark left out of it. For it was here the Waikato War virtually began when Rewi Maniapoto raided the Government printing establishment and broke up the mission; and it was the occupation of Te Awamutu that virtually ended the war, the last futile stand at Orakau notwithstanding.

Long before the earliest white man saw the district it had been the home of many Maoris, and famous for its kumara plantations. And the Waipa and its tributaries swarmed with eels, which local tradition declared to be fatter and sweeter than any grown elsewhere. Indeed so good were they that a huge ngarara* lived there solely on account of these eels, and by extending his patronage to the people of the district, kept them prosperous and safe from their enemies till two greedy children offended him by eating the eels they were sent to carry to him, and leaving only the heads in the basket. Deeply hurt he withdrew, and adopted another tribe, and from that time everything went wrong with the people of Otawhao.

One gathers the impression that the natives of Te Awamutu and its neighbourhood were a gentler and kindlier set than those at Kawhia, Matamata, Taupo and Te Kuiti, possibly because the conditions under which they lived were easier. They were certainly very amenable to the tuition of the missionaries when

*A land taniwha, in the likeness of an alligator.

they came. And for some years before that occurred they had a white man living among them who exercised a considerable influence.

The local impression seems to be that this man, Captain Turner, commanded a brig wrecked at Kawhia at a very early date, variously stated, and that he with the mate and two sailors reached Otawhao. The Maoris, aristocrats to their finger ends, made much of the two officers, but declined to have anything to do with ordinary seamen, who here drop out of the story and are never heard of again. Presently the mate also disappeared, but Turner settled down and married a native lady.

The narrative of the anonymous settler who came to Port Waikato in 1830 has plenty to tell of Turner. He says he was wrecked at Port Waikato in 1828, that he and the mate (no mention of the two sailors) went up to Te Awamutu, where Turner settled down. The mate, however, disappeared, and it was at first thought he had been murdered. It seems, however, that he tried to get across country to Hauraki, and was drowned crossing a river, his body being found later. Ferdinand von Hochstetter, the Austrian geologist, tells how he met Turner in 1858, and that he had been wrecked at Port Waikato in 1828. By this time Turner had a family of seven boys and four girls.

The date of the opening of the mission station seems also open to controversy. The usual date assigned to it is 1839. In "The Old Frontier" the statement is made that it was opened by Rev. B. T. Ashwell in that year. The Rev. Robert Maunsell, later Archdeacon of Waikato, states in one of his reports to the Church Mission Society, that he visited the Mission Station there in December, 1835, when Messrs. Hamlin, Morgan and Stack were stationed there. The date 1839 was probably when Morgan was left in sole charge. If I am not mistaken he was not an ordained clergyman then, and only became so after Bishop Selwyn's arrival three years later. Maunsell's first visit was a short one, but he returned shortly after, and remained for several months. After all, what does a year or two matter between friends. "I came here in 1804, when I was five years old," said a reminiscent lady to me recently. "You mean 1864," I said. "I do not," was the reply. "I mean 1804. I have heard my mother say so many a time."

Joking apart, however, it is rather upsetting to anyone striving to get at the actual facts to meet two contemporary records widely differing in what they state to be facts. The Te Awamutu Historical Society, of which, with its museum and library, any town of its size may feel justly proud, has compiled with evident

care, and a careful search of records and authorities, the early history of the Parish of St. John's, a spacious district containing four churches, all of historical interest, and two of them the oldest buildings remaining in all South Auckland; St. John's, of Te Awamutu, and St. Paul's, of Rangiaowhia, have completed their eighty-fifth year of existence, and to all appearance will face wind and weather for many years to come.

To this little book we must defer with all respect, but its accuracy is seriously challenged in one particular respect by the Port Waikato pioneer previously referred to more than once. He states that in the year 1834, his native friends, having reason to fear another raid of the Ngapuhis was imminent, took him up to Te Awamutu for safety. While there he states that a white man on a raft of raupo with a crew of natives came up the river. The local natives, recognising from their dialect that the visitors were Ngapuhis, were with difficulty restrained from shooting them. The white man, he says, was a Wesleyan missionary from Hokianga. He, after making an inspection, was given a canoe in which he returned to Port Waikato, and thence went back to Hokianga, and his report led to the establishment of the Wesleyan Mission at Mangapouri.

