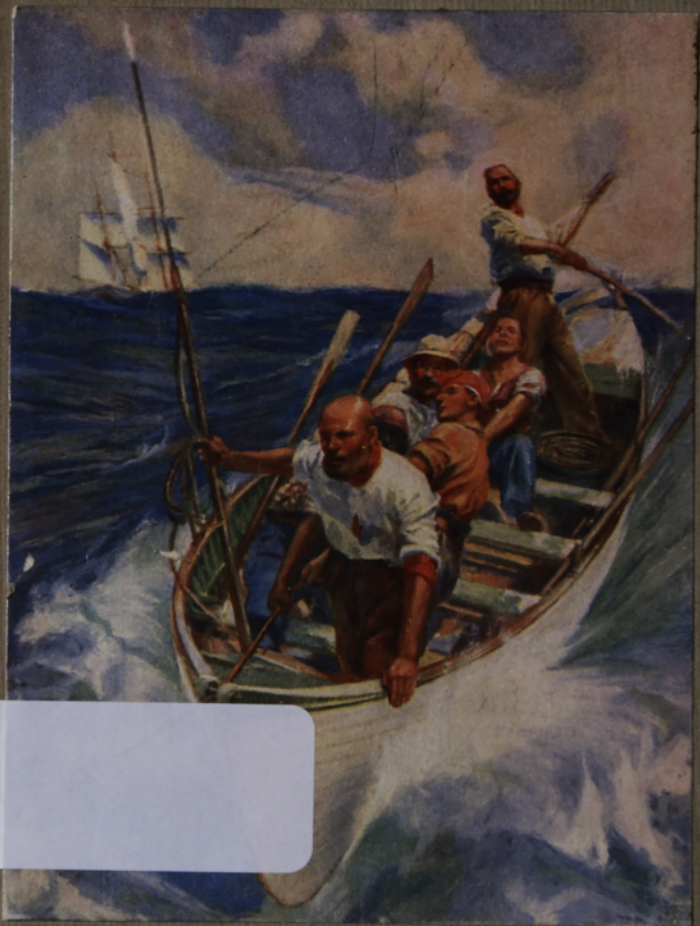


GLIMPSES · OF · OLD NEW · ZEALAND



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J · R · ELDER

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GLIMPSES OF OLD NEW ZEALAND



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TASMAN'S MEN ATTACKED BY NATIVES
AT GOLDEN BAY

GLIMPSES OF OLD NEW ZEALAND

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

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GLIMPSES OF OLD NEW ZEALAND

The Origin of the Maori

The Maoris of New Zealand are numerically the most important branch of the Polynesian race which inhabits the islands of the Pacific Ocean. Many diverse views have been held concerning the original home of the Polynesians. All scholars, however, are agreed that they came from the west, and the most generally accepted view is that the homeland was India. There is no doubt that the race has been greatly influenced by contact with Aryans, and its language, customs, and beliefs all show strong traces of this influence.

It is an ascertained fact that the period from 500 to 400 B.C. was a time of great unrest in India, and the placing of the date of the Polynesian migration at about that time is probably correct. The route followed by the people was round the coast of Burma to Java, thence through

the Celebes to the north coast of New Guinea, the Solomon Islands, and the New Hebrides to Fiji. Tradition states that the race was living in Fiji about A.D. 450, but probably the Pacific was reached long before that date. It was about this time that colonies were first planted in Samoa and in the Tongan group. About A.D. 600 the wanderers spread east to Tahiti, and thence north to Hawaii, and farther east to the Marquesas and Easter Island, and about three hundred years later south-west to Rarotonga.

It is difficult to say when the first Polynesians settled in New Zealand. In the year A.D. 650, Ui-te-rangiora, starting from Fiji, made many long adventurous voyages of discovery. Tradition speaks of a visit to New Zealand by a certain Maku in A.D. 850. After this date navigation declined for a space, but a second period of activity, radiating from Tahiti, began about A.D. 950, and lasted for some hundreds of years. New Zealand was visited in A.D. 1150, and later by Kupe and other seafarers during a period from A.D. 1250 to 1325. In the year 1175 the Chathams were settled by the Moriori from New Zealand. These people are Polynesians, descendants of those left by the first voyages.

In A.D. 1350, owing to inter-tribal disputes in Tahiti and the surrounding islands, a large number of Polynesians migrated in a fleet of canoes

to New Zealand. They made land off the East Cape, and from there dispersed along the coast. It is from the islanders who came with this latter migration that most of the Maori tribes claim descent, but there is no doubt that they were not the first colonizers of New Zealand.

SIR ROBERT STOUT and J. LOGAN STOUT.—*New Zealand.*
(By permission of Cambridge University Press.)

The Characteristics of the Maori

The Maoris are a race of medium height, broad, sturdy, and well proportioned. Their skins are a light brown, sometimes not much darker than that of the southern Italian or Spaniard; their hair usually a dark brown and straight or wavy, not curly. In feature, except for a slight fulness about the lips and the breadth across the nostrils, they are strangely European. In disposition they resemble children, having their conservatism and respect for ancient law and custom, and allowing themselves to be swayed by the passion of the moment. Proud, vain, and arrogant, they easily take offence, and never rest satisfied until an insult is avenged. They are affectionate to their children and respect the aged.

Mentally they are alert and quick at learning, but at the time of their first contact with Europeans were a prey to superstition and believers in witchcraft. The division of labour between the sexes was similar to that amongst other primitive peoples. The women were the household drudges, the cloth makers, and attended to the provisioning and the cooking. Their position

was little better than that of slaves, but they were well treated, and in many cases women of high ability were looked up to and revered by the tribe. The men were the warriors, hunters, and fishers, the canoe and house builders, and the makers of nets, from all of which occupations the women were excluded.

In religion they were polytheists, with a tendency towards mysticism. Christianity appealed to their love of chivalry and their belief in immortality, and has gradually driven out the old superstitions. The observance of religious ceremonies was in the hands of a priesthood, and the learning and practices were handed down from father to son. Women took no part in religious services. Omens were taken before the performance of any event, great or small, and played an important part in everyday life. Incantations were the prelude to all important actions. By far the most potent and important factor in their religious and tribal government, however, was their system of *Tapu*. It is difficult to define *Tapu*, but it may be stated to be the making sacred of any person or thing. The breaking of the *Tapu* rendered the culprit liable to be punished by sickness and death sent by the gods, and also to be deprived of his property, expelled from the tribe by the people, and probably done to death if the gods' vengeance should be too slow.

Their houses, built of reeds or wood, were oblong in shape, of small area, with an inverted V-shaped roof of considerable pitch, with long overhanging eaves. There was one small door and one window.

The Maori oven was a circular hole dug in the ground and lined with stones. A fire was built on the stones and removed when they were hot. The food was then placed upon the heated stones and covered up with earth until ready for use. The food of the Maoris consisted mainly of fish and vegetable products. The kumara or sweet potato, the taro, and the fern root were their vegetables; birds and dogs their meat, and, after Captain Cook's visits, the pig in addition.

Their clothes were manufactured from the New Zealand flax. The work of weaving was done by the women, entirely by hand, there being no loom even of the most primitive description. Other mats were made of feathers of birds, while dog skins were worn by chiefs, and utilized to decorate other garments. The Maoris were fond of ornament, and especially prized those made of greenstone. The main decoration, however, was the tattooing or the working of patterns on different portions of the body, especially upon the face. The operation was performed by cutting the skin with sharp shells and rubbing in a preparation of soot and oil. Women were tattooed on the lips

and chin, black lips being thought an especial attraction. The custom seems to have originated in the wish to make a warrior more terrifying and determined-looking to his enemies, and, in a race of warriors, thus became in the man the mark of renown, and in the woman the criterion of beauty.

SIR ROBERT STOUT and J. LOGAN STOUT.—*New Zealand.*

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Maori Social Life

The social organization of the Maori tribe was as wellnigh perfect a commune as can be imagined. It was communism almost pure and undefiled; a commonwealth in which practically all had equal rights—except the slaves, who were not of the tribe, but had been taken from other tribes in war—and in which every man was a self-respecting and respected unit. In the Maori society each individual took a full share of the tribal duties, and in return each individual had the whole tribe at his or her back to redress an injury or avenge an insult.

Life in a Maori *kainga* in ancient days was the reverse of idle, though it may often have been monotonous. There were the *kumara* and other crops to be attended to; there were fish to be caught; the birds of the forest to be speared and snared; trees to be felled; houses to be built; canoes to be hewn out. The felling and splitting of a great forest tree, and the burning-out and stone-axe hewing of a shapely canoe from its trunk were probably the most laborious works



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CARVING IN WOOD FROM A MAORI CANOE

devolving upon the Maori of old. They were really tremendous undertakings, when we consider the very primitive appliances at the command of these people, who had never seen or known of an iron tool till the white man came.

Every man in the Maori commune was a skilled artisan in a variety of crafts. Some attained exceptional skill in arts such as wood-carving, tattooing, and canoe building, and devoted themselves to those occupations. The women were hard workers, in the food-gardens and at the cooking-ovens; and from their skilled fingers came the beautiful soft cloaks and shawls of dressed flax, often with institched plumage of birds. The fortified village of the olden time was a well-ordered one, with everything in its place, and all its appurtenances betokening a considerable degree of savage culture.

JAMES COWAN.—*The Maoris of New Zealand.* (By permission of Messrs. Whitcombe & Tombs, Ltd.)

Maori Poetry, Song, and Proverbs

The Maoris were a very poetical people; song and musical utterance were the natural expression of their every emotion. All their religious moods found an outcome in chants and hymns; love-songs and dirges alternated with lullabies and songs of defiance. Children sang at their games, and men and women at their sports.

The canoe-pulling song was used in dragging heavy timber or canoes out of the forest, and took the place which the sailors' "chanty" does with us. The boat songs gave time to the paddlers in canoes, and were sung by directors, of whom there were two in each large war-canoe, one near the bow and the other near the stern. Each of these directors would brandish his staff or weapon as a baton in exact time to the song. War songs were a solo and chorus accompaniment of the war dance, and were very inspiring compositions, the words sometimes hardly to be understood, but

the vigour and volume of sound enormous: hands, legs, and heads all agreeing in motion.

The Maori mind was a treasury of pithy proverbs, some of which carry their meanings on the surface while others are obscure. Examples of ordinary proverbs are: "Though the grub may be a little thing, it can cause the big tree to fall"; "A spear shaft may be parried, but not a shaft of speech"; "Great is the majority of the dead"; "Man is passing away like the moa"; "A chief dies, another takes his place".

A lazy fellow was mocked with the saying: "An often singed tail", pointing out that he resembled a dog that was always lying close up to a warm fire. "The flounder will not return to the place where it was disturbed" means that the chance not availed of will never return. "The white heron eats daintily, the duck gobbles up the mud" is equivalent to saying that a man is known by his tastes. "Is the entrance to the Underworld closed?" was said to one advocating war. "The head of Rangitihi bound up with the vine" was a proverb equal to "Never despair", for the hero Rangitihi when his head was split by an enemy's club bound up his skull with a forest vine and went on fighting. A person usually neglectful of personal appearance, but who was highly ornamented on some special occasion, was rebuked by the adage, "Buried in the ground, a

chrysalis; appearing in the air a butterfly ".
" Haste with the harvest, the Pleiades are setting " was a hint that the season was advanced.

These examples may suffice to show what a treasury of quaint wisdom the Maori's memory held in keeping.

EDWARD TREGEAR.—*The Maori Race*. (By permission of A. D. Willis, Wanganui.)

The Food of the Maori

Nothing can be more ridiculous than to assert that cannibalism originated in New Zealand through scarcity of food. If that had been so the women would have been in poor case, for human flesh was a *tapu* food for them. Food was on every side, but it had to be won, won with an ingenuity, a resolution, and an industry that awake admiration the more it is contemplated. Birds of all kinds, eggs, sea fish, river fish, shell-fish, crayfish, eels, rats, dogs, berries, edible seaweed, sweet roots of cabbage tree, heads of palms and tree-ferns, sweet potatoes, yams, *taro*, fern root, were eaten fresh, dried, stored, and kept for winter provision. Cliff and beach, forest and lake, sea and river, all had supplies of food waiting for those wise enough and laborious enough to gather them in, and also generous enough to feel that it was the portion of the strong and well-equipped to share not only equally but bountifully with the weaker members of their tribe.

