

Copyright is owned by the Author of the thesis. Permission is given for a copy to be downloaded by an individual for the purpose of research and private study only. The thesis may not be reproduced elsewhere without the permission of the Author.

James Cowan:
The Significance of his Journalism

Volume Two:

Recovered
Auckland Star Articles

by James Cowan

1890–1902

Gregory Wood
2019

Contents

Previously unknown articles written for the *Auckland Star* by James Cowan during 1890–1902 while he was working as a Special Reporter. Due to the absence of bylines, these articles have only been found to have been written by him following new methodologies adopted for this thesis.

Articles in chronological order.

Special Reporter (Marine): Robert Louis Stevenson, 1890–93

1. 'A Noted Novelist', **P. 3**
2. 'Novelist R. L. Stevenson', **4**

Special Reporter (Maori Affairs): Tawhiao's tangi, 1894

3. 'Tangi of King Tawhiao', **6**
4. 'The Deceased King', **10**
5. 'The Taupiri Meeting', **20**
6. 'Reception of Europeans', **28**
7. 'Tawhiao's Burial', **31**

Special Reporter (Marine), 1894

8. 'Wreck of the *Wairarapa*', 1894, **32**

Special Reporter (Maori Affairs): Hokianga Dog Tax Rebellion, 1898

9. 'Arrival of The *Hinemoa*', **42**
10. 'Fanatical Natives Remain Obdurate', **43**
11. 'Government Force at Waima', **45**
12. 'A Peaceful Termination', **49**
13. 'Disarming the Natives', **54**
14. 'Government Troops Return to Rawene', **57**
15. 'Accused Before the Court', **59**
16. 'The Maori Prisoners', **61**

Special Reporter (Marine), 1899

17. 'The Perthshire', **P. 62**

Special Reporter (Marine): War in Samoa, 1899

18. 'News By The Tutanekai', **68**
19. 'A Sharp Fight', **71**
20. 'The Tutanekai Comes in Useful', **75**
21. 'Negotiations with Mataafa', **78**
22. 'The Latest', **83**

Special Reporter (Maori Affairs): Royalties at Rotorua, 1901

23. 'An Old-Time Maori Welcome', **85**
24. 'Tikitere', **96**
25. 'A Memorable Hui', **105**

Special Reporter (Marine), 1901

26. 'Old Manukau', **110**

Special Reporter (Marine), 1902

27. 'Our Harbour', **117**

I. 'A Noted Novelist'

Part 1 of 2 articles in the 'Robert Louis Stevenson' series.

Auckland Star, 21 Apr. 1890, 3.

On Friday evening there arrived in Auckland by the Island steamer *Janet Nicoll* from Sydney, Mr Robert Louis Stevenson, the well-known novelist, who is taking a trip round the islands for the good of his health, in company with his wife and stepson and a number of other excursionists. Mr Stevenson is the son of the celebrated lighthouse engineer but has made a name for himself as a novelist, being best known by his *Dr. Jekyll and Mr Hyde*, *Treasure Island*, and *Kidnapped*. Mr Stevenson was on shore for an hour or two on Saturday, but being still very weak, he was soon obliged to retire to his bunk on board the *Janet Nicoll*. On Saturday afternoon the steamer left for Suwarrow Island, with Mr Stevenson and party on board. The main object of the novelist's visit to the island is of course the benefit of his health, but he will at the same time keep his eyes open for materials for new books. Mr Stevenson intended to visit Sir George Grey, but was unable to do so. However, he sent some copies of his books to Sir George, including a proof copy of a reply to a Presbyterian missionary who has attacked Father Damien. Sir George, in return, sent copies of several of his best known books, with his sympathy and best wishes.

From Suwarrow Island, Mr Stevenson intends to proceed to the Marshall Group and to the Line Islands. He will make an extended stay in those tropical regions, where he expects to get considerable material for book-making.

2. 'Novelist R. L. Stevenson. Arrival From Samoa. An Interview.'

Part 2 of 2 articles in the 'Robert Louis Stevenson' series.

Auckland Star, 24 Feb. 1893, 3.

Amongst the passengers who arrived here this afternoon from Samoa by the Oceanic Steamship Company's mail steamer *Mariposa* (from San Francisco via the Navigator Islands), was Mr R. L. Stevenson, the distinguished English novelist, author of *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped*, and of a number of recent enthralling works on the South Sea Islands, including 'The Beach of Falesa'. Mr Stevenson is accompanied by his wife. When interviewed by a *Star* representative this afternoon, Mr Stevenson looked pale and rather ill, and his health did not appear to have very greatly benefited by his sojourn in Samoa. He has now made a home near Apia and has quite settled down as a Samoan resident. Mr Stevenson does not land at Auckland but is bound for Sydney on business. He will remain in Sydney for a short stay with his wife, and will then return to Samoa, either direct per the German steamer *Lubeck*, or else by mail steamer, via Auckland.

Questioned as to the state of politics in Samoa at present, Mr Stevenson spoke in a rather doleful strain. 'Things in Samoa just now,' he said, 'are about as bad as they can be. There is no money in the Treasury and not a single salary has been paid for the last four months, either to the Municipal Magistrate – Mr Cooper, an Auckland gentleman – to the native police or the Customs officers; in fact, the only men who have got their salaries have been the two officials appointed by the Powers. A radical change of some sort or other is needed in Samoa.'

Mr Stevenson was asked, 'Are you, as a resident of Samoa, in favour of the annexation of those islands by any one of the three Powers now interested in the country?'

Mr Stevenson replied that he did not know exactly in what light his answer would be looked on in some quarters, 'but,' he went on to say, 'I can tell you that every day deepens my conviction that annexation will be the best thing that could happen to Samoa. I won't say what Power should, in my opinion, annex it, but I am certain that annexation is the only cure for the present state of things down there.'

In reply to a question as to whether he has any more new literary work in the stocks at present, Mr Stevenson said: 'Well, you know, I am always hard at work on something or other, always pegging away at some book. I have several new works on my hands, but I think the next one will be a book, to be called 'The Schooner Faralon' (sic).

Mr Stevenson said that the passage up from Apia in the *Alameda* had been a very rough one during the last day or so. A very heavy nor-easterly gale was encountered at sea, and the ship's head was put to the wind and sea all last night, the commander preferring not to run before it. The *Alameda*, however, said Mr Stevenson, was a very fine sea-boat.

It may be added in connection with the state of affairs in Samoa, that Mr Stevenson considers that the charges made by him against the officials at Apia, are directly supported in every particular by the German White-book lately issued.

3. 'Tangi of King Tawhiao'

Part 1 of 5 articles in the 'Tawhiao's Tangi' series.

Auckland Star, 4 September 1894, 2.

Leaving Auckland by train for Te Awamutu, a small township on the borders of the King Country, which is the terminus of the daily train to that portion of the Waikato, I put up for the night at Lynch's Commercial Hotel, with whom I made arrangements to obtain a horse to ride to Parawera next day and see the tangi. Having procured from Mr Lynch a real good 'Neddy,' I started off in a light drizzling rain, which soon cleared away, but the road was in a perfect state of quagmire on account of extremely heavy rains, which made progress rather slow.

About three miles beyond Te Awamutu I came to the settlement of Kihikihi, where not long since a large tangi was held over the remains of the deceased chief Rewi Maniapoto. A really handsome monument is now erected over his grave, which is right in the township of Kihikihi. After leaving Kihikihi the road began to improve, as there is not much traffic beyond Kihikihi. The next important place to pass was the site of the famous Orakau Pa, which was the stronghold of Rewi during the Waikato war. Instead of being a formidable looking pa now it is the site of a pleasant looking farm covered with luxuriant grass and numbers of splendid cattle and sheep browsing on the pastures. The old Maori trenches are almost obliterated, and the only remaining memento of the war is the blockhouse erected by the soldiers after the place was captured from the Maoris. It was from this pa that Rewi sent back his courageous and defiant answer to Major Mair in command of the English forces who completely surrounded the pa and demanded the surrender of Rewi and his brave followers.

After leaving Orakau the road goes right on to Parawera, which is about four miles distant. On arrival in sight of the Parawera pa I noticed a peculiar-looking flag flying half-mast, being one half white and half black, with a cross, and the letters 'Kingi Tawhiao' in black on the white part of it. This I afterwards learned was the King's flag. On my arrival at the entrance to the pa I was met by the canine population of Parawera, who rolled out in great numbers when they saw me coming; I think if there was one there were a hundred yelping nondescript mongrels surrounding me. Needless to say, my horse was very

much startled, and nearly unseated me, but I stuck to the pig-skin, for had I got a tumble off at that juncture, I'm afraid the 'kuris' would have had a good mauling with my body before being called off. Using my whip right and left I soon made an opening amongst them and arrived inside the pa and dismounted.

Tethering my horse close at hand, I started to fossick around, and soon discovered where the body of His Majesty was lying in state. A large tent, 16 x 12 feet, had been erected, and it was within where the bier was on which the mortal remains of King Tawhiao now rested. Only the face was exposed, the body being covered with valuable kiwi and korowai mats with his numerous meres, heitikis, tokis, etc., all arranged around the body. The floor was covered with splendid whariki mats, and on which were seated Tawhiao's wives, for he was the possessor of several. Some were engaged in fanning the body with fans, and others kept up a sort of melancholy dirge and sobbing interspersed with a mournful waiata or song composed for the occasion.

Outside the tent was where the visitors came to pay their respects to the departed King. They stood in array and commenced to cry as Maoris only can cry at a tangi, for about an hour, then there was a general hongis or salutation, which consisted of rubbing noses. The hongis being finished the leading rangatira of the visitors poured out a peroration on the deeds of the deceased Tawhiao, and after their korero or speechifying was finished an adjournment was made.

In the meantime, the wahines of the pa were engaged in getting the kai ready, and for that purpose a large space 75 yards by 25 yards was fenced off as a kuni or kitchen. Inside this enclosure there were at least fifty hangis or native ovens all in full swing. A native hangis is one of the most primitive ways of cooking and I venture to say that it is also one of the best ways for getting the rich flavour out of what is cooking. A hangis is very simply formed, thus: – A large hole is dug, about a foot deep. In this are placed large sticks of firewood and then lighted. When well alight, numbers of stones are piled up on top and allowed to get red hot, and as the wood burns out they fall down into the hole, forming a red-hot mass of stones. On top of the hot stones the food is then placed in baskets, and a bucket of water thrown over all, so that when the water comes in contact with the hot rocks steam is generated immediately. The natives throw matting over the whole, so as to confine the steam, and on top

of the matting earth is then heaped up to still confine any steam that may be escaping. After about an hour's cooking the hangis are opened and the food, usually pork, pigeons, kumaras, and potatoes, will be found as palatable as one could wish. I had the privilege of tasting some and it was excellent.

Well, so much for the cooking, the next item was the distribution of food. The women had been busy making small flax baskets into which the food was placed, and then all the women carried one or two each in procession to the front of the tent where the deceased king was lying, and there deposited it on the ground in a long line; the food was portioned off and the name of each visiting tribe being called out, they advanced and took away their portion and had their meal by themselves.

After the distribution of food came the recreation. A number of the young girls and men congregated together and had some hakas or native dances in great style. Others of the more vigorous young men went in for athletics, and they are very proficient in many of them, jumping especially.

After having a good look round and making several sketches I was suddenly accosted by some natives near the enclosure where the king lay, and was told I was not to sketch there or to enter, and I said all right I would not go there, but a number of boys who crowded round said that I had already sketched the places, so I was requested to hand over my book, which I reluctantly did after some argument, and in searching over the leaves my friends(?) wanted to know the meaning of my sketching, so I said it was for pastime, and they were about to destroy my book when I said I would rub them out if it pleased them. I did so, but not to their satisfaction, so they then seized the book and I thought it was good-bye to it, for they took it away, and in about ten minutes I was handed the book back with the sketches completely wiped out and told to clear out from the pa.

I said I would remain some time longer, but would not do any more sketches, to which they assented and sent several natives wherever I went to see I did not open my book. I went round taking in the situation mentally, and when going for the last time near the king's enclosure, I saw two men run for guns and stand at the gate and threaten not to let me near there, so I, to use the colonial term, 'got out of it' as soon as possible, as the consequences might have been serious for me, because I was the only white man amongst 400 natives, who now were unmistakably hostile to me. After a slight delay I saddled up

and got away for Te Awamutu again, and they were rather pleased to see the last of me, and I also was glad to get away from them.

On my way back to Te Awamutu I met the coffin for Tawhiao, which was being carted from Te Awamutu. It is a most elaborate affair, being lined with lead, and a glass front, so as to permit the features being seen. It is intended to take the remains of Tawhiao from Parawera to Maungakawa, near Cambridge, in a day or two, and continue the tangi there for some time before the final burial at Taupiri.

The tangi will then cease till the 'Hahunga,' or bone-scraping ceremony, takes place, most probably in May next, when a general tangi will be held, as the natives have not enough, food now to entertain a great multitude of visitors. Next May the crops will be all gathered in, and preparations will be made during the summer to lay in a big stock, so that the 'Hahunga' of Tawhiao's remains will bring together the largest crowd of natives seen in the North Island for years to come.

4. 'The Deceased King'

Part 2 of 5 articles in the 'Tawhiao's Tangi' series.

Auckland Star, Saturday, 22 September 1894, 2.

It may be – most probably it is – a fact that the Kingite cause is waning greatly amongst the Waikato Maoris of late years; but one thing seems certain – that it will be revived considerably, if temporarily, by the great gathering of natives now assembled at Taupiri to take part in the last funeral rites over the body of their dead King, Tawhiao. Such a Maori meeting will never again be witnessed in New Zealand, for the time is fast passing away when the Maoris will gather together in such numbers. About the only occasions on which large assemblages of the native race may now be observed are at the obsequies of some great chief, such as Tawhiao and Rewi. Of late, too, the cry of the Maori mourner has often been heard in the land, and the sad death-wail has ascended from many a Maori kainga over the remains of some grizzled old rangatira, such as the race will never produce again, for its destiny is changed. The present gathering at Taupiri, on the Waikato River, is of much importance in more senses than one. It is not merely a funeral 'wake' to lament over a dead aboriginal potentate. It appears to bear a more significant aspect, for it has already helped to weld together hitherto estranged factions of what is grandiloquently termed the Maori 'kingdom,' and it is a fact, I believe, that the new 'king,' young Mahuta, already has considerably more staunch adherents than had Tawhiao at the time of his death.

The Scene at Taupiri

Taupiri, where between three and four thousand Maoris, men, women and children, are now gathered together to mourn over Tawhiao's poor remains, is a little township on the eastern bank of the Waikato River, a few miles north of Ngaruawahia and about seventy miles south of Auckland by railway, which passes through the village. Taupiri is a picturesque locality, the predominating features of the landscape being the broad-bosomed Waikato, brimming over its low banks with the recent rains, and the forest-clad peak known as Taupiri Mountain, which rears its head just above the township close to the bank of the river. The place is famed in Maori song and legend, and the peak has been for generations the chief burial place of the Waikato tribes. On the river-wards

slope of the small bare hill which juts out from the southern flank of Taupiri Mountain is the burying-place. Here are interred the sacred bones of the great Potatau te Wherowhero, the first Maori king, who died 37 years ago, and which were hidden for a time in the recesses of Rangitoto mountain, in the Upper Waipa district. Here also lie the bones of Tu Tawhiao, the late King's eldest son, who died some years ago, and also those of one of Tawhiao's daughters. A little while ago the innumerable relics of dead Waikatos lying in the sacred ground – the wahi tapu – were added to by the depositing there of the bones of some 55 deceased members of the tribe, removed from a burying ground lower down the river. 'In death the tribe are one.' Here also will be interred the body of Tawhiao, Potatau the Second.

The present scene at Taupiri is an extraordinarily animated one. At the least, there must be three thousand Maoris, belonging to upwards of thirty different North Island tribes, camped on the banks of the Waikato, in the immediate vicinity of the township. Numbers, too, are arriving every day, and by Monday, when the Pakeha are invited to be present, the gathering will – for a Maori meeting – be of immense dimensions. In a large field near the river there are encamped the whole of the natives, with Tawhiao's body in the midst of them. The Waikato natives made elaborate preparations for the reception of their native visitors. In the centre of the enclosure, there is a lofty flagstaff, some eighty feet high, on which fly at half-mast, two striking flags. The uppermost of these is a historical banner. It is a long streamer on which are painted a cross and other designs, and it is one of the original flags of the old Maori kingdom. It belonged to Te Wherowhero, and it was flying at the battle of Rangiriri in 1863 when that desperate action was fought in the Waikato War. The bullet holes in the old flag are still visible. The second flag is the royal banner of King Tawhiao. A number of other large calico flags bearing various strange devices, one being the special flag of the new King Mahuta, flutter in the breeze from their poles, and give the scene a singular aspect. Two long nikau whares, open at the sides, each about one hundred yards in length, have been built for the natives' accommodation, and besides these are a great number, of small whares and tents all-round the enclosure, the centre of which is left open for the purposes of the meeting. At the time of writing (Friday) there must be considerably over four hundred tents pitched in the enclosure. Immense

quantities of food are on hand to fill the three thousand odd hungry and capacious mouths.

Arrival Of The Body

Tawhiao's corpse, from which the life departed nearly a month ago at Parawera, is still above ground. The faithful adherents of the 'Kingitanga' have reverently borne the remains of what was once a dusky monarch from Parawera, near Kihikihi, through Cambridge to Maungakawa, thence to Tauwhare, and through Hamilton to Hukanui, and finally to Taupiri—a long and tedious journey, prolonged by tangis and the consumption of the funeral baked meats. The funeral cortege arrived at Taupiri at about three o'clock on Thursday afternoon, amidst ceremonies of a most impressive character. A description of the reception of the body by the Waikato natives at Taupiri will be worthy of general interest, as in all probability this is the last occasion which a tangi of such magnitude will ever occur.

The two thousand or so Waikato natives assembled at Taupiri, received word on Thursday morning that the corpse of the late King, escorted by close on a thousand Ngatimaniapoto, Ngatiraukawa and Ngatihaua, and others, was close at hand. The large cortege, in fact, reached the outskirts of the settlement about noon on Thursday, and halted about half-a-mile from the township, on the main road, where they left their horses and vehicles for the time being and prepared for the meeting with the Waikatos with all the old-time ceremonial. Meanwhile the Waikatos, who had been rehearsing songs and dances of welcome and lamentation for several days previously, stripped for the ceremony and got their guns ready – for without guns the function would be sadly incomplete. Some three hundred Waikatos, fine stalwart fellows, drew up under their chiefs just inside their enclosure the men ten or twelve deep, entirely stripped, save for a shawl, blanket or mat round their waists, feathers in hair and guns in hand, with their cartridge pouches strapped at their sides. Most of the guns were double-barrelled breech-loaders, including some fine rifles, and in addition many of the chiefs carried the old-time greenstone meres, whalebone patus and taiahas; Major Te Wheoro, one of the leading chiefs of the Waikatos, brandished a splendid greenstone weapon. As Major Kemp and the other visiting natives from the South, in company with the Otaki Brass Band, landed from the Auckland train and walked over to greet the mourning

Maoris, the latter performed a dance of welcome, with a song especially composed for the occasion.

A Warlike Procession

A cortege of Maoris from the Upper Waikato had by this time approached the township and drew up some four hundred yards away from the camp. They, like the men in the camp, were seen to be armed with rifles and fowling-pieces, and which were occasionally fired with heavy charges of powder. At the same time large quantities of dynamite were exploded on the top of the hill at the burial place, with reports like the firing of cannon which woke the echoes for miles around. The Otaki Native Band marched out to take up their position at the head of the procession of visitors, in front of the corpse. The signal being given, the eager onlookers saw the singular procession start on the march into the camp. The sight was a most unique one. The cortege of Maniapotos and others comprised fully 900 Maoris, the men being in front in regular fighting costume, stripped naked, except for a shawl or a sheet round their loins, feathers in their hair, and cartouche-boxes slung round their waists. As they advanced, firing their guns into the air at frequent intervals, the armed party were seen to number some 300 men, the rest of the party having their heads and bodies profusely entwined with green leaves, as a sign of mourning, the rear of the procession thus presenting the sight of a moving 'Forest of Dunsinane.' The cries of lamentation and the mournful notes of the 'Dead March in Saul' played by the band as the procession moved slowly into the township, rendered the spectacle a most impressive one. Immediately behind the band came the coffin enclosing Tawhiao's body, borne by sixteen Maoris of Ngatimahuta, the late King's tribe. Beside his father's corpse walked Mahuta, an intelligent looking young man of about 28 years of age. Next came the armed men, in military array, eight deep, led on by Arakatare Rongowhitiao, a big and brawny Ngatiraukawa chief attired only in a sheet and gesticulating with a whalebone mere. The hearse in which the corpse had been conveyed (Tawhiao's buggy) was brought on at the end of the procession.

An Imposing Reception

As the mournful-looking procession, every man and woman marching with head bowed down, reached the entrance to the native camp, the spectators

uncovered their heads while the coffin passed by. The hundreds of Waikatos, silent as death, were massed some eighty yards inside the enclosure, the armed men in front with their guns at the 'port' and the other male natives and the women, their heads and bodies covered with willow-leaves, koromiko, or some other greenery in token of grief. As the coffin slowly entered the enclosure the waiting party bowed down their heads to the ground three times and at the same time the colours on the flagstaff were dipped. As the visitors came slowly on, crying in the peculiar Maori monotone of sorrow, the Waikatos slowly retired and bowed down again when a few paces back, and then saluted the cortege with a volley of blank-cartridge from their three hundred guns. Then came the formal dance and song of welcome. Led by the fogleman in the front, the Waikatos roared out with one voice a song of welcome and lamentation which could have been heard far across the river, and kept splendid time with their guns by alternately bending down until the muzzles of their guns nearly touched the earth, holding their firearms near the breech, and then giving a sudden spring upright with their guns held at arm's length above their heads. This was done in perfect time, and although not a war-dance proper, it reminded some spectators of fierce spectacles of that kind in the earlier days. When the receiving party had slowly retired about fifty yards before the advancing procession, keeping up the song and salute as they went, about 150 young men joined in the welcome with fern and nikau fronds in their hands, keeping time with the armed party as they went through their dance like clockwork.

A Song Of Welcome

The song which was chanted with extraordinary effect by hundreds of voices was a welcome specially composed and rehearsed for the occasion by the Waikato people. I give a free translation of it, but no English rendering can do justice to the inexpressibly peculiar effect of the words in the stentorian chant. The welcome, which was given the name of 'Te Taniwha o te Rua' (likening Tawhiao's departed spirit to a great taniwha or an atua or god), was as follows:

'Ka ahua au ki te whatitiri e whakatupuru nei Runga te rangi;
Kaore ko te unuhanga o te taniwha i te rua;
Aue! Aue! Aue! Te mamao i au!

Ka ngaue Mokau, ka ngaue Tamaki;
 Ka ru te whenua;
 Ka mate te marama;
 Ka taka te whetu o to rangi;
 Ka ara Waikato i te rua.
 Aue! Aue! Aue! Aue! Taukiri e!

Translated this chant is:

'I see the lightning in the sky
 Flashing and glistening;
 It is the releasing of the spirit from the cave;
 Alas! Alas! Alas! My grief!
 From Mokau unto Tamaki
 The earthquake shakes the land;
 The moon has disappeared;
 The stars fall from the heavens;
 It is Waikato arising from the depths.
 Alas! Alas! Alas! My grief!'

The Visitors' Reply

Both parties then advanced, each firing volleys as they went, the men reloading their guns with fresh cartridges as fast as they could until they approached the flagstaff in the centre of the enclosure. In the vicinity of the flagstaff were grouped about 500 more men of the Waikatos proper, who also went through the chant of welcome with a precision as remarkable as that of their armed friends. On the left hand were seated the women, garlanded with greenery, and all keeping up a suppressed cry. Some of the women had only a blanket, shawl or mat round their waists, and with weeping willows and ferns wound round their bodies over the right shoulder.

The visitors, on the conclusion of the song of welcome, when the Waikato 'soldiers' fell back on the main body, replied with a song of their own, raising a thundering chorus, which might have been heard for miles around, and with a simultaneous stamp of hundreds of feet on the ground which literally shook the earth.

The men and women of both parties then edged back and left an open space near the flagstaff for the coffin, which was borne up and deposited by its wearied bearers on a low stage erected for the purpose. A handsome oil painting of Tawhiao, presented by the Otaki natives, was unveiled beside the coffin, and a hum of intense emotion went through the bowed natives as they saw it. Around and under the coffin were placed a number of beautiful and valuable native mats, also presented by the Otaki natives, the presents including splendid specimens of korowai, kaitaka, whariki, and kaka and pigeon feather mats. The coffin (lead shell within a wooden coffin) was a very heavy one, weighing three or four hundredweight. It was at last at rest, after having been on the road for two weeks or so.

The Tangi

The general tangi or weeping over the corpse then began, the Waikatos for the first time having an opportunity of crying over their dead king. Men and women, young and old, joined in the tangi, and the wailing and peculiar monotonous hum of crying were kept up for some time, all the people being seated on the ground in the most mournful attitudes conceivable. The visitors all maintained a position some 35 yards away from the coffin, around which the Waikato were weeping. Waikato formed a large semi-circle close under the colours fluttering in the breeze, with the armed men on the right and the women on the left. Suddenly the volume of the sound of wailing gave place to another, as the women of Waikato lifted up their voices in a mournful song of their own, addressed to the spirit of Tawhiao, which was poetically supposed to be climbing up towards the higher heavens:

‘Ascend, ascend, oh spirit!
 You have come to see your people,
 To see the people of the Waikato;
 Behold, they are gathered in your canoe,
 Assembled here are all the tribes.’

