SUCH THINGS WERE

THE STORY OF CAMBRIDGE, N.Z.

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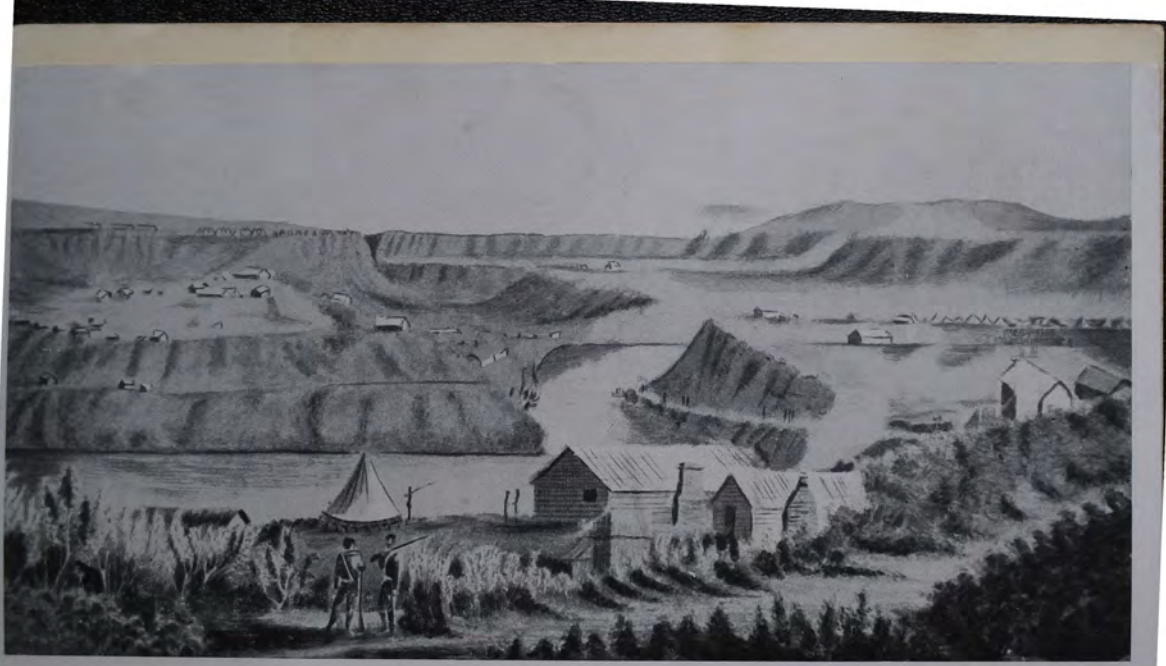

A FRONTIER OUTPOST. *From the original in the Cambridge Public Library.*

This pencil sketch by Major von Tempsky, the famous leader of Forest Rangers during the wars with the Maoris, shows how the town of Cambridge began. The sentries and other figures shown in the picture (which was sketched from the Leamington side of the river) were members of the 3rd Waikato Militia, who established the original military settlement on the site of Cambridge, on 29th July, 1864.

SUCH THINGS WERE

THE STORY OF CAMBRIDGE, N.Z.

By

C. W. VENNELL

With a Foreword by James Cowan

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To C.R.V.
and the boys and girls
of Cambridge today who
are the citizens of to-
morrow.

Approved by the Cambridge Centennial Committee as its Official Publication.

FOREWORD

DURING the year of Centennial celebrations in New Zealand, local histories will be issued by numerous districts and towns. This book by C. W. Vennell stands as a model record of an important town and the country of which it is the business centre. I have followed up the history of Cambridge as it was narrated in serial form in "The Waikato Independent," and the drama of its development was as absorbing a story as many a novel of pioneer adventure, with the added value that fiction did not enter into it.

"Such Things Were," a title to stimulate enquiry, sets a very high standard in form and content. The scheme is sufficiently broad, and the author's review of events is not skimped by limitation to the town and its immediate farming environment. Cambridge is the central scene in a wide district which has been transformed by the events of a hundred years, and it is necessary to know something of the story of this part of the Waikato at an even more remote period than 1840.

Mr Vennell takes his readers back into Maori history—the period of the musket-and-tomahawk wars, when, by the great military skill of Te Waharoa and his fellow leaders, Ngati-haua and their kindred tribes repossessed themselves of their country from Maungatautari to the Upper Waihou River and Te Aroha. He tells of the missionaries and their wives, calmly heroic in the midst of barbarism; then the traders, and the soldiering era, and the conquest of the Waikato by British troops; and so, by the hard road of peril and countless adventures into the settled, wealthy and beautiful Cambridge and surrounding country of today. All of this composes into a perfect picture of successful pioneering and nation-making.

An admirable feature of Mr Vennell's history is the careful method of his research work. It may be an easy

book to read; that is one of its merits; but reading it in the light of much experience of gathering and recording history convinces me that it was by no means an easy book to write. The author has not been content to take anything for granted; he has probed and searched and explored, and built up his story step by step and chapter by chapter. He did not cook up his facts in libraries as so many inexperienced or lazy writers do; he took time for field research, and followed up the tracks of the olden war-parties, and the later military, with pains and enthusiasm. It is an immense satisfaction to know that you are treading the actual scenes in which history was made, leaving the high-roads, and climbing the fortified hills, and reviving, in the mind's eye, the episodes of long ago.

Mr Vennell's descriptions of such scenes, and his careful reconstruction of events, have been in the nature of pioneering. Even at this late day he has succeeded in writing the story of his chosen part of the Waikato with a satisfying thoroughness. This thoroughness is particularly well illustrated in his chapters devoted to the last incident in frontier blood-shedding, the killing of Timothy Sullivan, which created such a stir along the Maori border sixty-six years ago.

Some district histories contain excellent material badly presented and inefficiently edited. The ingredients are there; the expert hand is wanting. I have read many mishandled locality records. "Such Things Were" stands as an example of what such books should be. This story, which should rank as a standard history over a much wider area than Cambridge district, will appeal to the general reader on its merits as a narrative of true colonial adventure. The final test of care and thoroughness is the adequate index; this most necessary feature is wanting in many otherwise useful books.

JAMES COWAN.

Wellington,
12th October, 1939.

INTRODUCTION

AS long ago as 1897, a suggestion was made by a member of the House of Commons that the local authorities of each city, town and village throughout the Empire should collect and place on record all the information obtainable relating to their respective localities. The trustees of the Cambridge Library, inspired by this idea, decided to collect all the available information and records, including photographs, relating to Cambridge, from the time of its first settlement thirty-three years before, up to the year mentioned. Unfortunately, apart from some photographs, the results of their researches cannot now be traced.

An attempt to compile a brief history of the district was subsequently made by Mr William Rout, of Leamington, and the result of his work appeared, in serial form, in the "Waikato Argus" (published at Hamilton) on 10th December, 1898, and in following issues. His account of the early days of the town did not come into my hands until I had practically finished the present work. Mr Rout's information was apparently drawn, for the most part, from the verbal reminiscences of some of the early settlers, and it seems unlikely that he would have had the opportunity to check his details with official and other authentic documents. Memory is fallible, particularly at this late date, and so I have relied almost wholly on written records and personal observations for my material.

One of the most valuable original sources was the unpublished journal of the first missionary at Matamata, the Rev. A. N. Brown, afterwards well-known as Archdeacon Brown of Tauranga. The diary kept by this "courtly, scholarly English gentleman" (as Captain Gilbert Mair described him) is one of the most amazing documents it has been my pleasure and privilege to read.

Entered methodically from day to day, while the missionary was living in the midst of warring cannibal tribes, it tells an epic story of a man's single-handed fight against what must have seemed impossible odds, and his ultimate triumph. Some day, I hope, it will be published in full.

So far as the limits of time and space have allowed, I have covered the first century of recorded Cambridge history as fully as possible. Much of local interest remains yet to be written, particularly with regard to the events of the last fifty years. Some day, perhaps, the town may possess an Historical Society, similar to the organization which has done such excellent work in the Te Awamutu district. Such a body would, in the course of time, be able to collect and collate much material of permanent value. It should have as one of its principal aims the location and preservation of places of historic interest. Many of these, particularly some of the Maori fortifications, have already been completely obliterated. I have not had time to make a detailed examination of the whole district, but in the last twelve months I have been able to locate more than forty Maori hill-forts, mostly around Roto-o-rangi and Pukekura, and to identify a score or more other places which figured prominently in Waikato history.

One could not explore the country where the events described in these pages happened—climbing steep hillsides on foot or on horseback, treading the old tracks through high fern and bush, and scaling the crumbling parapets of the ancient Maori forts which crown almost every hilltop—without acquiring something of the native point of view, particularly with regard to their resentment against the confiscation of their lands. In consequence, I have tried to see the Waikato War through their eyes, and to describe that bitter struggle, as far as it concerned Cambridge, accordingly.

I have every reason to be grateful to the many people who, with a suggestion here, a helpful hint there, gave me clues which, when followed up, yielded a wealth of unsuspected material. Among these I would mention, first and foremost, Mr James Cowan, who has kindly

written a foreword to this book. His earliest memories are of his father's farm at Orakau, on the scene of the famous battle of 1864, and within a mile of the Confiscation boundary. His father, Mr W. A. Cowan, was one of the first officers in the Waikato Cavalry Volunteers, Te Awamutu troop, under Major Jackson, 1871-75. At Orakau and Kihikihi, James Cowan absorbed, as he grew up, the atmosphere of the frontier about which he has written so much. Now an historian of international repute, his memory goes back to 1873 and the stir occasioned among the outpost settlements by the murder of Timothy Sullivan by the Maoris near Roto-o-rangi.

One of his uncles, Thomas Qualtrough, who is still living in Auckland, was about to begin a ploughing contract on the disputed land on the day before Sullivan was shot, when he was turned back by a party of armed Maoris under threat of death if he refused. Another uncle, Sergeant Richard Qualtrough, was on Armed Constabulary patrol and roadmaking duty on that frontier line in 1873. In 1874 Major Stuart Newall and he made a reconnaisance exploration of the great Moanatuatua swamp country between Cambridge and Rangiaowhia, which resulted in the present main road between Cambridge and the Waipa towns being made. Yet another uncle, the late William Qualtrough, of Cambridge, was farming at Kihikihi in the early 'seventies, and afterwards at Fencourt. So James Cowan's family played an important part in the early development work in this and adjacent districts. Mr Cowan himself knew the leading figures, both pakeha and Maori, in many of the stirring events which went to make Waikato history. To his interest and encouragement throughout, this book owes much, and its author more.

I would like to place on record my thanks and appreciation of the kindly assistance of many other individuals and organisations, in various parts of the Dominion. Among the former I would mention specially a son of one of the oldest pioneering families in the district, Mr Robert McVeagh, now of Auckland; Mr John Barr, Chief Librarian at Auckland; Miss A. Heron Maxwell, of Tauranga, Mr A. H. Reed, of Dunedin; Mr H. Turner, Secretary of the Army Department, Wellington;

Mr James Oliphant, of Te Awamutu; Mr George Rigg, of Kihikihi; Mr George Harper, of Otaki; Mr A. McKenzie, of Marton; Mr J. T. Hicks, a pioneer settler of Maungatautari; and among the latter: the National Historical Committee, Wellington; the Lands and Survey Department, Auckland; the Royal Society of New Zealand, Wellington; the Auckland Law Society; the Cambridge Borough Council, and the other local authorities whose interest and co-operation made possible the production of this book.

C. W. VENNELL.

Cambridge,
21st September, 1939.

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Maps and Plans

GLOSSARY OF MAORI WORDS

ATUA — A God; demon; supernatural being.
ARIKI — High Chief; spiritual head of a tribe, as well as its highest born.
HAKA — Dance (of defiance, welcome, etc.)
HAPU — Section of a Tribe; a clan
KAI — Food.
KAINGA — Home; unfortified village.
KUMARA — The sweet potato.
MANA — Influence; prestige; authority.
MANUKA — A shrub or small tree; also known as tea-tree.
MATAI — A New Zealand forest tree; black pine.
MOANA — The ocean, or a large lake.
MAUNGA — Mountain; first part of many place-names.
NGATI or NGAI — Tribal prefix denoting descendants of certain ancestors; (Equivalent to the Scottish "Mac" or Irish "O' ").
NIKAU — The New Zealand palm.
PA — Maori stronghold; fortified village.
PAKEHA — Foreigner; usually applied to Europeans.
PUKE — A hill; first part of many place-names.
PONGA — Native tree-fern.
RANGITIRA — A chief; a well-born person.
RANGI — The sky; heaven.
RAUPO — Species of rush, much used for thatch.
ROTO — A lake.
RUNANGA — Assembly or council.
TAIAHA — Native weapon of hard wood, carved in tongue shape at one end, with a tapering, two-edged blade.
TAUA — Maori war-party.
TOETOE — A native grass, used for thatching.
TOHUNGA — A priest.
TU — God of War.
TUPARA — Double-barrelled gun.
TUTUA — Inferior; a person of low degree.
UTU — Satisfaction; payment.
WAI — Water (part of many place-names).
WAIATA — Song.
WHARE — Maori dwelling; used in modern times to denote a hut or other small building.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST IMMIGRANTS

NEARLY six centuries ago, when England was fighting the Hundred Years' War, when the Battle of Crecy was still talked of as a recent event, and Edward III had been King for more than twenty years, the keel of a great canoe grounded on the sands of the Bay of Plenty. It was the "Tainui," and it had sailed or been paddled across the great sea of Kiwa, all the way from Tahiti. The "Tainui" brought the first immigrants of whom we have any record, whose descendants came and occupied the Cambridge district.

From the Bay of Plenty the famous canoe came to Kawhia, by way of the Waitemata and the Manukau. The first of the Tainui people to penetrate inland was their high priest Rakataura and his wife Kahurere. When one considers the precipitous hill country covered with trackless forests, separating Kawhia from the rich inland river valleys, this was no mean feat on foot. They explored the country from the coast eastward and southward, naming the prominent features of the landscape as they went. It is reasonable to suppose that it was they who gave the big range which lay across the skyline to the east the name by which we know it today —Maungatautari. Perhaps they named the Maungakaua Hills as well. They would see them as the north-eastern boundary to the Waikato valley.

Travelling towards this district from Kawhia by road today, it is easy to imagine the thrill that such a fertile-looking country as the Waipa and Waikato valleys, stretching away in an unbroken plain to the foot of the Maungakaua range, must have given these brown-skinned explorers of long ago.

A white man who saw it from the same point of vantage, was Dr. Ernest Diffenbach, naturalist to the New Zealand Company, who made a journey on foot

from Auckland, down the West coast, and across country to Taupo, in 1841, nearly five hundred years after the Tainui explorers. He has left us a description of the country as it was then, little altered probably by the passing of centuries.

"From an open spot (on Pirongia)," he wrote,* "I had a view of Maungatautari, a volcanic ridge in the interior. When we reached the top . . . the valley of the Waipa stretched out towards the north-east, and was bounded in the east by distant hills (the Maungakauas). In the valley of the Waipa rose an isolated conical hill" (which he calls Maungakaua—in error, presumably, for Kakepuku). "The undisturbed silence in which the whole was wrapped imparted an agreeable repose to the landscape." He tried subsequently to climb Maungatautari but found the bush near the summit impenetrable.

Such a rich hinterland was a magnet which the Tainui people could not be expected to resist. There had been migrations to New Zealand from the twelfth century onwards, and when the Tainuis arrived in the Waikato they found the land already inhabited by a mixed race which had come here from the Western Pacific—probably from the New Hebrides. These people were no match for the warlike newcomers, and were soon driven from their villages, and slain or enslaved.

Unfortunately we know little of the details of the next three or four centuries, except that there was "a succession of tribal feuds and wars, pa-buildings and pa-stormings, ambush, massacre, slave-taking and man-eating."† Stored away in the heads of the old tohungas when the white man came was enough tribal lore to have filled a library of historical volumes, could it all have been set down. We were deprived of this possible treasure-house of knowledge of our own country by the fact that the Maori was jealous of what he knew, and was, in most cases, unwilling to impart it to the pakeha. Isolated stories relating to the Cambridge district have, however, been preserved, and one of these serves to illustrate how the tribes split up and migrated further afield.

*Travels in New Zealand, Ernest Diffenbach, M.D., 1843.
†The Old Frontier, James Cowan, F.R.G.S., 1922.

The strategic value of Maungatautari and the Pukekura foothills, which shut in a very habitable and fertile area between high, inaccessible country on one side, and the Waikato River on the other, was realised from the first, and a large section of the Tainui people established themselves there. Among them was Tara, a young chief. Tara's brothers, and his father too, were apparently jealous of his influence in the tribe, and wanted to be rid of him. They were not very particular how they went about it.

The pa in which Tara's tribe lived occupied two levels. He and his followers lived in the lower portion, and his father and brothers, with their adherents, in the upper part. To show how much they disliked him, and to make him as uncomfortable as possible, the people in the upper pa scraped all the refuse of their houses down on to the lower level where Tara and his followers lived. The latter did not bear with such treatment for long. Naturally resenting what he regarded as an evil done to him, he assembled all the people of the pa who felt in sympathy with him and were prepared to follow him. When they came together it was found that there were three hundred and forty warriors, besides women and children, and men who, either through age or illness, were unable to fight. With this large following, Tara left the pa, and his evilly-disposed relatives behind, and travelled to Tirau. Here he was joined by a further following, and moved on to Te Aroha, finally settling in the district known as Hau-raki—now the Thames Valley.¶

It is not impossible that the long series of wars between the Thames and Waikato tribes, which culminated in the Battle of Taumata-wiwi, fought on the Maungatautari side of the Crow's Nest in 1830, and the consequent fall of the great Hao-whenua Pa, may be traced back to that demonstration of family unpleasantness hundreds of years earlier.

However, in the course of centuries, a race whose chief occupation was fighting had no difficulty in finding an excuse for going to war with their neighbours. Feud grew on feud, so that often the contestants lost sight of the original bone of contention.

¶The Ancient History of the Maori, John White, 1887.

The acknowledged source of one series of wars between the Ngati-raukawa who, until the early part of last century, held Maungatautari, and other Waikato tribes, was a dispute about a woman. White tells the story of how two chiefs, Koroki and Tao-Whakairo lived on either side of the Horotiu branch of the Waikato River, a little below, but close to the present site of Cambridge. Tao-Whakairo, who was a Ngati-raukawa, went eel fishing one day, and left his wife in the pa. Each morning she had been accustomed to go down to the bank of the river on which the pa stood. She was a good-looking woman, and she did not pass unnoticed by Koroki. On this particular day Koroki crossed the river in his canoe and talked with Tao-Whakairo's wife, to whom apparently his attentions were not unwelcome. Together they climbed up to the pa.

The story goes on to relate that she made the excuse to her companions that she was going to get some kumaras to cook, and slipped away. At the same time Koroki left the house in which they all were, saying, "I will cross the river again to my pa."

At dawn the following day Tao-Whakairo came back to his house. Apparently the birds of the air had been active, and he said grimly, "I have heard many omens." On his questioning her, his wife admitted that a man had visited the pa in his absence, but, she would not say whom. The jealous husband was not long in finding evidence to identify his rival. On the upper sill of the door of the kumara pit he found dogs' hairs, as of those from a dogs'-skin mat. Koroki was the only chief in the country who possessed such a garment, and, under pressure from Tao-Whakairo, his wife admitted that he had been the visitor.

That evening Tao-Whakairo saw Koroki on the other side of the river and called out to him: "I will remember you in spite, and tomorrow you will be cooked to a cinder in the stones of Kura-pa-ngoi." Koroki listened to his threats in silence, and went back to his house, Tao-Whakairo likewise returning to his pa, in a violent rage. If he had gone back to the river bank a little later he would have seen a small canoe, containing only one man, slip away from the other side and paddle swiftly downstream. It was Koroki. He had allies among the other Waikato tribes further down the river,

and to them he reported all that had taken place between him and Tao-Whakairo, particularly the curse uttered against him.

Messengers were sent in all directions to collect a war-party, and next day warriors of many tribes, led by Koroki, descended on Tao-Whakairo's pa and captured it. The luckless husband, far from carrying out his threat, became himself a meal for Koroki and his victorious braves. What happened to the lady is not related, but the romantically-minded may assume that she married Koroki, and that they lived happily ever after.

Koroki was the father of two sons, Hape and Haua. From the latter were descended the Ngati-haua, who subsequently occupied the Maungakaua Hills, and fought in many wars under that blood-thirsty old cannibal, Te Waharoa, about whom more anon. From Koroki himself were descended the Ngati-koroki, who also lived in this district and were allies of the Ngati-haua in the same campaigns.

Just how long ago Koroki lived it is not possible to say, but the feud between his descendants, the Ngati-haua, Ngati-koroki and other Waikato tribes on one side, and the Ngati-raukawa on the other, lasted until comparatively recent times. Not until the latter, after a series of wars with Te Waharoa, migrated to Otaki and Kapiti Island and joined Te Rauparaha there in the 1820's, can it be said that the quarrel died out—a striking example of a woman's influence on history.

CHAPTER II.

TOMAHAWK AND TAIAHA

ABOUT the time that the American colonies were making their bid for independence, and Captain Cook had just returned to England after his second voyage of discovery in the Pacific, there was born on the Maungakaua Hills, not many miles from where Cambridge now stands, a Maori baby boy who was destined to make history. Just before his birth, his father was killed between the Mokau and Taranaki,† in the waharoa, or long gateway of a pa which he and his followers were storming. The child was accordingly called Te Waharoa.

When he was about two years old—Captain Cook had just returned to New Zealand on his third visit, and might have been just sailing into Queen Charlotte Sound — Maungakaua was invaded by the Ngati-whakaue, later known as the Arawa, from Rotorua. Te Waharoa's tribe, the Ngati-haua, was at this time a comparatively small one, and mustered only about four hundred fighting men. The invaders devastated the Maungakaua villages, and carried off, among others, Te Waharoa and his mother into captivity.

His captor was a Ngati-whakaue chief Pango, or Ngawai, who saw him deserted, and crying bitterly among the ashes of his pa. "As he seemed a nice child"* Pango spared him, and putting him in a kit, carried him to Rotorua. Never had anyone more cause to regret an act of kindness than Pango, who sixty years after, reflecting on the slaughter of his tribe by Te Waharoa at Ohinemutu, said, "Ah, had I but known once what I know now, he never should have killed us thus."

Te Waharoa and his mother remained as slaves at Rotorua for about eighteen years. When he was grown

† James Cowan, F.R.G.S.

*The Story of Te Waharoa, J. A. Wilson, 1866.

to manhood, out of respect for his rank and for other reasons, the young chief was permitted to return to his father's tribe in the Maungakaua Hills. This was about 1795.

Like his father, who died fighting, Te Waharoa developed into a redoubtable warrior, renowned for his reckless daring, particularly in single combat; but that was not all. He became an able general as well. In a few years he had allied himself with the Ngati-maniapoto (who occupied the upper Waipa River, and who were afterwards to win undying fame, under Rewi, at Orakau). Together they made war on the Ngati-raukawa strongholds at Maungatautari, and on other Waikato tribes.

At length, having made peace with the Waikato chief, Potatau Te Wherowhero, who held the country to the north of Cambridge, and having installed the Ngati-koroki at Maungatautari on his southern frontier—the previous owners, the Ngati-raukawa having departed for Otaki—he waged a long and bitter strife with the powerful Ngati-maru who inhabited the Matamata district, and the valley of the Thames, and also with the Tauranga tribes. Te Waharoa also took part in many battles against the Ngapuhi and was a witness of their savagery and of the devastation they wrought throughout the Waikato. But the details of his campaigns and conquests, so far as they concern the Cambridge district, must be deferred until another chapter.

As well as making war on each other the various tribes inhabiting the Cambridge district made their power felt in other parts of the North Island, notably in Hawke's Bay, Tauranga, and Rotorua. About 1819 a man of the Wairoa tribe, Tiwaiwai, married a high chieftainess of the Ngati-raukawa tribe of Maungatautari. Tiwaiwai was killed in a quarrel over a trivial matter, which gave the head chief of the Ngati-raukawa, Te Whatanui, "take" or cause for revenge.

Other causes, involving the Waikatos and also the Tuhoe, the fighting mountaineers of the Urewera country, were not wanting. The combined war party set out by way of Taupo where further forces joined them. They marched by way of Tarawera, over the route of the present Taupo-Napier road. The Ngati-raukawa and

their allies penetrated Heretaunga as far as the coast, and stormed and took the pa of Ahuriri, between Napier and Petane. After a similar success by the Urewera tribe, and a meeting between the two tauas, they all returned to their homes.

The Ngati-raukawa evidently liked the look of the Heretaunga country, and when, towards the end of 1822 Te Heuheu, a Taupo chieftain, sent messengers north inviting them, and also the Ngati-maru of Hauraki, the Waikatos, and the Ngati-maniapoto, to come to his assistance, they responded with enthusiasm. The booming note of te pahu, the great war drum, was heard again rolling across the Waikato valley, and soon the Maungatautari warriors were on their way.

The combined taua proceeded from Taupo through the mountains, as before, and penetrated as far as Waipawa (forty miles south of Napier), killing everyone it came across on the way. Here they laid seige to the pa of Te Roto-a-Tara, which stubbornly held out for three months. Finally with great ingenuity and labour a causeway was built across the lake, and the pa was taken. The consequent slaughter and horrible feasting can be left to the imagination. This incursion of northern and inland tribes caused great alarm among the Hawke's Bay natives, and led to migrations to places of greater safety.

Two years later a further expedition a thousand strong, including the Ngati-raukawa of Maungatautari, and the other tribes previously mentioned, assembled at Taupo, and marched again into Heretaunga. This time they attacked Te Pakake Pa which stood on an island at one side of the Ahuriri Harbour at Napier. The pa was stormed and taken, and a great number of its defenders killed with horrible brutality. "Those who escaped the massacre fled inland to the Ruahine mountains, whilst the taua stayed at the pa and consumed the fish of war (as the bodies of their slain enemies were called), and afterwards returned to their homes," the Maori account of the campaign† concludes grimly.

Shortly after this peace was concluded between the Heretaunga and inland tribes, at the instigation of

†Maori Wars of the Nineteenth Century, S. Percy Smith, F.R.G.S., 1910.

Potatau te Wherowhero, principal chief of the Waikatos. In the meantime Te Roto-a-tara had been occupied by Te Whatanui, chief of the Ngati-raukawa, with the intention of permanently residing in Hawke's Bay, but a considerable force of Heretaunga natives, assisted by a raiding party of Nga-puhi, with their muskets, from the north, met the Ngati-raukawa at Kahotea, near Te Roto-a-tara, and defeated them with considerable loss. Te Whatanui was ejected from his pa, and driven out of that part of the country, back to Maungatautari.

In between expeditions to Heretaunga, the Ngati-raukawa found time to send a strong war party over the Kaimais to Tauranga. One of their chiefs, Te Hiwi, had been killed by the Ngai-te-rangi of Tauranga, hence the invasion of the latters' country. The Ngati-raukawa attacked and took a great pa called Kopua, and returned home, no doubt well laden with the flesh and heads of the slain.

While one Ngati-raukawa expedition was away in Heretaunga, the Waikato tribes attacked and besieged those who remained, in a pa called Hanga-hanga. The siege lasted for months, but the pa held out, in spite of the fact that the garrison only possessed two firearms among them—an old "Brown Bess," and a pistol. This lack of arms must have proved a deciding factor, for the Ngati-raukawa finally deserted the pa, and retreated to another stronghold called Pawa-iti.

To a pakeha mind the consequences of a given set of circumstances among the Maoris is often illogical. In this case, for instance, for some reason not explained, the Waikatos did not follow up their success, but returned to their own pas instead. Peace was made, and the Ngati-raukawa went back to Hanga-hanga. The period of peace did not last long, and fighting continued intermittently until the final Ngati-raukawa migration to Otaki, which took place in 1829, at the invitation of Te Rauparaha.

CHAPTER III.

TE RAUPARAHA

THERE is a local tradition that Te Rauparaha—one of that "galaxy of great chiefs who, during two decades prior to systematic colonization, dominated various regions, and whose lust for power, and insatiable appetite for slaughter and the sight of humany agony, plunged the country into internecine wars and covered the land with blood and misery, involving the destruction of a quarter of the total native population"†—was born at Maungatautari.

That is not so, however. He was born at Kawhia about 1770,¶ within a few months of the time Captain Cook first sighted New Zealand. His mother was a Ngati-raukawa woman which may have given rise to this belief. Like Te Waharoa, he proved a redoubtable warrior, leading a war-party into the Waikato while still in his 'teens, and eventually assumed the complete leadership of his tribe, the Ngati-toa, carrying on a series of wars with his neighbours.

In the intervals of peace, Te Rauparaha frequently visited his relatives, the Ngati-raukawa, at Maungatautari. This tribe was at that time led by Hape Te Tuarangi, a distinguished old warrior, who had also fought many battles against the Waikato tribes. The most famous of his victories was won at a place called Kakamutu on the Waipa River, where he defeated the Waikato with tremendous slaughter.

In 1817 Te Rauparaha left on an expedition to the South. On his return he decided to transfer his tribe from their ancestral lands at Kawhia to Otaki, and began to enlist the sympathies of his relatives at Maungatautari and elsewhere. During a visit which he

†Maori and Pakeha, A. W. Shrimpton and A. E. Mulgan, 1921.

¶W. T. L. Travers, F.L.S., Life and Times of Te Rauparaha (N.Z. Institute, Transactions and Proceedings, Vol. V. 1872.).

paid for this purpose to the Ngati-raukawa he found that Hape was dying. Te Rauparaha was, in his own right, a chief of the Ngati-raukawa, but he was descended from a junior branch of the Ariki family of Tainui. The whole tribe being assembled around the death-bed of their great chief, Hape asked if his successor could tread in his steps and lead his people on to victory, and so keep up the honour of his tribe. Not one of his sons, to whom the question was put in turn, gave any reply.

There was a long and dramatic silence and then Te Rauparaha, who was sitting among the minor chiefs and people at some distance from the dying man and from the chiefs of high rank surrounding him, rose and said, "I am able to tread in your steps, and even to do that which you could not do."

Hape soon afterwards breathed his last, and as Te Rauparaha had been the only one to answer the momentous question, the whole Ngati-raukawa tribe acknowledged him as Hape's successor, a position which he retained until his dying day. His power, however, was limited to being their leader in war. The general direction of the affairs of the tribe remained vested in their own hereditary chiefs. After Hape died Te Rauparaha strengthened the bonds of kinship still further by marrying his chief wife Akau.

Two years passed before Te Rauparaha's plans for the southward migration of the Ngati-toa were complete. During this time he paid frequent visits to Maungatautari to urge the Ngati-raukawa to join him, but without success. In 1819, at the head of a war party a thousand strong, he marched to invade the southern part of the Island.

While in Taranaki, where he had halted among friendly tribes for a time, while additional food supplies were being grown and harvested, Te Rauparaha successfully defeated a pursuing taua, consisting of a powerful force of Waikato tribes and Ngati-maniapoto under Te Waharoa and Te Wherowhero.

Before resuming his movement southward Te Rauparaha determined again to visit his friends at Maungatautari in order to induce them to change their minds and to join in the expedition. A large body of Ngati-raukawa under Te Whatanui came as far as Taupo to

meet him. From their point of view their tribe had for centuries been in occupation of the fertile slopes of Maungatautari, and the beautiful tract of country stretching from the Waikato to Rangiaowhia and Otawhao (Te Awamutu). They wanted some very good reason to abandon it in order to join in the conquest of a distant and no more fertile country. Te Rauparaha's bait was firearms, and he relied on the greater chance of procuring them on the coast appealing to these inland people. He urged that there was nothing to prevent a large section of the tribe from remaining at Maungatautari in order to retain their ancient possessions there.

Against the attractions of war and conquest and of firearms, Te Whatanui and his people weighed the possibility of Te Rauparaha wanting to become their paramount chief if they fell in with his suggestions. The former was therefore non-commital. Receiving no satisfaction, Te Rauparaha was much grieved and after visiting Rotorua and Tauranga looking for further allies, he returned to Taranaki.

After he had left Taupo, however, Te Whatanui and a large party of the Ngati-raukawa made up their minds to go to Otaki after all. Instead of following the same route as Te Rauparaha intended to take, that is by way of the upper Wanganui River, they proceeded via Ahuriri (Napier). On their arrival there, however, a dispute arose with the Ngati-kahungunu at whose invitation they had come that way in the first place, and a battle ensued. The visitors were defeated with considerable loss, the survivors being forced to retreat to Maungatautari. On hearing of their defeat Te Rauparaha sent a renewed invitation for them to join him at Otaki.

Not long after the conquest of Kapiti, Te Whatanui and other chiefs decided to inspect the territory which Te Rauparaha, had conquered and the large war party under Te Heuheu and Whatanui himself travelled south through the middle of the Island and along the Rangitikei River, perpetrating on the way some isolated but barbarous atrocities. On their arrival a long conference was held with the Ngati-toa people, and Te Whatanui was at last persuaded to bring down the rest of his people from Maungatautari. A large section of land was set apart for them.

Several war parties left Maungatautari for the South between 1823 and 1829, but the main migration took place in the latter year, when the majority of the Ngati-raukawa decided to throw in their lot with Te Rauparaha. Some of the best Ngati-raukawa warriors were included in the picked band which accompanied the ferocious old war chief on his bloody raids in the South Island.

While Te Rauparaha welcomed these newcomers from the North, some of his allies apparently did not. Quarrels between them and the Ngati-raukawa arose leading ultimately to civil war. Te Rauparaha, who favoured the Ngati-raukawa, took no part in the fighting, which culminated in the Battle of Te Kuiti-ti-tonga, fought near Waikanae.

The Ngati-raukawa got the worst of it and Te Rauparaha was so grieved that he determined to accompany Te Heuheu back to Maungatautari, and to end his days there. He actually set out, but was overtaken and finally persuaded to return. "The Napoleon of the South," as he has since been called, died at Otaki on 27th November, 1849, having lived through eighty of the most blood-thirsty years this or any other country has ever seen.

CHAPTER IV.

THE STRUGGLE FOR HOROTIU

EVENTS far outside the Cambridge district about 1820 were having their effect in shaping the future destiny of its inhabitants. The great Nga-puhi chief, Hongi-Hika, of North Auckland, whose very name was to strike terror into practically the whole population of the North Island, paid a visit to England. At this time George IV was King, and the little Princess who was one day to be Queen Victoria, ruler over pakeha and Maori alike, was a baby twelve months old.

Hongi was one of that "galaxy of great chiefs" already referred to. Te Waharoa, it need hardly be mentioned, was another.

Hongi, being of a practical turn of mind, sold the presents which had been showered upon him by the pakeha king, and bought muskets. No other tribe in New Zealand at that time possessed any, or at any rate, in sufficient numbers to oppose Hongi's warriors so armed. With their new weapons the Nga-puhi for seven years "made each summer a shooting season." Their war canoes penetrated by sea and lake to Rotorua, into the Waikato River, up the Waipa as far as where Otorohanga now stands, and down both coasts as far as Hawke's Bay and Taranaki.

In the year of his return from England, 1821, Hongi descended on Thames. He captured the well-fortified Te Totara Pa, killing a thousand Ngati-maru who held it. The fact that some warriors from the Waikato had helped to defend the pa gave Hongi an excuse, if any was needed, to invade the Waikato the following year. The Cambridge district seems to have escaped on this occasion—perhaps he found the waters of the Horotiu too swift for his canoes and took an easier way—but the huge Matakitahi Pa at the junction of the Mangapiko and the Waipa, which, it is claimed, held anything from

5,000 to 10,000 people, was taken, and another thousand slain. The majority of these were suffocated in a great ditch into which they fell like locusts in their panic-stricken flight from the pa.

This is only one graphic instance of the immense destruction of life which took place during the twenty-two years between 1818 and 1840. It was a period of slaughter almost unparallelled in any country. Blood flower like water, and the numbers killed, including those who perished in consequence of wars, far exceeded sixty thousand men, women and children.†

One effect of the Nga-puhi raids was to drive the tribes living at the Thames and around the south coast of the Hauraki Gulf, collectively known as Ngati-maru and Ngati-paoa, to seek safety further inland. Between 1814 and 1822, in the course of series of wars, the Ngati-haua, under their warrior chief Te Waharoa, had been driven from their homes on the plains of Horotiu—that is the area including what is now that part of the Cambridge district from Tamahere to Karapiro, on the right bank of the river—the Maungakaua Hills, and the great triangle formed by the Waikato and Waipa rivers on the east and west respectively, and by Maungatautari Mountain and the Pukekura and Roto-o-rangi foothills to the south. The Ngati-maru and their allies therefore came and took possession of this fertile country, and practically the whole of what is now the Cambridge district became one of the most heavily populated in the North Island.