The staple root-crop, the *kumara* or sweet potato, is a very handsome plant of tender growth

and very prolific in good seasons; it is an annual, and needs considerable skill in cultivation. It was considered an exceedingly sacred crop, and both the planting and harvesting of the roots were attended with much ceremonial. The plant was considered as eminently "the food of peace", never to be contaminated by being cooked in the same oven or stored in the same place as fern root, which was "the food of war". The *kumara* had to be steamed in the oven, the fern root roasted in the fire. The most beautifully adorned house in a settlement was generally the red-painted *kumara* store. These stores were rigidly *tapu*, and persons entering them were *tapu* also, so that only necessary and exceedingly formal visits were made to them.

The next food staple in importance to the *kumara* was the root of the common fern, which grew best on rich, loose, alluvial soil. A good root would measure about three inches round by about one foot long. If it did not break crisply it was rejected. The supply had in some cases to be brought for miles, and the labour involved in procuring and preparing it was no light matter. It was dug in spring and early summer, then put into loose stacks shaded from the sun and built so that the wind could blow through among the roots freely and dry them. Pounded with a pestle or beater, the mass acquired the consistency of

thick dough. It was made into cakes, and was considered very nourishing and sustaining food, especially for sick people or for a party of men on a forced march. Good fern root when roasted tasted like biscuit, being mealy but rather tasteless.

Bread was made from the yellow pollen of the bulrush. It was collected in summer, and, when raw, was like mustard in appearance. It was gently beaten out from the flowering spikes, mixed up with water into thin, large, round cakes, and then baked. The taste was like gingerbread, and it was both sweet and light.

The Maoris drank little excepting water, or water made sweet with the honey of the flax flower. They had nothing which could be called an artificial beverage, except the juice of the *tutu* berry. This juice had to be carefully strained to extract the seeds, which were highly poisonous, but if there were no seeds the drink was pleasant and wholesome.

EDWARD TREGEAR.—*The Maori Race*. (By permission of A. D. Willis, Wanganui.)

Maori Weapons

The principal weapon of a Maori warrior was the spear—a short weapon of from four to six feet in length. Although made only of a single piece of hard polished wood, and little better than a pointed rod, it was a formidable weapon in accustomed hands. Sometimes the short spear was used as a dart and thrown by the hand, but the Maoris never showed the proficiency in this exercise exhibited by the Australian blacks or other savages with whom the spear is a true missile weapon. A very long spear was sometimes used, generally measuring from twelve to fourteen feet in length, and occasionally with the head barbed with the terrible lacerating spines of the sting-ray. The spear called *puraka* had three or four points like the ell spear, and was about eight feet in length. Another short spear (*tete*) had a head fixed so as to break off in the body of a wounded person.

The most beautiful of all Maori arms was the battledore-shaped weapon (*mere*), somewhat resembling a flat club. It varied from about twelve

to twenty inches in length, and was often made of greenstone (jade or nephrite). A light thong was passed through a hole in the handle of the *mere* and looped round the holder's thumb. The blow generally given with the *mere* was a horizontal thrust straight from the shoulder at the temples of an enemy. If the body of the foeman was grasped by the other hand, the *mere* was driven up under the ribs or jaw; if the hair was seized, the temple blow was tried. Had the *mere* been used with the downward stroke a parrying blow might have splintered the edge and destroyed the labour of years. The *mere* was usually carried in the belt, and was used only at very close quarters. It was highly valued, and was used, as a rule, only by chiefs.

The quarter-staff or sword was made of heavy hard wood. It served also the purpose of a spear, had properly named points and guards, and was essentially a chief's weapon of authority as well as of attack and defence. Another weapon of authority or direction was the battle-axe made of bone or hard wood. It was about four feet long, pointed at one end like a spear, and having at the other a head shaped somewhat like an axe.

Of clubs there were several varieties, of wood, of greenstone, and of blackstone.

Other weapons were the "throw-stick", and the stone dagger cast by hand and with cord

attached, with which it might be recovered by the thrower. All weapons were regarded with reverence, and, in the Maori mind, were endowed with certain supernatural powers due to the *mana* or prestige derived from their former achievements in the hands of famous warriors.

EDWARD TREGEAR.—*The Maori Race*. (By permission of A. D. Willis, Wanganui.)

The Discovery of New Zealand by Tasman (1642 and 1643)

In August, 1642, there was ready for sea at Batavia the expedition which was to establish the insularity of Australia and place the western outline of New Zealand on the map of the world. The best men the Dutch commanded were selected for the expedition—Abel Janszoon Tasman as commander, and Francis Jacobszoon Visscher as pilot-major. The former was a man of thirty-nine years of age, of which nine had been spent in the employment of the Company in India, and was easily the foremost navigator in the Company's service at Batavia at that time. The two ships selected for the task were the *Heemskerck*, a small war-yacht of sixty tons, and the *Zeehaen*, a flute or long, narrow ship of one hundred tons. The former had on board sixty and the latter fifty "of the ablest-bodied seafaring men" to be found in Batavia. They were provisioned for twelve to eighteen months, and had a large supply of trade for the inhabitants of any countries they might discover.

The eventful voyage was commenced on 14th August, 1642, and the run to the Mauritius was completed by 5th September. A month was spent procuring refreshments for the crews and refitting the vessels, and, after a great deal of trouble, Tasman got to sea on 8th October, bound south. When in the 48th parallel it was decided, on the advice of Visscher, to sail eastward on the 44th parallel. The selection of the parallel of latitude was a fortunate one, as it enabled Tasman, on 24th November, to sight a new land to which he gave the name of Anthony van Diemen's Land, after the Governor-General who had sent the expedition out. From 24th November until 5th December, the two ships remained on the coast of what is now known to the world as Tasmania, and then made eastward to carry out the latter part of their instructions, which required them to go east until they reached the longitude of the Solomon Islands.

Still running to the east, on 13th December, Tasman discovered "a large high-lying land, bearing south-east of us about fifteen miles distance". The discovery was quite unexpected, as on the previous day Tasman had entered in his *Journal*: "The heavy swells still continuing from the south-west, there is no mainland to be expected here to southward". Within twenty-four hours he discovered what he thought was

a continent stretching across to South America.

No sooner was the land sighted than Tasman turned his ships towards it, and summoned the officers of the *Zeehaen* on board his own vessel, when it was resolved to touch at the land as quickly as possible. The high ground between Hokitika and Okarito, on the west coast of the South Island, is generally supposed to have been that first seen by Tasman.

ROBERT M'NAB.—*From Tasman to Marsden.* (By permission of Messrs. Coulls, Somerville, Wilkie, Ltd., Dunedin.)

The First Encounters of Maori and Pakeha

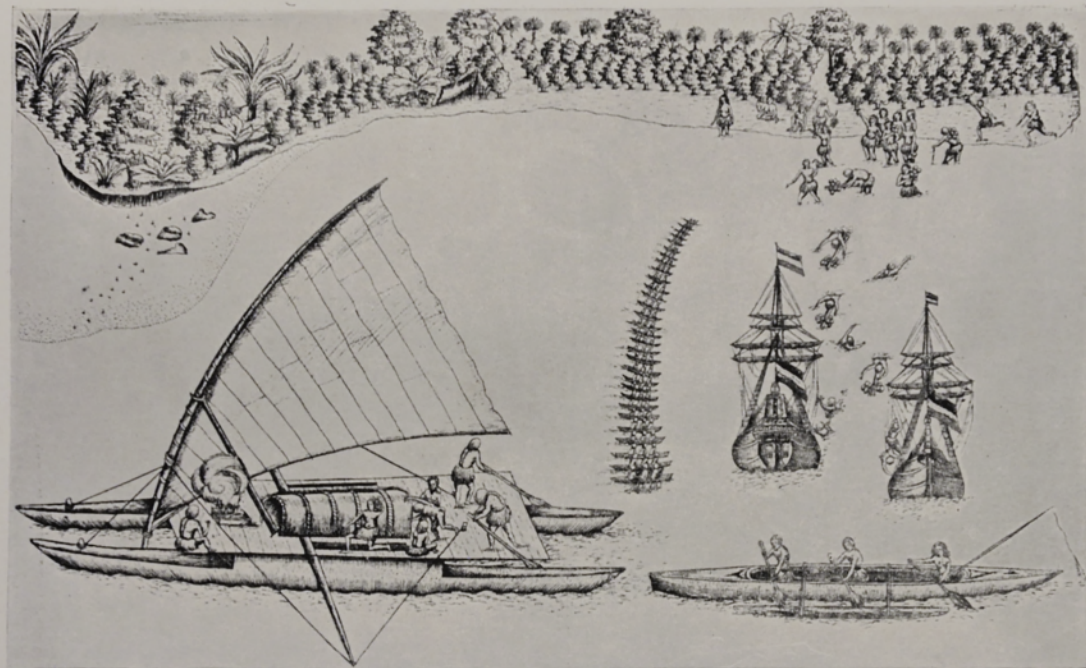
After sighting the coast of New Zealand, Tasman sailed northwards until, on 16th December, he reached the most northerly point of the South Island, named Cape Farewell by Cook in 1770. Seeking a good anchorage, he rounded this point, and, on the evening of 18th December, sailed into Golden Bay, where for the first time the Maoris came into contact with their visitors. "Two prows", says Tasman, in his *Journal*, "came towards us, the men in which began to call out to us in a rough, hollow voice, but we could not understand a word of what they said. We, however, called out to them in answer, upon which they repeated their cries several times, but came no nearer than a stone-shot; they also blew several times on an instrument of which the sound was like that of a Moorish trumpet; we then ordered one of our sailors (who had some knowledge of trumpet-blowing) to play them some tunes in answer. Those on board the *Zeehaen* ordered their second mate, who had

come out to India as a trumpeter, to do the same; after this had been repeated several times on both sides, and, as it was getting more and more dark, those in the native prows at last ceased, and paddled off.

“Early in the morning a boat manned with thirteen natives approached to about a stone’s-cast from our ships; they called out several times, but we did not understand them. As far as we could observe, these people were of ordinary height; they had rough voices and strong bones, the colour of their skin being between brown and yellow; they wore tufts of black hair right upon the top of their heads, tied fast in the manner of the Japanese at the back of their heads, but somewhat longer and thicker, and surmounted by a large, thick, white feather. Their boats consisted of two long narrow prows side by side, over which a number of planks or other seats were placed in such a way that those above could look through the water underneath the vessel; their paddles were upward of a fathom in length, narrow and pointed at the end; with these vessels they could make considerable speed. For clothing, as it seemed to us, some of them wore mats, others cotton stuffs; almost all of them were naked from the shoulders to the waist. We repeatedly made signs for them to come on board of us, showing them white linen and some knives that formed

part of our cargo. They did not come nearer, however, but at last paddled back to the shore."

The Dutch, however, understanding that the natives sought their friendship, resolved to anchor as close to the shore as possible. Seven more prows now put out from the land and approached "to within half a stone's-throw" of the ship. As the Maoris refused to come nearer, in spite of all inducements, the skipper of the *Zeehaen* determined to send towards them his cockboat manned by the quartermaster and six sailors, whereupon, continues the *Journal*, "those in the prow before us, between the two ships, began to paddle so furiously towards it, that, when they were about half-way, slightly nearer, to our ship, they struck the *Zeehaen's* cockboat so violently alongside with the stem of their prow that it got a violent lurch, upon which the foremost man in this prow of villains, with a long blunt pike, thrust the quartermaster, Cornelis Joppen, in the neck several times with so much force that the poor man fell overboard. Upon this the other natives, with short thick clubs, which we at first mistook for heavy blunt parangs, and with their paddles, fell upon the men in the cockboat, and overcame them by main force, in which fray three of our men were killed and a fourth got mortally wounded through the heavy blows. The quartermaster and two sailors swam to our ship (the



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THE TWO DUTCH SHIPS UNDER TASMAN'S COMMAND AT ANCHOR

From a drawing by Tasman

Heemskerck) whence we sent our pinnace to pick them up, which they got into alive. After this outrageous and detestable crime the murderers sent the cockboat adrift, having taken one of the dead bodies into their prow and thrown another into the sea. Ourselves and those on board the *Zeehaen*, seeing this, diligently fired our muskets and guns, and, though we did not hit any of them, the two prows made haste to the shore, where they were out of the reach of shot."

The Dutch, reflecting that they must now regard the natives as enemies, and that they could not hope to get water or refreshments in this place, determined to sail eastward along the coast in search of these things, and left the scene of their unfortunate experience, naming it Murderers' Bay.

Reference.—*Tasman's Journal*.