At an interval in the formal crying over Tawhiao, a grizzled old warrior, the veteran Whitiora te Kumete (of Ngatimahuta), Tawhiao’s first cousin, who was a leading general in the Waikato war of 1863-64, rose and welcomed the

visiting tribes in a brief oration, punctuated by gesticulations with an ancient Maori weapon. This formal salutation over, the whole of the Waikatos again repeated with one voice the stirring song ‘Taniwha o te Rua’ and performed another dance with their guns, each man brandishing his firearm right and left, down to the ground and above his head, in faultless time, the whole working like one machine. When they had finished, the visiting party fired several volleys of blank cartridge as a tribute to Tawhiao’s memory. All this time puffs of smoke were seen, and reports like cannons were heard from the burying place on the hill, where natives were exploding dynamite all around the grave destined for Tawhiao. The rifle firing was succeeded by the singing of an old and well-known Maori song of welcome, ‘Kumea te Waka (Draw the Canoe),’ in which the people were likened to a canoe brought to the shore, the refrain being ‘toia te waka ki te urunga (bring the canoe to the resting-place).’ The tangi shortly afterwards concluded for the day. The men who had been in the van of each party stripped for the occasion, ran off to get their clothes, for they had been exposed to a cold wind for several hours, and the women set about preparing kai for their lords and masters. Hundreds of hangis, or Maori ovens, were soon in operation, and before long the whole camp were discussing their pork and potatoes, their eels and kumara and bread, with a relish.

The Assembled Natives

The Maoris gathered at Taupiri are about the finest set of aboriginals that will ever be gathered together in New Zealand, those from the interior being especially fine stalwart men. They are most orderly; in fact, they are far better behaved than the same number of average Europeans would be under similar circumstances. Not a drunken man is to be seen; the native committee impose a fine of five shillings on any one found the worse of liquor. Furthermore, they have one or two hundred young men acting as native policemen, and one of the rules of the gathering is that any man or woman who is found to have a stray dog in the enclosure is to be fined or else go out and fetch in a load of firewood for the camp.

There are close on thirty tribes represented at the meeting, the principal iwi being Waikato (with about a dozen sub-tribes, such as Ngatitipa, Ngatiteata, Ngatinaho), Ngatimaniapoto, Ngatiraukawa, Ngatimaru,

Ngatihaua, Ngatimahuta, Ngaiterangi, Ngatipaoa, Ngatikahungunu, Ngatiawa, Whanganui, Ngapuhi, Ngatitamera, Ngatiwhatua, and others.

The principal chiefs, and influential men present include the following:

Waikato: Major Te Wheoro, Henare Kaihau, Hori Kukutai, and Whitiora.

Ngatimaniapoto: Taonui te Naunau, Tawhana, Aporo te Taratutu (the hero of the raid on Mr Gorst's printing office at Te Awamutu prior to the Waikato War), Paku Kohatu, Hotutaua te Wetini, and Messrs John Hettit and John Ormsby.

Ngaiterangi: Ngatai Taiaho, Hone Makaraoti, Te Waru, Rewi te Ngatai.

Ngatiraukawa: Arakatare Rongowhitiao, Te Rangi Tutua, Whiti Patato, Paora.

Ngatituwharetoa: Heuheu Tukino.

Ngatihaua: Taingakawa te Waharoa (the Maori Premier), Hote Tamehana, Tutua te Ngakau and Mahuta and Te Wherowhero (Tawhiao's sons).

Ngatipaoa: Taipari and Totorewa.

Ngatimahuta (the bearers of the body): To Te Ao, Te Uira, Ngakete, Te Puhi, Tihirahi, Te Aka Wharakura.

The Food Supply

As may be imagined, the quantity of food required for such a large assemblage is enormous. The commissariat arrangements are under the care of Te Aka Wharakura, who is an excellent providore. There must be a hundred tons of potatoes on the ground, in fact, the Maoris are even giving their seed potatoes to the feast; and in addition there are scores of porkers dead and alive, some 20 tons of flour, bread, thousands of dried eels (one string of eels being about 100 yards long), inanga, or whitebait in abundance, kumara, dried shark, mussels, fish, etc. An idea of the food supply may be gauged from the fact that Ngatitipa and Ngatiteata, who, together with Mr G. S. Graham, were the largest contributors, gave in all some £160 worth of kaikai, including seven tons of flour, one ton of sugar, four and a half tons of mussels, four 12lb tins of tea, twenty pigs, half a ton of dried fish, two tons of kumaras, three tons of potatoes, etc. One individual native gave ten tons of flour. The tangi will probably last until the food gives out.

The Burial

It is now said that Tawhiao's body will be buried next Wednesday, but the truth is that the exact date has not yet been fixed. Native clergymen will conduct the funeral, and it is stated that the old chief's bones will be left to lie permanently in the burial-ground. Some of the natives state that the body will not be interred until it has been a month above ground – which would give Wednesday as the day.

Europeans Invited on Monday

In connection with the special train proposals for next Monday, the natives are desirous that all the Pakehas who are coming to view the tangi should do so on Monday, as on that day they will make special preparations for their European friends. Major te Wheoro and Henare Kaihau, the latter of whom is a most obliging and courteous chief, are very desirous as well as their fellow-natives, to see the Europeans come on Monday. On that day the dances and songs of welcome will be repeated in full costume, or rather, undress, and hakas will be given for the benefit of visitors. The sight is a most interesting one, and to those who would like to get a glimpse at the fast-disappearing customs of the Maori, no such chance will again present itself.

5. 'The Taupiri Meeting'

Part 3 of 5 articles in the 'Tawhiao's Tangi' series.

Auckland Star, Monday, 24 September 1894, 3.

The great native gathering at Taupiri, in connection with the tangi over the death of the late King Tawhiao, is still proceeding, but it is nearing its close. The remains of the deceased chief will be laid in their last resting place on Taupiri Hill on Wednesday most probably, and the meeting will come to a close a few days thereafter, while many of the distant Maori visitors will return to their homes as soon as the burial takes place. A big tangi like the present is an occasion of intense interest and unwonted excitement for the Maoris of the interior, and the doings and sayings at Taupiri will be remembered and frequently quoted for a long time to come by the native hosts, the Waikato, and their visitors from 'up-country.' Advantage is being taken by the occasion by the Kingite leaders, including Henare Kaihau, Taingakawa te Waharoa, and others, to impress on the assembled natives the desirability of keeping up the Maori kingdom, and Mahuta, the new King, is the centre of interest at present, next to the remains of his dead father.

The gathering of Maoris at Taupiri affords an excellent opportunity of observing some of the interesting native customs which have survived to the present day in a modified form. Only on occasions like this, when death lays its hand on the great ones of the people, and they join in the display of their grief at the calamity, are the now rare and picturesque old customs to be noticed to any extent. Some description of the proceedings at the tangi on Friday last, which was the principal day of mourning after the arrival of the body of Tawhiao at the settlement, should therefore be of interest.

The Maori Camp

The interior of the large enclosure, in which many hundreds of Maoris have their temporary camp, presents a striking and very picturesque scene. From the lofty flagstaff float several flags at half-mast, including one inscribed 'Kingi Mahuta' and another 'Takoto (Rest or remain in peace),' referring to the body of Tawhiao below. The tent containing the coffin lies in a little hollow in the centre of the enclosure, and it is now completely closed in from view by a high

break-wind of manuka, which has been hastily thrown up around about it to shield the sacred features of the dead king from the too-inquisitive gaze.

After the morning meal the place is gay with the bright, many-coloured gowns and ‘roundabouts’ worn by the women, many of whom still wear green leaves on their heads as a sign of mourning. European clothing is nearly universal, but in addition many men sport the now uncommon flax mat, with an occasional headdress of native pigeons or kaka feathers, while many of the men discard trousers in favour of the more comfortable and airy shawl or blanket tied round the waist and falling to the knees. All the old weapons of primitive days in the possession of the hapus have been brought out for the occasion, and many fine greenstone meres, taiahas, etc., are on view. One old fellow, with a sack worn in lieu of a coat carries an old naval cutlass which he evidently treasures highly. The large number of young children playing about the edge of the encampment strike a spectator with the idea that the Maori race cannot really be decaying while the ‘youngsters’ are so numerous and so healthy-looking and chubby.

The New King

The chief figure of interest amongst the natives is that of Mahuta, the young ‘King’ who has just been elected to the Kingite ‘throne’ as a successor to his late father, Tawhiao. Mahuta Tawhiao Potatau (‘Tawhiao II’) is a man of some promise. He is said to be an intelligent young fellow – more so than the late king – and he is reported to have some considerable force of character. However, his opinions have been formed for him by the Kingite Councillors, Committee, or ‘Kauhanganui’ as they are termed, and it is presumed that he intends to pursue the policy of anti-land selling, anti-survey, anti-European laws over the Maori, which was the prominent feature of old Tawhiao’s regime.

The Native Assemblage

The natives, when they assemble for the day’s tangi and speechmaking, sit in two large parties – the visitors not mingling with the Waikato natives proper. The visitors, consisting of Ngatimaniapoto, Ngatihaua, Ngatiraukawa and others, who escorted Tawhiao’s body into Taupiri, are arranged in sections of tribes in front of their quarters on the eastern side of the enclosure, while the Waikato natives, each tribe sitting in a compact body by itself, face the ‘up-

country' Maoris, with their backs to the Waikato River. At frequent intervals the sound of weeping is heard, and the mournful hum of the wail over the dead is borne to the ear even a long distance outside the camp.

Curious Flags

Numerous gaily-coloured flags form a striking feature of the temporary Maori kainga, for the Kingite natives were ever great lovers of ceremony and of flags and similar emblems of authority. A very striking-looking flag, specially made in Auckland to the order of the Maori 'Parliament' has been hoisted on the King's flagstaff with solemn ceremony. The flag is 18ft long and about 8ft wide, made of some material like silk, with white background, and is adorned with a design suggested by Henare Kaihau. At the bottom of the flag there is painted in brown a large war canoe, with the paddlers and the old-time fuglemen in their places. This design is surmounted by the title 'Kingi Mahuta Tawhiao' and the flag is made more striking by the representations of the sun and moon and the Pleiades (Matariki). The natives have a great liking for the heavenly bodies in their flags.

Maori Policemen

As I stated previously, the Maori assemblage is a most orderly one, chiefly the result of the temperate habits of the great bulk of the natives, and the remarkably strict manner in which various rules for the good government of the meeting are enforced. Anyone found the worse for liquor – a very rare offence – is promptly taken to his quarters in the camp, and in the morning he is brought before the tribal 'beak' (who in the case of the Waikato natives is Major Wi te Wheoro), and is fined five shillings. There is quite an army of policemen under the control of three aboriginal 'inspectors of police' and these native 'bobbies,' all young men, distinguished by coloured badges and by sticks or wands of office, are tremendously officious. They certainly cannot be accused of failing to do their duty, for they are as self-important as the Lord High Executioner himself, and they keep watch and ward over the kainga with a touching zeal. The 'roll' is called at about nine o'clock each evening, when every constable must answer to his name as soon as possible after one of the 'sergeants' sounds the nightly bugle call.

Until today, no European spectators were allowed to set foot inside the Maori camp whilst Tawhiao's remains were lying there. This law, which was made by the Kingite 'Committee' chiefly, and wisely too, to prevent Europeans crowding in out of mere curiosity and spoiling the proceedings, was strictly carried out, and the only two Pakehas who succeeded in gaining admission to the enclosure were the *Star* reporter and the *Graphic* artist. Even this was not managed without much difficulty, and a series of amusing but annoying encounters with the ubiquitous policemen. In the case of the two newspapermen, a concession was made by the assembled chiefs, but not until a solemn korero was held on the question, at which the whole of the people were present. To the good offices of Major te Wheoro and Henare Kaihau, permission was accorded to the reporter and the artist to enter and do what they liked, much to the disgust of the policemen, who sadly wanted something or someone to 'run out.'

The Speeches

Friday was devoted to speeches of lamentation over the dead king and to songs and hakas expressing feelings of sorrow and grief. As we view the proceedings on Friday, the scene is an interesting one. The chiefs act as spokesmen and many of their people are attired Maori fashion in mats, shawls and sheets, having left their legs free for the better performance of the hakas and of the violent exercise which an orator is compelled to take. A grizzled old chief, who has 'seen service' in his time, jumps up from amongst the ranks of the visitors, his eyes rolling with excitement, his garb a flax mat and a shawl with a sheet round his waist and his head adorned with feathers, while in his hand he brandishes a valuable greenstone or whalebone mere, an old-time weapon which is a tribal or a family heirloom. Up he springs in the air, as lightly as if he were a boy, and bounding forward along the front of his seated tribe he addresses the gathering. 'Welcome! Welcome! Welcome! Tawhiao is dead!' is the gist of his oration. After a few words he bounds along his people's line, performs pukana or grimaces with eyes and tongue at the tribe opposite, or at another spokesman who has got up in another part of the assemblage, pours forth a torrent of words, and then leaps and runs back to his starting place. His rhetoric is not extensive, for it is simply a short speech of welcome and of

lamentation, and he sinks down again as quickly as he arose, made quite young again by his unwonted work.

Another chief will address the people calmly and deliberately, and in language well-chosen and always appropriate. No Maori speaker is at a loss for a word. His flow of language is usually very copious. There are some celebrated orators amongst both parties, the noted old chief Te Ngakau, of Ngatihaua, whose fame as a polished orator was so great that women were wont to climb on the roofs of whares to listen to him, being amongst the visiting natives. Henare Kaihau, who is a near relative of the dead king, is an excellent and a logical speaker, as also is Te Rawhiti, a very able man, who is Secretary to the Maori Kingdom. Taingakawa te Waharoa (son of the famous 'Kingmaker' Wi Tamehana), the 'Premier' of the Maori Kingdom, also commands the deepest attention when he rises to speak. Taipari, Major Kemp, Whitiara, Major Te Wheoro, Te Aka Wharakura, and other leading men, never fail to find sympathetic ears and a perfectly quiet audience, save for the incessant low wailing of the old women who continually keep up their tangi immediately around the king's body.

One half-speech half-song of lamentation will serve as an example of the rest, for the orations all turn on the one central idea that the king is dead: 'Alas! Alas! Alas! The sorrow of it! It cannot be helped; it cannot be helped. Go, oh son, to the night (Haere, e tama, ki te po), depart on the ebbing tide. Our hearts are great with sorrow. Alas! Alas! Alas! Oh Waikato, oh the tribes, oh son, depart to the other world! Depart, depart, depart! The tribe is dead; the great trees of the forest have fallen; none are left but the small trees, the shrubs and the saplings! The tribes are assembled to sorrow over the head of the whole people,' and so on, in a strain which is reiterated loudly and often.

The Hakas

As the orators of each tribe deliver their short speeches of welcome and of lamentation over the corpse of Tawhiao, they often quote some words of a well-known song. When the spokesman ceases, up jumps the tribe, and burst in a roar into the chorus of the song, accompanying the words with a haka dance. With machine-like precision meres, taiahas, an old sword or two, paddles and sticks (and even umbrellas and whips) are whirled this way and that, and the dancers bring down now the right foot and now the left in a thunderous stamp

on the ground, as the familiar words are yelled forth. The leaders of the haka dance out in front of their hapus and urge them on by voice and deed until the dancers get worked up into the spirit of the thing and perform the haka like one man. Old Major Te Wheoro, clad in a blanket and mat, is as eager as the rest, and he leads on his tribe in a manner which shows that this is not the first haka that he has taken part in. One after another the tribes assembled round the meeting place jump up and go through their respective hakas under the conductorship of their fuglemen and chiefs, who are particularly expert in imparting the singular quivering motion to the meres in their hands which none but a Maori born could ever attain. With a final long-drawn-out 'Aue!' or 'E!' the dancers squat down again, and more speeches are made, followed by more hakas.

An Interesting Ceremony

One of the sights of the day is the presentation of food to the guests, known as the ceremony of 'tuku kai.' As the midday hour approaches, the women rise from the outskirts of the crowd of men, where they have been listening to the speeches or taking part in the occasional hakas, and flock with vivacious chatter to the innumerable hangis or Maori ovens around the edge of the camp. A loud voice is heard from the far end of the enclosure, where a man evidently connected with the commissariat department is seen standing on the roof of one of the larger whares. In a stentorian voice, which is audible from one end of the camp to the other, he shouts directions for the distribution of food, and the manner in which the kai is to be placed before the different bribes.

Then the women proceed to uncover the hangis, and clouds of steam arise from scores of native cooking-places, as the pork and potatoes, kumara, eels, beef, and mussels, are lifted out, done 'to a turn.' The potatoes and other food are all divided out into small flax konos or baskets, hundreds of which are made by the women and girls for each meal, no basket being used twice.

Then follows the ceremony of depositing the food before the manuhiri, or visitors, who comprise the Ngatimaniapoto, Ngatipaoa, Ngatihaua, Ngatiraukawa, Ngaiterangi, and other tribes from a distance, the Waikato people being the boats. Fat pigs cooked whole are slung on poles, to go with the potatoes, and the people form into long rows with their presents of food. Fuglemen and women run to and fro along the lines of food servers, seeing

that all is correct, or tika, before the food is carried to the visitors, and directing them as to the movements of the ceremonial.

Then, at a given signal, the Waikato women, girls, young men and boys advance with a dance and song, expressive of welcome to the visitors, and of sorrow at the presence of death. Sometimes, again, the words are very amusing. The scene is a very pretty one, as the gaily-dressed lines of people, each carrying a basket of food, or holding aloft large fat eels done up in flax, advance with the rhythmic motions of the haka to the centre of the field towards their guests who sit in silence on the slope overlooking the marae or the open space where the orators deliver their speeches between the assembled tribes. Waving their baskets as they keep time with a simultaneous chant and dance which wakes the welkin, the Waikatos move on until they are a short distance from the assembled hundreds of quests. Here they halt and lay their baskets of *kaikai* on the grass, ranging them in a long line which stretches half across the enclosure. With a repetition of the dance and *waiata*, or song, the Waikatos retire to their quarters. Each tribe of the visitors is then loudly informed of the portion of food which is its share, and they advance to convey the meal to their own side of the camp, where it disappears in a marvellously short time, as the result of the combined attack of strong jaws and splendid appetites.

The haka and the song are repeated as the relays of food are laid before the visitors and is one of the most attractive sights of the day. The *tuku kai* is an old native custom, and the leading people of the hosts are careful to see that everything is done properly and in order. It would be an exceedingly gross breach of Maori etiquette to refuse the proffered food, but as may be imagined the hungry guests would never decline such an excellent meal.

'Sacred Taupiri'

The hill jutting out from the southern side of Taupiri Mountain, where Tawhiao is to be buried on Wednesday, is exceedingly sacred in the eyes of the natives, it having been a Waikato burial ground for many generations. The hill occupies a picturesque position up against the beautiful bush-clad side of Taupiri Mountain. Many references are made in Maori song and story to the sacred mount of Taupiri. The mountain is also said to be a '*Maunga hikonga uira*,' that is, a lightning mountain, or a peak of omen to the tribe which owned it. In days of old, if forked lightning flashed immediately over these mountains

of dread omen, of which there are a number in the Waikato, it was taken to be a sign of approaching death in the tribe or of some impending misfortune. Pirongia, further up the Waikato Valley, is another noted 'lightning mountain.' There is a curious Maori legend extant which asserts, in the poetical imagery of the old Maori, that Taupiri was the wife of Pirongia Mountain, and that their daughter was Te Kawa, a hill near Kakepuku, in the King Country. The grave for the reception of Tawhiao's remains is on the top of the smaller hill, just above the railway line, and overlooking the stately Waikato River. The hill was formerly a fortified pa, and the old earthen ramparts are still prominent. Potatau's tomb is enclosed by a high fence, and Tawhiao's bones will be laid close beside those of his father.

There will certainly be no lack of clergymen to conduct the burial rites according to the Church of England service over the dead monarch's remains, for, besides the Ven. Archdeacon Clarke, who arrived at Taupiri from Auckland on Saturday, there are five or six Maori ministers on the spot, including the veteran Heta Tarawhiti, and the Revs. Wiremu Hoete, Hohua, and two or three others.

6. 'Reception of Europeans'

Part 4 of 5 articles in the 'Tawhiao's Tangi' series.

Auckland Star, Tuesday, 25 September 1894, 5.

The reception of the Europeans by the natives assembled at Tawhiao's tangi, at Taupiri, yesterday was a very cordial welcome, and although visitors were disappointed in not seeing the attractive native ceremonials of the preceding few days, the excursion train party from Auckland had an interesting trip. About 800 Auckland residents, including many ladies, went up to Taupiri, and on landing at that picturesque locality they were greeted with volleys from the guns of the armed Maoris, who, with the Otaki Native Brass Band, escorted them to the enclosure, where a place had been set apart for them. The natives wore the Maori signs of mourning, including sprays of weeping willow, koromiko and lycopodium leaves, and some of the Pakehas also wore green twigs in their hat bands, in deference to native customs. Prominent amongst the visitors was Mr James Mackay, an old friend of the Maoris, who looked a true Pakeha-Maori, with a Maori mat over his shoulder and a greenstone mere in his hand.

Mr John Ormsby (Ngatimaniapoto) addressed the meeting in English, on behalf of Mahuta Tawhiao Potatau te Wherowhero, the newly-elected Maori King. The speech included the following sentences after the orthodox words of welcome: 'Come to the body of my father now lying here. This is the man who maintained peace between the Pakehas and the Maoris, up to the time of his death, when he departed during the subsistence of peace and love between the two people. Salutations to you the European people.

'You are here the people my father loved during his lifetime. Now I will uphold the same love as my father did towards you, after him. My love is this, let love exist between both parties. But there is one thing to be alarmed at as between you and us. My father during the years which are past, said it was fighting. Let the sword be sent away to the other side (England), and let it remain there, so that we may be a house for love, and a resting place for good things. So that peace may constantly obtain between us all in this country.'

Mr Mackay, in answer to the native welcome to the Europeans, sang two waiata and spoke as follows: 'Greetings to you the tribes, and the people in your sorrow. We see the respect which you pay to the departed chief Tawhiao, the

Maori King. We have also come to join in your grief. Death is not a new thing, it is from all times past. The axe of Aitua (death) fells even the tall trees of the forest. Here this large and towering tree of the forest has fallen by the strokes of that axe, leaving us, the koromiko, the mahoe, the kaiwhiria, and other small trees, in solitude. We shall no more repose under the shadow of the mighty tree which now lies on the ground before us. What can we do? Nothing but weep and shed tears, which avail nothing. No one can disregard or disobey the call of death. Go, sire! Go, sire! Go on your way! We would have kept you among us if we could. All we can do now is to grieve for your death and remember your words. The proverb says, "A man dies but his sayings remain behind." Go my precious greenstone (kahurangi) to your ancestors at Te Reinga. We shall follow you on the same road.'

The two Maori waiata, or songs of sorrow, chanted by Mr Mackay were 'Who shall fill the place vacated by death?' and 'Where are my missing head-comb and my korotangi.'

Subsequently Mr Mackay, in addressing the new king, Mahuta, said: 'Greetings to you, the grandson of Potatau Te Wherowhero. Greetings to you, the son of my friend Tawhiao, who has departed from among us. Greetings to you, the young man who has been elected to fill Tawhiao's place as the head of the Maori people, and as the figure-head (tau ihu) of the Aotearoa canoe. He just now addressed him as a youth, but you are no longer such. You are a man, the tribes having made you their 'kaumatua' (chief or leader). A great responsibility rests on you, but you have your old men and the members of your Parliament to assist you. You will be right if you remember the words of your grandfather, "Love, Generosity, and Truth (Te Aroha, Te Atawhai, me Te Pono)." We hope that whatever you may do will be for the benefit and good of both Maoris and Europeans. We wish you long life, prosperity, and happiness, and we (all the Europeans here assembled) thank you for the hearty welcome you and your people have given us to-day.'

After the Maori welcome, the Rev. W. Gittos (Superintendent of the Wesleyan Maori missions and an old missionary in the Waikato), addressed the natives in Maori. Mr Mackay interpreting to the Europeans: 'Salutations to you all assembled. Go my friend, it was said you were a great tree and have now fallen. I did not invest you with that chieftainship, but you received it from a long line of ancestors. Those grandparents and relatives have gone to

Muriwhenua, the place of the spirits of those who have departed hence. You have now gone on the same road as your ancestors have travelled. We have come to mingle our grief with yours, and to give our sympathy to the people who remain. I and the other Europeans are here to-day to share in your grief. You have preceded us on the road which we shall all have to travel. This grief will continue for a long time and will not be forgotten by any of us. Go, my old friend, we bewail your loss.'

Speeches were also made to the natives by Mr G. S. Graham and Mr W. A. Graham, and Mr R. Ralph, of Huntly, also said a few words. Major te Wheoro welcomed the Europeans, Mr John Ormsby interpreting. A dinner in Pakeha style was served to all the Europeans present, the Maoris generously making considerable inroads on their stock of 'kai' to give the Pakeha an excellent meal of roast pork, pigeons, fish, kumaras, potatoes, bread, cake, etc. Some hakas were given after the dinner by the Ngatitamatera, Ngaiterangi and Waikato natives, and the young men who composed the firing party also performed a dance. Mr Mackay thanked the Maoris for their cordial reception of the Europeans, and each race gave three cheers for the other, Mr Mackay calling for three cheers for Mahuta, which, were cordially given by the Europeans. The Maori police kept excellent order, and the Maori assemblage was an exceedingly well-conducted one. The visitors returned to town early last night by train.

It is expected that Tawhiao's remains will be buried on Taupiri Hill tomorrow.

7. 'Tawhiao's Burial'

Part 5 of 5 articles in the 'Tawhiao's Tangi' series.

Auckland Star, 27 September 1894, 8.

The interment of the late King Tawhiao's remains at Taupiri yesterday is reported by eyewitnesses to have been a most impressive scene. It is rumoured, however, that the body of the old chief was secretly interred by his immediate hapu on Monday night, in a spot on Taupiri Mountain or the vicinity, known only to a few natives of the Ngatimahuta and Ngatimaniapoto tribes. This would be quite in accordance with native customs. If so, the body will, in accordance with Maori customs, be the occasion of a great tangi at a hahunga, or bone-scraping, in twelve months' time, and will then be permanently interred at the tribal burying ground at Taupiri.

The funeral procession of Maoris was an interesting spectacle as the cortege wound its way from the native camp to the top of the hill on which the burying ground is situated. First of all walked a very old man bearing a flag inscribed 'Kingi o te rangimarie (King of the peaceful heavens)' followed by an old tohunga, one of the last of the order of old Maori priests, who wore a string of large whale's teeth (niho paraoa) round his neck. It is stated that his principal mission at the burying place, which is a small enclosure at the top of the burial bill, was to destroy some native mats, etc., which had become tapu by being used in connection with the burying ground and the dead. Next came the coffin, borne by eighteen men belonging to Ngatimaniapoto and Tawhiao's relatives of Ngatimahuta, and the Otaki Brass Band playing the 'Dead March in Saul.' There was no burial service or any noticeable ceremonial at the grave beyond the firing of the usual volleys by the armed Maori police, about 150 of whom acted as the firing party. The procession was a very large one, the natives marching ten or twelve deep.