Prior to the coming of the Ngati-maru and kindred Hauraki tribes to this district, the Ngati-haua, although driven from their own lands, had maintained by sheer talent and bravery their tribal individuality and independence, in the inland country north of Rotorua, and between the Waikato and Thames (Piako) rivers. They established friendly relations with the Tauranga tribes, collectively known as Ngai-te-rangi, and through them they contrived to obtain a considerable number of firearms.* The Ngati-maru also were well equipped with these new and deadly weapons.

†W. T. L. Travers, F.L.S., Life and Times of Te Rauparaha (N.Z. Institute, Transactions and Proceedings, Vol. V, 1872.).

*The Waterloo of the Waikato, W. Welch, F.R.G.S. (N.Z. Institute, Transactions and Proceedings, Vol. 42, 1909.)

The Ngai-te-rangi had cause to be grateful to Te Waharoa, a point which has an important bearing on subsequent events. He had helped them, and greatly distinguished himself on their behalf, against the Ngati-whakaue of Rotorua. While Te Waharoa may not have relished the idea of his ancestral lands being occupied by a powerful and dangerous people like the Ngati-maru, their coming gave him, and the other Waikato chiefs, an added sense of security against the dreaded Nga-puhi. They thought that the newcomers would be natural allies, and that, with their help, they would be able to defend this district against all comers. In this belief they were to be sadly disillusioned. The Ngati-maru set about taking permanent possession of the land, to which they had no right at all. Before long the country around where Cambridge now stands was commanded by at least twenty Ngati-maru fortifications. Every village had its stockaded and rifle-pitted pa. The ruins of many of these can be seen to this day.

Behaving like typical cuckoos in the nest, the Ngati-maru now took the aggressive, plundering the surrounding villages, and driving their occupants from their cultivated lands, and doing everything possible to provoke a war in which, no doubt, they hoped to oust the Waikato tribes from their large and fertile country.

The main sufferers were the Ngati-haua, Te Waharoa's people. They were justly famous for their valour, and as White says, no tribe in New Zealand had ever outshone them in barbaric courage or warlike ability, not excepting even the formidable Nga-puhi. They were, in short, not the kind of people to put up with this treatment for long. They commenced fierce reprisals. Murders, skirmishes, pitched battles and massacres became ordinary, every-day events.

This deplorable state of affairs continued for a considerable time without either side having gained any marked advantage over the other. An outstanding example of the treachery which characterised this struggle took place at Kaipaka, a village not far from the river, at the foot of the Maungakaua range. It was the Ngati-haua's turn to take a grim revenge on this occasion. Pretending that they were tired of the long-

drawn-out war, Te Waharoa and his followers showed anxiety to enter into terms of peace and reconciliation. The Ngati-maru chief, Takurua, was completely deceived by their advances.

When they had lulled Takurua into a false sense of security, and he had relaxed his vigilance sufficiently, the Ngati-haua descended on the pa and butchered every man, woman and child in it. With Takurua two hundred people perished that day. This treacherous kohuru or stratagem, roused the Ngati-maru to fresh fury. They were stung as much by the disgrace of being outdone in deception, as by the loss of their tribesmen, and sought revenge in isolated murders, night attacks, in open battles and skirmishes, and by every effort of force or cunning, and in time managed to balance both the loss and the disgrace.

"No human flesh and blood, however hardened, could endure much longer the excitement, privations, danger, and unrest which the equally balanced force and ferocious courage of the contending parties had now protracted to several years' duration on that small spot of the earth's surface, and between two petty divisions of the human race. War had attained its most terrible and forbidden aspect; neither age nor sex was spared; agriculture was neglected; the highest duty of man was to slay and devour his neighbour.

"While the combatants fought in front, the ovens were heating in the rear. The vigorous warrior, one moment fighting hopefully in the foremost rank, exulting in his own strength, laying enemy after enemy low . . . stunned by a sudden blow, instantly dragged away . . . next moment in the glowing oven . . . While his flesh is roasting the battle rages on, and at night his remains furnish a banquet for the victors, and there is much boasting and great glory. Such things were . . ."*

Thus, nauseated with slaughter and feasting on each other, each as anxious as the other for a final settlement, but neither willing to yield an inch, the two tribes, by common consent, made up their minds to end the contest in one great final battle.

With this in view, the Ngati-maru abandoned all their scattered forts with which the country was studded

*F. Maning, Judgment on Aroha case, Native Land Court, April, 1871

and in the neighbourhood of which many of the previous desultory engagements had taken place. They concentrated their whole force at their principal fortress of Hao-whenua, which derived its name from the large area of land which it covered. An old settler showed me the site of Hao-whenua more than a hundred years after. Where the earth had once shaken to the thud of the feet of a thousand warriors in the haka, and the hills around had echoed their yells of defiance, a milking motor chugged stolidly, cans rattled, and cows moo-ed peacefully as they awaited their turn in the bail. On the hillside below the shed was the outline of a solitary trench with abutments designed to protect it from enfilading fire from the opposite hill. Like most relics of Maori occupation of the country, it had been practically obliterated. The trench had been almost filled in; and the present owner of the land expressed his intention of completing the work of destruction at some future date.

But a hundred and nine years ago, inside the palisades and trenches of Hao-whenua, was a mighty stronghold covering, by pakeha measurement, about fifteen acres. It was thronged by no less than three thousand Ngati-maru warriors, glorying in their strength —physical and numerical. A proportionate number of women and children, old men and slaves, made the place a veritable town, with a population which must have been almost as large as the whole Cambridge district can boast today.

Hao-whenua had figured in an earlier incident of the struggle between the Ngati-maru and the Ngati-haua, for possession of the rich territory which the former had seized, and of which they were determined to remain the undisputed owners. It is recorded that on one occasion a party of Waikato and Ngati-whanaunga (one of the Thames tribes) on their way south, paid a friendly visit to Hao-whenua. On the morning of the day on which they were to continue their journey the travellers performed a war dance, during which two Waikato warriors, carried away by excitement, fired their muskets and shot and killed some of the Ngati-maru. Quick to avenge this outrage, the latter speeded the departure of

their guests with a fusillade of shots. The Waikatos fled, but the incident led to war.

A taua was sent down the Waikato, but was defeated in open battle by the Ngati-maru. The Waikatos got their own back by murdering the inhabitants of another Ngati-maru pa at Maungakaua; and so it went on.

CHAPTER V.

THE WATERLOO OF THE WAIKATO

BEING hopelessly outnumbered in warrior strength, Te Waharoa had been unable, during the seven or eight years of Ngati-maru occupation of the Cambridge district, to make a serious attempt to recover his ancestral lands, and had to content himself with harassing the unwelcome visitors as much as possible. While the latter were collecting their strength at Hao-whenua, Te Waharoa learned that the remnants of other Waikato tribes, having obtained firearms from pakeha traders at the ports of Manukau, Kawhia and Mokau, were forming plans to attack the Ngati-maru and Ngati-paoa.

Now, according to Maori custom, it would have been a serious blow to the mana of Te Waharoa and the Ngati-haua if the district were reconquered by anyone but themselves. His tribe at this time mustered only three hundred fighting men. Their courage was indisputable, but courage alone could not prevail against the three thousand or more warriors the Ngati-maru and their allies could put into the field. However, ninety per cent of the Ngati-haua by this time possessed a firearm of some kind, and they had been trained in the combined use of firearms and tomahawks and disciplined by Te Waharoa, whose prowess in arms has already been mentioned. For eight years he had taught every man of them to look forward to the time when they could burst into the Waikato, and by their valour, coupled with his own shrewdness, recover their ancestral lands from the numerous enemy in possession.

News now reached Te Waharoa, who was located in the Thames hills, that the Waikato tribes had assembled eight hundred well-armed men in the Hunua

and Manukau ranges. Under the command of their several chiefs, they were ready to proceed up the Waipa and Waikato rivers against the Ngati-maru. Other parties were preparing to join them from the Pirongia ranges on the west and the Mokau on the south. It was time therefore for the Ngati-haua to act, or else leave to others the recovery of their lands.

At first sight the most logical course for Te Waharoa to have adopted would have been to wait for the other Waikato war parties to arrive, and join forces with them, but the shrewd old chief knew that if the Waikatos were successful in conquering the Ngati-maru, he would certainly be allowed to return to his ancestral lands, but only in a subservient position to the tribes which had helped him regain them. With Te Waharoa it was all or nothing. He was willing to gamble on his chances of success, and Te Waharoa knew what he was doing.

He asked his old friends the Ngai-te-rangi of Tauranga to lend him a thousand men. They were not to be exposed to great risk, he assured their chiefs, but would merely make a show of force. This fitted perfectly into the plan of campaign which had evolved in Te Waharoa's fertile brain. The thousand "show allies" were forthcoming, and they and the Ngati-haua moved against Hao-whenua while the Waikato war-parties were still several days distant.

The address Te Waharoa made to his people before leaving on this hazardous expedition was typical of the man. As one writer puts it, in pathos and heroic resolve it is worthy of a place in the literature of the Empire which has absorbed the whole Maori race. It was short, but very much to the point. "Our women and children," he said, "go with us, for we go to stay. If we cannot conquer, we die, and our women and children shall be with us in either case. Any of you who have had 'omens' can remain here and join Ngai-te-rangi. At dawn of day we march. The women and children will follow. Enough! you are each as good a man as I, and it is my fixed intention to conquer before the Waikato tribes come up."¶

¶ The Waterloo of the Waikato, W. Welch, F.R.G.S. (N.Z. Institute, Transactions and Proceedings, Vol. 42, 1909.)

There were no bad omens, and not a soul of the Nga-ti-haua remained behind. In the afternoon of the following day they made contact with their Ngai-te-rangi allies and together they crossed the Waikato river, a little above where the town of Cambridge now stands.

As you drive today from Cambridge to Maungatautari, about five miles out the road dips suddenly towards the river, and winds around the foot of the hill which is now known as the "Crow's Nest," but in more ancient days as Te Tiki o te Ihingarangi. Seen as you approach from Cambridge, this hill, at the river end, rises so gently from the plain that it is scarcely noticeable as a hill at all, but on the Maungatautari side, it drops away more steeply for a hundred feet or so into the Waikato.

When Te Waharoa and his three hundred warriors surmounted the crest, and halted there to spy out the land, they saw before them a magnificent panorama. Below them the olive-green waters of the Waikato wound swiftly but silently round the foot of a long-deserted pa. The deep bed of the river divided the country in two, merging into the hills towards Horahora. From it rose a series of terraces, from the top of which fern-covered slopes swept up towards the misty-blue peak of Maungatautari, lying, mottled by moving cloud shadows, in the sun. Half a mile or so away on one of these terraces, called Taumatawiwi, was what was to be a field of battle which deserves to rank as high, comparatively, in the annals of Cambridge as the field of Waterloo does in those of England. From Te Tiki o te Ihingarangi the ground dropped away in a series of terraces. At the foot of the second terrace, a stream called Hauoira had cut a deep chasm through the papa rock. Beyond this obstacle was a level plain, triangular in shape, about five hundreds yards long, shut in between the Waikato on one side, and the steep escarpment of the Taumatawiwi terrace which rose sheer to a height of sixty or seventy feet, on the other.

Nearly two miles away, on a plateau jutting out from the main Maungatautari range, rose the palisades and earthworks of the huge pa which was Te Waharoa's objective—Hao-whenua.

The Ngati-maru were not long in learning the proximity of the taua under Te Waharoa and, spoiling for the coming fight, decided—the strength of their pa not withstanding—to advance and meet him in the open. We must give them credit, of course, for knowing every inch of the ground, and for taking advantage of the natural formation of the country.

A mile or so below the pa, the terrace ended abruptly in the sandy escarpment already described, which swept in a half-moon from the Waikato to the edge of the Hauoira stream. The stream cut across it at right angles, dividing it from the Pukekura hills by a winding chasm a hundred feet or more deep.

The Ngati-maru warriors lined the edge of the Taumatawiwi plain in massed formation, the whole force extending in a huge reversed "L" from near the left bank of the river, almost to the pa, which protected their left flank. Their right flank did not quite touch the the river as there was no apparent danger to be feared from that quarter. If Te Waharoa's forces advanced against them across the plain below, they could hurl defiance (and lead) on to their unprotected heads, or directly into their ranks if they presumed to approach from the Pukekura hills, on the other side of the steep-walled gully. They were as secure, apparently, as any mediaeval baron behind his castle walls—not that they had ever heard of either.

Above where the tar-sealed straight of the Maungatautari road first begins to climb upwards was, approximately, the position of the Ngati-maru right flank. The terrace swept down in a series of undulations, to the bank of the river. At this point, Te Waharoa could see from where he stood a group of rocks. The Ngati-haua chieftain was not only an expert with the long-handled tomahawk in hand-to-hand encounters. His knowledge of strategy and tactics, gained in a hard school, would not have shamed a Caesar, a Frederick the Great, or a Napoleon.

If some of his warriors could reach the shelter of those rocks! Immediately his subtle mind grasped the possibilities of this manoeuvre. Of his own tribe he had only three hundred warriors on whom to rely for active fighting, but at his back were the thousand

Ngai-te-rangi, and the enemy was not aware that they were there only to create an impression of strength.

He sent forward his allies with instructions to line the hill on the opposite side of the Hauoira gully from the enemy. They were to keep up as hot a fire as they could across the gully, but he gave no indication that he expected them to take part in any charge or to engage the enemy hand-to-hand. The Ngati-haua chief was a shrewd psychologist. In nearly forty years of warfare he had yet to meet the Maori warrior who could keep out of a fight if he saw one in progress.

As a gentle hint to them as what to do at the right moment, he placed twenty picked Ngati-haua warriors on the right flank, that is on the end nearest Hao-whenua, with orders to charge across the gully at a given signal, regardless of the number opposed to them.

The Hauoira stream does not run quite straight, but winds around abutments of rock, gradually opening out as the bed rises towards Maungatautari. Its general direction however is straight. Where the twenty were stationed, and for some distance down-stream, the banks slope steeply upwards. It was quite possible to cross at several points, but only by scrambling down a steep incline on one side, and storming an equally formidable height on the other. When you consider that the latter was held by a solid enemy mass, ready to pour down upon them a hail of lead as they made the attempt, it was a task to make the most dauntless pause.

His remaining two hundred and eighty Te Waharoa divided into two bodies of one hundred and forty each. One he despatched to cross the chasm through which the Hauoira stream flows, with the distant group of rocks as their objective. They had no leader, as it was extremely uncertain which of them would reach their destined point of attack, but every one of the 140 knew his orders. Away they crept down the hillside, and through the fern, to the edge of the chasm. Here they lowered themselves to the bottom by means of flax ropes. If you stop on the bridge which carries the Maungatautari road across the Hauoira stream today, you will see what an obstacle confronted them. The banks of the stream are perpendicular walls of papa rock forty feet high.

You have not forgotten, I hope, that the Ngati-haua women and children were with their warriors when they reached Te Tiki o te Ihingarangi, and prepared to watch the fight from there, no doubt with some apprehension. Victory meant the death of many of their best and bravest men. Defeat might mean the death of all their menfolk and slavery for themselves. It was a grim outlook, but one to which they were not unaccustomed. Five of the women were detailed to creep through the fern after the column and let the ropes go when all 140 warriors had reached the bottom. Notches cut in the rock enabled one man with a rope to reach the top on the other side and to make it fast. As quickly as they could the remainder hauled themselves up, each one taking cover in a clump of trees until all were safely on the other side. Five hundred yards away, across a level plain, with no vestige of cover in between, was their objective, the group of rocks.

Picture yourself in a 440 yards race (with another sixty added for good measure) running almost parallel with, but converging on a high cliff lined with a thousand warriors who are making target practice on you as you run. Their guns may have been crude by present day standards, and their shooting erratic, but they could not all miss.

At a given signal the gallant 140 charged across the plain in open order. Forty of them did not reach the rocks. It is a tribute to the Maoris' skill in war that they knew better than to run in massed formation. In this way they were years ahead of the pakeha troops which took part in the Waikato War thirty-four years later. Had they done so, few would have got across, and the main part of Te Waharoa's plan would have been frustrated.

To the left of where the road first starts to climb the hill the rocks may be seen to this day among the undergrowth. One huge boulder alone forms a natural breastwork, large enough to shelter twenty or thirty men. A pause for breath, and to make sure that all still alive had reached their objective, and the remaining hundred charged furiously up the hillside against the right flank of the Ngati-maru line. I have climbed the hill up which they charged carrying only a walk-

ing stick, and taking my time, have arrived breathless at the top. To have swarmed up carrying muskets and tomahawks in the face of a murderous fire would test the bravery and endurance of guardsmen. So unexpected was their onslaught that the Ngati-maru line rolled up before them like mist clouds before the early morning sun.

The success of their irresistable onslaught was a tribute not only to their own courage but to Te Waharoa's careful training. As they gained the top of the terrace the hundred warriors instantly spread themselves in a line of eighty, with ten on either flank. Only three of those on the flank fired their muskets, the other flankers apparently acting as loaders. The long line of eighty charged with their tomahawks using their own muskets as shields to ward off blows. As they advanced yard by yard, the men on the flank kept up a constant fire into the closely packed Ngati-maru ranks*

Meanwhile Te Waharoa's remaining 140 advanced down the hill to a place easily fordable in normal circumstances. From there they kept up a hot fire on the angle formed by the terrace and gully, where the Ngati-maru line was thickest. The chief himself kept a little further back on the slopes of the Pukekura hills, where he could keep in view all that was going on. With all his natural Maori eagerness for fighting, Te Waharoa might have been expected to have plunged into the fray much earlier, but he was too able a general to lose his head. From where he stood he saw the attack of the first party launched from the rocks, and saw their onslaught taking effect. This was the moment to strike.

Shouting his battle-cry he made the signal for which the twenty warriors on the extreme right of his allies had been waiting, and then charged with his own gallant company on the angle of the enemy's line, crossing the stream just below a waterfall. At the same moment, the twenty also charged across the gully. The odds were comparable to those which faced the gallant "Six Hundred" at Balaclava, but not a single

*Reminiscences of a Wanderer, R. M. Bruce, 1914.

man hung back, and as Te Waharoa had expected, the Ngai-te-rangi, carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, began to follow these twenty. His own charge could not directly affect the left flank of his allies, as the gorge here is wide and the cliffs on either side well nigh perpendicular. They could only move up-stream and cross where the banks became less precipitous.

While Te Waharoa's little band stormed the heights of Taumatawiwi at a point which threatened to cut the enemy's line in two, the hundred who had survived the charge across the plain were sweeping furiously and irresistibly along the top of the hill. The determined onslaught of Te Waharoa and his one hundred and forty men on to the enemy's centre kept them pretty well employed. Then a cry arose that they were being cut off from their pa, and from their women, by the desperate charge of the Ngati-haua twenty on the extreme right of the attack. The weight of this attack was increased by parties of Ngai-te-rangi crossing the gully in increasing numbers.

The left column of the Ngati-haua continued to storm along the the ridge, rolling up the enemy's line, until the two parties met at the angle on top of the cliff above the Hauoira. The united column, flushed with success and the prospect of victory, continued the attack with renewed vigour, until a cry again arose among the enemy that they were being cut off from their pa. From that moment the fight became a rout.

Of the twenty who had led the charge across the gully only ten remained. Back to back they stood as rocks, flinging back the tide of retreating Ngati-maru, until the last of the enemy reached the shelter of Hao-whenua pa. Te Waharoa then, very wisely, ordered a retreat out of musket range. Here they halted in undisputed possession of the plain of Taumatawiwi, which was strewn with the bodies of four hundred and forty slain Ngati-maru, among them being those of eighteen chiefs. Among them too were seventy of Te Waharoa's little army, and ninety more would carry marks of the fight to the grave. Te Waharoa himself had been shot through one hand and had had a leg gashed with a tomahawk. Of his allies ten had been killed and twenty-five wounded. In the pa of Hao-whenua more than four

hundred more of the enemy warriors nursed wounds of varying severity. Each of Te Waharoa's warriors had therefore either killed outright or wounded at least two of the foe, a record worthy of Caesar's legionaries.

The Ngati-haua might have gained the victory, but the sleep of exhaustion was not for them. They spent the night in burning the bodies of their own dead, lest on the morrow they should fall into the hands of the enemy. Dry timber, so necessary for this grisly task, was scarce and distant, but it had to be carried nevertheless on the backs of the exhausted warriors. The Ngati-maru might have suffered severely but there were still two thousand of them quite capable of resuming the fight next day, and, perhaps, snatching victory from defeat. From this it is evident that the Ngati-haua must have regarded an attack by the Ngati-maru next day as extremely likely, otherwise they would not have gone to such stupendous labour to burn the bodies of their bravest men and nearest relatives, to save them from falling into the enemy's hands. It took until the second day after the fight to complete this gruesome task. When Mr Welch last visited the place in 1880, a small flagstaff still marked the spot where the bodies were burned.

Accounts of the sequel to the battle differ in detail almost as much as accounts of the fight itself, according to whether the source is Ngati-haua or Ngati-maru. The former say that after a day of hard fighting, and a night spent burning their dead, the Ngati-haua and Ngai-te-rangi were under arms again and on the point of marching to attack Hao-whenua, when a deputation from the pa appeared. They were men of high rank, but they came in humble guise, and unarmed, to ask for peace.

The Ngati-maru version of the story is that they came at Te Waharoa's invitation. The main point is that the meeting did take place, and that the Ngati-maru agreed to evacuate the Waikato, including the Ngati-raukawa lands, and return to Thames. It was stipulated that they should go unmolested, taking all their movable possessions with them.

The significance of the burning of the bodies was not lost on the Ngati-maru ambassadors. One of their chiefs, Te Tuhua, a gruff and burly warrior who was distantly related to Te Waharoa, made one of those

grim jokes which the Maori fighting men of old were fond of flinging in the very jaws of death. Giving a side glance at a heap of sweltering, smoking and only half-consumed bodies of the best and bravest of the Ngati-haua tribe, he said quietly to Te Waharoa: "Why are you spoiling my provisions?" as much as to say that the Ngati-haua were trying to dictate terms, and at the same time were betraying their apprehension at the result of the refusal of those terms.

Had it been left to Te Tuhua, the matter might have been put to the test of another battle, but the principal chief Taharoku, was concerned only with the safety of the Ngati-maru in the evacuation. His people too were keen to return to the Thames, as they had heard that traders had arrived there selling guns and powder. "Taharoku had to remove not merely an army of light-armed, able-bodied warriors, who could traverse a country with almost the rapidity and more than the devastation of a hurricane, penetrating forests, swimming rivers, scaling mountains and subsisting for days on almost nothing. He had to remove a tribe of old men and women, young children, the sick and the wounded, and all their property, provisions and baggage." But the question was, how? The difficulty was easily overcome.

Only too glad to be rid of them, Te Waharoa promised his foes a safe conduct out of the district. "You shall be led out," he told Taharoku. On the words quoted, or rather on an unfortunate misinterpretation of them, hung the future cause of much bitter feeling between the two tribes, who already had little cause to love one another.

The Maori words which are commonly translated as "led out," may also be rendered "guided out," or "escorted out," and should not have, nor were they intended to, convey any suggestion of further humiliation regarding the defeated Ngati-maru. Te Waharoa meant simply that they would be accompanied by members of the Ngati-haua tribe, who would act as guides or, in effect, as hostages. These "guides" would most certainly be put to death at the first sign of treachery, had any been contemplated.

Some years afterwards, however, a settler at the Thames, either as a joke or in the course of a dispute

with some young men of the Ngati-maru, said to them, "you were led out like pigs." The incident was magnified, and it did not take long for the phrase "led out like pigs" to be repeated often enough to convey the impression that the Ngati-maru had been expelled from the Waikato in the most humiliating circumstances.*

The actual circumstances were that when they left Hao-whenua, fifty Ngati-haua and Ngai-te-rangi accompanied them. The enemy were divided into three parties, for accommodation in canoes. They departed by three different routes—by the Waikato, the Piako, and the Waihou rivers.

Te Waharoa, with the remaining Ngati-haua (many of them wounded), and the women and children, took possession of Hao-whenua, and remained there to receive the advancing Waikato parties from the south-west and south, who arrived too late to participate in the fight.

According to Ngati-haua accounts, not long after the Ngati-maru evacuation, a party of the former tribe, led by Te Waharoa himself, proceeded to Te Aroha, and took possession of a large area of country there. This land was a most desirable possession, as it contained many streams, eel-ponds and eel-weirs. They did not occupy the country permanently, but retired to Matamata where, for twelve years, they sustained attacks from their Ngati-maru foes.

*F. Maning, Judgment on Aroha case, Native Land Court, April, 1871

CHAPTER VI.

CIVILISATION DAWNS

AFTER such a period of bloodshed as has been described in the preceding chapters, the task of civilizing a savage race like the Maori was one to daunt the stoutest heart. The work initiated by Marsden at the Bay of Islands in 1814 had been showing progress over a period of twenty years before it was possible to extend missionary influence to the Waikato. There are in every age, however, men who will give everything for the realization of an ideal. On 10th April, 1835, one such man reached Matamata by way of the Thames, and proceeded to establish a mission station at the headquarters of Te Waharoa. He was the Rev. A. N. Brown, afterwards well-known as Archdeacon Brown, of Tauranga.¶ His wife accompanied him into the untamed interior, to a place comparable in our time with the remotest part of the savage Solomons. In the previous year a Mr Hamlin had established himself at Mangapouri, but it was not until some months after Brown's arrival that other missionaries came to Tauranga and Rotorua.

It was Brown and Hamlin who made the first recorded contact between pakeha and Maori in this district. It was in February, 1834, that they came from the Church Missionary Society station at Paihia, and explored the Waikato River with a view to establishing a mission outpost among its tribes. After an investigation lasting nearly four months they reported favourably on the proposal, and were themselves appointed to carry out the work.

¶A copy of the journal of the Rev. A. N. Brown, 1835-1850 is in the possession of Miss A. Heron Maxwell, of "The Elms," Tauranga. I am indebted to Miss Maxwell, and to Mr. A. H. Reed, of Messrs. A. H. and A. W. Reed, publishers, Dunedin, for permission to use and to quote from this document.

Less fruitful soil, to judge from Te Waharoa's grim record, it would have been hard to find, and yet from the day of his arrival Brown's influence began to make itself felt in ever-widening circles throughout the Waikato. It reached, among other places, to the slopes of Maungatautari Mountain, to the district where Taumatawiwi was fought, and where Te Waharoa's relatives and friends, the Ngati-koroki were now in occupation. The Ngati-koroki, you will remember, were descended from Koroki, the chief who conquered and ate Tao-whakairo on the present site of Cambridge, many centuries before. Te Waharoa's tribe, the Ngatihaua claimed Koroki's son, Haua, as their ancestor.†

It is a fact not confined to the Maoris that blood relationship does not necessarily mean complete accord. The possession of muskets and yet more muskets, was the aim of all the inland tribes, and when a certain Peter Dillon arrived at Tauranga, styling himself French Consul and proceeded to occupy himself, to use Brown's own words, in "the rather unconsul-like work" of selling muskets and powder to all who would buy, in exchange for flax, pigs, and potatoes, one can hardly blame the Ngati-koroki for endeavouring to augment their stock of arms and ammunition.

The Maoris knew only the rule of the strong. The weaker tribes, or those without this new and deadly means of killing, could not hope to survive for long. The world has progressed little in a hundred years. Under civilization or savagery, the outlook seems to be the same.

Te Waharoa had little sentiment, and if he had, he would not have allowed his neighbours—relatives or not —to become more powerful than he. Hearing that a party of Ngati-koroki was on its way to Tauranga, laden with flax for Dillon (who, with an eye to business, had promised to send a pakeha trader to live at Maungatautari), Te Waharoa promptly changed over the occupation of his own followers from scraping flax to making ball cartridges.

Actually Te Waharoa was very angry and, when a man with Te Waharoa's reputation for savagery was angry, it was bound to mean serious trouble for some-

†Vide Page 5.

body. He told Brown that he intended to fire on the Ngati-koroki if they attempted to pass through Matamata, which lay on the direct route to Tauranga from Maungatautari. He even sent a messenger to Maungatautari to acquaint the Ngati-koroki of the fact, but they would not listen to his warning.

Knowing something of Te Waharoa's record, and determined to prevent further bloodshed at all costs, even at that of his own life if need be, and finding remonstrance of no avail, Brown set out the following morning to meet the Ngati-koroki, to try to persuade them to turn back. He was accompanied on this hazardous mission by a nephew of Te Waharoa, a chief named Ngakuku, who was one of Brown's early converts. Te Waharoa's consent was necessary before they could set out, but this was not withheld. The chief had his reservations which he did not confide to the missionary. There was no alternative to leaving Mrs Brown at the mission station, entirely at Te Waharoa's mercy. She, brave woman, was ready to accept the same risks as her husband.

On the road, which lay through the Hinuera valley, Brown and his companion met a second messenger from Te Waharoa, who had been to Maungatautari, and was returning with a provocative message from the Ngati-koroki that there were coming to Matamata threats or no threats. They were not carrying flax either, they said, but muskets. The former they had thrown away in favour of the latter on hearing of Te Waharoa's belligerent attitude. Among such people, Brown was living on a powder magazine which might blow up at any moment.

While still some distance from Maungatautari, Brown met some Ngati-koroki scouts, who, on seeing him, ran back to tell the main body of warriors that a pakeha was coming. Imagine yourself as that pakeha, unarmed and alone, facing a taua of hostile savages. In his journal on 4th August, 1835, he wrote:

"On reaching the spot we found about one hundred armed men and about the same number of women and children. We took up a position about twenty yards from them and, in accordance with native custom, sat for some time in solemn silence.

"At length one of the chiefs got up and made a speech which he commenced by saying that he supposed that a missionary was come to send them back to their homes, but they were too brave to listen to him. He was followed by some other chiefs, some of whom seemed very much inclined to be saucy, but the older chiefs spoke much more reasonably, one of them observing that it was not right to be angry with me till they heard what I had got to say. They then called upon me to stand up and speak, a summons which I obeyed with feeble knees and a stammering tongue. I told them that I was not what they had been calling me, a messenger from Te Waharoa, but a messenger from Jesus Christ who commanded all men to love one another. They listened with a good deal of attention to what I had to say, and finally consented to go back in the morning. . . . They then wished me to see how very brave they should have been had they proceeded to Matamata, and commenced their hideous war dance."

The Ngati-koroki chiefs were evidently very impressed by Brown's disregard for personal danger and by his utterances. The Maoris always admired a brave man. They crowded into his tent that evening and talked until midnight, in an endeavour to persuade him to leave Te Waharoa's tribe which they said was a very tutua one. They wanted him to come and live with them, blandly assuring him that they were men "with very good hearts, and very quiet spirits." But Brown was not to be persuaded.

As he and Ngakuku turned their faces towards Matamata next morning the Ngati-koroki let off their muskets as a parting salute. Had they known that Te Waharoa and a war party were at that moment on their way from Matamata by a different route, their bullets might not have been wasted on the empty air.

Fortunately for Brown, the treacherous chief missed the Ngati-koroki. He and his Ngati-haua followers returned to their pa next day "in a very sullen humour because they had been deprived of the pleasure of shooting some of their relatives and friends."

The Ngati-koroki were sincere in their invitation to Mr Brown. Six or seven weeks after the episode of turning back the war-party, they sent a message from Maungatautari to tell him that they were "believing for

nothing" and wanted a missionary to live among them. The best Brown could do was to send them a native teacher as soon as he had one sufficiently well-trained, but that could not be done in a few weeks.

Meanwhile the intrepid missionary continued his good work of trying to bring peace among the warring tribes, and was actually instrumental in bringing the long-drawn out war between Te Waharoa and the Ngati-maru of Thames (which had continued intermittently in the interval between the Battle of Taumatawiwi and Brown's arrival at Matamata) to an end. But no sooner was peace concluded on one side than war threatened on the other. On Christmas Day, 1835, a relative of Te Waharoa's was treacherously murdered at Rotorua, and the chief immedately set about planning the terrible revenge which he eventually took, sacking Ohinemutu with terrible slaughter.

By way of working themselves up to the requisite state of fury, the Ngati-haua warriors performed various horrible rites. One was to place a human head, dressed with feathers, on a fallen tree and to do a war dance round it. Sometimes in these dances a warrior would seize the head and brandish it about, and (to use Brown's words) "by this action, apparently increase the savage exultation displayed in their fiend-like countenances."

So long as the missionary did not try to interfere too much, Te Waharoa was his friend, but the chief became incensed at Brown's efforts to stop the Rotorua war. "If you are angry with me for what I have been doing," he told the missionary, "I will kill you and eat you and all the missionaries." And it was no idle threat.

In spite of Brown's strenuous efforts, the war with Rotorua pursued its grim course. Maketu fell to Te Waharoa with sanguinary results, sixty-five of the enemy being eaten and a hundred and fifty brought as slaves to Matamata. "The sights however were harrowing," Brown wrote on 1st April, 1836, describing the return of the war party; "a heart stuck on a pointed stick—a head secured to a short pole—baskets of human flesh with bones and hands protruding from the tops and sides, and (what more deeply affected me than any other object) was one of the infant children of our

school dandling on his knees and making faces at the head of some Rotorua chief who had been slain in the battle."

Not long afterwards Te Waharoa returned wounded from his ruthless attack on Ohinemutu, where "for two days after the battle there he and his followers had remained to gorge on sixty human bodies." Brown visited the scene of the feast, and for sheer horror his description compares more than favourably with the grimmest of the tales of Edgar Allan Poe.

The Ngati-whakaue were not expected to accept their defeat and Te Waharoa, anticipating an attack on Matamata, advised Brown that the women and children should be sent to Thames and safety. This was done, but the missionary himself, undaunted by danger, tramped all the way to Rotorua in a vain endeavour to bring about peace. He returned to find his station had been plundered by the natives in his absence. On 8th October the dauntless missionary was notified that the committee of the C.M.S. had decided that Matamata was becoming too dangerous even for him, and that the station must be abandoned. With a heavy heart, Brown accordingly left the scene of his labours on 24th October, rejoining his wife and family at Puriri, near Thames, after being separated from them for ten weeks. With Ngati-koroki warriors fighting in Te Waharoa's ranks it must have seemed to the disheartened missionary that all his efforts to civilise Maungatautari and the rest of his huge territory had been wasted.

CHAPTEL VII.

TRAVEL IN THE 1830'S

WHILE he was still at Matamata, and at the time when events were working up between the Ngati-haua and Ngati-whakaue of Rotorua, Brown undertook two journeys which are worthy of record, as probably the first of their kind ever undertaken by a white man (with the possible exception of an isolated trader) through the Cambridge district, and even more so for the difficulties and hardships which he encountered and overcame.

On 31st May, 1836, accompanied by his wife and Mrs Chapman, he left Matamata for Mangapouri, Mr Hamlin's station at the junction of the Puniu and Waipa rivers, where Pirongia now stands. The party crossed the Maungakaua hills on foot, and spent the first night at a place called Noho-topu, which I have been unable to identify beyond the fact that it must have been somewhere between the Maungakaua hills and the Waikato river, and therefore not far from Cambridge. In his journal for that day Brown wrote:

31st May: In so retired a spot we expected to be free from those alarms by which for so long a period we have been nightly harassed, but we had scarcely retired to rest before the report of guns spread terror through our little company. We sent out two spies in the direction of the report, and were grateful on their return to find that our supposed enemies were a friendly party in whom the sound of our voices and the smoke of our fires had excited fears similar to those of which we had partaken.

1st June: Slept at Horotiu. We passed a number of men during the day on their way to Matamata. They state that the Waikato tribes are assembling in order to join Waharoa in attacking Rotorua.

> Our natives pointed out to us the remains of an old pa formerly occupied by Waharoa. During his residence there he was on one occasion attacked by a hostile party from the Thames, and having succeeded in killing two of his enemies he had their bodies swung upon two trees close to the pa, in sight of his assailants, in order to deter them from renewing their attack.

A further two hours walk next morning brought them to the banks of the Horotiu, whence they proceeded by boat downstream to Ngaruawahia, and up the Waipa to their destination. The whole journey by water, not much more than sixty miles, took nearly five days. Leaving the two women with Mrs Hamlin, who was in particular need of their assistance just then, Brown returned to Matamata by the same route. A fortnight later he set out again for Mangapouri to bring them home. This time his most probable route lay across the Maungakaua hills, via what is now the French Pass. He records spending a night "near some lovely lakes." This must have been in the vicinity of Ohaupo, which is in a direct line with Matamata by the French Pass route.