Tasman on the New Zealand Coast

In 1616 Isaac Le Maire, a great merchant of Amsterdam, sailing on the east coast of Tierra del Fuego, had seen a land which is really a rather small island, but which he thought was probably part of the Southern Continent, and he had called it Statenlandt. The idea in Tasman's mind, as he sailed upon the New Zealand coast, was that Le Maire and he had discovered parts of the same continent, and that it would therefore be well to use the same name "In honour of their High Mightiness—the rulers of the states of Holland". Tasman wrote, "We gave to this land the name of Staten Landt, since we deemed it quite possible that this land is part of the great Staten Landt, though this is not certain." The name Nova Zeelandia or Nieuw Zeeland was most probably given after the voyage of the Dutchman Brouwer in 1643 had removed all doubts with regard to the fact that the Statenland to the south of South America was an island. To the sea passage between Van Diemen's Land and New Zealand the name "Abel Tasman passage" was given, "because he has been the first to navigate it".

Tasman's main object now was to fight a way through or round this block of South-land, in order to make the shortest route to Chili. For this reason he resolved to sail eastward along the coast. If Tasman had persisted in this resolution he would have proved that he was right and would have discovered Cook's Straits. After sailing one hundred and twenty miles into the Straits, however, Tasman decided that he was in a bay. "We had at first thought", he wrote in his *Journal*, "that the land off which we had anchored was an island, nothing doubting that we should here find a passage to the open South Sea; but to our grievous disappointment it proved quite otherwise." An attempt to sail out of the bay westward was hindered for a time by wind and tide, and, as he tacked backwards and forwards, Tasman observed that a strong tide was running from the south-east, and that consequently there was, after all, likely to be a passage through. He determined, therefore, to investigate this point as soon as wind and weather would permit. When favourable weather again came, however, the wind was in the east. Tasman abandoned the search for the Strait. "We steered our course to northward, intending to sail northward round this land", he wrote. On his map he marked the entrance to Cook's Straits as Zeehaen's Bocht or Bight.

Tasman, from the 26th of December, 1642, to the 4th of January, 1643, sailed along the west coast of the North Island, seeking the passage round it that would open the way to Chili. On 4th January, 1643, he sighted a cape, which he named Maria Van Diemen, after the Governor-General's wife, and an island which he named Three Kings Island, "because we came to anchor there on Twelfth-night-eve, and sailed thence again of Twelfth-day". Tasman lowered three boats to obtain water from the island, but, although in a "safe but small bay they found good fresh water, coming down in great plenty from a steep mountain", it was impossible to land owing to the heavy surf. As the Dutchmen roved along the coast, they observed at several places on the highest hills from thirty to thirty-five natives of evidently hostile aspect—"men of tall stature, so far as they could see from a distance, armed with sticks or clubs, who called out to them in a very loud rough voice certain words which our men could not understand". Another attempt to obtain water was made on the following day, the 6th of January, with no greater success. "They found the current to run so strongly against the wind, that with the empty boats they had to do their utmost to hold their own", while "a heavy surf was rolling on the shore near the watering place". The risk was con-

sidered too great, and the boats returned to the ships.

As the land now fell away to the east, while a heavy sea ran from eastward, Tasman concluded that Staten Land had been rounded, and the open sea passage shown to the South American coast, and that the main object of his voyage had thus been accomplished. He therefore determined to sail northwards for home, although he was afterwards censured by the Governor-General and Council at Batavia for ending his investigations at this point. On 6th January, 1643, he sailed north from the New Zealand coast. One hundred and twenty-six years elapsed before Cook, in October, 1769, sailed into Poverty Bay and the Maoris again came into contact with Europeans.

References.—WOOD, *The Discovery of Australia*;
M'NAB, *From Tasman to Marsden*; and *Tasman's Journal*.

Captain James Cook—his Early Life

James Cook was born in the little village of Marton, in that part of Yorkshire known as Cleveland. He came into the world on the 27th day of October, in the year 1728. His father, an agricultural labourer, removed by a single step from the lowest level, is said by one writer to have been a native of Northumberland, and by others to have come from the village of Ednam, in Roxburghshire. James seems to have been the second of a large family of seven or eight, or even more. His father, who lived to be eighty-five, died at Redcar on 1st April, 1779, where he lived with his daughter Margaret. He is described in the register of deaths as a day-labourer.

The son of a hind of Scottish descent, afterwards a stone-mason, and of a Yorkshire woman of like position and parentage, James Cook had little backing from his family and his connections. Yet if we were to have chosen an ancestry, which in those days would have given a boy the best chance of success, it would have been difficult to choose a better stock on both sides—on the one

hand the Scottish patience, intelligence, and industry, and, on the other hand, the Yorkshire independence and self-reliance. Add to this—a quality especially essential to success in that century of endurance, hard fare, and continual fighting—the power of contenting himself with the simplest life under the hardest conditions. What the common sailor endured with grumbling, Captain Cook endured with cheerfulness. This also he owed as much to his parentage as to the habits of his early life.

When the boy reached his thirteenth year, and it was time to look about for him, it was resolved to apprentice him to one Sanderson, a shopkeeper of Staithes or The Staithes, near Whitby. In a year, James Cook broke his articles of apprenticeship, and made his way to Whitby and took service as ship's boy in a collier belonging to two Quaker merchants, brothers, named John and Henry Walker. In 1752 he was appointed, by Mr. Walker, mate of the *Friendship*, of four hundred tons. Thus in 1755, when this period of his life came to a close, Cook had for three years been mate, that is, second officer, on board a collier, and before that time he had been an able seaman in the same trade. A rude training, but the most effective possible. It taught him seamanship thoroughly; it taught him to understand the common sailor, and to feel for him.

In 1755 war with France was imminent, and there was urgent need of seamen for the Royal Navy. Cook, at this time twenty-seven years of age, resolved that he would not be a pressed man. He would enter as a volunteer. Accordingly he repaired to a rendezvous at Wapping, where he entered as an able seaman on board the *Eagle*. Two years after his enlistment he was made master's mate, and appointed to the *Pembroke*, on board which ship he took part in the reduction of Louisburg. In 1759 he was promoted to the rank of master and set sail in the *Mercury* for North America, where his ship joined the fleet under the command of Sir Charles Saunders, which, in conjunction with the land forces under General Wolfe, was engaged in the famous siege of Quebec. Here he performed the important and dangerous service of taking soundings of the River St. Lawrence, directly in front of the French fortified camp, and of making a chart of the river below Quebec, with soundings and directions for sailings.

It is impossible to learn how he acquired the special knowledge which enabled him to perform this difficult duty. Most of this knowledge must have been learned during the four years in the Royal Navy. It must, however, be noted that there is no other case on record in which a sailor-boy, starting in the very lowest place with the

humblest origin and the very smallest outfit of learning, has so far succeeded as to be promoted at thirty to the rank of master in the king's navy, and immediately afterwards to be selected for the performance of a piece of work requiring great technical knowledge.

WALTER BESANT.—*Captain Cook*. (By permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.)

Captain Cook's First Visit to New Zealand

In August, 1768, Cook sailed for the South Seas as lieutenant and commander of the barque *Endeavour*, sent with a scientific expedition at the instance of the Royal Society to observe the transit of Venus. Tahiti, the island selected, was reached in due course, and there, in June, 1769, the primary object of the expedition was successfully accomplished. Cook had received further instructions from the Admiralty to continue the investigation with regard to the Southern Continent from the point at which it had been left by Tasman. With this purpose, he left Tahiti and sailed southward to $40^{\circ} 22'$. Observing "not the least visible signs of land", and driven northward by the weather, he determined to explore Tasman's Staten Land, and set his course accordingly.

New Zealand was first sighted by Nicholas Young, boy to the surgeon's mate, and, on the afternoon of Monday, 9th October, the anchor

was dropped, two miles from the mouth of the river upon which Gisborne now stands, in a bay, somewhat unhappily styled Poverty Bay by Cook, "because it afforded us no one thing we wanted". Cook's first encounters with the Maoris were unfortunate. An attack by the natives upon the boys who had been left in charge of his boat, while he himself with some companions explored the district, resulted in the death of a Maori, while, on the following day, an attempt to compel some Maori occupants of a canoe to surrender by firing a shot over their heads, resulted in a desperate attack upon their assailants by the natives, which ended in the death of four and the capture of three natives. Cook himself felt that his action was open to censure, and wrote, "I am aware that most Humane men who have not experienced things of this nature will Censure my Conduct in firing upon the People in their boat, nor do I myself think that the reason I had for seizing upon her will at all justify me; and had I thought that they would have made the Least Resistance I would not have come near them; but, as they did, I was not to stand still and suffer either myself or those that were with me to be knocked on the head."

Before Cook left Poverty Bay, the country had been formally annexed, on 10th October, 1769,

in name of George III. The navigator first sailed southwards, passing the bay which he named Hawke Bay, in honour of the First Lord of the Admiralty. After a little, disappointed at finding no harbour, he decided to examine the coast to the northward, and named his turning place on the coast Cape Turnagain. Rounding East Cape, so named "because I have good reason to think that it is the Eastermost land on this whole coast", he visited the Bay of Plenty, found a suitable place for the observation of the transit of Mercury in Mercury Bay, explored the mouth of the Thames, thus designated "on account of it being some resemblance to that River in England", and came to anchor in the Bay of Islands. Reaching Cape Maria van Diemen and the Three Kings, he identified these as the most northerly points of New Zealand marked on Tasman's chart, and then sailed south to explore and chart the west coast. The magnificence of Mount Egmont was admired, and the ship finally anchored in the shelter of Ship Cove in Queen Charlotte Sound.

On the 7th February, 1770, a notable discovery was made, when Cook sailed through the dividing straits, now named Cook's Straits, and thus solved one of the geographical problems set by Tasman. It had yet to be seen if the land to the south was an island or a part of a great southern continent.

Cook's circumnavigation of the South Island decided this matter, although he did not define Stewart Island as separate from the mainland.

" I continued exploring the coast of this country till the 31st of March, 1770 ", wrote Cook, " when I quitted it and proceeded to New Holland; and having surveyed the eastern coast of that vast country, which part had not before been visited, I passed between its northern extremity and New Guinea, landed on the latter, touched at the Island of Savu, Batavia, Cape of Good Hope, and St. Helena, and arrived in England on the 2nd of July, 1771."

Reference.—*Cook's Journal.*

Captain Cook in Queen Charlotte Sound, 1770

When we look at the present deserted appearance of Queen Charlotte Sound in the neighbourhood of Motuara Island, it is difficult to conceive that at the date of Cook's visit the mouth of the Sound had a population of from three to four hundred souls. The Scenic Reserve at Ship Cove, and the few bays where the original forest covering has been preserved, give us an idea of the lovely scene which greeted Cook's eyes when first he sailed up past the Island. The dense bush-clad hills supplied sustenance to vast numbers of birds, the sea gave similar supplies to quantities of fish, and the birds and the fish thus provided for were the chief food supplies of the dense population which then inhabited the Sound. The bird life can be compared with nothing there now, and, probably, with very little else now to be found in the Dominion. Banks describes the morning melody of the feathered songsters of Queen Charlotte Sound:

"I was awakened by the singing of the birds ashore, from whence we are distant not a quarter of a mile. Their numbers were certainly very great. They seemed to strain their throats with

emulation, and made, perhaps, the most melodious wild music I have ever heard, almost imitating small bells, but with the most tunable silver sound imaginable, to which, maybe, the distance was no small addition. On inquiring of our people, I was told that they had observed them ever since we had been here, and that they begin to sing about one or two in the morning, and continue till sunrise, after which they are silent all day, like our nightingales."

The first arrivals of the New Zealand Company in 1839 listened to the same melody. The visitor of to-day listens in vain.

On Tuesday, 23rd January, on one of his many surveying expeditions, Cook went some twelve or fifteen miles up the Sound, and, not finding the end of it, landed and climbed the hills on the eastern side. He was disappointed in his hoped-for view of the Sound itself, but was rewarded, on looking over to the east, with a sight of the long-suggested strait which Tasman had in vain attempted to locate. Cook had climbed the hill with only one companion, and, as might have been expected, "returned in high spirits". He had seen the strait, the land stretching away to the eastward on the other side, and the open sea to the south-east.