The temporary Maori settlement at Taupiri is now almost deserted, all the Maori visitors from up-country having left for their homes.

8. 'The Wreck of the *Wairarapa*'

Auckland Star, 3 Nov. 1894, 2.

The latest news – Visit to the Wreck – An Appalling Spectacle – Recovering the Bodies – At Work on the Wreck – The Mails Recovered

Every additional detail of the wreck of the steamer *Wairarapa* renders the disaster still more shocking than before. The death toll has increased, while the terrible sights witnessed at the wreck and along the coast of the Great Barrier Island daily impart a more sickening aspect to the catastrophe. Dead bodies have been washed ashore by the dozen for miles and miles along the rocky Barrier coastline, and the distress of relatives and friends of the unfortunate drowned and killed voyagers renders the calamity a most heartbreaking occurrence. Those who visited the locality of the wreck and laboured at the recovery of corpses witnessed scenes of horror which will cling to their memories till their dying days. The *Argyle*, which is the Northern S.S. Company's steamer that brought the first news of the wreck, returned to Auckland at half-past five o'clock this morning from a visit to the Barrier, having spent the whole of yesterday in searching for bodies, removing them for interment, and working at the recovery of mails from the steamship. The result of the steamer's cruise was that it was ascertained that forty bodies had been recovered, and that the wreck is still in the same position. The settlers at Port Fitzroy estimate the total number of those who lost their lives at 137. Whether this number be excessive or not, it is certain that many were drowned who will never be accounted for, and whose names even will not be known.

An important mission of the *Argyle* was her endeavour to recover the English mails (via Suez) and the Australian mails also, the total being 100 bags. So smartly was the work of recovery gone about, that in less than two hours those who boarded the wreck succeeded in saving 83 bags of mail matter, which are now in the hands of the Post Office officials in Auckland.

The Argyle's Trip

The S.S. *Argyle* left the Queen Street wharf at 8.30 o'clock on Thursday night bound for the Great Barrier Island, under special arrangements to recover and bury bodies, and save the mails and other valuables on board. Amongst those

who took passage to the sadly noted island by the steamer were officials having business at the wreck, police, and relatives and friends of the missing. The passengers, numbering about fifty in all, included Mr T. Henderson, local manager of the U.S.S. Company; Capt. H. Worsp (Surveyor to the Underwriters' Association); Mr Coutts, representing the Northern Steamship Company; Mr Birch, of the Union Steamship Company, and four men; Sergeant Gamble and six police constables (McDonnell, Stanyer, McConachie, Bailey, Oliphant and Jones); Captain T. Fernandez; a postal officer to look after the mails; a customs official; Dr. Lawry (who was in search of his sister, Mrs Waterhouse, believed to be drowned); two undertakers, (Messrs G. H. Leaning, of Auckland and F. Farnsworth, of Otahuhu); Captain Harlow, of the Salvation Army; the Rev. Canon Haseldean, of the Church of England; Messrs Spencer (3), who were in search of their father; Mr A. Kidd, the Hon. W. Jennings, M.L.C., Mr Jackson Palmer, and numerous other friends of the drowned people.

The police were sent down in order to recover and bury the bodies, and they will remain on the island till next week, The steamer, besides passengers, took down a considerable quantity of provisions and stores, supplied by the Union Steamship Company and the Government for the settlers and Maoris on the northern part of the island in order to replace the food which they so freely gave to the starving survivors. In the vessel's deck cargo was a quantity of sawn timber ready for knocking up into coffins for the dead, in addition to several shells, which were placed on board here for the reception of dead bodies.

Arrival at the Barrier

After a fine weather run of fifty miles down to Port Tryphena, on the southwestern extremity of the island, the *Argyle* steamed into that harbour at 2.30 o'clock yesterday morning. Here she anchored for a little while and communicated with the shore. Two settlers' boats came off, and those on board the *Argyle*, who eagerly clustered along the rail to learn fresh news of the wreck, were astonished to find that the Tryphena people had not even heard of the casualty. This is to be accounted for by the fact that there are no roads, and communication between distant portions of this rugged, mountainous and bush-clad island is only possible by means of boats or by narrow bridle tracks.

Leaving Tryphena shortly after daylight, the little steamer ran out of the rock-sheltered harbour, passing on the port hand the locality of the Caffrey and Penn murder, at Taylor's homestead. Sweeping round with bows due north, the *Argyle* churned her way along the rugged, inhospitable-looking cliffs of the Barrier, *en route* for Fitzroy Harbour, some fifteen miles to the northward. While many parts of the island possess beautiful scenery, the general appearance of the place is forbidding and barren.

The Great Barrier Island is about 22 miles long in a north and south direction, its greatest width being about 12 miles and its least about two-and-a-half miles, comprising a total area of 74,000 acres. The whole of the island is broken and rocky, particularly the central portion. The highest hill is Hirakimata, or Mount Hobson, which is 2,038 feet above sea level, being situated about the centre of the island. Clustering around Mount Hobson there are several bold peaks, some of which are composed of uplifted Paleozoic slates, in some instances standing completely on end, and, covered as they are from their bases nearly to their summits with dense forest, containing a large proportion of kauri, they form striking and picturesque objects.

On the western corner of the northern end of the island, near the scene of the wreck, a copper mine was worked many years ago by an English company, having been long since abandoned. The settlers are not numerous, and there is little or no arable land. Kauri gum has been got for years on the island, and some of the settlers go in extensively for beekeeping. A great deal of kauri timber has been taken from the island. There are no harbours on the eastern side, but those on the western – Katherine Bay, Ports Abercrombie and Fitzroy, Whangaparapara (Blind Bay) and Tryphena – afford fine shelter for shipping. Fitzroy especially is a fine harbour, landlocked on every side.

At Port Fitzroy

The *Argyle*, after leaving Tryphena, steamed round to Port Fitzroy, passing Blind Bay on the way, and cruised slowly through the chain of ragged islands near the southern entrance to Port Fitzroy, Captain Johnston and those on board keeping a sharp lookout for traces of the wreck. The steamer coasted close to False Head, on the chance that some bodies might be ashore there, and seeing nothing kept away for Man-o'-War Passage, the nearest entrance to Port

Fitzroy. There is deep water close alongside the rocks, and a vessel striking anywhere round here would very soon be out of sight.

Some time before we approached Man-o'-War Passage we saw the first signs of the disaster. The scent of oranges was perceptible, and broken orange crates, etc., were seen floating by. Running into the beautifully calm waters of Fitzroy Harbour through a deep passage scarcely a ship's length wide, our whistle aroused prolonged echoes from the surrounding hills as we brought up off the residence of the Postmaster, at Fitzroy. Here Messrs Warren and LeRoy boarded the steamer with some news regarding the disaster. We learned that the bodies of Miss Williams and Miss Flavell, the Salvation Army Captain, had already been buried, and that the Maoris at Katherine Bay had interred twelve corpses. Mr Leaning, undertaker was landed at Patterson's Bay with a shell, in order to coffin Miss Williams' body and bring it up to Auckland.

A Fitzroy settler also informed us that it was believed that there were 137 lives lost, but it is not yet known definitely whether this estimate is overstating the loss or not. We also learned here that between forty and fifty bodies, it was believed, had been recovered round at Katherine Bay, Maori Bay, and the vicinity. Some affecting incidents were related. On the Tuesday a dead woman was seen floating in the sea off Port Fitzroy; a lifebelt supported her, and a poor little drowned infant was clasped to her inanimate breast.

Off Fitzroy we picked up Mr Johnston, the third officer of the ill-fated Wairarapa, in an open sailing boat belonging to one of the settlers. Taking the boat in tow we went up via Abercrombie Passage into the open sea again, bound for Katherine Bay, to the northward.

Recovering the Bodies

A short steam over a smooth sea brought the *Argyle* round the coast some five miles to Katherine Bay, passing small quantities of flotsam on the way. Off here on Tuesday the wrecked bridge of the Wairarapa was observed drifting along in the water. Coming to an anchor in Katherine Bay about nine o'clock, we learned that there were nineteen bodies lying in various spots along the rocky beaches in this bay, the corpses having been picked up by the settlers and carried up above high water mark, so as to prevent them drifting out to sea again. The coastline here is rugged and picturesque, scrub-clad hills

surmounting pohutukawa-fringed shingle beaches, with bush-clad high hills in the background.

Preparations were now made for the melancholy work of collecting, identifying and coffining the dead, and boats were sent ashore with police and men engaged by the Union Company to assist in removing the corpses. Landing on a rough shingly beach under a high cliff the first body was found. The first corpse was that of a man, name unknown, lying on the stones with a lifebelt under his arms. His only clothing was a portion of a nightshirt. A dead horse lay between high and low water mark; a few yards further on round a rocky point, and about 300 yards along the beach again, under the overhanging rocks, the shocked party came upon the second corpse, that of a young woman. As each body was located, planks and tools were brought ashore from the steamer, a rough coffin fashioned and the body nailed up therein, after minute particulars of the appearance of the body, effects, etc., had been carefully noted down, to assist in the work of identification.

The second body, that of the young woman, presented a shocking spectacle. With a lifebelt under her arms (like all the drowned persons washed ashore) she lay huddled on the rocks, her only clothing a pink-coloured nightdress. She had been a good-looking girl of about 25 years of age, with what seemed to be auburn hair. On her finger was found a ring with small pearls and some green stones set in it.

Close by lay the third remnant of poor humanity – another young woman, lifebelt strapped round her, and her body wrapped in a bit of sailcloth. Portions of her body were frightfully discoloured by bruises, received no doubt by contact with the cruel rocks, and her light brown hair was bedded in the sand. It was debated by some of the survivors that she was a hospital nurse, a steerage passenger from Sydney, name unknown. She wore a nightdress and a sort of velvet bodice. On her fingers were three rings, one with pearls and small stones. She was apparently about twenty years of age. The body was fearfully discoloured by bruises.

Number four and five of the bodies recovered in this bay were found lying in a little bight under the shade of the pohutukawa trees. They were those of two women, and presented a pitiful sight. As the party from the *Argyle* clambered over the rocks and waded round jutting points to reach the spot, they found the bodies stretched out full length on the hard rocks. One of the

women (both of whom had lifebelts fastened round them) was entirely naked. The other wore a tattered chemise. The savage sharks had attacked the body of the former, which presented a shocking spectacle, the calf of one leg and a big piece out of her side having been bitten away. The younger girl was apparently 14 or 15 years of age and looked a most pitiable object as she lay with upturned face on the sea-worn shingle, her eyes staring vacantly into space, and her mouth filled with sand. Men in the party had to turn away their heads to hide their emotions as they took in the situation. The younger girl was evidently a Roman Catholic, for round her neck she wore a cross and some Catholic relics, tied together with worsted thread. The other woman was apparently about 28 years of age. She wore a wedding ring and a diamond ring with three stones. Both faces were so knocked about as to be unrecognisable.

Next in order along the beach was found number seven corpse, a man. This body wore grey striped trousers, a strap round the waist, and one boot on. He had black hair and a red moustache, and was apparently about 25 years of age. Close by lay a dead horse, while all sorts of wreckage, oranges, etc., strewed the beach.

The next body, number eight, presented an even sadder sight. The corpse was that of an elderly lady with hair, brown, but turning grey. She lay on her face on the sand and shingle, a bandage being visible on her right foot. She wore a nightdress and wrapper and seemed to be much bruised and knocked about on the rocks. On her wrist she wore a gold bracelet watch, while four valuable rings were taken off her fingers by the police. One was a gold wedding ring, the other a diamond ring, and two rings with small stones. On the watch was found the monogram 'M.R.G.A.'

The search party then took their way along the beach for a considerable distance, clambering over the rocks and sometimes wading knee-deep in the water. The whole of the coastline was strewn with thousands of fragments of wreckage, consisting of deck cargo, boxes of oranges and lemons, pieces of deck structure, cornices and panelling from the music saloon, a letter box from the companion way, etc. Picking their way over the slippery rocks the party suddenly came on another body – that of a man with a lifebelt on, sandy moustache and brown hair, trousers and shirt on. Round his waist was found a belt, sewn to the lining of his trousers, which on being cut open was found

to contain a sum of money in gold and silver coin. This man was supposed to be a saloon passenger.

Round a little rocky point from this was found the body of a young man with red moustache and light hair, waistcoat, striped tweed trousers and shirt on and a life belt strapped round him. He was about 5ft 6in in height, and was apparently 30 years of age. A purse with a key in it was found in one of his pockets. The unfortunate young fellow's hand was thrown across his face as if to shield himself from some blow. It was a peculiar feature of the bodies recovered that several of them had their clenched hands thrown across before their faces as if warding off a blow, probably in their struggles on the fatal rocks.

About ten miles away another body was found, that of a young man, sadly discoloured by decomposition and bruises. The body was identified as that of Arthur Bray, a young resident of Onehunga, whose brother, Alfred Bray, recognised him. The deceased lived in Church Street, Onehunga, and was 25 years of age. The body was put into a shell and brought up to town this morning.

A big powerful looking man, entirely naked, was the next body discovered, lying on his face on the stones at high water mark under the burning sun. The body had a lifebelt round it. It was very much discoloured and from the bruises the unlucky man must have made a hard struggle for life before he succumbed. His hair was fair, turning grey, with light moustache. The age of the drowned man was about 50 years. The face was unrecognisable.

The next bodies, discovered a few yards away, were identified of those of Mr Whaley, commercial traveller (saloon passenger), and the youngest Miss Scoular, aged about 14 years. Both bodies were almost entirely naked. The man's body was encircled by a lifebelt and was lying with one arm over its face. The young girl had a nightdress on, which had got tangled round her waist. The man had one sock on. Miss Scoular was known to be a resident of Dunedin, where her uncle is one of the directors of the New Zealand Drug Company. Her father and mother and her sister were also drowned, so that a whole family have thus been wiped out of existence.

Not far from this, under a high cliff, the party, about 11.30 a.m., found a portion of the captain's gig from the Wairarapa, smashed up. Up on the beach some distance further on two more bodies were found. One was that of a

woman with grey hair, wearing a black alpaca skirt. The name 'C. Stewart' was sewn on her garments. The body is believed to be that of Mrs C. Stewart, a saloon passenger.

Beside the old lady lay the corpse of a poor young girl, slightly built, with stays and chemise on, and a portion of a nightdress. The girl, who seemed to have been pretty, with brown hair, was so terribly disfigured by the rocks that her features were unrecognisable. The name 'E. Burton' was found on her chemise, and it is now known that she was a Miss Burton, who was a saloon passenger. She was apparently about 14 or 15 years of age.

The next body found was that of a young woman, the face and part of her body covered by a chemise and petticoat, the former of which had blood on it, as from a wound. This body was recognised as that of eldest Miss Scoular, about 18 years of age. The face was upturned, the mouth open, and the whole appearance of the body was terribly ghastly. Hard by lay the keel of one of the ill-fated steamer's boats.

The nineteenth and last body found in Katherine Bay was discovered near a life raft, a long stretch of rocky coast intervening between it and the body of Miss Scoular. This was found to be the corpse of Mr Warry, saloon passenger, of Dunedin, 5ft 8in high, with red beard and moustache, apparently between 30 and 40 years of age. He was a brother-in-law of Mr Chick, who is also lost in the Wairarapa. Mr Chick kept the Port Chalmers Hotel. The body of Mr Warry was fully clothed – two coats, waistcoat, etc., and one boot on. The right hand was tightly clenched, as the dead man lay under the sun with his lifebelt still fast round him.

Bodies Identified

Robert Magee, a fireman

Arthur Bray, cabin passenger

Misses Scoular (2), Dunedin

Mrs C. Stewart, cabin passenger

Miss E. Burton, cabin passenger

Mr Warry

Mr Spencer

The Burial Place

The bodies being all coffined and taken on board the steamer, the *Argyle* steamed round the bay to the Maori settlement at Kawa, where a few natives and half-castes of the Ngatiwai hapu of Ngapuhi reside, the local chief being Kino. Anchoring close to a park-like clearing near the pohutukawa which fringed the beach, the bodies were all taken ashore in boats in order that an inquest might be held and the bodies interred there. No prettier place could be found in the vicinity for a burial place than in this little nook between the pohutukawa grove and the high manuka on the hillside above. Here the inquest, of which a full report is given elsewhere, was held on the 31 bodies recovered (12 of which were buried by the Maoris previously).

Particulars of Some of the Dead

A telegram from Wellington says that the wife and child of Mr H. Baldwin, head storeman in the employ of Reeves and Company, produce merchants, were both on board the *Wairarapa*, and must have been drowned. The same telegram states that among the drowned are Mrs Ryan, wife of one of the firemen, and his mother-in-law, who had gone to Australia for her daughter's health.

From later advices from the same city we learn the following particulars: Mr Chick, one of the drowned men, was a hotelkeeper in Dunedin, who had been making the round trip to Australia and Fiji for the benefit of his health. He leaves a wife and family.

Mr Ferguson, Harbour Board Secretary and Engineer, wires that his experiences were too vivid and personal to share at present with the public. He and his wife are both much exhausted, but quite uninjured.

Mr John Madden, who is mentioned as being instrumental in saving the lives of several others, is a brother of Mr F. Madden of this city. Mr Madden, who is a diver employed on the Wollongong wharves, was coming over on a visit to Wellington to see his brother.

Mr T. Corrie, who attempted to take a line ashore, came from Scotland to settle in this colony. His brothers are farming near Marton, and he is on his way to join them.

Five Chinamen on board the *Wairarapa* were coming direct from China to Wellington. Three were drowned, and the two survivors are coming down by the *Mahinapua* tonight.

9. 'Arrival of the *Hinemoa*'

Part 1 of 8 articles in the 'Hokianga Dog Tax Rebellion' series.

Auckland Star, Tuesday, 3 May 1898, 4.

Ohaeawai, this day

The Government steamer *Hinemoa* arrived at Hokianga from Wellington before 9 a.m. today, earlier than was expected, and proceeded to land her force. Things are quiet at present at Hokianga. Hone Toia's party are camped on Waima Flat. Several Ngapuhi chiefs from Ohaeawai and the vicinity, who are friendly natives altogether, scout Toia and his doings. Amongst these chiefs is Pene Tau, who considers that the Government have done quite right in sending a force. Raniera Wharerau, an influential chief of Waima, had been, trying to persuade Toia's party to listen to reason, but could not do anything with them. It is not expected the Government force will do anything before tomorrow.

10. 'Fanatical Natives Remain Obdurate'

Part 2 of 8 articles in the 'Hokianga Dog Tax Rebellion' series.

Auckland Star, Thursday, 5 May 1898, 2.

Rawene, Wednesday

Affairs passed off quietly at Rawene this afternoon and evening. During the afternoon two natives arrived from Waima with news that some of the natives under arms there were disposed to comply with the request of the Government to submit, but asked what conditions would be imposed by- the Government. Mr Clendon telegraphed this to Wellington and received a reply to the effect there must be an unconditional surrender.

A number of friendly Maoris were about the township all day, including several well-known chiefs of rank belonging to the Ngapuhi tribe. These chiefs, who were frequently consulted by the officials present during the day, and who are endeavouring to induce Hone Toia's people to lay down their arms, held an informal discussion in the afternoon concerning the present imbroglio, which some of them feel keenly as reflecting on the good conduct and loyalty of the Ngapuhi people, of which the Waima people are a section. The chiefs referred to at Rawene include Pene Tau, Re Te Tai, Hapakuku Moetara, Hori Mohi, Te Wikitahi, Hori Karaka, Tawiti Waipawa, Raniera Wharerau (who belong to Waima), and Heremia Te Waki.

The last-named Maori was today admitted to the council of friendly chiefs on account of his very friendly attitude. He got into trouble some years ago through shooting another native at Hokianga. He escaped from custody and was an outlaw for some time until his offence was condoned. He is very strong in his objection to the doings of Hone Toia's party.

Amongst the other friendly chiefs present today was old Hohaia Patuone, son of the noted chief Patuone, who assisted the British troops in Hone Heke's war fifty years ago. Hohaia was one of the Hauhau natives who created a serious disturbance at Waihou, Hokianga, eleven years ago, and was arrested, but he strongly opposed Toia's action.

Rihari Raumati, a very old chief, believed to be a centenarian, belonging to the Ngatitoto section of the Ngapuhi, also came over to Rawene to see other friendly natives. Raumati was one of Hongi's warriors in the cannibal wars of over 70 years ago and assisted the British in Heke's war.

The permanent force this afternoon killed time by doing some useful field gun drill and infantry work. Two Nordenfeldt and two Maxim guns were taken on the road leading to the township by four squads. Captain Coyle put the gun crews through firing drill at various ranges. The Nordenfeldts, which throw a shell over 4,000 yards, and the Maxims, which rain bullets on the enemy up to 2,000 yards range, greatly impressed the native spectators. Colonel Newall put a number of the Wellington detachment of the Permanent Force through a course of company and skirmishing drill.

Prior to drill, Gunner Grant (Permanent Artillery), who was part of the contingent who went to England on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee celebrations, enlivened Rawene with his skill on the bagpipes. It was suggested he should be sent out to put the Maoris to rout with 'Cock o' the North', but those in command did not take the hint.

This evening at nightfall extra strong pickets and advance guard were sent out to guard the approaches to Rawene. An advance guard of about twelve men was sent out several miles to do duty on the road. The picket, which followed immediately after the advance guard, consisted of 44 men with Captain Coyle in command. The picket took with them one of the Maxim guns and the necessary ammunition. They went out about three miles and extended in line from water to water across the route from Waima to Rawene. Both pickets and guards have forty rounds of ammunition each man for their Martini-Henri carbines. When they take the field tomorrow they will be served with eight rounds for each man besides reserve supplies, Those on duty tonight comprise close on half of the total force here. The pickets will remain out on the road and in the fern till tomorrow at daylight. As a drizzling rain was falling they would have rather an uncomfortable night's soldiering. A number of friendly chiefs are going out to Waima early tomorrow to try and persuade Toia's people to send their women and children away to a place of safety before the troops arrive.

H.M.S. Torch this evening shortly after dark gave an exhibition of her electric searchlight, directing it frequently on the hills near the Waima settlement. The natives at Rawene were much impressed with the searchlight, which was the first ever shown in Hokianga Harbour.

II. 'Government Force At Waima'

Part 3 of 8 articles in the 'Hokianga Dog Tax Rebellion' series.

Auckland Star, Friday, 6 May 1898, 5.

Rawene, Thursday

The Government force arrived in Waima Valley, thirteen miles inland from Rawene, at 5.30 this evening, the journey having occupied nearly eight hours. Waima is a pretty valley, surrounded by forest-clad hills, and has a considerable Maori population, Maori school and church. The march out from Rawene was very slow owing to delays frequently caused by guns and carts containing supplies.

Shortly before arrival at Omanaia, when half way to Waima, a number of friendly natives passing through to Rawene were met. They stated that when they came through Waima very few natives were to be seen, most of them having gone into the bush apparently, while a number of armed men with rifles were seen posted in the thick bush and high fern at the locality known as Waima Pass, on the main road over the hills. This caused some excitement, as it was thought there was a prospect of the Maoris attacking the contingent in this part.

The force had lunch on the banks of the Omanaia Creek at 1.30, and the friendly chiefs who had gone from Rawene to Waima in the morning at the request of Mr. Clendon, S.M.,¹ and Colonel Newall, to reason with the natives and give them the Government ultimatum, returned to Omanaia. They had a conference with Colonel Newall. Hapakuku Moetara, Re Te Tai, Pene Tau, Raniera Wharerau, and other chiefs of the party reported to the Colonel the result of the interview with Hone Toia. They stated that Toia said that his heart was filled with grief at the approach of the soldiers, and he asked for further delay. He wished the soldiers to remain at Omanaia till Mr. Hone Heke, M.H.R., arrived, when there would be further talk over the imbroglio.

To this Colonel Newall replied that he was going straight forward and would march to Waima and stay there tonight and meet Hone Toia at noon tomorrow. Till noon nothing would be done.

Some of the chiefs objected to going back to Toia's village as they said that when they were there the suggestion was made to imprison them, and when

¹ S.M.: Senior Magistrate

the news of the advance of the troops was made known, there was great excitement and the natives ran for their guns.

Colonel Newall endeavoured to persuade them to return and convey his message to Toia by desiring them to do so in order to preserve the good name of the Ngapuhi. The Colonel, however, had to dispatch a written message to Toia by a Waima native, as the chiefs declined to take it, telling Toia that he would see him at noon tomorrow in Waima; there would be no further delay. The envoy then rode off with this message ahead of the troops.

Before the Permanent Force and police started again from Omanaia for Waima, Colonel Newall ordered all the force to load their carbines. This was done. The Maxims were also loaded. The Colonel gave brief instructions regarding the procedure to be followed in case they were called on to skirmish in the bush. The force left Omanaia at 2.30, an outpost and advanced guard being sent out followed by one of the Maxim guns. Then came the main body, followed by the rearguard under Captain Coyle, with the other Maxim ready for action. Behind that was the ambulance with the orthodox Red Cross flag which was borrowed from H.M.S. *Torch*. The Revs. Gittos and Cowie accompanied the force, the latter on foot. John Webster, a veteran colonist well acquainted with the Hokianga Maoris, also accompanied the force, as also did George Brown, native interpreter, and Seon, of Rawene, also acted as interpreter.

As the force left Omanaia Valley and began to ascend the fern and bush-clad hills which lay between Omanaia and Waima Valley, the officers looked carefully to the order of the march and saw that everything was in readiness in case of surprise. This was the more necessary as it became known that a number of Maoris belonging to Hone Toia's section (the Mahurehure) were posted in the bush ready to fire. The road was a winding one, cut out of the side of a hill, with Ngahuru forest ranges on the other side rising to a height of nearly two thousand feet. Danger was apprehended from the left-hand side of the track, which rises abruptly above the road and afforded facilities for ambush on the part of Maoris if such a move had been seriously contemplated. As the force ascended the hill a keen lookout was kept for Toia's scouts, but none were seen.