While at Mangapouri on this occasion, Brown experienced a phenomenon which had a peculiar effect on the natives. We have all seen snow on Maungatautari —that is a sprinkling of white on the tree-tops, heavy enough to be seen from Cambridge, but not enough to survive the first few hours of morning sunshine. On 5th July, 1836, he notes a severe frost and a heavy fall of snow. Next morning both "Maungatautari and the Pirongia range with their snow-capped peaks formed a splendid view," which though admired for its beauty by the pakehas, was looked on with awe by the natives.

On his way back to Matamata some days later Brown found that this snowfall, which must have been of unusual severity, had produced much amazement among the natives. They seemed to regard it as a sign from the pakeha God. One chief asked the missionary if it were not Jesus Christ!

While on the subject of native superstitions it is interesting to note that the Maoris (according to Hoch-

stetter)* "once believed that Karioi, near Raglan Harbour on the West Coast, prepared rain for Pirongia, and that Pirongia poured it over the Waipa and Waikato countries. This, however, held good only with rain coming with a north-west wind. When, on the other hand, Maungatautari put on a cloud-cap, then the natives said the mountain was enquiring of its neighbour, Aroha, whether it also was ready for rain. When Mount Aroha also was wrapped in clouds, then rain was certain, but in this case rain accompanied with north-east wind."

Maungatautari must have donned its cloud cap soon after the snow, for on the return journey, Mr and Mrs Brown and Mrs Chapman were delayed by rain and floods, and had an exciting but unenviable journey. From his description, it seems likely that they came across country to the Roto-o-rangi foot-hills, which in those days ended not in a level grassy plain as they do today, but in swamps. They would then follow around the foot of the range, taking advantage of the higher ground where possible and wading through swamps and streams in between the ridges. A native track to Matamata followed the river on the Maungatautari side as far as Horahora and then crossed over, leading up into the Hinuera valley.

Brown's own description of the journey makes vivid reading:

11th July: A rainy day prevented our moving.

12th July: The natives objecting to move on account of the wet, we have been obliged to sit still another day in our tents.

13th July: A wet, uncomfortable day. We however continued our journey and slept at Noho-topu. The swamps we crossed today were very dangerous. Small deep streams run through the midst of some of them, but the whole surface of the swamps having become by the late heavy rains one large sheet of water, the men who were carrying Mrs Chapman and Mrs Brown often found it a matter of great difficulty to discover the streams until they

* Baron F. C. von Hochstetter, the Austrian geologist, who was engaged by the New Zealand Government in 1859 to make a geological survey of these islands.

sank into them up to their shoulders. At one place indeed Mrs Brown's front bearer went head under into a large hole in the swamp, but the men who were walking, or rather wading by her side, caught hold of the "kauhoa" (a sort of litter, which on this occasion consisted of a flax basket swung on two poles) and kept on, leaving the poor fellow who had received such a ducking in the muddy water, to get out as well as he could.

We were detained a considerable time at the place where we stopped to dine on the road, by a circumstance which shows how deeply rooted the native superstitions are. My travelling box was some distance in the rear, but we were obliged to await its arrival in order to procure a light, although there were the embers of a fire close to the place where we were resting. As this fire however was supposed to have been kindled by a poor lunatic who wanders naked about the hills in this neighbourhood, the natives pronounced it to be sacred fire, and refused to partake of any food cooked at it, or by any other fire lighted from it.

14th July: Travelling for four hours through a very heavy rain which, together with the deep waters in the swamps, made our journey most uncomfortable. The natives however who were carrying Mrs Chapman and Mrs Brown were in excellent spirits, and ran along over the slippery hills so briskly that I was much fatigued in attempting to keep up with them. At two of the rapid streams, the native who was carrying me over lost his foothold and tumbled me in, which only produced a good-tempered hearty laugh on the part of the natives, who seem so amphibious in their nature that it is a matter of perfect indifference to them whether they are in the water or on land. . . . We arrived at home in safety about two o'clock.

On the day after his return Brown records "In much pain with rheumatism in the knees." It is a wonder that he could walk at all after such a journey.

The missionary says little about the incidents of his regular fifty-mile tramps between Tauranga and Maungatautari (which he undertook from 1838 on-

wards), unless the conditions were exceptionally severe. On one of these journeys he found them so, and his journal reveals hardships of travel beyond our comprehension, in these days of tar-sealed roads and fast cars—to say nothing of aeroplanes. In June, 1839, he went as far as Otawhao (where Te Awamutu now stands) over mountains, rivers and swamps. This is his record of the trip:

20th June: The violent wind and rain of last night left little hope of my being able to commence the proposed journey today, but the weather clearing at noon I left home, landed from the boat at Te Puna by sunset, and being moonlight we walked on for about seven miles. My own party consisted of ten natives, but we were joined by thirteen others from the pas who propose accompanying us on the trip.

21st June: Our little company were very cheerful and travelled well, so that although the shortest day of the year, and the woods and swamps in a wretched state, we reached Matamata at dark.

25th June: Left for Maungatautari. A large party joined our train from Matamata, and on pitching our tents at night, found we numbered fifty-seven natives . . . bad weather coming on we were obliged to take to our tents a short distance from Maungatautari.

27th June: Unable to proceed on our journey in consequence of the severity of the storm. The thunder echoing from different parts of the mountain was awfully grand.

28th June: Clearing a little at noon, we pursued our journey, but were soon overtaken by a hailstorm which much hindered us. Shortly before sunset we reached a small hillock of fern between two swamps, where we slept, being afraid to venture into the latter lest we should get benighted in the midst. The natives are behaving very well, and continue in excellent spirits. But for their assistance I should have found it impossible to cross the swamps, which are flooded by the recent heavy rains.

29th June: At noon arrived at Otawhao.

The return journey from Otawhao promised at the outset to be equally arduous. On 3rd July he wrote: "The frost was so severe last night that the water in our tents was frozen, and it was nearly noon before the natives could muster sufficient courage to face the swamps." The next night, at Maungatautari, Brown, together with some of his native converts, huddled over a fire in front of his tent. Four days later, while at Whareturere, on the slopes of the mountain, a gale prevented him from holding a service in the open air. He reached Tauranga on the 13th, and as though he had not gone through enough in the previous three weeks, the settlement was rocked by an earthquake.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CRUMBLING OF THE ARCH

IN spite of the terrific set-back at Matamata, signs were not wanting to show that Brown's influence with the Maungatautari natives had not been without result. Just before he was compelled to leave, the missionary had received, from a Ngati-koroki chief there, a request to have a relative buried according to the pakeha custom. Brown sent over a Christian native to perform this rite, and hailed the incident as further evidence of "the pulling out of successive stones from the proud arch of superstition . . . thrown over these benighted people." A few days later, Brown learned that ten natives intended moving from Maungatautari to some mission station, in order that they might receive more frequently instruction in the new pakeha religion.

Eighteen months after the station had been abandoned, that is, on 23rd February, 1838, Brown was able to revisit Matamata and to restore contact with the natives of this district. In the meantime he had been back to the Bay of Islands, where he had first landed from England in 1829, and had finally established himself at Tauranga. Parties of natives from Maungatautari began to visit Tauranga, not for muskets and powder, as they did once, but for instruction, and for bibles (which one convert described picturesquely as "the two-barrelled gun and the cartridge box and the war-axe of the Believer"). It took Brown some time however to be convinced of their complete sincerity. There was always the danger of the white man's customs, religious or otherwise, becoming "fashionable" for a time among the natives, and being forgotten just as quickly as they had been taken up.

In September, 1838, Te Waharoa's stormy career ended, peacefully enough, at Matamata. He had been, as Brown wrote of him in his journal, "a remarkable character, fierce, bloody, cruel, vindictive, cunning,

brave, and yet, from whatever motive, a friend of the mission''—a worthy epitaph written by a worthy man.

The chief's death left the missionaries in a state of apprehension as to what the future might hold for them. Te Waharoa's son, Tarapipipi, who succeeded him, was a young man of considerable strength of character, and exercised much influence for good, as will be seen in a later chapter, but could he hold his warlike tribesmen in check? He could, and did. Through Tarapipipi's goodwill, Brown was able to resume contact with the natives of Maungatautari. On 11th February, 1839, he left Tauranga on foot to visit them. Selwyn had the name of being a prodigious walker, but his lieutenants did not disgrace their chief. Had Brown possessed the seven-league boots of our fairy-tale days, he could scarcely have covered more country than he did with only his own two feet, and his native bearers to help him. Henceforth, for more than ten years, Brown was to visit Maungatautari two or three times a year, tramping the fifty miles each way over roadless country with the same indifference as we, today, might take a stroll in the park.

Proofs of the results of Brown's visits to Maungatautari were soon forthcoming. On the first of these journeys, in 1839, he assembled seventy natives for divine services. By the beginning of 1841 the missionary had the great satisfaction of addressing one hundred and twenty-five converts in their own chapel, in a village called Whareturere, between the Pukekura Hills and the mountain. The chapel was "a neat and good building" forty-five feet long and twenty-seven wide. It had been erected entirely by the natives' own efforts, and at their own expense. This chapel was the first public building erected for any purpose in the Cambridge district, other than the traditional native meeting-house. Six months later another chapel, capable of accommodating six hundred natives had been built. Even this huge building was insufficient to hold the congregation of between seven and eight hundred which assembled at Whareturere on 26th March, 1843. The number included two hundred or so heathen natives, but the fact that they were sufficiently interested to come at all must have been gratifying to the missionary.

At Te Wera a te Atua, another village frequently visited by Brown, which stood in the vicinity of the present Maungatautari pa, nearly four hundred assembled. This village was not far distant from Whareturere, so that it is quite possible that the same natives were present at both services. Still, as evidence of progress, the figures were distinctly encouraging.

Cambridge school-children of today, wrestling with what used to be called the "three R's," may take comfort from the fact that a century ago grown-up men and women of the Maori race were wrestling with multiplication sums involving three figures, "which they did with tolerable accuracy." The education of the Maoris to understand the missionary's message was an important task, and the school started at Maungatautari by one of Brown's native teachers some time before, boasted by 1839, ninety pupils—men, women and children. On 29th February, 1841, Brown wrote in his journal: "At men's school in the afternoon one hundred and thirteen were present. Of this number sixty-two could read. At the girls' school there were one hundred and six, of whom forty-six could read." By this time two native teachers were employed. Two years later the number of native scholars had grown still further. Of the two hundred men and a hundred and seventy women at the school, two hundred and twenty could read.

A missionary then, just as those whose work takes them to the Solomon Islands or the New Hebrides today, was concerned not only with the welfare of souls, but also with the welfare of bodies. In the 1830's Europe was swept by a devastating epidemic of influenza, which gradually spread around the world, reaching in time even such a remote spot as Maungatautari. As a rule the white man's diseases play havoc with native populations the world over, and a considerable amount of Brown's time was accordingly taken up with administering medicine to the sick. His skill in this direction was as successful as his spiritual teaching, apparently, as there is no record in his journal of any deaths resulting from the epidemic.

Nor were a missionary's functions confined to those of a spiritual and physical healer of the natives. He was also expected to judge and prescribe punishment for

their misdeeds. At Te Wera a te Atua, on 3rd October, 1843, Brown records spending an afternoon advising the natives as to the measure of punishment which should be awarded for different offences committed in the pas of the natives professing Christianity. "It is in vain to tell them," he wrote, "that you are not a judge. You must give an opinion, and they will act upon it, nor do I know how, in the absence of all law, any other course can be adopted."

In 1843 and 1844, Brown was encouraged in his arduous work by visits from Bishop Selwyn to Matamata and Maungatautari. On the first occasion Selwyn confirmed several of the Maungatautari converts who came to Matamata to meet him. In December, 1844, after meeting the Bishop at Otawhao, Brown accompanied him to Maungatautari, where Selwyn spent the Christmas season enquiring into the cases of several baptised natives who were reported to have lapsed from their profession of faith. Brown had been having a worrying time from 1843 onwards, in this regard, but the Bishop had shown his faith in the missionary's efforts by appointing him Archdeacon of Tauranga on 20th September, 1844. He was to show his great confidence in the new Archdeacon still further, before many years had passed. There is on record a letter written by Brown on 29th February, 1848, declining the appointment to a Bishopric which had been offered him by Selwyn.*

Maungatautari must have been one of Brown's most promising districts, in a territory which extended from the Bay of Plenty in the north to beyond Lake Taupo in the south; and from the Cambridge district east as far as Opotiki. As well as Brown's own visits to this district, the natives themselves made more frequent visits to Tauranga. They took with them pigs and flax, and in exchange they bought, not muskets and powder, but bibles and prayer-books. So great was the demand that the supply of books soon ran out. In those days stocks could not be replenished simply by cabling home an urgent order. Mails were infrequent and came by devious ways. Letters and parcels, when they did

* Recollections and Reflections of an Old New Zealander, E. Maxwell, 1935.

arrive, often bore a date twelve, or even eighteen months old.

Just how keen some natives, at any rate, were to obtain books is illustrated by a story which Brown records, of a hoary-headed old chief named Karoro. The latter came to his tent one night at Te Wera a te Atua and confessed that he had been the means of keeping his two sons from joining the church. He now wanted three testaments for himself and for them. The missionary had had a most disappointing day, for reasons which will be revealed in due course, and he decided to put the chief's enthusiasm to a severe test. He told Karoro therefore that if he would walk back to Tauranga with him, he could have his three testaments.

Brown would not have been surprised if that had been the last he ever heard of the matter, but at daybreak next morning, as he was preparing to set out for Matamata, Karoro made his appearance. He seemed ill-equipped for travelling. It was a bleak morning, and the old chief was wearing only "a rough mat girded round his loins with a leather belt," and carried a native spear in his hand. Brown goes on to say that they had not gone very far when the storm gathered strength. "The old chief, whose fine grey locks were streaming from his bare head in the wind, turned round to me and observed: 'I have often, while a native priest, checked the wind and the rain,' and then added with an arch look, 'It would puzzle me to stop this storm.' He walked admirably throughout the day, accomplishing a distance of twenty miles. On one of our party remarking how firmly he trod for so old a man, he replied: 'It is the heart which gives strength'."

Four days later Karoro left Tauranga on his lonely fifty-mile tramp back to Maungatautari. He was highly delighted with the gift of the testaments for himself and his sons. "I do not think," wrote Brown on 18th September, 1846, "that our friends in England, who are whisking about on railroads at the rate of thirty miles an hour, are in a proper position to judge of the labour which Karoro has undergone to procure three testaments. To me it is a cheering fact, and nerves one's energies for fresh exertions . . . that a chief verging on sixty years of age is willing, in order to procure for

himself and family the gift of three testaments, to undertake a journey of a hundred miles through country where, in consequence of swamps and woods and hills, it requires considerable exertion to perform two miles and a half in an hour."

While Brown was toiling among the tribes of his huge territory, other missionaries began to arrive in the interior of the island, to carry on the good work so bravely pioneered. The first mission station at Otawhao (Te Awamutu) was established by the Rev. B. Y. Ashwell in 1839. He was succeeded by the Rev. John Morgan‡ who had previously been at Matamata with Brown. He had been sent there to assist the latter six months after the station was first established. The station at Mangapouri had been abandoned some time before, for the same reason as Matamata, and Mr Hamlin had gone down the river to join Robert Maunsell at the Waikato Heads.¶

The Roman Catholics and Methodists also began to extend their civilising influence to the then untamed Waikato in the 1830's. In November, 1834, the Rev. W. Woon, of the latter church, took up the work at Kawhia. He was soon followed by the Rev. John Whiteley and the Rev. James Wallis, the latter making Raglan his headquarters.†

Early in 1840, Bishop Pompallier, who had landed at Hokianga two years previously, paid a visit to Tauranga, and from there made an inland journey to Matamata and the Waikato. The details of his journey** suggest that he must have crossed over the Cambridge district. More fortunate than Brown, however, he was carried in a litter across the hills and swamps, instead of walking. He promised the natives to send a priest to live among them, his choice falling on Father Viard, who had accompanied him.

‡ The Old Frontier, James Cowan, F.R.G.S., 1922.

¶ A History of the English Church in New Zealand, H. T. Purchas, M.A., 1914.

† The History of Methodism in New Zealand, the Rev. William Morley, D.D., 1900.

** The Church in New Zealand, J. J. Wilson, 1910.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RISING TIDE

AS is so often the case, at the peak of his success in the civilisation of the natives of the Cambridge and Matamata districts, disappointment awaited the missionary. On January 29th, 1840, Captain William Hobson, R.N., had proclaimed British sovereignty at the Bay of Islands. The next year, on September 18th, the Union Jack was hoisted at Auckland,* and by the following March the foundations of the future city were well and truly laid.

While the pakeha did not penetrate inland overnight, it did not take long for the effect of permanent settlement, even a hundred miles distant, to be felt in this part of the country. Civilisation can be both a blessing and a curse to savage races. Brown and his contemporaries had brought the blessing; other pakehas, inspired by not such high principles, were to provide the curse.

Six months before Auckland was founded, the Christian natives at Maungatautari had rejected a suggestion that a white trader should be allowed to come and live among them. Their main reason was the bad example usually set by such men in their association with native women. Rather than risk the contamination of having a pakeha in their pas, they were content to continue to carry their produce on their backs all the way to Matamata, where there was a European trader.

On 27th March, 1843, however, Brown was somewhat perturbed to find on visiting Maungatautari, that there had been a falling away of some converts. The native teachers at Te Wera a te Atua and Whareturere shrewdly forsaw that this tendency would grow "as the white men increase around us," but it was to take

*Maori and Pakeha, A. W. Shrimpton and A. E. Mulgan, 1921.

another two or three years before the rising tide of pakeha influence was to lap the slopes of Maungatautari Mountain.

In the meantime, Brown had other worries to occupy his mind. On 2nd October, 1843, on visiting Whareturere, he found that a chief's daughter had just died, after murdering her newly-born baby. Infanticide was a common crime among the natives in those days, but Brown was disheartened, not only by the crime itself, but also by the indifference with which it was regarded even by the Christian natives. The woman had been buried without a Christian service, which raised another difficulty for the harassed missionary. Her father, a chief over whom Brown had begun to exercise some influence, made a violent speech before his tent, stating his determination never again to attend his services.

The first record of the serious effect of wrong pakeha influence was set down at Maungatautari by Brown on 15th March, 1846, when instead of four or five hundred, only 120 natives attended his morning service. "Many of the natives are absent at Auckland," he wrote, "and the indifference manifested by the others too plainly testifies that their love is waxing cold, the almost invariable result of a frequent communication with Auckland. . . . Most of the natives (here and at Matamata) are scattered in the swamps, scraping flax for the Auckland market. Of late they have received little else but tobacco for their flax, as they are proposing to purchase ten casks to present at a feast which they intend giving shortly to their old enemies, the Rotorua tribes."

Before six months had gone, the apathy of the Maungatautari natives towards the missionary teaching was even more apparent. Brown arrived at Whareturere on 12th September to find that nothing had been done towards rebuilding the chapel which had fallen into a state of disrepair. The inhabitants of the village displayed less inclination than ever to commence the work. Services had been held in the open air if the weather was fine. In wet weather there were no services. At Te Wera a te Atua the natives still attended school and services, but their interest was perfunctory. Their

thoughts and conversation was absorbed by purchases made by them in Auckland, while canoe journeys to and from the new pakeha settlement, by way of the Waikato River, occupied much of their time, to the neglect of all local interests. The natives' swing away from religious teaching must have been a sore disappointment to Brown, but it was understandable in the circumstances. Among the pakehas with whom they now began to come more and more into contact, such saintly men as he were rare.

On one of his visits to Maungatautari, in 1845, he found the natives from two of the pas were absent. They were engaged in the strenuous task of dragging a canoe from the bush, where a forest giant had been felled and hollowed out, down the mountain side to the river. Anyone who knows the country today, will agree with Brown that it was a work of considerable difficulty and labour. They were willing to work like galley slaves at such a task, whereas they would not lift a hand to rebuild their chapel. A new canoe meant better communication with Auckland, and that, in turn, meant money, clothes, tobacco, liquor and the hundred and one knick-knacks for which they traded their hard-won flax to the pakeha.

Signs of advancing civilisation were apparent in some curious ways. On 12th September, 1846, Brown, who was then at Te Wera a te Atua, records: "In their burying ground they have some very respectable imitations of the tombs which they have seen erected to the memory of Europeans, and made in part of boards sawn by themselves." A more practical effect of the more frequent contact with the pakeha was the fact that they had built a stockyard and calf-pen for their cattle, and that they were then negotiating with a millwright for the erection of a watermill. They were finding, by this time, that they could grow corn in almost unlimited quantities, and the work involved was not nearly so hard as that entailed in raising kumera crops. Growing wheat and salting pork for the Auckland market soon became the absorbing interest, and the source of considerable revenue. Another means of earning money which attracted the Maoris from their inland strongholds, was the offer of employment at high rates of pay

to all who would accept it, working on the roads around Auckland. The new capital was growing rapidly, and better communication with the interior was essential. But these contacts were exercising a baneful influence on their spiritual interests.

At Wharcturere, on 3rd April, 1848, the missionary was shocked to see playing cards brought out by the formerly devout members of his congregation. They commenced playing in front of him, but left off the game when he took them to task, although they themselves could see no harm in it. "It is to be lamented," he wrote sadly in his journal the same night, "that you cannot reprove a native for any sin at the present day, without his being able to point to the Europeans at Auckland as affording an example of the same kind, whether it be card playing, drunkenness or desecration of the Sabbath.

"This transitional state of the natives from comparative barbarism to miscalled civilisation, is most dangerous to their spiritual state. It proves that they are too young in grace for the full tide of colonisation to rush in upon them, and raises the question whether their civilised barbarism was not preferable to their present barbarised civilisation," he concluded. It was a crushing indictment of the white man and his ways.

The missionary however did not give up the battle, and it was not long before he had the renewed saisfaction of seeing a revival of interest in his work. In the second week of 1849 he again visited Te Wera a te Atua, and found that the people there were proposing to erect a weather-boarded chapel, in place of the raupo structure which had been allowed to fall to pieces. The missionary promised his help, and when he returned six months later he found the timber had been cut and sawn and brought to the site ready for the work to commence. Brown promised to supply them with nails, a scarce commodity in the Cambridge district ninety years ago.

His journal shows the amazing results of his labours over the short period of thirteen years. "Infanticide, murder, suicide, cannibalism, the common occurrences of past years, have nearly passed away," he wrote with intense gratitude on 28th Mareh, 1848. "Superstition and priestcraft are crumbling to ruins, the Sabbath is observed . . . and the natives, instead of

being huddled together in filthy pas, and living in continual dread of attacks from their enemies, are now scattered in small parties over the face of the country, enjoying peace, and its attendant blessings."

Taiaha and tomahawk, it seemed, had been definitely laid aside.

CHAPTER X.

A FLAME FLICKERS

BROWN had not been alone in his growing apprehension regarding the inroads of the white man. The Maoris, as a whole, were fascinated by the more obvious advantages of civilisation—the white man's clothes, his more comfortable way of living, his steel and iron implements, his weapons, his tobacco, and his rum—but their chiefs were not so sure that their tribes had not been much better off under their own primitive conditions. Above all they watched their tribal lands with a jealous eye. Even Brown, as long ago as 1835, came up against this side of the Maori character. When the missionary was negotiating with Te Waharoa for the site of his mission station at Matamata, the shrewd old warrior, who had been one of those who did not sign the Treaty of Waitangi, expressed himself thus:

"The land," he said, "will remain for ever to produce food, and after you have cut down the old trees to build houses, the saplings will continue growing, and in after years will become large trees; while the payment I ask for will soon come to an end. The blankets will wear out, the axes will be broken after cutting down a few trees, and the iron pots will be cracked by the heat of the fire."¶

Another illustration of the native point of view is given by the missionary in his journal, three years after the entry quoted. It was a remark made by an old Maori at Tauranga, referring to the coming of the New Zealand Company. "It will be good perhaps for one year, perhaps two, but in three years the cattle of the white man will increase, and stray upon the native plantations. Then the natives, in their anger, will shoot

¶Journal of the Rev. A. N. Brown, 1835-1850.

the cattle, which will bring on war, and in the end the natives will be 'moui moui noa' (exterminated)." With the exception of the latter part, this prophecy was borne out almost exactly in the Cambridge district thirty-five years afterwards, as will be seen in due course.

The more one studies the unfortunate series of events leading up to the long-drawn-out period of hostilities between the two races, the more one cannot help feeling that, had the Maori point of view been considered a little more than it was in the early days of colonisation, much useless bloodshed and bitterness might have been avoided. The English official mind of those days apparently could not, or did not want to, see things through the eyes of the native race. It was part of the process of Empire building that they should not, and Empire building is a form of growth that is always painful to someone.

The flame of resentment first flickered in the North. In 1845, Hone Heke cut down the symbol of pakeha authority, the flagstaff on the hill above Russell. Then he sacked and burned the town, and the pakeha, grimed with the smoke of his smouldering shacks, left hurriedly for Auckland. Auckland prepared for the same fate as Russell. Meanwhile soldiers and field guns struggled through the rain and mud to the shambles of Ohaeawai. For the next thirty years, both races were to be almost continuously under arms, and all the bitterness and misery of tribal fighting, to which the missionaries had laboured so hard to put an end, was to be repeated, but on a much grander scale. This time only two tribes were concerned—the Maori people against the pakeha.

Far away in the Waikato, events in the north were being watched closely. In 1847 William Thompson (Wiremu Tamehana), Te Waharoa's son, and also his successor, visited Archdeacon Brown at Tauranga, and told him that there was a report current among the natives that the Queen was going to take their island from them. This was evidently the result of a most priceless piece of tactlessness on the part of certain officials in England, to whom, presumably, the Maoris were "only another lot of niggers anyway," and to be treated accordingly. A few years before, the news had reached New Zealand, and in due course it percolated

to every corner of the North Island, that the House of Commons Committee on New Zealand affairs had said, in effect, that the Government here should seize all native land not actually occupied, and devote it to the use of the white settlers.*

Brown had evidently not heard this, and in all good faith, he assured Tamehana that the English nation would never violate the compact which had been entered into with the natives by the Treaty of Waitangi, the signatures for which, incidentally, Brown had helped to collect.

Englishmen and women, boys and girls, have always been taught that their liberties and lands are worth fighting for, worth dying for if necessary. We can scarcely blame the Maoris for feeling the same about a country which they had held for five hundred years. We would feel the same today if the occasion arose, and we were menaced by an invader,—and we have only been in the country for one hundred years. The land in the Waikato, and particularly that which now comprises the Cambridge district, was worth fighting for.

If you are ever lucky enough to climb to the top of the Pukekura range, which lies to the south of Cambridge, you will be rewarded by the sight of one of the most magnificent panoramas of its kind imaginable. From a thousand feet above the plain you will see level green farmlands divided by hedges, plantations, and clumps of trees, comfortable homes, sleek herds and flocks, and in the distance, the blue of the ranges beyond Ngaruawahia. In the short period of seventy-five years, this country in which we live has changed beyond recognition. Only its natural features remain the same.

At the time of which we are writing, a seemingly limitless expanse of swampland stretched away from the foot of the Pukekura hills, northwards towards the river, and westward towards Pirongia. It was the remains of what was once a shallow lake about three hundred and fifty square miles in extent, which had formerly occupied the greater part of the huge area, now known as the Central Waikato Basin. The hill

*The New Zealand Wars, James Cowan, F.R.G.S., 1922.

country, however, was very fertile. Today it gives the impression that it was made by nature for the Maoris. Conical hills stand out like sentinels guarding the fertile slopes of what now comprise the Roto-o-rangi, Kairangi, Pukekura, and Maungatautari districts. A hundred years ago, each of these hills was crowned with a hill-fort or pa. The terraces and trenches which have survived the ravages of plough and harrow, scoop and spade, are still there for all to see. Between Te Tiki o te Ihingarangi and the spur running out towards Puahue, there are between twenty and thirty of these hill-forts, in varying stages of preservation. Below each fortification in those days the smoke from numberless ovens ascended into the clear air. Fertile slopes produced kumara and fern-root, streams flowed on every hand, and the swamps were a veritable storehouse of food. Eels abounded, and wild-fowl were there for the taking.

Towards where the town of Cambridge stands today among its beautiful old English trees, a narrow, bushy plain divided the swamp from the river, and gave access to Maungatautari, whose long slopes, lying to the sun, sustained many hapus. From the remains of innumerable cooking ovens and kumara pits with which the hillsides and lower levels are dotted, this part of the district must have been one of the most densely populated in the North Island.

Beyond the river lay the fertile plains of Horotiu, which now include the district from Tamahere to Karapiro and back to the Maungakaua Hills. Horotiu, before the white man settled in the district, was a perfectly level plain of light, rich soil. Clumps of native trees, dotted all over it, gave it a beautiful park-like appearance, while the land between was covered with cultivations and villages. Large crops of wheat were grown, and the English grass and clover, which had gradually spread over this area, had turned it into an excellent grazing ground for cattle, horses, and sheep, which the Ngati-haua chieftains were beginning to keep.* This latter development did not, of course, come about overnight. It occupied the period from the cessation of

*The Maori King, Sir John Gorst, 1864.

tribal hostilities, and the missionary activities already described, to well past the middle of the century.

The country proved itself ideal for farming, and the Maori soon proved himself an able agriculturalist. An old Maori proverb says: "Man was the first horse," and before European ploughs were procured, the natives improvised wooden ones, and harnessed men into them. Mention has already been made of a flour mill at Maungatautari. In December, 1853, Sir George Grey wrote to the Duke of Newcastle informing him of the great progress the Maoris had made as farmers. Flour mills dotted the country-side from Rotorua to Waiuku. A map enclosed with the letter showed that there were two at Maungatautari, one on the Horahora side of the mountain, and the other further south, nearer to Arapuni, and one in the Maungakaua Hills. There were seven or eight more in the Te Awamutu district. The Duke acknowledged the despatch six months later, expressing his gratification at this proof of the advancing civilisation of the natives.†

It may not be inopportune at this stage to tell how the country around where Cambridge stands today was formed. Some facts are generally known, for instance that the Waikato River once flowed down the Hinuera Valley and into the sea through the Hauraki Gulf. For some reason it left its old bed and, turning, westward, passed through the gorge between Maungatautari and the Hinuera Ranges for about six miles, and then broke through, just below Te Tiki o te Ihingarangi, into the great basin which stretches for thirty miles or more north to Ngaruawahia. It spread out, covering the whole plain, and converting it into a huge shallow lake.¶ Until recent years Lake Roto-o-rangi remained as evidence of the huge sheet of water which once existed. Above where the river emerges from the hills there was a long, sinuous lake, extending upstream for about eight miles. If the project to build a power station at this point is carried into effect, geological history will repeat itself, and there will be, once again, a lake from the Pukekura Hills to Horahora.

†Parliamentary Papers of Great Britain relating to N.Z.

¶Notes on the Waikato River Basin, by L. Cussen. (N.Z. Institute Transactions and Proceedings, Vol. 21, 1888.)

As the river gradually cut its bed deeper through the gorge below the Crow's Nest (to give Te Tiki its familiar name), it gradually drained off the waters of this lake, leaving in the valley above eight rows of terraces which can be seen today from the Rotorua road. Each of these terraces indicates a different stage in the lowering of the bed of the river, and consequently the lake level. While this was taking place the Waikato was steadily filling up the basin to which it gives its name with millions of tons of pumice, sand, and clay. If you were to take the trouble to dig down today almost anywhere around Cambridge you would most likely come across the trunks of ancient trees brought down centuries ago by the river, and buried deep. Much of the timber which today forces its way upwards through the reclaimed swamp land, owes its origin to forests which were obliterated in this way.

The original level of this formerly undulating land is, in most places, a hundred and twenty to a hundred and fifty feet below the present surface of the country. How long this process took to complete, or how long ago the lake ceased to exist is not known, but geologists tell us that an alteration in the level of the land surrounding the lake drained off the water, except where it remained to form the swamps which still cover many thousands of acres, leaving the country as we know it today. Here and there we see today low clay hills showing above the surrounding flat country. These are the tops of bigger hills which were all but buried by the enormous accumulation of silt already referred to.

caught alight, and massacres, sieges, ambushes and pitched battles soon devastated the western side of the island from Wanganui to New Plymouth, and beyond.

Wiremu Tamehana was a man of peace. He had been impressed with Brown's message, "Blessed are the peacemakers," and until his hand was ultimately forced by stronger influences than his own, he would not yield to the general clamour for war.

While Tamehana is credited with being the power behind the scenes in the union of the tribes under the first Maori King, he was not the originator of the idea. The suggestion came first from Tamehana Te Rauparaha, the son of the great fighting chief.† On a visit to England he was impressed by the way the pakehas there lived in harmony with each other and at peace with their neighbours. Could not the Maori people do the same? After his return the idea was soon being discussed in many a kainga. No chief was anxious for the job, but in 1857, at Pukawa, on Lake Taupo, the aged Waikato chief Potatau te Wherowhero, who has been previously mentioned in this record, was selected. The huge gathering of natives on this historic occasion included representatives of the Ngati-haua, Ngati-koroki, and Ngati-raukawa tribes from the Cambridge district. Potatau was duly anointed and invested with the dignity of his office at Ngaruawahia in 1858, the ceremony being performed by Wiremu Tamehana.

One powerful chief who opposed the setting up of the Maori King was Rewi Maniapoto, chief of the Ngati-Maniapoto of the upper Waipa region. In later years¶ he told why. "I objected because I saw that there could not be two chiefs for one house, or two captains for one ship. I said: 'Let us fight the Europeans and if they kill us all, let them take our lands!' "

Again the pakeha showed lamentable foresight in his dealings with the native race. The new king was his friend, and wished to remain so. Tamehana, although the great advocate of Maori self-government, was a restraining force from first to last on those of his race who were urging war. Through these two men much

†The New Zealand Wars. James Cowan, F.R.G.S., 1922.

¶Report from Mr. James Mackay Jnr., Civil Commissioner, to Native Minister (Appendix to the Journals of the House of Representatives of N.Z., 1873).

might have been accomplished. One of the things that the Maori wanted was proper laws, and someone to administer them. They were given these for a short time under Mr F. D. Fenton, afterwards Judge of the Native Land Court, but he was soon recalled.

An amusing instance of the application of pakeha justice by some Maori chiefs concerns Ti-ori-ori, a chief living at Maungatautari. According to Sir John Gorst, who tells the story, Ti-ori-ori's legal acumen would have done credit to Lincoln's Inn. He was accustomed to assign an hour to the hearing of each case. When the time was up he promptly cut short the pleadings or the evidence, and gave his decision. This enterprising judge was very useful to European "squatters" in the Waikato, enforcing their claims against the natives in his own court, and charging a commission on the amount!

Potatau's reign was brief. He died in 1860, and was succeeded by his son Tawhiao. The same year saw the return home of many of the Waikato warriors who had taken part in the Taranaki campaign where they had seen the pakeha defeated. Young men whose fathers had fought at Taumatawiwi, at Maketu and at Ohinemutu were chafing against Tamehana's restraining hand. They, too, were anxious to prove their valour against the pakeha. In the vivid language which characterises his work, James Cowan has set down the feeling of the Ngati-haua and other local tribes at this critical time:

"The stalwart men of Matamata, Tamahere, and Maunga-tautari had reluctantly remained in their kaingas when Potatau forbade Waikato and Ngati-haua to cross the Puniu River and released only Ngati-Maniapoto for the war on the Waitara. But now the old king was dead, and his runanga at Ngaruawahia had little control over Ngati-haua of the plains. Why should Ngati-Maniapoto have all the joy and glory of killing the pakeha? Were not Ngati-haua the kin of the great Waharoa, the most renowned warrior of the Island? So spake Te Wetini and other fiery blades. In vain Wiremu Tamehana urged prudence and foretold disaster. Wetini and his war-party must off to Waitara to kill soldiers themselves.

"The new season's potatoes planted, the Waikato-Waipa basin and the plains of Matamata were alive with

From the original sketch in the Old Colonists' Museum, Auckland.

A REBEL SURRENDERS.

Wirenu Tamehana Te Waharoa (William Thompson) making his formal surrender to Brigadier-General Carey, at Tamahere on 27th May, 1865. Advancing bareheaded, and laying his taiaha at the General's feet, the Maori Kingmaker said, "I and my people will fight no more."

the tufts of tussock and flax and in the reddened pools of water." Wetini Taiporutu was among the slain, having been killed in the retreat. Altogether the Ngatihaua and their allies lost fifty killed and as many more wounded in the engagement.