Actually the facts seem to be that in February, 1934, the Rev. A. N. Brown and Mr. Hamlin, of the Church of England Mission, arrived on the Waipa after a long and difficult journey over land from the Bay of Islands. They came up the river on a *moki*, or raupo raft, and the natives were with difficulty restrained from shooting them when their companions were found to be Ngapuhis. The two stories are so identical that they can only refer to one incident, and the second one is so clearly authenticated by records that the first must be ruled out, and I have only mentioned it as an instance of how difficult it is always to get the actual truth.

Hamlin and Brown did not actually establish a station on the Waipa, but their report was so favourable that in the August following the Revs. William Williams and A. N. Brown arrived, and selected Mangapouri, at the junction of the Puniu and Waipa rivers, as a suitable site. Here Mr. Morgan shortly after arrived, and was shortly joined by Mr. Hamlin and the elder Stack. Here they were later joined for a short time by the Rev. Robert Maunsell, a young man then in his novitiate as a missionary, who was destined ultimately to become the most prominent of them all.

The mission at Mangapouri only lasted for two years and was then abandoned. For several years there was no resident missionary in the neighbourhood, but in spite of that the converted natives still kept up their religious services. The Wes-

leyans had during this period established a station on the west bank of the Waipa. In 1842 Mr. Morgan returned and established a station at Te Awamutu.

At any rate, looked down upon by the two venerable mountains, Pirongia and Kakepuku, and in the most fertile part of the whole basin, two mission stations were soon in full working order, the Anglican under Morgan, and the Wesleyan under Alexander Read. Enough has been said previously to show how eagerly the natives took to religion, education, and agriculture. The trouble, of course, was that the impression made on them was somewhat superficial. It was fruitless to expect that a single generation of adults could so completely change their habits and mode of thought as the missionaries, or most of them, in their zealous enthusiasm believed they had. Maunsell alone seemed to gauge their character correctly. Though devoted to them he did not believe in the real depth and conviction of their conversion. He says they are very plausible when it suits them, clever at learning when they have anything to gain by it, but apt to lapse as soon as their desire is obtained. As a matter of fact it was the novelty of everything that attracted them. And they had the conviction that the mere act of baptism at once set them high above their fellows. How shallow their conversion really was may be gauged by the readiness with which many communities, supposed to have been Christianised for years and years, turned over to the atrocious new Hau-hau religion in the late sixties. I am inclined to accept what a Maori member of the House of Representatives once said to me after a discussion on the merits of the missionaries: "It's no use. You can't *christiatelyse* the Maori."*

Of the Catholic mission in the district it is difficult to speak with authority and certainty. It would seem likely that the claim sometimes made that it was established in 1838 cannot be verified, though there is abundant evidence of the activity of its ministers at a very early date. No more devoted and courageous men than the French and Belgian priests Bishop Pompallier had under him

*The Rev. Wm. Yate, one of the early missionaries, tells a story characteristic of the attitude of the native mind toward the new religion. One of his recent converts said he had thrown away his bad old heart four days before, and had a new one which made him pray night and morning. "What do you pray?" asked Yate. "I pray 'Lord Jesus, give me a new blanket, in order that I may believe in Thee'." Similarly Dr. Maunsell recorded that they looked upon baptism as a great honour, and assumed a superiority over their less fortunate fellows; but they also expected it to turn to their advantage in trading, and were disappointed when that did not follow.

could be imagined. Utterly disregarding personal danger and with no hope of worldly reward, they ranged the country intent only on their duty, and not one of them was ever accused of buying land or trading with the natives. If "to visit the fatherless and widows in affliction, and to keep themselves unspotted from the world" is "religion pure and undefiled," as St. James tells us it is, then, whatever may be our profession of faith, we cannot but admire these foreign priests.

That they were politically opposed to us, that they did little to help, and perhaps a good deal to hinder, the signing of the Treaty of Waitangi by the chiefs, is not surprising. New Zealand narrowly missed becoming a French possession on more than one occasion. At the Bay of Islands, at Hokianga and at Akaroa, we politely but firmly pushed them out as soon as they had established a footing, and naturally they felt no desire to help to establish British sovereignty.