About half-past four o'clock, as the rearguard were passing a steep cutting surmounted by thick fern and bush, they were startled by two shots in quick succession fired from the bush. The riflemen could not be seen, but one of the

balls was stated by Captain Coyle and others in the party to have distinctly whizzed over the heads of the rearguard conveying the Maxim gun. The shots were evidently fired over the force as a threat or else as a signal to Waima, though many thought they were fired directly at the men.

Just after this incident, which created some excitement, as the men thought the Maoris were firing on them, two of Toia's followers appeared on horseback. They explained that they had been sent out by Toia on receipt of Colonel Newall's message to order the natives in the bush to return to the village and not to fire on the soldiers. No more shots were heard but all hands were on the alert with arms ready till the end of the bush was reached about a mile further on. Captain Coyle, in command of the rearguard, made preparations to return the fire if any native showed himself in the bush, and took up a carbine himself. However, the Maoris obeyed Toia's orders and no doubt retired quietly through the bush to their settlement.

The descent from the bush into the open flat country known as Waima Valley was made without further incident. The spot where the shots were fired is known as Te Puku O te Hau, being named after an ancestor who was buried there. Soon after the force had passed this place one of Toia's Maori men, named Te Makara, who was concerned in the Hauhau affray at Waihou in 1887, came out of the bush with a double-barrelled gun and spoke to Heremia Te Waki, a friendly chief, who was following in the rear of the force. Makara told Te Waki that he had fired the shots himself in the bush but that he did not fire at the troops, but only as a signal to Waima to let the people know of the approach of the force. In any case, the shots were fired in the vicinity of the rearguard, and if Te Makara had shown himself on the edge of the bush just after the shots were fired, Captain Coyle would have shot him.

The force halted at dark at the native schoolhouse at Waima, about a mile from where Hone Toia's fighting men are encamped. The native women and children are in the settlement two or three miles further down the Waima River. A number of Waima natives are friendly to Europeans, but Toia has got a following from Taheke, Omanaia, and elsewhere besides those from Waima.

Hone Heke, M.H.R., is expected here tonight overland, having left Kawakawa on horseback at 2 p.m. He will go to Toia's camp at once, have a korero with him, and then inform the European officers of the result of his intervention. Toia regards Hone Heke as his head chief. The force will make

no further move till tomorrow afternoon. Those natives for whom warrants are out will then doubtless be arrested.

12. 'A Peaceful Termination'

Part 4 of 8 articles in the 'Hokianga Dog Tax Rebellion' series.

Auckland Star, Saturday, 7 May 1898, 2.

Rawene, Friday

Hokianga residents are much relieved at the satisfactory and peaceful termination of what promised to be a very serious native trouble at Waima. The result of the expedition is that five of the leaders are in custody, five more are to be arrested tomorrow, and a number of arms have been surrendered. The prisoners are to be brought up before the S.M. at Rawene on Monday and conveyed to Auckland later. The charge against Hone Toia and his followers is unlawful assembly and taking up arms against the Queen.

A field column is still encamped at the native schoolteacher's place in Upper Waima, but is expected to return to Rawene tomorrow with the prisoners. The only European residents at Waima are the native schoolteacher and his family, who, though hearing many reports as to sanguinary intentions of Hone Toia's band, did not desert his post. The schoolteacher is also in charge of the Waima telephone station. He and his wife had heard of various threats being made by Hone Toia's party. It was said by natives recently that if Hone Heke were not successful in his proposed mission to England to lay the Maori grievances before the Queen, there would be general war in the north against all taxation imposed by the Government. Toia's hot-headed followers are nearly all young men and ripe for any mischief to pass away time. The young men of Waima, Taheke, and Omanaia last year had a craze for football matches for large sums of money, which games degenerated into very rough and exciting scrimmages. This year their diversion has taken the form of preparing to fight the Pakeha.

Not Hauhaus

The name by which Toia and his followers are popularly known, that of Hauhau, is hardly a correct designation as they are not Hauhaus. The term by which the surrounding natives call them is 'Whiowhio' or whistlers, from a whistling noise made by the alleged medium in their spiritualistic and ghostly seances. They are also known as 'Nakhi'. The Maoris at Waima and adjacent districts have for some years past adopted the practice of calling on the spirits

of departed members of the tribe and ancestors. In seances held at night in meeting houses, this practice, which is an old Maori one, is known as consulting 'Kehua' or ghosts. Ventriloquism on the part of the priests who carried out the services played an important part in these calling of spirits from the Maori Reinga. Hone Toia is said to be a ventriloquist and to have imposed on his people so successfully in the 'kehua' or 'whiowhio' business that he attained great influence over a section who were soon ready to do anything at his bidding. He had a keen eye to anything that would advance his prestige.

Korero

Mr Hone Heke, M.H.R. for the Northern Maori districts, who is the Ariki or head chief of the Ngapuhi natives as well as their Parliamentary representative, had a hard ride to reach here in time last night, having ridden straight through from Whakapara, between Whangarei and Hikurangi, in the afternoon. At Waima last night Hone Toia informed him that he intended to give in submission to the Government. Mr Heke did not expect Toia would change his front so soon, but evidently the arrival of a strongly armed force brought that about.

When Mr Hone Heke returned to the Maori settlement at Lower Waima again this morning, he invited me to accompany him to Toia's place to hear the korero. After a journey of about mile and a half down the winding valley of Waima, flanked by high hills, we arrived at Toia's place some distance above the old Mission Station. A number of friendly chiefs, including Moetara, Re Te Tai, Heremia Te Waki and others, accompanied us. We took seats on mats spread on the ground in the centre of a gathering of about 200 people, including women and children. Those present included the 60 or 70 fighting men who were in arms in the bush yesterday, but they were quite unarmed today, their guns, however, being close handy in a house; and they wore a downcast appearance generally in consequence of their virtual defeat by the Government's action. The majority of the men present were young, many of them mere youths.

Mr Hone Heke made a brief speech, explaining to them the course of action he wished them to pursue. Hone Toia, a somewhat stout man about 36 years of age, apparently a strongly built fellow, replied, saying that he and his people had decided to surrender unconditionally to Colonel Newall, to submit

to the authority of the law, to give up their guns as a sign of peace, and to go up in a body and allow the Government to pick out whom they wanted. Hone Mete (English: John Smith), one of Toia's leading men, also spoke supporting the decision to submit.

Hone Heke sent a message to Colonel Newall, asking him not to bring his force down to the Waima lower settlement but remain where he was and the natives would go to them. Accordingly, shortly after noon, Toia and his people took a number of guns out of a large house in which they were kept, and a large party of them consisting about a hundred, chiefly men, rode up to where the troops were encamped.

Meanwhile, the Government force had fallen in under arms on the road in front of the schoolhouse, with two Maxims in front, pointing down the road by which the Maoris were coming. On arrival of the natives, Hone Heke addressed Colonel Newall, Inspector Hickson, and Mr Clendon, S.M., stating that the Maoris had decided to submit quietly to the law. They would lay down their guns at the feet of the representatives of the Government. Fourteen guns were then laid down on the road in front of them. They were seen to include one Winchester repeating rifle, several good double-barrel breechloaders, and a number of single and double-barrel shotguns. Several were good weapons, but some were evidently old guns. One had the lock tied up with string. The guns were taken charge of and placed under guard.

Inspector Hickson then called up Constable McGilp to point out the men for whom warrants were issued on charges of taking up arms against the Queen, and unlawful assembly. These men were five in number, Hone Toia, Hone Mete, Te Makara, Hone Mete Romana, and Rekini Pehi. As their names were called they stepped out, were placed on one side against the fence, put under arrest and given into charge of a guard of five police constables armed with Snider carbines under Sergeant Gordon.

Colonel Newall and Mr Clendon naturally were not satisfied with the small number of arms handed in as there were considered to be at least 60 or 70 guns, many of them good rifles, in the hands of Maoris this week, with plenty of ammunition. The natives were informed that they must bring in all the guns they promised to bring in. Some of the party went away to do so. No doubt the natives had shrewdly planted the best part of their weapons in some secure place known only to themselves and brought in mostly their oldest

weapons. When Mr John Webster visited Waima settlement the other day, he counted 51 rifles and other guns in the hands of the Maoris; and Hone Heke states that the natives told him there were 60 or 70 armed with guns watching the bush road at midday yesterday, so that fourteen by no means represented the bulk of the arms.

Hone Heke proffered a request on behalf of Toia's people that they might be allowed to remain where they were at Upper Waima at the soldiers' camp till Monday, as here they would be amongst friendly natives whose influence would be beneficial. This he thought would tend to allay the intense excitement under which they were at present.

No definite reply was returned to this. The prisoners were given food, and an amicable finale to a bloodless campaign was the photographing of Hone Toia, his four henchmen and their armed guards by a photographer sent with the expedition by the *New Zealand Graphic*.

Tomorrow it is intended to arrest five other leading men amongst the Mahurehure, including a well-known agitator named Wairama, or Ngamanu, an old man. Two of those to be arrested will be charged with assaulting a mail carrier bound from Taheke to Rawene this week by tying him up and detaining him several hours. In regard to arms, Mr Clendon informs me that nearly two years ago when he ordered the same people to give up their arms when they were creating a disturbance at Kaikohe, they surrendered only fourteen guns, the same number as those given up today.

The prisoners

Hone Toia is said to be of partly European breed. His father is said to have been a Portuguese half-caste.

Hone Mete is a young man of rather sullen countenance.

Wiremu Te Makara is a noted character. He is an elderly man. On the occasion of the fight at Waihou in 1887 between Hauhau fanatics and the police, he attacked the constables with a two-inch chisel lashed on the end of a six-foot manuka handle and cut one of the constables with it. The policeman however retaliated by getting possession of the weapon and wounding Makara, who was captured and served a term in goal in consequence.

Romana is a tall, strongly made man, who is described as Toia's fighting chief. He was in charge of the Maoris in the bush and his fighting costume, in

which he appeared in the historic descent on Rawene last Sunday, consisted of a red shirt, leather belt, and red pyjamas with cartridge pouches and gun. He is a near relation of Toia.

One of the friendly chiefs who went as envoy from Rawene to Toia's settlement yesterday morning informed me that the natives performed a war dance when the news arrived by hostile scouts that Colonel Newall's column had left Rawene for Waima. Fifty or sixty natives, all armed with guns, and stripped except for a cloth or shawl round their loins, performed a war dance, partly with the object of intimidating the friendly chiefs. They acted, generally, in a very warlike manner, then they rushed off to the bush hills overlooking the road.

Their demeanour today exhibited marked contrast. They feel deeply their humiliation and the vindications of the law. Hone Heke also feels very keenly the position in which his misguided section of his people have placed themselves. The general opinion is that careful measures should be taken to thoroughly disarm these natives, and effectually prevent them getting arms or ammunition again to alarm settlers and make anti-taxation demonstrations such as these.

13. 'Disarming the Natives'

Part 5 of 8 articles in the 'Hokianga Dog Tax Rebellion' series.

Auckland Star, Monday, 9 May 1898.

Rawene, Saturday

The work of disarming the lately turbulent Maoris at Lower Waima is going on slowly. Hone Toia's would-be warriors are adopting a policy of diplomatic reticence regarding the real number of their weapons, but Colonel Newall and Inspector Hickson are determined to get the lot. The colonel had told the natives to bring in the rest of their guns by noon today, and shortly before noon this day (Saturday) a large body of natives who had been up the previous day rode up to the military camp at Upper Waima bringing some of their guns. About fifty men and the same number of women and girls comprised the party, which was headed by a native named Ngakuru, one of the 'Whiowhio' leaders. Opposite the house occupied by the Colonel and Inspector they halted. On those officers, who were accompanied by Hone Heke, M.H.R., coming out on to the road, eight young Maoris advanced and laid eight guns on the ground at the feet of the Colonel together with a quantity of ammunition. When each of these men put down his gun, his name was taken by Constable McGilp. Each, when questioned, said his gun belonged to Romana, who is at present in custody. Romana was their fighting leader. The men evidently wished to put the onus of ownership on him. The guns included two rifles, one being a Snider; the other weapons were double and single barrel shotguns. The ammunition was all ball cartridge contained in bags worn by a strap over the shoulder. There was also one new leather bandolier fitted with cartridges laid on the ground along with the guns.

Colonel Newall said the natives had redeemed the promise made on the previous evening to come in by noon on Saturday with the rest of the guns to the extent of eight weapons. He asked through Hone Heke, who acted as interpreter, where were the other guns.

Ngakuru, who is one of those on the list still to be arrested, said there were only 21 guns that had been in his people's possession. Those men who went into Rawene armed last Sunday were only nine in number. Twenty-one started but all but nine turned back on the road.

The Colonel asked Ngakuru, 'How do you know? Were you there?'

Ngakuru replied, 'No.'

Then said the Colonel, 'You are only speaking from statements made by the other natives.'

Ngakuru said some guns had been taken away from Waima by friends from other settlements, who had gone home since and who carried their guns with them. He said some guns were at Hauturu fourteen miles away. At the Colonel's request he agreed to go there and try to get some more guns. The Colonel said he would wait at Waima till Ngakuru returned with the guns. In the course of the korero Colonel Newall told Ngakuru that he (Colonel Newall) had respected the privacy of the natives' homes at Lower Waima by not sending a force down there to search their houses for arms. He had relied on the natives' promise to bring in their arms themselves. He asked Ngakuru when the latter would start for Hauturu to bring in the guns said to be there.

Ngakuru replied, 'This afternoon.'

The Colonel asked him if it would strengthen his (Ngakuru's) hand if a force of soldiers were sent with him to assist in getting the guns.

Ngakuru said no, he would go himself. Hauturu is a small native settlement near Mangatoa, in the direction of Kaikohe, and is about fourteen miles from Upper Waima. Connections of the Waima natives live there. It was occupied by Hone Toia's men on the occasion of the armed disturbance at Kaikohe, which is on the road between here and the Bay of Islands, upwards of two years ago.

When the conference was over, the surrendered arms were removed, and placed with the guns brought in yesterday, making 21 stand of arms delivered up by the Maoris. So far, it is believed there are about forty guns still in possession of Hone Toia's followers. Friendly, natives consider the excuses made by Ngakuru for not bringing in the whole of the guns are all 'tinihanga' ('humbug'), as they term it. The general belief is that the Waima men have sent the rest of their guns away to other places so that they will not have to give them up. Several rifles are known to be still out somewhere, but the majority of the guns wanted are shotguns, mostly breechloaders, the ammunition for which consisted of cartridges containing lead balls. It is said the Maoris had been buying powder by the cask whenever they could get it during the past year, so they must have a good supply still stowed away somewhere.

After the Colonel and other official heads had retired from the korero the native women headed by Ngakuru marched up in procession to the native schoolhouse, where they were allowed to greet Hone Toia and the other prisoners, who are kept there under an armed guard. The Maoris afterwards returned to their settlement.

The military force spent a quiet day at Waima and devoted most of the time to amusement. The friendly natives who reside at Upper Waima and Omanaia are beginning to return to where the trouble prevailed. Omanaia, which is a populous native settlement, had been deserted for over a week. The Rawene people who left hurriedly for Kohukohu a week ago are now back here, including the schoolmaster, Mr Lorking, who with his family had taken refuge at Kohukohu from Toia's young fellows. The public school here is still closed, as the building is used for storing the force's belongings and stores, together with the Rawene Public Hall and Courthouse. The Nordenfeldts and stores left in Rawene are under a guard consisting of Sergeant-Major Webb and six men.

In reference to the detention of the Taheke mail carrier on Waima Hill the other day, it is stated that he was not assaulted by natives but was told by one of them to remain where he was for some hours, the reason given by the native in question being that he was afraid if the mailman went on, he would be shot by Maoris who were posted in the bush on a side road.

Shooting native game out of season is one of the peccadilloes added to the list on the slate against Toia's youthful warriors. When the police went to Waima some little time ago – on the Saturday before the shooting season according to Pakeha law commenced – they saw a large collection of pigeons which had been shot in the bush for consumption by the Maori gathering. The two policemen were invited to have pigeon for lunch and their refusal gave the Waima hunters some amusement.

14. 'Government Troops Return To Rawene'

Part 6 of 8 articles in the 'Hokianga Dog Tax Rebellion' series.

Auckland Star, Tuesday, 10 May 1898, 5.

Rawene, Monday

Colonel Newall's field column and Inspector Hickson's police force arrived here at 4 p.m. today from Waima after a weary march over wet roads. The Maxim guns were brought back without much difficulty. The force was accompanied by Hone Heke, M.H.R., and a large crowd of natives on horseback. Eleven more Waima Maoris were arrested at Raniera, Wharerau's place, Upper Waima, this morning before the force left, making sixteen prisoners in all. They bade farewell to their womenfolk and other relations before leaving and were allowed to ride on horseback under armed custody.

The names of the natives arrested today are Te Wairama, one of the principal disaffected leaders, Nere Puru, Whanai Puru, Te Maki, Hauraki Rorewha, Were Puru, Haupehi Nerehona, Hone Mete (Junr.), Waha Rai Mohi, Hone Taua and Hohepa Tawhai. The native Wairama, or Ngamami, was one of the principal agitators. It is believed he had a large voice in the rising. Hohepa Tawhai is a young man, son of the late Hone Mohi Tawhai, formerly M.H.R. for the Northern Maori district.

On Sunday three more rifles were brought in consisting of one fine Winchester repeater and two Spencer rifles. The Winchester, a splendid weapon, was brought in by a European who had sold it to a Maori but the purchaser not having paid for it, the seller took it back after the force reached Waima. So far, 25 guns have been surrendered in all including two Winchesters. It is not likely any more will be brought in. They are either concealed or sent away to other districts. Some of the settlers here consider there will be danger in future, as many arms are still in possession of the Maoris, who have also large quantities of powder stowed away somewhere.

A number of dangerous Maoris are still at large. On Sunday a large party of the leading Ngapuhi and Rarawa chiefs from Whangaroa and elsewhere rode into Waima, having been summoned by Hone Heke to hold a conference on the matter, and to strengthen his hand in giving a pledge for the future behaviour of the Waima people. Hone Toia and the other prisoners were allowed to confer with the chiefs. A korero of the whole of the natives present,

about 300, was held last night at Raniera, Wharerau's meeting house. The meeting lasted all night. Hone Heke was present. The Rev. Gittos advised the natives to submit quietly to any decision the Government might make as to punishment. This was in reply to a suggestion made that they should request release of the prisoners on a promise of good behaviour. Hone Heke has given a promise that the Ngapuhi will look after the unruly Waima people and try to prevent a recurrence of the outbreak. The chiefs wish the Government to be content with the guns already given in and agree to co-operate with Heke in preserving order at Waima.

Before the force left Waima, Colonel Newall addressed the Maoris present through Mr Brown, interpreter. He said he came to Waima with love for the Maori in his heart and he left again with the same feeling because the name of the Queen had been upheld, and the Ngapuhi chiefs had shown their desire that the law should be maintained. A letter from Hone Heke was his (Colonel Newall's) strongest arm in coming to Waima. He thanked Hone Heke and all those of the Ngapuhi who had brought this matter to a conclusion and prevented him (the Colonel) from using his guns. The Government would be glad when he returned that the barrels of his guns were clean and free from powder.

There is no doubt that it was only Heke's telegram to Toia that prevented the Maori ambush firing on the troops in the bush. Had the message arrived ten minutes later there would have been a fight. The Maori prisoners will be charged tomorrow at the local courthouse, before Mr Clendon, with unlawful assembly under arms.

15. 'Accused Before The Court'

Part 7 of 8 articles in the 'Hokianga Dog Tax Rebellion' series.

Auckland Star, Tuesday, 10 May 1898, 5.

Rawene, this day

Hone Toia and fifteen other Maoris from Waima, who were brought in yesterday by Colonel Newall's force, were charged before Mr J. S. Clendon, S.M., at Rawene Courthouse this morning with treason, and were remanded. The charge against them is that on or about the first of May they did commit a breach of section 81 of the Criminal Code Act, 1891, by conspiring together to levy war against Her Majesty the Queen, within the colony, to wit Hokianga, in order by force to compel Her Majesty to change her measures, to wit a certain law of the said colony, to wit an act entitled by the Dog Registration Act, 1880, and amendments therefore.

Inspector Hickson applied for a remand to Auckland on Friday morning, which was granted. Eleven witnesses have been subpoenaed to give evidence for the prosecution when the case is heard in Auckland. They include several natives who saw the Waima Maoris carrying guns, also Captain Coyle, Constables McGilp and Beazley, Private Towgood of P.A.,¹ Robert Cochrane, a settler; John Wellsford, the mail carrier who was stopped; William Leon, native interpreter; and the Rev. Piripa Rakena, Wesleyan native clergyman.

Mr F. Earl, of Auckland, has been engaged by the Maoris to defend the prisoners on the recommendation of Mr Hone Heke. The *Tutanekai* is hourly expected to arrive. She will take the force and prisoners to Onehunga. *H.M.S. Torch* leaves tomorrow morning for Onehunga, Wanganui and Wellington. Thence she goes to the South Sea Islands.

It turns out that the Maoris had breastworks constructed of logs at four localities in the bush commanding the road to Waima, each large enough to hold ten or fourteen men. Te Makara was much disgusted, it is said, after he fired the shots as signals for firing to find that other Maoris did not fire. He and Wairama are regarded as amongst the most dangerous of the Maoris.

Hone Toia has for over a year past been in receipt of a large proportion of the earnings on the gum fields of his followers.

¹ P.A.: Permanent Artillery

A number of the guns which have been handed in by the Maoris were loaded. Some of the charges were slugs, pieces of lead. One double-barrelled gun had two bullets in each barrel, another had a sixpence as a charge.

The natives say one reason the trouble was precipitated was the intemperate language used towards them by Rawene people, including County Council members. They say all sorts of threats were made against them when they objected to pay the dog tax and the wheel tax, which is a tax on vehicles having tires of certain widths.

The Waima natives informed Hone Heke that their plan was to wait till the whole Pakeha force, including the rearguard, were within the Maori lines, and then a simultaneous fire was to be opened when Makara gave his signal. No doubt great execution would have been done by the Maoris had they commenced operations.

16. 'The Maori Prisoners'

Part 8 of 8 articles in the 'Hokianga Dog Tax Rebellion' series.

Auckland Star, Friday, 13 May 1898, 5.

Rawene, this day

Hone Toia and the fifteen other Maori prisoners were brought up again at the local courthouse this morning, owing to the period for which they were remanded having expired here through the non-arrival of the steamer. Mr George Clendon, J.P., was on the bench. Inspector Hickson applied for a further remand till Friday next, which was granted. Hone Toia thanked Inspector Hickson for the manner in which the prisoners had been treated since their arrest. The Waima Maoris are deciding to raise funds for the defence of the prisoners. It is expected Mr Theo. Cooper will be engaged to act as counsel for them in the Supreme Court proceedings.

The natives at Waima and vicinity are still firm in their resolution not to pay the dog tax and say they will sooner go to gaol than pay taxes such as this and the land tax, which they consider an unjust imposition on the Maori race.

Sergt. Treanor and Constables McNamara and Gordon temporarily remain here. The inspector and the rest of the police will return to Auckland by the *Tutanekai*. Hone Heke, M.H.R., was to leave Waima today for Auckland via Whangarei.

The Government steamer *Tutanekai*, Captain Fairchild, arrived here at 1 p.m. today from Kaipara. She lay outside Hokianga bar all last night. The Auckland force, consisting of 24 men under Captain Coyle and Sergeant-Major Bush, with the addition of thirteen from Wellington, also the police, prisoners, and witnesses leave for Onehunga about three o'clock this afternoon in the *Tutanekai*. They will arrive in Auckland to-morrow morning. Colonel Newall and the Wellington force wait for the *Hinemoa*.

Later: The *Tutanekai* has sailed for Auckland via the North Cape. She will arrive on Sunday morning.

17. 'The *Perthshire*'

Auckland Star, 9 Jun. 1899, 5.

Still No News – Return of The *Tutanekai* – An Unsuccessful Cruise – Bad Weather Experienced

The whereabouts of the overdue steamer *Perthshire* is becoming a greater mystery than ever. It is now 44 days since she sailed from Sydney bound for the Bluff, en route to London, and though numerous steamers have searched assiduously for her, she seems to be completely lost to the outside world as though she had gone to the bottom. No doubt, however, within the next few days she will arrive at Sydney in tow of some steamer, for there is still no reason to believe that anything worse has happened to her since she was last reported disabled on the 25th of May by the barque *Northern Chief*.

The New Zealand Government steamer *Tutanekai*, Captain C. F. Post, returned to port this evening from her six days cruise in the Tasman Sea in search of the *Perthshire*, and berthed at the Queen Street Wharf at 8.30 o'clock. The steamer experienced bad weather during the cruise, and saw nothing of the missing steamer, and, moreover, Captain Post was handicapped by want of time, as he had orders to be back at Auckland on the 7th instant.

The *Tutanekai* left Auckland on Friday evening last for a cruise in the Tasman Sea in search of the *Perthshire*, under instructions from the Premier and the Minister of Marine. There were several passengers on board, comprising Mrs Dyer (daughter of the Right Hon. Mr Seddon) and child, Miss Seddon, Miss Hall Jones, and a *Star* representative. Up the coast the steamer experienced bad easterly weather, and high seas. She communicated by signal with the lighthouse at Cape Maria Van Diemen at 1 p.m. on Saturday, and ascertained, by means of the telegraphic communication between Auckland and the lighthouse, that the S.S. *Westralia*, which arrived at Sydney from Auckland, had seen nothing of the *Perthshire*. Captain Post and his officers accordingly considered that they had some chance of picking up the disabled steamer, and a course was steered to the Tasman Sea. At 11 o'clock on Saturday night, ten hours after leaving the New Zealand coast, a steamer passed east some miles to the southward of the *Tutanekai*, showing a brilliant electric searchlight. This was the *Maradona*, bound from Sydney to Auckland.

After leaving Cape Maria Van Diemen, every arrangement was made for attracting the attention of the *Pertshire* or of observing her from the steamer. A crow's nest (improvised out of a coal basket) was rigged up on the foremast at a considerable height above the water, and in this one or other of the sailors was kept on the lookout constantly. Mr Bethune, the chief engineer, also fitted up a bright electric light – or, rather, a cluster of three lights – of about 200 candle-power, near the main masthead, at a height of about 75 feet above the water. From the crow's nest the range of vision was about ten miles on every side, and the electric light at the main should have been visible from 15 to 20 miles on a clear night. During the whole cruise Captain Post and his officers (Messrs A. Moyes, F. Worsley, and Greenfield) and the crew kept a bright lookout day and night, but without success.