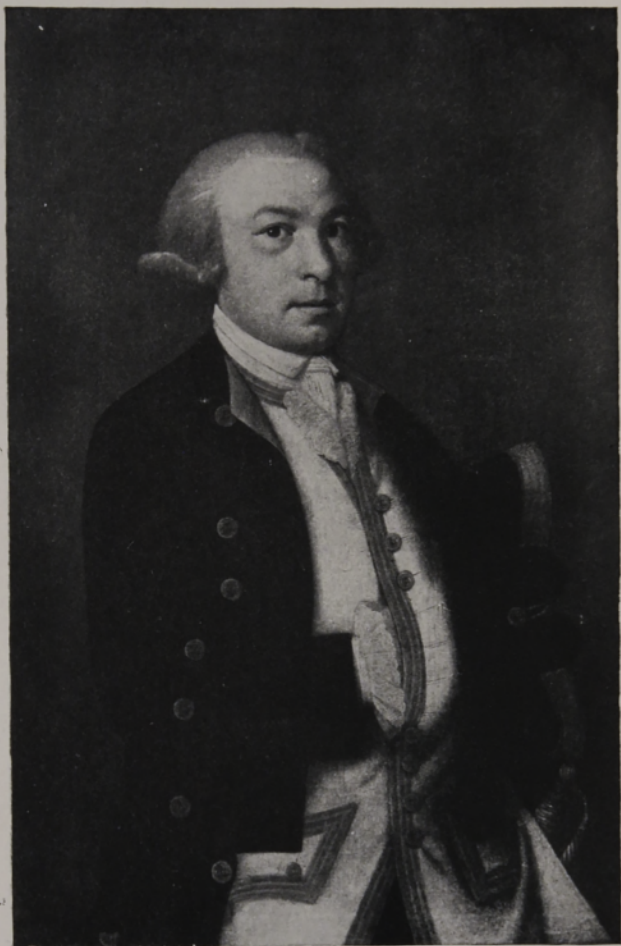
On a later date, accompanied by Banks and Solander, Cook again ascended the hill, and care-

fully examined the western entrance of the strait, which was to be named after him, Cook Strait. On this occasion the party erected a small pyramid of stones, in which they placed musket balls, shot, beads, and any available thing likely to stand the test of time. On Tuesday the 30th, three days afterwards, a visit was made to Jackson Head, and, on the top of the hill, from which a view was taken seaward and the different spots located, a cairn was built, mementoes placed therein, and an old pennant left flying from a pole upon it.

In addition to these records of his visit to the Sound, Cook caused two posts to be prepared, giving the day, date, and name of his vessel. One of the posts was erected at the watering place, where to-day Cook's Monument is located; the other was taken over to Motuara, and, after the consent of the natives had been procured, was carried to the highest point of the Island, where it was placed in position, the flag hoisted, the inlet named Queen Charlotte Sound after the King's consort, and possession of the mainland taken in the name of King George the Third.

On Motuara Island, British sovereignty was, on 1st February, 1770, first declared in the South Island of New Zealand.

ROBERT M'NAB.—*From Tasman to Marsden.* (By permission of Messrs. Coulls, Somerville, Wilkie, Ltd.,) Dunedin.)



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CAPTAIN COOK

*From the painting in the National Portrait Gallery, painted in 1766
for the Governor of Newfoundland*

Captain Cook's Personal Appearance

He was, to begin with, over six feet high, thin and spare; his head was small; his forehead was broad; his hair was of a dark brown, rolled back, and tied behind in the fashion of the time; his nose was long and straight; his nostrils clear and finely cut; his cheekbones were high—a feature which illustrated his Scotch descent; his eyes were brown and small, but well set, quick, and piercing; his eyebrows were large and bushy; his chin was round and full; his mouth firmly set; his face long. It is an austere face, but striking. One thinks, perhaps wrongly, that without having been told whose face this is, in the portrait, we might know it as the face of a man remarkable for patience, resolution, perseverance, and indomitable courage. The portraits of naval worthies are sometimes disappointing—the faces of some gallant admirals have even, if one may respectfully use the word, a fatuous expression, no doubt the fault of the rascal

painter. That of James Cook satisfies. It is a face worthy of the navigator. Such was the appearance of the man; tall, thin, grave, even austere. As for his personal habits, he was, as all agree, of robust constitution, inured to labour, and capable of undergoing the severest hardships. Every north-easterly gale that buffeted the collier's boy in the German Ocean, every night spent in battling with the winter gales between Newcastle and the port of London, helped to build up this strength and endurance. He was able to eat without difficulty the coarsest and the most ungrateful food—on what luxuries are even the mates of a collier nourished? “Great was the indifference with which he submitted to every kind of self-denial.” A man who felt no hardships, who desired no better fare than was served out to his men, who looked on rough weather as the chief part of life, who was never sick, and never tired—where was there his like?

And a man who never rested; he was always at work. “During his long and tedious voyages”, writes Captain King, after his death, “his eagerness and activity were never in the least degree abated. No incidental temptation would detain him for a moment; even those intervals of recreation which sometimes unavoidably occurred, and were looked for by us with a longing that persons who have experienced the fatigues of

service will readily excuse, were submitted to by him with a certain impatience whenever they could not be employed in making a further provision for the more effectual prosecution of his designs."

When we have read so far we are not surprised to hear that he was a man of a hasty temper and liable to passion. A man who was never tired, never wanting to sit down and rest, impatient of enforced leisure, careless about luxuries, incessantly at work—how should he be anything but hasty and passionate when he found his plans obstructed by the weakness or laziness of men?

WALTER BESANT.—*Captain Cook*. (By permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.)

No Man's Land

For two generations the English Government paid no attention to the new-found land. What with losing America, and fighting the French, it had its hands full. It colonized Australia with convicts—and found it a costly and dubious experiment. The Government was well satisfied to ignore New Zealand. But adventurous English spirits were not. In the seas round New Zealand were found the whale and the fur-seal. The Maoris might be cannibals, but they were eager to trade. In their forests grew trees capable of supplying first-class masts and spars. Strange weapons, ornaments, and cloaks were offered by the savages, as well as food and the dressed fibre of the native flax. Moreover, a peculiar and profitable, if ghastly, trade sprang up in tattooed heads. A well-preserved specimen fetched as much as twenty pounds. Hitherto hung up as trophies of victory in the *pas*, these relics of battle were quickly turned to account, at first for iron, then for muskets, powder, and lead. Missionary effort, however, at length killed the traffic.

Cook had found the Maoris still in the Stone Age. They were far too intelligent to stay there a day after the use of metals had been demonstrated to them. Wits much less acute than a Maori's would appreciate the difference between hacking at hardwood trees with a jade tomahawk, and cutting them down with a European axe. So New Zealand's shores became, very early in the nineteenth century, the favourite haunt of whalers, sealers, and nondescript trading schooners.

Deserters and shipwrecked seamen were adopted by the tribes. An occasional runaway convict from Australia added spice to the mixture. The lot of these unacknowledged and unofficial pioneers of our race was chequered. Some castaways were promptly knocked on the head and eaten. Some suffered in slavery. Others were admitted into the tribes, and married to one, sometimes two or three, wives. The relatives of these last occasionally resorted to an effectual method of securing their fidelity by tattooing them. Once enlisted, they were expected to distinguish themselves in the incessant tribal wars. Most of them took their share of fighting with gusto. As trade between whites and Maoris grew, each tribe made a point of having a white agent-general, called its *Pakeha* Maori, to conduct their trade and business with his fellows. These gentry were for the most part admirably qualified to spread

the vices of civilization and discredit its precepts. But, illiterate ruffians as most of them were, they had their uses in aiding peaceful intercourse between the races. One of them, Maning by name, who lived with a tribe on the beautiful inlet of Hokianga, was an Irish adventurer, possessed not only of uncommon courage and acuteness, but of real literary talent and a genial and charming humour. He lived to see savagery replaced by colonization, and to become a judicial officer in the service of the Queen's Government. Some of his reminiscences, embodied in a volume entitled *Old New Zealand*, still form the best book which the colony has been able to produce. Nowhere has the comedy and childishness of savage life been so delightfully portrayed.

WILLIAM PEMBER REEVES.—*New Zealand*. (By permission of the author.)

The Sealers

The early navigators were the first to arrive, and the whalers, sealers, and traders followed in their track. From whatever motives these voyages were undertaken, all contributed information to the aborigines. Tasman taught them the existence of other races of men; Cook gave them various useful plants and animals; De Surville instructed them in the occasional treachery of navigators; and another Frenchman, whose name is forgotten, in their kindness and good faith. Marion's crew showed them the fatal effects of firearms, whaling-vessels commenced bartering European articles for pigs and potatoes, and traders developed a commerce in flax and spars. It is worthy of remark that few of the merchants who fitted out these vessels ever thought that in pursuing their own selfish ends they were engaged in advancing civilization.

The sealers formed the next arrival. These men commenced their intercourse with the natives in the southern parts of the Middle Island about

the beginning of the century, being landed from whale ships for the purpose of killing the seals then very numerous all round the coast. Disputes at first arose between the sealers and the natives, and in such conflicts the sealers adopted the New Zealand war custom of slaying the first native they encountered; but both races soon became sensible of the benefits of peace, and the savages, to promote this great object, gave the strangers wives and Cod-fish Island as a residence. Here they built houses and cultivated the soil; and when their numbers increased, they spread themselves round the coasts. Between 1816 and 1826 one hundred sealers were permanently settled in New Zealand, and in 1814 a vessel of one hundred and fifty tons burden was built by them at Dusky Bay.

Sealers in character resembled the whalers; and Stewart, who first discovered the insularity of the Southern Island,¹ was a good specimen of the sealer class. By birth, he was a Scotch Jacobite, who had seen the world and drank Burgundy. After residing many years in New Zealand he returned to Scotland to see his forlorn wife; but she, conceiving him dead, had long before wedded another, and now denied his personal identity.

Affected with this reception in the home of his fathers, he returned to New Zealand, took

¹ Now usually styled Stewart Island.

up his abode among the natives, and, in 1851, died at the age of eighty-five years, in a destitute state, at Poverty Bay. To the day of his death, Stewart wore the tartan of his royal clan, and was occasionally seen sitting among natives, passing the pipe from mouth to mouth, and relating tales of his fishing adventures, which in length and variety resembled those of Sindbad the Sailor.

SURGEON-MAJOR THOMSON.—*The Story of New Zealand.*

The Law of Muru

There were in the old times two great institutions, which reigned with iron rod in Maori land—the *Tapu* and the *Muru*. Pakehas, who knew no better, called the *muru* simply “robbery”, because the word *muru*, in its common signification, means to plunder. But I speak of the regular legalized and established system of plundering as penalty for offences, which in a rough way resembled our law by which a man is obliged to pay “damages”. Great abuses had, however, crept into this system, so great, indeed, as to render the retention of any sort of movable property almost an impossibility, and, in a great measure, to discourage the inclination to labour for its acquisition.

The offences for which people were plundered were sometimes of a nature which, to a mere pakeha, would seem curious. A man's child fell in the fire and was almost burnt to death. The father was immediately plundered to an extent that left him almost without the means of sub-

sistence: fishing-nets, canoes, pigs, provisions—all went. His canoe upset, and he and all his family narrowly escaped drowning—some were, perhaps, drowned. He was immediately robbed, and well pummelled with a club into the bargain, if he was not good at the science of self-defence—the club part of the ceremony being always fairly administered one against one, and after fair warning given to defend himself. He might be clearing some land for potatoes, burning off the fern, and the fire spreads farther than he intended, and gets into a *wahi-tapu* or burial-ground. No matter whether anyone has been buried in it or not for the last hundred years, he is tremendously robbed. Now, as the enforcers of this law were also the parties who received the damages, as well as the judges of the amount, which in many cases (such as that of the burnt child) would be everything they could by any means lay hands on, it is easy to perceive that under such a system personal property was an evanescent sort of thing altogether. These executions or distraints were never resisted; indeed, in many cases, it would have been felt as a slight, and even an insult, not to be robbed; the sacking of a man's establishment being often taken as high compliment. To resist the execution would not only have been looked upon as mean and disgraceful in the highest degree, but it would

have debarred the contemptible individual from the privilege of robbing his neighbours, which was the compensating expedient.