It seems certain that there was no permanent establishment anywhere near Te Awamutu prior to 1846, and even then the accounts are shadowy for another ten years. But Fathers Caravel and Paul were certainly in residence at Rangiaohia in 1856, and Father Viney succeeded them in 1864, remaining there for eight years. Father Golden took over control about 1874, and somewhere about this time a very large church was built there, which was pulled down by Father Augustine Luck and replaced by a much smaller one, which in its turn was pulled down. The good Fathers were ambitious builders, for, not content with an out-size in churches, they put up a large two-storeyed school, which was unfortunately burned down early in 1865. It was never replaced, for the scholars were gone, and its site was occupied by a house for the priest.

CHAPTER XII.

END OF NATIVE MENACE

INTERCOURSE BETWEEN THE RACES GRADUALLY RESUMED—DISCONTENT REVIVES — DEMANDS OF MAORI KING — ATTACK ON SURVEYORS — GREAT REVIEW AT TE AWAMUTU—TE MAHUKI MEETS HIS WATERLOO AT ALEXANDRA.

For the first few years after the war there was very little intercourse with the natives on the other side of the Puniu river. Sore at their defeat, and naturally smarting under a sense of injustice at losing their lands, the natives were sullen and defiant. But it was not very long before some at least began to show signs that they were tired of being in the sulks. They had got used to the clothing and blankets and sugar and tobacco that they could only obtain from the pakeha, and the only way to get these was to earn money by working for the white man; and as the white man had plenty of work for them to do they gradually in fair numbers drifted back and got jobs where they could. But the great bulk of the inhabitants of the Rohe Potae remained irreconcilable. Any intercourse we had with them was not of an agreeable nature, and threats of retaliation, open or veiled, kept the settlers very much on the *qui vive,* especially on the Waipa-Punui sector.

Yet, only once did an actual clash occur, and that, owing to the ready wits and good humour of the officer in command of the Armed Constabulary at Alexandra, was turned into an *opera bouffé* affair, and actually did good, because it tickled the sense of humour of the natives, even though the joke was at their expense —though perhaps the actual participants in the affray did not find very much to laugh at.

But, as this was the last unpleasant episode, it would perhaps be better to narrate in sequence the events that led up to it. After remaining quiescent for a long time after the two little ebullitions in the early seventies referred to in Chapter IX., Part III., the natives began toward the end of that decade to grow turbulent again. There was a large native gathering at Hikurangi in May 1878, and as a result of much fiery talk there King Tawhiao demanded from the Government full control of all the country from Maungatautari to Taupo. The Government offered him in lieu of this a pension of £500 per annum, 500 acres of land

at Ngaruawahia, other lands on the banks of the Waikato and Waipa, a house at Kawhia, and sections in some of the townships. It can easily be understood that strong opposition to these proposals came from the white settlers, in especial those near where land was offered to the king. The offer had not been finally accepted when the King's son, Tu Tawhiao, spoiled his father's chances of becoming a large landed proprietor. Pretending that the Government had promised the Maoris should have all the land west of the Waipa, he forcibly prevented work being done on the road to Raglan, and though peaceful negotiations ultimately prevailed, the affair left both parties angry, and the Waikato settlers forcibly demanded that the next disturbance of the kind should be firmly put down.

Since the May meeting of the previous year the natives of Matamata, Hauraki and Te Aroho had been in a state of simmering disaffection. On August 29th, 1879, they fired on and wounded surveyors at Te Aroha, and on September 23rd they forcibly held up a survey at Lake Waikare. At last the Government determined to make a display of force that it was hoped would sober the malcontents. The three troops of Waikato Cavalry, fully equipped, and ready for action if necessary, were marched as far as Paeroa. They found the native village deserted except for a few aged people, and a large number of water-melons* were laid out for their acceptance. This quieted things down in the east, but to the south trouble was still brewing, a Hau-hau fanatic named Te Mahuki being in the forefront of the trouble.