The first course steered by Captain Post from Cape Maria was W. $\frac{1}{4}$ S. magnetic, which is a little to the northward of the usual course of steamers running between Sydney and Auckland. This course was continued for 470 miles, the run occupying about 45 hours. During the first part of the trip the weather was not bad| but it grew hazy, with frequent drizzling rain, as the steamer approached the locality where the *Pertshire* was supposed to be.

A zig-zag course was then commenced, the steamer being by this time some distance north of the reported position of the *Pertshire* on May 25th. All hands looked anxiously for the steamer, for though the *Tutanekai* was a Government vessel, and as such not perhaps actuated so much by prospects of gain as the other search steamers, still it was bruited through the ship that a bonus in the form of salvage or prize money would no doubt be divided amongst the officers and crew in the event of the *Pertshire* being towed to port by the New Zealand steamer. This incentive, as may be imagined, kept every eye well skinned, and between whiles the crew used to sit down and decide what it would do with its share of the salvage. One was going to retire to the happy position of a hotelkeeper, another was going to get married, and another was going to buy 'a little farm well-tilled.' But, as it turned out, all hands will stick to the ship for a while yet.

On the completion of the 470-mile straight run W. $\frac{1}{4}$ S. from Cape Maria, Captain Post altered the course of the *Tutanekai* to south-west and steamed in this direction for 44 miles. The ship was then put about and steered nor'-west by west for 22 miles, and then west-by-south for another 22 miles. This last run,

when completed, gave the *Tutanekai*'s western range of vision the position of longitude 161.30 east, while the latitude was 33.10 south. This point on the chart was about 150 miles W. N. W. of the position assigned to the *Perthshire* on May 26th. and in the direction in which the big steamer would most likely be driven by the prevailing winds; but nothing was in sight, save the wheeling albatrosses and the rough waves.

No sign of the Perthshire

This was the furthest point in the direction of Australia, and the supposed position of the *Perthshire*, attained by the *Tutanekai*, and as the captain had orders to be back in Auckland by the 7th, he had reluctantly to shape a homeward course again. Had three or four days more been allowed by the Minister of Marine, a much more thorough search could have been made, and in all probability the *Perthshire* would have been picked up. Captain Post was of opinion that the *Perthshire* was more to the westward and northward, in the direction of Lord Howe Island and Ball's Pyramid, and much nearer the Australian coast than the *Tutanekai*'s position, being driven thither by the easterly and S. E. winds recently prevailing in the Tasman Sea. However, orders had to be obeyed, and further search abandoned.

From the position given above (which was about half a day's steam from Lord Howe Island), the *Tutanekai* was put on a southerly course, and steered due south for about 20 miles. The ship's position was then in lat. 34.10 south, on about the usual track of the Sydney steamers. This was on Monday night, a little over three days out from Auckland. Nothing was yet in sight, the sea was rough, with the wind from the east and E. N. E., and the weather hazy. This point was a considerable distance of the westward of where the *Perthshire* was said to have been on May 25, and more than half way from Cape Maria to Sydney. Rockets were sent up at night, but without result.

That night (Monday) Captain Post put the ship's head for Cape Maria, and home again, disappointed with his fruitless quest. An east by north course was set for Cape Maria, distant about 562 miles, and the *Tutanekai* ploughed her way back New Zealand-wards against an unpleasant head sea.

The Hauroto spoken

Early on Tuesday morning a steamer's light was sighted some distance to the northward of the *Tutanekai*. The stranger altered her course on seeing the *Tutanekai*'s bright light and hauled down to meet her. The two steamers were close together by 7 a.m., and the newcomer proved to be the Union Company's steamer *Hauroto*, Captain Newton, bound from Newcastle to Wellington with coal. Captain Post hailed the red-funnel liner from the bridge and found that she was also searching for the *Perthshire*. After some conversation between the two vessels, Captain Post agreed to send a boat to the *Hauroto* to show Captain Newton his chart. Accordingly, a boat was lowered and Mr Worsley (second officer) and three sailors from the *Tutanekai* were soon pulling over the long swell to the Union steamer. Mr Worsley gave what information the *Tutanekai* officers had to Capt. Newton, and also showed the *Tutanekai*'s track on the chart. Captain Newton stated that he had left Newcastle on the same day that the *Tutanekai* left Auckland and had zig-zagged across in search of the missing steamer in the direction of where the latter was reported to have been seen by the *Northern Chief*. When the *Tutanekai* sighted the *Hauroto* (which was close to the *Perthshire*'s given position on May 25) the Union steamer was zig-zagging back to the north of her own track. Capt. Newton said he could put in another day searching for the *Perthshire*, but not more, as he would then have to go on his course for Wellington again. Mr Worsley advised him to keep to the north and westward in the direction of Lord Howe Island, where it was considered the *Perthshire* had been blown, and then rejoined the *Tutanekai*. The two vessels parted immediately afterwards, the *Hauroto* steering away to the north-west on her salvage hunt.

Return to Auckland

'Full speed ahead' was again the order to the *Tutanekai*'s engine-room, and the steamer stood on for Auckland. All this time strong easterly winds were blowing with heavy swell and the weather became much worse after the New Zealand coast was reached. Heavy head seas were met with to the North Cape. Cape Maria Van Diemen was passed late on Wednesday night, and early next morning the *S.S. Stella* was passed with the dismantled barque *Cloud* in tow. From the North Cape to Auckland a strong east-south-east gale was

experienced, with rain and heavy seas, and the steamer pitched and rolled a great deal. This bad weather, considerably delayed her arrival.

During her six days' cruise the *Tutanekai* steamed about 1570 miles and maintained an average steaming rate of about 10.8 knots per hour. She voyaged over a considerable portion of the Tasman Sea and well up towards Lord Howe Island, and had Captain Post been allowed a day or two longer time, the chances would have been greatly in favour of his finding the *Perthshire*. The hazy weather and drizzling rain militated considerably against her search however.

Chances of finding the Perthshire

It is considered that the *Huroto* has a considerable chance of picking up the *Perthshire*, especially as the captain was possessed of the information afforded him by Captain Post. Having a day further to spend in the search, Captain Newton would reach about 280 miles north-west by west from where he spoke the *Tutanekai*, and is in this direction that the *Perthshire* has, without much doubt, drifted. The *Huroto* should arrive at Wellington early on Monday morning next, under ordinary circumstances, and if she does not get there by that time, it may be assumed that she has very probably fallen in with the missing steamer. As the prevailing winds in the Tasman Sea recently have been from the east and south-east, the *Perthshire* is no doubt much nearer the New South Wales coast than she was on May 25th, and the prevailing opinion is that she will be found to be considerably to the westward and northward, and not far to the south of Lord Howe Island. Indeed, she may drift a long way back in the direction of Sydney, and within the next few days, should the *Huroto* have missed her, the New South Wales tug-boats may come across her not very far from their own coast.

It is pity that the *Tutanekai*'s 'lame duck' hunt ended so unsuccessfully, for had Captain Post been allowed a little more latitude in the matter of time the chances are that he would have been successful in his search. Had the *Tutanekai* picked the *Perthshire* up, she would have taken her in tow for Sydney, which would have been the nearer port, and the more accessible one, in view of the easterly winds and sea.

The rough chart which we reproduce shows the *Tutanekai*'s line of search, and it will be seen that she covered as large an area as was possible in the time.

The range of vision on each side (which may be approximately reckoned at 15 miles), which would bring her in communication with any vessel within that radius, is indicated on the plan.

Fiji papers to hand to-day by the *S.S. Upolu* state that the Pacific Islands Company's steamer *Archer*, Captain. E. Henry, which arrived at Suva recently from Sydney, met with very bad weather after leaving Sydney, heavy seas breaking over the steamer and nasty head winds (easterly) keeping the vessel back in her progress. During the voyage a good lookout was kept for the *Perthshire*, but nothing was seen of her.

18. 'News By The *Tutanekai*'

Part 1 of 5 of articles in the 'War in Samoa' series.¹

Auckland Star, 4 May 1899, 5.

More Skirmishing – A Fight Near Apia – One Killed And Several Wounded –
Temporary Cessation Of Hostilities – Negotiations With Mataafa – Waiting
For The Commission

The New Zealand Government steamer *Tutanekai*, Captain C.F. Post, returned here from Apia, Samoa, at 9.30 o'clock this morning, after a South Sea cruise of sixteen days. She brings official despatches and news up to the 27th April regarding the progress of the war in Samoa, The steamer's arrival at Samoa created great interest amongst the European and native residents, and many favourable comments were made on the enterprise shown by the New Zealand Government in sending one of the colonial steamers so far afield with despatches. That the *Tutanekai* was of practical use while at Samoa is shown by the fact that the senior British naval officer there despatched her to the Island of Savaii to bring over to Apia a large number of friendly natives, some of whom were menaced by the Mataafa party. An unfortunate incident occurred at Savaii, one of the steamer's stewards dying from sunstroke.

The *Tutanekai* left Apia at 8 a.m. on the 27th April (Thursday last) for Auckland direct with despatches to be cabled to the British Government. She experienced fine weather and S.E. to southerly winds to arrival. Mokohinau light was sighted shortly after midnight last night.² During the round trip the steamer maintained a speed of from ten to eleven knots, and her total coal consumption was about 250 tons. The following despatch from our special reporter sent to Samoa will show the state of affairs there and the latest events:

Apia, Samoa, April 27

Although a considerable amount of skirmishing has taken place since the last mail left Samoa for Auckland, the war is now temporarily at an end as the result of the recent despatches received from Auckland and the news of the appointment of a Commission to deal with Samoan affairs. The warships have

¹ NB. All the articles in this series were published in the *Star* on the same day because they arrived with Cowan on his return from Samoa.

² Mokohinau: a small group of islands 100km N.E. of Auckland.

ceased active operations, and the military work is confined to strong bodies of friendly natives and bluejackets¹ patrolling the environs of Apia daily in order to keep the vicinity of the town clear of rebels. The trouble, however, is by no means over. Mataafa's forces, who are still within a few miles of Apia, show no inclination to submit, although they must by this time be running short of ammunition, and the temporary armistice which has been arranged pending the arrival and conference of the High Commission is looked on as a good opportunity for them to rally their forces, and obtain, if possible, fresh supplies of the necessary ammunition.

The cable despatches from the British and American Governments brought by the *R.M.S. Moana*² and the *Tutanekai* contained instructions to cease active operations against the Mataafa party beyond acting on the defensive pending the arrival of the Commission. This news has been received with great disapprobation by the English and American residents here, and the officers of the British and United States warships make no secret of their disgust. They say that just as a good strong force of well-armed Malietoa natives had been drilled and knocked into shape, and ready, with parties from the warships, to take the field in a regular organised campaign against Mataafa, and able in the opinion of many to inflict a decisive defeat on him and restore peace, the Powers upset everything by appointing a Commission which can do no good till peace is restored, and which is playing right into the hands of the Germans. The only way of restoring peace is to defeat and disarm Mataafa and his party, and then when this is done, to disarm the Malietoa natives. But the Commission is looked on with great misgivings, and on every hand, one hears grave doubts as to whether it will do anything practical to improve the present wretched condition of things.

It is considered here that had the naval authorities and the British and American Consuls had a free hand for two weeks longer, Mataafa would have been killed or captured and his followers signally defeated. Mataafa has now agreed, according to a letter received from him by Admiral Kautz and Capt. Stuart (the senior naval officers here) to-day, to retire to a certain distance outside Apia, leaving an area of at least ten miles long and six wide free to the friendly natives, who are in much need of a more extended range of territory

¹ Bluejackets: naval crew below the rank of officer.

² R.M.S.: Royal Mail Ship

for their food supplies. Whether he and his chiefs will adhere to this agreement remains to be seen. In point of numbers Malietoa Tanu now probably has the strongest force, there being over two thousand warriors of his party under arms at Mulinuu Point and in the trenches and defences surrounding Apia.

Since last news was despatched from here by the *S.S. Taviuni* last week,¹ a few skirmishes have occurred, the principal being one near Papaseea the day the *Tutanekai* arrived here, but these fights were not of the magnitude of the battle of Vailima, of which the *Taviuni*'s mail took word to you. After Vailima the rebels evacuated their refreshments there, having lost a considerable number of men.

More Shelling And Fighting

At the end of last week *H.M.S. Royalist*² did some shelling at the western end of Upolu. On Tuesday, April 18, (the day the last advices left here), some more shelling of native positions at the back of the town was done. *H.M.S. Porpoise* fired a few shells, but the extent of the damage they did is not known. When the *Royalist* was on her cruise, at the western end of Upolu, she fired several rapid broadsides at rebel villages and camps, but the damage done by the shells is not known.

Last Saturday night, April 22, the Mataafa natives in force crept in close to the trenches and breastworks on the outskirts of the town of Apia and attacked the Malietoa natives on guard there with great determination. Firing was very brisk for some time, and the Malietoa men replied spiritedly, keeping up so hot a fire that the enemy retired eventually just before sunrise. So far as is known no one was killed. The attack was made by the enemy in two separate places on the outskirts of the town.

¹ S.S.: Screw Steamer

² H.M.S.: Her Majesty's Ship (Royal Navy)

19. 'A Sharp Fight'

Part 2 of 5 of articles in the 'War in Samoa' series.

Auckland Star, 4 May 1899, 5.

Lieut. Gaunt's Men Engaged – One Malietoa Man Killed

On Sunday, April 23 (the day the *Tutanekai* arrived here) a smart skirmish on a considerable scale took place about three miles out at the back of Apia, near the Lotopa Road, in the direction of Papaseea, where is situated the celebrated 'sliding rock.' Mataafa was supposed to have his camp on the hillside above the Lotopa Road. In the morning Captain Sturdee, Lieuts. Cave and Vaughan, and an armed detachment of some seventy bluejackets with a Maxim gun went out in the direction of Vaea – the bush-clad mountain which rises steeply at the back of Apia, and where Robert Louis Stevenson's remains lie – to search for Mataafa. The native friendly troops, to the number of about one thousand, all armed with good rifles and plenty of ammunition, marched out under Lieut. Gaunt along the Papaseea Road to try and take Mataafa in the rear and work back to the others. After searching about the foot of the Vaea, heavy firing was heard in the direction of Papaseea. The women water carriers of the main body of friendlies fell back through the bush and cocoanut groves and banana patches and reported that fierce fighting was proceeding between the Papaseea and Lotopa Roads. Captain Sturdee's force placed the machine gun in order on the main road and the sailors lined the edge of the road with their rifles loaded ready for the sign of a 'white-cap.' Heavy firing continued for some time, and Mr Gaunt's newly-trained levies were hotly engaged. The thousand or so Malietoa natives were divided into large companies, the officers in command being, besides Lieut. Gaunt, Lieuts. Lowis (*H.M.S. Tauranga*), Heathcote (*H.M.S. Torch*), Schuter (*H.M.S. Porpoise*), and Hickman (*H.M.S. Royalist*). These young officers displayed great coolness and judgment and led their skirmishers with bravery. Lieut. Schuter's men were within fifty yards of the enemy at one time, and considerable firing took place at that short range.

The Rebel Forts

The Mataafa men were found strongly entrenched under the cocoanuts in substantial forts or breastworks, which were carefully constructed and

extended over a considerable area. One of these forts is on Grevsmuhl's property. The breastworks were from four to six feet high with loopholes in the higher portions, and were very thick, in some places as much as three or four feet, built of large stones. It was admitted by some of the naval officers that these walls were too strong to be knocked about much even by the seven-pounder field gun on shore. As, however, they were not enclosures, a sufficiently strong force should be able to turn the flanks.

Mr Allen accompanied Lieut. Gaunt's party as interpreter, and he related afterwards how some of the rebels called out that they wished to talk with the others, as they were tired of fighting. Others called out from the shelter of the breastworks to Schuter's friendlies: 'Who are you?'

Malietoa's men replied: 'We are men of Tutuila. Who are you?'

The rebels thereupon made answer with a shout: 'We are men of Aana. Come on and fight us.'

Malietoa's men rejoined: 'Come out of that fort and we'll fight you then,' and so the warlike dialogue went on.

A fierce attack was made on the rebels' position, and the fire was as fiercely returned. Some of the friendlies ran out of ammunition, and Mr Hickman ran down towards the nearest post on the way to Apia and asked for more ammunition. This was about four o'clock in the afternoon. More ammunition was sent up, and firing continued with vigour for some time, but on the approach of darkness the friendlies returned to Apia, it being considered inadvisable to rush the enemies' fortifications so near dark. With another hour of daylight the rebel lines would have been taken, as it is said they were getting disheartened on finding so determined an attack made on them. Capt. Sturdee's and Lieut. Gaunt's men got back to Apia early in the evening.

The result of the fighting was that one Malietoa man was killed (shot dead near Lieut. Schuter) and three were wounded. The loss on Mataafa's side was unknown, but three were seen to fall, and were carried off by their comrades.

The Malietoa man who was shot was carried down to Mulinuu through the town tied to a pole. A large calibre bullet had smashed through his head, which presented a shocking sight. One of the wounded men had a bullet in his cheek, making a very nasty wound. Dr. Bevin attended to the wounded at the hospital and cut out with a pen-knife the bullet from the cheek of the one I have mentioned.

When at Vaea the naval officers questioned Father Remy, of the French Catholic Mission (who are favourable to Mataafa's cause) as to whether Mataafa was near there. He said Mataafa was not in Vaea Mission, but he would not say that the rebel leader was not in some Roman Catholic Mission.

On the day after the fight a number of surgical operations were performed on the wounded natives at the hospital. One man had his arm amputated, and others had bullets extracted from their bodies. I visited the improvised hospital and found about a dozen natives, most of whom had been wounded at Vailima, lying on mats and 'tapa,' enduring their wounds with great patience. Wounded men, and some women also, are frequent sights in the streets, on a fair way to recovery. |

The Tutanekai's Voyage from Auckland to Apia

Considerable stir was occasioned here on the night of the 23rd inst. (Sunday – your Monday in New Zealand) by the arrival of the New Zealand Government steamer *Tutanekai* from Auckland, with despatches for the naval authorities here from the British Government. The *Tutanekai* made the voyage down from Auckland in the time of six days five hours, maintaining a speed of about eleven knots on a coal consumption of 15 or 16 tons per day. She had fine weather and favourable breezes most of the voyage. Pylstaart Island, the southern outlier of the Friendly Group, was sighted on Friday morning last. The expected south-east trades proved to be well from the east and north-east, with (when near the Friendly Islands) some rain squalls. Only one vessel was sighted during the voyage. This was a large American three-masted schooner, with lumber on deck, evidently bound from Puget Sound to Australia. She was sighted on the Friday, running before a strong easterly wind. On the same night the *Tutanekai* passed two miles off Falcon Island, the volcanic island which was thrown up by submarine action some years ago, and which recently subsided again, leaving only a sunken patch. The breakers gleamed white in the moonlight on what remains of Falcon Island as the *Tutanekai* passed at midnight. Next day the vessel passed through the active volcanic region of the Friendly Group, to the east of Tongatabu and Vavau. The high volcanic island of Lette was passed four miles off, and faint steam was seen rising from the summit of the crater. In the afternoon the *Tutanekai* passed some six miles off Vanua-Lai, or Amagura, a desolate and scarred looking uninhabited volcano

island about 1,200 feet high, in the centre of which is an immense crater, still active. A large column of steam was observed rising from the eastern side of the crater, while other smaller jets were seen ascending in the vicinity. Fine weather prevailed thence to Samoa.

On Sunday, April 23, shortly after noon, the cloud-capped mountains of Savaii and Upolu, of the Samoa Group, were sighted away in the nor'-east, and by dark the *Tutanekai* had passed through the Straits of Apolima, between the island of that name and Manono Island, lying off the western end of Upolu. The steamer coasted outside the reefs along the Upolu shore for about 25 miles, until at 8 p.m. the lights of the men-of-war lying in Apia were sighted. The *Tutanekai* burned blue lights, which were responded to by one of the warships turning her searchlight on the New Zealand steamer. No pilot came off, and accordingly Capt. Post, who had never been in Apia before, had to take the vessel in himself with the assistance of his chief officer, Mr Moyes, who had previously visited Samoa. No sooner had the *Tutanekai* steamed inside the reefs than she was boarded by two naval officers, Lieut. Masters, of *H.M.S. Tauranga*, and Flag-Lieut. Miller, of the *U.S.S. Philadelphia*. Soon afterwards Capt. Post went on board the *Tauranga*, and handed over his despatches to Capt. Stuart, the senior British naval officer here.

Much speculation was rife on shore as to the tenor of the despatches, and in some anti-German circles in Apia much consternation was created by some practical jokers spreading the news that the despatches contained news of the decision of the Powers to partition Samoa, giving Upolu to Germany, Savaii to England, and Tutuila to America. Some businessmen who heard this were struck speechless for a while. When they found their voices, one said, 'Well, we're ruined; that's all.' Another, 'I'll clear out by next mail steamer,' and the general opinion was that things were going to the deuce in Samoa.

20. 'The *Tutanekai* Comes In Useful'

Part 3 of 5 of articles in the 'War in Samoa' series

Auckland Star, 4 May 1899, 5.

Brings Natives From Savaii – A Death On Board

On the 24th inst., the day after the *Tutanekai* arrived at Samoa, Captain Post was requested by Captain Leslie Stuart, of *H.M.S. Tauranga*, to proceed to the island of Savaii, about forty miles, away, and convey to Apia from various localities on that island a number of loyal natives who were reported to be in danger from the Mataafa people, and also to bring to Apia any armed loyal natives that could be found. Captain Post was supplied with a blue ensign to fly while acting under the instructions of Capt. Stuart. The *Tutanekai* steamed out of Apia harbour shortly before dusk that evening, and at 10 p.m., after passing through Apolima Straits, she anchored at Tofua, a village on the southeast corner of the mountainous island of Savaii. Mr Allen, trader, of Savaii, who has an excellent knowledge of the place, and who is acting as interpreter and pilot to the naval forces, was sent with Capt. Post as pilot and general agent, and a half-caste named Frost also went with the steamer to give assistance.

During the night, when steaming across Apolima Straits, which separate Upolu and Apolima Islands from Savaii, a large native boat filled with armed men was seen in the moonlight, pulling across from Upolu to Savaii, ahead of the steamer. These were evidently some of Mataafa's warriors, and they mistook the *Tutanekai* for a man-of-war, judging by the haste with which they pulled on and landed ahead of the steamer. Those on board the *Tutanekai* had three rifles and several revolvers, Capt. Post having a Snider, but the captain did not wish to have the *Tutanekai* involved in any fighting unless, of course, the ship was attacked.

When the anchor was dropped off the edge of the reef at Tofua village at 10 p.m., Mr Allen went ashore in one of the ship's boats to see the Malietoa section of people who live there and told them to be in readiness to come to Apia in the ship next afternoon. At 11 p.m. the anchor was hove up, and the steamer proceeded further along the coast to the district of Salealua and Ngangamala. At 6.30 a.m. next day the *Tutanekai* anchored at Salealua, where

Mr R. Williams, a Savaii resident, came on board. Here about seventy natives were taken on board, and a very large boat, 65 feet long and pulling 44 oars, was taken in tow for conveyance to Apia. If it had been left, the Mataafa people would either have stolen or destroyed it. At 2 p.m. the steamer left there for Iva, another large village along the coast, and arrived there at 5.30 p.m. At 10 p.m., as there was no sign of any natives coming off, one of the ship's boats was sent ashore with a crew of natives. On landing they were met by a native fisherman, who told them to go back to the steamer as soon as they could as some Mataafa warriors were there and were preventing the loyalist natives from leaving, and that if they attempted to go ashore they would lose their heads, in the literal Samoan sense. Not wishing to be so treated, the native crew went back to the *Tutanekai*. About midnight a boat came off to the steamer to say that the Mataafa men had gone on to another village, so the friendlies were going to take the opportunity of slipping off before the Mataafa force, which was a much larger one, attacked them and wiped them out. Accordingly, Capt. Post despatched to the beach the big boat taken from Salealua, and nearly the whole of the Malietoa people at Iva, numbering considerably over a hundred, came on board with their arms and food supplies and chattels. At 5 a.m. on the 26th the steamer left finally for Apia, and arrived here at about 8 o'clock, having on board some two hundred natives, of whom 145 were men armed with rifles and the rest mostly women, of whom a number were to act as water and food carriers for their male relatives. These people were landed at Mulinuu Point soon after arrival and joined the main body of the Malietoa population there. The boat taken from Salealua was towed across to Apia and left at Mulinuu Point after the Salealua natives had gone ashore in it. The natives brought across from Savaii a considerable quantity of fruit and other food supplies. One of those brought from Salealua was a very old blind chief.

A sad event occurred while the *Tutanekai* was at anchor at Iva on the evening of the 25th. One of the stewards, a man named T. Sullivan, about 35 years of age, who had been suffering from the effects of the heat, and who had gone over the side for a bathe during the afternoon, died from sunstroke. He was taken seriously ill at 7 p.m. and became unconscious. Capt. Post, Mr Allen, and the others on board did all they could, and administered various remedies and applied ice, etc., but he expired at 8.15 o'clock the same evening. The body was brought on to Apia and buried by the French Catholic priests in the

Catholic Cemetery the following afternoon. Nearly all the officers and crew landed and attended the funeral. The senior British naval officer, Capt. Leslie Stuart, made all the arrangements for the burial. Soon after the *Tutanekai* arrived at Apia Dr. Bowie, staff-surgeon of the *Tauranga*, went on board the steamer, examined the body of Sullivan, and gave it as his opinion that he had died from sunstroke, and said that all the necessary remedies had been applied, and that no post-mortem was necessary. Before the interment a funeral service was held in the Roman Catholic Church. Sullivan was a married man, his widow residing in Auckland.

While at Savaii Capt. Post was entertained at 'kava' at one of the villages and was presented by one of the chiefs who came on board with mats, fruit, etc.

All the men brought across from Savaii in the *Tutanekai* were armed with rifles, chiefly Sniders, and with the formidable nifo-oti, or finishing knives, long, sharp knives with the point slightly curved inward.

21. 'Negotiations With Mataafa'

Part 4 of 5 of articles in the 'War in Samoa' series.