We will, by way of illustrating the working of the *muru* system, take the case of the burnt child. Soon after the accident, it would be heard of in the neighbouring villages; the family of the mother are probably the inhabitants of one of them; they have, according to the law of *muru*, the first and greatest right to clean out the afflicted father—a child being considered to belong to the family of the mother more than to that of the father—in fact, it is their child, whom the father has the rearing of. The child was, moreover, a promising boy, the making of a future warrior, and consequently very valuable to the whole tribe in general, but to the mother's family in particular. Then he is a boy of good family, a *rangitira* (chief) by birth, and it would never do to let the thing pass without making a noise about it. That would be an insult to the dignity of the families of both father and mother. Decidedly, besides being robbed, the father must be assaulted with the spear. True, he is a famous spearman, and for his own credit must "hurt" some one or another if attacked. But this is of no consequence; a flesh wound more or less deep is to be counted on; and then, think of the plunder! It is against the law of *muru* that anyone should be killed, and

first blood ends the duel. Then the natural affection of all the child's relations is great. They are all in a great state of excitement, and trying to remember how many canoes, and pigs, and other valuable articles the father has got; for this must be a clean sweep. A strong party is now mustered, headed probably by the brother of the mother of the child. He is a stout chap, and carries a long tough spear. A messenger is sent to the father, to say that the *taua muru* is coming, and may be expected to-morrow or the next day. He asks, "Is it a great *taua*?" Yes, it is a very great *taua* indeed. The victim smiles, he feels highly complimented; he is then a man of consequence.

The chief's brother-in-law advances, spear in hand, with the most alarming gestures. "Stand up! stand up! I will kill you this day!" is his cry. The defendant is not slow to answer the challenge. A most exciting, and what to a new pakeha would appear a most desperately dangerous, fencing bout with spears instantly commences. At last the brother-in-law is slightly touched; blood also drops from our chief's thigh. The fight instantly ceases; leaning on their spears, probably a little badinage takes place between them, and then the brother-in-law roars out: "Murua! murua! murua!" Then the new arrivals commence a regular sack, and the two

principals sit down quietly with a few others for a friendly chat, in which the child's name is never mentioned, or the inquiry as to whether he is alive or dead even made. Slighter "accidents and offences" would be atoned for by a milder form of operation. But the general effect was to keep personal property circulating from hand to hand pretty briskly, or indeed to convert it into public property, for no man could say who would be the owner of his canoe or blanket in a month's time.

F. E. MANING.—*Old New Zealand.*

The First Mission to New Zealand

It would be difficult to overrate the value of missionary work among the Maoris, or to overpraise the courage and devotion of the pioneer missionaries. They made mistakes, it is true; their narrowness retarded colonization, and they were often deceived as to the depth and sincerity of the native profession of faith. But, when all deductions are made, it must still be admitted that the humanizing of the Maoris was, to a large extent, due to the introduction and spread of Christianity. It was the missionary who broke the spell of the *tapu* and gave the death-blow to infanticide and cannibalism.

The Augustine of New Zealand was the Rev. Samuel Marsden, senior chaplain of New South Wales. Originally a blacksmith, brought up among Methodists in a Yorkshire village, and educated at Cambridge, Marsden was noted from the first for his piety and singular catholicity of spirit. Neither a bigot nor a sectarian, his sympathy went out freely to men of other denominations, and he had the good sense to see that the missionary should be a civilizing agent in the

worldly sense as well as a preacher of the Gospel. His interest in New Zealand dated from his having seen some Maori chiefs in the streets of Sydney. Struck by their appearance, he conceived the idea of establishing a Christian mission in their native land. During a visit to England in 1809 he persuaded the Church Missionary Society to send out with him a number of persons, mostly laymen, to found a mission among the Maoris. On the vessel that took them to Sydney was Ruatara, a nephew of Hongi. He had worked his passage to England in the hope of seeing King George, but had been badly treated and defrauded of his wages by the rascally captain with whom he made the voyage. Utterly destitute, disappointed in his great ambition, smarting under a sense of injury and insult, the unfortunate chief now found a friend and protector in Marsden, who took him to Parramatta and taught him the rudiments of Christianity.

Marsden reached Australia to find that unexpected difficulties had arisen. "On our arrival at Port Jackson, in February, 1810," he writes in his *Journal*, "we received the melancholy news that the ship *Boyd* of 600 tons burden had been burnt, and the captain and crew all murdered and eaten by the natives of Whangaroa in New Zealand. This most awful calamity extinguished at once all hopes of introducing

the Gospel into that country. Every voice was naturally raised against the natives, and against all who were in any way attached to their interest. None lamented this calamity more than myself.

“ Another dreadful occurrence soon after took place. At the time I here allude to, there were seven whalers on the coast of New Zealand, and the masters of these vessels, having heard of the fate of the *Boyd*, sailed into the Bay of Islands, which lies about forty miles to the southward of Whangaroa, and in the night each ship sent a whale-boat, with an armed crew, who landed on Tippahee’s Island, and there murdered every man and woman they could find. In this dreadful slaughter my friend Tippahee received seven shots, and died of his wounds. Many other friendly disposed people were killed. It was alleged by the Europeans, as a justification of this horrid massacre, that Tippahee assisted in the destruction of the *Boyd* and her crew; though at the same time he was an innocent man. The mistake appears to have originated in the near similarity in the names of the two chiefs—that of the chief at the Bay of Islands was Tippahee, and the name of the other at Whangaroa (who aided in the destruction of the *Boyd*) was Tippoo-hee. I knew them both well.”

“ After these awful events ”, he continues, “ the way to New Zealand appeared to be completely

hedged up, though I did not despair of the ultimate success of the mission from my personal knowledge of the real character of the New Zealander, provided I could get any vessel to take the missionaries to New Zealand, who were then with me at Parramatta and willing to go. I waited more than three years, and no master of a vessel would venture for fear of his ship and crew falling a sacrifice to the natives."

Marsden, however, did not allow these difficulties to shake his resolution. At his own expense he purchased a vessel and dispatched to New Zealand the two lay missionaries, Hall and Kendall, with a letter to his pupil, Ruatara, who had returned some time previously. Marsden had given Ruatara a supply of seed-wheat, and, curiously enough, this present was partly responsible for the friendly reception accorded to the missionaries. Ruatara's crop of wheat was a many days' wonder to his kinsfolk. "They knew the value of roots; but how the wheat could yield the flour, out of which the bread and biscuits they had eaten in English ships were made, was more than they could understand. They tore up some of the stalks, expecting to find something like their own potato at the root. That the ears should furnish the substance of a loaf of bread was not to be believed. Either Ruatara was playing a trick with them, or he

had himself been duped, and they were not going to be so taken in.

“Ruatarā had only to wait. The field was reaped, and the corn threshed out; then he found himself without a mill! He tried in vain to grind his corn in a coffee-mill, borrowed from a trading ship, and now his friends laughed at him for his simplicity.

“Fortunately, the missionaries brought him a hand-mill. Still incredulous, the people assembled to watch the result; but when the meal began to stream out beneath the machine, their surprise was great, and when a cake was hastily baked in a frying-pan they shouted and they danced for joy. Ruatarā was now believed. He was right in the matter of the wheat, and they could trust him as to his report of the missionaries; they were good men.”

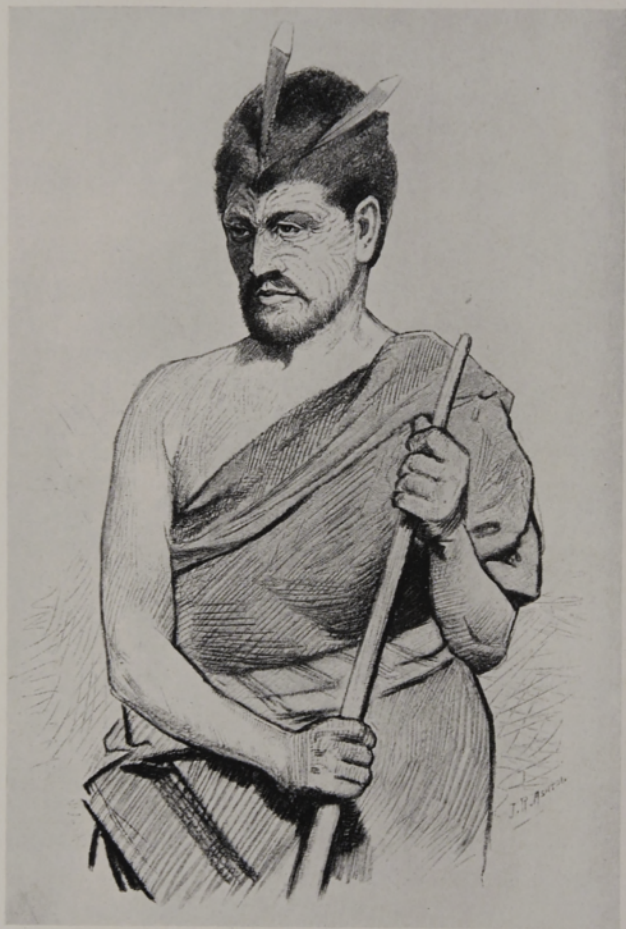
Hall and Kendall returned to Sydney in October, 1814, taking with them Hongi, Ruatarā, and other chiefs, all of whom found a home under Marsden's hospitable roof. Hongi, already a noted warrior and dreaming of future conquests, heard the Gospel without heeding, but recognizing that the missionaries were “good men” whose presence might be used to further his ambitions, he promised Marsden that he would protect those about to be dispatched to New Zealand.

References: IRVINE and ALPERS, *The Progress of New Zealand in the Century*; and REV. SAMUEL MARSDEN'S *Journal* (*The Historical Records of New Zealand*, Vol. I).

The Rev. Samuel Marsden's First Visit to New Zealand

Ultimately Marsden bought the brig *Active*, and in this vessel, in November, 1814, he set out from Sydney for New Zealand, along with Kendall, Hall, and King, the agents of the Church Missionary Society, with their families, and his friend Mr. Nicholas, a New South Wales colonist. Along with the missionaries there sailed four other Europeans, "two sawyers, one smith, and one runaway convict (as we found him to be afterwards)", writes Marsden. Accompanying them were eight Maoris, five of whom, including Ruatara, were chiefs. The ship was laden with useful tools and implements and goods for trade, seeds, cattle, and horses.

Marsden arrived at the Bay of Islands to find that the natives of that district were at war with those of Whangaroa. Several desperate battles had already been fought, and the feud was likely to continue. Marsden directed his first efforts to reconciling the contending tribes. Chiefly owing to the good offices of Ruatara, he was well received, as he impressed upon the natives the



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TIPPAHEE

After a portrait published in 1886

blessings that might now accrue from the settlement of Europeans if they would cultivate the land, improve themselves in useful knowledge, and cease the endless wars which devastated their country.

Marsden draws a memorable picture of the romance of the strange night which he passed on shore among the Maori warriors. "As the evening advanced", he writes, "the people began to retire to rest in different groups. About 11 p.m. Mr. Nicholas and I wrapped ourselves up in our greatcoats, and prepared for rest also. George (one of the chiefs) directed me to lie by his side, his wife and child lay on one side, myself on the other, and Mr. Nicholas close by the family. The night was clear, the stars shone brightly, and the sea in our front was smooth. Around us were numerous spears stuck upright in the ground; and groups of natives lying in all directions like a flock of sheep upon the grass, as there were neither tents nor huts to cover them. I viewed our situation with new sensations and feelings that I cannot express—surrounded by cannibals who had massacred and devoured our countrymen, I wondered much at the mysteries of Providence, and how these things could be. Never did I behold the blessed advantages of civilization in a more grateful light than at that moment. I did not sleep much during the night; my mind

was too anxiously occupied by the present scene, and the new and strange ideas it naturally excited. About 3 o'clock in the morning I arose and walked about the camp, surveying the different groups of natives, some of whom put out their heads from under the tops of their 'Kakka-haws', which are like a beehive, and spoke to me. When the morning light appeared we beheld men, women, and children asleep in all directions, like the beasts of the field."

In the morning the chiefs breakfasted on the *Active*, and a distribution of presents took place. "When the ceremonies of giving and receiving presents were over," Marsden continues, "I expressed my hopes that they would have no more wars, but from that time would be reconciled to each other. Duaterra (Ruatarā), Shunghee (Hongi), and Koro Koro all shook hands with the chiefs of Whangaroa, and saluted each other, as a token of reconciliation, by joining their noses together. I was much gratified to see these men at amity once more, and sincerely wished that this peace might never be broken, and I considered the time well employed while we had been detained by adverse winds. The chiefs took their leave, much pleased with our attention to them, and promised never to injure any European in future."

Reference.—REV. SAMUEL MARSDEN's *Journal* (in *Historical Records of New Zealand*, Vol. I).