In the Maungatautari and Maungakaua villages and on the plains there was much grief and lamentation when the remnant returned home, and bitterer still was the feeling against the pakeha. The dead cried aloud for vengeance.

In an effort to placate the Waikato natives and to undo, if possible, some of the harm done by his predecessor, Governor Gore-Browne, Sir George Grey, in 1861, sent John Gorst to Te Awamutu (or Otawhao as it was still known) as magistrate and commissioner. If this had been done six years before there would have been no Maori King, and the history of the Waikato might have contained one bloody page the less. Gorst's path was a thorny one, and ended disastrously through no fault of his. With his final eviction by Rewi Maniapoto, and the confiscation by the same chief of the printing plant which produced his little newspaper "Te Pihoihoi Mokemoke i te Tuanui," or "The Lonely Lark on the Housetop," the stage was finally set for the Waikato War.

Wiremu Tamehana tried in vain to dissuade Rewi from precipitating further trouble by sending Gorst away under threat of death if he remained, and when he found that nothing could be done, came in person to warn Gorst of Rewi's intentions. In a letter to the Native Minister, written on 1st August, 1863, Gorst described his interview with Tamehana. "It was pitiable," he wrote, "to see a man of so noble character with so bare a part to play." In "The Greenstone Door," William Satchell gives a vivid pen portrait of the Ngatihaua rangatira: "Conceive an Irish peasant tanned to a rich bronze, with shock black hair and heavy, nearly-meeting eyebrows, and he is before you," he writes. "There was nothing about him to suggest his savage ancestry. His face was without tattooing, his forehead high and well-developed; his brilliant dark eyes were full of kindliness and intelligence. Only in the prominence of his cheekbones and a slight distension of the nostrils did the Maori reveal himself."

At least one competent observer* was hopeful that Tamehana would still be able to prevent the Ngati-haua from taking part in the impending conflict. Three months before, on 2nd May, the chief had summoned the Ngati-haua to assemble at Pukerimu to consider what attitude they should adopt with regard to Rewi, and his attitude towards Gorst, but nothing would deter the impetuous Maniapoto chieftain, and soon, to quote Cowan again, "Canoe paddles dipped and flashed all along the broad Waikato as the upper Waikato tribes, and Ngati-Maniapoto, Ngati-haua, and Ngati-Raukawa came hurrying down the river, eager to measure their strength with the pakeha."

* The Rev. A. Purchas, Letters to Native Minister, 1863.

CHAPTER XII.

THE WATCHERS ON THE HILLTOPS

JUST as they had lost no time in answering the challenge at Mahoetahi, the pakeha troops were soon on the move into the enemy's country. The winter months of 1863 saw columns of soldiers, in the strange, old-fashioned uniforms one occasionally finds today in some almost forgotten family album, marching south from the infant city of Auckland, along the road leading to Drury and the hostile country beyond. They were "grave, serious, thoughtful men, with bronzed faces and flowing beards." In spite of their venerable appearance, many of them were mere boys, but almost without exception, they were already veterans. It was no uncommon thing to find among them men in their late thirties with twenty or twenty-one years of military service to their credit.† Some had joined as drummer boys at fourteen and, for all their swagger, were not yet men.

As the mile-posts along the road from Auckland to Drury were left behind—you can still see them today as you flash by along the smooth concrete road—and the ascent of the densely-wooded Pokeno Ranges began, the road dwindled to a rough and winding cart track. It was a wearisome march up the steep, rough slopes and, in spite of the chilly July day, the soldiers were glad enough, when the top of the last ridge was reached, to throw down their packs, unsling their carbines and rest awhile, before commencing the descent into what was to most of them unknown, and to all of them hostile, country.

From this ridge on top of the Pokeno Ranges, the soldiers beheld a sight comparable to the promised land of long ago. At their feet lay a panorama of forests,

†Original Despatches of Lieut-General Sir Duncan Cameron, (Army Headquarters, Wellington).

lakes, and rolling hills, and winding through it like a silver ribbon, was a mighty river. It was Hochstetter who, on seeing the Waikato for the first time from much the same spot, described it in enthusiastic terms as rivalling in beauty the Danube or the Rhine.

In the clear winter sunshine the country to the south was a chequer-board of light and shade. The predominating colour was green—the green of forests of manuka and of fern—but over all lay the peach-bloom blue of distance. White clouds sailed in reflection across the still waters of the marshes which lay at their feet.

Along the skyline to the south lay a barrier of hills, dominated by a sharp peak. A blue silhouette immediately behind it was the top of Maungatautari Mountain under the shadow of which lay the district which was one day to be known as Cambridge, and where some of these English soldiers were to settle, build homes and establish families whose names are honoured here to this day. True, many of them were destined to fall before the trenches of Rangiriri and the ramparts of Orakau, but that fact lay mercifully hidden in the not-too-distant future.

When they had rested, the column of soldiers on the Pokeno Hills stood to, shouldered their packs, slung their carbines and marched down into the Waikato. Others followed them, until General Cameron, who commanded them, had ten thousand trained and well-armed men at his disposal. Never did the Maoris bring against them at one time more than a fraction of that strength. The result was a foregone conclusion.

The Waikatos met defeat in the sharp engagement at Koheroa which opened the War. They were pushed back from Mercer, only to be driven again from their strong entrenchments after the bloody engagement at Rangiriri. And, then as James Cowan so aptly describes what followed, "Up the Mississippi of New Zealand poured the steamers, the transport boats and canoes and the regiments and Naval Brigade of the British. Sorrowfully and angrily retiring, the Waikatos canoed up their ancestral waterway, chanting the old songs of war as their paddles dipped and rose, and dipped again, and now and then raising a waiata of grief as they swept past some old hamlet, some much-prized cultivation, or a sacred burial place of their tribe, sheltered by the

low-bending foliage of the forest.''

While many of their warriors had been trying in vain to stem the pakeha advance into the Waikato, those of the Ngati-haua and other tribes who remained at home in their villages around Cambridge had not been idle. As Rangiriri fell, and Ngaruawahia was abandoned by the Maori King, preparations for the reception of Cameron's troops, should they succeed in penetrating so far as the Maungatautari ranges, were pushed forward rapidly. The Roto-o-rangi and Pukekura foothills were only a few miles from the General's

By courtesy of Mr. James Cowan

THE SITE OF TE TIKI O TE IHINGARANGI.

A contour map, drawn in 1864, by an officer of the Royal Engineers, showing the site of Tamehana's stronghold at Te Tiki o te Ihingarangi, known since that date as the "Crow's Nest."

objective—Rangiaowhia, where most of the food supplies of the Kingite forces were grown,—and it was natural to expect that, if Rangiaowhia fell, the troops would then advance towards the hills to the south of Cambridge, which were strongly held.

The immense earthworks of Paterangi still stood between Rangiaowhia and the advancing troops, but even Paterangi might not be impregnable, particularly as Cameron's forces were strengthened by at least two Armstrong guns. Tamehana was a man of peace, but he was not a pacifist in the modern sense. He believed in getting ready for eventualities, and seeing to it that, should he be overcome, it would not be through weakness or lack of foresight. He had been a warrior first, remember, and he was Te Waharoa's son.

The hill from which Te Waharoa had made his dispositions which resulted in the victory of Taumatawiwi, Tamehana decided, would make an ideal site for a fortification almost as strong, if not so large, as Paterangi. Te Tiki o te Ihingarangi had been the site of an ancient pa, and it looked down an almost unscaleable cliff-face on to two pas still more ancient, and to the river which flowed through the gorge below them. Its weakness lay in its accessibility from the narrow plain which separated the swampland fringing the Pukekura Hills from the river. The easiest approach was a ridge which rose ever so gently from this plain. At the top of the ridge, on a flat expanse, Tamehana set his warriors to work digging trenches and rifle-pits, throwing up parapets and erecting a heavy timber palisade around the outer ring of earthworks.

A sketch plan of the pa, drawn after the war by an officer of the Royal Engineers, shows its extent, and how thoroughly the place was fortified. Facing in the direction of Pukerimu were three bays, laid out with geometrical exactness. From these, enfilading fire could be brought to bear on troops advancing up the ridge. A line of nearly a hundred rifle pits, each large enough to hold three or four men, and protected by low parapets, extended from the river end of the pa, right around to the back, which looked towards Maungatautari, and the field where Taumatawiwi had been fought little more than thirty years before. The northern end followed the edge of the hill, which dropped steeply into the Waikato. Here there were no rifle-pits, but a deep trench, traces of which still remain, and a parapet, and an outer palisade gave adequate protection against any attempt to scale the cliffs.

Today the only sign of the pa to be seen is a slight depression around the edge of the hill at this end. All the rest was completely "ironed out" by the pakeha pioneers who occupied the land when the war was over. The peaceful pastures where cattle graze today, show no other sign of what was once a grim fortress. Like Paterangi, Tamehana's stronghold was designed and built with the skill of military engineers of a high order—as the Maoris undoubtedly were.

The fact that the back of the pa facing Maungatautari was as strongly fortified as the front suggests that Tamehana did not overlook the possibility of an attack from that quarter. Although the hills joining the Pukekura range with Maungatautari were thickly covered with bush, they are not high, and it would not have been impossible for some of Cameron's troops—his Forest Rangers under Jackson and von Tempsky, at any rate—to have found their way over the ridges separating the Maungatautari country from the Kairangi Valley. They had the choice of two routes, although this was the more difficult, since it involved crossing swamps before the hills were reached. As it turned out the troops, when they did come, used the longer but easier route through Ohaupo and Pukerimu.

Tamehana evidently prepared for their reception if they had tried to attack him by way of the Kairangi Valley, or around the base of the Roto-o-rangi range. Every high point in this area today shows some evidence of Maori fortification. I have climbed most of them, and while, in some cases, it is difficult to place the period in which they were built, others show definitely that they were made, or at any rate strengthened, after the introduction of the musket into Maori warfare. This might have been anywhere between 1820 and 1860. Several of the hillsides are lined with rifle-pits. From below they are difficult to distinguish, as they merge into the contours of the hillsides, but from above they show quite plainly. These rifle-pits all command the approaches to the Pukekura and Roto-o-rangi hills from the direction of Te Awamutu and Rangiaowhia. Another steep eminence, several hundred feet above the Kairangi Valley, near the headwaters of the Mangapiko,

has trenches and embrasures in excellent state of preservation, suggesting that they are no more ancient than the Maori War period.

Some of these fortifications are so small that it seems likely that they were merely look-out posts. Pukekura Hill, now marked by a "Trig" station, is an excellent example of this. Another surmounts the hill on the side of which sheep-dog trials are held annually, and these are not the only ones. From any of them, on a clear day, one can see the whole of the Waikato Valley from Cambridge to Ngaruawahia, and from Pukemorimori to Pirongia.

The map reproduced above shows the position of the pa at Te Tiki o te Ihingarangi in relation to the river, and the country in the immediate vicinity. It also shows the site of a smaller pa which Tamehana had constructed on a point higher up the range. This pa, which is illustrated here, stood on the site now occupied by the water reservoir, and made an ideal observation post, within easy distance of the main fortification.

TYPICAL HILL FORT

An exact plan of the small Maori Pa, which formerly stood on the hill-top at Pukekura now occupied by the water reservoir.

It is easy to imagine the Maori look-outs, seventy-five years ago, searching the plain for signs of advancing troops. Their scouts would tell them of the progress of Cameron's forces from Ngaruawahia to Paterangi, and, from such an elevation, they might easily have made out the puffs of smoke which told of the bombardment of that stronghold. The place, from where the Armstrong guns were fired, earned for itself the ironical name of "Maumau-paura"—"Waste of gunpowder." These watchers on the hills did not relax their vigilance so long as daylight lasted. From other points on the Roto-o-rangi and Puahue hills they would

see the smoke from the burning whares at Rangiaowhia, which brought the garrison post-haste from Paterangi to protect their crops and food supplies.

These hill forts too would give sanctuary to the exhausted, bleeding warriors who were routed at Rangiaowhia. General Cameron, in his despatch on the battle, dated at Te Awamutu on 25th February, 1864, confirms this. "The natives fell hurriedly back before the leading files of the 50th (regiment) could reach them," he wrote to Sir George Grey, "and retired through a swamp in the direction of the Maungatautari road. The cavalry had an opportunity of charging them as they retreated, and did some execution. They made a further stand, but fled precipitately towards Maungatautari, leaving almost everything but their arms behind them."

Next day, when the warriors, who had come from Paterangi, also broke and fled before the bayonets of Cameron's troops, and the flashing sabres of the Colonial Defence Cavalry at Hairini, Tamehana knew that his preparations had not been in vain. Now his stronghold at Te Tiki o te Ihingarangi was definitely threatened, and his watchers renewed their vigilance. On the morning of 3rd March, 1864, their patience was rewarded, and they beheld a sight which must have suggested that all the taniwhas in the Waikato had merged into one great monster, breathing fire and smoke. What had begun as a smudge on the distant landscape, scarcely distinguishable from the blue haze in which the river lost itself towards Ngaruawahia, gradually grew, until a plume of smoke lay in the still air along the winding course of the river. Gradually, as the look-outs watched, it drew nearer. At last they could wait no longer. Mounting their horses a party of warriors galloped down the hillsides and across the plain to intercept the intruder, or, at any rate, to find out what was his purpose.

To those of the Ngati-haua who had made the three-day journey by canoe down the river to Auckland, a steamer was not exactly a novelty; and those who had fought in the earlier engagements of the Waikato War had seen these ungainly river craft, with their loop-holed turrets and death-dealing guns. The sight of one

so far upstream, in the heart of their own country must have sent a chill of terror through the breasts of those who had stayed at home to guard their kaingas, and particularly the women and children who had not yet set eyes on such fire-breathing monsters. To Tamehana it was an indication of the direction from which the attack, which he had so accurately anticipated, would come.

CHAPTER XIII.

A NAVAL OCCASION

HAVING, for the time being at any rate, broken the Maori resistance on the western side of the Waikato, General Cameron turned his attention to the Horotiu and Maungatautari districts. His river steamers, which had played such an important part in the operations at Rangiriri and Mercer, had so far not penetrated further up the Waikato than Ngaruawahia. It was essential that he should have accurate information regarding the depth of water, width of the stream, the sharpness of the bends, the strength of the current and any obstacle to be met with, before undertaking any operations against Tamehana's stronghold. His future lines of communication lay along the river, and he could not afford to have them interrupted.

With this in view, on 2nd March, 1864, two steamers, the "Koheroa," and "Pioneer," with the senior naval officer in New Zealand waters, Commodore Sir William Wiseman, R.N., and a detachment of the 65th Regiment on board, steamed into the mouth of the Horotiu River.* The name, in Maori, means "swift-flowing," and the "Koheroa" found that the stream did not belie its name. Except that the two steamers were ships of war, they did not differ much in their method of propulsion from the vessels which still carry goods up the river as far as Cambridge. They were driven by a stern paddle-wheel, but the engines of those primitive times were not so powerful as those of today. The passage from Ngaruawahia to the native village of Kirikiriroa took all day, which suggests that the engineers and stokers must have been very glad when the ship dropped anchor for the night. The same journey today takes the steamers little more than an

*The Waikato War, John Featon, 1879.

hour and a half. The future site of Hamilton, they found, consisted of only a few deserted whares, its inhabitants having wisely decided that, with the Waikato overrun with troops, an isolated and unprotected village was no place for them.

At daybreak next morning the Commodore, and some of the soldiers under the command of Captain Bulkley, transferred to the "Koheroa," which was commanded by Lieutenant Coddington, R.N., of H.M.S. Eclipse. The "Koheroa" then weighed anchor, and proceeded upstream, taking soundings as she went. The depth of water, it was found, was never less than eight feet, and in some places it was at least twenty. After thirteen miles steaming against a strong current, the steamer reached the head of navigable waters and came to anchor, close to the present site of Cambridge. A boat was lowered, and a survey party pulled ashore. A narrow strip of beach below where "Waterside," one of the best-known residences of early Cambridge, was afterwards built, and off which many a Cambridge youngster has learned to swim, suggests itself as the likely landing place of this party. The banks of the river are high and steep, and landing places are few, and far between. In 1864 the banks were bare of vegetation, and the loose pumice and sand, of which they were formed, did not make an ascent a particularly easy matter. Today the same banks are lined along the river's edge with willows, and higher up, with dense gorse.

The shore party was made up of Mr Boultain, R.N., Mr O'Meara, a surveyor, Captain Bulkley, of the 65th, and a few soldiers to act as a guard against a surprise attack by the Maoris. It must be remembered that this was a hazardous undertaking into the heart of hostile country, and those who landed, or even the steamer herself, were liable to a surprise attack at any moment. The country around, it was safe to assume, was swarming with natives ready to shoot them down if they got the chance. From the top of the hill above the river, the enemy's positions at Pukekura could be plainly seen. The watchers on the hills were themselves now under observation.

If you look down the main street of Cambridge

today, you will see three pine trees on the skyline. They mark the site of a fortification of considerable size, which would be visible to the survey party. The fortified points already described between there and Te Tiki o te Ihingarangi would also be visible, but the main stronghold itself could not be seen, in spite of the fact that there were no plantations of trees in those days to interrupt the view. What appeared at the time from the river level to be a hill was really only the terrace on which Cambridge now stands. It is on a level with the surrounding country, so that the survey party's view would be limited to the higher points.

The natives who had galloped down to the river at the sight of the steamer's smoke, came in sight of the "Koheroa" just at the time that the survey party was busy with its observations. They saw before them one of the most unlovely craft which ever floated upon the waters, but something enormous in comparison with their largest canoes. She had been put together in Sydney in less than six weeks. She was squat and stumpy, but, given room, she could turn in little more than her own length, a useful accomplishment in river work. A long superstructure amidships was loopholed for rifle fire. She had no masts, but an elongated funnel polluted the clear air with smoke. A tower amidships, just abaft the funnel, gave a commanding fire position, and protection to its occupants if the steamer were attacked from the river banks. The Maoris eyed her with respect, although to anyone else she must have looked like a half-submerged rock with a chimney on top of it.

While the warriors of Tamehana were taking stock of the steamer, their presence was suddenly realised, and the cry was raised by the shore party that the natives were upon them. They had no means of judging in what force the Maori scouts were, and to them the situation looked ugly. There was no cover, and like wise men, they lost no time in scrambling down the river bank—instruments, arms and all—jumping into their boats, and pulling out to the "Koheroa," which endeavoured to get under way without loss of time.

Things have a habit of going wrong at the most awkward moment. When Lieutenant Coddington gave the order to raise the anchor, it was found that it had

fouled the rocky bottom, and would not budge. While the soldiers were protected by the superstructure, the sailors were not, and the party on the f'o'c'sle must have had an anxious time, struggling with the cable, expecting to be fired upon at any moment. Luckily for them it was only Tamehana's scouts, and not a war-party, or the story might have had a much more serious ending. The anchor finally cleared the rocks, but the river at this point is narrow, and the steamer could not be turned in a hurry, and so she had no choice but to drift stern-first downstream with the current. There had been no time to hoist the boats, and passing too close against the cliffs, which rise abruptly in places from the river, one of the boats was crushed against the rocks, and floated away in pieces. She must have been skilfully handled, otherwise her stern paddle-wheel must have suffered the same fate at a tricky bend. It was not till after the Narrows were passed that the "Koheroa's" head was got round, and she was able to proceed in a little more dignified manner down to Kirikiriroa.

As they floated swiftly downstream from Pukerimu, those on board had time to notice columns of dense, black smoke rising not far from the spot where the steamer had anchored. Tamehana's scouts were evidently passing to their chief, the news of the pakeha invasion.

CHAPTER XIV.

THUS FELL A KINGDOM

EVENTS moved slowly seventy-five years ago. Today a whole nation can be absorbed by foreign troops in twenty-four hours, but in 1864 Tamehana had to wait nearly five months for the threatened attack by Cameron's forces, even though some of them had penetrated to within five or six miles of his stronghold. In the interval, however, the invaders were not idle.

Other steamers came up the river in the wake of the "Koheroa," bringing troops, tents, guns, supplies and other army impedimenta. They landed six or seven miles downstream from Te Tiki o te Ihingarangi, at a point on the same side of the river, where the high sandy banks open out in a series of terraces to form a roughly-shaped natural amphitheatre. On a small, triangular tableland on top of the third terrace, which rises abruptly for fifty or sixty feet, the ramparts of a redoubt soon began to rise.

The fort, which was protected in the rear by a winding, precipitous gully, was built right on the edge of the terrace. This side however, was just as deeply trenched as the other three sides. The redoubt was square, and measured about fifty yards each way. Tents for the general and his officers, and a flagstaff, occupied the centre of the enclosure, the earthen walls of which gave fair protection to its occupants. Semi-circular bastions were constructed at diagonally opposite corners, one facing towards Maungatautari, and the other westwards down the Waikato. On the level expanse between the fort and the ravine which gave it protection from inland attack, the tents of the garrison cut triangles of white against a background of inevitable green—the green of manuka and fern. The Maungakaua Hills, a few miles away across the valley, made a pleas-

ing setting, if the soldiers had an eye for scenery. More than likely they regarded all the surrounding hills as the home of hostile tribes, and let it go at that.

Today you can still see plainly the remains of the trenches and parapets of Cameron's redoubt. The former have been partly filled in, while the weather and stock have lowered the height of the latter. Except for some gorse on the river side, the fort is all under grass. In this respect it is unlike so many historic places in the Waikato, most of which have been obliterated altogether, over-grown with an impenetrable tangle of gorse and blackberry, or lost in fern on the hill-tops. The site can be easily found. It is on the Pukerimu side of the river, in a direct line between the Pukerimu Cemetery and St. Peter's School. To get to it, however, it is wise to go along the Kaipaki road for a short distance past the cemetery, to avoid the head of the steep gully, already mentioned.

While Cameron's troops were establishing themselves in their outpost at Pukerimu, and settling down to the monotony of garrison duty, events were moving a little more rapidly in the hills to the south, and on the plains towards Te Awamutu and beyond. At a meeting of tribes held at Wharepapa (about three miles south of the Puniu), following the double defeat of the Kingites at Rangiaowhia and Hairini, a unanimous decision to continue the war was reached. The Maoris knew that to have any chance of success, a fortified position must be taken up, but whether it was to be north or south of the Puniu was the question. Rewi Maniapoto suggested asking the advice of the Kingmaker, Tamehana, on the future conduct of the campaign.* Te Waharoa's mana of generalship had evidently fallen on his son.

Rewi and a small party of his followers, accordingly set out for Te Tiki o te Ihingarangi. They marched by way of Ara-titaha on the southern spur of Maungatautari. Unfortunately, they met there a Tuhoe war party, a hundred and forty strong, from the Urewera country, and including also about twenty warriors from the Wairoa, in Hawke's Bay. Some of this taua had

*The New Zealand Wars. James Cowan, F.R.G.S., 1922.

From the original sketch in the Old Colonists' Museum, Auckland.

PUKERIMU
IN 1864.

In March 1864, before the battle of Orakau, General Cameron established his headquarters at Pukerimu, not far from the present site of Cambridge. He built a redoubt, which was garrisoned by regulars from the 18th and 70th regiments. An artist's impression of the first serious incursion of the pakeha into the Cambridge district, which provides an interesting comparison with the air view of Cambridge overleaf, which was taken 72 years later.

Photo by J. F. Louden, Hamilton

fought at Hairini, and in other engagements of the war. The Tuhoe and Ngati-Maniapoto were old friends. It was the Urewera chiefs, strongly supported by the Ngati-Raukawa (some of whom had remained in the district after the big migration of 1829) who urged that a fort should be built at Orakau, as a challenge to the pakeha troops.

Rewi was inclined to caution, and suggested that the chiefs should all consult Tamehana before coming to a decision with regard to what form the renewal of the war would take. The Tuhoe however, were spoiling for a fight, and Rewi's wise counsel was not heeded. "If you Tuhoe persist in your desire for battle, I alone will be the survivor!" he told them angrily.

With the decision to offer battle at Orakau forced upon him by his allies, Rewi saw that there was nothing to be achieved by continuing his journey to Te Tiki o te Ihingarangi, and so he returned sadly to Waikeria. The classic story of Orakau is as well known as any event in New Zealand history, and so I propose to refer to it only so far as it directly concerns this narrative.

When the news that Rewi and his gallant three hundred had taken up their stand on the now-famous hill reached Tamehana at Te Tiki, he despatched as many Ngati-haua warriors as he could spare to their assistance. The approach of this party, nearly two hundred strong, from the direction of Maungatautari was seen both by besiegers and besieged.

"The Maoris in the pa had early observed the approach of reinforcements, and raised loud shouts in chorus and fired volleys, which brought responsive calls, although the intervening distance was more than a mile. A warrior in the pa, pitching his voice in the high-keyed chant that carries over long distances, called route directions to the advance skirmishers of the relief who had made their way across the swamps. Then the British riflemen and sap workers heard the Orakau garrison burst into the stamp and chorus of a war-dance. . . . .

"The Maori reinforcements, who were gathered at Otihi, on the Maungatautari side of the Manga-o-Hoi swamp, responded to this bellowing chorus with volleys of musketry and the chanting of war songs. The Orakau garrison saw them rush together in close column and

leap in the action of a peruperu, or battle-dance, with their guns and long-handled tomahawks flashing in the sun as they thrust them above their heads at arm's length. . . . Skirmishers from the party of reinforcements soon appeared on the nearer edge of the bush and fired at long range at the Forest Rangers' line, but could not venture across the intervening open ground."†

When Brigadier-General G. J. Carey advanced from Kihikihi against Orakau, the commander-in-chief was at his new headquarters at Pukerimu. He did not reach the scene of the battle until the third day, when the garrison, suffering from wounds, thirst, and hunger, was in desperate straits. The reinforcements from Maungatautari were unable to break through the ring of steel encircling Orakau, and consequently retired again to the fastnesses of their own hills, leaving Rewi, and his gallant warriors and women, to their fate. How the garrison, after their immortal challenge to the pakeha, broke from the pa, braving the bullets and bayonets of Cameron's troops, is well known. The story is told at length by James Cowan, in his "New Zealand Wars."

Back in his tent at Pukerimu, the General dictated his covering despatch on the battle. "It is impossible," he wrote, from his riverside fort on 7th April, 1864, to Sir George Grey, "not to admire the heroic courage and devotion of the natives in defending themselves for so long against overwhelming numbers. Surrounded closely on all sides, cut off from their supply of water, and deprived of all hope of succour, they resolutely held their ground for more than two days, and did not abandon the position until the sap had reached the ditch of their last entrenchment."

Among other despatches penned from Pukerimu, it is interesting to note, was the one covering Carey's report on the skirmish at Rangiaowhia. A year ago, at Army Headquarters in Wellington, I was privileged to handle the original documents. On the strong, blue paper, the ink is as fresh, after seventy-five years, as the day on which it was written. The signature, "D. A. Cameron, Lt.Gen." is that of a resolute man, a man of ability and of courage. The ultimate defeat of the

†The New Zealand Wars, James Cowan, 1922.

Maoris showed his ability. His courage had been proved beyond doubt ten years before, on the fields of Alma and Balaclava, and at the siege of Sebastopol.¶

Paterangi had proved impregnable, so far as any hope of capturing it by direct attack was concerned, and Te Tiki o te Ihingarangi might be equally impossible to take by assault. But just as the garrison had been drawn from Paterangi by strategy, so part of the force under Tamehana, at any rate, could be drawn from his stronghold. The Ngai-te-rangi of Tauranga had sent a large number of their warriors to help Tamehana, and, although they might have proved his strength, they were to prove his weakness. It was decided to attack Tauranga, where the natives were definitely hostile, where the rebels' main store of gunpowder was kept, and which provided the Kingite route between the East Coast and the Waikato.

When the news that their own country was being invaded reached the Ngai-te-rangi warriors at Te Tiki, they hurried home to fortify their lands against the pakeha troops. The Battle of Gate Pa was the outcome. With his depleted garrison Tamehana remained at Te Tiki, awaiting what might befall. His allies, through no fault of their own, had been compelled to desert him, and he could expect no help from the discomforted Ngati-Maniapoto, who had retired into the hills to the south.

General Cameron, who had moved his headquarters from Pukerimu to "The Elms," Tauranga (the residence of Archdeacon Brown, who has figured prominently in these pages), on 21st April, eight days before the disastrous attack on Gate Pa, was not able to return to Pukerimu for some months. It was not until the end of July that the stage was set for the final episode. In addition to the Imperial troops at his disposal, including the men of the 18th and 70th regiments who formed the garrisons at Pukerimu and Kirikiriroa, the 3rd Waikato Regiment reached the former place on 29th July, aboard the "Rangiriri." The remainder of the force for the attack on Te Tiki came overland from Te Awamutu. They brought with them the field guns which had burned so much powder fruitlessly at Paterangi, and with more

¶Defenders of New Zealand, T. W. Gudgeon, 1887.

deadly effect at Orakau. These troops marched by way of the lake district of Ohaupo, and through what is known as Kaipaki.

The following morning the bugles at Pukerimu sounded the advance, and the whole force set out for Tamehana's stronghold, seven miles up the river. At the same time, the "Rangiriri" (which, by the way, was a sister ship to the "Koheroa," already described) with part of the 3rd Waikatos on board, steamed slowly upstream, against the strong current. Above where Cambridge now stands the river narrows, and the steamer must have had a slow and difficult passage for the last five miles. As Cameron's forces halted, about twelve hundred yards from the pa, the skirmishers advanced towards it, a blood-red flag rose above the palisade, and the warriors manning the rifle-pits along the front of the pa opened fire. The range, however, was too great for their bullets to take effect.*

Like Julius Caesar, Cameron did not believe in asking his men to do anything he was not prepared to undertake himself. He advanced in person to the front of his troops, and took a good survey of the Maori position. The pa, as already described, was a tough nut to crack. Cameron's guns might have made some impression on its earthworks, but to carry the pa at the point of the bayonet, would have been a much more difficult task than the capture of Orakau had been.

Fortunately for those on both sides whose lives would have been wasted in this futile dispute over the fort, Tamehana did not wait for the bombardment. Wisely the chief decided that, so far as the force of arms was concerned, the Maori cause was lost. First Orakau, and then Gate Pa, had put the matter beyond doubt. There were no Tuhoe to urge him to hold out, and his allies were busy with their own affairs in the Bay of Plenty. The man of peace triumphed over the man of war, and, under cover of night, Tamehana and his people abandoned the pa. The river below Te Tiki flows swift and deep, but, in spite of the risks, every soul in the pa, including the Ngati-haua women and children, crossed without mishap, and reached Peria, near Matamata, in safety.

*The Waikato War, John Featon, 1879.

Except for an exchange of shots at long range at Ara-titaha, on the southern slopes of Maungatautari, the Waikato War was over. "Thus," as Cowan says, "fell the Maori Kingdom. Their lands went to the conquering pakeha. Across the pale of the Aukati† fled the exiled Waikatos, and there King Tawhiao, and many another sullen chieftain, dwelt for many a year afterwards, grieving, always grieving, for their lost ancestral lands, the wide valley of the Waikato, where now stood redoubts and farm-houses of the white man."

†The boundary of the confiscated Maori lands.

CHAPTER XV.

SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN

WHILE Tamehana's evacuation of Te Tiki o te Ihingarangi was in the nature of an anti-climax so far as the troops were concerned, there was no lack of incident or of excitement about a soldier's life, even though the war, so far as large scale operations were concerned, was over. When the troops, with the exception of the 3rd Waikatos, returned to Te Awamutu, where they were to remain until the end of the year, it was necessary for Cameron to maintain contact with the Pukerimu, Pukekura and other redoubts. Orderlies and despatch riders were frequently passing between headquarters and these isolated outposts. It was a duty by no means devoid of danger, as events were to prove. The way often led through thick bush or fern, along tracks which were better known to the natives than to the soldiers.

A contemporary writer stresses this aspect of active service in the Waikato in 1864. "Orderly duty in time of war," he says, "is the most dangerous and arduous work that the soldier is called upon to perform. Sometimes singly, or at the most, in parties of two or three, the orderlies have to keep up communication between the posts of an army in the enemy's country. Sometimes, in the dead of night, they have suddenly to mount and leave some strongly entrenched post for some other camp miles away across swamps and rivers, and surrounded by enemies who may strike at them at any moment. Every clump of scrub or bush may conceal the enemy, and they ride, as it were, with their lives in their hands."*

It was while returning from Pukerimu to Cameron's headquarters at Te Awamutu, that two such orderlies,

*The Waikato War, John Featon, 1879.

Sergeant Kenrick of the Colonial Defence Force, and another man named McCarthy, narrowly escaped with their lives from an ambush laid by the natives. They had ridden about six miles along the road, and were passing a spot where the fern grew thick and high, when about thirty natives, armed with muskets, suddenly rose out of the dense undergrowth and fired a volley at the two troopers. Sergeant Kenrick's horse was wounded in seven places, and that of McCarthy fell, riddled with bullets. How the two men did not suffer the same fate is one of the unaccountable miracles of warfare. Extricating himself from his fallen horse, McCarthy ran for his life after the Sergeant who, not realising what had happened, still held on.

Thinking they had the two men definitely at their mercy, the Maoris sprang from their ambush and started in pursuit. They would soon outpace the dismounted man, and the other could not go far with a wounded horse, it seemed. At this critical moment Kenrick looked back and realised what was likely to happen to his companion. Reining in his horse, he swung him round, unslung his carbine and, taking steady aim at the foremost of McCarthy's pursuers, fired. His aim was good and the native, a tall, ruffianly-looking fellow, staggered back wounded, and the remainder of the war party halted in their tracks. It did not take them long to recover from their surprise, but it was long enough for McCarthy to jump up behind Sergeant Kenrick. The gallant horse, although bleeding freely and bearing a double load, galloped off at its best speed, and soon had the two men well out of range of the war-party's tuparas. It carried them safely to within a mile of the camp at Te Awamutu, and then dropped, exhausted.

It is a pity that there are no rolls of honour for horses killed in war. A New Zealand poet, M. C. Keane, once wrote a poem on the subject. It is called "The Blind, Obedient Dead." I would recommend it to all who love horses. Men's bravery is, however, sometimes recognised. For the coolness and courage he displayed in saving his comrade's life, Sergeant Kenrick received a commission, and was recommended for the Victoria Cross. He did not get it, however, possibly because he did not belong to the regulars. It was to get over such anomalies as this that the New Zealand Cross, a decora-

tion of equivalent merit, was instituted.

Only a few days after this incident a Victoria Cross was won in similar circumstances, not far from the spot where Kenrick and McCarthy were ambushed. The men concerned were Lieut.-Colonel McNeill, one of General Cameron's staff, and his orderly, Private Vosper, of the Colonial Defence Force. While riding along the same road, near Ohaupo, they were fired upon by a party of natives—possibly the same one that had waylaid the other two men—who had hidden themselves in a clump of bush. Their shooting was not very accurate, but the sudden volley so startled Vosper's horse that he was thrown. Seeing his orderly's predicament, the Colonel coolly waited to give Vosper time to jump up behind him, then, putting his spurs to his horse, galloped away followed by a shower of bullets. For saving his orderly from almost certain death, at the risk of his own life, the Colonel received the coveted decoration.

Outpost duty in the enemy's country had its share of monotony as well as of excitement. When Te Tiki was abandoned, it was decided to convert the smaller pa illustrated on page 72, which occupied the hilltop above the main fortification, into a redoubt. Part of the main pa was similarly adapted. This was a strategic point for more reasons than one. It stood practically on the aukati line, which marked the southern boundary of the lands confiscated from the Waikato natives under the New Zealand Settlements Act of 1863.

The boundary of this huge area stretched from the Thames Gulf southward to Pukemorimori, then along the top of the Maungakaua Hills to a point called Opuahau, just behind where the Karapiro School stands today. From Opuahau, it swung south-westwards across the river, and along the hills, past the new redoubt, to Pukekura Hill, which is now marked with a trig. station, and thence in a straight line across the Roto-o-rangi hills to the Puniu river, near Orakau. After following this stream the confiscation line turned north again and, touching the top of Pirongia, ran on to the Mangatawhiri River, near Mercer. All the land inside that line was to be made available for white settlement, now that the natives had been cleared out of it. All beyond it remained in the hands of the defeated Maoris, and in course of time became known as the King Country.