Auckland Star, 4 May 1899, 5.

A Line Of Demarcation – A Temporary Armistice

It being absolutely necessary to have a larger area of country free from the rebels around Apia, in which to forage for food for the three or four thousand Malietoa natives now living in Apia and Mulinuu, It was deemed advisable by the senior naval officers here to have an extended frontier, or line of demarcation, between the loyalists and the rebels. Native food, such as bananas, taro, bread fruit, etc. is getting very scarce here, and the question of food is becoming a serious one. Accordingly, a letter was sent to Mataafa on the twenty-third of April by medium of the Catholic priests requesting him, in the interests of peace and order, to keep his forces outside certain limits specified. The letter sent to Mataafa was as follows:

Apia, Samoa, April 23, 1899.

To High Chief Mataafa and all other chiefs acting with him,

Whereas we have received information from our respective Governments that a Commission representing the three signatory Powers will sail from San Francisco in a few days for Apia, with power to adjust existing difficulties in Samoa, we therefore, in the interests of peace, direct that you and your people keep beyond the following limits, to wit: A line drawn from Faleula, the western limit, in a southern direction to the Tuasivi, and on the east a line drawn from Laulii in a southerly direction to the Tuasivi. By complying with this order, you will avoid conflict with our forces. A prompt compliance with the orders herein set forth will be required. We await your reply.

ALBERT KAUTZ, Rear-Admiral U.S. Navy, Commander-in-Chief U.S. Naval Force on Pacific Station.

LESLIE. C. STUART, Captain Royal Navy, Commanding *H.M.S. Tauranga*, and Senior- Naval Officer.

To this letter a reply was received in a few hours' time from Mataafa, whose camp was on the mountainside some miles back from Apia, to the effect that he was pleased to receive the letter but he would consider it when it was endorsed by the three Consuls – evidently a reference to the fact that it had not been submitted to the German Consul. Mataafa well knew that the German Consul would not sign it.

This was considered an impertinent reply by the British and American authorities, and another letter was sent out to Mataafa next morning, saying that the naval authorities had received Mataafa's letter of yesterday and regretted that he seemed to have no appreciation of the overtures made, and continuing: 'We now give you to understand that if you and your people are not outside the limits prescribed in our letter (sent previously) we will open fire on your forces wherever they can be reached in Samoa after 8 a.m. on April 26th.'

The uncompromising tone of this letter seemed to have brought Mataafa to a sense of his position, for during the day the following reply was received from the rebel king:

Tuasivi, April 25.

To the Admiral and Captain Stuart,

Although the three Consuls are not connected therewith, as was mentioned to you yesterday, it will nevertheless be done today according to your desire, for good order and peace in Samoa. The departure of all will begin this morning to the boundaries defined at Faleula and Laulii. We place reliance on your truth that there will be no disturbance in future. May your excellencies live.

Mataafa.

At the same time word was received that Mataafa was returning to Laulii, a point some five miles to the eastward of Apia. The western boundary is some six miles along the coast, so that there is an area of ten or twelve miles by six deep open as a source of food supply for Malietoa, that is, should Mataafa adhere to the agreement which some doubt. Anyhow the Malietoa patrol parties will make it warm for Mataafa's men if they find them inside the above-mentioned limits. The Tuasivi boundary mentioned is the top of the main mountain ridge at the rear of Apia, some miles behind Vaea Mountain.

Patrolling The Country

Early on the morning of the twenty-fourth I heard some firing away to the back of Apia, where some of the friendly natives and Mataafa's outposts were exchanging a few shots. Later in the day a number of Malietoa warriors, armed with their newly-supplied rifles, and accompanied by some of their women-folk carrying water, went out from Apia scouting the country and acting as patrols in order to see that the outskirts of the town were free from rebels, and also to relieve their fellow friendlies who had been on guard in the trenches and behind the breastworks at the rear of Apia.

This morning (the 26th) a large force of Malietoa natives, under Lieut. Gaunt (about 600 in all) and about 64 British bluejackets and marines from *H.M. ships Torch, Porpoise, Royalist and Tauranga*, under Captain Sturdee, marched out from Apia along the road to the south and west in the direction of Vaitele. Captain Sturdee's detachment took with them a curious looking piece of ordnance known as a war rocket tube which had not previously been seen in Samoa. It is a long, slender gun mounted on a light carriage and it is used for throwing iron-headed war rockets which dart along in a zigzag course amongst the enemy, setting fire to everything in their course. As no rebels were seen, this piece of armament was not used, but there was much speculation as to the effect it would have on Mataafa's men. This tube was only landed from the *Torch* that morning, having been sent down lately from the Admiralty depot at Sydney, where some of these affairs are kept in store for Island work. The only other place they are used is on the West Coast of Africa.

The British and native forces marched out as far as Lotopa, where the engagement of last Sunday took place. None of the enemy were seen, and it was evident that they had retired beyond the specified boundary as promised by Mataafa. An examination was made of the strong stone breastworks or forts near the Lotopa Road, and it was evident that they could have been held for a long time by a determined force.

The friendly and naval forces marched back to Apia about midday, having seen no sign of the enemy. It was reported at this time, however, that a party of rebel natives had early in the morning been seen looting the German property at Vailele, which is within the frontier line agreed on.

It is quite likely, although Mataafa has withdrawn his forces some miles further back to Laulii, that occasional parties of his people may make raids into the Malietoa country and skirmishes will then occur. Suatele and several other leading Mataafa chiefs are said to have been much opposed to the proposal to withdraw beyond the boundary line, and to have urged Mataafa to carry on the war as before and attack Apia. While there is this feeling amongst the Mataafa party, frequent skirmishes between the loyalists and rebels may be looked for.

Landing Big Guns

The British naval authorities appear to think that serious trouble will exist here for a good while longer, judging by the war-like precautions taken. Yesterday a big gun, the largest yet landed in Samoa, was brought ashore from *H.M.S. Torch* and landed near the trenches at Mulinuu ready for mounting. It is a four-inch breech-loading quick-firing gun, central pivot mounting, and it has an effective range of 7,000 yards. The gun, which weighs with mountings over three tons, was brought ashore in a lighter towed by large boats full of Malietoa men, and a foundation of concrete has been made for it on a point just outside the trenches at the entrance to the Mulinuu native town, when it will protect the narrow peninsula and command the approaches to Apia along the beach from the direction of Faleula and other places to the south and westward. The fact of this shell-thrower being mounted for action on shore looks like a permanency, at any rate for some months to come, and it will make the King's position at Mulinuu very much stronger and immune from attack.

A 5-inch gun is also to be landed and mounted at the back of Apia.

An Official Threatened

Mr G. Westbrook, of Apia, was sent down to the western end of Upolu some time ago to do duty as Customs officer on board the barque *Antije* at Mulifanua, in order to see that no ammunition, etc., was landed there. The natives there attempted to search the ship for arms and ammunition and threatened to have Mr Westbrook's head if they caught him firing lyddite shells. After the fight at Vailima, the warship *Tauranga* steamed out and fired a number of lyddite shells into the rebel position near R. L. Stevenson's former residence at Vailima. It is not known whether any rebels were killed but a subsequent examination showed that much damage was inflicted by the shells.

This is the first time lyddite shells have been fired by a British warship at sea. The shells contain a very powerful chemical explosive stronger than dynamite. Lyddite shells were used in the recent Soudan war.¹

¹ Soudan: The French name and former English name for Sudan.

22. 'The Latest'

Part 5 of 5 of articles in the 'War in Samoa' series.

Auckland Star, 4 May 1899, 5.

April 27, 7 a.m.

Just as the *Tutanekai* is about to leave for Auckland it is reported that a number of the Mataafa fighting men have crossed the boundary line and are at Vaivase, a place about three or four miles from here, beyond Vailima. A strong body of Malietoa natives, under Lieutenants Gaunt, Lowis, Hickman, and Heathcote, and a party of bluejackets and marines under Captain Sturdee, are to march out in that direction very shortly and try and come across the rebels.

It is now reported that some of Mataafa's men have left him and gone back to Savaii, and that some others want to join the King.

The American transport steamer *Brutus*, a large vessel, with several thousand tons of coal for the *Philadelphia* and *Newark*, and a large quantity of stores, is expected here daily from San Francisco, via Honolulu. The American cruiser *Newark* is being looked for daily. The *Brutus*, after transferring some of her cargo here, is expected to go to Pagopago (Tutuila), and remain there till wanted.

Many English and American residents of Samoa, as well as the naval officers to whom I have spoken, much regret the appointment of the Commission so soon. They say that the Commission cannot do any practical good till Mataafa is defeated and disarmed, and that the present armistice is a virtual triumph for Mataafa.

The Malietoa force is now considerably the stronger and better army, and if left alone for a few weeks, would have decisively beaten Mataafa and put an end to the German support of that chief. At any rate that is the opinion here of those who are best qualified to judge.

Thanks For The Tutanekai

The action of the New Zealand Government in sending the *Tutanekai* here with despatches and with the offer of further services is warmly appreciated in Samoa. The steamer has been much admired, and the fact that New Zealand has gone to the trouble of sending her up here is commented on by everyone as an evidence of the deep interest taken in Samoa by the Government and

people of the colony. The British Consul has handed to Captain Post for transmission to the Premier a telegram conveying his best thanks for the use of the *Tutanekai*, and the principal naval officers in Apia have all expressed their sense of appreciation of the Premier's action. Telegrams have been handed to Captain Post from the British Consul and the senior British naval officer (Captain Stuart) to the New Zealand Government, stating that the *Tutanekai* has been most useful at Samoa.

The wish is expressed, moreover, and will be sent to the Premier, that if the *Tutanekai* can be spared she may be sent up to Apia again when the High Commission arrives at Samoa in May, in order to carry despatches and go round the group to convey friendly chiefs to Apia. The intention of the authorities is to have as large a gathering of Malietoa supporters as possible at Apia in order to let the Commissioners see how strong the Malietoa party is, and it is considered that the *Tutanekai* would be a very handy vessel for the purpose, as it is not considered likely that a war-vessel can be spared from Apia for the purpose.

Captain Post performed the duties allotted to him with judgment and promptitude, and with every credit to the colony he represented.

There being a considerable demand for Snider ammunition at Samoa for the friendly natives, Captain Post rendered some small assistance in that direction by handing to Captain Stuart a box of 430 Snider cartridges, which was on board the *Tutanekai*. Captain Stuart said they would be very acceptable.

23. 'An Old-Time Maori Welcome'

Part 1 of 3 articles in the 'Royalties at Rotorua' series.

Auckland Star, Friday, 14 June 1901, 5.

Rotorua, Thursday, 13 June.

Rain fell heavily this afternoon, and it was in a steady, cold drizzle that their Royal Highnesses made their long-looked-for arrival in Rotorua. Intense disappointment was felt by both Maoris and Europeans here that the weather was so unpropitious for the arrival ceremony. A strong gale blew from the north-east, the quarter which the Maoris call the 'marangai,' and which local weather prophets here associate with overmuch rain. The lake was white with the breaking tops of waves raised by the whistling 'marangai,' and Ngongotaha mountain and other wooded ranges surrounding Rotorua were capped with thick clouds of mist.

At the big Maori camp on the racecourse everything was damp, sodden and uncomfortable. The cold gale which swept the manuka-covered flat made the natives very loath to strip for the great event of the afternoon, and it was decided to abandon the idea of parading in a scanty fighting costume, which is de riguer for dances and songs of welcome just now. In spite of the rain, however, the camp was most animated all day with the bustle of encampment details, and the continual rehearsing of songs of welcome. About two o'clock in the afternoon people commenced to rig themselves out in costumes appropriate to the reception of the distinguished visitors. In every tent and whare in the great kainga men and women were to be seen sorting out their ornamental flax and feather mantles, and others were gathered in animated groups going through the excited gestures of dances and loudly chanted songs of greeting. An especially interesting sight was that of the girls and women arranging for the powhiri, or formal song of welcome. In the quarters of each of the various tribes the ladies were in an amazing state of bustle and excitement, getting ready for their loud 'karanga' to the Duke and Duchess. Over their print roundabouts they wore waist mats of vari-coloured flax strings, which rustled as they walked, and their heads and shoulders were decorated with beautiful sprays of lycopodium (creeping fern), while in their hands they

carried leafy branches with which to wave their picturesque welcome to the grandson of the late Queen.¹

Some of the tribeswomen, particularly those from the Wanganui district, were adorned in old-fashioned style, with black and blue streaks of paint on cheeks and lips. The variety of colour and costume made a very gay show. Many carried valuable heirlooms in the way of weapons, such as greenstone and whalebone meres. Two Wanganui women bore a couple of rare clubs of this description, which they intend to present to the Duke. One, the greenstone, is an ancestral relic known by the name of 'Puhitahi.'

All over the great marae the tribes were mustering when I visited the camp, and the roaring choruses of the songs were to be heard everywhere. Presently the heavy downpour of rain slackened somewhat, and about three o'clock the tribes marched out of the camp in separate companies, bound for the railway station in a high state of excitement and enthusiasm.

The procession was composed of somewhere about two thousand natives, men and women, including three Maori bands, one being a brass band from Otaki, one from Kaikohe, and a drum and fife band belonging to Tuhoe. The people of the Whakatane Valley, the Ngatikahungunu tribe from Hawke's Bay, and the Wairarapas mustered especially well. The physique and grand appearance of these people were much admired. The Ngatikopuru and kindred tribes from Opotiki to Gisborne also mustered well, several hundred strong. The Wanganui natives turned out in force, and so did the Bay of Plenty, Ngapuhi, Urewera, and Ngatimaniapoto, the delegates present making altogether a very imposing parade.

The effect, however, was not nearly what it would have been had the weather been finer, in which event most of the men, numbering some 1500, would have been stripped to the old war costume of a waist cloth only. Over their European garments they wore Maori flax and feather mats and cloaks in great variety, some of the mantles being beautifully coloured. Numbers of the chiefs wore very handsome kiwi and pigeon feather shoulder cloaks, others had the still more rare dog skin mat while one regal-looking dame of the Wanganuis was gorgeously arrayed in a many-coloured long feather mat reaching to her feet with a feather head dress, like a coronet, confining her long

¹ Queen Victoria had died only five months previously, aged 82.

glossy hair. Some of these Wanganuis were splendidly-made amazons. The tribesmen were armed with their native weapons, the Ngatikahungunu mostly carrying carved taiahas, the Wanganuis short wooden spears, the Ngatiporou and other East Cape tribes spears and battleaxe-shaped tewhatewhas. Flags of various designs were carried in the front ranks of the tribes. The Urewera people, of whom 136 are present, were headed by their drum and fife band, an evidence of the strides which these men, until recently hostile to European influences, are making in the advance towards the civilisation of the whites. They bore with them a large blue ensign bearing the word '*Mataatua*,' the name of the ancestral canoe which brought one section of this tribe's forefathers to New Zealand from the South Sea Islands, landing them at Whakatane. The Ngatimaniapoto contingent from the King Country had a big flag inscribed '*Maniapoto*,' and most of the other tribes proudly displayed colours of various descriptions.

On arriving at the triumphal arch near the Grand Hotel it was found that the Arawa and Ngatituwharetoa tribes, the descendants of the ancestors who arrived on these shores in the historic *Arawa* canoe, had already taken up the position allotted to them in virtue of their rights as '*Tangata whenua*,' the people of the soil. They were marched into the railway station grounds to the number of over a thousand, the men armed with tewhatewhas and taiahas, and the women and girls carrying green boughs, which they waved in unison to the music of long drawn-out songs of welcome, and were lined up on a bank on the northern side of the railway line, ready to greet the royal train as it steamed into the station. The rest of the tribes, those from the big camp, were marshalled along either side of the route from the station to the Grand Hotel, the women, who included a prettily dressed party of poi dancers, occupying a conspicuous position.

A party of the principal Maori chiefs of all the assembled tribes were given a position just inside the railway station gates at the foot of the first arch, where they were the subjects of much interest. Wearing handsome feather and finely worked flax mats and grasping in their hands weapons of wood and stone, those chiefs represented almost every tribe in New Zealand, from the far North to Otago. In outward appearance some were quite '*Pakehafied*,' and with their silk bell-toppers and frock coats presented an amusing contrast to such veterans of the old school as the bare-legged much-tattooed Hori Ngatai, of Tauranga,

and the celebrated ex-rebel chief, Tamaikowha, the principal man of the Urewera tribe present.

Old Tamaikowha, a fierce-looking old Hauhau, was one of the remarkable men present. He disdains trousers and boots, wears a shawl kilt round his waist, a splendid black and white feather mat over his shoulders, and on this occasion he sported a handsomely plumed wooden war axe and a battered billy-cock hat crowned his well carved, grizzled visage. Tamaikowha is the head of the Ngaitama section of the Tuhoe people, and lives at Waimana, inland from Whakatane. In the old war days he was always inimical to the Europeans and fought against the colonial forces on several occasions and was noted for his skill in laying ambushes for the whites and the friendly contingents. On one occasion he ambushed and killed an Arawa mail-man at Waiotahi Ford, Bay of Plenty, but here he is to-day, amongst his old enemies, as anxious as any of the loyal Arawa to sing 'Haeremai' to the grandson of the Queen, whose mana he once questioned with his tomahawk and gun, and to flourish his tewhatewha in greeting to the great Duke.

In addition to the Maoris a very large number of Europeans gathered to witness the arrival of the Royal party, and waited patiently in the cold and rain until the whistle of the incoming engine was heard away up on the fast-darkening flat by the Utuhina Creek. The pilot train arrived from Auckland shortly after four o'clock. The party on board were received by the Arawas with loud cheers and much singing of welcome songs and waving of weapons. Amongst those who travelled by the pilot train were the Hon. J. Taverner, ex-Minister of Agriculture in the Turner Ministry in Victoria; the Hon. J. McGregor, who holds an honorary portfolio in the Victorian State Cabinet; with his private secretary (Mr Barstow); Messrs Miller and Price, members of the South Australian Legislature; Mr Smerdon, a Melbourne visitor; Messrs G. Fowlds, J. H. Witheford, F. Lawry, Jackson Palmer, M.H.R.'s; Lt.-Col. Gudgeon, British Resident at Rarotonga; and King John of Mangaia. The visitors remained within the enclosure to await the arrival of the Royal train.

Arrival of The Royal Train

Punctually at half-past four p.m. the Royal train swept round the long curve leading into the station and drew up alongside the platform. The reception of the Royal train by the assembled multitude of the Arawas was a sight long to

be remembered. As the train steamed up the hundreds of the people of the soil sprang up, and with their women waving green branches and the army of men brandishing in splendid time, up and down, to right and left, their wooden weapons, they sang, or, rather, shouted, their stentorian ‘powhiri’ of welcome to the King’s son.

‘Haeremai, haeremai haeremai! (sang in long-drawn, high notes, a kilted chief in the front rank). / Welcome, welcome, welcome! / Oh, welcome, ye strangers from beyond the sky. / Welcome. Come to the Arawa. / Come to our canoe.’

Then all together they chanted, with a splendid shout, which might have been heard a couple of miles away, their greeting song to the Duke:

‘Naumai, naumai, come hither to us. / Draw to the shore the Duke. / Bring him hither to our canoe, / To our waka, the Arawa, / To our shores, to our sky. / A ha, ha! / So that we may be uplifted: / That this canoe may have high honour. / Approach ye: draw near us. / Oh, welcome, welcome! / Aue, au! Au eha!’

The effect of the welcome song and the combined stamping of many hundred feet and simultaneous drill with the plumed tewhatewhas, was exceedingly fine, and greatly interested the visitors, to many of whom such a sight was quite a novel one.

Accompanied by Lord Ranfurly and the rest of the occupants of the train, Their Royal Highnesses alighted on the carpeted platform. They were met by Captain Gilbert Mair, an old colonial officer, who is in charge of the Maori encampment, and Captain Turner, Chairman of the Town Council, together with several of the more prominent Maori chiefs.

The Duke was in civilian attire, dressed completely in black. This caused a good deal of disappointment among the Maoris, who had expected that His Royal Highness would appear in uniform. A Maori associates the mana, or prestige of a ‘tino rangatira’ (great chief), with his outward symbols of authority, such as a military uniform. It is understood that influence will be brought to bear to persuade His Royal Highness to wear uniform to-morrow. The Duchess was also dressed in black, wearing a perfectly fitting tailor-made costume and black toque. Lord Ranfurly and the members of the staff were also in mufti. Captain Mair wore the uniform of a New Zealand officer of militia.

The proceedings at the railway station were very brief. After Miss Dorothy Turner had presented a bouquet to the Duchess, Lord Ranfurly introduced Capt. Turner to the Royal visitors and then presented to the Duke the two principal representative chiefs of the *Arawa* 'waka,' or ancestral tribal canoe, the high chief Te Heuheu Tukino, of Lake Taupo, and Te Keepa Rangipuawhe, the principal chief of the Tuhorangi tribe, of Whakarewarewa, Both these rangatiras wore handsome mantles of native manufacture, and carried valuable weapons of their race.

Te Heuheu is the grandson of the great cannibal chief Te Heuheu, who was killed in the Waihi landslip, Lake Taupo, in 1846, and is a lineal descendent of the wizard priest Ngatoroirangi, who came to New Zealand from the legendary Hawaiiiki in the *Arawa* canoe six hundred years ago. He is a young man of great ability and intelligence and has been co-operating actively with Mr Hone Heke M.H.R., and Apirana Ngata, in consolidating the Maori tribes of the colony in the union, or kotahitanga, for political purposes. Te Keepa Rangipuawhe is an old chief of considerable influence. He formerly lived at Wairoa, at Lake Tarawera, up till the time of the eruption of 1886. Both the Duke and the Duchess shook hands with the Maori chiefs.

This brief ceremony over, the Duke and party walked through a carpeted passage to the rear of the station, where the carriages were waiting. There were stationed the Wairarapa Mounted Rifles, the only native volunteer corps in the colony, the Opotiki Mounted Rifles, Tauranga and Te Puke Mounted Rifles, Whakatane Mounted Rifles, and the Rotorua company of infantry. The mounted men were under the command of Major Morrow, V.D., of the Auckland district staff, Captain Rimene, commanding the Wairarapa Rifles, 90 strong, and Captain Barren commanded the infantry. The Hamilton and Rotorua brass bands were also drawn up outside the station. As the Duke and Duchess emerged from the station the band struck up the National Anthem, while the troops presented arms. Outside the gates the expectant crowd of Maoris cheered lustily, and chanted their songs of welcome, their 'powhiris,' to the Duke.

The Duke and Duchess entered the first carriage, accompanied by Lord Wenlock, and drove through Fenton and Hinemoa streets to the Grand Hotel, which had been reserved for the accommodation of the Royal party. The rest of the party followed in carriages. The Mounted Infantry acted as escort to their

Royal Highnesses. The Maoris were wildly enthusiastic and swarmed in hundreds along the route behind the Royal pair. Many broke through the lines, and ran along behind the Royal carriage, waving their wooden battle axes and spears and chanting songs of welcome. It was a great pity that the weather was so bad. The effect of the decorations, and indeed of the whole reception, was marred by the drizzling rain, and the fast-gathering darkness. The line of route tramped by the swarming crowd was literally a sea of mud, and the unfortunate visitors who had to follow the procession on foot had rather a lively time of it in getting up to the Grand Hotel. But neither rain nor wind seemed to damp the enthusiasm of the Maoris, who splashed along the road as fast as their legs could carry them. Some pushed right in among the horses, and the large staff of policemen had their work cut out to curb the exuberance of the excited throng.

The drive to the hotel occupied about five minutes, the procession travelling at a walking pace. The Hon. J. Carroll, the Native Minister, met the Royal party at the entrance to the hotel, and was presented to the Duke and the Duchess. The ceremony of presenting the United Maori tribes' 'Address of Welcome' took place at the verandah steps. As the Royal couple reached the steps the band struck up again, and the irrepressible natives broke out in another dance of welcome. Both the Royal visitors seemed pleased with the cordiality of their reception, and the quaint Maori gathering was evidently full of interest.

It was some little time before the shouts and chants of welcome subsided, but presently the natives managed to restrain their enthusiasm for a while, and the formal welcome was proceeded with. Mr Carroll, mounting the steps of the verandah, read in clear tones the following 'Address of Welcome' from the Maoris of the colony:

Maori 'Address of Welcome'

The 'Address' presented by the Maoris at Rotorua is handsomely framed in New Zealand wood, and the execution of the lettering is admirable. The main design surrounding the 'Address' takes the form of the front of a Maori whare, on which the old style of native carving is well depicted. Over the door is the inscription: 'Haere mai e te kotuku, rerenga tahi te manu hire tuarangi.' In the top corners are pictures of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, and

at the bottom corners are, on one side a pretty little sketch of Mount Egmont, and on the other a tattooed Maori attired in the old-style costume of mats, with his mere. The dark red colouring of the Maori carving, shown on the whare, is relieved with a tri-coloured design in the National colours, red, white and blue. The whole is interwoven with a background of the beautiful bush of New Zealand. The wording of the 'Address' is typical Maori, being as follows:

'Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York: Welcome, welcome, welcome, O son, welcome to these isles, Ao-te-a-roa and Te Waipounamu! Welcome to Maoriland! Welcome thou who art of the blood, the emblem of the mana, the majesty of the Empire, under whose benign rule we are proud to abide. O Royal daughter of Princes, joined to him who is son of our Lord King, we likewise greet you! We heard with our ears, and hoped that we might see with our eyes, and rejoice that this thing has come to pass in our day and generation. This is a great day – a day that will live in the memory of our race while God permits them existence.

'Yet it is a day of mourning. We mourn the Great Queen to whom our fathers ceded by treaty the sovereignty over these isles; who was the guardian of our rights and liberties from that time until she slept with her fathers. We, the humblest of her children, alien in blood yet kin by law and allegiance, mourn the loss of a mother who sought the good of high and low alike; who loved peace, that by peace among her peoples they might rise yet higher in greatness. She was all that our fathers knew in their day. Her name is a gift they bequeathed to us ere they passed. Pass, oh Mother, to thy rest with the mighty dead who went before thee!

'Welcome! welcome! welcome! in the name of the King your father! We hail the new King in your person! He has succeeded to the throne of his mother, to be our Chief, our Lord, our Sovereign. Here in the presence of Your Royal Highnesses we renew our oath of allegiance; we confirm the act of our fathers, who gave all to Queen Victoria and her successors.