The First Public Service held in New Zealand (December, 1814)

Duaterra (Ruatarara) passed the remaining part of the day in preparing for the Sabbath. He enclosed about half an acre of ground with a fence, in the centre of which he erected a pulpit and a reading-desk, and covered the whole with either black native-made cloth or some duck which he had brought with him from Port Jackson. He also procured the bottoms of some old canoes, and fixed them up as seats for the Europeans on each side of the pulpit, intending to have Divine service performed next day. These preparations were made of his own accord, and in the evening he first informed me that everything was ready for public worship. I was much pleased with this singular mark of his attention. The reading-desk was about 3 feet and the pulpit 6 feet from the ground. The black native cloth covered the top of the pulpit, and hung over the sides. The bottom of the pulpit, as well as the reading-desk, was made of part of a canoe, and

the whole was becoming and had a solemn appearance. He had also erected a flagstaff on the highest hill in the village, which had a very commanding view. On Sunday morning, when I went upon deck, I saw the English flag flying, which was a pleasing sight in New Zealand. I considered it the signal for the dawn of civilization, liberty, and religion in that dark and benighted land. I never viewed the British flag with more gratification, and I flattered myself it would never be removed till the natives of that island enjoyed all the happiness of British subjects.

About 10 a.m. we prepared to go on shore to publish the glad tidings of the Gospel of Christ for the first time on this island. I was under no apprehension for the safety of the vessel, and therefore ordered all on board to attend Divine service on shore, except the master and one man. On our landing we found Koro Koro, Duaterra, and Shunghee dressed in regimentals, which had been given them by Governor Macquarie of New South Wales—their men drawn up, ready to march into the enclosure, to attend Divine service. They had their swords by their sides and switches in their hands. We entered the enclosure, and were placed on the seats on each side of the pulpit. Koro Koro marched his men on, and stationed them on my right, and in rear of the Europeans, while Duaterra placed his men on

the left of the inhabitants of the village, including women and children, and the other chiefs formed a circle round the whole. A very solemn silence prevailed. The sight was truly impressive. I got up and began the service by singing the Old Hundredth Psalm, and felt my very soul melting within me when I viewed my congregation, and considered the state they were in. After reading the service, during which the natives stood up and sat down at the signal given by the motion of Koro Koro's switch, which was regulated by the movements of the Europeans, it being Christmas Day, I preached from *Luke*, v, 10, "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy". The natives told Duaterra they could not understand what I meant. He replied they were not to mind that now, for they would understand by and by, when he would try to explain the meaning as well as he could. When I had ended the sermon he informed them of what I had described in my discourse. Duaterra was very much pleased that he had been able to make all the necessary preparations for the performance of Divine service in so short a time; and we felt much obliged to him for his attention. He was extremely anxious to convince us that he would do everything for us that lay in his power, and that the good of his country was his principal consideration. In the above manner the Gospel has been

introduced into New Zealand, and I fervently pray that the glory of it may never depart from its inhabitants till time shall be no more.

After the service we returned on board, much gratified with the reception we had met with, and we could not but feel the strongest persuasion that the time was at hand when the glory of the Lord would be revealed to these poor benighted heathen, and that those who were to remain on the island had strong reason to believe that their labours would be blessed and crowned with success.

REV. SAMUEL MARSDEN's *Journal* (in *Historical Records of New Zealand*, Vol. I).

The Old Whaling Days

Whalers had "fished" off the northern coast of New Zealand from about 1794, and had, from somewhere about that date, made the Bay of Islands a depot from which they obtained food for their crews, and crews for their ships. These were sperm whalers, who hunted the cachalot in the open sea, over recognized whaling-grounds in the vicinity of the New Zealand coasts, but their trade cannot be claimed as belonging to any country in particular, it belongs to the Ocean. Later, another whaling trade of an entirely different kind was developed, which consisted in pursuing and capturing the right whale, when these animals paid their annual visit to the New Zealand bays. The end of the third decade of the nineteenth century found quite a number of Sydney firms engaged in the sperm whale trade, in company with the whaling vessels of England, Europe, and America. As sperm whales came to be reduced in number, and as the demand for right whale oil and whalebone made the right

whale more valuable, greater attention was paid to the latter's movements, and some of the whalers captured the right whale when opportunity offered, and took sperm or right as they were available. Noting the bays on the New Zealand coast which the whales visited to calve, and the period when that took place, the whalers, during the same period, forsook the open sea whaling and visited these same bays. Thus bay whaling became a New Zealand trade. An occasional trade in flax and timber had already been established, and flourished owing to the New Zealanders' desire for muskets and gunpowder to be used in the perpetual tribal wars.

Till about 1830 vessels engaged in the flax trade always came down to the New Zealand coast with sufficient goods on board to enable barter with the natives to be carried on until their cargoes were completed. This meant great delay on the coast and consequent loss of money. A very much better plan now came into operation. Collectors were landed at the different settlements to buy the flax and have it all ready to be put on board when the vessel was ready to receive it. Meanwhile the vessel sailed away and visited other places.

The goods usually taken for exchange were tomahawks, pipes, fish-hooks, clasp-knives, tobacco, cotton handkerchiefs, cartridge paper, bul-



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WHALING IN THE SOUTH SEAS

lets, cartouche-boxes, bayonets, cutlasses, bullet-moulds, and leather belts. In winter there was a very good demand for blankets and woollen slops. The goods got in return were pigs, potatoes, curios, and flax. Labour was paid for the same way. Tobacco was in good demand, and rum gave promise of improvement as the taste for it was acquired. Muskets, with a plentiful supply of gunpowder, were looked upon as the most valuable articles for the natives to have, and they were purchased in such quantities that an onlooker would have thought them likely to become a drug in the market. This, however, was not so. When the trade first commenced, any sort of weapon which the trader could fire off, if it were only when the weapon was being tried, was good enough to buy, and, as the natives were provided neither with the means of effecting repairs nor the necessary knowledge, the number of muskets which had to be scrapped was very great. By 1830 this was all changed; the Maoris knew a good gun as well as the Europeans did, and knew also the men with whom they were dealing. They therefore made it a rule to take off the locks and examine the weapons before completing the bargain. They preferred the muskets which bore a Tower stamp, and fancied the stocks which were dark in colour and had most brass upon them.

When it is known that the trade in muskets and gunpowder was carried on almost wholly to enable the chief Te Rauparaha to plunder and devastate the less efficiently armed tribes around him, the expert knowledge which the Maori had acquired in connection with munitions of war gives us an idea of the tremendous magnitude of the trade, and the consequent destruction of human life on which it lived.

ROBERT M'NAB.—*The Old Whaling Days*. (By permission of Messrs. Whitcombe & Tombs, Ltd.)

Hongi Hika—the War Chief

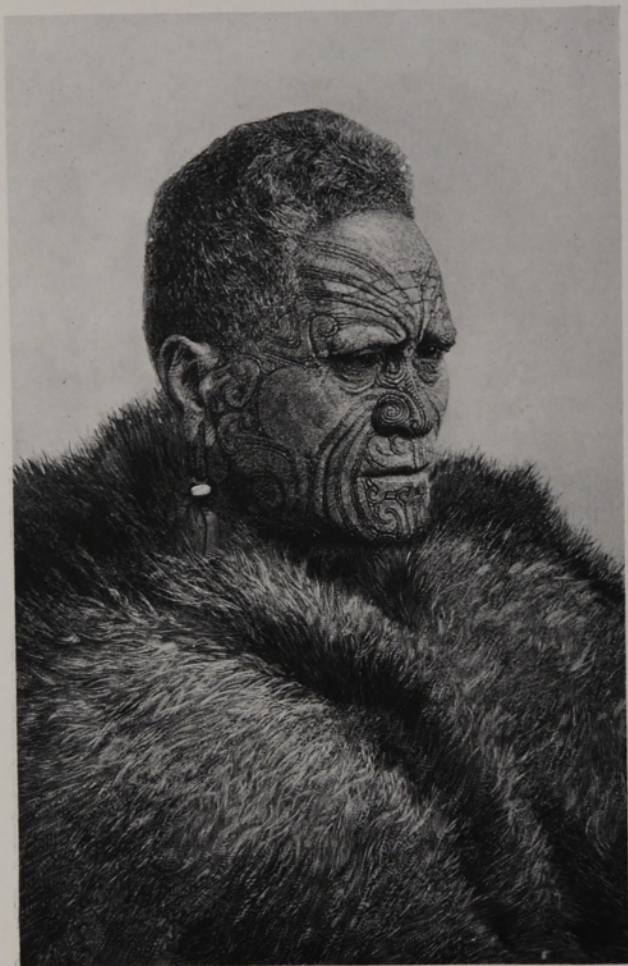
About the year 1777 was born, near the Bay of Islands, Hongi Hika, a scion of the illustrious Ngapuhi nation. In early manhood he distinguished himself in battle; and, although influential from his birth, he soon became more so by his deeds. After rendering his name famous in his country's annals, he accompanied Ruatara to Sydney in 1814, lived in the Rev. Mr. Marsden's house, and returned to New Zealand the patron and protector of Christianity and letters. These offices, however, did not restrain him from plunging into war and ravaging the Bay of Plenty, Rotorua, Wangaroa, and Hokianga; when, having subdued every foe he could safely reach, he grew restless from idleness, and announced his intention of visiting England "to see King George and bring back missionaries, carpenters, blacksmiths, Europeans, and twenty soldiers".

In 1820 Hongi and Waikato embarked for England, accompanied by Mr. Kendall, a missionary; and, on arriving at London, were of great assis-

tance to Professor Lee of Cambridge in the construction of a vocabulary and grammar of the New Zealand language. George IV gave Hongi an audience, and dismissed him with a suit of armour and many presents. While in England, Hongi derived most pleasure from beholding the household troops, the military stores in the Tower, and the great elephant; and in listening to stories of Napoleon's sieges and battles.

After a month's residence in England, during which he charmed the Christian world by acting the part of a devout Christian, he returned to Sydney. There a New Zealander informed him that during his absence his son-in-law had fallen in battle on the banks of the River Thames. From the grief this news produced he soon recovered, and immediately commenced collecting guns and powder. All the valuable presents brought from England, excepting the coat of mail, were sold to purchase 300 muskets; and with this supply he returned home to revenge his son-in-law's blood.

Early in 1822 Hongi embarked in his war canoes at the Bay of Islands, with 1000 followers, steered up the Hauraki Gulf, and entered the River Thames. Totara, a fortification standing on its left bank, was taken by stratagem, 500 of the enemy slain, and 300 eaten. He then directed his canoes to a stronghold on the Tamaki River,



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A MAORI WITH TATTOOED FACE

A PORTRAIT OF TAWHIAO, THE SECOND MAORI "KING"

which place also fell with considerable slaughter. The fugitives from these two forts sought safety in Matakītaki, a stronghold on the Waipa River. Thither Hongi pursued them, and slew 1400 out of a garrison of 4000. Hongi returned home from the greatest of his campaigns with crowds of slaves. A missionary witnessed the conqueror's disembarkation at the Bay of Islands. The women, who remained at home, rushed out to meet the warriors, and those who had relatives slain during the expedition gave vent to their passions by murdering unarmed and unresisting slaves.

During this campaign the enemy were without firearms, while Hongi's warriors mustered upwards of 300 stand of arms. His last and fatal expedition was made in 1827 against his old foes at Wangaroa. During an early part of the conflict a bullet passed close to his ear, and whispered death was at hand: subsequently one penetrated his lungs, for he wore upon this occasion his helmet but not his breastplate, and the wound never healed, although he recovered so far as occasionally to entertain his friends by making the air whistle through the hole in his back. Fifteen months after receiving this wound he died from its effects, aged fifty-five. On his death-bed, which was decked out with instruments of war, he exhorted his followers to be courageous, to protect the missionaries, and not

allow these holy men to leave the country. "For," said he, "they have done good and have done no harm."

Hongi was a man of small stature, but he had a large, broad, and high forehead, with quick piercing eyes. Ambition, energy, and revenge were the three great features in his character; and he was endowed with an undaunted constancy of purpose, neither baffled by disappointments, nor wearied out by impediments. Some things he judged with the acuteness of a critic and the spirit of a philosopher. He never became a Christian, although he educated his children at the mission schools.