By the middle of 1880 the railway was open to Te Awamutu, and the following year the Government, thinking that another show of force might have a salutary effect, arranged for a review of volunteers on a large scale on the Te Awamutu racecourse. Accordingly, carried in every kind of railway vehicle, we mustered there to the number of nearly 1100 men, probably the largest force of New Zealand troops ever got together at one place, unless perhaps the little army under Colonel Roberts, N.Z.C., in 1880, which mustered in Taranaki to put down Te Whiti's incipient rebellion, exceeded it. We marched and we counter-marched, in line, in column, in echelon; we formed squares that the Waikato cavalry valiantly charged, splitting on the front and thundering past the flanks; and we fired off tens of thousands of blank cartridges from our new Snyder rifles, the first breech-loaders the volunteers were equipped with. No doubt this had a certain effect upon

*Water-melons in September must have been a somewhat unusual luxury, but I must accept the stories as told to me by old troopers who were there.

some of the chiefs and their followers, who had been invited to witness the display, but not on Te Mahuki, who probably did not come. And, our duty done, the next day a good many of us went to see the opening of the new Whata-whata bridge over the Waipa, leaving the station at one the next morning in open trucks and getting nearly frozen before daylight came.

Tawhiao did not like the Hau-haus, and the next move was to placate him. So he was invited to Auckland, feted, and made a great fuss over, and went home happy and flattered, with plenty of presents, and with the most friendly feelings towards us. But Mahuki got more and more obstreperous. He sent insolent messages to Captain Gascoigne at Alexandra, threatening to raid the township, tie up all the Europeans, and loot the stores and houses. The Government then tried to trump the trick by playing the Right Bower, the king having failed. The old murderer Te Kooti, who had evaded all attempts to capture him, was living in the King Country, and was promised an amnesty if he would in future behave himself. The offer came in the very nick of time. Te Mahuki had captured two surveyors, Hursthouse and Newsham, and was keeping them chained and nearly starved. Te Kooti, anxious to curry favour, released the prisoners, greatly to Mahuki's annoyance. The latter felt his *mana* waning, and thought he had better carry out his design on Alexandra while he still had a following.

Captain Gascoigne, in anticipation of his visit, kept small videttes of Te Awamutu cavalry on guard at all the approaches, and on the morning of March 27th, 1883, four of these men came galloping in to say a force of mounted natives was approaching. Yelling wildly the Hau-Haus galloped in, when suddenly a rope went up across the road and a dozen armed men stepped out of a house. Checked thus the natives turned to fly the way they had come, only to see another rope and another armed force at that end. And then out stepped a score of hefty constabulary, with their tunics off and their shirt-sleeves rolled up, and each man with half a dozen short pieces of strong cord tucked under his belt. They pulled the Maoris from their horses, and though many hearty blows were exchanged no weapons were used, and in a very short time twenty-seven Hau-Hau warriors were lying on the road with their ankles tied together, and their hands lashed behind their backs. Later, handcuffed in pairs they were marched

to the station and sent to Auckland to be tried, getting terms of imprisonment of various duration.*

Two civilians who had gone out that morning to make a reconnoisance on their own account had quite a bit of excitement all to themselves. They met Mahuki's cavalcade, and though one managed to gallop home the other fell off his horse, was captured, and left on the road, trussed like a fowl, to be dealt with later.

And thus ended the most exciting day the Te Awamutu sector had had since that eventful morning when Cameron and his soldiers marched in.

Pirongia, Kakepuka, and Karioi. I make no apology for giving the portraits of these very ancient pioneers. Poor old mountain stumps all of them, the hard trachytic rock of which they are composed worn into deep ravines during the countless aeons they have stood looking over the plain, two of them, and the third over the sea. But they are massive and majestic in their extreme old age, and it is little wonder that the natives of the district, voyagers in the great Tainui canoe, which made its first landfall at Kawhia, and still lies buried there with its stern-post sticking up and petrified into a limestone obelisk, should have enwreathed them all with countless romantic legends.