'Hear, O ye peoples, to-day we make a new treaty; new and yet old, inasmuch as we confirm the old, to which we but add expressions of continued loyalty from our generation, and pray that our sovereign and our white brethren may give us of their strength to live and thrive with them, and among them.

‘Hear, O Prince, hear, O Princess, from the far ends of the earth, from remote Hawaiiiki across the great seas of Kiwa you have come to see these lands and peoples. It is well, for by so doing you have drawn closer the bonds of love which knit us all together.

‘Welcome and farewell! Farewell, since you must pass on! It is enough that we have seen. We wish you a safe return to our King and his Queen, from whose presence you have come to gladden our eyes in this the most distant part of the Empire.’

(Signed) J. Carroll, Hone Heke, Wi Pere, Tami Parata, H. R. Tairaoa.

The Duke's Reply

To this the Duke replied at some length. His Royal Highness' remarks were interpreted in Maori by Mr Carroll, for the benefit of the assembled natives, who listened with keen attention, punctuating the speech with guttural ejaculations expressive of evident appreciation. The following is the full text of the Duke's reply:

‘To the chiefs and tribes of the Isles Aotearoa and Waipounamu: The warm words of welcome which you have spoken to the Princess and myself have gladdened our hearts. From the far ends of the earth, over the wide seas, we have been sent by the great King, my father, to hear and behold in their own beautiful land his children, the Maoris. The great Queen whom your fathers knew and loved, and for whom you mourn with us, and with all the natives and races under the mana and majesty of the Empire, had, before she passed to her rest, desired us to visit her people beyond the seas to tell of her great gratitude for the aid of those brave young men in the cruel war into which she, who ever loved and worked for peace, had been driven.¹ Proud and glad was the great Queen also that the sons of her Maori children, eager with love and loyalty, longed to stand side by side with their brethren in the field of battle.

‘The King, my father, though his cup was full of sorrow, and parting with us, his children, but added to its bitterness, could not endure that her wish should pass unfulfilled, and I come in his name and on his behalf to declare to you the deep thankfulness of his heart for your loving sympathy in his loss, and for the noble and tender words in which you spoke your love and reverence for her memory. The words of the Maoris are true words, the words of the

¹ The Boer War (1899–1902)

generous and chivalrous people, who are ready to make good with the hands the promise of the lips. To receive your pledges of loyalty, and to learn from me that you have renewed your oath of allegiance and confirmed the act of your fathers, who gave all to Queen Victoria and her successors, will give joy to my father's heart, and will fill him with strength and courage for the great work that lies before him. The heart of the King is warm to his people in New Zealand. He rejoices to see them dwell together in peace and friendship, and prays that they may continue to be united and to strengthen each other in works of peace, and that they also may strive for the common good, and in aiding him to keep one and united the many peoples under his sway. If our visit helps to that end, we shall be glad to count as naught the sacrifices we have made in order to see your chiefs and you face to face in your beautiful country. Of our brief visit to Maoriland we shall carry with us lasting memories of the loyalty and love and generous kindness of the Maori people. May peace, prosperity, and every blessing abide with you and yours for ever.'

When the Duke had finished, his remarks being put into beautiful Maori by the Native Minister, the latter led the Maoris in a rousing old 'ngeri' or war song. The well-known ancient chant commencing 'Kaimate kaimate, kia ora, kia ora,' was most appropriate to the occasion, being often used as a song of welcome to illustrious guests. Impromptu as the song and dance were, the Maoris infused into it a heartiness that marked the spontaneity of their enthusiasm. One bare legged veteran in full native costume, with an up-to-date top hat surmounting his tattooed face danced excitedly within a yard or two of the Royal couple, brandishing a taiaha as he chanted his song of welcome. The air of amused pleasure with which the Duchess regarded the enthusiastic old man and his companions showed that the novelty of the reception appealed strongly to her sense of humour. The Duke, too, seemed genuinely pleased with the proceedings. After the dance of welcome the bands struck up the National Anthem again, and the crowd cheered as loudly as before, Their Royal Highnesses acknowledging the salute with a bow. The Royal party then entered the hotel and the crowd dispersed.

To-night the post-office and other buildings were illuminated, but the bad weather prevented the general illuminations of the township being carried out to any extent. An excursion train arrived from Auckland to-night, crowded with visitors from town. Another large influx is expected to-morrow. Every

hotel and boardinghouse in the township is taxed to its limits to accommodate the visitors.

24. 'Tikitere'

Part 2 of 3 articles in the 'Royalties at Rotorua' series.

Auckland Star, Saturday, 15 June 1901, 5.

Rotorua, Friday, 14 June

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, accompanied by a large party made a visit to Tikitere yesterday afternoon, and expressed themselves much pleased with the excursion. The party totalled 85 in all including the Governor, Lord Ranfurly, the Premier and other Ministers and Members of Parliament, naval officers and other visitors, including the English pressmen. They were conveyed across the lake to the landing near Te Ngae, an old mission station, in the launches *Hamurana* and *Hinemoa*. Mr. H. R. MacDonald, master of the *Hamurana*, was the Duke's guide for the trip, and he explained all the sights of interest to the Royal visitors. The lake looked its best yesterday, with only a gentle ripple on its surface. The steamers skirted close by the beautiful island of Mokoia. The visitors were delighted with the rich green vegetation of the place and the glimpses they obtained of the lovely native vegetation and picturesque Maori dwellings and plantations near the shore. Mr. MacDonald pointed out places of interest, including the locality of Hinemoa's bath, and told the familiar story of Hinemoa and her lover Tutanekai, and showed the spot on the mainland from which Hinemoa set out on her memorable swim. The Duchess especially displayed great interest in the place, and said she had read the legend, and was greatly pleased to see the historic spot. The place where Hongi Hika and his cannibal warriors landed eighty years ago and slaughtered the Arawas was also shown as the launches steamed past the long point known as Te Huruhuru, on which most of the houses on the island are located. The party did not land on the island but passed it sufficiently close to observe its beauties.

On landing at the Ngae the party were conveyed in vehicles up to Tikitere, where the Hon. Carroll showed most of the sights to the Royal visitors. The stay at Tikitere was limited to about a quarter of an hour, as darkness was coming on. Captain Post, of the Government steamer *Tutanekai*, put his foot accidentally through the sulphur crust, and narrowly escaped a severe scalding. The Hon. Ward also had a rather narrow squeak from a scalding. It was dark when the party left Tikitere, and they did not get back to the hotel till after

half-past six, being delayed somewhat owing to one of the horses in the Duke's carriage breaking down through the heavy nature of the road.

Thirteen of the party returned by steamers, and the rest by vehicles.

Hakas and Poi Dances

On the way hack from Whakarewarewa to the Grand Hotel yesterday the Royal party called in at the racecourse and made a stay of about three-quarters of an hour on the grandstand, where they witnessed the hakas and poi dances of various tribes. Very fine exhibitions were given, affording Royalty a foretaste of the big demonstration to-day. Mrs Airini Donnelly, of Hawke's Bay, sat with the Duchess and explained the various dances of the tribes to her, while the Hon. Jas. Carroll was the Duke's cicerone. Each tribe, in dancing costume, moved up in turn in close column formation, and gave its performance in front of the Royal stand, and then marched off to make way for the next.

The Tauranga women belonging to the Ngaitirangi tribe were first to appear. They made a very pretty appearance, being gaily dressed in long mats covered with feathers. Their poi was an excellent performance, its novelty and picturesque effect greatly pleasing their Royal Highnesses. The Ngaitirangi men next danced a haka, and the Otaki women and girls of the Ngatiraukawa gave a poi exhibition, swinging their raupo balls with effective precision, keeping time to the movements with a song. Then the Ngatiporou and allied tribes from the East Cape district danced some splendid hakas, far excelling others who gave dances. They numbered some 200 men, and their performance was a very fine one. Appropriate songs were introduced in honour of the Duke's visit, and the tribe sang, amongst other chants, the famous historical song which the Ngatiporou made use of at the capture of an enemy's pa at Toka Akuku, East Coast, in 1835.

The Hawke's Bay and Wairarapa men belonging to the Ngatikahungunu tribe danced hakas, and several other bands of men and women from various tribes, including the Ngatimaniapoto, from the King Country, also gave an exhibition, after which the Royal party drove back to the Grand Hotel for luncheon.

The Township by Night

Rotorua was en fete last night; the illuminations were on the most extensive scale. The township lends itself well to systematic illumination, being laid out with fine broad streets, which run at right angles to each other. All the principal thoroughfares were outlined with festoons of coloured paper lanterns, and long vistas of coloured lights shone brilliantly against the black background of night, giving a curious effect as of a large and brilliantly lighted city. The same scheme was followed in the sanatorium grounds, and the scene there was like a glimpse of fairy land. The festoons of coloured lanterns outlined the intersecting parks in diminishing perspective, and the sanatorium and bath-houses stood out in brilliant coloured outline against the blackness of the night. For brilliancy of general effect the illuminations far surpassed those carried out in Auckland.

The handsome arch outside the Grand Hotel was brilliantly lit up with large globes of soft white electric light, the effect of which, against the dark green background of the graceful arch, was wonderfully pretty. The post office and other buildings were prettily outlined with fairy lamps, and several private houses, notably Waiwera House and Thirwell House, were handsomely illuminated.

The band discoursed selections outside the Grand Hotel for over an hour, and the streets wore a busy appearance, almost everyone turning out to see the fireworks. These were let off from the racecourse and made a brilliant display. The Maoris were hugely delighted with the fireworks. Their cheers could be heard a mile away as the graceful rockets soared into the air and dissolved in showers of coloured fire.

South Island Maoris

The South Island Maoris chiefly belonging to the Ngaitaihu tribe have presented to the Duke at the Grand Hotel a handsomely illuminated 'Address of Welcome' from themselves and their people. It was to have been presented at Otago if possible but this request not being acceded to, the Ngaitaihu, including people from Marlborough and Canterbury to Bluff and Foveaux Straits, came up here and through Mr T. Parata, M.H.R., their member, presented the 'Address' to the Duke. The top and sides of the 'Address' are tastefully painted in Maori style. The rollers are of wood, handsomely carved

in Maori fashion. The following translation of the 'Address' was also handed to His Royal Highness:

'To the great chief George, son of Edward, King of England, salutations to you both. We, Ngaitaihu, Ngatimamoe and Waitaha tribes of Te Waipounamu welcome you to these shores, for you are the grandson of that great Queen who was a just woman, and the loving mother of her Maori people. Christianity and her rule came together, and have dwelt amongst us. Since the love and loyalty we always bore her live now, passed now to King Edward, your father, we ask you now to take this message from us. You must not forget us, but again return to us from across the seas. Great is our love for you both. That is all. Farewell.'

The address is signed by twenty-two South Islands chiefs, including the Hon. Hori Kerei Taiaroa, M.L.C, and Mr T. Parata, M.H.R.

A Death In Camp

One of the most prominent chiefs in the Maori camp, old Hohepa Hikutaia, of Tauranga, died last night. He was a very old man, 74, and was really too infirm to go into camp, considering his advanced age and the inclemency of the weather the Maoris have experienced while under canvas. Hohepa was the leading chief of the Tauranga Maoris, and it was necessary that the fact of his death should be kept secret from the natives in camp, to avoid the great 'tangi' which his high rank would render necessary if the news leaked out. Captain Mair, who is in charge of the camp, accordingly arranged to have the body taken secretly across to Tauranga in a buggy at night, before the natives could hear of the death of the chief.

Hohepa Hikutaia was born at Tauranga in 1828, and a strange story is connected with his early babyhood. Captain Mair's father happened to visit Tauranga on the day that Hohepa was born, and the child's father, who was the leading man of the tribe, in compliment to the visitor, wished to name the little stranger after him. Mr Mair, before he sailed again, acknowledged the compliment by presenting to the chief a greenstone mere, promising to return to Tauranga in a week or two. Three days before he returned, however, the Thames natives made a raid on Tauranga and massacred the tribesmen there, including the old chief. The latter's wife, with her little baby on her back, plunged into the harbour and swam across, pursued by a shower of bullets from the ferocious invaders. She reached the other side and got ashore at

Wharerua, hut died from exhaustion in the mud flats there. The little child, however, survived, and being picked up by friendly natives, lived as Hohepa Hikutaia to a green old age.

Captain Mair's father visited the village after the massacre, and looked for the greenstone axe, but of it there was no trace. The affair had an equally romantic sequel, for the identical axe was found 36 years later, after the storming of that famous stronghold in 1864. Curiously enough, Hohepa was one of the guides who led the British into that pa. He was always friendly to the British, a fact which rather caused him a loss of mana, or caste, among other natives. Apart from the remarkable incident of his babyhood just narrated, Hohepa was not a man of striking personality.

Carnival Of The Tribes

From an early hour people were wending their way out to the racecourse, where the martial carnival of the tribes was to be held. The big camp itself was early astir, and dancers mustered in position a full two hours before the ceremony started.

It is a curious and striking scene that meets the eye. Massed in the centre of the ground are the dancers, every man in full fighting costume, stripped to the waist and wearing mats of rustling flax, each carrying a painted taiaha or a long-pointed spear. Over the dusky warriors, flags of every tribe assembled flutter in the breeze, from the huge ensign 'porourangi,' of the Ngatiporou, with its crescent, moon and stars standing out against the dark blue background, to the tiny bannerettes carried by some of the tribes. In front of the Wanganui natives waves their white Motea ensign, presented by Queen Victoria to the defenders of Motea. Another much-prized flag is the red ensign of the Ngatihuaia, presented at Otaki by Lord Onslow. The flags, spears, and columns of dusky warriors combine to lend a very martial air to the scene, and the white tents of the big encampment in the distant background enhance the military effect. To the left are the poi dancers, dressed alternately in red and white, in a huge semi-circle. Round the enclosure runs the black line of spectators, while the stands on either side of the Royal pavilion are crammed to their utmost limits. Overhead is a blue unclouded sky, the whole enclosure being bathed in brilliant sunshine.

It is a long wait till ten o'clock, when Royalties are due, and the tribes fill in the time practising their dances and songs of welcome. Others squat upon their haunches, jabbering excitedly. Four brawny warriors approach the Royal pavilion, bearing on their shoulders the ten-foot model of the famous Arawa canoe, laden with gifts for the Royal couple. The canoe is placed upon the stand, and alongside the natives plant the blue banner of the Arawas, a flag presented them in 1870 by the Duke of Edinburgh.

The Hon. Jas. Carroll, director of the whole affair, is early on the scene, wearing a dog-skin mat across his shoulders, and round his waist a mat of flax.

Shortly before ten, loud cheering announces the arrival of the Duke and Duchess. The former was carrying in his right hand the greenstone adze presented yesterday by Major Fox, while the Duchess carried a fine mere, also presented yesterday. Their Royal Highnesses, on taking their seats in the pavilion, were presented by Mrs Carroll with mats, which she fastened round their shoulders. The Duke's mat was of dog-skin, with a beautiful border, while the Duchess wore a mat of kiwi feathers.

Lord Ranfurly sat on the Duke's right, and the Premier next to the Duchess. The Tuhoe drum and fife band played the National Anthem as the party took their seats, and the leading East Coast chiefs assembled in line before the grandstand to greet their Royal guests.

Immediately in front of the Royal stand were massed the great body of the Maoris in battle array, in close formation of columns, or 'matua,' each tribe forming a sort of square in compact bodies of armed men, all stripped to the waist, flax kilts or shawls round their waists, their faces daubed with black and blue war-paint, and their hair decorated with feather plumes. The sight was an exceedingly warlike one as the tribes, yelling their battle songs, fell in in [and] crouched down a short distance in front of the stand, weapons in hand, waiting for the arrival of the Royalties. About two thousand Maoris were gathered here to take part in the dances, while about another three thousand natives were spectators.

The leading company, occupying the position a little ahead of the other bodies, was the Ngapuhi tribe, of over a hundred dancers. On the extreme right was the great body of the Arawa tribe, all stripped to the waist, and wearing flax waist mats armed with wooden plumed battleaxes, while on the right were the Whanganuis, Hawke's Bay, Lake Taupo. Wairarapa, Urewera and other

tribes. Immediately in front of the stand was placed the model canoe, which the Arawas were to present to the Duke, covered with mats, on which were laid Major Fox's presentation sword and rifle.

As the Royal party took their seats the great body of the people, wildly excited, rose up with spears, taiahas and war axes in hand. Then began a splendid martial scene, the like of which will never be seen again in New Zealand. The Ngapuhis performed a war dance and then moved off. Then came Te Arawa, who also, with their weapons in hand, went through the warlike drill with machine-like precision, singing in great chorus a song of welcome, roared from several hundred throats, led by old Major Fox, who, sword in hand, danced wonderfully energetically.

Then came the war dance of the Ngaiterangi tribe from Tauranga, armed with sharp spears and with white feathers stuck in their hair. They sang their welcome song then yelled the well-known old war song, beginning 'kia kutia,' etc. A Wanganui tribe then, dressed only in flax waist mats, danced some splendid hakas, which were loudly applauded as they moved off.

Then the chieftainesses advanced and laid handsome mats at the Duke's feet. Next the Arawa tribesmen came on again, attired in waist, garments and performed hakas exceedingly well, the roaring choruses from hundreds of throats and simultaneous thud of hundreds of feet on the ground making the performances most impressive. Led by their chiefs, they chanted appropriate songs of welcome to the grandson of the Queen. Then the Ngaiterangi tribe again came on the scene, leaving their spears behind. Led by their chiefs, they performed a good haka to the accompaniment of a fine song, in which they greeted the Duke with the words, 'Oh! welcome here, draw near to us. Oh! our treasure from afar.' Then they retired with loud hurrahs.

The Ngapuhi warriors from the far North gave another war dance led by an old warrior in front, almost entirely naked, to show his remarkable breech tattooing. They marched off singing an ancient song of welcome to their great guest from beyond the far boundaries of the sky.

Next came a splendid exhibition, which carried one in imagination to the olden days. The young chief Te Heuheu, feathers in hair, legs bare and native mat round him, taiaha in hand, rushed down the centre of the field to where a small army of half-naked men were crouching on the ground with spears in their expectant grasp. When a short distance from the warriors he hurled a

spear at them in the ancient fashion of the 'Wero,' or challenge, and at once turned and fled back, pursued at racing speed by the warriors, their bare feet thundering on the ground as they ran. These were Heuheu's tribe, the Ngatituwharetoa from Lake Taupo, about two hundred strong including a large party of splendid-looking women in flax, feather mats and capes. Just in front of the Royal stand they halted in fighting array. Then followed a thrilling peruperu, or real old war dance, far excelling those which preceded them.

At the word from their chiefly-looking leader, Te Heuheu, they sprung up and yelled out their song of jubilation in honour of the visit, jumping this way and that, their faces grimacing and eyeballs glaring, all keeping splendid time with their forest of spears.

At intervals in the dancing the ceremony of presenting gifts to the Royal visitors took place. A line of men and women advanced, facing the ranks, and deposited their treasures at the Royal pavilion, at the feet of the Duke and Duchess. Every tribe had given its most precious heirlooms, and some were very rare and priceless in their historic associations – meres of whalebone and greenstone, beautifully worked mats or kiwi feathers, or coloured flax, handsome feather kits, korowais and piupius in wonderful variety of form and colour. One gift was an old-time banner of flax, another a beautiful mat of pigeon feathers. The gifts, numbering dozens, were piled high in a heap on the floor of the pavilion before the Royal couple, and Mrs Carroll fastened a handsome greenstone tiki round the Duchess' neck. The Maoris' 'Address of Welcome', beautifully framed, was laid on top of the pile.

Presentation Of A Canoe

Beautiful fair, unclouded weather favours the last day of the native ceremonials in honour of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. The blue sky and clear cold atmosphere are a continuance of yesterday's weather conditions. There is little wind, and the shining lake looks its best. There was more steam from Puias and Ngawhas than we see in summer months. Ohinemutu beach was a remarkably pretty picture early this morning with innumerable smoke-like fleecy columns of vapour rising straight into the still air, much of the steam dissipating, however, as the sun attained its height. Across the lake the mists of morning softened the bald outline of the hills, and the waters of the lake gleamed like silver in the brilliant sunshine. From an early hour the thousands

of natives in the big camp and in Ohinemutu and Whakarewarewa were astir, making animated preparations for the big war dances, hakas, and other demonstrations on the racecourse in honour of the Royal visitors. At Tama-te-Kapua, the meeting house in Ohinemutu, the Arawas had on exhibition before the eyes of their people the beautifully carved model war canoe, which they had had made to present to the Duke as a symbol of their love and loyalty, and speeches were made over the canoe yesterday afternoon, and some 'tangi'-ing was performed. The canoe is intended to represent the historic Arawa canoe which conveyed ancestors of these people to New Zealand's shores six hundred years ago, and which was afterwards destroyed by fire at Maketu, an incident which gave rise to inter-tribal wars. The model canoe is about ten feet long and one-foot beam, and is very cleverly carved by Tene, a skilled Maori wood-carver. It has an artistically carved figure-head and stern-post, and has top sides lashed on to the hull in the usual war canoe fashion, and is elaborately decorated with feathers. The canoe is greatly admired by the Arawas, who hope that in it the Duke will see a symbol of the great Arawa section of his people, who were consistent supporters of the Queen's mana.

25. 'A Memorable Hui'

Part 3 of 3 articles in the 'Royalties at Rotorua' series.

Auckland Star, Monday, 17 June 1901, 5.

Rotorua, Saturday, 15 June

'Haere ra! Haere ra!' ('Depart, depart') was the loudly chanted farewell with which the assembled thousands of the Maori race at Rotorua bade adieu to the Royal visitors on Saturday afternoon. Assuredly the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York must have felt that there was nothing forced or artificial about their reception at the hands of the generous open-hearted native people.

Well, it is over now – the greatest 'hui' Rotorua ever saw, or ever is likely to see. The Heir-apparent and his gracious consort have seen the Maori in his native 'wonderland,' and now that their Royal Highnesses have departed, now that the excitement has subsided and the echo of the last cheer died away, one can sit down at last in peace and quietness, and review the many memorable incidents of the past few days. For, though but a flying visit, the trip to Rotorua was crammed, full of incident, and the Royal party, in Yankee parlance, 'jumped' from place to place with a celerity that gave but little leisure to the small army of special correspondents, who chronicled their movements.

Looking back on the trip to Rotorua, one thing is certain – and that is that the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York was a splendid success. That they enjoyed themselves most heartily throughout the trip was very evident; and, indeed, both the Royal visitors, before leaving Rotorua, were kind enough to express in warmest terms the keen pleasure they experienced in their brief glimpse of the thermal wonderland and the King's loyal Maori subjects. It is stated that both the Duke and Duchess remarked that they were better pleased with the Rotorua trip than with anything they had gone through during the whole tour, and again, after Saturday's great demonstration, His Royal Highness thanked the Hon. Jas. Carroll very warmly for the splendid native reception arranged for them. Much as they had heard of Rotorua and the Maoris, the reality (said His Royal Highness) far excelled all their anticipating. Such expressions of appreciation from the lips of the Royal visitors must have been very gratifying to Mr Carroll and those who worked with and under him, but it required no words to show how keenly both the Duke and his consort enjoyed their three days' outing. One had only to see their smiling faces and

hear their hearty laughter to realise that. After all, it must be more enjoyable to spend the whole day under a blue unclouded sky amid surroundings and scenic charms as pleasant and picturesque and novel, than to undergo the round of levees, receptions and other solemn functions with which a more civilised society thinks fit to entertain a visitor of ultra-high degree. It is surely pleasanter to sit in the open air and watch the rhythmic Maori dances – the weird ‘peruperu,’ the graceful ‘poi’ dance – than to struggle – be it ever so valiantly – through the dreadful ordeal of shaking some thousand unknown persons by the hand. The comparison seems quite superfluous.

For ten days before their arrival rain fell more or less continuously, and when the Royal train drew up at Rotorua platform on Thursday last, heavy showers of cold drizzling rain swept over the waiting thousands, and converted the fine broad streets into seas of mud. But the next morning broke fine and clear, and thenceforward the weather was absolutely perfect, the cool clear air tempering pleasantly the brilliant sunshine from a cloudless azure sky. Rotorua, with its lovely lake and green-clad hills and island, never looked more beautiful. The reception at the station on the afternoon of their arrival was marred by the wretched weather, but every other part of the programme went off splendidly. The welcome party at Ohinemutu on Friday was a most interesting native function, and the dances on the racecourse that afternoon enabled the natives to give many dances which time would not have permitted on Saturday. The Geysers at Whakarewarewa could not fail to impress Their Royal Highnesses, and brief as was their glimpse of Tikitere, that weird region of boiling mud pools will leave a vivid recollection in their memories.

But the feature of the visit was undoubtedly the great native assemblage, on the racecourse on Saturday. Such dancing, and on such a scale, has not been seen in Maoriland for very many years, nor is it likely that the equal of this great ‘hui’ or Maori inter-tribal carnival will ever be seen again; for ‘tempora mutantur, et nos’¹ is as true of the Maori as of the Roman or any other mortal. It was the sight of a lifetime that great gathering on Rotorua racecourse. Four thousand Maoris, representing all the tribes from the far South to the Bay of Islands, were mustered in battle array, and all in the old-time costumes now fast passing out of use. Only twelve or thirteen hundred of the natives actually danced, but the number was quite large enough to be impressive. It was a grand

¹ Latin: ‘Times change, and we change with them.’

sight to see the long rows of dusky, half-naked warriors, their bare feet beating time with a measured 'thud, thud' that made the ground tremble, brandishing their weapons in perfect unison, as in deep-throated chorus they intoned their poetic chants and invocations. Inspiring too was the 'swing, swing' of the graceful poi-dances of the women, as the pairs of little raupo balls struck head and breast and legs in perfect time. Anything that might have been objectionable in the dances had been carefully eliminated; there was practically nothing to which exception could be taken. Dance followed dance in quick succession, and the great demonstration passed off with scarce a hitch from first to last. It was, in short, a memorable spectacle, and those who had the privilege of seeing it are not likely to forget the scene.