SURGEON-MAJOR THOMSON.—*The Story of New Zealand.*

The Maori and the Musket

The first grand cause of the decrease of the natives since the arrival of the Europeans is the musket. The nature of the ancient Maori weapons prompted them to seek out vantage-ground, and to take up positions on precipitous hilltops, and make those high, dry, airy situations their regular fixed residence. Their ordinary course of life, when not engaged in warfare, was regular, and not necessarily unhealthy. Their labour, though constant in one shape or other, and compelled by necessity, was not too heavy. In the morning, but not early, they descended from the hill *pa* to the cultivations in the low ground; they went in a body, armed like men going to battle, the spear or club in one hand, and the agricultural instrument in the other. The women followed. Long before night (it was counted unlucky to work till dark) they returned to the hill with a reversed order, the women now, and slaves, and lads, bearing fuel and water for the night, in front; they also bore, probably, heavy loads of *kumara* or other provisions. In the time of year when the crops did not call for their

attention, when they were planted and growing, then the whole tribe would remove to some fortified hill, at the side of some river or on the coast, where they would pass months fishing, making nets, clubs, spears, and implements of various descriptions; the women, in all spare time, making mats for clothing, or baskets to carry the crop of *kumara* in, when fit to dig. There was very little idleness; and to be called "lazy" was a great reproach. It is to be observed that for several months the crops could be left thus unguarded with perfect safety, for the Maori, as a general rule, never destroyed growing crops or attacked their owners in a regular manner until the crops were nearly at full perfection, so that they might afford subsistence to the invaders, and consequently the end of the summer, all over the country, was a time of universal preparation for battle, either offensive or defensive, the crops then being near maturity.

Now, when the natives became generally armed with the musket they at once abandoned the hills, and, to save themselves the great labour and inconvenience occasioned by the necessity of continually carrying provisions, fuel, and water to these precipitous hill-castles—which would be also, as a matter of necessity, at some inconvenient distance from at least some part of the

extensive cultivations—descended to the low-lands, and there, in the centre of the cultivations, erected a new kind of fortification adapted to the capabilities of the new weapon. This was their destruction. There, in mere swamps, they built their oven-like houses, where the water even in summer sprang with the pressure of the foot, and where in winter the houses were often completely flooded. There, lying on the spongy soil, on beds of rushes, which rotted under them—in little, low dens of houses, or kennels, heated like ovens at night and dripping with damp in the day—full of noxious exhalations from the damp soil, and impossible to ventilate—they were cut off by disease in a manner absolutely frightful.

This change of residence was universal, and everywhere followed by the same consequences, more or less marked; the strongest men were cut off, and but few children were reared. Many other causes contributed at the same time to work the destruction of the natives. Next to the change of residence from the high and healthy hill forts to the low grounds was the hardship, over-labour, exposure, and half starvation to which they submitted themselves—firstly, to procure those very muskets which enabled them to make the fatal change of residence, and afterwards to procure the highly and justly valued iron imple-

ments of the Europeans. When we reflect that a ton of cleaned flax was the price paid for two muskets, and, at an earlier date, for one musket, we can see at once the dreadful exertion necessary to obtain it. Now, as the natives, when undisturbed and labouring regularly at their cultivations, were never far removed from necessity or scarcity of food, we may easily imagine the distress and hardship caused by this enormous imposition of extra labour. They were obliged to neglect their crops in a very serious degree, and for many months in the year were in a half-starving condition, working hard all the time in the flax swamps. The insufficient food, over-exertion, and unwholesome locality killed them fast. It must always be remembered, if we wish to understand the difficulties and over-labour the natives were subjected to, that while undergoing this immense extra toil, they were at the same time obliged to maintain themselves by cultivating the ground with sharpened sticks, not being able to afford to purchase iron implements in any useful quantity, till first the great, pressing, paramount want of muskets and gunpowder had been supplied. Thus continual excitement, over-work, and insufficient food, exposure, and unhealthy places of residence, together with a general breaking up of old habits of life, thinned their numbers.

F. E. MANING.—*Old New Zealand.*

The Fight for Sovereignty

Until the jurisdiction of the New South Wales courts was extended to New Zealand, in 1828, the lawlessness of the white settlers went unpunished. Even then justice was a mere figure of speech, and the position was in no wise improved by the casual visits of British warships. Although importuned on all sides—by the Maori desiring protection from the outrages of the pakeha; by the pakeha fearing the sovereignty of France—the British Government set its face steadfastly against the proclamation of New Zealand as a British colony. The position was little short of a scandal. Cook for England and Crozet for France had taken possession of the country. France had by treaty recognized the sovereignty of England; New Zealand had naturally become an appanage of New South Wales, and the resort of hundreds of British settlers, some outlaws of the worst description, others esteemed and law-abiding citizens. The Maori themselves had petitioned for protection against the warfare, rapine, and licentiousness that were rampant.

Again France turned covetous eyes towards the country. Still England withheld action, denying the protection and the liberty of the British flag.

There are only two pleas that can be entertained in extenuation of the action of the Imperial Government. England had not yet learned the art of colonization, and made no secret of her objection to any further extension of the boundaries of the Empire. In the second place, the missionaries, for reasons which we dare not impugn, strongly disapproved the introduction of British sovereignty. The condition of the country was deplorable. War raged on all sides. There was not sufficient public opinion among the Maori to unite any two tribes, and the petition of thirteen chiefs for the protection of King William was merely the outcome of a patriotic and timely project on the part of the better class of pakeha to anticipate a French occupation by the proclamation of British sovereignty. Jealously desirous of avoiding such a possibility, but determined still to have nothing to do with such a hornet's nest, the Colonial Office maintained its neutrality by sending James Busby, a civil engineer practising in New South Wales, to establish himself as "British Consul" at Bay of Islands. He was carefully denied the customary authority, and no military escort was detailed to accompany him. In peace Busby was something in the nature of

a harbour-master, to clear and enter British ships; in war his voice was that of a prophet crying in the wilderness. He was as powerful and as useful as the limitations of his authority permitted. When a French faddist, the Baron Charles de Thierry, threatened to establish a kingdom in his own person on a tract of land which he had commissioned one of Marsden's catechists to purchase for him, Busby was too patriotic to rest inactive or to be bound by his own very limited powers. He was determined not to let the country go by any default of his to France. Knowing full well that the Imperial Government was not kindly disposed towards New Zealand, and fearing to delay while he consulted his own immediate chief, the Governor of New South Wales, he took upon himself a responsibility which he had exercised in a minor and harmless manner in the previous year.

All the chiefs within reach were summoned to a meeting at his residence at Waitangi, where, on 28th October, 1835, they signed a document declaring their country an independent State under the designation of "The United Tribes of New Zealand", and signifying their willingness to grant protection and facilities to any British subjects who desired to resort to New Zealand for the purpose of trade. De Thierry's project fell to the ground for the fundamental reason that his purchase of land was only valid to a small extent,

and his subjects were only too glad to take service in the dockyard of Lieutenant M'Donnell, who had been appointed an additional British resident. This gave the Governor of New South Wales an opening to reprimand Busby for exceeding his authority and perpetrating what he called a "silly and unauthorized act", and "a paper pellet fired off at Baron de Thierry".

SCHOLEFIELD.—*New Zealand in Evolution.* (By permission of Messrs. T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.)

The New Zealand Association

The British Government were still wrestling with the perplexities of the position in New Zealand when the New Zealand Association rose into being, and served to complicate the issues still further. As far back as 1825 a New Zealand Company had been formed under Lord Durham, and had acquired an estate on the banks of the Hokianga River. This settlement, under Captain Heard, had been of the most fugitive character; but the land still remained more or less an asset, and subsequently was acquired by the New Zealand Association, founded in 1837 by the Hon. Francis Baring, M.P. for Sheffield, in conjunction with other gentlemen prominent in English public life of that day. There is little doubt that in its inception the Association had a large measure of philanthropy underlying its principles, for it was the outcome of the unsatisfactory social conditions existing in England at that period. The scheme attracted to its aid men of wealth and culture, and, under the organizing genius of Edward Gibbon Wakefield, it acquired an influence, both social

and political, which no Government could safely regard with indifference.

To secure New Zealand as a British possession; to find a profitable investment for British capital; and to provide employment and opportunity for England's idle labour were the nominal objects for which the Association had been formed. To give these purposes practical effect, the Association had, under the guiding hand of Wakefield, formulated definite theories upon the subject of colonization; and to the end that their ideals might be achieved they sought the assistance of the Government and the sanction of Parliament. A select committee of the House of Lords was set up in 1838 "to inquire into the present state of the Islands of New Zealand and of the expediency of regulating the settlement of British subjects therein". The House of Lords' Committee reported against the scheme of the Association on the broadly Imperial grounds that the extension of the colonial possessions of the Crown was a question of public policy with which the Government only should deal. The Church Missionary Society had also adopted an attitude of hostility towards the Association. Rather than give up the hope of colonizing the Islands, the Association, in 1838, yielded to the demands of the Government and became a company; shares were issued, capital subscribed, the reorganization

changed its whole character from a quasi-benevolent to a strictly commercial concern, whose business it was to buy land at a low price in New Zealand, and sell it at a high price in England.

By the middle of 1839 it was definitely reported that a French company was being organized for the colonization of New Zealand. The Colonial Office, in spite of the representations of the Company, refused to move; the Company, though still without a charter, determined to dispatch a pioneer ship to form settlements. The *Tory*, a clipper brig of four hundred tons, was quietly fitted out, armed with eight big guns, and manned by a specially selected body of men. In August, 1839, New Zealand was sighted. This pioneer ship of the Company's fleet carried in her cabin their official representative in the person of Colonel William Wakefield, and in her hold a full complement of pots, pipes, and Jews' harps, which that gentleman proposed to exchange as full value for the land he hoped to acquire by barter from the natives.

The Government now took action. It was agreed that the proper course to take was to send to New Zealand an officer with consular powers, whose first duty would be to secure the cession in sovereignty from the chiefs. The territory so ceded was then to be annexed to New South Wales, and the Consul raised to the rank

of Lieutenant-Governor, acting under the Governor of the mother colony, but invested with sufficient authority to preserve law and order in the country.

T. LINDSAY BUICK.—*The Treaty of Waitangi*. (By permission of Messrs. S. & W. Mackay, Wellington.)

The Treaty of Waitangi—the Meeting

(*By an Eyewitness*)

1840, January 29th. — This morning Her Majesty's ship *Herald*, Captain J. Nias, arrived in the Bay of Islands, and anchored in the harbour, having on board Lieutenant-Governor Hobson and his suite.

30th.—Early this morning circular letters were printed at the press of the Church Missionary Society for the assembling together of the native chiefs at Waitangi, to meet the newly arrived Governor, on Wednesday next, the 5th day of February.

Two proclamations were also issued by the Governor—the first stating that he had been appointed Lieutenant-Governor over any territory which is or may be acquired in sovereignty by Her Majesty within the Islands of New Zealand, and that this day he entered on his office; the second stating that Her Majesty does not deem it expedient to recognize as valid any titles to land in New Zealand which are not derived from

nor confirmed by Her Majesty; and that all purchases of land in any part of New Zealand made after the date of this proclamation will be considered as absolutely null and void, and will not be confirmed or in any way recognized by Her Majesty.

In the afternoon the Governor landed at Kororareka, and, walking to the church there belonging to the Church Mission (the only large building), publicly read his letters patent and his two proclamations.

Wednesday, February 5th.—This morning at an early hour, the natives, who had been gathering together all day yesterday, began to move towards Waitangi, the appointed place of meeting. About 9 a.m. the Lieutenant-Governor, accompanied by the captain of the *Herald*, arrived at Waitangi; and from 9 to 10 a.m. the officers of the man-o'-war, the suite of the Governor, all the members of the Church Mission residing in or near the Bay of Islands, together with different European and American residents and settlers, kept arriving. The day was particularly fine, and the spectacle of the most animated description. On the water were to be seen the numerous canoes gliding from every direction towards the place of assembly, their respective rowers straining every nerve to gain and keep the lead, whilst their paddles kept time with the cadence of the canoe-



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CARVED MAORI RUNANGA

song of the *kai-tuki* (canoe-song singer), who, standing conspicuously erect in the midst of each canoe, and often on the thwarts, animated the men by his gestures as well as by his voice; the boats of the many settlers and residents living on the shores of the bay, together with those from the different ships and vessels at anchor in the harbour; and the ships and vessels decorated with the flags of their respective nations. On shore, in the centre of the delightfully situated lawn at Waitangi, a spacious tent was erected, which was tastefully adorned with flags, over which England's banner streamed proudly in the breeze; the whites, many of whom were newcomers, who seemed to be much delighted with the scene before them, were comfortably walking up and down in different little parties, socially chatting with each other; whilst the countenances and gestures of the natives, who were squatting grouped together according to their tribes, bore testimony to the interest which they took, if not in the business, in the gaiety and life of the day. Nature appeared for once to have consented to doff her mantle of New Zealand grey, and to have become quite exhilarated. Even the *cicadæ*, those little gallant monotonous-toned summer gentlemen, sang livelier than usual. Everything, in fact, wore the appearance of cheerfulness and activity. Whilst all this was exhibited and en-

joyed without, the Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Busby, and Rev. H. Williams were engaged within, translating the treaty and arranging other preliminary matters for the meeting.