The site selected for the redoubt at Pukerimu had two other advantages. Its situation guarded against the possibility of a junction of forces being made between Tamehana's people at Peria, and the Ngati-Maniapoto in the King Country. It also commanded a particularly wide view of the surrounding country, including Maungatautari, and the Maungakaua district across the river. Although Tamehana had retired to Peria, the latter hills were by no means deserted. They formed part of the new Maori frontier against the pakeha, and were in consequence, strongly held.

While officially known as the Pukekura redoubt, the elevated position of the place suggested the name of the "Crow's Nest," the men of the 3rd Waikato Regiment who manned it, being the crows. Cut off from civilisation as they were, their life was one of monotony, and with bad food added to boredom, it is little wonder that they rebelled. All their supplies had to be brought up the river to Pukerimu, then by packhorse for the remaining seven miles. There were no refrigerators in the 1860's. Complaints about food were looked on as mutiny in those days of military martinets. One of the men who formed the garrison at Pukerimu afterwards told James Cowan that those who had the courage to protest actively against the bad quality of the beef and biscuit served out to them were tried by court martial and flogged on the triangles. Things became so bad that, at one stage the whole garrison mutinied against the appalling food. The officers made a random selection of men for punishment, which was duly meted out with the brutality characteristic of the time. As a punishment on active service flogging was preferred by those in authority in those days, as the men could not be spared for imprisonment. Sometimes as many as fifty lashes were given.

There were wild pigs in the hills above the redoubt, but it was unsafe to penetrate far, as, once across the confiscation line, a hunting party might walk into an ambush at any moment. What pigs they were able to shoot in the thick bush which then covered ridges and ravines alike, provided relief from camp boredom, and a welcome variation of the camp menu. In spite of this mild, occasional excitement, the men who manned this elevated outpost had little cause to remember it with

affection. Some of them afterwards likened it to Siberia.

It was realised that something more than a few isolated redoubts, held by a handful of soldiers, was necessary to hold the country won from the Maoris for the white settlers who were to come. Large settlements were necessary, and the establishment of garrison towns was the solution. While the 3rd Waikatos were building a redoubt on the present site of Cambridge, and erecting huts, mess-rooms, stables and storehouses to provide for the creature comforts of men and horses, other colonial regiments were likewise establishing themselves at strategic points in the conquered territory—the 1st Waikato Regiment at Tauranga, the 2nd at Alexandra on the Waipa River, under the shadow of Pirongia, and the 4th at Kirikiriroa, which soon became known as Hamilton. To stiffen these larger outposts, four thousand regulars remained at Te Awamutu until the end of 1864, when the country seemed sufficiently safe to leave the task of guarding it to the colonial troops.

CHAPTER XVI.

"CAMP CAMBRIDGE"

IF you stand beside the water reservoir, on the site of the old "Crow's Nest" redoubt today, you will see, on the plain below, between the road leading to Maungatautari and the river, indications of a huge native settlement. The ground is pitted with "Maori holes"—ovens, kumara and potato pits, all partly filled in—indicating that a village, several acres in extent, must have once been attached to Te Tiki o te Ihinga-rangi. From the air it can be seen even more plainly. One can imagine the raupo whares clustered together on the plain at the foot of the pa, like a mediaeval village around the castle walls of its lord. Where this extensive native village once stood beside the river might have been the site of Cambridge.

There were several reasons for the first choice of site for the future town. It was pleasantly situated against the hills. It was close to the river, and lay open to the sun. In those roadless days, any settlement depended on the river for its supplies and contact with the outside world. The difficulty of navigating the reaches of the river above the site eventually selected gave the town-planners of 1864 no choice but to abandon the idea of building a town at Pukekura.

Five miles downstream from the Crow's Nest the river rushed through a narrow opening, between high, rocky banks, and widened out to receive the waters of the Karapiro Creek. This junction of the waters had formed a small, inland harbour, with ample turning room for river craft. A series of flat-topped terraces rose steeply from the river making ideal sites for a camp. A few hundred yards up the Karapiro Creek, the precipitous sandy banks swung back to disclose a huge, circular depression, something like a crater, the bottom of which was occupied by a reedy lake.

Here then, protected on three sides by the natural formation of the country, was an ideal site for a frontier town. It was open to the north, but an attack was unlikely from that quarter, and if it came, a swamp extending towards Hautapu and Tamahere gave some protection.

Fortunately for posterity, there was one man serving under Cameron's command who wielded a skilful pencil. This soldier-artist has left a sketch which he drew in 1864, showing just what the new settlement looked like in the very beginning. Its stark ugliness makes a striking contrast with the town as we know it today. The artist's viewpoint was from a point on the Leamington side of the river, about half-way between the present high-level bridge, and the natural harbour referred to above.

At that time, there was not a tree to break the monotony of the landscape. Indeed there was scarcely any vegetation at all, apart from the inevitable fern. Today the banks of the river are clothed with trees—willows, poplars and pines, with a tangled mass of gorse and blackberry between them, and in every direction rise plantations of trees—giants of fifty or sixty years old, for trees grow rapidly in this semi-tropical land—hiding the contours of the country. On each of the terraces on the Cambridge side of the river, tents and huts were dotted about. On the skyline, on the highest terrace of all, marked by another cluster of tents, was the redoubt, all trace of which has now vanished for ever. Its site is marked by the present courthouse.

On the Leamington side of the river were more shacks, and a tent or two. The bank on that side falls almost sheer into the stream. To give easier access, a cart-track had been cut from a narrow ledge on the water's edge to the top of the hill. You will still find the track there today, if you care to look for it. It is hidden from view from the Cambridge side of the river by a plantation of pine trees, on the opposite side from the wharf at the foot of Duke Street, but the formation is unmistakable. A punt at this point connected the two parts of the camp. A sentry or two, in flat forage caps, heavy shirts, striped trousers, blucher boots and short leggings, some other soldiers strolling about, and a jumble of bare sandy cliffs complete the picture.

To hold a land taken by force from another race, requires more than a few detachments of soldiers in fortified posts scattered about the countryside. Men were needed to settle on the land, to wrest a living from it, build homes, and raise families. In short, men were wanted to found and build up a new nation. This had been in the mind of the Government since the beginning of the war which, it will be remembered was brought about by the refusal of the natives to allow their lands to be used for white settlement.

Soon after the 3rd Waikatos, under Colonel William Charles Lyon, took up their quarters on the banks of the Waikato, the future site of Cambridge, including areas on both sides of the river, was duly surveyed. The proposed town was to cover about five hundred and fifty acres on each side of the Waikato, excluding roads, and a far-sighted provision for reserves, for which the people of Cambridge have so much cause for gratitude today. The plans were handed over to the regiment in December, 1864, only five months after "Camp Cambridge" (as it was referred to in the official correspondence of that time) was founded.

The men comprising the four Waikato Regiments had been enrolled as military settlers in the first place. The conditions under which they undertook to serve as soldiers* provided that, when their period of active service was finished, providing that their conduct had been satisfactory, each man would receive as his share of the conquered territory, one town allotment and one farm section, the amount of the latter varying according to the rank held at the time. It was also provided that they were soldiers first and settlers afterwards. Even though they might have received their sections, and been struck off the pay roll, they were still liable to be called upon to fight if the occasion arose. They were forbidden to leave the district in which their sections happened to be, without the permission of the officer commanding their regiment. Further than that, they were compelled to attend periodical muster parades, although it was the aim of the commanding officers to make this latter obligation as little irksome as possible.

The new year was celebrated among the officers and

*N.Z. Parliamentary Papers (Defence—Militia and Volunteers).

men of the garrison by drawing lots for their town sections. The procedure adopted guaranteed scrupulous fairness. As soon as the plans were received, the town was divided into eight equal parts, four on each side of the river, and the regiment itself into eight companies. Each company then drew lots for the particular eighth portion to which its members' choice would be limited. The first choice in each company's area fell to the staff officers and officers of the company, who selected their individual acre-sections in order of seniority. Next came the sergeants, and the other non-commissioned officers, each choosing the site of his future home in the same order. Then the privates drew lots for the remaining sections, in time-honoured style, the men's names being drawn from one bag, and a section number from another. The draw took place in the regimental orderly room, in the presence of the adjutant, at least one officer of each company, and all the non-commissioned officers and men who happened to be off duty. Among the lands and Survey Department's records in Auckland there is the original plan of Cambridge, showing the names of the men to whom each section was first allotted.

The fact that all the men were now land-owners, if only of an acre each, did not affect their military duties, and it is doubtful if they took their new possessions very seriously. It must have been difficult for them to picture a busy town arising in that unpicturesque and remote corner of a country half-conquered, and as yet, scarcely civilised. However, if it amused the government to give them, with so much ceremony, land which until a few months before had been owned by the natives, it was not for them to question it.

By February, 1865, further surveys had been completed, and the plans for five blocks of future farm-land in the vicinity of the town were handed over to the regiment. Instructions were received that these sections were to be allotted to the officers and men as soon as possible, and the men struck off pay accordingly. The men who received farm sections were in future to put in an appearance at a muster parade "on the first Monday in each month, commencing on Monday, 3rd April, 1865." Officers and men alike were warned that if they left the district for longer than a month in each year

or missed two consecutive parades without permission, they would forfeit their land, and lose any other benefits which might be due to them for their services. This injunction must have been honoured more in the breach than in the observance, for comparing the list of names of the men who were given land, with those who became permanent settlers, one finds that only a small percentage established themselves in this district.

The farm-land was apportioned in exactly the same manner as the town sections, the draw taking place on 27th February. Thus seven officers and three hundred and fifty non-commissioned officers and men were transferred, by a stroke of the pen as it were, from soldiers into soldier-settlers. It was the aim of the military authorities however that settlers in frontier districts such as Cambridge should be as little harassed by unnecessary drill as possible, and therefore, in 1872, the parades were reduced to once a quarter, when the men had four hours drill, for which they were paid.

The link with their regiment which they were compelled to retain was no idle restriction, as is shown by a request sent to the Defence Minister about this time by Colonel T. M. Haultain, commanding the Waikato Militia. The Colonel asked for and was granted authority to call out the men of the Waikato Militia for training and exercise, and for inspection of their arms and accoutrements. "It is possible," he wrote from Alexandra in February, 1865, "that circumstances may arise requiring all the available men to be called out for active service at a moment's notice." The Maoris might have been defeated, but they were still unsubdued.

CHAPTER XVII.

A REBEL SURRENDERS

THOUGH the Kingites had been driven out of the Waikato, they were still a danger to be reckoned with. Who knew when their scattered forces might once again combine in a second attempt to drive the pakeha into the sea. To leave them nursing their sullen discontent was not the government's policy. As a step towards their pacification, Sir George Grey decided to try to establish communication with their leading chief, the Kingmaker, Tamehana. The natives themselves had made no overtures for peace, and it was a difficult and dangerous task to reach the chief at Peria, which was some miles inside the enemy country, across the Maungakaua Hills.

At this time George Graham, a member of the House of Representatives, who was well-known to Tamehana and many of the Waikato chiefs, volunteered to go by himself and endeavour to persuade the chief to make peace. Although many, including Bishop Selwyn, urged him not to expose himself to such danger, he started out on his important errand. Going up the Waikato, Graham stopped for the night at the Narrows Redoubt. The next day he went on to Tamahere where a neutral chief, Te Raihi Toro-a-tai, a cousin of Tamehana, and his wife, Riria Raihi, were living. The Maungakaua ridges were lined with hostile natives, in such force that the troops at Cambridge stood to their arms from 3 a.m. till daylight anticipating an attack. To reach Tamehana Graham had to cross these hills, and risk an encounter with the hostile warriors.

For some miles after leaving Tamahere, the track was over the level country which now comprises the Bruntwood and Fencourt districts. It crossed some swamps and creeks, and reached the base of the Maungakaua range. In crossing one of these creeks

Graham was kicked on the ankle by a horse, and a painful injury resulted. His native companions considered this a bad omen, and begged him to go back. They reminded him that the top of the spur they had to pass over was held by the main body of hostile Maoris.

On arriving, with difficulty, at the top, the party was immediately surrounded by armed Kingite natives, one of whom recognised Graham, having once been employed by him. This link established, the natives treated their pakeha visitor with kindness, and did all in their power to relieve the pain of his swollen ankle. They also tried without avail to persuade him to turn back. The natives, no doubt in respect for his determination and his bravery in coming alone and unarmed, allowed him to proceed however, and he finally made contact with Tamehana at his settlement in the Matamata valley.

After a prolonged discussion, which lasted a day and a night, Tamehana finally agreed to go with Graham and make peace. His decision made, the horses were re-saddled, and the party set off back to Tamahere before it was yet daylight. Several native settlements were passed on the way to the summit of the Maungakaua ridge, where Tamehana's armed warriors crowded round him, and tried to shake him from his resolve, but he rode through them without a word, and commenced the descent into the Waikato, a number of leading chiefs following him.

At Tamahere, General Carey, the victor of Orakau, and his staff met Graham and the chief with due ceremony. It was a solemn moment in the history of the Waikato. Advancing bareheaded Tamehana stooped slowly down and laid his taiaha at the General's feet. This was his surrender. The General picked up the taiaha, and held out his hand, which Tamehana convulsively grasped.

To him the General said: "Tamehana, by your valiant acts you have proved yourself and people a brave race, and by your coming today and making peace, you will have won the goodwill and respect of every man. To make war is often easier than to make peace. You caused your people to go to war; you have now

ended it by making peace. Let this be for ever an end to our fighting."

Solemnly and sincerely the chief replied: "I and my tribes will fight no more. The fighting is at an end in the Waikato as far as I and my influence go."

Afterwards on the fly-leaf of a private letter, for want of better paper, the chief put his promise in writing. "I have made peace as witness my coming into the presence of my antagonist (hoariri) the General. The laws of the Queen shall be the laws of the King. (Signed), Wiremu Tamehana Te Waharoa."*

* The Waikato War, John Featon, 1879.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE ARMED CONSTABULARY

WITH the disbanding of the militia regiments, it became necessary to have some other armed force, not necessarily in such great numbers, to be permanently on duty in each of the settlements, ready to act on the instant, should the Maoris make an attack on the settlers at any point along the frontier. Tamehana's assurance that he would fight no more was a step towards permanent peace, but there was no knowing what Rewi and his people, or the King himself for that matter, might do. Thus the Armed Constabulary, a force recruited mostly from among the soldiers, and modelled on an adaption of the Royal Irish Constabulary which had proved effective in the new state of Victoria, came into being.

The first official return of Armed Constabulary in the North Island, dated 31st July, 1869,¶ shows Cambridge as having two officers, six non-commissioned officers, and thirty-six foot and mounted constables. The number varied from year to year, according to circumstances, but when the Armed Constabulary took over Pukekura, and later built a redoubt at Roto-o-rangi, the number in the district was considerably augmented. The highest total was in 1873, when the three stations between them held a hundred and twenty officers and men.

The duties of the force were strenuous, but varied. In addition to normal police and patrol work which they might have been expected to perform in such unsettled times (which included the prevention of selling arms and ammunition to the natives), the men were engaged in road-making, constructing and repairing bridges and culverts, sawing and carting timber, dismantling, removing, and re-erecting telegraph lines, brick-making, fenc-

¶ N.Z. Parliamentary Papers—Defence (Militia and Volunteers).

ing paddocks, not to mention building permanent quarters for themselves, and strengthening the defences of the station.

The men were also trained to act as telegraph linemen. Between 1st July, 1869, and 1st April, 1870, the Armed Constabulary erected a new telegraph line from Hamilton to Cambridge, a distance of fifteen miles. They also thoroughly repaired the war-time line between Cambridge, Ohaupo and Te Awamutu, a distance of twenty-two miles. Another task which sounds strenuous, and undoubtedly was, was the blasting and excavating of rocks in the river, preparatory to building the first bridge across it, just above where the Karapiro joins the main stream.

While the men were there to carry out the heavy work, the officers and non-commissioned officers were expected to make themselves familiar with every track and feature of the country under their charge. They had also to carry despatches between the various posts which included, in addition to Cambridge, Orakau, Kihikihi, Te Awamutu, Alexandra, Harapepe, Hamilton, Ngaruawahia, and places as far away as Raglan and even Auckland.

In an outpost such as Cambridge was in those days, two things were necessary—strength to resist an attack, and the comfort and well-being of the men forming the garrison. One of the first things the Armed Constabulary did on taking over was to strengthen the outside of the redoubt wall with fresh sods. In due course a new stockade was also built. This was made necessary by a shocking crime committed by the Maoris on the frontier at Roto-o-rangi, and the consequent fear of attack among the settlers.

The magnitude of the task may be gauged from the fact that nine hundred posts each twelve feet long, and from eight inches to a foot through were cut and split in the bush. After being carted five or six miles to Cambridge behind straining bullock teams, these posts had to be adzed smooth down the sides, so as to leave no chinks through which bullets might penetrate, should the Maoris decide to attack the settlement. They were then pointed at the top, and charred at the butt ends to preserve them, and planted four feet in the ground. Loop-holes for rifle fire were left at intervals by making triangular cuts in adjacent posts, so that

when they stood together they formed small square openings in the formidable wooden wall.

Inside the redoubt itself the buildings were improved and enlarged, and the four acres in which it stood was ditched and fenced with tea-tree stakes and wattling. In 1874 a barrack room, thirty feet long, was built, weather-boards sawn by the men themselves being used in its construction. Other additions were forage and saddle rooms, a waggon shed, a farrier's shop, new officers' quarters, and an orderly room. Three paddocks were fenced with posts and rails, 1,280 of the former, and 2,560 of the latter being cut, split and carted from the bush.

In 1871 the force was re-armed with Snider rifles, which were formidable weapons for those days, and were noted for the rapidity with which they could be loaded and fired. Previously the men had been armed with old breech-loading carbines, which were described officially as being "limited in range, wanting in precision, and subject to fouling and getting out of order." When it is remembered that in all their multifarious duties, the members of the Armed Constabulary worked with their weapons alongside them, not knowing the minute, or from what quarter, an attack might come, the quality of their arms assumes considerable importance.

To keep the men proficient in musketry, and also to relieve the tedium of garrison duty and hard physical labour, a target range was constructed on the terrace now known as Carter's Flat. It gave a maximum range of eight hundred yards, and was later moved and increased to nine hundred. Many a small boy during the next twenty or thirty years was to dig bullets out of the high banks of the Karapiro Creek, and draw a mental picture of murder, battle and sudden death. How disillusioned would those boys have been had they known that the presence of their prized bullets could have been accounted for by anything so prosaic as a rifle range!

As an example of the work carried out in the smaller outposts, at Pukekura, during the year 1874 a whare fifty-five feet long was built inside the redoubt and divided into two rooms. It was fitted up with

stretchers to accommodate thirty men. The details of its construction are interesting, and show how these men were able to adapt and make use of the only materials at hand. The walls of the whare were built of double rows of tea-tree watlings, which were filled in with puddled clay and chopped toetoe grass. They were plastered both inside and out to make them more weather-proof, and to make the interior more attractive, the inside walls were whitewashed. The building was thatched with rushes from the nearby swamps, and lined with raupo.

New officers' quarters were built from the same materials inside the redoubt, and a mess whare and cook-house outside the earthworks. In between building work, constructing five chains of road to link the redoubt with the new patrol road around the foot of the hills, splitting shingles, clearing eight acres of land and sowing it in grass, the men found time to cut and saw timber for a reading room. If they were to remain in such an outlandish place for any length of time, there was no reason why they should not make themselves as comfortable as possible. They also formed a bathing pool by banking up the flow of water in a stream from the adjacent hills.

An old map in the possession of the Te Awamutu Historical Society shows the first roads and patrol routes in the Waikato, and among them, the road across the Tua Tua Moana swamp, linking Cambridge with Rangiaowhia. This road was commenced by the Armed Constabulary in March, 1871, and completed about two years later. In these days of tar-sealing and concrete highways, it is most interesting to see how, with no mechanical appliances—no lorries, tractor-drawn scoops, steam shovels, stone-crushers and the like—they went about this formidable task. Their method involved heavy physical labour, but it was simple. First the route selected was "corduroyed" with large logs, the cutting, hauling by bullock team, and laying of which entailed intensely hard work. Then fascines (bundles of tea-tree) were laid on top, and then the whole covered with gravel, which, of course, had to be dug and loaded by hand. Deep-side drains were also dug to dry out as far as possible the foundation of the road. After thirty-six chains of this road had been constructed the work

had to be abandoned for the time being, on account of the enormous rainfall experienced in the district in 1871.

By the following year another mile or so of road had been formed through the swamp, but it was slow back-breaking work. A matai forest lay below the surface of the swamp, and much of this rough timber had to be cleared away before the logs on which the road was to run could be laid. Between thirteen and fourteen hundred fascines were also laid on this section, these having to be cut in the bush, tied into bundles, and carted to the place where they were required. The work must have been pushed forward at a fast pace, for, by the middle of 1873 the road formation across the swamp had been completed, although only partially gravelled. "Great credit is due to the men of the force employed on this work," wrote the inspector at Cambridge, Colonel Lyon, in his report to the commissioner on 16th June, 1873.

Another important road constructed by the Armed Constabulary was the link between Cambridge and Hamilton. By the middle of 1872, about three miles of the Cambridge-Tamahere section had been completed. This was a comparatively easy route, as the country, except for occasional gullies, was perfectly level and, what was more important, dry. Another eight miles had been formed and the necessary culverts built, before twelve months had passed, and soon the link was completed. Facts and figures about roads do not make very exciting reading, but since the time of Caesar, and probably before, the importance of roads in developing a new country, and holding it after it has been developed, has been realised the world over. The extensive roading plans in New Zealand today are an apt illustration of this fact.

Hard work must have agreed with the men stationed at Cambridge in the early days of its existence, for Sub-Inspector Clare, who was in charge of the station in 1875, was able to report to the District Officer at Hamilton, Colonel Lyon, that the conduct of the men had been exemplary. Offences against discipline had been few and of a trifling nature. He added that the men had exhibited commendable zeal and diligence.

CHAPTER XIX.

INTO THE WILDERNESS

WITH the land cleared of hostile Maoris, and adequately guarded against the possibility of attack, roads and bridges built, a steamer service plying on the Waikato, and provision made for civilian settlers as well as soldier-settlers to take up land in the confiscated territory, the stage was set for the coming of those to whom we refer affectionately today as the pioneers.

The wives and children of the soldiers joined them at Cambridge as soon as it was thought safe, but men still formed the vast majority of the population. In 1868 there were eight hundred and sixty-six men in the new settlement, but only eighty-seven women, and just under two hundred children. The discovery of gold at Thames, soon after this, carried off the surplus men. What were wanted were young married people, with stout hearts and stout muscles. Britain has never asked in vain for her sons and daughters to leave the comforts and safety of their homes to go out and develop new lands, and so it was with New Zealand.

A son of one of them, Sir James Parr, has paid a great tribute to the earliest settlers of Pukerimu, where he was born. "Where today are those fine old farmer-pioneers, and where those brave women, their wives?" he wrote in 1934. "I remember them in my childhood; and today, from my middle-age, I look back to them with feelings of respect and deep affection. Working day and night under the roughest conditions, building their homes in the wilderness, even constructing the little school for their children—what an example to the youth of today! Though they have gone to their long rest, they have left behind a virile stock which today largely peoples the district."

They are not here to tell of their hardships, but from a variety of sources it has been possible to piece together something of the mosaic of their lives. Al-

though only a fragment, it should give those who now live in the district they helped to found some appreciation of the debt we owe to them. The early settlers were not, for the most part, literary people, and few, if any, of them kept journals. Sheer exhaustion after endless days of hard work would probably have prevented them from recording their experiences in any case. It is a pity, for even one diary of a pioneer's life from day to day would have been a priceless record for posterity.

The colonists who made their homes in the Cambridge district came from all parts of the British Isles. Even such comparatively remote places as the Shetlands and the Isle of Man sent their representatives. Some came by way of Canada or Australia, but most of them came direct. At an age when many of their descendants today are starting out to make their way in life after leaving school, or completing their education at a university, many of these pioneers were marrying, and sailing away to the other end of the earth, with little prospect of seeing their homeland or friends again. Some of these young couples carried babies in arms. Sons and daughters were born to others on the voyage out.

There are none of them left today, but we think of them as we knew them—very old men with long beards, and lovely old ladies in lace caps, with a wealth of reminiscences about things that happened long before most of us were thought of. We should think of them as young and virile men and women, as they were then, full of the zest of living and of hope for the future. They were prepared for hardships, and, from the moment they said their last goodbyes, and stepped aboard the ships that were to carry them far from the life they had known, to a land peopled by savages, to a land from which few of them were ever to return, they faced them with stout hearts.

Steamers had not long existed, and sail still carried most of the world's passengers and commerce. None of these early immigrant ships was large, by present day standards. The barque "Queen of the Age" for example, was only 757 tons displacement, but she brought out 165 passengers. Another, the "Invererne," displaced 912 tons and carried 240 passengers. There was no Panama

Canal in the far off 'sixties and 'seventies and, although the Suez Canal was opened in 1869, sailing ships continued to use either the Cape Horn or Cape of Good Hope routes.

The voyage out occupied at least three months, and sometimes four or more. One of the earliest passenger steamers, the "Hereford" made a record for her time in 1878, by completing the voyage from Plymouth to Lyttelton in eighty days. Land was seldom sighted from the time the shores of England dropped below the horizon astern, until the green hills of New Zealand rose above it ahead. Gales sometimes drove them hundreds of miles off their course. Fires, shipwreck, and sometimes mutiny were dangers which were faced unflinchingly. More than one ship sailed on her return voyage never to be heard of again.

They came by devious ways to Cambridge; some in later years by way of other districts, but most of them through Auckland, then a straggling village which overlooked the Waitemata and the masts and yards of tall ships. At Auckland a three or four days' journey into the unknown interior lay before them. Had anyone told them that their children and grand-children would do the same journey by road in less than that number of hours they would have been frankly incredulous.

The way south lay along the same road that the soldiers had used. In a bullock-dray, climbing laboriously up long, steep ridges, and down into deep valleys, bumping in and out of ruts, bogged on occasions in mud, it was a long and wearisome day's journey over the Pokeno Hills to Mercer. A spring cart, or in later days a coach, may have provided slightly faster transport, but scarcely less uncomfortable, particularly for the young wives and their children.

At Mercer, goods and chattels, wives and children were transferred to the river steamer. It did not bump perhaps (except occasionally on a sand-bank or a submerged snag) but its progress was slow, and the end of the second day would see them probably no further than Ngaruawahia. As the river narrowed, and the current flowed faster, the paddle steamer would pant its way upstream on the third day, until, with a sigh of relief, the newcomers would disembark, with all their worldly possessions, at the Pukerimu landing.

This was the usual journey. One family at least, came all the way by bullock-dray, being four days on the road. The vehicle itelf survived long enough to be driven by a son of the same family in the Cambridge jubilee procession in 1936, and is still in existence. The experiences of another family, who came by way of Raglan, is worthy of separate record. After a four months' voyage round the Horn, they re-embarked at Auckland in a small coastal schooner. Six weeks later they reached Raglan. Nothing they met coming from England equalled the storm on the way down the western side of the island. North Cape must have proved just as difficult to negotiate as the Horn had been. Their relief at finding their feet on dry land after nearly six months at sea, can be imagined.

The river route was varied by some by disembarking at Hamilton, and completing the journey by coach along "what sufficed for a road, which led from a redoubt on the eastern side of the river to Cambridge, the next military settlement."

The country around Pukerimu where most of the earliest farmer-pioneers were to settle and establish themselves, was mostly covered in tea-tree and high fern. Rough tracks led away into the wilderness from the edge of the river where they disembarked. One such track led up from the left bank of the river, just below General Cameron's old headquarters. It can still be traced today, and climbing up it, one wonders how even bullock teams could have hauled the family possessions which had been brought all the way from England, up the steep clay slope to the plain where the future homes of these settlers were to be.

The first difficulty some of the new arrivals experienced was to locate their holdings. Survey pegs were sometimes almost impossible to find among the tea-tree; nor was their search entirely devoid of danger. The aukati line was only a few miles away, and the new-comers did not know when a Maori raiding party might descend on them with tupara and tomahawk. They had ever in mind the experiences of some of their own forefathers who settled Canada and the American colonies not so many years before. They had been told many a hair-raising tale of the days "when the French-led Indians, coming down from the North had burned

farm-houses, destroyed the crops, slaughtered the cattle, chopped down the fruit trees, scalped settlers, and stolen women and children, and so forced farmers to seek sanctuary in block-houses in the larger settlements."* With the possible exception of scalping, the picture was not overdrawn in its relation to New Zealand. They had everything to fear from the brooding Maoris across the confiscation line. Had they but known it they too were destined to flee in the night for the shelter and protection of the redoubts which guarded the district.

A tent, or a raupo whare built with their own hands, did service as the first home of many a young couple in those days. Unlike the wealthier colonists who settled Canterbury ten years or so before, they could not afford the luxury of bringing out houses in sections from England, and erecting comparatively comfortable dwellings on their holdings. Life for them was stripped of everything but its bare essentials. A typical house consisted of only two rooms—since eating and sleeping were the major human needs. It was built of pungas, lined with raupo to keep out some of the wind, and roofed with nikau or toetoe to keep out the rain.

A garden was essential, as the new settlers were thrown almost entirely upon their own resources, and had to rely almost wholly on what they could produce themselves for food. An enclosure of tea-tree stakes driven into the ground to form a palisade, and tied at the top with flax or raupo, was built around the whare, and the foundations of what one day, could they but have known it then, would be a beautiful home were laid.

Although the Maoris would not allow a white man to cross the confiscation line, they often came across it themselves into pakeha territory to trade. While the settlers' produce was growing, many a pioneer family was kept alive on wheat, potatoes or maize bought from the natives. The grain was often ground with a hand-mill. Later on, mills driven by water-power were established, where huge, circular stones ground out enough flour to supply the whole district. These supplies, supplemented by wild pigs, pigeons or eels, which they shot or caught themselves, provided a varied, if somewhat simple menu.

* North-West Passage, Kenneth Roberts, 1936.

When some kind of a home, however primitive, had been provided to shelter his wife and family, the next task facing the settler was to clear his land, fence it in, to prevent his own stock from straying, and other people's stock from invading his pastures, and to sow crops. Not only was it essential to cut down the tea-tree and bush, but all the stumps and roots had to be painstakingly "grubbed" out and burned to make way for the plough. This involved possibly the hardest physical work to which a man can turn his hand. In the eighteen-sixties there was no forty-hour week, no awards with provision for paid holidays, and no fixed scale of wages. These men toiled from daylight till dark, and were lucky to earn enough, or produce enough, to keep body and soul together.

Some of them dug ditches to drain their holdings, and planted gorse hedges or trees to divide them from their neighbours'. Later on, post and rail fences were used, but these were very expensive, owing to the high haulage costs, and money was a scarce commodity then. And so with muscles of iron and hearts of oak the pioneer settlers persevered, and in time permanent homes replaced the whares, and fields of oats and wheat waved in the breeze over land which formerly had been but a scrub-covered waste.

While the men faced endless weeks of hard manual work with axe, pick and shovel and plough, their wives faced tasks scarcely less arduous or less monotonous. Cooking arrangements were of the most primitive kind, being limited in many cases to an open fire and a camp oven. What would they not have given for electric ranges and refrigerators had such luxuries existed then? Carpets and expensive suites of furniture were not for these women. A plank floor—possibly the bare earth—and rough, home-made furniture did not make these pioneer dwellings havens of comfort, and yet few of these women ever complained.

What would be regarded today as household necessities were unobtainable in such a semi-civilised land. Supplies of any kind, clothing, boots, or groceries—were not exactly plentiful, and there was little money to pay for them if they were. A basket of eggs and home-made butter might be traded for some coveted trifle in the settlement at Cambridge, if the housewife cared to carry

them there on foot, or make the slow and bumpy journey in a dray. It was mostly a case of "live on your own resources, or starve." Water created another household problem. It had to be either drawn from a well, or carried some distance from the nearest stream, both equally back-breaking tasks. Electric hot-water services, had anyone imagined such things could ever be, would have seemed to them as fantastic a dream as a trip to the moon might today.

Monotonous and lonely were their lives. Each new day brought the same hard work, the same struggle for existence, the same loneliness, the same outlook of scrub and fern and distant hills. New faces were rare, and communication with one's neighbours equally so. It is recorded that the wife of one pioneer who settled at Pukekura as late as 1884 did not see another white woman for seven months. What then must have been the isolation of such women twenty years earlier? And added to the loneliness, was the ever-present dread of the Maoris.

Carrying on under such conditions was little short of heroic, and yet, in spite of their hardships, lack of hospitals and doctors, these undaunted women did not shirk large families. Many of them brought into the world ten or a dozen (sometimes more) strong and healthy children, and saw them grow up to carry on the burden of pioneering a new country.

Since I began this chapter by quoting a distinguished son of one of the earliest of the pioneers, I shall end it with the words of another—Mr Robert McVeagh, of Auckland:

"Oh ye of the later day think of their work, of their tremendous courage and of their desperate endeavour to succeed. Their task was almost hopeless. No markets were available to them, and no industries existed in the centres in which they had placed their homes. Their only asset was an invincible determination to wrest a living from the soil. Not theirs to acknowledge a repulse. With great disadvantages to overcome they grappled with difficulties almost unconquerable. Defeat was not theirs. Their intrepidity and fortitude was such that they almost overcame the very forces of Nature. Their achievement was heroic."

CHAPTER XX.

TENSION ON THE FRONTIER

THERE have been various "bogey-men" in history. One can imagine, without a great deal of effort, fond British mothers of the far-off B.C.'s warning naughty children: "If you won't be good, Caesar will get you!" In England too, about the time this chronicle opens, another generation of mothers were warning their offspring to beware of "Boney"—the dread Napoleon—who might at any moment leap the the Channel, and whisk them off to an unknown fate. In New Zealand, in the 'seventies of last century, the "bogey-man" held up to small children when they didn't behave, was Te Kooti.

Fortunately we no longer frighten our children with ogres, but in those days, it was not only the children who were frightened. Like a sinister black cloud, the menace of this Maori marauder hung over the whole of the North Island for seven years—from 1865 to 1872, and people had good cause to fear Te Kooti. From the time when, as an obscure native, better known as Rikirangi, he was serving on the government side in a fight at Poverty Bay, until he was finally defeated and forced into retirement in the King Country, Te Kooti kept the whole island, particularly the frontier settlements, in a state of fear and ferment.

After the fight at Poverty Bay, Rikirangi was made a prisoner by a friendly chief on suspicion of treachery, and sent with other prisoners to the Chatham Islands. The story of his assumption of the role of prophet and founder of a new religious cult, his escape, his voyage back to New Zealand in the captured schooner "Rifleman," his defeat of the troops sent against him at Pararatu in Poverty Bay—a prelude to a long series of military successes—the horrible massacre of thirty-three Europeans and thirty-seven friendly natives in Poverty

Bay, the cold-blooded execution of a hundred of his captured followers in retaliation, the dance he led the pakeha troops from the East Coast to the Bay of Plenty, and into the Urewera, his lightning descent on Hawkes Bay, and withdrawal to Waikaremoana, his defeat in the Taupo campaign, his retreat into the Patatere forest between Cambridge and Rotorua, and his reverse at Tapapa, not to mention his adventures in the next two years, would provide material for as thrilling a book as the most adventure-loving youngster could wish.

The opening weeks of 1870 were exciting enough for the new settlers around Cambridge. If reports were to be believed, Te Kooti, with about 200 followers, was heading again for the Urewera country from the direction of Wanganui; but with a desperate man like Te Kooti, one never knew what he might do next. If he came by way of the western side of Taupo, Cambridge was not so far out of his way as to be immune from attack. The Maoris in the district as well as the white settlers were alarmed. In Tauranga the Ngai-terangi were in a great state of perturbation, and asked to be given arms to defend themselves.

