

Mr. C. McDonnell.
Continued.

74. *Lieut.-Colonel McDonnell.*] Do you know anything about the women that were taken prisoners?—In passing the door of a whare in the village, Private Rolfe, of No. 8 Company, called to me to come in for there was a Maori there. I went into the whare and stirred up the fire with my foot, and saw a naked woman in one corner of the whare, there was some blood on the upper part of her body and she was apparently dead. I went close to her and saw that she was merely in a swoon, and Mr. Spencer, who was attached to the Native Contingent, entered the whare and I left it. Some time afterwards I returned to the same whare and found the same woman, along with several other women, smoking their pipes. I do not know whether this wounded woman was left behind in the village, but several women were taken away by the force as prisoners. All of these women were treated very kindly, and some of the men of the force gave them a portion of the scanty share of bread which they had kept for themselves. I saw only two dead bodies, one that of an old man, the other that of an old woman. I saw three or four children running about—two of them I myself saw taken care of; one of these two I think, was taken care of by Lieut.-Colonel McDonnell. I did not see any child killed. I heard it said, or rather I think I heard it said that a lad of sixteen or seventeen years was killed. I never heard of any children being killed or wounded on the occasion.

75. Was Spencer the worse for liquor on that night?—I cannot swear that he was the worse for liquor, but he certainly behaved to me in an extraordinary manner on the occasion.

76. Did you see any one of the force the worse for liquor?—No, I did not.

77. Did you see any grog served out to the men on the march or before the attack?—No, there was no grog served out either on the line of march or before the attack. It was a very cold night and I should have been glad if it had. Before we marched from Manawapou a gill of grog was served out to each man, but the night was bitterly cold and a gill would be next to nothing in a long march.

78. *The Chairman.*] Did the Native villagers escape down a descent?—They escaped, as far as I could see in the moonlight (the moon rose about twelve o'clock), in every direction.

79. *Mr. Commissioner Graham.*] How many shots did you fire that night?—I never fired a single shot, and only one man of my Company to my knowledge fired, viz., Sergeant White, and he fired that shot in self-defence, a Maori having fired at him through a door.

CAMP MATANGARARA, FRIDAY, 20TH MARCH, 1868.

Martha, wife of Natanahira, having been duly sworn, was examined.

Martha.
20th March, 1868.

80. *The Chairman.*] What is your name; to what hapu do you belong; and where do you reside?—My name is Martha. I am the wife of Natanahira. I belong to the Tangahoe hapu of the Ngatiruanui tribe, and at present I reside in Matangarara.

81. Do you know anything about the attack on the village of Pokaikai, in August, 1866?—I was present in the village when the attack was made.

82. Were you taken prisoner on that occasion?—Two days before the attack on Pokaikai a woman named Rangiamohia (Mohi) came to the village—she is a relation of mine by the mother's side. After the usual courtesies, crying and eating, were gone through, Tu Kino asked her to pay certain fees as toll for passing a boundary which the Hauhaus had established at Matangarara (a boundary line had been established by the Hauhaus, commencing the other side of the Tawhiti Stream and ending at Matangarara, across which no one not a Hauhau was allowed to pass without paying toll). Rangiamohia offered Tu Kino two shillings in silver, and Tu Kino replied "this sum is more than is required for the toll." She rejoined, "I know this custom of demanding toll, keep the money." She then asked Te Ratoia, her cousin, to put the saddle upon her horse. Tu Kino repeated the order to saddle her horse. When the horse had been saddled, my father, Aperahama, told me to give her some potatoes to take to the British camp at Mawanapou. Rangiamohia had come from the camp, and my father of his own accord wanted me to present her with some potatoes for the use of the camp. She had come to us as a Pakeha, and we wanted to make her a present of the potatoes for the use of the Pakehas. The people of the village said to my father "Do not give the potatoes to-day, but wait till to-morrow when we shall know whether Tito consents to the potatoes being given." Tito was sent for the same day, and he gave his consent and said "Let the potatoes be dug up to-morrow." In the meantime Rangiamohia had left Pokaikai on her way back to Mawanapou, and she was not present when Tito arrived in the village. On the following morning we made kits of flax, and were engaged all day in that work. Three kits were filled with potatoes that evening and we purposed to fill the other kits the next morning, but the attack on the village was made that night, at midnight, when the people were asleep. The sleep was the sleep of fools, for the words of the Governor, sent through Te Ua, had lulled us. My children were lying around me in fancied security. One of the children, a little girl, ran out of my house, and the rifles were pointed at her and fired at her, but she was not hit. My father and mother went out of their house, and were both shot dead. No shot was fired by the Maoris. My little girl after going out of my house ran towards the house of my father and mother, and they were both shot as they ran out of their house. I was in my house when I heard the two volleys fired. I went out of my house, and saw my father and mother lying dead just outside the door of their house. Their house was six or seven yards from my house. I then saw Captain McDonnell, and he said to me "Come to me and you will be safe." At first I refused, but he called me a second time and I then went to him. It was moonlight at the time. Captain McDonnell then left me for the purpose of going to his own men, and I remained standing at my own door with a second child in my arms. At this time an European took hold of the ornament which was in my left ear, and in pulling it the cartilage of the ear gave way. (Deponent here showed her left ear, and the cartilage had been broken through.) I said to that European "Do not rob me whilst I am alive, you had better shoot me with your rifle." The ornament not coming away, he took a sharp instrument and cut the cartilage of the ear to enable him to take possession of it. My hand was also cut at the same time, but it has healed up and left no scar. I had lost sight of the little girl who had run out of my house at the commencement of the attack, and I and Lieut.-Colonel McDonnell went to look for