I had determined that this book, of which the letter press is devoted to ancient things, should have at least new—that is unpublished—illustrations, but, when I found the delightful old wood-plates of Pirongia and Kakepuka in a rare and scarce book, published seventy-five years ago, I thought they would be as good as new to most people, and fell to the temptation to borrow them. I made their personal acquaintance long ago, and when I was last at Raglan I strongly desired to at least set foot on Karioi, and find out if it was composed of the same grey igneous trachyte full of crystalline grains, as the other two, but no one appeared inclined to take me there. And, as a photograph of it seemed to be unobtainable I sat down one perfect morning last February and did what I could with a pencil to give a general idea of the one piece of South Auckland Abel Tasman set eyes on. It was at least twice

*In his "Soldiering in New Zealand," a little known book, Gascoigne tells his story with a constrained modesty which makes it seem a somewhat bald affair. I have preferred to tell it as I have often heard him relate it. During the nine years from 1863 to 1872, when the pursuit of Te Kooti was abandoned, he had been in many a hard fought encounter, but none of them seemed to occupy so great a place in his mind as his bloodless victory over Te Mahuki.

as far away as it should have been, and the dancing of the sun's rays on the harbour nearly blinded me, but the sketch at any rate gives its general contour.

The oldest bits of South Auckland, except perhaps the Hunua hills, which are so jumbled together that nothing stands out to dominate the landscape, I am going to demonstrate their exact age as compared with our younger cinder-cones, and that without any talk of millions or years or excursions into the Paleozoic or any of the other Zoic ages. Pick up the front cover of this book and feel its thickness, and that is the age of Pukewhau (Bombay); now try the thickness of the paper of the illustrations and you will realise that Pukekohe is a mere flapper, while fingering a cigarette paper will do for Titi, "the litt'lest wren of nine," as Shakespeare calls the sprightly Maria. And the thickness of the whole volume will fairly represent the three subjects of this appendix. And, as I have not the slightest idea how thick it is going to be I flatter myself I have given you an excellent geological estimate.

"The litt'lest wren of nine" perhaps requires an explanation. Titi is the latest of a row of nine points of eruption lying along the line of fault between the centre of the Mauku district and the Waikato River.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH

EFFECTS OF BETTER TRANSPORT — SHIPPING ON THE MANUKAU BUSY—WAIKATO SERVED BY RIVER AND ROAD—THE ADVENT OF THE REFRIGERATOR AND SEPARATOR—END OF PIONEERING, AND CONCLUSION OF THE STORY.

It was not only in the Waikato that the railway made the lives of the settlers easier. As it gradually came along the section ending at Mercer, the inland villages, fairly stagnant up till then, began to show signs of progress. Pukekohe, where settlement really scarcely began till 1865, seemed to feel the effect to a greater degree than other places. The infant township soon moved itself into the vicinity of the station, and before long became the shopping centre for quite a number of small places. Tuakau township, on the banks of the Waikato, was a mile or more away from the station, but the nucleus of a new town began to establish itself where the transport facilities were, and the old Tuakau was hopelessly out-paced.

But during the dozen years or so that elapsed between the end of the war and the building of the railway, the traffic, on the Manukau Harbour increased amazingly. For carrying military stores to Drury a number of cutters had been built, of from eight to twelve tons burden. These were very handy light-draught craft for use on the tidal creeks, and work seemed to be found for most of them. But there were others of a larger type, like the Comet, the Quickstep, the Undine, the Maid of Italy and a pretty schooner, the Amaranth, that a few of us still remember. Most of these boats were built in Onehunga, and before the sixties were over small steamers were being turned off the stocks there. The Blue Nose, already mentioned, was the first of these, and, unless I am mistaken, those ugly old tubs the Tam'o'Shanter and the Lalla Rookh were put together there. Another little steamer of the time was the paddle boat Oregon, as broad as she was long, and said to be able to walk over any bank on which there was six inches of water, on her big wheels. She was always noticeable because she was kept painted a snowy white, in contrast to the dingy hues of the Tam and the Lalla.

The work of the men on these boats was both arduous and irritating, but they always seemed to remain jolly and cheerful in spite of their troubles. There were few facilities for loading or

unloading; often there was not even a jetty to land cargo on, and heavy goods meant laborious handling. And, too often, after beating their way painfully up a long narrow creek they would find the tide leaving them just out of reach of the landing-place.

In addition to the Blue Nose there was a little steamer named the Gymnotus (the electric eel of South America) on the Waikato, and she was able to run up the Mangatawhiri Creek to pick up cargo, and perhaps also a string of barges, from the Pokeno landing, so there was still work for carters on the Great South Road until the railway reached Mercer. Toll gates were then in vogue, and there were three on that stretch; and mile and half-mile posts had not gone out of fashion, and brightened up the road a lot for the solitary traveller.