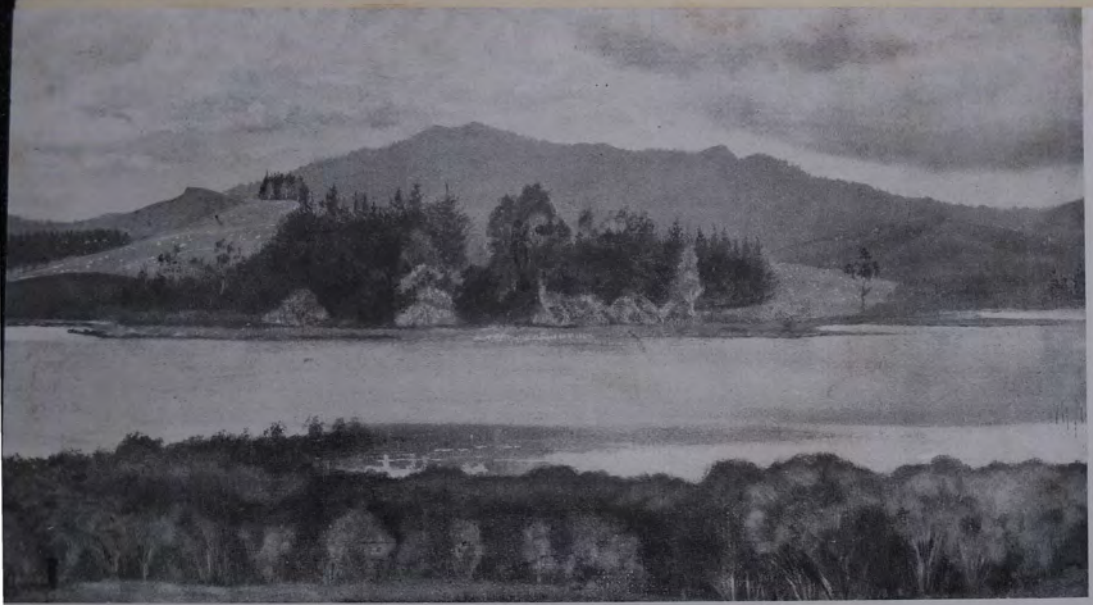
Te Kooti was of Ngati-maru descent, so that the Ngai-terangi hostility was understandable; nor were the Ngati-haua of the Cambridge district likely to be more friendly. Over forty years had passed since Taumata-wiwi, but the Maori did not forget his enemies easily. An instance of this occurred at Maungatautari as recently as 1937, when several Maoris, under the influence of liquor, discovered that one of their number was of Nga-puhi descent. The northern tribe's raids into the Waikato a hundred years before were still a bitter memory, and the descendant of the Nga-puhi warriors fled in fear of his life by car to Cambridge, to seek police protection.

The Kingites south of the aukati line were the unknown quantity, so far as Cambridge, Te Awamutu, Alexandra, and the other frontier settlements were concerned. How far King Tawhiao would be able to restrain his impetuous followers, it was impossible to say. It was thought that the majority of the King's people desired to remain at peace, but there were many of the young men who were only too anxious to join Te Kooti, or anyone else who would get up a war-party.

By courtesy of the Cambridge Borough Council.

DEFENDERS OF CAMBRIDGE.

The Cambridge Cavalry Volunteers composed of settlers, was formed in 1871 and disbanded in 1882. It was commanded by Captain James Runciman centre (top), the other officers being Lieutenants Richard Parker (left), and John Fisher (right). The non-commissioned officers are shown in the lower picture. Left to right (standing): Robert Fisher, Robert Kirkwood, George Halley, Jared Allwill; (seated): J. P. Campbell, Sergeant Fraser, and William Howie.



ROTO-O-RANGI (LAKE OF HEAVEN). *By courtesy of Mr. W. G. Park, of Puahue.*

Geologists tell us that the whole of the Cambridge district, and Central Waikato basin, was once a huge lake. Fifty years ago there was still a large lake at Roto-o-rangi. It covered a hundred and twenty-four acres, and was more than twenty feet deep. This picture, painted by an unknown English artist, shows Lake Roto-o-rangi in the early 'nineties, with Maungatautari Mountain in the background.

The first definite news that Te Kooti was anywhere near the district reached Cambridge on 8th January, 1870, when a report was received that he was at Ongaruhe, about thirty miles from Te Kuiti, where the King was. When this news spread along the frontier, orders were given at Alexandra for all the women and children to hide themselves in the Pirongia ranges at the back of the town. The report was found to be false, however, and they returned to their homes.

Lieut.-Colonel Thomas McDonnell, who was afterwards awarded the New Zealand Cross, was in the field with about six hundred men, only a hundred of whom were white soldiers, following Te Kooti's trail northward. At Rotorua the Arawa were friendly, and there was a chance of catching Te Kooti between two fires. On the day following the first alarm, the officer commanding the Armed Constabulary at Cambridge, Lieut.-Colonel Moule, received a telegram from the Defence Minister, Mr Donald McLean, telling him that if a messenger could be got through to McDonnell, instructions were to be sent to him to follow up Te Kooti and support the Arawa as quickly as possible.

Each of the frontier stations was in communication with all the others by telegraph, and fresh news was flashed along the wires as soon as it came in from the native scouts, or from any other reliable source. A European named Moore, who was living with the natives at Maungatautari, was one of the chief sources of information. On 10th January came a wire from Alexandra: "A native rode in about ten minutes ago, giving us all a caution to be on the alert." There was a mass of conflicting reports as to Te Kooti's whereabouts, and reliable native scouts were sent out to try and find out something definite about his movements.

On 12th January, Cambridge was electrified by a letter brought in from Maungatautari, to the effect that some Hau-haus had arrived there, saying that Te Kooti was coming from Aotearoa to strike both natives and Europeans alike. A messenger was sent by Colonel Moule to enquire the truth of this, and the fact of Te Kooti's arrival at Aotearoa, which was only twenty-eight miles south of Cambridge, the previous night, was confirmed.

From the clipped, official language of the corres-

pondence* between Moule and the Defence Minister at this time, it is possible to sense the feeling of tenseness which must have permeated the very atmosphere of the settlement during those eventful days. Each day brought fresh news or a new rumour. The scattered farms invited attack, and the settlers hurried their womenfolk and children into Cambridge. They were safe behind the stout wooden palisade and sod walls of the redoubt, while the men, who were, most of them, still soldiers, you will remember, went off to fight Te Kooti. The children too knew that here at any rate, the "bogey-man" Te Kooti could not get them.

A few hours after the letter from Maungatautari, came a message from Alexandra: "Te Kooti has turned up at Patatere. He met one of our natives on his road, and sent this message to Te Kuiti, that 'if he could not take his evil to Te Kuiti, he would take it in another direction'." The direction, for all the settlers knew, might be Cambridge. Then came another message, from a friendly native, that "Te Kooti is now sitting at Tapapa."

In spite of his natural antagonism to the pakeha, King Tawhiao sent a messenger into the Waikato (a woman, incidentally), with the warning to "be on the look-out all of you towards Orakau. The Maoris at Te Kuiti are all in arms, going after Te Kooti, and the Wanganuis are also in pursuit." Reporting this to his superiors in Hamilton, Moule added hopefully: "I think it will be a case with Te Kooti this time."

Te Kooti himself was shrewd enough to realise the double danger of opposition from his own race, as well as from the white troops. He therefore let it be known among the natives that he had not come against them, but against the pakeha. He asked them to keep out of the impending fight.

Meanwhile preparations to meet the danger threatening the frontier were hurried forward. On the day these messages were being exchanged a steamer left Ngaruawahia with reinforcements of Armed Constabulary for the garrisons at Cambridge and Alexandra. At Tapapa, Te Kooti was in a most strategic position which enabled him, should he choose, to strike at Cambridge,

*Appendix to the Journals of the House of Representatives, 1870.

Tauranga or Rotorua with equal ease. Even Thames was apprehensive of an attack. Then came the disquieting rumour that the whole of the tribes and hapus of Ngati-raukawa on the eastern side of the Waikato, and in the area extending to Tauranga had joined "this madman who is troubling the peace of this island" as the harassed Defence Minister, McLean, so aptly described him. Apart from his sinister reputation, Te Kooti was said to have at his back at least three hundred well-armed warriors.

About twenty miles nearer the danger point was the homestead of Mr J. C. Firth, who had leased from the natives five years before, a huge tract of country which now comprises the Matamata district. Firth had his own ideas of Te Kooti, and did not hesitate to express them in the right quarter. Being much nearer to Te Kooti's new base at Tapapa than the Armed Constabulary officers at Cambridge, Firth took upon himself not only the responsibility of keeping those in authority informed, but of acting as mediator between Te Kooti and the white settlers who had so much cause to go in fear of him.

On 15th January Firth telegraphed, through Cambridge, to the Defence Minister, reporting Te Kooti's arrival at Tapapa, and adding that the notorious rebel had come secretly from the west side of the Waikato expecting that support and ammunition would reach him by way of Ohinemuri. The following day Firth telegraphed again: "I think Te Kooti is tired of fighting, and would surrender if he thought the government would spare his life and those of his companions." He had, he said, suggested a meeting with Te Kooti on neutral ground.

Te Kooti agreed to meet Firth, and appropriately enough, the place decided upon was the monument erected to that great man of peace, Wiremu Tamehana, who had died only three years before. An assurance was forthcoming from Cambridge that no hostile movement would be made until the meeting between the two men had concluded. On 17th January Firth came face to face with Te Kooti, the man on whose face few white men had looked, and lived, since his escape from the Chatham Islands in 1868.

He saw before him a shortish, stoutly built, broad-

shouldered man of about thirty-five years of age. He was without tattoo marks, and his large chin and powerful jaw gave the impression that he was a man of strong and resolute will. Te Kooti was dressed in European clothes—woollen cord trousers and top-boots, with a grey shirt, over which he wore a loose vest. The gold chain with a greenstone ornament which was his only decoration, seemed slightly out of place on a man with such a grim reputation. At his back were some of his followers, all well armed. Some carried Enfields, others older-pattern breech-loaders, and one or two had fowling pieces. All their arms were in excellent order. The Maori warrior knew how to keep his firearms clean, and he polished them with loving care. At Te Kooti's feet sat "a well-dressed woman, about twenty-five years old, of a handsome, but melancholy cast of countenance."* This was his wife.

Firth himself came unarmed, and that fact may have had the same effect on the rebels as Brown's bravery, in similar circumstances, had on the Ngati-koroki war-party from Maungatautari, about the time that Te Kooti was born. Firth's only supporters at the homestead were four native men, and two women. Thus one pakeha and six natives stood between Te Kooti and Cambridge. As soon as they had heard that Te Kooti was coming all the natives at Matamata had left in a hurry for the protection of the Maungakaua Hills. Before sundown on the 14th (the day on which they learned that Te Kooti had reached Tapapa) every horse and cow, and every particle of moveable property belonging to the Maoris had been removed from Matamata. The intrepid old settler was no less aware of the danger in which they all stood. He sent his young sons to Cambridge, but he himself stayed.

"It was quite evident," he told the Defence Minister, in the letter already quoted, "that if I abandoned Matamata, the whole part of the country from the Waihou River, at the base of the Patetere Ranges, across the Maungakaua Mountains to the confiscation line close to Cambridge would fall into the hands of Te Kooti, from which I knew it would be no easy matter to dislodge him."

*J. C. Firth, letter to Defence Minister, 20th January, 1870.

To Firth, Te Kooti said: "I do not wish to fight any more. I wish to live in peace at Tapapa. If the Government will let me alone, I will never fight again, but if they jump on me from all sides, I will up and fight!" The next day, after his return to Tapapa, Te Kooti sent a message to Firth reiterating his wish not to continue the struggle further. "Fighting has ceased by me," he said, "ceased entirely. But I will not go to Auckland. Friend, let your trying to kill me cease!" Te Kooti was obviously not prepared to face the white man's court of justice. He had too many slain pakehas on his conscience for that.

Firth lost no time in communicating the result of his interview with Te Kooti to the Government, and in reply, he received this curt note from the Agent-General at Auckland: "I cannot parley with Te Kooti at presnet." If Te Kooti had been pardoned then, instead of more than a decade later, much useless bloodshed might have been avoided, and the war shortened by at least two years.

CHAPTER XXI.

ESCAPE OF TE KOOTI

TO those familiar today with the motor road from Auckland to Rotorua, and more particularly, that part of it between Cambridge, Tirau and Tapapa, with its smooth tarred surface and sweeping curves, such a report as this makes quaint reading: "The natives say," Lieut.-Colonel Moule wrote on 19th January, 1870, "that the country from Cambridge to Te Kooti's pa is quite an open plain, and carts can be driven through without difficulty." The Te Kooti scare is only seventy years old, but the face of the country has changed beyond all recognition in that comparatively short space of time.

With the refusal of the government to entertain Te Kooti's overtures for peace, which Firth had tried so bravely to bring to a successful conclusion, Cambridge became the spearhead of the operations against the rebel leader. The pakeha country, it must be remembered, ended about five miles out from Cambridge, in the direction of Rotorua. The exact point today is marked by the Karapiro School on one side of the river, and by the Pukekura Hills on the other.

To get into touch with Lieut.-Colonel McDonnell's forces, which were advancing through the comparatively unknown country to the south of Cambridge, along the route taken by Te Kooti, and to get supplies through to them, it was necessary first to occupy the country and establish a chain of military posts to guard the new line of communication. At least two hundred men were required for the purpose, but Moule at Cambridge had only a hundred and eight of his Armed Constabulary. On 20th January the Colonel reported that he intended to call for volunteers from the hundred and eighty militia who had assembled at Cambridge.

What he lacked, however, was provisions sufficient

for such a force. There was barely enough food in Cambridge in the opening weeks of 1870 for the immediate needs of the district itself. He asked Auckland to send down supplies for a force of nine hundred men—enough to keep his own men and McDonnell's seven hundred from want. The latter force consisted of a hundred white soldiers, of whom only twenty-five were mounted, and six hundred natives. Most of Te Kooti's men were mounted, and therefore he was able to move much faster than his pursuers. Pack-saddles, too, were needed to transport supplies into the broken, roadless country in which McDonnell was operating.

There was, at that time, a good dray road through the hills to Matamata. This was one of Firth's epic achievements in the short time he had been established in the Maori country. He had met opposition at first. His house and stockyards were burned, his cattle killed, and armed patrols of natives had traversed his land, threatening the lives of himself and of those he employed. When the Maoris tried to starve him out by closing the Waihou River to his canoes, which were his only means of communication with Thames, Firth set to work and made this twenty-mile road across the Maungakaua Hills to Cambridge. He did this at his own expense, and by his own effort, without looking to the government or anyone else for assistance. Firth's road was the only link between Cambridge and the great plain lying between the Patatere Ranges and the Waikato River—the country, in short, where Te Kooti was —and the only way over which wheeled transport could pass.

Finding that the government was determined to press on with its campaign against Te Kooti, Firth did not hesitate to protest in strong terms. In a letter to the Defence Minister, written on 22nd January, he pointed out that "every man in the Waikato district under fifty-five years has been pressed into active military service; the women and children are either crammed into barracks, or left trembling at their unprotected homes. Meanwhile the cattle are unattended to, the harvesting has been abandoned, and in ten days more, the result of one year's labour will have been lost. In short, about as much damage to the harvest will have

been done as would be effected by a raid by Te Kooti."

The day before he penned this letter, Firth had written an equally blunt epistle to Colonel Moule at Cambridge, refusing to help him in any way. "Mr Williams informs me that you ask if I will supply bullocks and paddocks at Matamata. In reply, I have to say, that I consider the war you are rushing into unnecessary, and that the government is not warranted in undertaking it. I will not therefore supply either bullocks or paddocks for the use of the troops."

The stern old pioneer made yet a further attempt to persuade the Minister to let Te Kooti well alone. If the government would only do that, Firth urged, Te Kooti would sink into oblivion. In the course they were pursuing they were running the risk of having him magnified into a national hero.

Meanwhile Colonel Moule was doing his best to carry out his orders. While Firth was putting his indignation on paper at Matamata, some friendly Ngatihaua arrived in Cambridge with the news that Te Kooti was at Okauia, and that he intended to remain there until McDonnell's forces from Taupo, and those from Cambridge should have closed in on him. Then he intended to slip off to the Urewera country, by way of Rotorua. Moule also received official information that a force of three hundred Arawa was ready to march from Rotorua when ordered, and that a hundred Armed Constabulary and fifty volunteers were ready to start from Tauranga on the word of command being given.

McDonnell had been ordered to halt at the nearest point to which provisions could be sent from Cambridge, until the signal for a combined movement, which would catch Te Kooti in a trap, could be given. A steamer with supplies could be expected at Cambridge between 7 p.m. and 8 p.m. on 22nd January. Cheering news also reached Cambridge from the south. King Tawhiao had ordered all the Ngati-raukawa settlements not to join Te Kooti. Rewi Maniapoto, who also had no love for the rebel, had taken other steps to prevent the Ngati-raukawa from joining Te Kooti.

On 23rd January, further intelligence of Te Kooti was received in Cambridge, through "a respectable Maungatautari native named Marsh"—possibly that

same Marsh (or a direct descendant) who had been one of the Rev. A. N. Brown's teachers thirty-five years before. Marsh came into the camp from Patatere with the news that Te Kooti had taken up a strong position in the bush behind Tapapa, his horses being in a clearing behind the pa which he was then engaged in building. According to Marsh, Te Kooti only intended to wait long enough to watch the movements of the various forces operating against him. If he found himself being closed in he would slip away by one of the many tracks leading from his position towards the Rotorua Lakes. Marsh left Cambridge the same afternoon with an urgent letter from Moule to McDonnell, giving him details of the supplies which were on the way, and how they would reach him.

At daylight on the 24th January, Colonel Moule and his escort marched from Cambridge to meet McDonnell's troops. Reliable native scouts, who knew every inch of the country, went with him. He rode as far as "a place called Hinuera," where he hoped to meet McDonnell, as Hinuera was thought to lie on the probable line of the latter's advance towards Patatere. A few hours after Moule reached Hinuera, he sent in a report to Commissioner St. J. Brannigan, of the Armed Constabulary Force, whom he had left in charge at Cambridge, to say that McDonnell was within five miles of Te Kooti's position and had already captured one of his picquets, killing one man and capturing three men and a woman. McDonnell intended to attack Te Kooti at daylight on the 25th, without waiting for reinforcements, unless he found the place too strong. Moule asked for the despatch of an additional hundred men from Cambridge that night.

McDonnell had sent a message to Moule at Hinuera, expressing his relief that supplies were on the way. His men, he said, were getting quite weak from want of meat, and from the constant marching through rough, roadless country.

On the morning of the 25th Colonel Moule moved on from Hinuera with 120 men. He left behind him an officer and twenty-five men to protect the post. At Tirau, where he was within ten or twelve miles of McDonnell, he established another post, similarly guarded, and

pushed on, with his mounted constabulary and four days rations, to join McDonnell the same night. Along the line from Cambridge to Tapapa, via Hinuera and Tirau, a plentiful supply of provisions and supplies of all descriptions was soon flowing to hearten McDonnell's weary troops.

While Moule was on his way from Cambridge, McDonnell had not been idle. In a despatch received in Cambridge on 25th January, to be forwarded to the Defence Minister, he told how his second-in-command, Major Kemp (Kepa te Rangihiwinui), N.Z.C., with two hundred friendly natives under his command, had tried to get round to the left of the enemy's position and remain there during the night, ready for the attack next morning. McDonnell himself, had planned to set out at daylight with the rest of his force, taking a circuitous route to the right of Te Kooti's pa.

Fortunately McDonnell was delayed next morning, and just as he was preparing to start, the camp was attacked from the bush by the enemy, who were in considerable force. Te Kooti's followers, who carried an English flag so as to be mistaken for friendly natives, were speedily driven off, but not before McDonnell had lost one native killed and six wounded, and one European dangerously wounded. The enemy left three dead behind, and must have suffered severely, as they received a volley from the camp at a range of only fifty yards.

A heavy fog prevented McDonnell from following up his success. It was so thick that he could not see anything fifty yards off. McDonnell's men did not have a round of ammunition, apart from what they carried in their pouches, and this had been further lightened by the brush in the early morning. Had Te Kooti known this, he might have returned and taken the camp with comparative ease.

While Moule's force of fresh men were riding to reach McDonnell by nightfall, with supplies and ammunition, Brannigan despatched from Cambridge six kegs of ammunition, with a mounted escort under Inspector Pitt. Their orders were to ride all night, so that they would reach McDonnell's camp by daylight on the 26th.

The news reached Cambridge on the morning of

the 26th that Kemp had captured sixty of Te Kooti's horses on his way back to the camp. This was most important, as the speed with which the rebel force could move was seriously restricted. Following this welcome news, came a report that the number of horses captured was a hundred, and that Kemp had shot twenty more. McDonnell expressed his intention of mounting as many men as possible on the captured horses, and riding next morning (i.e., the 26th) to Horahora, or somewhere in that direction, to intercept Te Kooti, should he attempt to retreat by way of Maungatautari into the King Country.

The search for Te Kooti in that direction was unavailing, and leaving Colonel Moule to occupy Tapapa, McDonnell set off after Te Kooti, who had followed out his original intention of retreating towards the Rotorua district. Here the rebel met defeat, largely through the magnificent work of Captain Gilbert Mair, N.Z.C., and his fighting Arawa, and retreated into the almost impenetrable Urewera country.

While McDonnell was playing a grim game of hide and seek with Te Kooti, among the wild ravines and heavily wooded hills between Tapapa and Rotorua, the people of Cambridge had no definite knowledge of the direction Te Kooti had taken. With the constabulary and militia absent, the district was quite defenceless, and at the mercy of Te Kooti, or any other marauder. It was feared that the Ngati-maniapoto might seize the opportunity to descend on one or other of the scattered and unprotected frontier outposts. There were not enough arms for the men left in the district, and no reserve of ammunition. The crops too (as Firth had previously pointed out) were suffering from the absence of the militia, and permission was asked to strike third-class men at Hamilton off pay, in order to provide much-needed labour for the frontier settlers.

On 30th January the militia contingent from Cambridge was sent home, and the settlement breathed a sigh of relief, and settled down to comparative quiet, after all the excitement of the previous three weeks. By 7th February only fifteen men of the Constabulary had returned home, the remainder continuing to occupy the posts established at Hinuera and Tirau, on the line

to Tapapa. Even after the scene of operations had shifted to Rotorua and the Urewera, Cambridge continued to be a clearing house for messages and despatches to and from the fighting front.

For two years after Te Kooti had withdrawn from Tapapa, he remained at large, and although he was operating mostly in the hilly fastnesses of the Urewera, he was still a potential menace to the isolated settlements. Cambridge was not able to rid itself entirely of the bogey of Te Kooti until 1872, when the rebel leader, after a series of defeats, withdrew into the King Country, by way of Maungatautari.

Realising that the forces arraigned against him were more than he could hope to contend with, Te Kooti with only a few followers, finally set out for Te Kuiti. Early in May, 1872, word leaked out that Te Kooti had been seen in the neighbourhood of Maungatautari, but the district had no longer cause to fear him. A beaten man, he was fleeing for sanctuary, and being at least a hundred and seventy miles ahead of his pursuers, he reached the King's headquarters in safety, there to remain until he was finally pardoned a decade later.

CHAPTER XXII.

ON THE WAR-PATH

AFTER more than twenty years, there are still repercussions from the war of 1914-18, and from this fact it can be realised that, following any war, there is a period of uncertainty for all concerned. To pick up the thread which links past events with what is to follow, it is necessary to go back to the surrender of Wiremu Tamehana at Tamahere in 1865.

Once the Waikato campaign was over the King-maker loyally supported the new order of things inaugurated by the establishment of native land courts. His sagacious intellect recognised at once the advantage of pakeha order and justice. In the Cambridge district, particularly, the ownership of large areas of land was in dispute, owing to the various tribal wars and migrations. Maungatautari, for instance, was claimed by Ngati-raukawa, Ngati-haua and several other tribes, including even the Arawa, on the grounds of conquest, occupation, or inheritance.

A native land court sat at Cambridge on 17th October, 1866, and after various adjournments, finally disposed of the question on 16th April, 1871, by dividing the disputed land into two blocks, Maungatautari No. 1 and Maungatautari No. 2, so that each of the principal claimants received a share.

But Wiremu Tamehana only survived the Waikato War by two years. He died in December, 1866. Almost immediately the Hauhau section of his own tribe, the Ngati-haua, and kindred tribes, abandoned his policy, and strenuously opposed any native land passing into pakeha hands. King Tawhaio and his runanga laid it down as a royal decree that the sale or lease of native lands to Europeans should be stopped on pain of death.

When one considers the question from the Maori point of view, one cannot but feel that their cause was just in their own sight. After all they had been in possession for centuries before the pakeha came with his bayonets and guns; and they had already lost heavily. Before the Taranaki War of 1860 the Ngati-haua, who were then in occupation of practically the whole of this district, possessed about 400,000 acres of land, the equivalent of an area twenty-five miles square. Of this they lost 150,000 acres by confiscation, and of the remaining quarter of a million acres, 158,745 were already either leased or sold to pakeha settlers.† Maori land was communal, but looked at from an individual point of view, the share of each of the six or seven hundred warriors in the tribe had been reduced from six hundred acres to about a hundred and forty. Certainly the loyal portion of the tribe (about seventy warriors) had received 15,000 acres of very valuable land at Tamahere, out of the confiscated lands, and the rebels who had surrendered had had another 10,000 acres reserved for them at Tauwhare.

According to Mr James Macky the Ngati-haua of those days were great spendthrifts, and were also addicted to drunkenness, so that of the 15,000 acres at Tamahere, 12,000 soon fell again into pakeha hands.

About 1866 Captain (afterwards Major) Wilson—part of whose palatial home still stands on the banks of the Waikato at Cambridge, in the street which bears his name—entered into arrangements with the friendly portion of the Ngati-haua tribe to lease the Pukekura and Puahue blocks. About the same time a Mr Hamlin negotiated for a lease of the Maungatautari block. Mr R. E. M. Campbell was engaged to survey the whole of these areas. He met with no opposition from the natives, except in the case of the Pukekura block where two of them, Hori te Tumu and Mohi Purukutu, objected.

Captain Wilson however obtained his leases which, on 12th December, 1868, he transferred to Messrs Walker and Douglas. The new lessees lost no time in entering into occupation of their holding. They built a home-

†Report by Mr. James Macky, Civil Commissioner to Native Minister 10th July 1873. (Appendix to Journals of House of Representatives, 1873.)

stead which they called Moana-tua-tua, after the adjacent swamp, but which was later called Moanavale, and is now well known as Monavale. Dray roads were made to various parts of this huge estate, one of which led into the foothills towards the confiscation line. At first they met with no opposition from the natives, but this desirable state of affairs was not destined to last very long. On 6th September, 1870, three head of cattle belonging to Walker and his partner were shot at Maungatautari. On 20th July, 1871, a hut situated near Pukekura, on the pakeha side of the confiscation boundary, was burned. Two days later a bullock was killed and carried off. Ten sheep were also destroyed on this occasion by the marauding natives. The same day another party of Maoris drove about seventy head of cattle off the Puahue block, three being drowned in a stream. Two horses were stolen from a paddock on Maungatautari just after Christmas the same year. For a time no further losses were suffered by the owners of the new estate, but the natives kept the settlers in a state of continuous tension by driving their cattle about on the run.

Things came to a head early in 1873 when, on 24th and 25th January, a meeting of Kingite natives was held at Maungatautari, where the so-called "law" of the Maori King, forbidding land deals with the hated pakeha was discussed at length and confirmed. Mention has already been made of Mohi Purukutu. This native had previously taken upon himself the guardianship of the aukati line between Wharepapa and Otewa, beyond the Puniu River. He seems to have regarded the meeting at Maungatautari as a direction to himself to resist any pakeha inroads on to Maori land, and particularly Mr Walker's occupation of the Pukekura block, which, of course, lay across the boundary, and included the whole range of hills between the Kairangi valley and the Hauoira stream, beyond Te Tiki o te Ihingarangi.

His first step was to gather around himself a small band of nine trusted followers, including Hori te Tumu who, with Purukutu, had opposed the survey of the Pukekura block five or six years before. Exactly a month after the Maungatautari meeting, the first serious incident occurred. Some employees on the Walker estate were engaged in cutting a ditch on freehold land near

Roto-o-rangi, inside the confiscation line, when two of Purukutu's followers, Parao Tuhua and Pere Kapereira Poutururu, appeared. They were armed, and went to walk past where the men were working. Without warning Tuhua struck one of the men, James Laney, on the head with his taiaha, inflicting a very severe wound.

Although seriously hurt, Laney was not put out of action, and he and his companions promptly seized his assailant. There were several of the Armed Constabulary cutting fascines in the neighbourhood, but for some unexplained reason, Tuhua was finally released and allowed to depart.

Emboldened by their successful attack on Laney, Purukutu and his band shortly afterwards let it be known throughout the district that three Europeans were to be killed—one as utu for the Turangamoana (Firth) lease, one for the bridge over the Waikato at Te Niho o te Kiori, and one for the Manukatutahi survey. At the same time they mentioned that their particular desire was to capture and kill some of the friendly natives who had been concerned in the sale and leasing of Maori land to the pakeha.

About the 10th April Robert Kirkwood, then a non-commissioned officer in the Cambridge Cavalry Volunteers, was playing cricket in the town when an elderly native came up to him. "Some Europeans will be killed shortly," he said.

Kirkwood laughed, but the Maori was not to be put off. He intended his warning to be taken seriously.

"Who is going to do the killing?" Kirkwood asked, his tone suggesting that he was not very much impressed by the suggesion of impending tragedy.

"The Hau-haus," replied the old native. "They will murder, but they will not fight!" He himself was a Hau-hau.* and said so.

"Where will the killing take place?" Kirkwood then asked, showing a little more interest. The Maori raised his hand and pointed towards Walker's station.

"It might be there," he said, "or there," swinging

*"The Pai-marire or Hauhau religious cult, which welded so many tribes in a bond of passionate hate against the pakeha . . . . was a blend of the ancient faith in spells and incantations and magic ceremonies, with smatterings of English knowledge and English phrases and perverted fragments of church services. Ridiculous as they were when analysed, the sum of the teachings had a most powerful effect upon the impressionable Maori."—James Cowan

NO LONGER UGLY.

In the 'seventies, Cambridge was described by a visitor as "an ugly little place." Even in the early years of the present century, when this picture was taken, it was still unlovely — a township of weatherboard buildings and muddy streets. Today it is known throughout New Zealand for its picturesqueness.

ON THE WAIKATO

Called by James Cowan "the Mississippi of New Zealand," the Waikato River has played an important part in the history of Cambridge. The town was built at the head of navigable waters, and for many years river-steamers were the only means of communication with the outside world. Steamers still carry cargo up the river.

CAMBRIDGE TO-DAY.

The changes which three-quarters of a century have wrought are well illustrated in this picture, which shows the main business area in a setting of autumn leaves. It is to the foresight of its pioneers that Cambridge owes its beautiful surroundings to-day.

"N.Z. Herald" photo.

round and pointing to Buckland's station, "or there," swinging further round and pointing over the Maungakaua hills towards Firth's holding. Such warnings had been filtering through from the frontier for two years or more, and Kirkwood made light of the old Hau-hau's warning.

"You will think of what I have said when I am gone away," said the Maori, and he left Kirkwood to continue his interrupted game.

But confirmation of the warning was not wanting if the men who received them could have compared notes. A fortnight later, on Wednesday, 23rd April, a friendly native called Turika te Kura told David Jones, a stockman employed on the Walker estate, to take care of himself, and to tell Mr Walker to bring all his men in to the station to sleep. The natives were out in the fern, he said, and he did not know what they were going to do.

Te Kura's information had come from another native named Matinga, who had come on foot all the way from Aratitaha, away at the back of Maungatautari, in order to bring it. "Tell Jones to be careful," said Matinga. "The natives have determined to kill him!" Te Kura came into Cambridge, and sent a boy to Jones to tell him to meet him there. Jones came the same evening, and Te Kura told him what he had heard. He repeated the warning to Jones to sleep at the station, and to come out to work each day, instead of living almost on the dangerous confiscation line. He warned him too to carry a gun.

With two other men, Charles Rogers and Timothy Sullivan, Jones was camped in a whare not far from Pukekura Hill, near the furthest boundary of the Moanatua-tua estate. At the time of which I am writing, they were making a piece of fascine road across a narrow strip of swamp land, just across the confiscation line at Roto-o-rangi. Jones did not think the warning serious enough to warrant leaving his job and tramping some six miles across the swamp road to tell the people at the homestead, but he told his mates about it.

He had often been warned before, and familiarity had bred contempt. When Laney was attacked two months previously, the same native, Te Kura, had told Jones to go and stop at the station until he could get

another message through to say that it was safe to return to the frontier line. But this message, like the later one, was disregarded, and not passed on. This had been going on for two years. Jones had sometimes mentioned the warnings to Mr Parker or to Mr Walker when he thought them of sufficient importance.

On the day on which Jones received the warning to tell Mr Walker to bring all his men in to the station to sleep, Purukutu and two of his followers came, from the direction of Maungatautari, down the ridge which forms the eastern boundary of the Kairangi Valley. They were well armed, and were on the look-out for a victim. They crossed the gully which carries the Mangapiko stream out towards the swamp through which it flows before joining the Mangaohoi near Te Awamutu, and climbed the next ridge, which gives access to the Pukekura Hills.

The track which they followed is still there among the fern, which covers the ridges between the Kairangi Valley and Pukekura. I have ridden along it on horseback, shoulder-high in fern. The track follows the highest point of the ridges, twelve hundred feet or so above the plain, and gives a magnificent view from Pirongia to Horahora. It bears evidence of having been hollowed out by the passage of many brown feet. The cattle who roam the hill-tops use the route today, but the track was not made by cattle. It continues on, through native bush, towards Cambridge, being carried at one point over a natural bridge, which falls away steeply on either side, to emerge in view of the plain on the confiscation line, between the Pukekura trig-station and the old pa now marked by a clump of pine-trees.

Oblivious of the danger which lay in his path, a friendly Ngati-haua, Parakaia te Korau, set out towards the confiscation line in search of a straying horse. He climbed the hills, and was following the track already described back into the Maori country, when, in the thick bush, he encountered Purukutu and his two followers. Purukutu had let it be known that he was just as keen to kill any native who was friendly with the whites, or had helped them to lease any native lands, as he was to kill a pakeha. Purukutu looked sufficiently terrifying. He carried a bayonet which had once swung at the hip of some pakeha soldier who had fought in the

Waikato campaign, as well as a gun, and a well-filled cartridge box. His companions were similarly armed, except that they did not have bayonets. Parakaia was in a tight corner, but instead of being shot out of hand, as he had every reason to fear, he was conducted by his captors southward along the way they had come.

After crossing the Mangapiko, they climbed the hills again, up what are now grassy slopes from which all sign of the old track has long since vanished, past two abandoned hill forts (the remains of which are still to be seen), to a village called Te Koukou, near the head of the Kairangi Valley. Here they found seven other armed natives—the remainder of Purukutu's band.

After putting Parakaia through the Maori equivalent of the third degree, and satisfying themselves that he had had no part in any land sales or leases to the whites, they agreed to spare his life. Escorted by the ten armed natives, Parakaia was then taken a mile further on along the hill-tops to a village called Ngaho-ko-whitu, which stood near where the ridge, which runs down at the back of Roto-o-rangi towards Puahue, joins the main Maungatautari range. Here they all remained until about midnight, when seven of the party left, the others remaining to guard Parakaia.

The seven were absent all the next day and the following night, and did not return until daylight on the 25th, when Parakaia heard excited voices outside the house where he was imprisoned. Then he heard a woman call out "Kua patua" (slaying has taken place). Not long after this Parakaia was released. His captors gave him no explanation, but said sternly, "Go!" Parakaia departed without loss of time by way of the Maungatautari side of the range, and finally reached Cambridge, where he learned of the shocking tragedy which had taken place at Roto-o-rangi.

While Parakaia was being forcibly prevented from carrying the news to Cambridge that a Maori taua was on the warpath, Mohi Purukutu, and three of his followers, Hori te Tumu, Whina, and Herewine Ngamuku, retraced their steps to Pukekura in search of Europeans to kill. Three of the seven which left Ngaho-ko-whitu remained as a guard at Te Koukou. Purukutu knew, of course, that men were working for Mr Walker on the Pukekura block, which had been recently surveyed, and

some of them, they hoped, would fall easy victims to their guns.

On reaching the point where the path divides, one branch leading towards Pukekura, and the other down the hillside and across the plain towards Moana-tua-tua homestead, they saw a man, George Lloyd, driving a cart loaded with fascines along the foot of the hills towards Roto-o-rangi. From this they rightly surmised that there would be other Europeans working at the place to which the fascines were being carted. Lloyd's life was spared in view of the chance of bigger game and, blissfully unconscious of the fact, he acted as guide to the band of intending murderers part of the way along the track towards Roto-o-rangi.

The four followed the dray around the foot of the range, and turned after it into a fold of the hills along a recently-built dray-road which, for the next mile or so, followed much the same route as Hannon's Road does today. Instead of crossing the first few ridges and running round the foot of the inner hills on the edge of the swamp however, the track followed the high land and, swinging around in a rough semi-circle, continued down a long spur which runs south-west, alongside and parallel with the confiscation line, and ends in a small knoll. The place can be easily identified today. The road runs around the foot of it and, swinging sharply to the right over a small bridge, follows the confiscation line exactly for about two hundred yards, before swinging to the right again towards the Roto-o-rangi school. The knoll itself is marked today by a clump of acacias, which conceal the remains of an ancient Maori fort.