W. COLENZO.—*The Authentic and Genuine History of the Signing of the Treaty of Waitangi.* (By permission of the Printing Department of the Government of New Zealand.)

The Signing of the Treaty of Waitangi

The tent was all this time rapidly filling with the different persons assembled. The scene was very interesting and impressive. In the centre of the narrow raised platform were the Governor and captain of the man-of-war in full uniform; on the Governor's left were Mr. Busby and the Roman Catholic bishop in canonicals, his massive gold chain and crucifix glistening on his dark purple-coloured habit. On the right of His Excellency were the members of the Church of England Mission, in plain black dresses. The different officers of the *Herald*, together with His Excellency's suite, stationed themselves as best they could—some here and there on the platform, and some immediately before it. In front of the platform, in the foreground, were the principal native chiefs of several tribes, some clothed with dog-skin mats made of alternate longitudinal stripes of black and white hair; others habited in splendid-looking new woollen cloaks of foreign manufacture, of crimson, blue, brown, and plaid,

and, indeed, of every shade of striking colour such as I had never before seen in New Zealand, while some were dressed in plain European, and some in common native dresses. Near by, in the midst, stood Hakitara, a tall native of the Rarawa tribe, dressed in a very large and handsome silky white *kaitaka* mat—(finest and best kind of garment, and only worn by superior chiefs)—fringed with a deep and dark-coloured woven border of a lozenge and zigzag pattern, the whole of native (I might truly say of national) design and manufacture. The sunlight streaming down from an aperture in the top of the tent on this beautiful white dress, threw the figure of this chief into very prominent and conspicuous relief, forming a fine contrast to the deep and dark shades of colour around; whilst here and there a *hani* (or *taiaha*, a chief's staff of rank) was seen erected, adorned with the long flowing white hair of the tails of the New Zealand dog and crimson cloth and red feathers. In the distance the raven black and glossy locks of the natives, gracefully ornamented with the snow-white and drooping feathers of sea-birds, and of the white crane, forming a striking contrast, added much to the *tout ensemble*. Around the sides of the tent were the whites, residents and settlers, by far the greater part being very respectably dressed; and outside of them, against

the walls of the tent, were flags of different nations, which, from the vividness of their colours, especially when the sun shone brightly on them, gave a charming air of liveliness to the whole.

A few little matters having been adjusted, the Governor arose, and, addressing himself briefly to the whites, said that the meeting was convened for the purpose of informing the native chiefs of Her Majesty's intentions towards them, and of gaining their public consent to a treaty now about to be proposed to them. He then addressed himself to the natives, in English, the Rev. H. Williams acting as interpreter. Afterwards, His Excellency read the treaty in English and the Rev. H. Williams read the translation of the same, which had been prepared in the New Zealand language, to the natives.

The turning-point in the open debate which followed was marked by the speech of Tamati Waka Nene, chief of the Ngatihao tribe, who, having appealed to his countrymen to settle matters amicably with the English, turned to Captain Hobson, and, in pleading fashion, said, "O Governor! sit. I, Tamati Waka, say to thee, *sit*. Do not thou go away from us; remain for us—a father, a judge, a peacemaker. Yes, it is good, it is straight. Sit thou here; dwell in our midst. Remain, do not go away. Do not thou listen to what the chiefs of Ngapuhi say. Stay

thou, our friend, our father, our Governor.”

On the next day forty-five leading chiefs signed the treaty, some signing their names, others making a mark after the fashion of illiterate Englishmen, others reproducing their Maori tattooed face pattern. His Excellency appeared to be in good health and spirits, and to be much interested in the scenes before him. As each chief affixed his name or sign to the treaty, the Governor shook him by the hand, saying (in Maori), “He iwi tahi tatou” (“We are now one people”), at which the natives were greatly pleased.

All that were disposed having signed, the natives gave three cheers for the Governor. His Excellency, on leaving, requested me to attend to the distributing of a bale of blankets and a cask of tobacco to the natives, which occupied me till late, each chief who had signed the document getting two blankets and a quantity of tobacco. By dint of close and constant management the said distribution went off well without any mishap or hitch.

Saturday, February 8th.—This morning H.M.S. *Herald* hoisted a profusion of British colours and fired a Royal salute of twenty-one guns in honour of the new British colony of New Zealand.

W. COLENZO.—*The Authentic and Genuine History of the Signing of the Treaty of Waitangi.* (By permission of the Printing Department of the Government of New Zealand.)

A Maori Account of the Treaty of Waitangi

We were very glad of the arrival of the Governor (Hobson), because we heard he was a great chief, and we thought he, being a great chief, would have more blankets, and tobacco, and muskets than any of the other *pakeha* people, and that he would often give us plenty of these things for nothing. The reason we thought so was that all the other *pakehas* often made us presents of things of great value, besides what we got from them by trading. Who would not have thought as we did?

The next thing we heard was that the Governor was travelling all over the country with a large piece of paper, asking all the chiefs to write their names or make marks on it. We heard, also, that the Ngapuhi chiefs, who had made marks or written on that paper, had been given tobacco, and flour, and sugar, and many other things for having done so.

We all tried to find out the reason why the

Governor was so anxious to get us to make these marks. Some of us thought the Governor wished to bewitch all the chiefs, but our *pakeha* friends laughed at this, and told us that the people of England did not know how to bewitch people. Some told us one thing, some another. Some said the Governor only wanted our consent to remain, to be a chief over the *pakeha* people; others said he wanted to be chief over both *pakeha* and Maori. We did not know what to think, but were all anxious he might come to us soon; for we were afraid that all his blankets, and tobacco, and other things would be gone before he came to our part of the country, and that he would have nothing left to pay us for making our marks on his paper.

Well, it was not long before the Governor came, and with him came other *pakeha* chiefs, and also people who could speak Maori; so we all gathered together, chiefs and slaves, women and children, and went to meet him; and when we met the Governor, the speaker of Maori told us that if we put our names, or even made any sort of a mark on that paper, the Governor would then protect us, and prevent us from being robbed of our cultivated land, and our timber land, and everything else which belonged to us. Some of the people were very much alarmed when they heard this, for they thought that perhaps a great

war expedition was coming against us from some distant country, to destroy us all; others said he was only trying to frighten us. The speaker of Maori then went on to tell us certain things, but the meaning of what he said was so closely concealed we never have found it out. One thing we understood well, however, for he told us plainly that if we wrote on the Governor's paper, one of the consequences would be that great numbers of *pakeha* would come to this country to trade with us, that we should have abundance of valuable goods, and that before long there would be great towns, as large as Kororareka, in every harbour in the whole island. We were very glad to hear this, for we never could, up to this time, get half muskets or gunpowder enough, or blankets, or tobacco, or axes, or anything. We also believed what the speaker of Maori told us, because we saw that our old *pakeha* friends who came with us to see the Governor believed it.

After the speaker of Maori had ceased, then Te Tao Nui and some other chiefs came forward and wrote on the Governor's paper; and Te Tao Nui went up to the Governor, and took the Governor's hand in his and licked it! We did not much like this, we all thought it so undignified. We were very much surprised that a chief such as Te Tao Nui should do so; but Te Tao Nui is a man who knows a great deal about the

customs of the *pakeha*; he has been to Port Jackson in a ship, and he, seeing our surprise, told us that when the great *pakeha* chiefs go to see the King or Queen of England they do the same, so we saw then that it was a straight proceeding. But after Te Tao Nui and other chiefs had made marks and written on the Governor's paper, the Governor did not give them anything. We did not like this, so some other chiefs went forward, and said to the Governor, "Pay us first, and we will write afterwards". A chief from Omanaia said, "Put money in my left hand, and I will write my name with my right", and so he held out his hand to the Governor for the money; but the Governor shook his head and looked displeased, and said he would not pay them for writing on the paper.

Now, when the people saw this they were very much vexed, and began to say to one another, "It is wasting our labour coming here to see this Governor," and the chiefs began to get up and make speeches. One said, "Come here, Governor, go back to England;" and another said, "I am Governor in my own country, there shall be no other;" and Paapahia said, "Remain here and be Governor of this island, and I will go to England and be King of England, and if the people of England accept me for their king it will be quite just; otherwise you do not remain here."

Then many other chiefs began to speak, and there was a great noise and confusion, and the people began to go away, and the paper was lying there, but there was no one to write on it. The Governor looked vexed, and his face was very red. At this time some *pakeha* went amongst the crowd, and said to them, "You are foolish; the Governor intends to pay you when all the writing is done, but it is not proper that he should promise to do so; it would be said that you only wrote your names for pay; this, according to our ideas, would be a very wrong thing." When we heard this we all began to write as fast as we could, for we were all very hungry with listening and talking so long, and we wanted to go to get something to eat, and we were also in a hurry to see what the Governor was going to give us; and all the slaves wanted to write their names, so that the Governor might think they were chiefs, and pay them; but the chiefs would not let them, for they wanted all the payment for themselves. I and all my family made our marks, and we then went to get something to eat; but we found our food not half done, for the women and slaves who should have looked after the cooking were all mad about the Governor, so when I saw that the food was not sufficiently done, I was aware that something bad would come of this business.

Next morning the things came with which the

Governor intended to pay us for writing our names, but there was not much tobacco, and there were only a few blankets; and when they were divided some of the chiefs had nothing, others got only a few figs of tobacco, some one blanket, others two. I got for myself and all my sons, and my two brothers, and my three wives, only two blankets. I thought it was too little, and was going to return them, but my brother persuaded me to keep them; so we got into our canoe to go home, and on the way home we began to say, "Who shall have the blankets?" And so we began to quarrel about them. One of my brothers then said, "Let us cut them in pieces, and give every one a piece." I saw there was going to be a dispute about them, and said, "Let us send them back." So we went ashore at the house of a *pakeha*, and got a pen and some paper, and my son, who could write, wrote a letter for us all to the Governor, telling him to take back all the blankets, and to cut our names out of the paper, and then my two brothers and my sons went back and found the Governor in a boat about to go away. He would not take back the blankets, but he took the letter. I do not know to this day whether he took our names out of the paper. It is, however, no matter; what is there in a few black marks? Who cares anything about them?

Well, after this, the Governor died; he was bewitched, as I have heard, by a *tohunga* at the south, where he had gone to get names for his paper; for this was his chief delight, to get plenty of names and marks on his paper. He may not have been bewitched, as I have heard, but he certainly died, and the paper with all the names was either buried with him, or else his relations may have kept it to lament over and as a remembrance of him. I don't know. You, who are a *pakeha*, know best what became of it; but if it is gone to England, it will not be right to let it be kept in any place where food is cooked, or where there are pots or kettles, because there are so many chief's names in it; it is very good if it has been buried with the Governor.

F. E. MANING.—*Heke's War in the North of New Zealand told by an Old Chief.*

The Sequel to the Treaty of Waitangi

An unpolitical mind dictated the three articles of the Treaty of Waitangi. By it the chiefs of the North Island ceded to the Queen, "absolutely and without reservation all their rights and powers of sovereignty" over the whole of New Zealand, for which concession the Queen guaranteed to the chiefs and tribes of New Zealand full, exclusive, and undisturbed possession of their lands, estates, forests, and fisheries, and other properties; but the chiefs yielded to Her Majesty the exclusive right of pre-emption over such lands as the proprietors thereof might be disposed to alienate at such prices as might be agreed upon. The third article reads: "Her Majesty gives to the natives of New Zealand all the rights and privileges of British subjects". At the same time Hobson issued a proclamation to witness that this Government would recognize only such titles of possessions as had been acquired under the rule and in the name of the Queen. This declaration certainly put a stop to the transactions of the land sharks, but all the other settlers, too, saw their property

threatened until the appointed commissioners had approved and passed their claims to possession. How very necessary it was to sift the land claims is clearly shown by the fact that when the authorities, in 1843, had finished their examinations, they could confirm only one in twenty-two of these titles.

But the treaty itself, fair and impartial though it was intended to be, proved a grave mistake. The recognition and guarantee of the right of possession of the natives placed so much land under their control that 65,000 men held disposal over a country nearly as large as Great Britain. It would have been better policy to grant rights over only such land as the Maoris actually cultivated and used. That would have meant the end of the land question. England would then have owned large tracts which she could have cut up, leased, or sold at will. Countless sacrifices of wealth and blood would have been saved. A mistaken sense of justice overstepping all bounds of discretion, the Waitangi Treaty became the first link in a chain of confusion, of bitter enmity, and bloody war, which more than once brought the country to the verge of destruction. This "Waitangi" was indeed "the waters of mourning" for the young colony.

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