Gradually affairs grew more and more civilized, and pioneering grew less and less a solitary, dangerous and money-losing venture. Times were still hard enough, no doubt, but we were on the eve of two inventions that brought a new era to New Zealand, a country which benefited more from them than any other land did. They gradually brought to us the moderate amount of prosperity we have been able to attain, or are ever likely to attain, and have enabled us, up till now, to keep solvent in spite of the efforts of a series of wasteful and extravagant Governments, though how much longer they can do so remains to be seen.

When in the eighties the rail-head reached Te Awamutu, to stand still there for many years, and the refrigerating chamber and the cream separator came into use, a new era dawned for New Zealand, and the pioneering days were gone for ever. And with them my tale must come to an end also.

The first shipment of frozen meat left Port Chalmers on February 15th, 1882, and was followed by another from the same place in June of the same year. Then, nearly a year elapsed before the third shipment went, this time from Auckland —probably from the Waikato pastures really. Simultaneously the separator arrived in the Waikato, the first introduced being in 1882. Four more years were to elapse before there was a dairy factory, but in 1886 a small one was erected at Pukekura, and to its owner, Mr. Henry Reynolds, and his brother, Mr. Richard Reynolds, must be given the credit of being the pioneers of the great industry that has made South Auckland what it is to-day.

"The world," wrote a sagacious observer four hundred years ago, "is the heritage of the phlegmatic people." The cow is the most phlegmatic person I know, and she has inherited her full

share of the world and cheerfully passed it on to us. The people of Hamilton have just been spending a huge amount of money in cutting away the one hill the town possesses, though every canon of good taste must have been calling out to them to keep their sacreligious excavators away from it. If they had had a sense of the real fitness of things they would have surmounted the hill with a great cow, to remind them every time they lifted their eyes to what they owed everything they have. I am aware that once before the making of a golden calf caused a lot of annoyance to a very estimable but easily exasperated person, but the circumstances would have been quite different. In the case of Hamilton it would only be a proper token of respect and gratitude toward its greatest benefactor. Garden Hill has gone, but the cows remain, and though the crass stupidity of the politician has reduced their numbers we must hold on to the dairy industry as offering us the best way of getting a little ready money into the Colony. By saying this I am not meaning to belittle the wool and meat industries, both of which are of great importance, but the dairying industry alone puts its monthly receipts into immediate circulation. That the dairy-farmer has to work double the time for half the pay other workers receive does not matter. He appears to be made of the material who does not count his hours or slacken his efforts because he knows he is being imposed upon.

But I am speaking beyond my limit. My story was intended to end where the old pioneering days did, and now I must say farewell to them and my readers alike. I do not know that I need pay any greater tribute to our early settlers than to say to my readers—"Look around you, and see what they did for you." But I feel I have had a privilige I most dearly prize in having had the opportunity to set down even this bald record of the lives of the men and women who were the companions of my youth, and to know that time has not obscured their merit, but has given me an even greater appreciation of their courage, energy and tenacity.Would to heaven we might always have enough of their stamp to leaven the mass of our population.

* * * *

It was at one time my intention to add a short fourth part to this book giving a brief resumé of the events of the last half century, and a sketch of the remarkable progress South Auckland has made in the time, but second thoughts showed me that the space at my disposal would make the narrative so bald and shadowy that it would be better to leave it untouched, and revert to the original intention of dealing with the pioneering days only. Now

I see that Mr. J. N. Massey, M.P., who has kindly furnished a short foreword for this volume, has broached the subject of a sequel giving the story of the last fifty years. While my modesty as an author prevents me from sharing Mr. Massey's confidence that this book is going to turn out an unqualified success, I can quite understand his desire for having the more recent developments chronicled. If my health should allow it, and I feel that there is a fairly general desire that I should undertake the task, it is quite within the bounds of possibility that some day a sequel to South Auckland may appear. The period does not offer the opportunity of presenting my readers with the stirring events of another Iliad, but after all there is a good deal to be said for the comparative peace and tranquility of that greatest of all sequels, the Odyssey. So perhaps I may not be saying "Goodbye" to my readers, but only "Au revoir," which would be a much pleasanter thought for me.

— THE END —

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