An arm of the swamp penetrates the hills at this point and divides the ridge from the rolling Roto-o-rangi country where today, some of the finest farms in the Waikato are to be found. Mr Walker, who evidently knew good land when he saw it, had arranged to lease some of this land, which was part of the Pukekura block, from the natives, and the three men already mentioned were engaged in making a fascine road across the narrowest part, that is, where it emerged from the hills at the foot of the knoll. The new piece of road lay just outside the confiscation line, beyond which it was death, according to King Tawhaio's decree, for a white man to venture.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A SACRIFICE TO TU.

IT was just after noon, and Jones, Rogers and Sullivan, after a hard morning's work, began to think of their mid-day meal. Lloyd had unloaded his fascines, and most of them had been laid. By this time he was probably on his way back with another load. They crossed the road on which they had been working, to get some wood from among the tea-tree on the other side of the swampy inlet to light a fire. The sun shone from a clear April sky, white clouds floated overhead, a distant bell-bird flooded the landscape with melody. With their appetites sharpened by the keen autumn air and strenuous toil, the men looked forward to food and a short rest and "smoke-o." There was no suggestion of impending tragedy in the air.

They had just reached the far side when a dog barked. It belonged to Jones, who had left it to guard his coat on the Cambridge side of the swamp. Jones looked back to see an armed native standing at the spot which they had just left. Seeing himself observed, the native drew back into the undergrowth. Then the men saw three or four other natives less than a hundred yards away. They were all armed, and were coming down the hill towards them. Through the stockman's mind flashed the warnings he had received, but disregarded.

"My God, boys, we are dead men!" he exclaimed. "The natives are on us!"

The Maoris began to cross the swamp.

"Let's run," said Rogers, and the three men made off as fast as their legs would carry them. Without arms they were as good as dead unless they could out-distance their pursuers. There was no escape unless they could get back across the swamp and up the steep hillside which lay between them and the confiscation line. Purukutu and his warriors were between them and the

nearest way to safety—the new road. The only course left was to run for the head of the gully, a mile or more away, and to cross where the swamp narrowed and the water was shallow enough to enable them to reach the shelter of the bush on the other side, without being caught and shot down while floundering in the mud.

Along the edge of the swamp raced the three men, first one and then another forging ahead. The Maoris were swift-footed and close behind, but the manuka was thick in places, and they could not get a clear view of their quarry for long enough to take aim and fire. It was a grim example of the often quoted maxim of the survival of the fittest. Of the seven men who ran a race with death along the edge of the swamp that day, the least fit was Sullivan. There is a local belief that he had been celebrating, not wisely but too well, in Cambridge the previous night, but there is not an atom of evidence in the official records, which deal exhaustively with the day's grim happenings,* to support this. Cambridge owes a lot to Timothy Sullivan. The sacrifice of his life had such a wide-spread effect throughout the country that the frontier was put into a state of defence which was the means of saving the settlers, from Cambridge to Alexandra, from the same ghastly fate. In justice to his memory we should discount this unfair impression.

For three-quarters of a mile or so the grim race went on. In their flight the men had had to cross another branch of the inlet, where the going, for men with empty stomachs, must have been gruellingly heavy. It told more on Sullivan than on the others. At length, almost exhausted, and with just enough breath left to pant out: "Go on, boys . . . Take care of yourselves . . . I'm done," he stumbled towards the doubtful shelter of a clump of manuka, and sank to the ground.

With his despairing cry ringing in their ears, the other two sped on. It was suicide for them to have stayed—the useless sacrifice of three lives instead of one. Jones kept his head, but up till this time Rogers was so excited and confused that, as he admitted afterwards, he hardly knew what was happening. Jones was leading the race, and a few yards further on, Rogers turned his

*Evidence at Inquest into the death of Timothy Sullivan, held at Cambridge, 25th April 1873; Proceedings of Judicial Enquiry, 5th June 1873, and the Mackay Report, 1873.

head to see a native drop on one knee with his gun pointing at Sullivan. Apparently he pulled the trigger and the cap misfired. At least that was Rogers' impression. A minute later the two men heard the report of a gun. They did not look back.

The native who had shot Sullivan was Mohi Purukutu himself. Having killed one white man his hot blood lusted for another victim, and he raced on after Jones and Rogers, who had gained ground in the meantime. One of the others, Hori te Tumu, who had discovered Sullivan, stayed behind to complete the grim work.

For what must have seemed like miles the chase went on, until, nearing the head of the gully, Jones thought it feasible to make a last dash across the short space of swamp and scramble up the steep hillside beyond. Some minutes before, Whina and Herewine Ngamuku, directed by Purukutu, had crossed the swamp to cut them off. The atmosphere of the hunt was accentuated by the fact that a large black and white smooth-haired dog was loping along beside them. For the Maoris a swamp presented little difficulty, as they were almost as much at home on the semi-submerged flats as among the fern on the hilltops. One of them, catching sight of the two men about five hundred yards off, stopped and fired, but a hard race is not conducive to good marksmanship, and the ball went wide.

As they scrambled up the hill and across the confiscation line (which had been clearly marked on the ground by surveyors), the Maori who had fired the last shot called out: "Stop Jones! There is an end to it. You are at the boundary."

After their exhausting run, Jones and Rogers were forced to slacken speed, but they stumbled on as fast as they could, to bring the news of the tragedy to Cambridge. Meanwhile Lloyd, blissfully unaware of what had taken place ahead of him, drove on over the hills to the scene of the road-making, on his second trip for the morning. One of his employers, Richard Parker, was following with another dray, also loaded with fascines. Jones and Rogers, being higher up the range, could see them heading for the danger point, but they were too far away to give any warning.

Lloyd arrived first at the place where the three men had been working when he was there earlier in the day, and unloaded his fascines. Then he went down to the edge of the swamp to get some water. He came up the hill again, lit a fire, and put the billy on to boil, preparatory to cooking dinner. The three men he had expected to find there could not be far away, and would be back soon, he naturally thought.

Parker, who had arrived meanwhile, "coo-eed" for them, but got no answer. Mystified by the strange disappearance of all three, the two men were wondering what to do next, when Lloyd happened to look up from attending the fire, and saw a Maori coming towards him along the track down which they had just driven their drays.

Two more natives appeared soon after, on the rise of the hill, about half a mile away, on the opposite side of the swamp. They were Mohi Purukutu and Hori te Tumu, fresh from the slaughter of Sullivan, although Parker did not know that, yet. The fact that the men he had expected to find had completely disappeared, and that armed Maoris were in the vicinity, naturally made Parker suspicious that something was amiss. He walked about three chains up the hill, and remained there for about ten minutes, watching the two natives. Then he saw the third native coming towards him down the ridge. Half-way down the native stopped, and at the same time the other two moved off in the opposite direction, away from where Parker was standing. Thinking that they were more than likely coming by a roundabout way to join the other native, Parker considered the situation dangerous enough to warrant him leaving.

He and Lloyd climbed into their drays and, with Parker leading, they set off up the ridge. The single native whom Lloyd had first seen was waiting for them. He was squatting in the fern by the side of the track. As they came nearer they could see that he was armed with a single-barrelled fowling piece. It was Whina. Over a kind of white flannel undershirt a worn government pouch was slung. Around his waist he wore a mat. His cheeks were partly tattooed. Parker was much more interested in getting past Whina safely than in his personal appearance, although the details impressed themselves on his mind, to be recalled later.

As the leading dray came opposite him, Whina jumped up and levelled his gun at Parker, who yelled at him. Fortunately the cap snapped and the gun did not explode. Whina pulled up the hammer a second time, and pressed the trigger again. If the gun had not misfired once more Parker would have been a dead man, but it was his lucky day. Recovering from the first shock, Parker called out to Lloyd, "Come on and collar him." They had to act quickly before Whina had time to pull another cap out of his pouch, but Lloyd was nowhere to be seen. Apparently he was not of the stuff of which heroes are made, in spite of being a member of the Armed Constabulary. When he saw the gun levelled at his employer, and himself not far from the line of fire, he jumped off his dray and ran for his life into the fern.

Seeing that he was alone, and being unarmed, Parker promptly lashed his horse with the slack end of the reins and galloped off at full speed. He had not forgotten Lloyd however, in spite of the latter's desertion. Reining in after he had gone two or three hundred yards, he called out to him to run. Lloyd was running, but not in the direction of the dray. By this time he was well out of earshot, and he did not stop running until he reached Jones's whare at Pukekura. Luckily for him he did not run into the other natives on the way.

Puzzled as to what could have happened to his man, Parker waited as long as he dared, but every minute increased his own danger. Whina's keen ears had heard the dray stop, and he was following it up the track. As he came in sight, Parker started off at a trot, and soon out-distanced him.

When Jones and Rogers reached Cambridge early in the afternoon, the news of the tragedy spread with the rapidity of lightning, throwing the settlement into a state of intense excitement and apprehension. Parker and Lloyd had not returned, and it was feared that they too had been shot. As soon as the news reached Moanatua-tua, E. B. Walker set off alone on horseback to learn the fate of his partner and Lloyd. No-one knew better than he the risk he was taking, but the pioneers of Cambridge were brave men, and, like Firth, he did not wait to count the cost when lives were at stake. He had not received any warnings, and he had had no idea that his

men were in any danger from the natives, so that the news came to him as a distinct shock.

Unfortunately, when the alarm was given, practically all the Armed Constabulary stationed at Cambridge were away working on the roads some distance from the town, and the officer in command, Major William Clare, had only two men available. The settlers themselves however, were keen to a man to avenge Sullivan's death, and it was not long before a well-armed party was galloping towards Roto-o-rangi. It was as well for Walker that this party reached the place where the three men had been working just before him. Had he run into Whina or the others alone, their guns might not have misfired again.

Parker, who had apparently met Clare's party on its way out, had returned to the spot. He and Walker crossed the fascine road and met the Major and his men, and all began to search the swamp and the bush for Sullivan's body. It was Walker who came upon it in a small gully leading away from the swamp, close to some manuka scrub.

Sullivan, or what was left of him, was lying on his back, about fifteen yards from the spot where he had stopped and called out "I'm done!" The arms were by his side and his feet were pointing down hill. If a wild animal had mutiliated the unfortunate man, the sight which met Walker's eyes could not have been more horrifying. There was no head, and the trunk had been slashed right down from his throat to his stomach to get at his heart, which had been torn from his body. Sullivan's own pocket-knife, covered with blood, was lying beside him. It was an ancient Maori custom to offer the heart of a fallen foe to Tu and Uenuku, the gods of war. Sullivan's was the last offering of the kind ever made in New Zealand. His mutilation was a piece of savagery comparable to the worst excesses of the tribal wars forty or fifty years earlier.

When Walker had recovered somewhat from the shock of his discovery, he "coo-eed." When the rest of the party came running up, they found that there was a bullet-hole under Sullivan's right shoulder-blade, about three inches from the centre of his back. He had been shot from behind at close quarters, so that his death must have been swift. From the appearance of the

wound, the shot had been fired from not more than fifteen yards away. His shirt was singed with powder. Marks of bare feet were plainly to be seen on the ground beside the body. One of the party from Cambridge, Constable Charles Collins, searched all around in the bush for the missing head, but without result. Sullivan's hat and waistcoat—trivial, but nevertheless tragic details—were also missing. The body was brought into Cambridge, where the inquest was opened next day.

I make no apology for including, in some detail, the grim story of Sullivan's end. Actually I have spared my readers the most horrifying aspects. Living in the peaceful, picturesque district which we know today, it is difficult to believe that such things were, only a comparatively short time ago. It is only by learning of such terrible happenings, that the amazing progress which has been made, within living memory, by both Maori and pakeha, can be realised by generations who were yet unborn when Sullivan died.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PRELUDE TO PEACE

IT is to Mr James Mackay, Jnr., who was sent by the government as Civil Commissioner to the Waikato, that we owe some of the details of the two preceding chapters, and much of what is to follow. There are still living in the Cambridge district sons and daughters of the old pioneers who remember the Sullivan murder, and others who remember being told about it as children, but no-one, except Mackay, actually wrote down a full account at the time. It is fortunate that he did so, as with the passing of the years, much of this dramatic story might otherwise have been lost.

Not only settlers on the frontier, but the whole of the colony, regarded the murder as the inevitable prelude to another war with the natives. Mackay arrived at Cambridge two days after the outrage and, for some weeks, he was engaged in collating all the available information concerning it. With a great capacity for detail, he went over the ground, drew maps from a trig. survey made by himself, and did all in his power to bring the murderers to justice, and to prevent a recurrence of the outrage.

Five days after the murder, on 29th April, a meeting of the Ngati-haua tribe was held at Tamahere. Mackay, who made it his business to be present, demanded from the principal chief, Tana te Waharoa (Tamehana's son) the surrender of the murderer, but without result. Two days later a friendly Ngati-haua chief, Hakiriwhi te Purewa, returned from Te Kuiti with the report that, two days before, he had met Hohepa Motuiti and Hone Waiti Paekauri, two of Purukutu's followers, on their way back to Aratitaha from Maungamutu where, he said, they had left Sullivan's heart, together with his hat and waistcoat. They had deposited the most grisly relic of all in front of the house where Taiho (the Maori

queen) lived, but she disapproved of their actions. The unfortunate man's heart had been borne into the King Country, stuck on the end of a korari or flax stalk. The head had been carried to Aotearoa, and thence to Wharepapa, where it was left.

Hakiriwhi also reported that King Tawhiao had excused the murder on the ground that he had forbidden all dealings in lands between the natives and the pakeha. The bearer of the news had pressed him to say what were his intentions regarding Purukutu. The King replied, with some show of royal dignity, that that was for him to decide.

With courage for which he is to be greatly admired, Mackay set out on 4th May from Cambridge, by way of Alexandra, to the King's headquarters at Tokangamutu (Te Kuiti). Taking his life in his hands, he rode into the heart of the hostile King Country to demand the surrender of Purukutu, and to bring him out to answer for his crime. He reached there in safety, but during the night, a native named Ruru entered his tent, intent on murder. Mackay, who slept with one eye open, was not caught unawares, however, and was able to overpower his assailant after a struggle. It was Rewi Maniapoto who put a guard around his tent to prevent a further attempt to kill the Commissioner. There was no chance of Purukutu being given up, and so Mackay returned to Cambridge. He came back with the impression that the Waikato tribes were undecided as to what course to take about the murder. He knew, however, that Rewi and the Ngati-Maniapoto strongly disapproved of it.

"These are the acts of the Waikato, the people who deprecated murders," Rewi had said to him. "Todd at Pirongia was the first. The European (Lyon) at Kihikihi was the second. Laney, who was struck with a taiaha, the third, Sullivan the fourth; and, but for fortunate circumstance, you, Mackay would have been the fifth!" At the same time the Commissioner heard, from another source, that the Ngati-raukawa had said that there were to be three more murders.

Rewi's summing up of his own attitude is worthy of record. "I fought the pakeha at Te Mauku, Waiari, and Orakau, and I think they will admit I did so fairly," he told Mackay. "I originally urged war with the Euro-

peans, but I was not the one to give it up. I said, 'Let us all die, and then the Europeans can have our country.' The Waikato, on reaching Maungatautari, said: 'Let us leave off fighting the pakeha.' I went away disgusted." Rewi's advice to the Waikato had been, "If you want the Waikato back, fight the pakeha for it," but he would not condone this policy of committing murders. As a proof of his sincerity, he went so far as to offer to give himself up to the government to be hanged, if Mackay were harmed by the Waikatos.

On his way back from Alexandra to Cambridge, on the evening of 10th May, Mackay was just passing Walker's station when he noticed a signal fire on the Pukekura range. About 11 p.m. reports of firearms were heard behind Cambridge West (Leamington), in the direction of Pukekura, and parties of the Armed Constabulary and the Cambridge Cavalry Volunteers,—the former under Major Clare, and the latter under Captain Runciman—set out to bring in the women and children from the outlying farms, and to patrol until daylight.

Recruited from among the settlers, the Cavalry Volunteers were a most useful body of men in those troublous times. The Cambridge troop, which was commanded by Captain James Runciman, was formed in 1871. His officers were Lieutenant Richard Parker, whose escape from death on the day of the Sullivan murder has already been recounted, and Lieutenant John Fisher, afterwards the Hon. John Fisher, M.L.C. They were well mounted, and were armed with a carbine, revolver and sword. Their uniform was a blue tunic, cord breeches, leggings, and forage caps. They proved a bulwark of safety to the new settlement. In a return of Volunteer forces dated 31st March, 1874, their number was shown as 52. It was later increased to 77. In a report sent by the Colonial Secretary, Mr G. S. Whitmore, to the Governor, the Marquis of Normanby, on 26th September, 1878, the Waikato Cavalry (which included the Cambridge and Te Awamutu troops) was quoted as an illustration of the valuable services to the colony performed by these mounted volunteers.

"The Waikato Cavalry, on the extreme frontier, is a case in point," the report ran. "If that corps did not exist, it would be necessary to increase very largely the constabulary force whenever any disturbance was apprehended. For many years the Waikato Cavalry Volunteers have maintained a high state of efficiency, and have been ready to move at a moment's notice to any point that might be considered in danger. The fact that such a corps exists has given confidence to settlers, and proportionately influenced the disaffected natives."

When the troop was inspected on 9th March, 1880, by Colonel William Leckie, he found that "the men were well turned out, arms and accoutrements clean and in good order. The men and horses were very good and serviceable, and very well drilled. . . . The men could both ride and shoot." These then, were the men who, on the alarm being given, set off at once to bring their own and their neighbours' women and children into the Cambridge redoubt for safety. This was not a new experience for the latter. During the Te Kooti scare, three years before, they had had good reason to be thankful for the protection of the fort.

Mackay accompanied one of the parties, together with Mr J. Sheehan, M.H.R. Shortly after sunrise, they saw a boy named Dillon running along the road, in breathless haste, and evident fear. He said he had been looking for milking cows belonging to his father, when a Maori had rushed out of some thick manuka, and chased him. Mackay and his party commenced a very careful search, but did not succeed in finding any natives. They found, however, a place where two had laid down in the fern, and on some newly-sown grass of Mr Walker's, they found tracks of three natives who had been resting there, the imprints of the butts of their guns being clearly visible.

The footmarks crossed the ploughed land, and entered some manuka scrub in the direction leading to the Pukekura range. It was found later, that they were three of Purukutu's men, who had come down from the hills to carry off some blankets and clothing which had been hidden in the manuka for them by some of the Maungatautari natives.

Colonel Lyon, who has already figured in these

pages, arrived at Cambridge early next morning, and after a consultation with the Commissioner, made arrangements to remove the headquarters of the Armed Constabulary from Hamilton to Cambridge. Other plans to put the frontier in the best state of defence which the limited forces at their disposal permitted were also made. One of the first precautions had been to withdraw survey parties from lands across the confiscation line.

There were several points on the frontier between Cambridge and Orakau by which a party of hostile natives could penetrate into pakeha territory unperceived. Reports brought in by Mackay's spies indicated that Purukutu intended to commit more murders, and was lying in wait for Mr Walker's labourers and stockmen on the west side of Maungatautari. The Commissioner therefore deemed it advisable to establish a hill post at Roto-o-rangi, "a conspicuous hill, surrounded by the Moana-tua-tua swamp, and which commanded a road from Wharepapa to Cambridge, and the swamp road from Cambridge to Rangiaowhia."

As you drive towards Te Awamutu today, by way of Roto-o-rangi, there is a low hill on the right of the road, opposite the school. It has three points, each crowned with a clump of trees. On the farthest and highest of these are some pine-trees. They are growing on the site of the Roto-o-rangi Redoubt which Mackay ordered to be built there in 1873. The place was ideally suited for the purpose. It was placed, in effect, like the hub of a huge wheel, part of the perimeter of which was formed by the Roto-o-rangi and Puahue hills to the south, the Kairangi and Pukekura hills to the east, and the Maungakaua hills to the north-east. The trenches and parapets are still there among the trees. I had some difficulty in finding the Roto-o-rangi Redoubt, but the Mackay Report made its position quite clear. If further evidence was needed, it was supplied by the owner of the farm on which it stands. Years ago, when ploughing the slopes below the redoubt, he turned up so many empty gin bottles that he was compelled to pick the broken glass out of the furrows before the horses could walk back along them. The garrison had evidently not allowed the isolation of the post to depress them more than was necessary.

The flat land around the base of the hill was formerly swamp, and so the hill was virtually an island in those days. The building was commenced on 23rd May, and it was finished on the following 12th June. The parapets today, although well weathered down, are ten or twelve feet above the bottom of the trenches in most places. The latter have been partly filled in, and must have been originally about twenty feet deep. For the twenty men employed on its construction, it must have been a hard three-weeks' work. Although large enough to accomodate sixty or seventy men, it was at first garrisoned by only twenty-eight. Colonel Lyon, in his report to the Commissioner of Armed Constabulary for 1873, pays tribute to the excellence of the work. "Great credit is due to the officer in command, Major Clare, and the N.C.O.'s and constables for the rapidity with which the redoubt was completed, as well as for the excellence of the work put into it. It is built of couch-grass sods, and there is reason to believe it will last for any length of time." The fact that it has lasted almost intact for nearly seventy years bears this out. With the roots of the trees to hold it together, it should be there in another hundred and seventy.

By the following year the men had made themselves thoroughly comfortable, and secure. A weather-board building eighteen feet by fifteen feet had been built inside the protecting sod wall. It was divided into three rooms. The boards, and the shingles for the roof, had been cut four miles away in the hills by the men themselves, and carted to the spot. A dray road, which may still be traced along the northern face of the hill, was made to enable this to be done. A four-stalled stable, built of stout rough timber, with sod walls and a thatched roof; a mess room of raupo, also with a thatched roof, and with a slabbed chimney; a cook-house of earth and tea-tree walls, with a store-room adjoining, completed this self-contained fortress.

An interesting sidelight on the building and fitting up of the redoubt is provided by Colonel Lyon's report for 1874. He records an attempt made to obtain water inside the redoubt by sinking a well. Although a depth of a hundred and ten feet was reached, no water was struck, and it was deemed unsafe to go any deeper. In their spare time, the men were employed building a new

patrol road between Cambridge and Kihikihi.

Mackay also reported that a redoubt had been erected at Pukekura, so as to command a road from Maungatautari to Cambridge West, and that another redoubt was to be constructed at Te Tiki o te Ihingarangi, which lay on the main line of road from Maungatautari to Cambridge. It was also contemplated, he said, to erect a block-house on the east side of the river to protect the settlers living at Taotaoroa. This was later thought inadvisable, as there was some feeling in that district among the natives who claimed part-ownership of the Taotaoroa Block, and complained strongly about the surveys being carried out by Mr Campbell, who was ordered to cease work in case of trouble. It was proposed instead, to build the block-house "at Mr Buckland's late station, in the immediate neighbourhood."

Some of the settlers were sufficiently enterprising, and brave enough, to provide for their own defence. At Moana-tua-tua homestead a trench was dug, and a high sod wall, loop-holed for rifle fire, was built around the women's quarters. An underground tunnel connected it with the homestead. Walker and his men lost no time. The work was all done in a day. Luckily they were not called upon to defend their private fort, but the Maoris would have been warmly received had they attempted to attack it.

Friendly natives, whose trustworthiness was beyond question, were enrolled as members of the Armed Constabulary, and their chiefs given rank as officers of the Force. Their main function was to guard the frontier between Alexandra and Kihikihi. To prevent any mistakes arising about friendly, or other natives travelling after dark, a notice warning the natives against travelling on the roads or over bridges or ferries on the Waikato and Waipa rivers between the hours of seven p.m. and seven a.m. was issued. The bridges at Cambridge and Alexandra were guarded by members of the Armed Constabulary, who also furnished frontier patrols between Cambridge and the Mangapiko.

The experience of one party of travellers gives some idea of what travel at night in the Cambridge district meant in 1873. In the previous March, a number of adventurous young people, consisting of Miss Laura

Mair, a sister of Captain Gilbert Mair, two of her sisters, two other young women, and five men, set out to ride from Tauranga to Alexandra, by way of Taupo. Describing the journey from Taupo to Cambridge on 25th June, Miss Mair wrote:*

"The poor horses slipped and stumbled so that we could hardly keep our seats, but we got through at last. On the flat one horse stood still, and refused to go another step. He was put in a field, and the saddle hidden, and my brother walked. We were nine miles from Cambridge. It was dark, and raining hard. Since the murder of Sullivan the settlers for twelve or fourteen miles out had deserted their homes and farms, leaving everything they possessed. We could just see the cattle in the fields, and not a light in the window of any house. We were weary and tired, having taken thirteen hours to do something over fifty miles.

"The patrol on the Cambridge bridge challenged us. I had laughingly said, 'I will answer 'Purukutu,' but I did not then feel in an hilarious mood, so I held my peace, and we moved along in silence. However it was cheering to see the lights flickering as we approached the town through the muddy streets."

The next question to be considered for the defence of the district was the establishment of a patrol road, as near as possible to the frontier. This ran from Te Tiki, where the confiscation line crossed the river, along the foot of the hills to Rangiaowhia and Orakau. The route of the electric telegraph which then ran from Cambridge to Alexandra, via Ohaupo, was altered to pass through the frontier settlements and to be easily connected with the garrisoned posts which Mackay had established.

Mackay had every confidence in the Volunteer Cavalry and their officers in carrying out night patrols, and in their ability to defend the district and to protect the settlers if the need arose. His thorough investigation of the murder, and the precautions he had taken to prevent further tragedies, left him with the impression that the majority of the native tribes were, by that time, well inclined towards the government, and that they were likely to remain loyal to the Crown under any

*Annals of a New Zealand Family, Mrs. J. Howard Jackson, 1935.

circumstances.

Reporting to the Native Minister, Mackay said: "I am of opinion that the murder (of Sullivan) committed by Purukutu and his associates was not done with the unanimous consent of Tawhiao and the King Party, and is looked on by the majority of the Hauhaus with disfavour. A few fanatics are willing, at any time, to commit the same crime as Purukutu.

"In my opinion Purukutu went unwillingly to Tokangamutu, as numerous messengers were dispatched to him before he would comply with Tawhiao's request. I believe he was sent to keep him from doing further mischief, and to prevent him from precipitating a war with the Europeans when the Hauhau party was not ready to fight. According to a friendly chief," Mackay continued, "Purukutu will not be allowed to return to Maungatautari. If he goes, it will be on his own responsibility, and not on Tawhiao's, because Tawhiao does not want to fight. Tawhiao knows that if he delivers Purukutu over to the Europeans, a large number of his people will immediately secede from him, and his power and influence will become a thing of the past."

The Ngati-haua, he thought, were the most likely to be disaffected, on account of their close connection with Purukutu. Neither the Ngati-Maniapoto nor the Ngati-raukawa were likely to join in any hostile movements against the Europeans. He pointed out, however, that the government must bear in mind the fact that the Waikato and Ngati-haua tribes then had no land of their own at Tokangamutu, and that some hapus had lost the whole of their lands by confiscation.

"These are the men who smart under the feeling that they are mere sojourners on the lands of Rewi-Maniapoto and it is against them that the government must at all times be upon their guard, and keep the frontier in good defensive order, or there will be numerous repetitions of acts similar to that of Mohi Hotuhotu Purukutu," he added.

The commissioner related one incident of his dealings with the natives which illustrates the rather extraordinary workings of the native mind. "The Ngati-koroki hapu of Ngati-haua, under Tioriori te Hura, who made professions of loyalty, have gone in a body to

Tokangamutu," he wrote. "Only two or three days before they abandoned their settlement at Maungatautari, they asked to be furnished with arms and ammunition to defend themselves against Purukutu." The commissioner, however, was not so gullible as all that!

Mackay mentions one chief, Wiremu te Wheoro as having more influence with the friendly natives than any other man in the district. His opinion was much respected by them. Since Mackay's arrival this chief had constantly lived in Cambridge, and had rendered Mackay very valuable assistance. The commissioner entertained a very high opinion of Te Wheoro's ability, judgment and loyalty. Another native whose name should be remembered is that of Pari, a boy belonging to the Ngati-haua tribe. Mackay reported that Pari had been a very trustworthy messenger and collector of information.

On one occasion, Pari was sent to Wharepapa with some very important letters. He was captured on the way by Purukutu and tied up. He would have been killed, but for the intercession of some of his relatives. The boy contrived to retain the letters, and to procure the information required. Two other individuals also received special mention in the commissioner's report. They were Mr Reynolds, the telegraphist and postmaster at Cambridge, and Constable Collins, who had acted as Mackay's orderly. The Constable was recommended for promotion.

By the 10th July, the date Mackay submitted his report on the whole tragic affair to the government, the alarm and excitement which had, at first, prevailed among the frontier settlers, after the murder of Sullivan had subsided. They were again following their usual occupations with a feeling of security not before experienced in the district. The feeling that the murderer of Sullivan should be brought to justice, was strong in their minds however. They considered that if this were once done, similar outrages would be prevented.

CHAPTER XXV.

MAORI AND PAKEHA

THE decade following the Sullivan murder represented a transition period in the history of the Cambridge district. It began with both races in a state of fear and enmity towards each other, and ended with complete reconciliation after forty years of warfare. Before that happy state was reached however, many things were to happen. The seventies and early eighties were far from being uneventful. While the tide of events was flowing swiftly around the new settlement, Cambridge was gradually taking shape as a town, although its present-day picturesqueness, and English atmosphere, were still things of the distant future.

Fortunately several descriptions of the Cambridge district in the seventies, recorded by outside observers, have come down to us and I include them so that they may serve as a background to the events already recorded, and those about to be set down. In 1872 Anthony Trollope passed through the district in the course of a tour of the North Island. The novelist arrived on horseback after an arduous ride from Rotorua. Next day he continued the journey by coach to Ohaupo. Describing the drive through the Pukerimu and Kaipaki districts, he wrote:*

"We were, for the most part, among fields green with English grasses" (and this was less than twenty years after the first troops landed at Pukerimu, remember!). "The fern, which throughout the district had occupied the land, is first burned off, the land is then ploughed, and grass-seeds are sown. Then in two years' time it will carry five, six, and on some ground, seven sheep to the acre. I saw very little wheat farming, and was told here that it did not pay to grow wheat crops.

*"Australia and New Zealand," Anthony Trollope, 1873.

. . . The high rate of wages, averaging over four shillings a day, and the cost of transit combined, make the farmers afraid of wheat. . . . Meat is at present the great produce of the Waikato Valley." So much for the novelist's impressions, which make quaint reading today.

The Mairs, who were on their way to see their brother, Major W. G. Mair, R.M., at Alexandra, found Cambridge itself an ugly little place when they arrived here during the Sullivan scare the following year. After a comfortable night at the Duke of Cambridge Hotel, following the strenuous ride already described, they went for a walk to see the Cambridge lake. "We have seen lakes" (having just ridden through from Taupo and Rotorua) Miss Mair wrote,† "so we called it a lagoon. It is a swampy pond, covered with wild duck." She summed up her impressions of Cambridge in this one cryptic sentence: "Cambridge was an ugly little place, not a tree to be seen, few houses, much scattered." It would surprise the writer of that condemnation, which was probably thoroughly deserved sixty-odd years ago, to see the forest giants of today—elms and oaks, poplars and plane trees—which make pleasant avenues of almost every street, and country road, and parklands of every farm.

In the same year a party from the Thames district rode through to Maungatautari on a holiday tour. "Passing through a small patch of mixed forest land and very fertile soil, we emerged on the western slopes of Maunga Kawa, and descended easily at a gallop into the rich valley of the Waikato," a member of the party subsequently wrote.¶ "Seven or eight miles distant below us, we could see the town of Cambridge, with its white-painted houses looking like little tents pitched upon the plain. . . . For miles in all directions, over a country that was but a dreary waste, you see well-fenced and well-cultivated fields, comfortable homesteads, and fine crops of wheat and clover."

While Englishmen and women, English institutions, and English trees were taking root in alien soil, the

†Annals of a New Zealand Family, Mrs. J. Howard Jackson, 1935.

¶A holiday trip to Maungatautari, Albert J. Allom, 1873 (Turnbull Library).

feeling of security grew as the fear of a Maori rising gradually lessened. Bitter feelings were still there among the brown men on the other side of the frontier line, and although on several occasions they flared into active hostility, the incidents were fortunately, without bloodshed.

The first serious happening occurred early in 1881 at Horahora. This huge estate, which then comprised nearly nine thousand acres, lay on the north-eastern slopes of Maungatautari, between the mountain and the Waikato River. It had been passed through the Native Land Court thirteen or fourteen years before and, about 1876, after changing hands several times, came into the possession of Maclean and Co., who also owned the Fencourt and Karapiro Estates, as well as other large areas in this part of the province. In spite of court decisions, the fact that Horahora lay in the King Country could not be denied. The Kingite natives therefore claimed the land, and resisted any attempts to occupy it. As the company had spent about £20,000 in fencing, ploughing and sowing the land and erecting buildings on it, it was equally determined to enforce its claims.

In August, 1880, the new owners had built a bridge across the Waikato at Aniwaniwa, where the Horahora Power Station now stands, to give access to the block. The natives from the Maungatautari side assembled in considerable numbers, and forcibly opposed the work, but by employing a large body of workmen, Mr Maclean managed to complete the bridge. On 1st August, 1881, the natives made an attempt to eject a party of five of Maclean's men who were working on the land. The latter found themselves suddenly surrounded by twenty-three natives, of whom seventeen were mounted. They ordered the workmen to "clear out across the bridge" immediately, and to take all their belongings with them.

The man in charge told his four companions not to pack up or to touch a thing, but to sit still and wait. The natives became very impatient and commenced to take down and pack up the tent in which the men had been camped. They handled their belongings carefully, and did no damage. The foreman ordered them to desist, but they persisted in removing everything and loading them on to the men's own sledge. There was a slight

tussle but, with the odds so much in the Maoris' favour, little could be achieved by active resistance. The natives led the horse and sledge in the direction of the bridge. Seeing their intention, the foreman sent one of his men on ahead to collect all the other men who were camped on the property, and to tell them to assemble at the company's store.

Reinforced, the workmen only numbered thirteen, but they had plenty of spirit, and were determined not to submit to the indignity tamely. The Maoris came on in a body, the horse and sledge in the middle of the party, and tried to pass the store and descend the terrace to the river. Finding his demand to the native leading the horse to stop ignored, the foreman strode into the middle of the natives, shoved the leader to one side. took possession of the horse, and led it towards the store. The men were quick to follow their leader's example, and it was not long before every article, tent and all, had been safely stowed inside the store, with thirteen resolute men quite determined that they should stay there.

A battle of words followed between the two parties. Fortunately neither side had weapons, or the outcome might have been more serious. The natives again ordered the whites to "clear out" and to take their belongings with them. If they refused, they would be put across the river forcibly without more ado. As a counter-move in the game of bluff, the foreman assured the natives that if they attempted to carry out this threat, his men would make prisoners of the ring-leaders, and hand them over to the Constabulary for obstructing their work. The natives retaliated by threatening to make prisoners of the white party. They said they would seize the foreman and take him to Maungatautari. The incident ended in a stalemate, the Maoris finally departing, saying that they would come again, next time in larger numbers, to stop the men going on with their work, and continuing to live on the Horahora side of the river.

That night a strong party of Mr Maclean's men occupied the store. He also posted a sentry on the bridge, which the natives had threatened to destroy. Mr Maclean wrote an account of the day's events to Mr

James Bailey,* who was associated with him in the management of the estates, and also sent a request to Cambridge asking for the protection of the Armed Constabulary. The delay occasioned by the matter having to be referred to Wellington for orders drew some caustic comment from Mr Maclean. The latter expected more serious developments the following day, and armed his men with stout stakes. He asked Mr Bailey to send more men from Fencourt, and also implements and supplies of food. This was promptly done, Mr Bailey meanwhile coming into Cambridge so as to keep in touch with Colonel Lyon, who was in charge of the Constabulary, and also with the Resident Magistrate, Major Mair, who was visiting the town at the time.

Two of Mr Maclean's men brought his letter from Horahora. They came by way of Maungatautari, and one of them left a note for Mr Bailey. In it he said that they had seen no Maoris until they reached the Maungatautari settlement. The natives were very busy harvesting and also threshing. The settlement seemed very lively, being full of men, women, and children.