A striking feature of the demonstration was the ceremony of presenting gifts to the Royal visitors. The Maoris' generosity was truly remarkable – all the more so as one aged chieftain remarked, when one considered by way of comparison the extent of the average white man's prodigality towards his Maori brethren. Costly and rare were most of the presents they laid at the feet of the Duke and Duchess. One appreciated their loyalty and open-handed generosity but could not help regretting that many priceless souvenirs of a romantic past should leave this country – priceless because mere money could not replace the historic associations. But the tribes vied one with another in lavishing their gifts upon the Royal couple, and laid their dearest treasures in rich profusion at the feet of their distinguished guests. Some of the women half stripped themselves to furnish presents for the Duchess. It was impossible to count the gifts on Saturday, or estimate their value on the spot, but it is not beyond the mark to say that the presents given by the Maoris to their future King and Queen that morning represented fully a thousand pounds. The kiwi mats alone must have represented nearly half that sum. The greenstone weapons and ornaments were very valuable, especially the carved adze, presented to the Duke by old Major Fox. His Royal Highness evidently appreciated the value of this adze, for he carried it around with him all day on Friday, and brought it out himself next morning to the racecourse. He also wore in his hat several of the valuable huia feathers presented, and throughout the ceremony at the racecourse both Duke and Duchess wore long Maori mats over their ordinary attire. These delicate little compliments on the part of royalty pleased the Maoris immensely, for it showed that Their Royal

Highnesses had a due appreciation of the value of the gifts, and prized them accordingly.

It was a fine sight to see the Maori chieftainesses filing out to lay their presents at the Duchess' feet. Almost all were tall, handsome well-built women, and they carried themselves like princesses. The women of the Hawke's Bay, Wairarapa and Wanganui tribes were particularly handsome, and the high born daughters of the Ngatikahungunu compelled admiration as they walked with stately carriage to the grandstand, and unfastening their beautiful white kiwi and other feathered mats laid them at the Duchess' feet.

One old Maori warrior had a curious method of presenting his offering, a rustling waist mat of coloured flax. Stalking out from among his tribesmen as they stood before the pavilion, the old man marched straight up close to where the Royal couple were seated, and without a vision of a smile flung the mat over the railing on to the stand, then turning on his heel stalked solemnly back to his tribe. It is questionable whether the Duke half liked this very casual presentation, although he evidently could not resist a smile. Very different was the demeanour of an old-time Maori aspect grizzled veteran who brought a long flat hoeroa (two handed whalebone sword), ornamented with dog's hair. Reverently the venerable warrior carried his precious weapon to the Duke, and when His Royal Highness courteously accepted the gift, the old man's tattooed visage wreathed itself in smiles, and he nodded and smiled and nodded again all the way back to his place in the dance.

It was strange after the departure of the Royal couple to notice how quickly the old-time Maori aspect of the camp ground was, so to speak, toned down, if not entirely altered. Prosaic coats and trousers of a cut not exactly irreproachable, hid the broad dusky frames of the dancers; feathers vanished from their hair, and battered hats of many shapes replaced them; spears and axes were put aside and the semi-European aspect of the modern native for the most part replaced the picturesque barbarian whom the Royal visitors had watched dancing his wild tungarahu only an hour since. It seems an anti-climax to mention the transformation. After all it is very like hauling up the curtain again five minutes after the tragic drama has reached its impassioned finale. If the lifted curtain should reveal perhaps the far from picturesque stage hands running off with the carpets and the table, it will not aid the impressiveness of the play itself. In the same way there is no need to dwell on the aftermath of

one of the most picturesque functions ever known in Maoriland since the advent of the Pakeha.

26. 'Old Manukau'

Auckland Star, 12 October 1901, Supplement, 1.

A long, long time ago a large expanse of low-lying land dotted with primitive dwellings and cultivations stretched out seawards from the present South Head of Manukau Harbour. This tract of country extended southwards in the direction of Waikato Heads; but where once was solid ground the waves of the Tasman Sea now roll and not a vestige remains of the ancient land of Paorae. The sole reminder that it did once exist is conveyed in the historical traditions of the old Maoris, and it was to clear up some vague native accounts of a Maori 'Lost Atlantis,' a supposed island which once stood outside Manukau Heads, and which was destroyed by the sea, that a *Star* reporter the other day sought out two old native learned men and questioned them on the subject.

*

Most observant New Zealanders must have noticed the remarkable changes which erosion, the action of wind and water, have made in the configuration of our coast line, and to one of which in particular this article refers. The general tendency all round our coasts is for the sea to encroach on the land, except at the mouths of estuaries and rivers. The very existence of straight cliffs round our coasts is an evidence of the fact that the ever-restless sea is encroaching on the coast. In a number of places, of course, such as on parts of the West Coast of the South Island, and at the mouth of the Thames River (where the foreshore seems to be silting up) various causes contribute to the 'making' of land. But as a rule, on exposed localities like the wild West Coast, the erosion of the land by the action of the sea seems to have progressed at an exceedingly rapid rate.

To go back to the tale of Paorae: The two Maori pundits consulted by the writer are the old chiefs Patara te Tuhi and Honana Maioha, brothers, who live at Mangere, on the shores of the Manukau. They are aged men: Patara (who was the once noted editor of the Kingite paper *Te Hokioi* at Ngaruawahia in the days before the Waikato war, and who was afterwards secretary to King Tawhiao) is about 78 years of age, and Honana is 75. They are cousins of the late Tawhiao and uncles of the present 'King' Mahuta, and besides being chiefs of high rank are well versed in the history and traditions of their forefathers. And, sitting on the lee-side of a fine tall clump of cultivated flax, the 'ngaro'

variety, on their ancestral farm of Ararata, overlooking the shining waters of the Manukau, the venerable tattooed Kingite chiefs told their story of Paorae to their Pakeha questioner:

Away back in the remote days of the ancestors of the present Maoris, the face of the land round Manukau Harbour and the heads presented a very different appearance to what it does now. Then, the greater part of what is now Manukau (or Manuka) Harbour was solid land covered with kauri and other heavy timber. The proof of this is found in the presence of kauri gum on the shallow tidal flats which form so great an area of this inland sea and which are dry at low water. This land was low-lying, flat and sandy, and through it three long salt water creeks or arms of the sea ran – one to Onehunga; one, the Wairopa, up to Papakura; and the other, the Wharehono, up in the direction of where Waiuku is now. Gradually in the course of long years, the sea, to use Patara's words, ate up the soft soil until the sea slowly but surely won the land for itself. Thus, the Manukau was turned into a saltwater sea and sea-birds screamed and fishes played where once thick forests of mighty trees flourished in the soft moist earth.

But great as the ravages of the sea were inside the Heads, the all-devouring ocean licked up the lands of mankind even more hungrily out there beyond where the mounts of Mahanihahi and Paratutae mark the south and north entrances to the Manukau. 'Know ye, oh Pakehas, that for many miles out beyond the Heads, southwards in the direction of the Heads of Waikato, there lay in the very ancient days the long flat land which was called Paorae. That is the only name which I, Patara, know, as applied to it; it was the name of the northern end of the land, the part which lay nearest to where the signal station of the Europeans now stands. How many miles it stretched to seawards I know not; our tupunas (ancestors) did not reckon by miles; it might have been three miles, it might have been ten out to sea. It was a flat land, all sand, and on it were the houses and cultivations of our forefathers in the very remote days before you Pakehas came to this country. When the canoe *Tainui* which brought my ancestors here from Hawaiiiki across the Great Ocean of Kiwa, passed down the West Coast, this Paorae was a large extent of land. And it became a famous place for the cultivation of the kumara and also the taro. The ground was warm and very sandy and the kumara grew abundantly. There were kaingas (villages) of the ancient people on that land, and it became a favourite

spot for the tribes to go for ‘kai mataitai’, the ‘food of the sea’ – fish (shark, etc.), pipis, and mussels.’

The northern end of the Paorae Flat was covered with kumara gardens and whares in those ancient times. Along the shores, where the waves of the western sea broke in foam on the glistening beaches, there were fishing stations. Long canoes were drawn up on the hard sand, and in the warm summer months were launched day after day for the capture of the shark and other fish, which were hung up to dry in the sun and preserved for future use. A little way back from the beaches were the cultivations of the sweet potato and the semi-tropical taro, the former carefully planted in separate little hillocks, and diligently kept free from weeds and caterpillars, and protected from the cold, sharp winds by breakwinds of brushwood. The planting of the kumara was an occasion of great importance in those ancient times and surrounded by much religious ceremony. The tohungas (priests) duly karakia’d the kumara plantations at the planting, and there were offerings of the first fruits to the gods when the harvesting came around.

There were not, as far as can be learnt, any Maori fortifications or permanent settlements of importance on Paorae. The big pas were at Waitara (a little stream which runs into the sea some distance south of Manukau Heads) on the South Head itself, and inside the Heads at Awitu and Tipitai. Paorae was a great kumara plantation of the Ngaiwi, or Ngaoho, the very ancient aboriginal people who occupied all this land about the Manukau Heads and south to Waikato. The Tamaki isthmus, including the site of the present city of Auckland, was then owned by the long since extinct Waiohua nation, who swarmed over its fertile plains and entrenched themselves on its volcanic hill cones. But in time Ngaiwi were dispossessed by Waikato, who came down like a wolf on the fold and slaughtered the owners of the land from the Waikato Heads to Manukau, capturing the pas at Waitara and elsewhere. So passed the land ‘to the brave’ – ‘Kua riro ki te toa’ – and the Waikato warriors became possessed of the coast lands of Paorae. One of the conquering chiefs was Kauahi who became the lord of the kumara flats of Paorae.

Here the two narrating chiefs were asked if this land were an island or not. No, they emphatically said, it was not an island. It was a part of the mainland but was quite flat, extending from the base of the present cliffs away oceanward. In those days there was no South Channel, such as the steamers

now take when crossing the Manukau bar, bound towards Taranaki. It was a sandy tract of land, elevated only a few feet above the sea, where now the blue waves roll. The three creeks of the Manukau then, according to the ancestral traditions, discharged to the north of the present bar, out beyond where the sharp volcanic heights of Paratutae and Marotiri stand.

The old man Patara also stated that in the ancient times there was a noted eel lake ('roto-tuna') of fresh water out in the land of Paorae, a good distance beyond where the sea coast now is. The people used to make large hauls of eels there, and also caught ducks which frequented the lake. Paorae, in fact, was a desirable bit of territory for the olden Maori. It was rich in the food delicacies of the times.

'And how perished that land?'

'E-e! Kua kai i te tai! (It was eaten up by the salt sea!),' was the old historian's reply. 'Ever since it was first inhabited and cultivated, that land was gradually being bitten into by the ocean. Each year, the sea would eat a piece of the Paorae; the waves would roar right up to the plantations, and the growers of the kumara would be edged back and back. The great waves of the Tai-Ha'uauru would dash against the land of sand and wash portions of it away, and so in time the ocean rolled over it all. But there was no great or sudden catastrophe. It did not perish by any great earthquake, or by a sudden and awful hurricane from the sea. It was worn away gradually until now, as you may see, there is not a sign of that ancient Paorae and the Tide of the West Wind breaks on the black sands at the foot of the high white cliffs which run from Mahanihahi right down to the sand hills at the mouth of the Waikato.'

Patara said that his father, the noted chief Maioha, remembered seeing in his boyhood the fast vanishing land of Paorae. Maioha died about 1860, and it would therefore be about 1800, or some years before that, just over a hundred years ago, that the sand lands outside the Heads were still visible. Rogomate, Maioha's father, was one of the chiefs who owned the kumara lands of Paorae, and the great Kaihau, grandfather of the present Henare Kaihau, M.H.R., was also one of the overlords of the Lower Waikato and the country around Manukau Heads, and in his time the Paorae flats still resisted the encroachments of the sea and were fishing places and kumara plantations. In Maioha's time the old fort 'Te Pa-o-Kokako' stood on the South Head. It has now been worn away by erosion, by water, wind and weather.

It is probable, judging from the traditions of the Maoris, that the present Manukau bar is a formation of comparatively recent date. Patara and Honana both agree that the bar is a 'mea hou', quite a new thing, and they are fully aware of the changes which have taken place in the channels over the bar of recent years. They state that their elders informed them a great many years ago that the bar did not exist when Paorae was inhabited and cultivated. (The fact is the Southern shoals and sand banks of the bar are part of the ancient Paorae, with the surface washed away.) It is only since the sandy territory beyond the cliffs was washed away that the dangerous sandbanks at the mouth of the Manukau became noticeable. The Maori name for the Manukau bar is 'Te Kupenga-o-Taramainuku' – 'The Fishing net of Taramainuku'. This 'Tara' was as an ancestor of the very remote times.

There is an old proverb applied to this roaring bar, which guards the gates of the Manukau: 'Kei to tua o Manuka, te kite ki muri ki te Kupenga-o-Taramainuku' – 'When you pass out beyond the Manuka waters, do not look back till you reach the Kupenga' – a sort of Maori equivalent for 'Don't halloo till you are out of the wood.'

Another name for the bar and the sandy death traps which threaten the mariner there is 'Te whare o te Atua' — 'The dwelling of the God.' One might freely interpret this as a Maori synonym for 'Davey Jones' locker,' for surely there the vengeful sea god has his home and rides white capped on the surf to drag the sailor man down. to the den of the 'taniwha' and the shark.

And while on the subject of ancient Manukau and the fateful Fishing Net, old Patara te Tuhi, his well carved visage lighting up with unwonted animation, tells of his famous ancestral canoe, Tainui, commanded by his great tupuna Hoturoa. Patara, like some others of his tribespeople, contradicts the commonly accepted assertion, that the Tainui was hauled over the Tamaki portage at Otahuhu and thence passed down the Manukau on her way to Kawhia with the forefathers of the Waikato people. He says the canoe could not pass the portage, being immovably fixed in spite of all her crew could do in the way of hauling at the drag ropes, because of an indiscretion, or rather violation of the personal 'tapu' by Marama, a chieftainess who was on board. So, the Tainui had to go back to the Hauraki and sail all the way round the North Cape and down past the Manukau till she was finally beached in Kawhia harbour. As to the name 'Manu-kau' (one interpretation of which is 'only

birds,' or 'nothing but birds'), the old Maoris call it indifferently 'Manuka' and 'Manukau.' When questioned as to which is correct they say that 'Manukau' is really the correct name., 'Manuka' is only an abbreviation. But Patara says that when the navigator Hoturoa was passing down the West Coast in the *Tainui* he pointed to Manukau Heads and called the place 'Manukanuka.' And there are a great many incidents of the *Tainui*'s experiences in the vicinity of the Manukau, but which do not concern the present article.

The great difference in the appearance of the country on the North and South Heads of the Manukau must have struck those who have visited the localities or passed in the steamers. On the north the hard volcanic cliffs and peaks steadfastly resist wind and weather. On the south the soft sandstone and clay cliffs easily yield to the effects of time, and one can easily understand the gradual eating away of the land.

The writer sought the opinion of Professor A. P. Thomas of the Auckland University College staff on the subject of the vanished land of Paora. On hearing the native narrative, the professor said, speaking as a student of the geology of New Zealand, that there seemed to him no reason to doubt the probability of the story. The Paora territory might have been an ancient sea beach, or series of sea beaches, elevated in very remote times, and at a comparatively recent period there might have been a subsidence which 'would once more depress the land slightly, and give the sea an opportunity of gradually eating away the low-lying tract of land. He considered it quite likely that there might have been a large stretch of old raised beaches outside the present West Coast cliff line, and the destruction of the sandy soil by the action of the sea would only have been a matter of time. The constant wash and wear of the waves on an unsheltered coast would cause great changes, and was, in fact, still working great changes all along our coast line.

As to the Manukau harbour, he considered that the evidences all pointed to the flooding of that locality by the sea waters being due to a general subsidence of the land. The latest geological movement in this part of New Zealand, said the professor, has been a sinking one. 'Speaking generally, the tendency of the northern part of the colony has been to sink, and that of the southern part to rise. The Manukau harbour has undoubtedly sunk. The presence of the remains of ancient forests in the mud banks in the middle of

the harbour proves that. So has the Waitemata harbour. This was originally a land valley, which became depressed, and thus admitted the sea waters.'

So said the professor. His questioner also mentioned the evidences of rapid erosion of the coast on the eastern side of the island, as evidenced by the crumbling cliffs everywhere, the well-known Bastion Rock at Kohimarama (which was a fortified pa in the eighteenth century), the fast dwindling Mahurangi Island at Waiwera, and other spots. The professor agreed, and mentioned as an evidence, he considered, of the fact that there was also subsidence going on even now, that he had found near Mahurangi Heads some land plants in the soil and rocks below high-water mark. As to the subsidence at the Manukau, it would only have required a sinking of a few feet to bring the tide waters over a vast extent of that low-lying country. Finally, Professor Thomas says it would be highly interesting and of much scientific importance if the authorities were to institute a series of careful observations extending over some years around our coasts in order to accurately determine whether New Zealand is rising or sinking, and the extent of the upheaval or subsidence of the land in various localities.

27. 'Our Harbour'

Auckland Star, 4 October 1902, Supplement, 4.

It is in the early morning-time, on a fine spring or summer day, that the Waitemata is perhaps to be seen under its most subtly-fascinating aspect – when the grey streamers of the cold night mists are just beginning to clear away before the first sun rays, and when the whole expanse of water from the long black reef of Toka-roa (built by the fairies in a single night, say the Maoris) and the opposing manuka-clad head of Kauri Point down to the green pyramid of Motukorea¹ lies silent and still, a slumbering sheet of polished smoothness. Nothing is moving save, maybe, a sleepy-sailed scow, her deck heaped high with great logs, creeping up with the tide, a solitary dimly-outlined figure at the seldom moving wheel the only sign of human wakefulness. When the sun mounts and the waters flash into life, and the blue estuary puts on its working face, the harbour traffic wakes and the galley fires get going on the shipping along the waterfront – that is another scene deep with interest for those who have eyes to see. But the early silent morning for those few who see it has its own peculiar spell of allurements.

Some Australian writer once said, out of the fullness of his ignorance, that New Zealand rivers and other scenes had no history. Least of all is this true of the Waitemata's broad tidal river. It has not the glory of the 'castled Rhine,' but there have been history-making episodes enacted on its wooded shores and shining waters down through the long generations – the building and scarping of the Maoris' rude palisaded hill-forts that guarded the bays and estuaries – the fierce naval battles in the Neolithic war-canoes – the conquering invasion of the Ngati Whatua when they swept down here from the Kaipara and stormed the Kohimarama Pa and other waterside holds of the olden race – the first European vessel that ever floated on the Waitemata, the *Prince Regent* schooner, which brought up off the isle of Motukorea eighty-two years ago – of all these and the doings of the early whites, what yarns could not the old pohutukawas on Orakei Point spin had they but tongues like Jason's Talking Oak!

But it is the white man's shipping, not the olden romance, that gives the chief interest to this green-girdled haven of ours. Small it is compared with

¹ *Motukorea*: Browns Island.

what it will be, say, when the Panama Canal is cut, and the fleets from the far Atlantic come this way; yet it is a lesson in geography in itself to scan a newspaper shipping column of arrivals and outward-bounders day by day. The tramp steamer of today has, it is true, taken from the port much of its old-time charm and picturesqueness. A few years ago, before the cargo steamer's day began, a dozen or so big square-riggers in the London and New York trades were to be seen lying in port at once. Nowadays a sailing ship from London, or Glasgow, or Liverpool is the rarest of birds here; there has not been one in the port for a year or more. They were a grand old fleet, those clippers of the past, whose like we shall not look upon again. It is not necessary to go back more than a few years to recall them, and to those whose business took them down about the harbour front, what memories do they not carry! Such ships as the Shaw Savill *Crusader* and *Blenheim* and *Lady Jocelyn* and *Zealandia*; the beautifully-modelled sailers of the New Zealand Shipping Co.'s fleet – the *Waitangi*, the skysail-yarder *Waimate*, the *Piako* (with her giant-like skipper, Sutherland), and many another, with their rows of black-and-white painted ports, their towering spars, well-kept decks, and brilliantly-flashing brasswork. These fine craft have disappeared from our port, gone into other trades or 'sold foreign'; and the occasional relic of the old fleets that does put her nose in round the North Head is cut down to barque rig, and looks but a ghost of the olden *Argosy*.

The South Sea Island trade, too, has undergone its inevitable change. Steamers may have improved the business, and there may be more traffic than in past years, but somehow it seems that a few years ago, when smart schooners were constantly hauling in to the wharves or spreading their sails for an Island cruise, the trade was better and brisker. Still 'down the wharf' there periodically comes the familiar whiff that tells of tropic fruit and merchandise. It may be a high-sided, red-funnel steamer rattling out hundreds of bunches of bananas and boxes of oranges and sacks of copra; sometimes a handsome white-painted schooner, with a brown-faced crew of Kanakas, swinging on to the quay copra and cases of mother-of-pearl-shell for the European market. These craft are from the Cook Group and the Eastern Pacific; on rare occasions a French-owned schooner (generally of American build, rakish and fast) from the far-off romantic isles of the Societys,¹ from Penrhyn Island and its pearl-lagoon; from

¹ *Societys*: Society Islands, Polynesia.

the distant atoll of Manihiki, the 'Isle of Beautiful Women.' They bring with them breaths of the tropic isles, these South Sea trading steamers and schooners; but it is the latter that one somehow associates more with the romantic islands of the Pacific – the low, white, handily-rigged schooners, hanging off and on outside the fringing reefs of Niue, or Palmerston, or Aitutaki, boating cargo through perilous surfs, booming along wing-and-wing before the fragrant trades that blow over many a flowery palm-clothed island, with the flying fish leaping in silvery showers before their bows; or furling to a rag of sail before the black gales that shriek down on them as they near this stormy coast of ours.

But there will always be a certain number of the larger deep-sea going 'wind-jammers' with us; the intercolonial timber and coal-carriers, and others. New York, too, sends us typical sailing craft, stout Maine-built barques and barquentines, broad of beam, but fast, at whose bows you may see the great old-fashioned wooden-stocked anchors that somehow seem antediluvian in a modern ship's furniture. These Yankee craft are comfortable-looking, and those on board live well in comparison with the crews of British sailing craft; but they are famous for their chief mates. One American barque in these waters some time ago had a mate with a voice like a bull and the crew said his fist was like unto a blacksmith's hammer in its heaviness. It is not often now that you hear the sailors' 'chantey' echoing along the wharves; the real chantey does not live on steamers. But when the *Star of the East* or the *Clan McLeod* or the *Morning Light* or the *Nonesuch* hauls out from the tee fully loaded for her long voyage and the crew tramp round the capstan as they heave away, you may hear at times the long-drawn chorus of the 'Homeward Bound' –

'Good-bye, fare you well,
Ah, good-bye, fare you well!'

and up comes the anchor from the Waitemata mud. And when the tug casts off the sails are loosed and let fall (snow-white cotton if she be a Yankee), the yards are mast-headed to another song, the sheets overhauled and braces trimmed, and away marches through our outer gates the 'gipsy of the Horn.'

Sometimes, too, there comes in through those rocky gates a stray 'lame duck,' a stranger in distress – British, French or 'Dutch' – masts and yards gone

over the side, gaunt, jagged lower-masts standing; bulwarks smashed, plates dented and white-crusting with brine – a half-wrecked thing, dumbly appealing for help. A sudden squall had struck her when she was clothed with canvas from courses to lofty royal, and before there was time to get sail off the ‘mess’ came, and then it was bar up for the nearest port for repairs under jury rig. Perhaps, again, all is well aloft, but the crew are at the pumps for their lives night and day, or the cargo has shifted, and all hands have to hold on to the weather all for fear of sliding off to Davy Jones. And then there is calling for tenders and discharging and repairing and re-loading, with much profit for everyone but the owners.

The distinctive feature of Auckland’s shipping is its great fleet of small craft, both sail and steam schooners, scows, ketches, auxiliary oil hookers, and what not, continually passing in and out, exploring the indented coastline from Hokianga to the Far North to the surf-beaten sands of the East Cape; poking into every little bay and creek, dragging timber from the estuaries that adjoin the kauri forests, and keeping up communication with the otherwise isolated communities of our Northern and East Coasts. The scow is peculiar to Auckland; whole squadrons of them are to be seen in the bays, lying off the timber booms, beating up the harbour against a stiff westerly, sometimes reefed down with the spray wetting the heads of the tense sails, or sailing free, merrily, with, everything set and making enough white water for a man-of-war, their decks piled up many feet with kauri logs for the city mills. These craft and the timber booms and the great kauri logs (often, too, towed up in long rafts) give a special character to the Waitemata, as befits the centre of the timber business, a distinctive feature which a visitor from another city or colony perceives and remarks on at once, though we Aucklanders have grown so accustomed to it that we take it as a matter of course, and as if the kauri were to be always with us. Our yachts, too, are a thing apart; no prettier sight can be imagined on the Waitemata than the start for the weekend cruise, when the waters are flecked with white sails from Ponsonby to the distant, shining tree-topped cliffs of Motutapu.

A ship’s end must come some day and there is the nautical ‘Home for the Aged Poor’ out in ‘Rotten Row,’ our melancholy assemblage of coal hulks in their grim blackness of hull and razee’d mast and derrick. To this base use must the proudest of wood-built ‘wind-jammers’ come. Better, perhaps, to founder

in the howling stretches of the Tasman Sea, or to leave one's timbers on some coral reef in the full play of the trade-swept breakers. Some of these grimy old craft have histories. One of those long hulks that the Birkenhead ferry steamers pass and repass on their trips was once an American steamer. In her young days she ran on the Sacramento River carrying thousands of diggers and much gold in that trade; the old black barge is redolent of Californian mining yarns, and fights, and robberies, and fortunes made and lost; reminiscent of the Mississippi River steamer run by the immortal Jim Bludso. Another sheer hulk, short and beamy, and cocked up bow and stern, was, too, a craft of note in her day, but in a different sphere. She was a deep-sea skipper's pride and carried many a score of passengers out to these colonies; a hundred reminiscences of human adventure and endeavour bang round the battered sea-pilgrim.

A mysterious object, which may be a mass of sea-kelp torn from outer Gulf rocks, drifts slowly along just under the level of the water. The wharf men seem to know what it is; they have seen some such before. The man in the bows leaves his oar and takes up the boat-hook. A sodden bundle of humanity is grappled and hauled to the surface and towed slowly behind the boat, a marine funeral procession, up round to the ominous looking little brick building west of the wharves. That is another of the incidents of 'Our Harbour.'