They spoke to several of the natives, one of whom told them that he had been down at Horahora the previous night, when, in spite of Maclean's precautions apparently, the bridge had been torn up and burned. The men understood that the bridge had been burned by the orders of a chief named Te Ngakau. The native seemed to be determined to be friendly, and invited the travellers to come in and see them threshing the corn. This they declined, on the plea of haste. They also learned that the natives intended to attack the store in a day or so. Further on their way they encountered a Maori woman who had been the ringleader at the burning of the bridge. The writer warned Mr Bailey that it would probably require considerable strength to resist the Maoris.

While waiting for some official action in the matter Mr Bailey was not idle. He despatched a gang of twenty-five men, who had been working in the swamp at Fencourt, to Horahora, and also one or two others as well, together with spades, fern-hooks, ploughs, and tackle.

*The original letters relating to the incident are in the possession of Mr. J. S. Bailey, of Tirau, to whom I am indebted for permission to quote from them.

He suggested that the best tactics would be to push ahead as rapidly as possible with the clearing and ploughing of the land, and to start with the building of a permanent home for the men. Carpenters were sent for this purpose. Mr Bailey's letter to Mr Maclean concluded: "Stick to it, and keep your powder dry, and a cool head. I doubt if the natives will return today," he added by way of encouragement.

Meanwhile the telegraph wires were humming, and in due course instructions arrived from the Native Minister, and Major Mair, and Colonel Lyon, accompanied by both Mr Maclean and Mr Bailey, and with an escort of a few constables, rode out to Horahora to investigate the trouble. The party was unarmed. Major Mair assured the Maoris concerned that the owners of the land (who, by the way, held both a crown grant and land transfer title) had the backing of the government in their determination to occupy the Horahora block. If anyone broke the law, he would be arrested and tried for his offence.*

The natives said that the appearance on the scene of the guardians of the law was something for which they were unprepared. They uttered threats about further interference, but as time went on, it was seen that they had too much respect for the law to cause further trouble.

In November of the same year similar trouble occurred on the other side of the mountain at Puahue. On the death of Richard Parker, who was a part owner of the Roto-o-rangi estate, the natives were advised by some "bush lawyer" that the land reverted to them. Like Maclean and Company, Grice and Parker had spent a lot of money in improvements. According to Mr George Rigg, of Kihikihi, who was then employed on the Roto-o-rangi estate, the natives proceeded to drive the cattle off the land, and back into the hilly Maori country, and to take in other stock from the nearest settlers for grazing.

The owners were not slow to act. Their first counter-move was to take possession, with a force of

*Appendix to the Journals of the House of Representatives.

fifty of the station hands, of the Pukekura end of the disputed land, which began near where Sullivan had been killed. They met with no opposition. A few days later, however, there was a different story to tell. When the Roto-o-rangi men proceeded to take possession of the Puahue portion of the block, they found that the road, which followed the watershed had been cut across in five places by ditch-and-bank fences, which extended from one swamp to the other. The two three-horse teams and waggons containing implements and tools were completely held up. The proprietors had with them twenty drainers, five scrub-cutters, five other men for ploughing and clearing, two surveyors, an interpreter and a stockman, a total force of thirty-six men. A track for the waggons was soon made across the first and second obstructions, without interference from the Maoris. At the third ditch however they were greeted with more than fifty Maoris, of whom twenty were women.

"Seize the waggon!" yelled the crowd of Maoris, and this was soon accomplished. Some of them crowded in front of the horses, others crawled between the spokes of the wheels, while four of the women lay down directly in the path of the waggon.

There was nothing for it but to unload the waggon, unharness the horses, hitch them to a double-furrow plough, and proceed to demolish the obstruction. A circle of station men, each armed with a slasher, surrounded the plough to keep the Maoris at a safe distance. Then, to use Mr Rigg's own words, the fun began. A party of six men who had begun to level the bank and to fill in the ditch across the track, were set upon by the Maori women, and with the odds at three to one, they were easily over-powered. Ted Tripp, the fencer who was in charge of this gang, was very severely handled. Four of the largest of the wahines sat on him and nearly succeeded in suffocating him before the others could come to his relief. It was at least an hour before he completely recovered. The four wahines carried the marks of his spurs as their mementoes of the struggle.

The next stage of the encounter was the demolition of the Maoris' whares, which proved most difficult. Every

man engaged in pulling down the flimsy structures required at least three others to guard him from the women, who were becoming more desperate, and more numerous. Their menfolk, strangely enough, were content to look on. In spite of the feminine opposition the work was accomplished, the last whare to be dealt with being the home of an old chief named Tapa te Wata. He was seated inside reading a Bible, and would not come out.

Every care was taken so that he should not be hurt, but the Roto-o-rangi men were just as determined that the house should come down as the chief was that it should not. First the roof was removed, and then the walls, the chief at last being left sitting with his Bible, and covered with dust. The old man then stood up and dramatically told his people to feed their enemies. His command resulted in a truce, and the remaining ditches were filled in without further interference from the Maoris.

There was no further active opposition, and next day the men proceeded with the work they had come to do. The settlers who had stock grazing on the land, were busy mustering them and driving them home. Some of the horses and cattle had come from as far away as Whatawhata. The homeless natives encamped for the time being in the tea-tree. On the advice of a leading chief of the district named Hau-auru, they finally moved outside the disputed boundaries. Even the wahines seemed content to bow to his ruling.

CHAPTER XXVI.

REWI'S PIN-POINT OF LIGHT

WE must look back a few years in order to get in correct perspective the culmination of the troubles between the Maori and the Pakeha, which enabled the settlers to concentrate on establishing themselves, and on laying the foundations of the progressive towns and prosperous farming districts which we know in the Waikato today. Five years after Orakau, in a remote village within the forbidden territory of the King Country, Rewi Maniapoto, in his vividly picturesque way, made a prophetic utterance to the pakeha Native Minister, Donald McLean. "Other days will be coming," he said. "Let the sun shine and the rain fall on the words now spoken. Only a pin-point of light is now visible, but, like the dawn, it will spread."

It took twenty years for that pin-point of light to spread sufficiently for the pioneers to be able to sleep peacefully in their beds, and for their erstwhile Maori antagonists to forget their traditional right of utu, and to make overtures of peace. The coming of the dawn was delayed many years by the darkness of hate and resentment, but Rewi was to prove a true prophet, in spite of frontier murders, and the demands for satisfaction of their grievances by the dispossessed brown men.

Three years before the happenings at Horahora and Puahue narrated in the last chapter, the Queen's representative met the Maori King at Aexandra. On the 1st February, 1878, Tawhiao, with seven hundred natives from the Waikato, the King Country, Napier, Wanganui, and Taranaki at his back, demanded that the Waikato, from Maungatautari to Taupo should be placed under

his control. He also claimed all the lands from Maungatautari to Mokau, and control over all living within those boundaries. Sir George Grey could make no other answer than that Tawhiao had asked for things that he, the Governor, had no power to grant.

As late as 1880 it was thought wise to concentrate an impressive force of volunteers at Te Awamutu, just to let the natives know that the law of the Queen must be respected. The encampment of a thousand men included the Cambridge troop, and three other troops of cavalry, a battery of field artillery, two naval companies, and six companies of infantry. The men rehearsed the serious side of soldiering, and amused themselves at a race meeting and other forms of relaxation, but there was no mistaking the reason for their presence in the Waikato.

All progress is slow, and it took the Kingites another two or three years to reach the stage where they were prepared to submit formally to pakeha authority. Fifteen years had gone by since their defeat at Orakau, fifteen years of angry watching, and of bitter retaliation when opportunity offered. But anger, though white-hot at first, must at length reduce itself to smouldering embers; and smouldering embers must, in time burn themselves out.

Among the old records at the Cambridge Police Station, I came across an entry dated 21st July, 1881, which reads: "King Tawhiao and 450 armed followers, arrived 12.30 p.m." With the terseness of a ship's log, the officer in charge, Constable William Brennan, had recorded, had he but known it, a phase of one of the most momentous events in the history, not only of Cambridge, and the other frontier towns, but of the whole colony. Midway between the two major clashes already recorded, Tawhiao had ridden out of the King Country, not to demand anything, but to offer peace—lasting peace.

Tawhiao visited in turn the various frontier towns to show his own desire, and that of his followers, for reconciliation with the pakeha, and to come to terms with the government. Ten days before the entry in the police Diary of Duty quoted, the King and his followers (who, according to Major Mair, who accompanied them

on their tour of the Waikato, numbered between five and six hundred men) reached Alexandra. To show that the pakeha, too, was just as anxious to make peace with the native, and to enjoy the security which it offered, the settlers assembly in a body to welcome Tawhiao.

Solemnly, and with appropriate ceremonial, the Maori King enacted the same significant drama in which Wiremu Tamehana had been the leading Maori actor fifteen years before, at Tamahere. He laid down his gun at Major Mair's feet, his example being followed by other Kingite natives, until seventy-seven stand of arms had been formally surrendered. Mair was prepared to accept the gesture in the spirit in which it was made, and to return the natives their arms. By doing so he would also be showing his implicit trust in them. Tawhiao refused however, and finally, to avoid hurting the King's feelings, a compromise was arrived at, Mair keeping the weapons, but presenting his own gun to Tawhiao as a token of his friendship.

Following their formal submission at Alexandra, the King and his followers moved on to Te Awamutu and Kihikihi, where they spent some days. On the 20th July the whole party marched towards Cambridge, spending the night at Roto-o-rangi. The main body was entertained by the owners of the estate, Messrs Grice and Parker. One section of the King's substantial following moved on another five miles, and spent the night at the Moana-tua-tua homestead, at Mr E. B. Walker's invitation.

The lighter side of Tawhiao's sojourn at Roto-o-rangi has been described by Mr Rigg, who tells how the cooking of the food to feed this multitude was all done by the natives who lived near the station, and those working on it. There was neither cutlery nor crockery for the rank and file of the King's party, but four hundred tin dishes, and the same number of tin pannikins, had been sent out from Cambridge in anticipation of the feast. There was a table on the lawn for the King and about thirty-five of his most distinguished followers, who included Wahanui Huatare, a chief of the Ngati-Maniapoto tribe, a man whom Cowan describes as being of a powerful and commanding personality, and a great orator. Wahanui had delivered a powerful address at

Alexandra at the time of the King's surrender.

The remainder of the guests seated themselves in half-circles of twenty or so. Most of them were men, but there were some women in the King's train as well. It was a gargantuan repast, as a list of some of the items of food consumed will show. Imagine a meal consisting of three thousand pounds of potatoes, a thousand pounds of pork, another thousand of beef, as well as eighty eels, and two hundred loaves of bread. Pork was the most popular dish on the menu. The marathon meal was washed down with the water in which the meat had been boiled. Tea was available, but the Maoris preferred the meat-flavoured water. The meal began in the middle of the afternoon. How long it lasted can be left to the imagination.

Although it was mid-winter, the weather was fine, and, in spite the the cold, it was decided to sleep in the open, in preference to the station barn and woolshed. Large quantities of firewood were required, but this presented no serious difficulty, as there was an abundance of dry logs within easy distance of the homestead. More than twenty fires, blazing under an open sky, and around each a circle of squatting humanity—to those who witnessed it, that evening at Roto-o-rangi must have presented an unforgettable scene. Some of the Maoris were singing, waiatas perhaps which we hear, on rare occasions today. Other just talked and smoked. They had plenty to talk about. The events of the past few days had been full of significance for the Maoris, as well as for the race to which their pakeha hosts belonged. By eight o'clock, except for the crackling of the fires, complete silence reigned in the camp, each native being rolled in his blanket, feet towards the flames—dreaming, perhaps, of happier days to come. While their guests slept, several of the station hands guarded the camp, and replenished the fires, to ensure that the King and his people had a comfortable night.

For breakfast, two sheep were made into a stew, and this stew, together with bread, was most popular. The remainder of the pork, beef and eels also helped to satisfy four hundred appetites made keen by the winter air. Before the main body left for Cambridge at half-past nine, Wahanui, as spokesman for the King's people,

thanked their hosts for the generous treatment they had received. He hoped, he said, that Mr Grice would achieve all success, and that his plough would dig deep.

At half-past twelve King Tawhiao and his followers reached Cambridge. The settlers welcomed them just as warmly as those of the other frontier towns had done. An address of welcome was presented to the King. This was something of a novelty for Tawhiao. Gifts of food were the traditional form of welcome for distinguished visitors among the Maori race. In this regard, however, the settlers of Cambridge were not lacking in courtesy. Everything appropriate to the occasion had been thought of, and, as well as the address, large quantities of food were also presented to the King and his followers.

From the list already given, the settlement must have had to strain its resources somewhat to find sufficient supplies for four or five hundred hungry mouths. However the settlers responded nobly. Tawhiao and his principal chiefs were entertained at a dinner given by the three principal landowners of the district, Mr Every Maclean of the Fencourt, Karapiro and Horahora estates, Mr R. H. D. Fergusson of "Gorton," a cousin of the former Governor, Sir James Fergusson, (father of the more recent Governor-General of New Zealand, Sir Charles), and Mr E. B. Walker of Moanatua-tua.

After remaining four days in Cambridge, the King and his four hundred moved on to Tamahere. Here again the settlers and the few resident natives supplied an abundance of food. On the Tuesday the royal progress was continued to Hamilton, where the townspeople turned out in force, and formed a procession through the town. After a short stay at Hamilton the King went on to Ngaruawahia and Mercer, finally visiting Auckland as the guest of the government.

Although he had made peace with the pakeha, Tawhiao's sense of injustice at the wholesale confiscation of tribal lands twenty years earlier had not been entirely removed. Accordingly, in 1884, he sailed for England, to lay his grievances before the white Queen. He received an impressive reception from her ministers, an attentive hearing, and the promise that the position would be looked into.

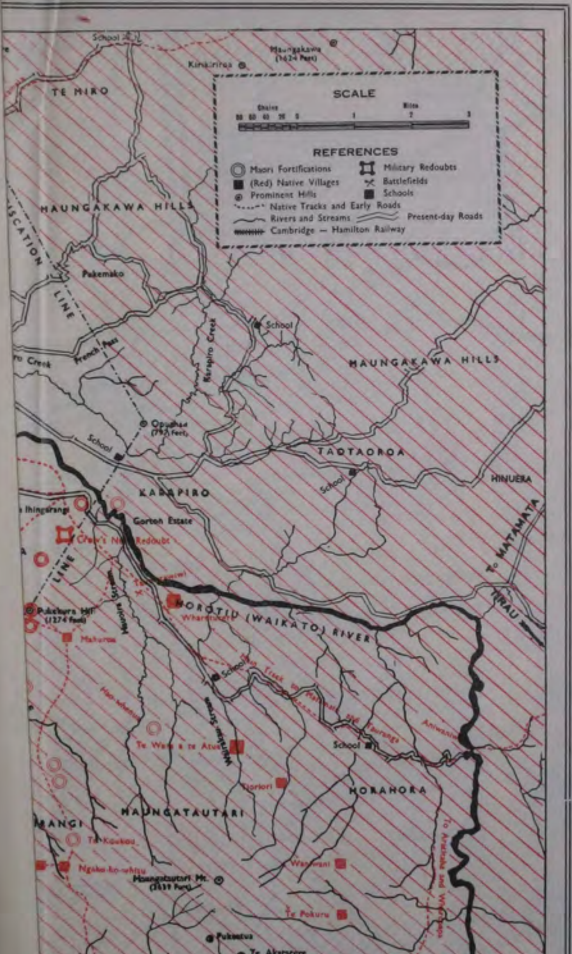
Three years ago, in July, 1936, Haunui Tawhiao, the youngest and only living son of King Tawhiao, visited Cambridge. He recalled how his father, after his return from England, had held a Maori parliament at Maungakaua, not far from Cambridge. He had also published a Maori newspaper from there. King Tawhiao died on 26th August, 1894, but he had lived to see two prophecies come true. On a visit to the Waikato in 1873, the Governor, Sir George Bowen, reminded the natives of what he had said to them on a previous occasion. It was this: "The Europeans and the Maoris will grow into one people, even as the rivers Waipa and Waikato mingle their waters at Ngaruawahia." The other prophecy was that of Rewi Maniapoto. His pin-point of light had spread until it had become the dawn of understanding.

With the coming of permanent peace it was no longer necessary to keep armed forces on the frontier. The Cambridge Cavalry Volunteers, together with similar troops at Te Awamutu and Hamilton, were accordingly disbanded in 1882, and two years later, the headquarters of the Armed Constabulary were moved from Cambridge to Kihikihi.

And thus it came about, after so much bitterness and bloodshed, that taiaha, tupara and tomahawk were definitely laid aside, and the implements of peace—the spade, the hoe and the plough—replaced them in the hands of the Maoris. Fifty years passed over Cambridge, and the other Waikato districts, fifty years which saw amazing progress and development, and the tribes of the Waikato and Waipa district again assembled at Kihikihi. This time it was to join with the pakeha in celebrating the jubilee of the beloved ruler of both races, the late King George V.

No words could express more adequately the complete unity of the two races than those spoken on that occasion on behalf of the Te Awamutu Historical Society, by Mr James Oliphant. In the course of an inspiring address, he quoted the words of the first Maori King, Potatau, who from his death-bed in 1860, sent this message to his people: "Hold fast to love, to law, and to the faith!"

"Love is universal," said Mr Oliphant, "and binds with strong ropes the Maori to the Maori, the pakeha to the pakeha, and both the Maori and the pakeha to each other. In the last Great War the cloak of the pakeha and the Maori soldier was the same, the cause was the same, they carried the same weapons of war and were inspired by the same love. The law of the pakeha has become the law of the Maori, and the cloak of the law spreads its protection over both pakeha and Maori alike, their children and their lands."



SCALE
Chains
Miles
REFERENCES
Maori Fortifications
Military Redoubts
(Red) Native Villages
Battlefields
Prominent Hills
Schools
Native Tracks and Early Roads
Rivers and Streams
Present-day Roads
Cambridge — Hamilton Railway
School
Maungakawa (1624 Feet)
TE MIRO
MAUNGAKAWA HILLS
Pukemako
French Pass
Karapiro Creek
School
MAUNGAKAWA HILLS
TAOTAOROA
School
HINUERA
School
Gorton Estate
To MATAMATA
TIRAU
LINE
Pukekura Hill (1274 Feet)
Mahuroa
(WAIKATO) RIVER
School
School
HORAHORA
MAUNGATAUTARI
Pukeatua
Te Pokuru

HISTORICAL MAP
OF CAMBRIDGE & THE CENTRAL WAIKATO

Compiled by the Author from the following sources:

Lands and Survey Department Maps (Hamilton, Cambridge, Maungatautari and Puniu Survey Districts), 1933-34.

Sketch of the Waikato Delta, drawn by Lieut. Hurst, 12th Regt., 1864 (Cowan's "New Zealand Wars"). From same source: Locality plan of Rangiaowhia, Hairini and Orakau.

Map of Waikato (not to scale) in Old Colonists' Museum, Auckland, 1864.

Map illustrating Sir John Gorst's "Maori King," 1864.

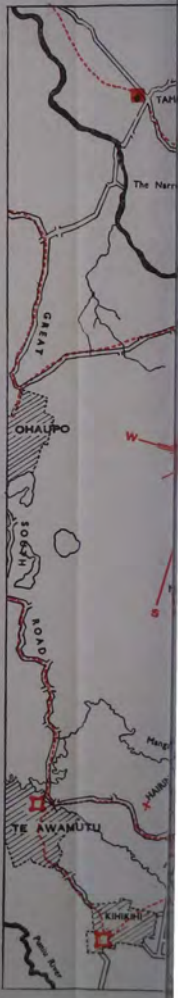
Locality Maps drawn by Mr James Mackay, Jnr., for the official inquiry into the murder of Timothy Sullivan by the Maoris, 1873.

Map of Waikato Frontier, by W. Bogle, of Napier (formerly of the Armed Constabulary Force), circ. 1875. From an original copy in the possession of the Te Awamutu Historical Society.

The positions of the various Maori fortifications and the Military redoubts have been ascertained by personal observation. Where several pas exist in close proximity to each other (as at Te Tiki o te Ihingarangi) only one has been shown. The same plan has been adopted where pas and redoubts formerly existed on the same site, as explained in the text.

The native tracks, and early roads, and Maori villages, of which little or no traces remain today, are shown only approximately.

The area shaded in red represents the Maori lands (mostly hill country) after the Confiscation of the plain comprising the Central Waikato Basin.

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TE MIRO
MORRINSVILLE
BRUNTWOOD
HAUTAPU
PUKERORO
Goodwood School
Track from
Hamilton
CONFISCATION LINE
HAUNGAKAWA HILLS
FENCOURT
Pukemako
HOROTIU (WAIKATO) RIVER
St. Peter's School
KAIPAKI
CAMBRIDGE
Karapiro Creek
French Pass
Karapiro Creek
School
MAUNGAKAWA HILLS
CAMBRIDGE WEST (Leamington)
Petrol Route
Opuahau
School
TAOTAOROA
HINUERA
PUKERIMU
Monavale Homestead
MONAVALE
KARAPIRO
Gorton Estate
To MATAMATA
Hall
Te Tiki o te Ihingarangi
PUKEKURA
Crow's Nest Redoubt
HOROTIU (WAIKATO) RIVER
-TUA-TUA SWAMP
Pukekura Hill (1274 Feet)
Mahuroa
TIRAU
Roto-o-rangi Redoubt
Sullivan Murdered Here
School
Roto-o-rangi Lake
Mangapiko Stream
Te Wera a te Atua
School
ROTO-O-RANGI
HORAHORA
HAUNGATAUTARI
KAIMANGI
Te Koukou
Ngaho-ko-whitu
KANGIAOWHIA
Cavalry's
Trig Station (1281 Feet)
Maungatautari Mt. (2659 Feet)
Te Pokuru
PUAHUE
Pukeatua
Te Akatarere (2486 Feet)
KING COUNTRY
N
E

HISTORICAL MAP OF CAMBRIDGE & THE CENTRAL WAIKATO

Compiled by the Author from the following sources:

Land and Survey Department Maps (Hamilton, Cambridge, Matamata and Penin Survey Districts), 1928-34.

Sketch of the Waikato Delta, drawn by Lieut. Hurst, 15th Regt., 1864 (Cowan's "New Zealand Wars").

From same source: Locality plan of Rangiawhia, Hairini and Orakau.

Map of Waikato (not to scale) in Old Colonists' Museum, Auckland, 1864.

Map illustrating Sir John Gorst's "Maori King", 1864.

Locality Maps drawn by Mr James Mackay, Jnr., for the official inquiry into the murder of Timothy Sullivan by the Maoris, 1878.

Map of Waikato Frontier, by W. Hogle, of Napier (formerly of the Armed Constabulary Force), circa 1878. From an original copy in the possession of the Te Awamutu Historical Society.

The positions of the various Maori fortifications and the Military redoubts have been ascertained by personal observation. Where several pas exist in close proximity to each other (as at Te Tuhi o te Ihingarangi) only one has been shown. The same plan has been adopted where pas and redoubts formerly existed on the same site, as explained in the text.

The native tracks and early roads and Maori villages, of which little or no traces remain today, are shown only approximately.

The area shaded in red represents the Maori lands (mostly Mill country) after the Confiscation of the plain comprising the Central Waikato Basin.

ROLL OF HONOUR

CAMBRIDGE PIONEERS

1864 - 1875

CAMBRIDGE PIONEERS 1864 - 1875

A list of early settlers who arrived in the Cambridge district, or were born here between 1864 and 1875. The roll contains the names of pioneers both living and dead. In the latter case, where the date of death has been traced, it has been included after the name concerned. Names marked with an asterisk are those of early settlers whose date of arrival can be only approximately ascertained.

1864.

Arnold, John (1919)
Arnold, Mrs John (1922)
Booth, Benjamin B.
Carnachan, David (1896)
Carnachan, Mrs David (1928)
Carnachan, F. M. (1904)
Carnachan, Kate (1909)
Carnachan, L. M. (1938)
Collins, Wm. Godfrey (1913)
Chitty, Charles
Dillon, Joseph John
Farr, Alfred E.
Fisher, James (1910)
Fitzgerald, Hugh (1908)
Gegan, Luke William
Goodwin, John Alfred
Hall, Mrs Jeffrey
Hay, Major Wm. Drummond
Howie, William
Howie, Mrs William
Hughes, George
Jay, Joseph (1914)
Jay, Mrs Joseph (1920)
Johnson, Robert
Johnson, Mrs Robert
Jones, Walter Wm.
Joy, Mrs George
*Keoghan, Thomas
Kerr, Mrs Harry
Kerr, Mrs Mary
*Kirkwood, John
*Kirkwood, Robert
Kirkwood, Mrs Robert
Laurence, Frederick J. (1932)
Laurence, Mrs F. J. (1933)
Laurence, James
Laurence, Mrs James
Lyon, Col. Wm. C.
MacColl, Ensign D. C. E., 3rd Waikato Regt. (1866)
Mann, George G. (1904)
Mann, Mrs G. J. (1912)
Marshall, Miss J.
Marshall, Thomas
Maxwell, Mrs Eliza (1912)
McCann, George
McCann, John (1937)
McCann, William G.
McKearney, John
McKearney, Mrs John
McKearney, James
McVeagh, Robert (1903)
Morrow, Isaac
O'Neill, Charles J.
O'Neill, Wm. Francis
Quick, Edwin
*Rishworth, Rev. J. S. (1918)
Runciman, Capt. James
Russell, James
Russell, Mrs James
Russell, William (1922)
Scott, James (1931)
Scott, John, Snr.
Smith, Henry Wm.
Smith, Peter
Souter, William (1894)
Spedding, Joseph
*Sturges, William N.
*Sturges, Mrs W. N.
Sullivan, Timothy (1873)
Swayne, Robert (1934)
Thomson, James
Thompson, Peter (*1895)
Thompson, Mrs Peter
Vogel, Franz
Walker, Robert
*Webber, Harry
*Webb, John
*Webb, Mrs John
Wilkinson, J. H.
Wilson, Major John

1865.

Buttle, Henry (1937)
Buttle, R. Newman (1913)
Caley, Daniel
Carnachan, William (1939)
Clark, Mrs W. E.
Collins, Mrs Wm. G. (1926)
*Comrie, John
Dixon, Mrs W. F.
Fisher, Robert (1929)
Gane, Alfred W.
Gane, Annie E.
Gane, Ellen M.
Gane, Francis J.
Gane, Joseph (1909)
Gane, Winifred
*McKinnon, H. A.
McVeagh, Mrs Robert (1916)
*Parr, Reuben
*Parr, Mrs Reuben
Stubbing, Mrs Malcolm
Watson, George
Willoughby, W.

1866.

Arnold, Charles Wm.
Beere, Elijah
Carnachan, Elizabeth (1888)
Carnachan, Martha (1938)
Collins, Charles N.
Fisher, Hon. John (1927)
Forrest, A. H.
Forrest, A. J.
Forrest, Charlotte (*1895)
Forrest, James (1914)
Forrest, Mrs James (1922)
Gemmill, Thomas
McVeagh, Robert, Jnr.
*Norries, Mrs Emily
Webb, Seth

1867.

Andrew, Mrs Emma
Alexander, Mrs R.
*Burbridge, Wm. Henry
Clark, George E. (1935)
Clark, Mrs G. E. (1913)
*Chatham, H. F.
Clark, William E.
*Clements, Archibald
*Clements, William
Denton, Mrs William (1923)
Fisher, Mrs John (1932)
Hally, Elisabeth, Mrs (1884)
Hally, George J. (1914)
Hally, James (1923)
Hally, Mrs James (1922)
Hally, John McR.
*Hally, Mrs J. McR.
*Heaslip, Benjamin
*Hesketh, James
*Kevhean, Thomas
*Lane, Seth
*Maguire, Allan
McVeagh, James
*Molloy, Joseph
*Morgan, Thomas (1901)
*Robinson, Andrew
*Schofield, Samuel C.
*Ward, Robert
*Wheatcroft, Daniel

1868.

Arnold, John
Collins, Ellena (1937)
Fisher, John Scott (1937)
*Leaning, Mrs G. H. (1930)
*McGee, James
*McGee, Mrs James (1907)
Walker, Edwin Barnes (1898)
*Walker, Thornton (1932)

1869.

Bell, John (1911)
Bell, Mrs John (1904)
Campbell, Duncan (1907)
Campbell, Mrs Duncan (1924)
Carnachan, Jeanie
Clark, Annie E.
Eaves, Mrs E.
Fisher, Margaret (1934)
Grace, Mrs James
Hemus, Henry (1931)
*Kirkwood, Gilbert D. (1897)
McChrystal, Mrs R.
Parker, George E. (1921)
Parr, Sir James, K.C.M.G.
Reynolds, E. B.
Riley, William (1915)
Tucker, William (1917)

1870.

Arnold, Anne Maria
Atkinson, William (1905)
Atkinson, Mrs William (1924)
*Bell, Phoebe
*Brannigan, St. J. (Comm. A.C.)
*Caley, Alfred
*Caley, Thomas
*Cowley, Thomas
Fitzgerald, John A.
*Fitzgerald, Mary
*Fleming, Samuel
*Houghton, John
*Howie, James
*Kusabs, Arthur
Lupis, Mrs F.
*Martyn, Wm. L.
*Moule, Lieut.-Col.
*Neal, George J.
*Parker, Richard (1877)
*Parr, Mary
*Reynolds, William
*Rhodes, Mrs Harry
Riley, Mrs William (1931)
*Robinson, Mrs Thomas
*Runciman, Mrs G.
Russell, Mrs William
*Scott, Jeanie
*Scott, John M.
Selby, William
Selby, Mrs William
*Shaw, John
Speechlay, Mrs W.
*Stone, Mrs Helen (1936)
*Turner, H. J.
Walker, Mrs Thomas (1933)
*Wallace, Marion
*Wallace, William
Watt, George

1871.

Allwill, Jared (1922)
Beere, Mrs Elijah
Beere, Mrs Eliza
Bell, Joseph
Bruce, Rev. Thomas (1910)
Bruce, Mrs Thomas (1922)
*Care, Mrs George
Carnachan, Blanche, E., M.B.E.
Clark, Harry H.
*Cudworth, Walter
Cudworth, Mrs Walter
*Garland, Benjamin
Garland, Mrs Benjamin (1937)
Keeley, Mrs C. W.
Kingdon, Jonathan
Kingdon, Mrs Jonathan
Moisley, Mrs William
Norris, Mrs G. T.
Sanders, Mrs F. J.

1872.

Arnold, Henry
Atkinson, G. H.
Collins, Wm. G., Jnr. (1935)
Mann, Charles Clewes
Mitchell, Mrs J. R.
Newcombe, Henry (1921)
Scott, William (1914)
*Wallace, Archibald
*Wallace, Mrs Archibald
*Wallace, Andrew
*Wallace, John
White, William (1937)

1873.

*Baldwin, Samuel (1928)
*Bremner, Alexander
*Bremner, Mrs Alexander
*Campbell, James P.
Chitty, Mrs Charles (1936)
*Clare, Major Wm. (A.C.)
*Collins, Constable C. (A.C)
Collins, Louis E. (1873)
Denize, Mrs W.
*Ellis, George
*Ellis, Mrs George
Ewen, Charles (1905)
*Fisher, Catherine
*Fisher, Mrs D.
Gane, Mrs A. W.
Hicks, Charles Edward (1934)
Hicks, Francis (1911)
Hicks, Mrs Francis (1939)
Hicks, Thomas A. (1934)
Hicks, Tobias Wm.
Hicks, Mrs Tobias
*Jones, David
*Laney, James
Laurence, Edwin F.
*Lloyd, George
Lodder, Stephen
*MacIntosh, Mrs
Moisley, William (1926)

*Reid, William
*Rogers, Charles
*Roberts, Mrs
*Runciman, Mrs James
*Runciman, Jessie
Scott, Mrs William (1930)
Stubbing, Malcolm (1938)
Watson, Mrs Annie
Watson, Robert
Watt, Mrs George (1931)
Webber, James (1905)
Webber, Mrs James (1895)

1874.

*Brunskill, W. S. (1912)
*Brunskill, Mrs W. S. (1938)
Butler, Mrs Martin (1937)
Carnachan, James (1938)
Collins, Alfred F. (1921)
Comer, Benjamin
Dogherty, Neill
*Douglas, William Muir (1934)
Giles, George (1921)
Giles, Mrs George
Giles, Henry Wm.
Grice, J.
Grice, R.
Hardwick, Mrs C. W.
Kerr, Henry
*Leaning, George H. (1924)
Mann, Edith
Morgan, Charles R. (1922)
Morgan, George H. (1910)
Morgan, John D. P. (1922)
Morgan, Thomas A.
Morgan, William B (1888)
Morgan, Mrs W. B.
Morgan, William C.
*Morrisey, Martin
*Morrisey, Mrs Martin
Neal, George Jesse
Nicholl, William, Snr. (1912)
Nicholl, Mrs William (1909)
Nicholl, William
*Rowe, H. G. (1938)
Smith, Mrs Charlotte
Smith, Mrs Margret
Tucker, Mrs William (1925)

1875.

*Allen, Edward
Atkinson, Elizabeth (1931)
Boyce, Charles (1937)
Brooks, Frank J.
Bruce, John
Brunskill, Charles C.
*Cameron, Alexander (1930)
Campbell, Mrs Ellen J.
Care, George (1921)
Care, Mrs George (1910)
Chambers, Mrs Emma (1939)
Clark, George A.
*Dillon, Daniel
*Donnelly, Mrs Alice
*Ewen, Chapman
Ewen, Edith M. (1939)
*Ewen, Mrs Mary (1926)
*Fantham, A. A.
Ferguson, John (1931)
Ferguson, Mrs John (1933)
*Fogarty, William
*Fogarty, Patrick
*Fogarty, Ellen
Graham, Arthur
*Hansen, Mrs Mary
Harris, E. J. (1920)
Harris, Mrs George
Harris, William (1925)
Harris, Mrs Wm. (1911)
Harris, W. J.
Harrison, Mrs F. W.
*Hickey, Dennis
*Hickey, Mrs Dennis
Hicks, Hart (1924)
Hicks, Mrs Hart (1925)
Hicks, J. T.
*Hunt, Thomas (1932)
Jones, Annie
Jones, Carrie
Jones, Jane
Jones, Thomas (1903)
Jones, Timothy
Jones, Mrs Timothy
Jones, Timothy, Jnr.
Jones, William
Keeley, Charles W. (1914)
Keeley, Fred.
Keeley, Giles (1913)
Keeley, James
Keeley, Mrs James
Keeley, Joseph (1904)
Keeley, Mrs Joseph (1914)
Laurence, Frederick W.
Looker, John (1937)
*Maclean, Every

*McComish, Mrs Eliza (1927)
*McComish, James (1905)
McFarland, James
McFarland, Mrs James (1919)
McFarlane, Wm. McG. (1931)
McFarlane, Mrs Wm. (1938)
McVeagh, William R.
Merrick, John Wm. (1912)
Merrick, Mary (1907)
Montgomery, Mrs E. (1929)
Montgomery, Robert (1880)
Morgan, Robert B.
Morse, Ann (1920)
Morse, Robert (1922)
Morse, R. H.
Reynolds, Mrs F. S. (1925)
*Reynolds, Henry
*Reynolds, Richard
*Richardson, J. R. S. (1926)
Sharp, Mrs Eliza (1937)
Sharp, John (1915)
Stewart, Mrs Nancy (1934)
Stone, Mrs Harry (1917)
Taylor, James (1938)
*Took, Thomas
*Wells, Thomas (1910)
White, Mrs William (1927)
Williams, Wm. L. C. (1929)
Williams, Mrs W. L. C. (1901)
*Willis, Archdeacon W. N. de L. (1916)
Willis, Mrs W. N. de L. (1918)
*Young, James (1926)
*Young, Mrs James

ERRATA.

Page	
1.	2nd last line. For "Diffenbach," read "Dieffenbach."
2.	Footnote. For "Diffenbach," read "Dieffenbach."
15.	9th line. For "Flower" read "Flowed."
89.	1st line. For "Pukerimu" read "Pukekura."
	2nd Paragraph, 12th line. For "Pukerimu" read "Pukekura."
108.	2nd Paragraph, 10th line. For "Punga" read "Ponga."
126.	2nd Paragraph, 1st line and footnote. For "Macky" read "Mackay."
128.	3rd Paragraph, 4th line. For "Turangamoana" read "Turanga-o-moana."
	For "Maungakaua" read "Maungakawa" throughout. (The first form was used by Sir George Grey in official correspondence, and by Sir John Gorst, but is incorrect).

INDEX

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